

~ HELL'S GATE ~

Season One - Episode One

"The Quiet Life"

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

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TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. CAVE - NIGHT.

CU on the cave wall displaying pictographs. Fire light and shadows flicker on the wall as the camera FADES from one drawing to another, and another.

TITLE OVER - "1000 B.C."

The camera slowly pulls back to reveal an OLD WOMAN in Native American garb standing in front of a glowing sphere. She is flanked by two YOUNG WOMEN who are similarly dressed.

The Old Woman appears feeble and weak as she places her hands on the sphere. Her eyes take on the same glow as the orb.

Before her, a portal of GLOWING ENERGY appears.

The two Young Women approach the portal.

OLD WOMAN

(subtitled from ancient
native tongue)

Oh, Great Ones. I, Shamanka Hazari,
have been your faithful servant for
many moons, but my time is at an
end. Choose my successor so that I
may cross over and join with you.

A BURST of energy shoots from the portal hitting both Young Women. They fall to the ground, writhing in pain. The burst stops, both Young Women remain on the ground, motionless.

Young Woman #1 rises. She walks to stand beside the Old Woman.

HAZARI

(to Young Woman #1)

You are Shamanka now. Guide our
people well.

Young Woman #1 nods to her. Hazari turns and slowly walks to the portal. She passes through in.

Young Woman #1 moves to take the old woman's place at the sphere. Her hands clasp either side of the glowing orb.

CU on her face. Her eyes are closed. She takes a sharp breath. She opens her eyes. They glow with the same light of the sphere.

CU on the glowing sphere.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COMMAND CENTRAL - PRESENT DAY - UNKNOWN TIME OF DAY.

CU of the glowing sphere. It strobos between brilliant white and almost blinding as it sits atop its stone pillar. The blare of alarms echo off the cave walls.

The camera slowly pulls back, PANNING to the left as it does so, to reveal that the left side of the cave is now a high-tech, state-of-the-art command facility complete with computer terminals and view screens.

TITLE OVER - "Present Day"

Over the intercom, the clatter of swords and groans associated with battle can be heard.

KAT (40ish, attractive, long blond hair), FRANK MCGANN (late 40s, chiseled features) and LON TRAVERS (early 30s, lean, British), all dressed in black commando gear, frantically adjust controls in the command area.

One of the terminals shorts out and violently emits SPARKS. Kat quickly turns toward the unit and extends her hand.

KAT

Extinguish!

ORANGE ENERGY leaps from her fingertips and hits the unit. The sparks suddenly stop and the unit goes dead.

LON

I can't close it down! The computer's not responding!

Frank looks to Lon with an annoyed expression. The team continues to frantically work controls as over the intercom, the battle continues.

Kat looks over at the glowing sphere then glances at Lon and Frank. Once again, she looks to the sphere then back to Frank, her gaze lingering briefly.

Her decision made, she turns to the glowing orb and hurriedly moves toward it.

With a look of determination on her face, she reaches out with both hands, about to cup the sphere.

Suddenly, Frank GRABS her from behind by the arms.

FRANK

What the Hell do you think you're doing?!

He whips her around to face him, pulling her in close. Frank gazes into Kat's eyes. His stern expression changes to one of love and concern.

FRANK (CONT'D)

The orb's too powerful, Kat. You know you can't control it! It'll kill you!

KAT

We're about three minutes away from an apocalypse here! If that horde gets through, none of us will be around for long! This is the only chance we've got!

VI

(filtered; over intercom)
(grunt)

We could use some help here, Lon!

Lon looks down at his computer screen. The screen displays a large wavy line running vertically down the middle. On the left side of the line are ten dots, eight red, two blue. The right side of the screen is full of hundreds of red dots moving toward the line.

LON

(to Frank)

Frank! They're coming!

Frank holds Kat tightly as they stare into each other's eyes for a moment.

KAT

(to Frank)

Sorry.

Suddenly, ORANGE SPARKS erupt between them. Frank FLIES backward with a sudden jerk, hitting the cave's stone wall. Stunned by the blow, he falls to the floor.

Kat puts her hands up.

KAT (CONT'D)

Solid.

A circle of translucent ORANGE ENERGY momentarily surrounds Kat and the sphere, creating an invisible wall.

Kat puts her hands on either side of the crystal ball. As she makes contact, she gasp and inhales sharply as the power of the globe hits her. Her eyes turn completely white taking on the same bright glow as the sphere.

On the stone floor, Frank shakes his head. Dazed, he looks up to Kat.

TAMSIN

(filtered; over intercom)

It's working! The breach is closing!

Kat pants, obviously strained. Her face contorts in pain.

Frank leaps up and runs to aid Kat. He hits her invisible barrier causing him to again fall to the ground. Frank quickly stands and beats on the transparent wall, looking as if he is hitting thin air.

The line on Lon's screen begins to shrink. As it does, the dots on the right side of the screen signifying the horde disappear.

At the globe, Kat writhes in agony.

The line on Lon's screen disappears altogether, leaving only the two blue dots representing Tamsin and Vi.

The crystal ball goes dark. The alarms stop. The intercom cuts out. Kat falls to the ground limp, looking a bit singed.

Frank falls forward as the invisible barrier collapses. He runs to Kat's side, joined seconds later by Lon. Frank, goes down on his knees, scoops Kat up, and cradles her in his arms. He slaps her face gently but urgently.

FRANK

Oh, come on. Don't do this. Don't do this to me, baby.

Kat's eyes flicker. She opens them but seems to be having a hard time focusing. She looks at Frank.

KAT

(weakly)

Did we do it?

Frank smiles softly at her.

FRANK

You did it. It was all you, sugar.

She smiles weakly at him and reaches up to touch his face. Her eyes go out of focus and roll upward as they close. Her hand drops. She gives one last exhale and again goes limp.

FRANK (CONT'D)

No!

Frank frantically lays her down, feels for a pulse, and starts CPR.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Come on!

He continues CPR for several seconds, stopping to check for life signs every few pumps. Lon leans in to Frank, placing his hand on his shoulder.

LON

(in a matter-of-fact tone)

Stop. She's gone.

Frank stops and turns to Lon. His eyes narrow, his expression hardens.

Suddenly, Frank rears back and PUNCHES Lon squarely in the left eye. Lon hits the floor.

Frank pays no attention to Lon and returns to performing CPR. His movements get more forceful and violent as more time passes. Finally, his actions slow and then cease.

Frank sits, panting for a few seconds on the verge of tears, staring down at Kat's motionless body.

He then stands. A tear in the corner of his eye. His expression once again hardens. His jaw set. He walks toward the camera, staring straight ahead, as Lon sits up and rubs his face. Kat's lifeless body on the cave floor to Lon's left.

FRANK

(voice wavering)

Some days I really hate this God
damn job.

Frank walks out of frame. Lon turns to look in Frank's direction, hand still at face, as we:

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT I

FADE IN:

EXT. HEAVEN'S GATE - CITY LIMITS - DAY.

The camera fades in on a big sign which reads "Welcome to Heaven's Gate" in big sprawling letters with a picture of what looks like a happy 1950's family. Below the picture is the slogan "A Nice Place to Live!"

PAN down to a beat-up car with two trunks tied to the roof as it enters the town limits. In the background, "Semi-Charmed Life" by Third Eye Blind plays over the car's radio.

INT. TYLER'S CAR - DAY.

MIKE CZAJAK is driving. He is mid 20s, blond, handsome, very "Abercrombie & Fitch". In the passenger seat is TYLER MCGANN. He is also mid 20s, but dark haired, a little less attractive than Mike, and rather less cool looking. The back seat of the car is completely packed with boxes.

MIKE

Dude! I can't believe our freakin' apartment's not ready! I guess picking up a phone and calling us before we drove three hours was too strenuous for that fat bastard who calls himself our landlord. Jeez!

(beat)

You sure your uncle won't mind us crashing at his place?

TYLER

Well... I haven't talked to him in a while, but Uncle Frank's pretty cool. I'm sure he won't mind.

MIKE

Cool, huh?

Mike gives Tyler an unsure look.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Isn't this the same guy who was big-time military?

TYLER

(in a reassuring tone)

Yeah, but not the regular kind. Special Ops. Top-secret stuff mostly, you know, undercover.

Mike looks to Tyler with a gleam in his eye.

MIKE
Undercover, eh? Sounds sexy. Is he
sexy? I'll bet he's sexy.

TYLER
Ew! Dude! That's my uncle!

Mike's expression changes to a smirk. Unable to hold it in any longer, he starts laughing. Tyler realizes that Mike is pulling his leg and gives him an annoyed look.

MIKE
(laughing)
Dude, You're so easy.

TYLER
(jokingly)
And you're dick.

Mike shrugs.

MIKE
It's been said.

Tyler gives Mike a playful, but hard, punch in the arm as they both laugh.

TYLER
(jokingly)
You just keep your pretty-boy mitts
off my relatives!

Mike gives Tyler a wink.

MIKE
Jealous?

TYLER
(sounding annoyed)
Stop.

Mike laughs even harder.

TYLER (CONT'D)
(sarcastically)
Ha, ha, ha.

Mike continues to laugh. Tyler gives a genuine chuckle in spite of himself. Mike's laughter dies down and then...

MIKE

So seriously... What's his story? I mean, how does a guy go from being all "Double O 7" to running a greasy spoon in the middle of podunk nowhere?

TYLER

(shrugs)

You got me. He doesn't really talk about it. Just says that he was ready for the "quiet life".

(beat)

And what do you mean "podunk"?! We're moving here, remember?

(pointing up)

Trunks. On car. As we speak.

MIKE

(chuckle)

Like I could forget. It's only all you've been talking about for the last three weeks.

(imitating Tyler)

"Oh, Mike! MacroWare! My dream job."

Tyler gives Mike an annoyed yet slightly amused look.

MIKE (CONT'D)

But look around and face the facts, amigo. Compared to 'Frisco, this town's more boring than the Christopher Walken flick that shares its name.

Tyler huffs.

TYLER

Why are you being such a downer? Aren't you at least excited about starting grad school?

MIKE

(with a non-committal shrug)

Sure. I can't wait to finish my degree...

(melodramatically)

...join some big graphic design firm, rake in the big bucks, marry a doctor who models underwear on the side...

(turning to Tyler;

(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)
 with a smirk)
 Still doesn't mean I'm creaming my
 jeans about moving to "Mayberry"
 like you are, Mr. Geek Squad.

TYLER
 (smirking)
 Ok. You're so smart, then riddle me
 this Batman-

Mike gives a pained look.

TYLER (CONT'D)
 If Heaven's Gate is as humdrum as
 you say, why would a multi-
 billionaire like Jon Bates build
 his corporate headquarters here?

Mike squints his eyes and looks over to Tyler.

MIKE
 That's an easy one.
 (beat)
 Jon Bates is a wacko.

TYLER
 (slightly annoyed)
 Just because the man is a little
 eccentric...

MIKE
 Eccentric?! Hell! Didn't you read
 last months "People"? His living
 room is a scaled replica of the
 Enterprise bridge!
 (beat)
 Which you think is cool.

Mike cocks his eyebrow and looks to Tyler. Tyler grins and
 gives a sheepish shrug. They both laugh.

MIKE (CONT'D)
 So, is being a big nerd like a
 requirement to work for Mister
 Crazy Pants?

More chuckling.

MIKE (CONT'D)
 Or as I like to call him, Mister
 SEXY Pants.

TYLER

Stop.

CUT TO:

EXT. HEAVEN'S GATE STREET - CONTINUOUS.

Tyler's car drives on.

MIKE (V.O.)

There were pictures with the
article, dude. The man is studly.

TYLER (V.O.)

Stop!

Mike cackles with laughter as the music from the radio
swells.Tyler's car drives past CORRINE DUBOIS (late 30s, beautiful,
classy) standing on the side of the road as she assess the
flat tire on her shiny BMW. She is dressed in a nice business
suit and heels.Tyler's car hits a puddle which splashes all over her. She
stands there in shock for a second, completely splattered in
mud as Tyler's car continues on its way.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRANK'S DINER - A FEW MOMENTS LATER.

TYLER (V.O.)

I think this is it. Turn in here.

Tyler's car drives past and turns the corner.

PAN right to Frank's Diner. We see a simple sign over the
door and a sandwich board outside that has the daily specials
written on it.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - A FEW MOMENTS LATER.

The camera PANS around to give us the lay of the land. The
diner is small and a little grubby. There are booths against
the walls and a few tables in the center. There are also a
few stools at the counter. Not a customer to be found. The
camera comes to rest on the door.A bell over the door CHIMES lightly as Tyler comes through
followed by Mike. Tyler does a quick scan for his uncle and
then motions to Mike to have a seat at a booth.

They sit down opposite each other. They sit for a moment then both look around at the empty diner.

MIKE

Did we miss the closed sign?

Tyler is about to speak when a waitress enters from the kitchen. This is VI CLARK. She is 20, red haired, and attractive with a perky disposition. She is wearing jeans and a t-shirt but has an apron around her waist. Tyler and Mike look at her as she approaches their table.

VI

Hi! I'm Vi. Can I help you guys?

TYLER

Hi, I'm looking for Frank McGann.

(beat)

I'm his nephew, Tyler.

Vi stares at him for a second. Her eyes go wide and she smiles broadly.

VI

Oh my God!

She excitedly sits down next to Tyler in the booth. Surprised, Tyler quickly scoots over to make room for her. Mike chuckles.

VI (CONT'D)

(rapidly)

His nephew!?! Wow! I didn't know Frank had a nephew. Hard to imagine Frank with family at all. But he doesn't talk much about himself and I have only been here a month. I'm starting at the university next week. I know, I should be in my third year, but I took some time off, hung out with friends, traveled the world.

Mike fights to keep himself from laughing as Tyler glances from Vi to him with an uncertain look.

VI (CONT'D)

Anyway, I'm so excited about college but I totally don't know what I want to major in yet. Maybe Poli-Sci, maybe Computer Science. But it's my first term so I have plenty of time to decide. Right? So, are you both Frank's nephews?

Vi abruptly stops talking and looks at Tyler, who is not sure how to take her.

TYLER

Um... No. This is Michael Czajak.
He's a friend.

Vi reaches a hand across the table toward Mike. Still quite amused, he takes it and politely shakes it, giving her a broad smile.

MIKE

Hi.

VI

Hi Michael!

MIKE

Mike.

Vi nods and turns her attention back to Tyler.

VI

So! What brings you guys to this exciting place? Just visiting your uncle? How long are you staying?

TYLER

Um.. We're moving here from San Francisco...

MIKE

...but our place won't be ready for few days.

TYLER

(timidly)
We thought maybe we could stay here.

VI

Oh.

Beat, then something clicks in Vi's head. She gives them a knowing look.

VI (CONT'D)

Oh! San Francisco! I didn't realize you guys were "together". How sweet! Does Frank know? Not that it matters.

(MORE)

VI (CONT'D)

He's totally cool with stuff like that even though he was in the military and they have that whole "Don't ask, don't tell" thing, but you're such a cute couple, I'm sure he won't care as long as you're happy.

Tyler gives Vi a confused look.

TYLER

What?

Tyler looks to Mike who is struggling to control his laughter. Mike can't help himself, gives Tyler a fake seductive wink and blows an air kiss at him. The meaning of Vi's words become clear to Tyler. His eyes go wide and he turns to her, flustered.

TYLER (CONT'D)

(to Vi)

Oh! No! No. We're not... well he is... but I'm not... We're just... Where is Uncle Frank?

Just then, the door opens and in stomps Corrine covered in mud and limping on one heel. She is talking loudly on her cell phone, wearing a bluetooth earpiece. Tyler, Mike, and Vi look up.

CORRINE

(annoyed; on phone)

I'm sorry, Mitch. You're going to have to handle it yourself. I'm not going to make the meeting.

(sigh)

I've got a flat and some idiot drove his car through a puddle and ruined my suit.

(beat)

You'll do fine. My notes are somewhere on my desk.

Corrine sits down on a bar stool, setting her purse on the counter. She grabs a handful of napkins from the dispenser and begins wiping herself off.

CORRINE (CONT'D)

(beat)

No, I can't be more specific. My office has been a complete mess since Janice up and quit last week.

(beat)

Oh, I don't know.

(MORE)

CORRINE (CONT'D)

Her mom died or something. She couldn't have given me two weeks notice? I mean, it's not like her mom wouldn't still be dead if she gave me time to find a decent replacement. Oh, hang on a second.

Corrine pauses and looks around.

CORRINE (CONT'D)

(shouting out to no one in particular)

Can I get some service over here!

Back at Tyler and Mike's booth, Vi jumps up.

VI

(motioning to Corrine)

I'd better get that.

Vi gives the boys a quick smile and turns toward Corrine.

CU of Corrine, Vi can be seen in the BG over Corrine's right shoulder as she approaches from behind.

CORRINE

Today would be nice!!

Over Corrine's shoulder, we see Vi wince, turn quickly back around, and tiptoe back to the boys' table.

Vi slides back down into the booth beside Tyler as Corrine continues to talk on her phone.

VI

(timidly)

I'm just going to give her another minute.

(beat; back to her perky, energetic self)

So, you guys are looking to stay here for a few days? Frank's got plenty of room upstairs, but you'll have to share 'cause I've got the only other bedroom that's not full of stuff.

Mike perks up.

MIKE

So you and Mr. McGann "live together?"

VI

Yeah, but Ewww! We're not having sex, if that's what you're insinuating. I mean, he's cute and all but... He's more like... like an Uncle.

Vi jumps, startling Tyler.

VI (CONT'D)

(turning to Tyler)

Oh! That would make us cousins!

Vi laughs. Tyler chuckles politely but is obviously glad that is not the case. Mike also laughs, enjoying watching Tyler squirm.

VI (CONT'D)

How long have you two known each other?

Mike turns on the charm, displaying his trademark smile. He clearly finds Vi very entertaining, Tyler not so much.

MIKE

Since we were wee lads. First day of kindergarten, he asks to borrow my paste because Kenny Goozeman ate his, and the rest, as they say, is history. Been best friends ever since.

TYLER

Except for those three years you lived in Sunnydale. It was like you fell off the face of the Earth. You couldn't pick up a phone?

Vi's ears prick up at the name.

VI

Sunnydale?

MIKE

Yeah, strange town. No surprise some nut job blew it up.

Vi smiles but looks a bit nervous. Mike and Tyler don't seem to notice.

TYLER

I'll say.
(to Vi)
(MORE)

TYLER (CONT'D)

This one
 (motions to Mike)
 left home a regular guy and came
 back a gay Goth devil worshipper.

MIKE

(to Vi)
 Wiccan actually.
 (to Tyler)
 And hey! That was all just a phase.
 Kid's stuff.

Tyler cocks his eyebrow and gives Mike a stern look. There's a beat and then Mike breaks out in a big grin.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Ok. But at least the pentagrams and
 black nail polish are of the past.

Mike and Tyler laugh loudly. This startles Vi back to reality. She joins the laughter albeit a bit too loudly.

At the counter Corrine has finished her call and turns her phone off. Vi's sudden burst of laughter catches her attention. She looks toward her, noticing Vi's apron as she is sitting at the booth with the boys.

CORRINE

(annoyed, to Vi)
 Excuse me! Do you work here?

Vi opens her mouth, but Corrine cuts her off.

CORRINE (CONT'D)

(standing)
 You know what?
 (looking around at the
 diner)
 Forget it. I'm already having a bad
 day. Why risk adding "salmonella
 victim" to the list?

Annoyed, Corrine stomps across the floor toward the door, leaving her purse on the counter.

The gang watches her. Mike really gets a good look at Corrine's disheveled appearance as she grabs the door handle.

MIKE

(a bit too loudly)
 Whew!

Corrine freezes and turns to them, shooting the group a "Go to Hell" look. Mike's eyes grow wide.

The three shrink back as Corrine gives a frustrated growl. She flings open the door and storms out, the CHIME sounding loudly as she exits.

FRANK (O.S.)
What the Hell! Vi!

OVER THE SHOULDER shot of Frank as he enters from the kitchen door.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Are you scaring off the customers again?

Frank's POV as he spots Vi at the booth quickly jumping up. He approaches, Mike is facing him, Tyler facing away.

VI
I'm sorry, boss. I was just...

FRANK
(cutting her off)
Flirting.

Frank stops in front of the table, Tyler on his right, Mike on his left. Frank is turned to the right, still looking sternly at Vi as he talks to the boys.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Sorry boys, but little Miss Sunshine here has gotta get back to-

TYLER
Hey, Uncle Frank!

MEDIUM SHOT of Frank as he turns from Vi to face Tyler, his face now clearly seen. As he recognizes Tyler, his stern expression softens.

Frank gives Vi a quick nervous glance which causes her to break out in a broad smile.

FRANK
(with a nervous smile)
Hey, kiddo.

Tyler jumps up and hugs Frank. Frank smiles and hugs him back.

As they hug, CU on Frank's face. His smile turns to a look of concern as we:

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT I

ACT II

FADE IN:

INT. SPARE BEDROOM (OVER FRANK'S DINER) - DUSK.

The small room is already filled with various boxes from Tyler's car.

Mike walks in carrying a cardboard box. Right behind him, Tyler enters, walking backwards carrying one end of one of the large trunks previously tied to the roof of the car. Seconds later, Frank enters carrying the other end.

TYLER

Thanks for letting us stay, Uncle Frank.

FRANK

What am I gonna do? Put my favorite nephew and his best bud out on the street?

They set the trunk down at the foot of the room's one twin bed. Mike sets his box on the stack already in place.

TYLER

I'm your only nephew.

FRANK

(chuckle)
You're still my favorite.

Tyler grins at Frank as Mike turns toward them.

MIKE

Yeah. Thanks for the room Mr. McGann.

Mike reaches out his hand to Frank. Frank takes it and gives it a firm shake.

FRANK

It's no problem. And no more of this "Mister" or "Uncle" crap. You two are grown men. It's "Frank."

Tyler and Mike nod and smile.

TYLER

Guess that means I'm too old for you to call me "kiddo".

Frank shrugs.

FRANK
 Old habits die hard.
 (beat)
 Well, I've got to get back to work.
 I'll leave you guys to it.

Frank walks toward the door and then turns.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 (again assuming his stern
 demeanor)
 Just remember what I said-
 The food downstairs is on the
 house, but stay out of my kitchen.
 I don't tolerate trespassers.

Frank exits. Tyler sighs and turns to Mike.

TYLER
 You can take the man out of the
 military...

Tyler doesn't finish his line, instead, he turns his attention to a stack of boxes. He picks up a medium sized cardboard box labeled "shoes".

MIKE
 (light chuckle)
 Yeah, but you were right. He is a
 cool guy, even with the occasional
 "G.I. Joe" flash backs.

Tyler nods and turns his back to Mike, moving to set the box in the room's closet.

MIKE (CONT'D)
 And I was right.
 (with a mischievous grin)
 He is sexy!

Tyler rolls his eyes then quickly whips around and throws the box at Mike. The box knocks Mike over onto the bed, causing it to open and scatter its contents.

Mike rolls on the bed in a fit of laughter. Tyler shakes his head, smiles, and turns back to the other boxes.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - LATER.

Vi is behind the counter holding a coffee pot. Lon sits at the counter with a cup of coffee and his nose in a newspaper.

He is well groomed and wearing a suit. A visible bruise adorns his left eye.

VI

More coffee, Lon?

Lon nods, never taking his attention away from his paper. Vi tops off his cup and turns to put the pot back in the coffee machine.

Frank comes down the stairs. Vi turns, sees Frank enter, and gives him a big smile. As Frank approaches, he narrows his eyes and points at her. The smile quickly disappears from Vi's face.

FRANK

You! You just had to open your trap and tell them about the spare room. I could have lied to them and set them up in the motel for a few days. Remember what it is we do here?

He moves behind the counter, joining Vi.

VI

I'm sorry Frank. I didn't think--

FRANK

No kidding!

VI

But everything's cool. Right? They're only going to be here for a few days. What can happen in a few days?

Vi gives Frank a sheepish smile. He huffs and continues to glare at her.

The bell over the door rings as TAMSIN SINCLAIR enters. She is mid 20s, British, and athletic. Not "conventionally" beautiful, her confidence makes her dead sexy. She dresses in stylish clothes with a slight punk flare. Tamsin struts up to the counter, leans in to Lon, and gives him a friendly peck on the cheek.

TAMSIN

Hello, big brother.

Lon gives her a polite smile and a nod, returning to his paper quickly after, as Tamsin sits down on the stool beside him. Vi perks up at her presence.

VI
Hey, Tamsin!

Tamsin gives Vi a wink and a warm smile.

TAMSIN
Hello, dear.

She turns to Frank.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)
(with a smirk)
So what's this I hear about a
family reunion?

Frank turns to Vi scowling once more. Vi again smiles sheepishly.

Frank is about to address Tamsin when Tyler enters from the stairwell.

Frank quickly leans in toward Lon like they are having a conversation.

FRANK
We'll crunch those numbers tonight.
See what we can come up with.

Lon brings his paper down and cocks his eyebrow questioningly at Frank. Seeing Tyler, he plays along grudgingly.

LON
(coolly)
Of course.

Tyler walks to the counter. Tamsin makes no effort to hide that she is studying him closely.

TYLER
Hey, Frank. It's been a long day.
We're going to just watch a little
TV and hang out upstairs. Thanks
again for everything.

FRANK
Sure thing, kiddo. I've got some
business to attend to down here.

Frank nods to Lon.

FRANK (CONT'D)
The price of being self employed.
(with a wink)
Don't wait up.

Tyler nods, gives the group a friendly smile, and heads back up the stairs. Lon, looking annoyed, pops his paper back up and continues reading. Tamsin jerks her head toward the stairs.

TAMSIN
The nephew?

Frank nods. Tamsin squints her eyes at Frank.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)
He looks like you.

Frank nods again.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)
Poor kid.

Frank frowns. Tamsin flashes him a grin.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)
I assume the other one is--

In unison Frank, Vi, and Lon, who still has his nose in the paper, point up.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)
Great.

She slaps her hands down on the counter as she stands.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)
Let's get cracking then. Shall we?

Frank nods. He walks to the door, locks it and flips over a sign that says "Closed". As he returns to the counter he, Vi, and Tamsin head for the kitchen.

Lon neatly folds up his paper, sets it down, and takes another sip of this coffee. He stands and follows the group.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS.

Vi, Tamsin, and Lon gather around as Frank reaches behind the large refrigerator and sticks his thumb on a scanning plate.

CU on scanner as a light goes up and down his thumb, reading his print.

The fridge slides to the left, exposing a stairwell leading down. The four go down the stairs and the fridge moves back into place.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

MONTAGE

On team members hands, one by one, as they each open a locker and reach in.

ON a hand zipping up a black jacket.

ON a hand gun being cocked.

ON a hand holding stakes and shoving them in a coat pocket.

END MONTAGE

CUT TO:

INT. COMMAND CENTRAL - CONTINUOUS.

CU on Frank.

FRANK

OK, folks. Let's save the world.

PULL BACK to reveal the team standing proud with Frank in front holding a sawed-off shotgun. They are now dressed in black commando gear, wearing earpiece communicators. Frank cocks his rifle. As he slides it into a back holster, we:

CUT TO:

INT. SPARE BEDROOM - NIGHT.

Mike is stretched out on the bed, lying on his side in his boxers and a t-shirt. He is watching a portable TV which sits on the room's dresser.

Tyler is similarly clad. His t-shirt says "Han Shot First". He is sitting on the floor, on a futon mattress, using the bed to lean against.

Tyler snacks on a bowl of popcorn which is sitting to his left on the edge of the futon. Mike reaches down and grabs a handful of popcorn and stuffs his face. They both stare at the TV, watching "Firefly".

MIKE
 (crunching on popcorn)
 So. They're cowboys, but they speak
 Chinese and live on a spaceship?

Tyler turns to Mike, a frown on his face.

TYLER
 No.
 (beat)
 Well, yeah. Kind of. But it's more
 than that.

Unconvinced, Mike gives Tyler a look.

MIKE
 I don't know, dude. Sounds like the
 creation of a seriously disturbed
 mind to me.

TYLER
 You just don't get it. See, in the
 future--

Tyler turns further to his left toward Mike, causing the
 futon to shift, spilling the popcorn. Tyler jumps.

TYLER (CONT'D)
 Damn futon!

Mike laughs. Tyler scowls at him and starts picking up the
 popcorn, dropping it back into the bowl.

TYLER (CONT'D)
 And on that subject, why is it
 again that you get the comfy bed
 while I'm stuck on the floor with
 Mr. Lumpy, bringer of pain and
 misery?

MIKE
 (grinning)
 Because I explained why I deserved
 it, and being the calm, rational
 adult I am, you couldn't deny my
 reasoning. Remember?

Tyler, hand on chin, gazing off like he is remembering.

TYLER
 Oh, yes. It's coming back to me
 now. As I recall, you said "dibs"
 so I let you have it just to keep
 you from bitching.

Mike shrugs and grins wider.

MIKE
Tomato, tomäto.

Tyler suddenly dumps the bowl of popcorn over Mike's head and starts laughing. Mike looks briefly upset and then joins in. They laugh loudly, throwing popcorn at each other.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Shh. Shh. We don't want to wake up
your uncle.

TYLER
Nah. Don't worry about it. He was
downstairs talking to some guy that
looked like an accountant. Said
he'd be at it for a while.

MIKE
(shaking his head)
Guess he really is embracing this
whole "quiet life" thing.
(beat)
It must suck to get old and boring.

Tyler picks up a handful of popcorn off the futon, stuffs some in his mouth, and nods in agreement.

CUT TO:

EXT. HEAVEN'S GATE STREET - ALLEYWAY - NIGHT.

CU on Frank. A fist flies into frame, its punch landing squarely on his jaw. He rocks back from the blow, but quickly rebounds and is on his attacker.

Wide shot of all four team members fighting a cadre of eight vampires.

Frank punches VAMP #1 in the jaw, paying him back for the punch he landed. The vampire goes down but quickly springs back up and at Frank. Frank catches him by the arm, flips him to the ground and stakes him. Vamp #1 is history.

Tamsin has a female vamp, VAMP #2, up against the alley wall. She reaches out her empty hand and turns her head to Frank.

TAMSIN
Frank!

Frank turns to Tamsin and throws her his stake. She catches it while restraining the struggling vampire against the wall and, in one fluid motion, stakes her.

Lon gets blind sided by a vamp's punch and goes down.

Vi is taking on four vamps. VAMPS #3, #4, #5, & #6 have her surrounded. She stands in attack stance with a stake in each hand. They leap at her from all sides.

With lightning speed, Vi quickly jabs out to her sides and then front and back. All four vamps erupt in a cloud of smoke, enveloping Vi.

As it quickly settles, Vi shakes the dust from her hair, raises her stakes up and twirls them like pistols.

Lon is lying on the ground dazed as VAMP #7 bends down for the kill. Lon grabs his cross bow just in time and fires. Vamp #7 explodes into dust and ash rains down on Lon. He sputters and chokes as he inhales the vamp debris.

Frank leans over Lon and extends his hand. Lon takes it and pulls himself up and dusts himself off. The four regroup.

VI

(excitedly)

Did you see me?! I kicked ass!

TAMSIN

Yes dear. Absolutely brilliant.

(beat)

And the rest of us weren't too shabby despite our lack of Slayer lineage.

Vi smiles and nods. The four turn and start walking down the alleyway toward the street. Lon seems to be counting on his fingers.

LON

(to himself)

Eight. There were eight.

He reaches into his coat and pulls out a small, black PDA. It has a screen that looks similar to the computer screen he was looking at in the Teaser. On the screen are four blue dots representing the group. Behind them is one red dot.

Lon stops and raises his hand. The rest of the team stops, questioning looks on their faces. He turns around. The team takes his lead and also turns.

Lon looks back down at the screen and then at the alley. His gaze centers on a trash can. He looks to Frank and points.

Franks raises his finger to his lips, motioning for everyone to be quiet. They stand there still for several seconds. The lid of the trash can starts to shift.

VAMP #8'S POV:

Blackness, then light as the lid cracks open. Standing there is Frank flanked by the team. Frank leans in, waves and smiles.

Shot of the trash can exterior as a pair of yellow vampire eyes go wide. Vi rapidly pulls a crossbow from her back and, in one fluid motion, fires. The arrow pierces through the center of the can's thin metal. The vamp disintegrates. The can lid bangs loudly as it drops, no longer supported by the vampire's head.

Impressed, Tamsin nods to Vi and claps her hands lightly. Vi smiles and takes a small bow. Lon again looks at his PDA unit.

LON (CONT'D)

All clear.

Frank pulls out a similar unit, presses a few buttons, and scans the screen.

FRANK

Well, looks like that's it for tonight, folks. No detectable portal formations.

(beat)

And only one "Class 2" on the scope.

Lon presses a few buttons on his device.

LON

(nods)

Mmm. Shramdok demon.

The others give Lon their attention.

LON (CONT'D)

Small, lizard-like. Very benign. Shouldn't cause any problems. It shies away from humans and can only survive in this dimension for about 48 hours.

FRANK

(nodding)

Good.

He then turns to the team.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 (in a commanding tone)
 Now that we have tonight's business
 out of the way, on to the bigger
 issue- the matter of my nephew and
 his friend, who thanks to Vi
 here...

He glances at Vi who averts his stare.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 ...are currently staying 30 feet
 above Command Central.
 (beat)
 My diner is no place for civilians.

TAMSIN
 So sayeth the local health
 inspector.

Frank cuts his eyes at Tamsin. She makes a motion like she is locking her mouth and throwing away the key. Frank clears his throat and resumes his lecturing tone.

FRANK
 So, until such time as my nephew
 and his friend leave the premises,
 we are in ultra stealth mode,
 people.

Frank turns to Lon.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 Lon, no shop talk over breakfast.

Lon nods. Frank turns to Tamsin.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 Tamsin, no cleaning your weapons on
 the diner counter.

Tamsin gives a slight smirk and nods. Frank turns to Vi, who perks up excitedly.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 Vi, no... well... No talking.

Vi frowns as Frank continues.

FRANK (CONT'D)

We have to be extra careful. After what happened to Kat the other night, I don't want Tyler...

Frank falters, his tough demeanor slipping for just a second.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Let's just say I'd have to answer to Mom if anything happened to her only grandchild. You think those vamps are scary, give that woman a few glasses of gin. Whew!

(beat)

Well, let's head home. Good job tonight.

The camera pulls back as the team proceeds back up the alley. They walk for a few seconds in silence. Lon speaks.

LON

Here's an interesting bit of trivia- The Shramdok is one of the few demons to be classified as a vegetarian.

Tamsin leans in to Vi.

TAMSIN

(quietly)

Apparently the word "interesting" has taken on a definition I'm not familiar with.

Vi chuckles quietly. Lon continues.

LON

Not truly a vegetarian, its diet actually consist mainly of molds and fungi.

TAMSIN

I could do with one of those in my bathroom.

Vi laughs louder. Lon eyes his sister disapprovingly.

LON

You know, it wouldn't hurt you to take your demonology a bit more seriously, Tamsin.

Tamsin rolls her eyes at him. Again, she leans in to Vi, keeping her eyes on Lon.

TAMSIN

(not so quietly)

Too bad that Shramdok doesn't eat stuffy British men who haven't had a shag in two years. Now that would be interesting.

Lon frowns. Vi snorts out loud. Frank chuckles and slaps Lon on the back. Suddenly, Lon and Frank's devices start beeping. The team stops dead in its tracks as Lon once again pulls out his unit.

FRANK

What's happening?

LON

I'm not sure. The scans show all clear. No dimensional rifts. No demonic activity.

FRANK

Then what set off the alarm?

LON

(almost to himself)

These readings don't make sense.

Tamsin looks up annoyed.

TAMSIN

Spit it out!

LON

If the computer's right...

Lon looks up from his screen.

LON (CONT'D)

...the sphere self activated.

The team look at each other for a second and then run out of the alley at top speed.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMAND CENTRAL - NIGHT.

Close up on the sphere glowing brightly, it strobes with energy. Alarms ringing. In one CONTINUOUS shot, the camera pulls back rapidly from the sphere, backing up the stairwell, back through the fridge, into the kitchen, out the kitchen door, and into the diner.

Whipping around the counter, the camera, now moving forward quickly, continuing through the diner, up the stairs, down the hall, and into...

INT. SPARE BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS.

The lights are out but there is a small amount of light filtering in from the hallway.

Tyler is laying on the futon on the floor. He tosses and turns trying to get comfortable.

Over his left shoulder, Mike is laying on the bed on his stomach, his right arm draped over the side, head turned toward the camera as it zooms in on his face. He appears to be asleep.

His eyes move back and forth rapidly as if dreaming. They suddenly SNAP OPEN, pulsing with WHITE LIGHT.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT II

ACT III

Mike sits up, his eyes completely white. He turns to stand, kicking Tyler in the head as he does. Tyler sits up abruptly, rubbing his head.

TYLER

Hey! Watch it asshole!

Mike starts to walk toward the door.

TYLER (CONT'D)

(annoyed)

No. I'm fine. Really.

Tyler throws his pillow and hits Mike in the back of the head. Mike pauses in the doorway and looks back at Tyler. In the glow of the hallway light, Tyler sees Mike's glowing eyes. He jumps in surprise.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Whoa!

Mike turns back toward the door and continues slowly down the hallway. Tyler gets up and cautiously follows.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - CONTINUOUS.

The lights are out. Mike comes down the stairs as if in a trance. As he proceeds across the diner, Tyler follows behind. Tyler trips on a chair which causes a loud noise. He looks to Mike who doesn't seem to notice.

Mike rounds the counter, entering the kitchen.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS.

As Tyler enters the kitchen, he sees Mike standing before the refrigerator. Mike waves his hand and the fridge moves, exposing the stairs to the lab. Mike proceeds down.

Tyler pauses, looking wide-eyed at the door.

TYLER

What the...

(beat; calling down to
Mike in a loud whisper)

Mike!

(no response; beat)

Mike!

Still no response. Tyler takes a deep breath.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Crap!

He enters the stairwell.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMAND CENTRAL - CONTINUOUS.

The door slides open. The alarm is blaring. There stands Mike, his eyes glowing white. He enters and walks toward the strobing globe.

Tyler enters behind him and stops dead in his tracks, looking around in awe.

TYLER

(drawn out)

Daaaaaamn!!!

Mike reaches his hands out toward the brightly glowing orb.

CU on Mike's left hand inches away from the sphere and moving closer. Just before it comes in contact with the sphere's surface, a hand wraps itself around Mike's wrist.

Mike quickly turns his head, his white eyes seeing Frank. They flash with a surge of energy, but before he can respond, Frank's fist makes contact with his face. Mike's head rocks back with the blow.

MIKE

Ouch!

The globe goes dark, the alarms stop. Mike grabs his face with his right hand. He looks to Frank, his eyes back to normal.

MIKE (CONT'D)

What the Hell!

He looks around, confused as to what has transpired.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Where the Hell am I?

Mike looks down at the sphere, his face a mixture of recognition and confusion. He leans toward it. Frank, still holding Mike by his left wrist, pulls him back.

Frank looks to Lon and Tamsin. They have grabbed Tyler by the arms even though he is too shocked by the lab to struggle.

TYLER
Uncle Frank! What's going on--

FRANK
(to Tamsin and Lon)
Upstairs!

Frank gives Mike a rough jerk, pulling him out of frame.

MIKE
Whoa!

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - NIGHT.

The diner lights are out except for the lights over the counter.

Vi, Tamsin, and Lon are sitting on bar stools facing the diner interior, away from the counter. A few feet away, Tyler and Mike are sitting in two chairs turned around to face the team. They are still barefoot and clad in their boxers and t-shirts. Frank stands between the two groups, looking at the boys.

TYLER
(to Frank)
Let me see if I've got this straight. You're saying that demons, magic, and other dimensions... are real?

Frank nods.

TYLER (CONT'D)
And that you guys secretly investigate all this stuff?

FRANK
(nodding)
Sounds about right.
(nostalgically)
Used to be teams like this all around the world at different mystical hot spots.
(sigh)
But things happen. The Watchers Council fell on hard time. The Initiative's gone. So now there's just a handful of us left.

Frank glances to his team then back to the boys.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Any questions?

Mike perks up.

MIKE
(excitedly)
Oh! Bigfoot, Loch Ness Monster,
Leprechauns!

Frank looks mildly amused.

FRANK
Demon, dinosaur from an alternate
dimension, don't exist.

Mike crosses his arms and smiles, pleased with himself. Tyler rolls his eyes and sends a quick annoyed glance in his direction.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Any other questions...

Mike opens his mouth as Frank continues.

FRANK (CONT'D)
...that don't concern things found
in the "Weekly World News"?

Mike closes his mouth. A thoughtful look comes to Tyler's face.

TYLER
Why here?

Frank looks at Tyler, impressed by his question.

FRANK
You mean why here, in "podunk" USA?

Mike turns to Tyler, giving him a smug "I told you so" look. Tyler again looks annoyed at Mike. He then looks back to Frank and nods.

TYLER
(to Frank)
Yeah.

FRANK
This lovely little town, which we
affectionately call "Hell's Gate",
stands squarely in the middle of a
trans-dimensional convergence.

Mike and Tyler again exchange confused looks.

FRANK (CONT'D)

A place where the barriers between this world and other dimensions are at their thinnest. Portals open up regularly, depositing all kinds of nasty things here. Plus, all the mystical energy they generate draws demons and other supernatural beings here like a magnet.

(with a hint of disdain)

Luckily,

(normally)

we have the *Ha'dish Pramatat*, that glowey orb thingy downstairs. It allows us to track these hostiles locally and gives me and my team limited control over any dimensional portals that open.

(beat)

Speaking of which, time for introductions. Allow me to present Omega Team.

Frank motions to the team. Tyler and Mike look to them.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Vi, you already know. She may not look like it, but she's one Hell of a fighter.

Vi gives a smile and a small wave to the boys.

Frank motions to Tamsin.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Tamsin Sinclair. Watcher. Initiative trained in martial arts and fire arms.

Tamsin smiles warmly at Tyler and Mike and gives them a wink.

TAMSIN

(to the boys)

Charmed. I'm also a Libra who enjoys Emily Post and long walks on the beach.

Tyler and Mike smile. Frank cocks an eyebrow at her then moves on to Lon.

FRANK

And last but not least, my second
in command and our resident demon
expert, Lon Travers.

Lon nods to Tyler and Mike.

LON

(formally)

London Gulliver Travers, Watcher's
Council.

Tamsin pats Lon on the arm.

TAMSIN

Mr. Stuffy Pants here is my elder
brother.

Lon give Tamsin a disapproving look.

Mike cocks his head, thinking.

MIKE

Gulliver Travers?

Lon nods, a pained expression on his face.

LON

(dryly)

Yes.

MIKE

(chuckling)

Dude! Your parents named you
Gulliver Travers?

Tamsin gives an uneasy look. Lon shifts uncomfortably.

LON

(coldly)

Yes.

Mike breaks out in a loud laugh. Lon looks more agitated.
Tyler gives Mike a questioning look.

MIKE

(in a high pitched voice)

*What's that!? A sleeping giant!
Let's tie him up!*

A grin breaks out on Tamsin's face. She quickly brings her
hand up to cover it.

TYLER
 (to Mike)
 You're lame.

Lon looks very annoyed as Mike continues to laugh.

LON
 (dryly sarcastic)
 I'm so happy that my father's
 liking for Swift and penchant for
 word play amuses you. I can't begin
 to express the source of joy it's
 been for me throughout the years.

Mike immediately stops laughing and looks a little
 embarrassed.

TAMSIN
 Poor Lon.

Tamsin leans over, hugging Lon's arm.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)
 But on the bright side, Father is
 dead.

The frown lines on Lon's forehead melt away and a bitter-
 sweet smile comes to his face.

LON
 Oh, yes. Yes. Thanks for that Tams.

Mike and Tyler exchange a uncertain look as Frank butts in.

FRANK
 (gruffly)
 Sorry to break up this touching and
 somewhat unsettling family moment,
 but we need to figure out why the
 orb activated and took control of
 Mike here.

MIKE
 (shaking his head)
 No. It didn't really take control
 of me. It was more like...
 (beat)
 ...like I was dreaming and it was
 calling to me.

Frank frowns and looks to Lon. He SNAPS his fingers and
 points to Mike.

FRANK
Retinal exam.

Lon jumps up from his seat at the counter and moves to stand before Mike. Mike gets a worried look on his face.

LON
Stand, please.

MIKE
(nervously)
Whoa, buddy! Slow down! Save something for our third date!

Lon eyes Mike, confused by his statement. Tyler get his meaning and leans toward Mike.

TYLER
(to Mike)
He said "retinal" exam. As in "eyes".

Mike turns to Tyler and thinks for a second.

MIKE
(embarrassed)
Oh. I knew that.

Mike gives a lop-sided grin and turns back to Lon.

LON
(impatiently)
Please, I need to look into your eyes.

Mike stands facing Lon, eye to eye, less than a foot away. Lon pulls a small pen light out of his pocket. Mike smiles at Lon.

MIKE
You're not the first guy to tell me that.
(shrug)
They're nice eyes.

Tamsin smirks. Lon frowns uncomfortably. Flustered, he stutters nervously.

LON
I... ah... um...

Mike glances to Frank who is looking sternly at him. He sighs, opens his eyes wide for Lon to examine, and leans in closer.

Lon, still flustered, also leans in. He brings the pen light up, shining it into Mike's eyes.

LON (CONT'D)
 (while examining)
 Hmm. Micro scarring.
 (beat)
 Residual ocular linkages.
 (beat)
 Trace polystatic pigmentation.

Frank grimaces. Lon turns the light off and steps back from Mike. Mike, enjoying embarrassing Lon, gives him a wink and a sexy grin.

MIKE
 (to Lon)
 Was it good for you too?

Lon gives a repulsed look. Tamsin chuckles.

TAMSIN
 (to Mike)
 You might as well give up on this one, love. The stick up his backside is so large, he couldn't possibly accommodate anything else.

Sitting back down, Lon turns to his sister and gives her a wry smile.

Frank frowns, pacing back and forth as he ponders. He stops and then...

FRANK
 (turning to Mike)
 Have you every had any supernatural abilities?

MIKE
 (smirking)
 You mean other than my incredible wit and phenomenal love-making skills?

Frank gives Mike a serious look. At the same time, Tyler gives him a hard punch in the arm.

MIKE (CONT'D)
 No.

FRANK
 Any deja vu? Telekinesis?

MIKE

No.

(beat)

Wait. I did dabble in the occult a few years back when I lived in Sunnydale. But I was just playing around. You know?

Frank and Lon exchange a look. Even Tamsin and Vi look serious.

FRANK

Sunnydale?

MIKE

Yeah. I lived there for a few years.

VI

I knew that!

Frank cuts his eyes to her. Vi hangs her head.

VI (CONT'D)

...and I didn't mention it.

Frank ignores her and turns back to Mike.

MIKE

Um. Some of my friends and I used to do chants and cast spells and stuff. Sometimes strange things would happen. I guess, over the years, I just convinced myself that it was all in my head.

FRANK

It wasn't. Sunnydale was built over a Hellmouth, a gateway to a vast Hell dimension. The supernatural energy it gave off was easily absorbed by anyone attempting to tap into the magicks.

(beat)

That kind of energy can get in your head, physically change you.

(casually)

We call it the "Rosenberg Effect".

(beat)

Now if my hunch is right, your "dabbling" irreversibly linked you to great power.

(beat)

You could be powerful.

Tyler looks mildly amused. Mike doesn't believe what he is hearing.

MIKE

Me? No. Stunningly handsome and a wise-ass, sure. But I'm not powerful.

TYLER

(to Frank)
He really isn't.

Tyler turns to Mike looking a little annoyed.

MIKE

Hey! I could be powerful.

FRANK

(to Mike)
You may very well be, whether you believe it or not. I think that's why the sphere was calling you. Anyway, we won't know for certain until we do research, run some test.

MIKE

Why don't we just go back down to the Bat Cave? Let me cop a feel of your magic orb.

Frank again cocks his eyebrow and gives Mike a stern look. Lon again looks repulsed. Mike realizes he should rephrase his last sentence.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Go downstairs and let me touch the sphere. Maybe we can figure this thing out.

FRANK

I don't think so.

MIKE

Well it might help us to--

FRANK

(loudly)
I said "No!"

Mike and Tyler JUMP, taken aback by Frank's tone.

FRANK (CONT'D)
The last person to touch that damn
thing...

Frank gets himself back under control.

FRANK (CONT'D)
...well, they didn't make it.
(beat; to the team)
It's late. Why don't we call it a
night, try to sort this thing out
tomorrow.

Frank turns to Lon.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Lon. Set the trip alarms in case
sleeping beauty here...
(nodding toward Mike)
...decides to take another stroll.

Lon nods. The team, along with Mike and Tyler, stands.

Frank & Lon's PDAs sound again.

FRANK (CONT'D)
(aggravated)
Now what!?

Lon pulls out his unit and looks at it.

LON
We've got a portal opening. Two
blocks away. 5th Street.

Frank frowns.

FRANK
(with a questioning look)
Downtown? That's a first. You stay
here. Get to the command center.
Vi, Tamsin- you're with me.

He looks to Mike and Tyler

FRANK (CONT'D)
You two! Upstairs! Now!

Tyler and Mike give a disappointed look as Frank dashes to
the door followed closely by Vi and Tamsin. They exit,
running down the street.

Lon turns to the kitchen. Mike and Tyler look at each other then back to Lon. They head for the kitchen. Lon turns around at the sound of their footsteps.

LON
Where the Hell do you two think
you're going?

Tyler and Mike look at each other then back to Lon.

MIKE
(pointing to the kitchen)
We thought that we'd...

LON
You thought bloody wrong! Now go
upstairs as Frank said!

The two once again look at each other then push past Lon and head for the kitchen.

LON (CONT'D)
Hey!

Lon looks irritated and follows after them as we:

CUT TO:

EXT. HEAVEN'S GATE - 5TH STREET - NIGHT.

The team dashes around the corner just in time to see a PORTAL OPENING to the left of one of the street's lamp post. The light on the post SHORTS out as the portal grows to about the size of a minivan. The team stands in front of it, prepared for battle.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMAND CENTRAL - SHORTLY LATER.

Lon enters followed by Mike and Tyler. The globe is strobing, alarms blaring.

LON
Stand against the wall! And don't
touch anything!

Tyler and Mike look insulted but do as Lon orders. Lon looks at the display screens. Frank's voice comes from over the intercom.

FRANK
(filtered; over intercom)
Lon! What cha' got?

LON

Nothing yet. Just the portal.

The image on Lon's screen shows the portal and the three blue dots of the team members. Five red dots appear, moving rapidly toward the portal.

LON (CONT'D)

Wait a moment. Something's coming.

(beat)

Paclyar demons. Five of them. From the Grimbaldy Expanse. Horrible place. Hot, barren, full of nasty little surprises.

(beat)

Here they come!

CUT TO:

EXT. HEAVEN'S GATE - 5TH STREET - CONTINUOUS.

The team glance uneasily at each other. Suddenly, five demons spring from the gateway.

They are ugly beast, 6 feet tall, green with scales, glowing yellow eyes, and mouths full of discolored jagged teeth. They are wearing fur tunics and brandishing swords.

Noticing the team, they pause. The team goes into attack stance.

The demons look at the portal and then back to the team. They run at the team, swords raised high.

The team braces for impact, but instead of engaging, the demons break through them and keep running.

The team members look at each other, puzzled for a second, as the demons continue to hotfoot it down the street.

VI

(smiling)

What a bunch of wimps!

(loudly in the demons' direction)

Yeah! You better run! You got a Slayer and a couple of commandos about to go ninja on yo' ass!

Tamsin and Frank look uneasy. Vi notices and her smile fades.

VI (CONT'D)

What?

Tamsin and Frank turn back to the portal. Vi, getting their meaning also looks to the portal.

LON
(filtered; over ear piece)
Bloody Hell!

FRANK
What is it!?

LON
(filtered; over ear piece)
Remember those nasty little
surprises I mentioned?
(wavering)
Some of them aren't so little.
There's a...

TAMSIN
Spit it out, you wanker!

CUT TO:

INT. COMMAND CENTRAL - CONTINUOUS.

Lon has a look of terror on his face.

LON
It's... It's... a storm. A sulfuric
acid storm. A mile in diameter.

Lon's screen shows a solid red mass which takes up the whole side of the screen. It slowly inches toward the wavy line representing the rift. Mike and Tyler look to each other in fear.

CUT TO:

EXT. HEAVEN'S GATE - 5TH STREET - CONTINUOUS.

Tamsin, Vi, and Frank stand at the portal.

FRANK
If that thing gets through, it'll
wipe out everything in a ten block
radius before it dissipates.

Vi looks to Frank, a panicked look on her face.

VI
What are we going to do!? I don't
know how to fight... weather!

FRANK

Lon! Is there any way to neutralize it?

LON

(filtered; over ear piece)

No. The last time a storm like this got through... Well, does the name "Chernobyl" ring a bell?

The team members exchange a distressed look.

TAMSIN

Bloody Hell.

On Frank's expression of concern we:

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT III

ACT IV

FADE IN:

INT. COMMAND CENTRAL - CONTINUOUS.

Lon is frantically working switches on the control panel. Tyler and Mike standing against the wall looking nervous.

FRANK
(filtered; over intercom)
What's going on down there, Lon?!

LON
I'm trying to close the portal
but... the sphere's not responding!
Again! Damn, portal anomalies!
They're becoming more frequent!

Mike looks over to the sphere. He stares into the glowing orb as it strobes brightly on it's stone pedestal. Lon continues to flip switches as Mike becomes more transfixed.

FRANK
(filtered; over intercom)
Focus! We need a plan now!

The globe flashes. Mike's eyes go white. He takes a step forward. Tyler grabs his arm.

TYLER
What are you going to do, man?!

Mike turns to him. Tyler looks startled. Mike gives a slight smile.

MIKE
I don't know. Let's find out.

Mike turns back to the sphere and walks toward it. Lon continues to use the computer to try to close the portal, not noticing Mike heading slowly toward the globe.

LON
Thirty seconds 'til threshold!

CUT TO:

EXT. HEAVEN'S GATE - 5TH STREET - CONTINUOUS.

Vi looks scared. Tamsin puts her arm around her. Frank looks around frantically. He spots a large dumpster a few feet away and pulls the two women toward it.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMAND CENTRAL - CONTINUOUS.

Mike is at the sphere. He reaches out, a hand on either side of the globe.

TYLER

Mike! No!

Lon turns to see Mike at the sphere. He dashes toward him, but is too late. Mike cups his hands around the sphere.

Everything freezes. The camera PANS slowly in a circle around Mike. Lon seems frozen in mid run, Tyler in mid scream. As the camera continues to spin slowly around Mike, Tyler and Lon disappear. The sirens stop. The lab disappears. Only Mike, the sphere, and the stone cave remain. The orb glows softly. All seems quite. And then...

KAT (V.O.)

Welcome, Michael.

Suddenly, Kat appears in front of Mike.

MIKE

Who are you?

KAT

I am the last to use the *Ha'dish Pramatat*. I will explain all, but first we have work to do.

The camera again spins around Mike and Kat until we are back in reality.

Lon runs to Mike, Tyler close behind. They stop a couple of feet from Mike and look at him.

Mike stands motionless, hands on sphere, his hair blowing gently, his eyes glowing.

Keeping his eyes on Mike, Lon backs up to the console and looks back down to the screen.

CUT TO:

EXT. HEAVEN'S GATE - 5TH STREET - CONTINUOUS.

Vi, and Tamsin are in the dumpster as Frank climbs in. He closes the lid all but a crack.

Looking out through the cracked lid, they see the portal and the poison cloud as it approaches.

Frank puts his right arm around the two women, tightly hugging them close. They all close their eyes as the cloud reaches the portal's edge. Frank drops the lid shut.

Suddenly, the portal closes.

A few beats and then the dumpster's lid opens a crack. Frank, his teeth gritted like he is preparing for the worse, peeks out.

The portal is gone, the side of the lamp post partially melted and SIZZLING.

He realizes that he is hugging the girls. Quickly letting go of them, he throws back the dumpster lid.

The girls look up and see the portal has closed. They both give a sigh of relief. Frank starts to climb out as the girls pick bits of garbage off themselves.

FRANK
Great job, Lon!

LON
(filtered; over ear piece)
It wasn't me.

The team's smiles fade, turning into looks of confusion.

FRANK
What do you mean it wasn't...

LON
(filtered; over ear piece)
You'd... better get back here,
Frank.

The team members look at each other for a split second. Vi and Tamsin leap out of the dumpster and the three break out in a run back toward the diner.

Beat. From under the dumpster crawls the small, lizard-like SHRAMDOK DEMON.

After looking around cautiously with its bulging eyes, it begins to slowly lick the side of the mouldy dumpster.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMAND CENTRAL - NIGHT.

Mike stands at the sphere as before, eyes glowing. Tyler gives Lon a helpless look.

TYLER
What do we do?!

LON
I'm not sure.

TYLER
(frustrated)
I thought you were supposed to be
an expert at this sort of thing!

LON
While it's true that I am
knowledgable in a great many
fields, I...

TYLER
(pushing past Lon)
Forget it!

Lon grabs Tyler by his left arm.

LON
(matter-of-factly)
Stop. You can't help.

Tyler turns to look at Lon, his eyes narrow, his jaw set. Lon's eyes go wide as he recognizes that look. Tyler rears back and PUNCHES Lon in right eye. Lon hits the ground.

Tyler runs to Mike. Unsure what to do next, he tries talking to him.

TYLER
Mike!

Mike gives no response. He stands at the globe blank faced.

TYLER (CONT'D)
Mikey! Come on, man!

Still no response. Tyler reaches out to grab Mike's arm.

FRANK (O.S.)

Tyler! No!

Tyler turns to see Frank, Vi, and Tamsin enter, panting from their run. Tyler lowers his hands.

Lon sits up. Noticing him on the floor, Tamsin runs over and kneels down beside her fallen brother. Lon brings his hand up to his face.

LON

(annoyed)

Is every member of that bloody family going to hit me?!

Tamsin pats him gently on the arm. Frank and Vi approach Tyler.

FRANK

(to Tyler)

Don't touch him. Breaking the connection could kill him... and you.

Tyler looks at Frank, helpless.

TYLER

We can't just stand here and do nothing.

Suddenly, Mike turns his head to face Tyler, Frank, and Vi. They all look startled.

MIKE

(voice sounding like many voices speaking at once)

Do not fear. No harm will come to this mortal. He is our chosen one, our link, our voice on this plane of existence.

Frank frowns as Tyler and the others look on.

FRANK

Who are you?

MIKE

We have many names, for we are many things to many people. But you know of us as The Powers That Be.

Lon stands, his hand still at his face, looking on with an awed expression. He quickly looks to Tamsin who looks equally stunned.

MIKE (CONT'D)

We molded this vessel's destiny.
Guided it to this time, this place,
but it does not yet contain the
knowledge needed to control the
Ha'dish Pramatat.

FRANK

But he closed the portal.

MIKE

He was aided by The Guardian. One
of your own who was struck down.
One who has the knowledge but was
not compatible with this device.
Her soul resides within. She will
be his teacher.

A look of realization crosses Frank's face. His features
soften.

FRANK

Kat?

Mike smiles warmly at Frank.

MIKE

(speaking in Kat's voice)
Hey, baby.

Mike's appearance morphs in to Kat. Frank crumbles. The other
team members' faces sadden.

FRANK

Oh, Kat! I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.
It was all my fault.

Kat removes her right hand from the globe and brings it up to
touch Frank's face. Frank grabs her hand, holding it there.

KAT

Don't blame yourself, Frank. My
death was all part of a bigger
plan. It was meant to happen. It
had to happen.

FRANK

It's not fair. We should have had
more time.

(beat)

I never told you that I...

Frank looks to Kat, a tear in his eye. She smiles sadly at
him.

KAT

I know.

Frank turns his face and kisses Kat's hand. A tear streams down Kat's face as she reluctantly pulls her hand away. She gives Frank a bittersweet smile and takes her left hand off the sphere.

As the globe dims, Kat morphs back into Mike.

Frank glances at the team. Tamsin gives him a supportive nod.

Mike looks around, dazed for a second.

MIKE

Whoa.

Tyler quickly throws his arms around Mike hugging him overly tight.

TYLER

Oh, man! Are you ok?

MIKE

(strained)

Yeah, I think so. Though... ribs... cracking...

Tyler lets go of Mike, pats him on the back, and gives a relieved smile. The rest of the group comes closer. Frank reassumes his tough demeanor. Lon and Tamsin join the rest of the group.

LON

(to Frank)

So what does this mean?

FRANK

(looking at Mike)

I guess it means we have a new team member.

Lon huffs loudly and gives Frank an annoyed look. A nervous expression crosses Mike's face.

MIKE

Whoa! Back up the bus! After all that, I'm not sure I want anything to do with you guys.

Frank glances to the sphere then back to Mike. He sees Mike's apprehension.

FRANK

(firmly)

Look. You're the only one who can touch that thing without getting fried.

(beat; more softly)

You saved the town tonight, and all our lives. Next time, it could be the whole world you're saving.

Mike frowns as he thinks about the weight of Frank's statement. There is a moment of silence. No one seems to know what to say. Finally...

TAMSIN

I don't know about you lot, but I'm knackered.

VI

If that means "tired", me too.

Vi gives and exaggerated yawn.

TYLER

(beat)

Yeah, Mr. Lumpy is looking pretty good to me right now.

Confused looks all around except for Mike who is still frowning.

TAMSIN

Is that a euphemism?

TYLER

(deadpan)

No. It's a futon.

Mike's frown vanishes and he gives a light chuckle. He looks to Tyler who looks back at him, confused. Mike's chuckle grows into a full laugh.

He slides his arm around Tyler's shoulders, pulling him into a headlock, and gives him an exaggerated kiss on the side of the head. Tyler pulls away, giving Mike a bemused smile.

FRANK

(lightly)

I think sleep is what we all need. Hopefully, we won't have any more surprise portal activity tonight.

They all head for the door, Lon in the rear. As they reach the door...

LON

Unless I'm very much mistaken,
aren't there still five extremely
dangerous Paclyar demons walking
around town?

Vi, Tamsin, Mike and Tyler issue a unanimous moan. They all
turn around and walk back into Command Central.

TAMSIN

(sigh)

No rest for the wicked.

She glances to Lon.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)

Or for stuffy British men who
haven't had a shag in two years, eh
Lon?

He frowns at her. She smiles broadly at him. Lon shakes his
head and smiles back. He looks down at the computer screen
for a moment.

LON

(looking at his screen)

Got 'em! 7th street.

FRANK

Ok, Let's go.

The team races back out the door, Frank in the rear, leaving
Mike and Tyler alone. They look around the room awkwardly.
Beat. Frank pops his head back through the door.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You two coming or are you just
gonna stand there all night?

Mike and Tyler look at each other and then back to Frank.

MIKE

Really?

FRANK

(With a wink)

Yeah. Might as well.

They grin and head for the door as Frank once again exits. He
continues speaking from off camera.

FRANK (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Just hang back and watch. We'll do
all the work.

Mike and Tyler exit through the door.

FRANK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And you might wanna put on some
pants.

FADE TO:

INT. SPARE BEDROOM - NIGHT.

Tyler and Mike stagger in. They are dirty, exhausted, splattered with some kind of green goo, but giggling like kids.

Tyler flops down on the futon, Mike on the bed.

MIKE
(sleepily)
Dude, that was something.

TYLER
Yeah. Who'd have thought Vi would go all Wonder Woman like that? And Frank! Man, I can't believe he threw that one at us.

MIKE
(chuckle)
I can't believe you screamed like a little girl even though it was already dead.

TYLER
It was a "manly" scream.

MIKE
Sure. If the man happened to be an eight year old female.

They both chuckle. Beat.

TYLER
(seriously)
This is some scary stuff.

MIKE
Yeah.

TYLER
In don't know if I can handle it.

MIKE
You have to.

Tyler props up on his elbow and turns to look at Mike.

MIKE (CONT'D)
 'Cause I don't know if I can do
 this without you, man.

TYLER
 Then don't do it.

MIKE
 I think I kind of have to.

Tyler gives Mike a bittersweet smile and turns back around, laying back down on the futon. He looks up at the ceiling.

TYLER
 (beat)
 Well, I guess that means I have to
 stick around to keep you out of
 trouble. You and Frank. My grandma
 would kill me if I let anything
 happen to him. You've seen her
 after a couple of vodka tonics.
 Those things tonight got nothin' on
 her.

In unison, both men shudder and then chuckle lightly.

TYLER (CONT'D)
 Night, man.

Tyler holds his hand up to Mike. Mike takes it and gives it a tight squeeze. A moment passes.

MIKE
 (sincerely)
 Night.

Letting go of each other's hands, both boys lay on their backs. They stare up at the ceiling, worried looks on their faces as we:

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. SPARE BEDROOM - NIGHT.

Overhead shot of both boys asleep, Tyler on the floor on the futon, Mike on the bed.

ZOOM in on Mike. His eyes dart back and forth as he dreams.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMAND CENTRAL - CONTINUOUS.

Mike stands in front of the glowing sphere. Kat standing across from him.

KAT
(Speaking as TPTB)
Your journey has begun, Michael.
Already the first steps are behind
you. Yet the path ahead holds many
obstacles.

Kat's form morphs into Lon.

LON
One will hate you.

Lon morphs into Vi.

VI
One will love you.

Vi morphs into Tamsin.

TAMSIN
One will die for you.

Tamsin morphs into Frank.

FRANK
One will kill you.

CUT TO:

INT. SPARE BEDROOM - NIGHT.

Mike bolts upright awake, panting.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT IV

END OF SHOW