

Hell's Gate

Season One - Episode Two

"Dirty Jobs"

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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. FRANK'S APARTMENT - SPARE BEDROOM - MORNING.

CU on an alarm clock. It's digital display reads "6:09". A beat and it changes to "6:10". An alarm starts beeping annoyingly. A hand reaches out and smacks it.

CU on TYLER on a futon on the floor as he sits up and rubs his eyes. His hair can best be described as "bed head". He glances back over his left shoulder to see the still sleeping figure of MIKE on the bed behind him. He rolls his eyes and gives a groan. He gets up.

CU on Mike still asleep and snoring lightly.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - MORNING.

Camera looking straight into the bathroom. Tyler is seen from the back as he walks into the bathroom wearing a t-shirt and boxers. He closes the door. Outside, we hear the sound of the shower turning on.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - VI'S ROOM - MORNING.

Close up on an alarm clock displaying "6:14". It clicks on "6:15" and starts to ring lightly.

VI reaches out, turns it off, and sits up. She is wearing an extra large "Tweety Bird" nightshirt. She yawns, stretches, and gets out of bed.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - MORNING.

Tyler pulls back the shower curtain having just finished bathing. He shakes his head like a wet dog and reaches for a towel.

CU on his wet feet as he steps out onto the bath mat.

Medium shot of Tyler, naked, as he towels off his back.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - MORNING.

Vi grabs the door knob and, without knocking, opens the door.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - MORNING.

Low angle shot from floor, Tyler's naked legs in foreground, Vi opening the door in background.

Reaction shot of Vi jumping in surprise, eyes clearly darting from Tyler's face to his lower areas, back up, and then back down again.

Reaction shot of Tyler as he too jumps and pulls the towel in front of himself.

VI

I'm sorry! I'm sorry!

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - MORNING.

Vi quickly exits the bathroom. As she pulls the door shut, we briefly see Tyler in the BG still standing there with the towel in front of himself, a mortified look on his face.

Once the door is closed, Vi pauses for a second. Her look of shock changes to a little smile. She continues down the hall, her smile getting bigger.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - SPARE BEDROOM - MORNING.

Close up on another alarm clock on the bedside table. It's display reads "6:19". It flips to "6:20" and begins to ring. Without opening his eyes, Mike smacks the alarm off. He rolls over, continuing to sleep.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - MORNING.

FRANK and Vi are behind the counter. LON is sitting at the counter with a cup of coffee, nose in a newspaper, a faded bruise adorns his left eye, a prominent one, his right.

Vi tops off Lon's mug as Tyler enters from upstairs. He is dressed in a smart-looking suit and tie and carrying a briefcase. His normally disheveled hair is neatly combed.

Frank smiles at Tyler and whistles.

FRANK
Lookin' good, kiddo!

VI
(quietly)
I'll say.

Vi lets her eyes wander over Tyler. He flinches with embarrassment and pulls his briefcase in front of his crotch.

TYLER
Um... Thanks.

FRANK
Breakfast?

TYLER
Can't. First day. Wanna get there early.
(turning toward the door)
I'll see you guys later.

FRANK
Good luck, Ty.

Tyler looks back over his shoulder.

TYLER
Thanks, Frank!

Tyler notices Vi crane her neck to get a better look at him as he walks away. He turns back toward the door, moving his briefcase behind him to cover his butt as he makes a hasty retreat.

As he exits, he passes TAMSIN who is entering. She is wearing a black tank top with the word "Bitch" on it in silver rhinestones. She gives him a friendly nod as they pass.

Tamsin makes her way to the counter and sits down beside Lon.

Frank looks at Tamsin's shirt and gives her a sly grin.

FRANK
And they say there's no truth left
in advertising.

Tamsin give Frank a wry smile followed by the two finger salute.

TAMSIN
And good morning to you also.

They both give a light chuckle.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)
 (looking around)
 Where's the boy-wonder? I thought
 we were going to break him in
 properly today.

Lon looks up from his paper, noticing that Mike is not in
 their company.

LON
 Yes. Where is Goldilocks?
 (chuckling slightly)
 Primping in front of the mirror or
 some such?

Tamsin's mouth gaps open, aghast at her brother's comment.

Frank cuts his eyes at Lon.

At that moment, Mike enters from the stairwell.

MIKE
 (smoothly)
 No primping required. I'm naturally
 this pretty.

As Mike approaches the counter, Lon gives him a guilty look.

LON
 (flustered)
 I didn't mean... I was just...

Mike smiles at Lon and slaps him on the back causing Lon to
 jump.

MIKE
 Don't sweat it, Geeves. Takes more
 than a little teasing to get me all
 riled up.

Mike squints his eyes and leans in slightly, looking at Lon's
 face.

MIKE (CONT'D)
 (bringing his finger up to
 his right eye)
 You have a little something right
 here.

Lon brings his hand up to his face brush away whatever it is
 and then realizes that Mike is indicating his bruised eye.
 Lon frowns, embarrassed.

Tamsin, Vi, and Frank laugh.

MIKE (CONT'D)
 (to Lon; with a wink)
 Don't screw with the master.
 (beat; to all)
 Subtlety is the key. Most people
 would have gone with the obvious
 raccoon joke.

Frank gives Mike a nod.

FRANK
 (to Tamsin)
 He's gonna fit right in.

Lon pops his paper back up to cover his face which is growing increasingly red with embarrassment.

As the gang continues to chuckle, PAN left to one of the diner's windows. A pair of black eyes peeks in from between the curtains.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRANK'S DINER - DAY - CONTINUOUS.

Two figures are huddled close together. It's hard to make out the details of their appearances because they are both wearing trench coats and hats, looking very much like spies from an old 70's TV show.

Seen from the back, one is peering in the window, the other trying to look also. As FIGURE #2 shoves FIGURE #1, they both turn to the side to face each other. They are unmistakably demons (black skin with white faces and pointy chins) attempting to disguise themselves.

FIGURE #1
 Hey! Watch it!

FIGURE #2
 Come, on Zorg! Move over! I want to see!

ZORG
 (sounding annoyed)
 You don't need to see, Harold. I'm the one with the plan.

HAROLD
 What are we doing here again? I wanna go to the circus.

Zorg looks to Harold with an irritated expression.

ZORG
If you weren't my brother...

Harold look innocently at Zorg. His elevator clearly doesn't reach the top floor.

Zorg gives an exhaustive sigh.

ZORG (CONT'D)
These guys are offing demons all around town. We get rid of them, we'll be heroes. We can take over the organization and rule this town.

HAROLD
How we gonna do that? If they was easy to kill, wouldn't the boss already done it?

ZORG
That's where my plan comes in. We don't try to take 'em all at once. They're too strong as a group and I ain't lookin' to commit suicide. But they can't stay together all the time. We wait until they're alone...

Zorg turns back to the window, once again looking inside.

ZORG (CONT'D)
...and take 'em out one at a time.

Zorg's POV, looking at Frank who seems to be laughing at a joke.

ZORG (CONT'D)
Starting with their leader.

Zorg brings his right hand up and flicks his wrist back. A bony spear SHOOTs up from his wrist.

Through the window, on Frank's amused expression we:

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. MACROWARE - DAY.

ESTABLISHING SHOT of MacroWare's corporate headquarters. It is a large modern-looking building with lots of windows. A large cement sign displays the company's name.

TYLER (V.O.)

You would not believe this place!

CUT TO:

INT. MACROWARE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS.

Tyler is talking on his cell phone.

TYLER

It's incredible! The R & D department is huge!

CUT TO:

INT. UNDETERMINED LOCATION - CONTINUOUS.

CU of Mike on his cell phone. He chuckles at Tyler's excitement.

MIKE

So... are you liking it there so far? 'Cause it's really hard to tell.

INTERCUT BETWEEN MIKE AND TYLER.

TYLER

(chuckle)

Yeah. And I'm not even done with the grand tour yet. Anyway, I just wanted to tell you my news.

Mike listens closely.

MIKE

Yeah?

TYLER

You know how I was supposed to be a just a junior programmer? Apparently, my resumé was so impressive, they passed it on to the Vice President.

(MORE)

TYLER (CONT'D)

(beat)

And I'm going to be her personal assistant! I'll have my own office and everything!

MIKE

Woo hoo! Check you out, Mr. Big Shot. At this rate, you'll be running that place by lunch.

TYLER

I can't believe it! It's a lot more responsibility but it's a big step up.

MIKE

And is there a significant pay raise attached to this added responsibility?

Tyler looks around, puts his other hand up to the phone and whispers something.

Mike gets an stunned look on his face.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Whoa, dude! Have you ever considered being a Sugar Daddy? 'Cause I might have a position open. Hell! For that kind of dough, many positions.

(beat)

Even that one I don't really like to do, assuming I'm still limber enough.

INT. MACROWARE - HALLWAY - DAY.

Tyler makes a disgusted face.

From behind Tyler, MITCH PETERSON exits the men's room and approaches. Mitch is a mild-mannered, balding, unassuming man in his late 30's. The khakis and Hawaiian shirt he wears make Tyler look very over dressed.

TYLER

(seeing Mitch approaching)

Hey, gotta go. Talk to you later.

Tyler closes his phone and slips it into his pocket.

MITCH

Sharing the good news?

Tyler nods and gives him an embarrassed smile.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Girlfriend?

TYLER
(smirking)
He wishes.

MITCH
Sorry?

TYLER
(shaking his head)
Nothing. Just a friend.

Mitch smiles and gestures down the hallway.

MITCH
Shall we continue?

Tyler nods and the two continue with the tour.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMAND CENTRAL - CONTINUOUS.

As Mike closes his cell phone, the camera pulls back to reveal that he is in Command Central.

MIKE
Sorry about that, I...

He looks to Frank and Lon who are standing in front of him, both with arms cross, wearing identical stern expressions.

Mike gives them a sheepish smile.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Why don't I just turn this off.

He hits a button on his phone and slips it into his pocket.

Frank uncrosses his arms and continues.

FRANK
As I was saying... Since you'll be spending a lot of time here in Command Central, it's important that you familiarize yourself with the key aspects. For example...

Frank indicates a wall panel.

FRANK (CONT'D)

This is the biological interface that connects our computer system to the orb. It's what allows us to access the sphere so we can track hostiles as well as predict and close down portals.

LON

(annoyed)

At least in theory.

(to Frank)

Doesn't work so well on those damn random ones, does it? Which you would know are becoming more frequent, if you'd read my report. We need to investigate--

Frank waves him off and moves him out of the way. Lon gives Frank an offended look. Frank takes no notice.

Frank hits a button on the wall and the panel opens. Inside is a glass canister full of liquid. Floating inside with wires sticking out of it is a HUMAN BRAIN.

A shocked look crosses Mike's face.

FRANK

(nodding toward the brain)

We call him Bob.

LON

(brooding)

No we don't.

Mike cocks his eyebrow as we:

CUT TO:

INT. MACROWARE - HALLWAY - DAY.

Tyler is still walking with Mitch.

TYLER

This place is unbelievable, Mitch. What's it like working with Mr. Bates?

MITCH

Call him Jon. We're very informal around here.

Tyler nods.

MITCH (CONT'D)
 He's a great guy. Friendly. Treats everyone with respect.

(beat)
 In all the years I've been his personal advisor, I don't think I've heard him say a harsh word about anyone.

TYLER
 (nodding)
 What about Corrine? What's she like?

Mitch shakes his head.

MITCH
 (smirking)
 Oh no. Her you call "Ms. DuBois". She's very...

Mitch screws up his face, trying to find the right words.

MITCH (CONT'D)
 ...high strung.

Tyler gives Mitch an unsure look. Mitch looks around quickly and then leans in.

MITCH (CONT'D)
 (quietly)
 Okay. Here's the lowdown, but you didn't here it from me.
 (beat)
 You know those loud, obnoxious little dogs that bark and nip at you feet and drive you crazy?

Tyler nods, looking confused.

MITCH (CONT'D)
 Now imagine one of those about a hundred and twenty pounds wearing a five hundred dollar business suit and heels.

Tyler's face goes white. Just then, Mitch stops and motions to an open door.

MITCH (CONT'D)
 (in a cheery voice)
 Well! Here we are.

Mitch turns to Tyler who now looks very nervous.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Don't worry, kid. You'll do fine.

Mitch shakes Tyler's hand.

MITCH (CONT'D)
I'll check on you later.

He gives Tyler a wink and a friendly pat on the shoulder and then turns and walks away.

Tyler stares at the door, takes a deep breath, exhales, and walks through.

CUT TO:

INT. MACROWARE - CORRINE'S OUTER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS.

Tyler looks around. His jaw drops open.

The outer office, his office, is quite large. There is a big comfortable looking couch, many potted plants, an aquarium, and a desk with a state-of-the-art computer and phone system.

He walks over to the desk and looks down at the shiny new name plate which reads "Tyler McGann - Executive Assistant". He smiles proudly. He takes out his cell phone and snaps a picture of it.

CORRINE (O.S.)
Yes Jon.

Tyler jumps, stuffs his phone back in his pocket, and turns toward Corrine's voice.

Directly across the room from the door to the hall is the door to Corrine's office. It's partially open. Through the crack, Tyler sees CORRINE pacing back and forth, talking on her headset.

CORRINE (CONT'D)
Those Special Project figures
should be on your desk tomorrow.

Tyler glances in her direction, not sure what to do.

Corrine notices him standing there, nods and holds up a finger indicating that she will be with him shortly. She continues talking.

CORRINE (CONT'D)
Right. See you then.

She taps her headset, picks up a stack of charts, turns and walks in Tyler's direction. She extends her hand to him.

His eyes go wide as he recognizes her from their brief encounter at the diner. He takes her hand and gives it a polite shake.

CORRINE (CONT'D)
(pleasantly)
Hi. I'm Corrine DuBois. You must be Tyler.

TYLER
(nodding)
Yes, Ms. DuBois I--

She abruptly cut him off.

CORRINE
Great!

She hands him the stack of charts.

CORRINE (CONT'D)
I need 15 copies of these ready for my three o'clock presentation...

Corrine walks toward the outer door.

CORRINE (CONT'D)
... cancel my four o'clock, and
(motioning to the
aquarium)
get someone in here to clean out that tank.
(beat)
And my schedule is on your desk.
Memorize it.

She stops at the door and turns to him smiling.

CORRINE (CONT'D)
Oh! And welcome to MacroWare.

Corrine turns to leave, pauses, and then turns back to Tyler, a puzzled look on her face.

CORRINE (CONT'D)
Have we met before?

Tyler nervously attempts to seem oblivious.

TYLER

Um... No. No. I don't think so. I just have one of those faces.

Corrine shrugs, turns back to the door and exits out into the hallway. Tyler exhales loudly.

TYLER (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Town full of monsters. Boss from Hell. Yep. Sounds about right.

He shakes his head and looks down at the charts in his hands. He rolls eyes his as we:

CUT TO:

INT. COMMAND CENTRAL - TRAINING ROOM - DAY.

Mike, Tamsin and Vi stand in the middle of the room on a training mat. It is a square room with assorted exercise equipment. On the wall is a rack containing various training weapons.

TAMSIN

While you're mainly going to be here at Command Central, it's important that you learn to defend yourself just incase you're ever needed in the field.

MIKE

(with a cocky grin)

I think we can skip this part, ladies. I may not have super strength or any of your fancy schmancy special ops training, but I can take care of myself.

(boastfully)

I have a black belt in Tae Kwon Do.

Tamsin smiles and looks to Vi, seemingly impressed.

TAMSIN

(to Vi)

Oh! Did you hear that, dear? Tae Kwon Do!

Vi suddenly lunges forward. She GRABS Mike by the arm, FLIPS him to the floor, and while still holding his arm, STEPS on the side of his face, pressing him into the pad on the floor.

Tamsin leans in and she and Vi both look down at Mike on the floor.

CU of Mike pressed into the padded floor by Vi's foot, a stunned look on his face.

VI
 (to Tamsin)
 I'm sorry. Did he say Tae Kwon
 "Don't"?

Vi and Tamsin look at each other and chuckle as we:

CUT TO:

INT. MACROWARE - CAFETERIA - DAY.

Tyler stands at the end of the line looking at the various dishes. He stands out like a sore thumb in his business suit.

A man joins the line beside him. This is CHAD WARCHUCK. He is mid-20's, disheveled hair, unshaven, wearing jeans and a t-shirt. Chad looks at the food in front of him. Turning slightly, he notices Tyler. He looks him up and down, sizing him up.

CHAD
 (pointing at Tyler)
 Newbie.

Tyler turns to Chad, realizing that he must be talking to him.

TYLER
 (with an embarrassed grin)
 Is it that obvious?

CHAD
 Let's just say we're not big with
 the Windsor knots around here.

Tyler chuckles. Chad extends his hand. Tyler takes it.

CHAD (CONT'D)
 Chad Warchuck, R & D. That's
 Warchuck, not upchuck, not
 woodchuck. Warchuck. But you can
 call me Skippy.

TYLER
 R & D? I went through there on the
 tour. You guys frackin' rock!

Chad gets an excited look in his face.

CHAD
You a BSG fan?

TYLER
Oh, big time. Starbuck! Boomer!

CHAD
(lasciviously)
Number Six!

TYLER
(laughing)
You got me.

CHAD
(loudly; pointing at
Tyler)
New guy's got a toaster fetish!

They both laugh.

TYLER
Oh! I'm Tyler, by the way. Tyler
McGann.

CHAD
Pleasure to meet you Tyler McGann.
So tell me, what's your designation
here in the MacroWare Borg
collective?

TYLER
I'm Corrine DuBois' new personal
assistant.

The smile on Chad's face disappears in a flash.

CHAD
Oh.
(beat)
Nice talking to you, newbie. Have a
good life.

Chad turns to his left and begins to talk to the person
behind him in line.

On Tyler's confused look we:

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - DAY.

Frank stands behind the counter. Lon is on his regular bar
stool, a cup of coffee before him.

The kitchen door opens. Frank turns to see Tamsin enter, followed closely by Vi. A beat and then Mike appears. He is sweaty and looks tired.

Frank sees Mike's appearance and grins.

FRANK
(to Tamsin)
How'd we do?

Tamsin makes her way around the counter followed closely by Mike.

TAMSIN
He's raw, but he's got...
(with a smile)
potential.

Tamsin sits down next to Lon. Mike plops down hard on the stool next to her.

MIKE
(to Frank)
Dude! I know guys who would pay
good money to sweat that much with
babes as sexy as these two.

Tamsin chuckles. Mike winks at Vi behind the counter. She blushes.

LON
(to Mike; in an annoyed
tone)
Is this what it's going to be like
working with you? Days filled with
innuendos and pornographic humor?

MIKE
(shrugging)
It's my thing.
(beat)
And speaking of "my thing",
(wincing)
I really should have been wearing a
cup for a few of those maneuvers.

Tamsin, Vi, and Frank laugh as Lon moans.

LON
(dryly)
Someone kill me. Please.

A large vehicle drives past the front of the diner catching Frank's attention.

FRANK
Damn it! Forgot it was trash day.

He moves toward the kitchen door.

FRANK (CONT'D)
(to the group; smirking)
Hold off on that call to Dr.
Kevorkian until I get back.

As Frank exits into the kitchen and Vi, Tamsin, and Mike try not to laugh at Lon's pained expression we:

CUT TO:

EXT. FRANK'S DINER - ALLEYWAY - DAY.

A teen-aged boy, about 16 years old, is rummaging through the trash. This is TOMMY WALKER. He is a bit disheveled looking, like he hasn't seen a shower in several days.

He comes across some french fries that don't look too disgusting and hungrily starts shoving them in his mouth.

Frank walks out the back door of the diner carrying three large trash bags. He spots the kid.

FRANK
Hey! What cha' doin'?

The startled boy drops his fries back in to the trash can. Whipping around, he sees Frank. Panicked, he quickly runs away, heading up the ally.

Frank moves to follow, but the boy is already gone. Frank looks up the alley for a second and sighs.

FRANK (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Poor kid.

Shaking his head, he continues toward a large dumpster which is a few feet away.

Further down the alley, Zorg and Harold watch from behind a corner as Frank starts to throw the bags into the dumpster. Zorg looks to Harold with a cruel smile.

ZORG
It's show time.

They quickly race toward Frank as we:

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. FRANK'S DINER - ALLEYWAY - DAY.

Zorg and Harold speed toward Frank as he throws the last trash bag into the dumpster.

Frank looks down and notices that his shoe is untied.

From behind, Zorg and Harold LEAP at him.

Frank bends down to tie his shoe just in time to avoid being tackled by the two attacking demons. They fly over his head and SLAM into the dumpster in front of him.

Startled, Frank jumps back and goes into an attack stance as the demons right themselves.

Zorg and Harold move around Frank, slowly circling him.

Frank drops to one knee and with a sweeping KICK, knocks the demons' legs out from underneath them. They hit the ground.

Taking advantage of the demons' prone state, Frank dashes toward the back door.

But Zorg is too quick. He LEAPS off the ground and heads Frank off. By the time Frank reaches the door, Zorg is already there standing in front of it.

ZORG

Going some where, buddy?

FRANK

(sarcastically)

Yeah. I got burgers to flip.

ZORG

I hope your customers like 'em well done.

Zorg SWINGS at Frank. His punch connecting with Frank's lip, knocking him back. Frank's back hits the dumpster, his lip bleeding.

The BEEPING sound of the trash truck backing up can be heard from down the alleyway as Zorg approaches Frank. Frank presses his back against the dumpster.

Harold moves in close to his brother as they both lean in to Frank.

HAROLD
(excitedly)
We got him, Zorg! We got him!

Zorg FLICKS his wrist, extending his bony appendage.

ZORG
On three, Harold.
(beat)
One.

Harold extends his bone spear.

Frank looks around frantically for a means of escape.

The trash truck backs up to the back side of the dumpster.

ZORG (CONT'D)
Two.

The dumpster SHAKES as the trash truck's grapplers grab it by its sides.

ZORG (CONT'D)
Three!

The demon brothers rear back and then PLUNGE their spears toward Frank's chest.

Frank DROPS to the ground, narrowly avoiding being impaled by the pointy spikes.

Unable to stop mid-swing, the two demons PUNCH the front of the dumpster hard, their bony spears piercing the tough metal.

They both move to try for another attack, but find themselves unable to retract their spears from the dumpster's wall. They struggle to free themselves for a second.

Frank takes this opportunity to get out of the way.

The dumpster starts to rise, being elevated by the trash truck. Frank watches Zorg and Harold as they are lifted off the ground, raised with the dumpster by the grappling arm.

Once elevated, the dumpster is turned upside down and shaken, its contents emptied into the large vehicle.

Seconds later the dumpster is lowered back down in front of Frank. The only sign of the demons are the two holes in the dumpster left by their spears.

The trash truck drives back up the alley.

Frank exhales and walks to the back door, slamming it behind him as he goes back inside.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - CONTINUOUS.

Frank enters from the kitchen. His shirt is dirty, his hair is messed up, and he has a trickle of blood at the corner of his mouth.

Lon, Tamsin, Vi, and Mike look to him as he enters. Simultaneously, they don surprised looks.

TAMSIN
Bloody Hell!

LON
What happened to you?

Frank reaches up and wipes the blood from the corner of his mouth.

FRANK
I didn't sort out my recyclables.

The gang look questioningly at each other as we:

CUT TO:

INT. TRASH TRUCK - DAY.

The truck rumbles down the street as Zorg and Harold sit in its rear compartment covered in trash. Zorg wears a very cross expression, Harold, one of idiot's bliss.

HAROLD
(excitedly)
Mmm! French Fries!

Harold reaches out and grabs some fries, which are lying amongst the trash, and starts to nibble on them.

HAROLD (CONT'D)
Can we go to the circus now?

Zorg slowly turns his head to look at Harold who is mindlessly munching on his French Fries.

Zorg PUNCHES Harold. Harold falls over unconscious.

As Zorg turns to once again face forward we:

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - DAY.

The gang is listening as Frank finishes relaying the events that just played out in the alley.

FRANK

Black with white faces. Wrist
spears like Polgara demons.

Lon ponders.

LON

It sounds like Kenji. They're foot
soldiers mainly, known for their
ties to the Demon Mafia.

MIKE

Demons have a mafia? Like "The
Sopranos"?

FRANK

Yeah. Except they're less
organized. And the food sucks.

The bell over the door CHIMES. The gang looks to the door.

Corrine enters. Seeing everyone at the counter, she
approaches them.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(to Corrine)

Hi. May I help you?

CORRINE

Yes. I...

Corrine notices Frank's disheveled appearance and pauses
briefly.

CORRINE (CONT'D)

I was in here the other day.
Terrible service, by the way.

Frank glances over to Vi who looks elsewhere.

FRANK

Sorry about that, Ma'am.

CORRINE

Yes, well, that's not why I'm here.
I think I may have left my purse.
It's beige...

(motioning with her hands)

...about so big. Gucci.

FRANK

We'll be happy to check.

(to Vi)

Vi, anything in the lost and found?

Vi reaches under the counter and pulls out a cardboard box with the words "Lost-N-Found" written on the side in black marker. She rummages through it.

She looks through the box's contents for a moment and then pulls out a dirty, red, high top shoe, setting it on the counter.

Corrine frowns.

Vi rummages further and pulls out a clear plastic bag, half full of water, a very dead goldfish floating on top.

Corrine grimaces.

Frank looks to Corrine and gives a nervous smile.

More rummaging and Vi pulls out the purse.

VI

Is this it?

Wanting to leave the premises as quickly as possible, Corrine reaches out quickly for her purse.

CORRINE

Yes, that's it.

As she grabs for her handbag, her fingers make contact with Vi's. They both jump as if hit by a jolt of electricity.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT.

A young NATIVE WOMAN in tribal dress fights four vampires with a long wooden staff. The vampires are also in tribal garb.

VAMPIRE #1 attacks from the front as VAMPIRE #2 sneaks up on her from behind.

She LUNGES forward with the spear, piercing Vamp #1 through the heart. As he EXPLODES into dust, Vamp #2 attacks.

The Native Girl is too quick for him. She pulls the spear back rapidly, JABBING the other end of it into the chest of the second vampire. Vampire #2 BURST into a cloud of dust.

The Native Girl drops into an attack stance as the remaining two vampires close in, circling her.

The Slayer hits the ground, her right leg KICKING out. The blow makes contact with Vamp #3's knee. He goes down hard.

Vamp #4 leaps at her, but the girl is already rolling away. She LEAPS to her feet as Vamp #4 heavily hits the ground beside Vamp #3.

The two vampires stand, dazed. The Slayer charges, her spear in front of her.

The vamps' eyes snap wide open as she runs them both through. They're history.

The Slayer twirls her staff and again drops down into an attack stance.

CU on her face. Her eyes narrow, surveying the trees for more danger as we:

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MOVIE THEATER.

"The Blob" plays on the movie screen in the background as the theater patrons run frantically for the exits.

A group of five vampires rush at the crowd fangs bared.

A teenaged GIRL, reaches in her purse and pulls out a stake. She is dressed in a sweater and poodle skirt, her long blond hair pulled back in a pony-tail.

She reaches down and rips the side of her skirt up to her thigh giving her more freedom of movement.

A GREASER VAMPIRE (greased back hair, leather jacket and jeans) spots her. He LEAPS up onto the back of one of the seats and proceeds to run along the tops of the seats toward the Slayer.

The girl follows suite. Jumping onto the nearest seat back, she races toward the approaching vampire.

Quickly closing the space between them, the two enemies begin to battle.

The vampire SLAMS his fist out, but the Girl blocks his blow.

The Slayer STABS at the vampire, but as she does, she slips on the seat's edge.

The girl teeters, off-balanced just for a second, but it's enough time for the preternaturally quick vampire to take advantage. He GRABS her arm, whips her around into his arms, and sinks his fangs into her neck! Blood splatters as his teeth pierce her skin.

The doomed Slayer struggles briefly, finally going limp.

CU on her hand as the stake drops from her grip, following it in SLOW MOTION as it falls to the floor. The sound of the crowd muffled in the background as the stake strikes the floor with a loud resounding CLATTER.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CAVE.

Vi, holding the Scythe of "Buffy" fame, SWINGS at a Turok-Han vampire. Her blow decapitates him. He EXPLODES into ash.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - DAY.

Corrine looks profoundly startled, Vi surprised and lost for words.

Shaken, Corrine pulls back her hand with her purse.

FRANK
Are you ok, ma'am?

Corrine looks confused for a second.

CORRINE
(nervously)
I'm fine.

Frank eyes her cautiously.

FRANK
Would you like a cup of coffee?

Corrine shakes her head.

CORRINE
(quickly)
I have to go. Thank you. I have to go.

Corrine turns and walks quickly to the door. She flings it open and is gone in a flash.

All eyes turn to Vi.

FRANK
What the Hell was that all about?

Vi looks to Frank with an expression of stunned amusement.

VI
She's a Slayer.

Everyone looks shocked for a second.

FRANK
(to all; expectantly)
Well?

Vi, Lon, Tamsin, and Mike look questioningly at each other.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Someone go after her!

Tamsin leaps off her stool and runs to the door.

She flings it open just in time to see Corrine in her BMW speed by.

Tamsin turns and walks back to the counter, throwing her hands up.

TAMSIN
She's gone.

Frank gives an irritated groan.

FRANK
Great!

Mike looks confused.

MIKE
What's the problem?

FRANK
You saw how she reacted. She obviously doesn't know she's a Slayer.

MIKE
(still clueless)
So she's not on the mailing list.
Big deal.

VI
(interjecting)
It is a big deal!
(MORE)

VI (CONT'D)

You don't understand what it's like to be Called. The dreams, the super strength. It can be overwhelming even when you do understand what's happening.

A sad expression flickers across Vi's face.

VI (CONT'D)

That poor woman. Not knowing what she is for all these years. What she must be going through.

MIKE

(sincerely; to Vi)
I'm sorry.

She nod to him and gives a small smile.

VI

(to Lon)
Why wasn't she located by the Council's Seers?

LON

Assuming she's local, perhaps the trans-dimensional energy of this area somehow shielded her from their abilities.

Tamsin looks to Vi questioningly.

TAMSIN

Are you positive she's a Slayer?

Vi nods. Tamsin's brow furrows.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)

Isn't she...

Tamsin pauses, looking for the right words. Vi looks confused.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)

Well, don't you think she's a bit...

Tamsin again pauses. Vi still drawing a blank.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)

Oh my God. You're going to make me say it, aren't you?

(beat)
Old!

Vi shrugs, nonchalantly. Lon turns to his sister and shakes his head. Noticing her brother's reaction, Tamsin crosses her arms and prepares herself for the lecture to come.

LON

Really, Tamsin. You know the old rules no longer apply. Females of all ages are being Called. Even those who missed their shot first time 'round have gotten a second chance. I remember reading about an 85 year old grandmother from Essex who... Don't you get the monthly newsletter?

Tamsin rolls her eyes. Frank leans on the counter, closer to Lon and Tamsin.

FRANK

That's all very interesting, but the "how"'s not important right now. We need to know the "who".

Tamsin opens her mouth.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(to Tamsin)

If the name "Roger Daltrey" crosses your lips, prepare for a world of hurt.

Tamsin closes her mouth. Mike leans in to her.

MIKE

(quietly; to Tamsin)

I would have gone with Keith Moon.

FRANK

Mike!

Mike jumps to attention.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Go back downstairs and get snuggly with the orb. Maybe you can find out something.

Mike stands.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Lon. You go with.

Lon stands but does not look happy with his orders. He and Mike exit into the kitchen.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Now. If you ladies will excuse me,
I think I'm in need of a shower.

Frank walks from behind the counter and exits up the stairs.

Vi and Tamsin exchange concerned looks as we:

CUT TO:

INT. MACROWARE - TYLER'S OFFICE - DAY.

Tyler sits at his desk talking on the phone. He has taken off his jacket and tie and opened the top two button of his shirt.

TYLER

I'm sorry, Ms. DuBois is out of the
office, but...

At that moment Corrine stomps in. Tyler smiles at her. But his smile quickly fades as he sees that she is visibly upset. Corrine storms past Tyler, ignoring him as he watches her cover the distance from the hall to her office in record time. She enters her office and SLAMS the door behind her.

TYLER (CONT'D)

(distracted; turning
toward Corrine's office
door)

...if you leave your number I'll
have her call you back.

Without taking a message, Tyler places the phone back on the receiver. He sits there, staring at the office door, pondering for a moment. A decisive look comes to his face and he stands.

Tentatively, he walks across the room to Corrine's door.

He brings his fist up to knock. He hesitates. He knocks lightly on the door. There is a beat and then-

CORRINE (O.S.)

Come in.

CUT TO:

INT. MACROWARE - CORRINE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS.

Shot of the door as Tyler slowly opens it and sticks his head in.

Corrine is sitting at her desk looking at her computer screen.

CORRINE
(without looking up)
Yes?

Tyler enters the room, closing the door behind him. He stands there nervously trying to think of what to say.

CORRINE (CONT'D)
(firmly)
What do you want?

Tyler takes a step closer.

TYLER
(stammering)
I'm sorry to interrupt, Ms. DuBois.
It's just... well... I noticed that
you were upset... and I thought...
maybe you needed a friend... you
know... to talk to.

Corrine looks up from her computer screen, her expression ice cold.

CORRINE
(coldly)
Mr. McGann. Since this is your
first day, let me make this
perfectly clear to you. Your job is
to keep my office running smoothly,
to answer my phone, and to organize
my appointments.

Tyler winces.

CORRINE (CONT'D)
You're not here to get involved in
my personal life. You're not my
shrink.
(beat)
And you are not my friend. Give in
to that delusion again you'll find
yourself on the employment line.

Tyler looks as if he has been slapped across the face.

Corrine turns back to her monitor as if nothing happened.

Stunned, Tyler turns back to the door and exits.

Corrine continues to study her monitor. Her bottom lip starts to quiver. A tear runs down the side of her face.

She opens her desk draw and takes out a prescription bottle. She quickly opens the bottle, takes out a pill and downs it.

CU on the bottle's label which reads "Take one tablet for anxiety as needed."

Unable to hold it in any longer, she buries her face in her hands and sobs quietly.

As Corrine continues to cry we:

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. FRANK'S DINER - DAY.

Establishing shot of Frank's Diner.

VI (V.O.)
Frank?

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - DAY.

Vi walks down the hallway. She pauses and looks into the spare bedroom.

VI
Frank?

She walks a little further stopping at the bathroom door. She grabs the closed bathroom door's knob, turns it and walks in.

FRANK (O.S.)
Vi!

Vi quickly exits the bathroom. Seconds later, she is joined in the hallway by a very angry, very wet, very naked Frank who is clutching tightly at the towel around his waist.

VI
I'm sorry Frank!

FRANK
(sternly)
Haven't we already had the talk
about proper bathroom etiquette?

VI
Yes.

FRANK
Five. No, six times!

Vi gives and embarrassed grin.

VI
I know, and I'm sorry, again, but I
had to tell you something.

FRANK
(annoyed)
What's so important that it
couldn't wait until I'm wearing
pants?

VI

Mike and Lon are having problems downstairs.

FRANK

What kind of problems?

VI

I don't know. It was kind of hard to tell... what with the yelling.

Frank gives an aggravated moan.

FRANK

I'll be down in a few minutes.

Vi turns to leave, pauses, and turns back to Frank.

VI

You know, I just realized how much Tyler looks like you.

Vi turns and walks away. A beat and then Frank looks down at his naked body. He looks back in Vi's direction with a confused expression.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMAND CENTRAL - CONTROL ROOM - DAY.

Mike and Lon stand by the sphere arguing as Frank enters.

MIKE

(firmly)
No way, dude.

LON

You've got an assignment! Now get on with it!

Frank approaches. He is dressed in clean clothes. His wet hair combed back.

FRANK

(sternly)
What's going on here?

LON

He won't do his bloody job!

MIKE

He said that thing...
(pointing to the orb)
...is gonna make my brain explode!

Frank looks from Lon to Mike not happy with either of them.

FRANK

(to Lon)

Did you tell him that?

Lon shrugs lightly.

LON

Yes. But in all fairness, I did say possibly and even then only after weeks of repeated use.

MIKE

(cutting his eyes at Lon)

I don't remember hearing that part!

LON

Perhaps if you weren't so busy thinking up supposedly witty comments, you would actually hear what other people had to say.

MIKE

I certainly heard the part about my brain going BOOM!

LON

(to himself; looking around)

Granted, it would be a rather small explosion, so I don't think we'd have to worry about collateral damage.

Frank has had enough.

FRANK

Oh my God! You've been arguing for the better half of an hour! Now shut the Hell up! Both of you!

Both men fall silent.

MIKE

(quietly)

He started it.

Frank eyes Mike sternly. Mike hangs his head.

FRANK

You two had better learn to work together, and I mean fast, or I'm going to get Vi down here to kick the crap out of both your asses! This is ridiculous! You're grown men for Christ's sake!

MIKE

I'm sorry, Frank. I just don't relish the thought of having to comb my brains out of my hair.

LON

Actually, I don't think that would be possible given the circumstances.

Frank cuts his eyes at Lon. He takes this cue and shuts up.

FRANK

(to Mike; lightly)

Come on. Do you really think that The Powers That Be would have spent all these years getting you here just to kill you off? Really? What are the odds?

Mike thinks about this for a second and then shakes his head. He gives an embarrassed smile.

MIKE

You're right. What was I thinking?

(beat)

I'm their freakin' link. They're not gonna let anything bad happen to me. Right?

Frank nods and pats Mike on the back.

Mike steps up to the orb, putting a hand on other side. He takes a deep breath.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Here goes.

He grips the sphere. His eyes turn white.

Frank looks to Lon.

FRANK

See. All it takes is a little encouragement.

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

(beat)

What are the odds?

LON

(shrugging)

Sixty forty.

FRANK

(nodding)

Hmm.

Frank takes a cautious step away from Mike as we:

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. ORB CAVE - DAY.

Out of phase with the real world, Mike stands at the orb. His hair blowing gently. Only the orb, and the cave's stone walls are visible.

KAT appears in front of him.

KAT

Welcome back Michael.

MIKE

Hey, ghost babe.

Kat looks at him for a second.

KAT

You come seeking answers.

MIKE

Yeah. See there's this chick...

KAT

All that you seek will be revealed
in due course.

Mike gives a confused look.

MIKE

Wait. That's it? The Powers aren't
going to tell me anything?

KAT

They don't work like that. They're
more into the confusing prophecy
thing.

MIKE

Yeah. I got a cryptic-ass preview of that the other night in glorious Technicolor dream-o-vision. Which, by the way, totally freaked me out.

(beat)

So how am I supposed to find this woman? These guys are counting on me. Here I'm supposed to be big with the magic mojo and I don't know squat.

KAT

That's why I'm here. To give you the knowledge you need.

Kat takes a step closer to Mike.

KAT (CONT'D)

Over the next few months, I'm going to transfer everything I know directly into your mind.

MIKE

(confused)

Wait. Transfer? Months? Why does it take so long?

KAT

Too much information at one time could overload your brain stem resulting in a violent cerebral event.

Mike stares blankly at her, confused.

Kat raises her hands, one on either side of Mike's head.

KAT (CONT'D)

Your brain could explode.

Mike's eyes widen with fear.

KAT (CONT'D)

This may sting a little.

Before Mike can react, Kat takes his head in her hands. Suddenly, BRIGHT ENERGY erupts from the tips of her fingers as they enter his skull!

Mike screams out in pain.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMAND CENTRAL - CONTROL ROOM - DAY.

Back in reality, Frank and Lon stand by Mike, his eyes still white. Suddenly, Mike throws his head back and screams.

Frank and Lon jump, startled by the unexpected noise.

LON
(dryly)
I hope he's brought his brain comb.

Frank gives Lon a quick annoyed glance.

Mike suddenly snaps his head forward again. He removes his hands from the glob and his eyes return to normal. He turns and looks confidently at the two men.

MIKE
Gentlemen, let's go find a Slayer.

Frank and Lon look at each other, Frank smiling confidently, Lon looking skeptical.

CU on Mike's smiling face as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - DAY.

Still CU on Mike's face.

MIKE
Lon was right. The energy of this town is shielding this Slayer from the Seers' abilities.

The camera pulls back to reveal Mike once again sitting at the counter. On Mike's right, Lon sits on his usual stool looking smug. On Mike's left sits Tamsin. Frank and Vi are behind the counter, both leaning on its surface as they listen closely.

MIKE (CONT'D)
But since we're also within this energy field, a simple locating spell should be enough to track down our Miss "Gucci Handbag". All we need are some candles, salt, and a picture.

LON
A picture? Is that all?

MIKE

A lock of hair would really be better, but a picture should get us in the general--

LON

(sarcastically)

Excellent! Perhaps she'll pop back 'round so we can take a few snap shots. Maybe a few poses in her swimming costume. Anyone bring their camera?

Tamsin gives her brother an annoyed look.

MIKE

I said picture, not photograph.

Lon doesn't understand.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Dude.

(pointing to himself)

Art student!

Lon looks unconvinced.

MIKE (CONT'D)

(winking)

I'll get my sketch pad.

Mike excitedly jumps up from his stool and runs upstairs.

All eyes turn to the door as the bell over it CHIMES. Tyler enters.

FRANK

Hey, kiddo! How's the dream job?

Tyler walks up the counter slump-shouldered and sits down on the stool vacated by Mike.

TYLER

More like a nightmare.

He put his arm on the bar and rest his chin on his fist.

FRANK

How 'bout a drink?

TYLER

(sighing)

Sure.

Frank frowns and then turns around. He grabs a cup & some ice. In a few seconds he places a drink in front of Tyler.

Tyler picks up the beverage and takes a gulp. As soon as he swallows, he coughs and sputters. He looks to Frank questioning.

FRANK
(winking)
You looked like you could use
something with a little more kick.

Tamsin leans in to Tyler.

TAMSIN
What's the problem?

TYLER
Nothing. Other than my new boss is
a she-devil. The human kind. Not
the "living in a trans-dimensional
rift" variety.
(beat)
At least I don't think so.

Tamsin pats Tyler on the back as he takes another big gulp of his drink. He grimaces at the taste.

Mike enters from upstairs, an artist's sketch pad and pencil in his hands. He notices Tyler at the counter.

MIKE
Dude! How's the job?

Tyler again takes a big gulp from his glass.

TYLER
(sarcastically)
Peachy.

Mike furrows his brow and nods at him, obviously aware that things didn't go well. He walks toward Tyler but is intercepted by Lon.

LON
(to Mike)
You can chat with your little mate
later. You've got work to do.

Mike glares at Lon. Before the tension can build, Frank steps in. He steps from behind the counter.

FRANK

Look, Mike. As much as it pains me to say this, and believe me, it does, Lon's right. We've got to find this woman. Tyler will be okay.

(looking to Tyler)

Right Ty?

Tyler raises his glass and gives a forced smile.

Mike shrugs and moves to sit at the table nearest the counter. He opens his pad and begins to sketch. Lon, Tamsin, and Frank gather around and watch.

Tyler leans across the bar closer to Vi.

TYLER

So, what's goin' on here? Who you guys looking for?

Vi leans in closer.

VI

A Slayer. Only she doesn't know she's a Slayer. She left her purse... Oh! You were here! Remember the other day, crazy lady covered in mud...

A shocked expression crosses Tyler's face.

TYLER

No!

Vi get's a confused look on her face.

TYLER (CONT'D)

No! No! NO!

Frank turns from Mike an looks to Vi and Tyler.

FRANK

What's wrong?

TYLER

NO! NO! NO!

VI

I don't know!

Frank grabs Tyler by his shirt.

FRANK

Tyler!

Tyler falls quiet and stares blankly ahead frowning.

Lon, Tamsin, and Mike all look in Tyler's direction.

LON

(to Frank; annoyed)

Not that I would tell you how to manage your family, Frank...

Frank turns to Lon.

LON (CONT'D)

...but we're trying to work. So unless your nephew can tell us the name of our mystery Slayer...

TYLER

(quietly)

Corrine DuBois.

LON

...I suggest he go upstairs and--
(looking to Tyler)
What?

Everyone looks to Tyler.

TYLER

Her name is Corrine DuBois.

Everyone's faces have questioning expressions.

TYLER (CONT'D)

She-devil boss from Hell.

Tyler downs the rest of his drink. On his sullen expression we:

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. CHUCKY'S RESTAURANT - DUSK

Establishing shot of Chucky's Restaurant. While not "classy", it's the closest that Heaven's Gate has to offer.

INT. CHUCKY'S RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS.

The gang is in the foyer of the restaurant waiting to be seated. Mike is looking at a wall plaque with the restaurant's name on it, a sour look on his face. He starts to look around warily. Frank notices.

FRANK
What are you doing?

MIKE
Looking for the creepy little doll
with a knife.

Mike shudders. Frank smirks and then looks to Tyler.

FRANK
(to Tyler)
You sure she's here?

TYLER
The woman made me memorize her
schedule. I can tell you her every
move for the next two weeks...
(beat)
...even when she has her next PAP
smear.

Frank, Lon, & Mike all pull grossed-out faces. Vi and Tamsin smirk to each other in response.

FRANK
I don't think that will be
necessary.

MIKE
(pouting)
I didn't get to do my spell.

Vi puts her arm around him. Mike leans his head on her shoulder, continuing to ham it up.

Frank's gaze scans the restaurant.

FRANK
(to Lon)
Grab a table, I'll see if I can
find Ms. DuBois.

Tyler grabs his arm.

TYLER
Hey! I'm coming with you.

FRANK
I don't think that's a good idea.

TYLER
Why not? I know her. Not well, but
better that you do. Besides, I'm
not letting you get me fired.

Frank looks at Tyler for a second, debating what Tyler said.

FRANK

Okay. But let me do the talking.

Frank and Tyler leave the gang in the foyer and begin to walk through the restaurant. Frank spots Corrine sitting at a table alone looking at her menu.

Frank motions to Tyler to follow him, but Tyler quickly moves past him, beating Frank to the table by several steps.

TYLER

Ms. DuBois?

Corrine looks up from her menu. She looks surprised to see Tyler.

CORRINE

Tyler? What are you--

She notices Frank as he steps up beside Tyler. Her expression changes to one of a caged animal.

FRANK

Ms. DuBois. I'm Frank McGann,
Tyler's uncle. I'd like a word with
you.

TYLER

(to Corrine)

I just want to let you know that I
have nothing to do with this.

Frank gives Tyler a "thank's a lot" look and then continues.

FRANK

(to Corrine)

If we could go somewhere a little
more private.

Corrine pushes back her chair and stands.

CORRINE

I don't think we have anything to
discuss.

Corrine hurriedly makes her way toward the door. She sees the team standing in the foyer. She turns and heads toward the back of the restaurant.

Lon, Tamsin, and Vi motion to pursue her, but Frank holds up his hand for them to stay put.

Corrine spots a side door, pushes it and exits out into the alley. Frank and Tyler exit right behind her.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHUCKY'S RESTAURANT - ALLEYWAY - NIGHT.

Corrine hurries down the alley. Frank and Tyler in hot pursuit.

FRANK

Ms. DuBois! Please wait! I need to talk to you!

Corrine stops and whips around to face Frank.

CORRINE

Fine! What do you want from me?!

Frank and Tyler approach.

FRANK

I just want to help you. I know things are weird for you right now.

Corrine crosses her arms and listens impatiently.

FRANK (CONT'D)

But what's happening to you is normal. Well... not exactly normal, but you're not alone.

(beat)

You're not going to understand this, but you're a--

CORRINE

Slayer.

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

CORRINE (CONT'D)

I'm a Slayer.

One Frank and Tyler's stunned expressions we:

CUT TO BLACK

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. CHUCKY'S RESTAURANT - ALLEYWAY - NIGHT.

Frank and Tyler have stunned looks on their faces. Corrine stands a few feet away, arms crossed, facing them.

FRANK

You know you're a Slayer? But how--

CORRINE

Mr. McGann, I have a PhD in Business and the entire resources of a billion dollar corporation at my finger tips. You think I'm not smart enough to find www.chosenone.com?

(beat)

After I was Called, it only took me a few weeks to figure out what was happening to me.

Frank looks questioningly at her.

FRANK

So if you've known all these years, why didn't you get in touch with the Council? And why the shocked look back at the diner?

CORRINE

Because I don't want to be a Slayer! I thought that living in this tiny town, I'd never run into another one.

Frank smirks lightly.

FRANK

Well... You can't just not be a Slayer. I mean, it's who you are. It's what you do. You're a fighter.

Corrine steps closer, her face turning from nervousness to anger.

CORRINE

(coldly)

A fighter?

Frank takes a step back, forcing Tyler back also.

CORRINE (CONT'D)
 When my parents died and my sister
 and I had to fend for ourselves, I
 fought!

She takes another step closer. Frank and Tyler again take
 another step backward.

CORRINE (CONT'D)
 Foster home after foster home, I
 fought!

Another step forward for Corrine and backward for the men.

CORRINE (CONT'D)
 Working three jobs to put myself
 through college, I fought! All my
 life, I've done nothing but fight.

The look of anger fades from Corrine's face, her true fatigue
 finally showing.

CORRINE (CONT'D)
 I'm tired of fighting, Mr. McGann.

Frank and Tyler look at Corrine sympathetically.

ZORG (O.S.)
 Well, what do we have here?

Frank, Tyler, and Corrine turn and look toward the side of
 the alley. There stands Zorg. Harold tentatively peeks at the
 three over Zorg's shoulder.

Frank steps in front of Corrine and Tyler.

FRANK
 (to Corrine and Tyler)
 Go back inside and get the others.

ZORG
 What? And break up our intimate
 little get together?

Zorg grabs Frank by his shirt, lifts him up, and SLAMS him
 into the alley wall.

ZORG (CONT'D)
 (to Harold)
 Watch those two.

Harold steps up to Tyler and Corrine. He stands in front of
 them doing his best to look tough.

Zorg pushes Frank harder into the brick wall.

ZORG (CONT'D)

(to Frank)

You should feel honored. Killing you is the first step to me controlling this town. Your name will be legend.

FRANK

(sarcastically)

How comforting.

Zorg THROWS Frank across the alley.

Frank hit the opposite alley wall, rolling down into the various metal trash cans and litter, finally coming to rest motionless on the ground.

Corrine and Tyler gasp. They motion to move toward him, but Harold blocks their path.

Frank groans. He opens his eyes and slowly stands. He moves his neck from side to side. It POPS loudly.

Zorg looks at him, surprised by his stamina.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You throw like my grandma! And she's been dead for twenty years!

Zorg glares. He moves toward Frank, his wrist spear JUTTING out as he advances. As Zorg reaches him, Frank grabs the lid off one of the trash cans, bringing it up in front of him as a shield.

Zorg thrust at Frank. Frank uses this lid to deflect the blow. Frank SWINGS back with the lid, hitting Zorg hard in the face. Zorg attacks again. And again Frank deflects.

Zorg pulls back his arm and PUNCHES forward. Frank once again brings up his shield, but this time Zorg's spear makes contact. It PIERCES the trash can lid and PUNCTURES Frank's left shoulder. Frank screams out in pain.

Corrine and Tyler gasp.

Zorg gives Frank a cruel smile and TWISTS his spear in deeper. Frank screams more. He lets go of the lid and grabs the spear with both hands trying to keep it from going deeper.

ZORG
 Now your friend's are going to
 watch you die. Any last words?

Frank looks to Corrine.

FRANK
 (to Corrine)
 Corrine. Help me.

Corrine shakes her head.

CORRINE
 I can't.

FRANK
 (firmly)
 You can.

Zorg turns his head and looks in her direction.

ZORG
 Ha! You think she can help you?
 Look at her! She might break a nail
 or scuff her lovely shoes.

Harold laughs.

ZORG (CONT'D)
 She's just a weak little girl.

Corrine's expression turns cold.

CORRINE
 You like my shoes?

ZORG
 What?

CORRINE
 I asked you if you liked my shoes.
 You said they were lovely.

Zorg seems a bit confused by this line of questioning. He
 looks down at her shoes.

ZORG
 Um... Yes. They're very nice.

CORRINE
 Then here. Have a closer look.

Suddenly, Corrine KICKS her foot out. Her shoe flies off her
 foot with lightning speed.

CU on her high heeled shoe and it flies through the air in slow-motion.

Before Zorg can react, the shoe hits him, LODGING into his right eye, heel first. It's Zorg's turn to scream. He retracts his wrist spear, pulling it from Frank's shoulder as he does. He grabs at his face as Frank falls to the ground grabbing at his own wound.

Harold shrieks seeing his brother's predicament. Corrine takes advantage of this and, with a burst of Slayer strength, THROWS Harold across the alley.

Zorg drops to his knees as he continues to grab at his eye.

Corrine LEAPS into the air and lands on Zorg's back.

Tyler runs to his uncle.

Zorg tries to throw Corrine off, but she grabs him on either side of his head and quickly twist. There is a loud SNAP as his neck breaks. Zorg drops to the ground, motionless.

Harold, pulling himself off the ground, sees his brother.

HAROLD

Zorg!

Corrine stands, cool and prepared to battle further.

CORRINE

You want some of this too?

Harold holds up his hands.

HAROLD

No! I just want to make sure he's dead.

Corrine looks at him questioningly. She looks down to Zorg's lifeless body and kicks it lightly. It doesn't move.

CORRINE

It would seem so.

Harold jumps excitedly.

HAROLD

Yeah!

(beat)

He was always ordering me around.
Calling me names.

(imitating Zorg)

Do this, Harold! Do that, Harold!

(MORE)

HAROLD (CONT'D)
 You're so stupid, Harold!
 (looking down at Zorg's
 body)
 Well, who's stupid now, Zorg?!

Harold gives a gleeful laugh. He straightens up and looks at Corrine, Frank, and Tyler.

HAROLD (CONT'D)
 I'm going to the circus.

Harold turns and runs happily up the alley.

Corrine moves to Frank. She and Tyler help Frank to his feet.

CORRINE
 (to Frank)
 Are you alright?

Frank groans and chuckles a little.

FRANK
 (nodding toward his
 shoulder)
 This? I've cut myself worse
 shaving. Nothing that a few
 stitches and a bottle of Jack
 Daniels won't fix.
 (beat)
 That was incredible. You know that?
 You tapped into your Slayer
 abilities like you'd been training
 for years.

Corrine lets go of Frank, her mood once again distant. He looks at her questioningly.

She bends down and pulls her shoe from Zorg's eye socket, placing it back on her foot.

CORRINE
 Well, don't get used to it. This
 was a one shot deal.

Corrine brushes at her clothing, smoothing the wrinkles.

FRANK
 You can't be serious.
 (sternly)
 The more you deny who you are, the
 more it will eat away at you.

Corrine steps up to Frank.

CORRINE

I'm doing fine! Thank you very much!

Mike, Vi, Tamsin, and Lon exit from the restaurant into the alley.

FRANK

Oh, really? Cause from where I'm standing, you're a mess, sister!

(beat)

You might look calm and cool in your expensive clothes, driving around in your fancy car, but inside, I'll bet you're falling apart.

Tamsin, Lon, Vi, and Mike approach slowly. Corrine's face saddens.

CU on Tyler's face. He looks shocked by Frank's words.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You seeing a shrink? Taking anti-depressants maybe? Toss and turn all night because you're terrified of the dreams?! I'm surprised you're not insane already!

Tyler jumps between Corrine and Frank, his face showing his anger.

TYLER

That's enough, Frank! Leave her alone!

Frank is taken aback by Tyler's outburst. Looks of shock also cross the rest of the team's faces.

TYLER (CONT'D)

She might be a "Slayer", but she's also a person with feelings. She doesn't need you coming down on her. She needs compassion. She needs someone who accepts her for who she is. She needs... She needs a friend.

Corrine and Tyler's eyes meet momentarily. Touched by his words, her expression softens. A moment passes between them.

Frank huffs.

FRANK

Don't blame me. I'm not the bad guy here. I didn't make her a Slayer.

(to Corrine; firmly)

And like it or not, that's what you are, sweetheart!

(beat)

Yeah, it's a dirty job, but someone's got to do it.

CORRINE

(exhausted)

Then let someone else do it. I'm done. With it...

(glancing at everyone)

...and all of you.

Tyler's face falls as Corrine turns and walks away.

The tension between Frank and Tyler is still thick in the air.

TYLER

So much for my job! Thanks a lot, Frank!

Frank glares at Tyler.

FRANK

Grow up, kid! What we're doing here is important.

TYLER

And my career's not? This is only my life we're talking about here!

FRANK

What life! You're a glorified pencil pusher!

Tyler's anger explodes.

TYLER

Well at least I'm not a washed up... has-been... fat ex-spy who has to bully people around to feel like a man!

He turns and quickly walks away, heading back up the alley, leaving the onlookers in shock.

FRANK

(calling after him)

Fine! Walk away!

Mike frowns and then races to catch up with Tyler. Frank continues to stew.

FRANK (CONT'D)
(calling at Tyler)
And I'm not fat!

Frank furrows his brow and rubs his hand over his belly. He looks to the team.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Right?

Tamsin, Vi, and Lon exchange uneasy glances as we:

FADE TO:

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - SPARE BEDROOM - NIGHT.

Sad music plays as Mike sits on the bed looking at Tyler who is sitting on the futon on the floor. Tyler stares blankly off, his face a mix of anger and sadness. Mike reaches out and places a supportive hand on Tyler's shoulder.

FADE TO:

INT. COMMAND CENTRAL - NIGHT.

Frank looks at one of the computer terminals, his brow heavy, his jaw set angrily. Tamsin, Vi, and Lon, exchange uncertain looks.

FADE TO:

INT. CORRINE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT.

Corrine sits curled up in her bed in the dark. She clutches a pillow tightly as tears stream down her face. The music fades as we:

FADE TO:

INT. MACROWARE - TYLER'S OFFICE - MORNING.

Tyler is sitting at his desk wearing casual clothing.

Corrine enters. Tyler stands, a sullen look on his face. As Corrine reaches his desk, Tyler holds a paper out to her.

TYLER
Here.

Corrine takes the paper and looks briefly at it.

CORRINE
What's this?

TYLER
My notice.

Corrine furrows her brow and nods.

CORRINE
I see.
(beat)
I'll make sure you get a letter of
recommendation.

Corrine turns and walks into her office.

Tyler looks confused for a second. He follows Corrine into
her office.

CUT TO:

INT. MACROWARE - CORRINE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS.

Tyler enters as Corrine sits down behind her desk.

TYLER
Wait a minute.

CORRINE
No need to explain. I understand
you not wanting to work for a
freak.

Tyler is taken aback for a second.

TYLER
You think I don't want to work for
you?

CORRINE
I don't blame you, after last
night.

Tyler doesn't believe what he is hearing.

TYLER
After all that with Frank, I
thought you wanted me to leave.
(beat)
You were great last night! And I
don't just mean the Slayer stuff.

Corrine cocks her head.

TYLER (CONT'D)

All you've been through, all the strikes you had against you, and look where you are now- Vice president of the world's largest computer company.

(beat)

I admire you.

Touched by Tyler's sincere words, Corrine's icy exterior melts like the Grinch's heart.

CORRINE

So, you'd stay? Even though I'm a...

TYLER

Freak?

Corrine smiles a little at Tyler's choice of words. Tyler smiles also.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Freak schmeek. Some of my best friends are freaks. Literally. Not that we're friends... or anything. 'Cause then we'd have to hang out and stuff, and before you know it, we'd be the topic of water cooler gossip and nobody wants that.

Again Corrine smiles, almost breaking into a chuckle.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Uh, oh. Feels like we're dangerously close to having a moment here.

(nodding toward the door)

I better just get back to work before that happens.

He gives her a light smile as he turns to leave. At the door, he turns back to Corrine.

TYLER (CONT'D)

(professionally)

Would you like some coffee, Ms. DuBois?

CORRINE

Corrine.

Tyler nods and opens his mouth to respond, but Corrine cuts him off.

CORRINE (CONT'D)

(firmly)

Two creams, one sugar. That's real sugar. None of that artificial sweeter. You ever serve me coffee with that fake stuff in it and you really will be out of a job.

Tyler looks stunned for a second.

Corrine stern expression breaks out into a grin.

Tyler chuckles and grins back.

TYLER

You got it, boss.

Tyler exits out the door, pulling it closed behind him.

Corrine opens her desk drawer and pulls out a prescription bottle. She opens it up and shakes a pill into her hand. Bringing the tablet up to her mouth, she pauses for a second. She deposits the pill back into the bottle, closes it, and puts it back in her desk drawer.

A hopeful smile crosses Corrine's face as we:

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT IV

END OF SHOW