

# Hell's Gate

Season One - Episode Three

"Here Comes Trouble"

Written By  
Robb House

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

(c) 2008 Robb House & Monster Zero Productions

**TEASER**

FADE IN:

EXT. TRUMAN HOME - NIGHT.

ROGER TRUMAN (34, handsome) is in the living room standing in front of the room's large picture window, looking out into the darkness.

CUT TO:

INT. TRUMAN HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

Roger turns his back to the window. He is dressed in a nice suit and tie. He glances at his watch.

ROGER  
(calling out)  
Pam? Honey? I'm not trying to rush you, but our reservations are for 8:30.

PAM (O.S.)  
I'll be right there. I just want everything to be perfect.

Roger smiles to himself.

PAM (CONT'D) (O.S.)  
Here I come.

Roger looks to the stairs where Pam's shadow is seen. CU on a shapely leg wearing a red high-heeled shoe as it steps onto the stairs. It is quickly followed by another as PAM TRUMAN (32, beautiful) begins to walk down the stairs.

Roger's eyes sparkle as they drink in the sight of his lovely wife.

Pam is in a short, beautiful red dress that hugs her shapely figure. Roger smiles lovingly as Pam approaches him.

PAM (CONT'D)  
(seductively)  
Well? Was I worth the wait?

Roger looks lustfully at her and pulls her close.

ROGER  
Why don't we forget about dinner?  
I've got everything I want to eat right here.

He goes for her neck and makes eating noises. Pam giggles and playfully slaps Roger's chest.

PAM

We only get one ten year anniversary. Besides, you promised me the dining experience of a lifetime.

She pushes him back. Roger sticks his lip out in an exaggerated pout.

ROGER

Aww.

Pam smiles. She moves toward the couch to pick up her coat and purse which are laying there. As she passes Roger, she places her hand lightly on his arm.

PAM

Come on. We'll go eat a fabulous meal, then we'll come back here...

She walks her fingers up his arm.

...and you can ravage me... all... night... long.

She slaps him playfully on the cheek and gives him a sexy wink.

Roger's pretend pout disappears, replaced by a large grin.

As Pam turns back around, coat and purse in hand, Roger holds up his finger.

ROGER

Wait! Let me get a picture!

Pam smiles as Roger moves quickly to the desk and pulls out the digital camera. He moves to the TV opposite the window and sets the camera on top. He bends his head behind the camera and motions to Pam.

VIEWFINDER'S POV: Roger's hand can be seen on the upper left corner waiving for Pam to move to the left.

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

A little more. A little more.  
Perfect.

Roger moves quickly into frame, stands beside Pam, and slides his arm around her. They both smile, posing for the camera. The camera flashes.

The camera screen pauses briefly as the picture is saved to the camera. Roger and Pam look happy, although a little washed out by the camera's flash. In the lower right corner of the picture window behind them, a blurred figure appears to be peering in. Then the frozen image is gone, replaced by that of Roger approaching the camera.

Regular camera shot once again. Roger grabs the digital camera, turns it off and sets it back down.

Pam and Roger move toward the door. At the door, they pause as Roger helps Pam on with her coat. She turns around to face him. He once again gazes lovingly at her.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Have I told you lately how much I love you?

PAM

(teasingly)

Not for the last five minutes or so.

She returns his loving gaze. He leans in and gives her a passionate kiss. After several seconds, they break the kiss and gaze at each other for a brief moment.

ROGER

(whining)

Can't we just stay home and go straight to the sex? Please!?

PAM

(smiling)

No. You promised me an expensive meal. What do you think I am? Easy?

Roger, looking defeated, grabs the door knob and gentlemanly opens the door for his wife. She walks through.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRUMAN HOME - CONTINUOUS.

Pam exits, followed closely by Roger who pulls the door shut behind him.

PAM

First dinner, then ravaging.

HESTER (vampire, blonde) suddenly appears in front of them. She is dressed in a figure-hugging, all-white dress, her face the grotesque mask of a vampire. Roger and Pam freeze, startled.

HESTER  
Why not have both at once?

In a flash, Hester is on Roger, BITING at his throat.

Pam starts to scream, but only a peep escapes her mouth, before SILAS (vampire, dark haired), also in vamp face, appears behind her and quickly SNAPS her neck. Silas drops Pam's body to the ground and looks over to Hester who is still feasting on Roger.

An annoyed expression crosses Silas' face. He clears his throat.

Hester looks up at him, blood trickling from her mouth.

HESTER (CONT'D)  
(oblivious)  
What?

SILAS  
On the front lawn? Really, Hester!  
Sometimes you act like you just  
died yesterday.

Silas looks around, wary of his surroundings.

HESTER  
I was hungry, Silas! I haven't  
eaten anything since that Italian  
we had two days ago.  
(beat)  
And he was all "garlic-ie".  
(beat; softly)  
Besides, nobody's watching. Humans  
these days are too engrossed in  
their damn plasma TVs and X-Boxes  
to care about what happens to their  
neighbors.

Silas continues to give her a disapproving look, shaking his head.

SILAS  
That's no excuse to get sloppy. And  
regardless, we're here on business.  
Not pleasure. Remember?

HESTER  
(rolling eyes)  
Fine. This one's empty anyway.

She unceremoniously drops Roger's lifeless body to the ground as if it were an empty juice box.

She stands up straight and looks down at her white dress which is now splattered with Roger's blood.

HESTER (CONT'D)  
(whining)  
Damn! I really liked this dress!

SILAS  
If you had listened to me and worn something darker...

He pauses, a smile crosses his face. He looks down at Pam. Hester follows his gaze and also smiles as we:

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. TRUMAN HOME - NIGHT.

Pam's body lies in the bushes wearing only a slip. Roger's body is also there. His feet can be seen sticking out.

Silas and Hester walk down the driveway hand in hand. Both have reverted back to their human faces. Hester is wearing Pam's little red dress and heels, looking very sexy. They look every bit the dashing, loving couple that Pam and Roger looked only minutes earlier. They gaze lovingly into each others eyes. As they walk out of frame we:

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF TEASER

ACT I

FADE IN:

EXT. FRANK'S DINER - MORNING.

Establishing shot of Frank's Diner.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - CONTINUOUS.

LON is sitting at the counter on his usual bar stool reading his morning paper, a cup of coffee in front of him, a faded bruise adorns his right eye.

From the other side of the counter, VI leans over and tops off his cup. Lon looks up briefly and nods to her.

Sitting beside Lon is TAMSIN. She has a bowl of cereal in front of her which she busy making a dent in. She smiles at Vi as she stuffs her face.

Vi grins back. Not watching what she is doing, she turns to return the coffee pot to the machine and almost hits FRANK, who is also behind the counter, with the pot of scalding hot coffee.

Frank jumps back quickly to avoid being burned. He gives Vi an annoyed look. She smiles back at him apologetically.

PAN over to the staircase as TYLER enters from upstairs. He approaches the counter.

He and Frank lock eyes for a second and then quickly averts their eyes elsewhere. Tyler greets the rest of the gang.

TYLER

Hey guys.

Tamsin and Vi nod and smile at him. Lon nods but doesn't look up from his paper. Frank turns his back to Tyler.

Vi picks up a Styrofoam to-go cup with a lid off the bar and hands it to Tyler as he reaches the counter.

VI

Cream, no sugar.

TYLER

(smiling)

Thanks, Vi.

From the stairwell, MIKE enters whistling a tune. Hearing him, Frank turns back around. As if he is staring through Tyler, he greets Mike.

FRANK

Well if it isn't the man of the moment!

Frank starts clapping and is soon joined by Tamsin and Vi. Lon continues to read his paper. Tyler gives Frank an annoyed glance as Mike approaches the counter.

Smiling, Mike hold his hands up to stop their applause.

MIKE

Thank you, thank you.

Vi pulls out her cell phone to take Mike's picture. He give her a cheesy pose, flexing his muscles as she clicks his picture.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Last time I got this much attention I was wearing a thong stuffed full of tens and twenties. But alas, my days of dancing with poles at The Meat Rack are far behind me.

TYLER

(jokingly)

His days of smoking them, however, are still going strong.

Mike PUNCHES Tyler hard in the arm and the pair start laughing. Frank butts in.

FRANK

That was some damn fine work you did there last night. Stopped those Slavlar Demons dead in their tracks.

Mike puffs his chest out proudly as Tyler once again looks annoyed with Frank.

MIKE

(with fake modesty)

All in a day's work. Besides, I couldn't have done it without that mojo boost from Kat.

FRANK

Well, you're still the hero. And as a reward...

Frank turns around. A beat and then he turns back toward Mike, a plate heaped full of bacon and eggs in his hand.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
 (with a wink)  
 ...the breakfast of champions.

TAMSIN  
 And coronary victims everywhere.

Frank give her a quick, wry look and sets the plate down on the counter.

Mike's face lights up and he hurriedly plops down on the stool on Tamsin's left. Grabbing a fork, he starts to eat.

FRANK  
 Enjoy. You deserve it, kiddo.

Hearing Frank's pet name for him used on Mike, Tyler's expression turns from annoyance to sadness, but he quickly puts on a fake smile.

TYLER  
 Well... I better get going.

Vi gives a wave while Tamsin and Mike, whose mouths are full, mumble good-byes. Frank simply turns his back to Tyler. Tyler's expression turns to one of anger and he makes a hasty exit through the front door.

Tamsin looks at the door and then at Frank, eyeing him with a baleful expression.

Frank turns back around and notices Tamsin's annoyed glare.

FRANK  
 (defensively)  
 What?

TAMSIN  
 How long is this going to continue?

Frank shrugs his shoulder and shakes his head looking oblivious.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)  
 (firmly)  
 It's been four days.

FRANK  
 I don't know what you're talking about.

Tamsin gives an exasperated groan as Frank turns from her and busies himself with wiping the counter.

Vi looks at Mike excitedly. She leans in close.

VI  
Can I get you anything, Mike?  
(leaning closer)  
Anything?

Mike furrows his brow, not sure he is interpreting Vi's intentions correctly.

MIKE  
(hesitantly)  
Ah. No. Thanks, Red. I'm good.

Lon finishes his paper, closes it and folds it neatly. He sets it aside on the counter, takes a sip of his coffee, and turns to the rest of the group.

LON  
Alright, everyone. If this latest episode of "Hollyoaks" has come to an end, I suggest that we get down to business.

Still irritated by Tamsin's remarks, Frank turns to face Lon.

FRANK  
(glancing at Tamsin)  
Excellent idea.

Tamsin rolls her eyes. Lon turns to his right and picks up a folder which is laying on the counter. Opening the folder, he precedes to pull out photographs.

LON  
Last night, the curator of the city museum, one Roger Truman, and his wife Pam were murdered outside of their home. Here are the crime scene photos.

Lon begins to pass the pictures around. Mike looks confused.

MIKE  
Dude. How did you get these?

Eager to explain, Lon leans in front of Tamsin who quickly grabs her bowl of cereal out of the way.

LON  
(to Mike)  
It's all quite fascinating. We--

Frank cuts him off.

FRANK  
We got people.

Lon gives Frank an irritated look for stealing his thunder.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
(To Lon)  
You were saying?

Lon grudgingly continues.

LON  
Yes. Well, Mrs. Truman's neck was broken. Broken with enough force to separate her skull from her spine.

Mike winces, grabbing at his own throat.

LON (CONT'D)  
And it seems that Mr. Truman died of puncture wounds to the neck, yet remarkably...  
(smirking)  
...there was very little blood found at the crime scene.

FRANK  
(irritated)  
Vampires.

MIKE  
(excitedly)  
Oh! That's easy then. We can just track 'em down with your little...ah...gizmos.

FRANK  
(chuckling; shaking his head)  
The trackers only work if we have a reference point to go off of, like us or a portal. There's too much non-human life here to do a sweep of the whole town. Probably short out the entire sensor grid.

MIKE  
 (continuing to eat)  
 What do we do then?

TAMSIN  
 Not much we can do. Random vampire  
 attacks rarely leave much in the  
 way of useful evidence.

Lon is looking at the report from the folder.

LON  
 If it was random.

Everyone looks to him.

FRANK  
 You got something?

LON  
 Possibly.  
 (beat)  
 Seems that our Mr. Truman's right  
 thumb was severed. No sign of it at  
 that crime scene.

VI  
 Why would vampires take his thumb?

MIKE  
 (mouth full)  
 Desert?

An uneasy look crosses Frank's face.

FRANK  
 (to Lon)  
 What did you say this guy did for a  
 living?

LON  
 Curator of the museum. Why?

The gang, excluding Mike, suddenly get anxious expressions.  
 They quickly make for the door leaving Mike sitting at the  
 bar still stuffing his face.

MIKE  
 What?

Frank flips the door sign to "Closed" as he exits.

Chewing his food, Mike suddenly makes a disgusted face and  
 spits out his food.

He takes a quick quizzical look at his plate and then runs to the door. Pushing it open, he realizes that no one bothers to lock it.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
(exiting)  
Hey! What about the door?

As he runs after them we:

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. HEAVEN'S GATE CITY MUSEUM - DAY.

The gang exits a black SUV.

MIKE  
I can't believe this rinky-dink  
town has a museum?

Tamsin chuckles.

TAMSIN  
Only because of the college. But it  
does have some surprisingly good  
collections.

As they walk around the corner toward the door, they see that two police cars are already parked in front of the entrance. Yellow police tape is stretched across the door. A uniformed OFFICER is talking to a THIN MAN (30ish, nerdish looking).

A woman watches the two men. This is TANYA JAMISON. She is late 40's, attractive, but not overly made up. Tanya is wearing a business suit and shoulder holster denoting her as a detective.

Seeing the cops outside, Mike looks questioningly to Frank.

Frank waves in Tanya's direction. His movements catch Tanya's eye.

Tanya notices the team. She rolls her eyes in an irritated fashion. She pats the officer's arm and tells him something and then walks toward the team as they approach to meet her.

FRANK  
(smiling broadly)  
Detective Jamison. You're looking  
lovely as ever.

Tanya looks less than happy to see Frank.

TANYA  
 (coolly)  
 Frank.  
 (beat)  
 I was wondering when you'd show up.  
 (eyeing Mike)  
 Recruiting from Abercrombie and  
 Fitch now?

Frank suppresses a smile. Knowing a fellow wise-ass when he sees one, Mike plays along.

MIKE  
 (shrugging)  
 The eye candy good but I got tired  
 of folding sweaters.

FRANK  
 (indicating Mike)  
 Mike Czajak, meet  
 (indicating Tanya)  
 Detective Tanya Jamison.

Mike offers his hand to the detective. Tanya looks down at Mike's hand then back at Frank. After a few seconds of holding his hand out, Mike retracts it and runs it through his hair awkwardly.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
 (to Mike)  
 Detective Jamison works with us  
 from time to time.

TANYA  
 Not the choice of words I would  
 have used. But sometimes  
 unconventional cases require...  
 (cutting her eyes at the  
 team)  
 ...unconventional methods.

TAMSIN  
 (to Vi)  
 Was that an insult? I think that  
 was an insult.

Lon gives his sister an annoyed look.

FRANK  
 (sarcastically)  
 Yeah, we love you too, Tanya.  
 (nodding toward the  
 building)  
 (MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)  
So, this case linked to the murders  
last night?

TANYA  
We're pretty sure. Safe had a  
biometric lock.

Frank nods knowingly.

VI  
(confused)  
Biometric?

FRANK  
Finger prints.

Tanya reaches into her pocket and pulls out a zip-lock bag.

TANYA  
Found this on the floor, safe wide  
open.

She holds up the bag. Inside is a SEVERED THUMB.

TANYA (CONT'D)  
The guard was found outside with  
his neck broken.  
(beat)  
The assistant curator...

Tanya gestures toward the Thin Man talking to the uniformed  
police officer.

TANYA (CONT'D)  
...says only one thing's missing as  
far as he can tell.

Tanya reaches into her coat pocket and pulls out a Polaroid  
picture. She hands it to Frank.

CU of the picture. It appears to be a small box carved out of  
rock. The box is covered in strange pictographs.

Mike leans in and looks at the picture. His eyes go out of  
focus. Suddenly we:

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. CAVE.

An old woman, HAZARI, in Native-American garb loudly chants  
something in an ancient language.

The stone box is in her hands, the pictographs GLOWING. It shakes with power.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. HEAVEN'S GATE CITY MUSEUM - DAY.

Mike shakes his head as if someone hit him. Frank, Detective Jamison, and the team eye him strangely. Tanya continues to eye Mike suspiciously for a second and then returns her focus to Frank.

TANYA

Let me know what you find out. I'll figure out some way to write it up for the Chief.

FRANK

I'd think you'd be a old pro at that by now.

TAMSIN

(not too quietly)  
Emphasis on old.

Vi, Mike, and Frank stifle laughs. Tanya cocks her eyebrow at Tamsin who gives an innocent, yet slightly bitchy, smile in return. Tanya turns and walks back toward the officer.

Frank gives her backside a quick look.

FRANK

Nice buns, Tanya! Been working out?

Tanya doesn't turn around but her right hand goes up and extends its middle finger.

Frank snorts as the team starts to walk back to the car.

FRANK (CONT'D)

She loves me.  
(to Mike)  
What was that back there. You kind of spaced out.

Mike gives Frank an unsure look.

MIKE

I don't know. But whatever it was...  
(beat)  
...I think that box is dangerous.

Frank frowns and looks down at the Polaroid in his hand.

CU on the box in the picture as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - DAY.

CU on the box. The camera pulls back to reveal that the box is sitting on a table and that we are in an abandoned house. It's obvious that it was once an elegant house but has since fallen into a state of disrepair. The large windows are covered in heavy fabric, blocking out any hint of sunlight. The room is lit by candles.

Hester stands looking at the box. She runs her hand slowly over the top.

Silas enters with a paper bag. He smiles at her.

SILAS  
Tonight, my dear.

Silas sets his bag down on the table. He begins to take out its contents, various jars and zip-lock bags, placing them on the table.

SILAS (CONT'D)  
That little shop had all the  
supplies we need. Now all we have  
to do is wait.

HESTER  
(irritated)  
You know waiting has never been my  
strong suit.

SILAS  
Why don't you have a snack? That  
always calms your nerves.

Silas nods to his right.

PAN to Silas' right to see a YOUNG WOMAN gagged and tied on the room's dusty couch.

Hester smiles.

HESTER  
Good idea.

Her face vamps.

The Young Woman's eyes go wide with terror. She tries to scream but the gag only allows her muffled cries through.

In an instant, Hester is on her biting at the woman's throat. The woman struggles for a second and then goes limp.

CU of Hester as she turns around to face Silas, her blood-covered mouth and chin lit by the candlelight. She licks her lips.

HESTER.

Mmmm. Nummy.

Hester stands. She moves slowly toward Silas, a seductive gleam in her eye.

HESTER

You know what else calms my nerves,  
baby...

Silas leers at her. His face vamps. The two begin to kiss passionately.

They move back to the couch. Hester reaches back behind her and pushes the dead woman off the couch and onto the floor. The two vampires tumble onto the couch in a passionate embrace. As they start tearing off their clothes, the camera PANS left back to the table.

The camera ZOOMS in on the box.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. CAVE.

Hazari chants more loudly. In her hands, the box's lid cracks open, its pictographs GLOWING even more brightly.

Beside her, the SPHERE strobes with light.

A CLOUD of black dust begins to spin violently around her. She begins to shake with the strain as she chants.

The dust cloud, still spinning, starts to enter the box. Finally, the entire cloud has entered the box. Hazari quickly closes the lid. The box's glow diminishes.

The old woman sighs with relief.

Close up on the sphere, its glow fading, as we:

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S SUV - DAY.

Mike is sitting in the back seat between Tamsin and Vi. He jerks. Tamsin and Vi look at him oddly.

MIKE  
(annoyed)  
Crap.

On his irritated expression we:

FADE TO BLACK.

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. MACROWARE - DAY.

Establishing shot of Macroware.

CUT TO:

INT. MACROWARE - HALLWAY - DAY.

CHAD WARCHUCK is walking toward the camera busy playing his Nintindo DS. Tyler is walking in the opposite direction. As Tyler turns to enter his office, he and Chad bump into each other.

CHAD  
(looking at his game)  
Aww, man! Look what you made me do!  
I was on the ninth...

He looks up. Recognizing Tyler, his face lights up.

CHAD (CONT'D)  
Newbie!

TYLER  
(smiling)  
Hey, Chad.

Chad seems amazed to see Tyler.

CHAD  
You're still here! Well that's...  
great!

Finding Chad's response a little off-putting, Tyler continues into his office.

CUT TO:

INT. MACROWARE - TYLER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS.

Tyler enters with Chad tagging along.

CHAD  
No one's lasted longer than three  
days since Janice quit.  
(beat)  
What's your secret, man? You the  
boss lady's long lost nephew?

Tyler walks behind his desk and sits in his chair.

Chad unceremoniously pushes Tyler's paperwork to the side and sits on the edge of the desk, turning to face Tyler.

CHAD (CONT'D)  
Oohh! Blackmail! Got some video of  
her doing a little of the ole'...

Chad gyrates his pelvis in a provocative manner.

CHAD (CONT'D)  
...wa chicka wa wa!

Tyler looks ill.

The door from Corrine's office opens and CORRINE enters.

Chad turns quickly. Seeing Corrine, he falls off the edge of the desk, landing on the floor. He quickly jumps to his feet, looking nervously at Corrine.

CHAD (CONT'D)  
Ms. DuBois! Hey! Sorry, I...  
slipped.

Corrine eyes him blankly for a second and then turns to Tyler. She smiles warmly at him.

CORRINE  
Tyler, I just wanted to let you  
know what a great job you did at  
the meeting yesterday. I couldn't  
have done it without you.

Tyler blushes.

TYLER  
I may have helped out, but it was  
you that really sold it. The way  
you backed those guys into a  
corner, it was genius.

Now it's Corrine's turn to blush.

Chad watches the scene in shock.

CORRINE  
Well, I better get going if I'm  
going to make my one o'clock.

She starts walking toward the door.

CORRINE (CONT'D)  
Diner tonight?

TYLER

You bet! Chucky's. Eight o'clock.  
Bye, Corrine.

She waives as she exits. Chad looks awestruck.

CHAD

You... you... You called her the  
"C" word!

Tyler looks a little embarrassed.

CHAD (CONT'D)

Oh man! You're my hero, my idol, my  
freakin' Yoda! Teach me, oh Great  
One!

Tyler continues to redden.

CHAD (CONT'D)

(leering)

I am so gay for you right now.

Tyler again grimaces.

MITCH PETERSON enters from the hallway.

MITCH

Chad, if you're finished sexually  
harassing Tyler, I need a word with  
him... alone.

Chad turns to Mitch and waggles his eyebrows lasciviously.

CHAD

Jealous?

Mitch gives a slight laugh. He grabs Chad lightly by the arm  
and pulls him toward the door.

MITCH

Say goodbye, Chad.

Mitch pushes him out the door. As Chad is exiting, he shouts  
back at Tyler.

CHAD

Catch you later, Newbie!

Mitch laughs, shaking his head as he closes the door.

MITCH

You've just got to ignore Chad  
sometimes. He's really a good guy.

(MORE)

MITCH (CONT'D)

He's just so...

(beat)

...damn annoying!

(chuckle)

Good thing he's such a whiz at reverse engineering or we would have killed him a long time ago.

Tyler grins as Mitch approaches his desk.

MITCH (CONT'D)

The reason I'm here, Tyler, is that Jon wanted me to invite you to come see him.

An awed look crosses Tyler's face.

TYLER

(excited)

Jon? As in Jon Bates?!

Mitch laughs lightly at Tyler's excitement. He nods.

TYLER (CONT'D)

He wants to see me?!

Again Mitch nods. Tyler starts to hyperventilate.

MITCH

Hey! Relax.

(jokingly)

'Cause if you pass out, I'm not carrying you to his office. Not with this back.

Tyler attempts to get a hold of himself.

TYLER

When does he want to see me?

MITCH

(shrugging)

You busy now?

On Tyler's shocked expression we:

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - MIDDAY.

The gang enters the diner, Frank and Mike leading the way.

FRANK

You're sure you saw the sphere?

MIKE

(nodding)

Oh yeah. This old chick was using  
it to make this black cloud go into  
the box.

The gang heads into the kitchen.

INT. FRANK'S DINER - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS.

LON

(to Mike)

Black cloud?

MIKE

Yeah. But it almost seemed to be  
alive.

(beat)

Like the smoke monster on "Lost".

Vi and Tamsin nod in recognition. Lon frowns.

Frank hits the switch behind the refrigerator revealing the  
stairs to Command Central.

LON

(to Frank)

May I see the picture?

Frank reaches in his shirt pocket and pulls out the photo of  
the box. He hands it to Lon as he precedes the team down the  
stairs. The refrigerator swings back into place.

INT. COMMAND CENTRAL - CONTINUOUS.

The team enters the command area, Lon still looking at the  
photo.

LON

These symbols are early Native  
American.

(nodding to the cave)

Like the symbols on the cave wall.

TAMSIN

You think there's a connection?

LON

Possibly. Both the box and the  
sphere were in Mike's vision.

FRANK

Only one way to find out.

Frank looks to Mike and gestures toward the sphere.

Mike walks over to the orb. The others follow. Mike stands before the orb as the others gather around him.

He reaches out and cups it in his hands. The sphere begins to GLOW. Mike's eye's go white.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CAVE - CONTINUOUS.

Mike stands before the orb, out of sync with reality.

KAT appears before him.

MIKE  
Hey, Kat.

KAT  
We've been expecting you, Mike.

MIKE  
We?

Beside Kat appears the old woman from Mike's visions.

KAT  
This is Shamanka Hazari, priestess to the Powers that Be. Her people built this place thousands of years ago.

HAZARI  
(subtitled from ancient native tongue; irritated)  
*Quiet, girl! Who I was is not important! The child must learn what he is up against. That is why I gave him the visions.*

Kat simply nods.

HAZARI (CONT'D)  
(to Mike)  
*Inside the box is The Source, the essence of the first vampire. Its power was so great that millennia after its death, its disembodied spirit still roamed the earth.*

Mike gives an unsteady look.

HAZARI (CONT'D)

*Over the centuries, many humans have tried to control it. It consumed them all. The last such time, The Source caused much sorrow to my people. Many battles were fought, many lives lost before it was finally defeated. With the help of the Ha'dish Pramatat, I removed its essence from the ether. I trapped in the vessel so that it could no longer be a temptation to mankind.*

MIKE

But it wasn't humans that stole the box. It was vampires.

Hazari's looks away from Mike and stares out into space as if seeing something invisible.

HAZARI

*So much the worse. I fear their plans are more terrible than any mere mortals could devise.*

*(looking back to Mike; urgently)*

*You must retrieve the box before the clock strikes midnight, for that is when it shall be opened. Now go. Time is short and the fate of the world rest in your hands.*

Hazari vanishes.

MIKE

*(frustrated)*

Want to tell me where it is?

HAZARI

*(disembodied)*

Go, child!

Mike rolls his eyes.

MIKE

So... that's a "no" then?

Mike turns to Kat. She shrugs and gives him a bittersweet smile.

KAT

Good luck. And take care of Frank for me.

Kat vanishes.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COMMAND CENTRAL - CONTINUOUS.

With the team surrounding him, Mike takes his hands off the sphere, his eyes returning to normal. Mike looks at the team, an annoyed look on his face.

In unison, the team give worried looks.

On Mike's expression we:

CUT TO:

INT. MACROWARE - JON BATES' OUTER OFFICE - DAY.

Mitch enters followed closely by Tyler who still appears a bit shell shocked.

MITCH

It's okay, Tyler. He's a normal guy  
just like you and me.

Tyler does not look convinced as the two move to Jon's office door.

Mitch gives a quick knock, and without waiting for a response, opens the door. He motions for Tyler to enter.

CUT TO:

INT. MACROWARE - JON BATES' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS.

Tyler walks in as Mitch closes the door, remaining outside.

Jon's office is large with a big picture window which looks out over the scenic town of Heaven's Gate. On the walls are framed articles about MacroWare.

Tyler looks at the room's desk. On its surface is a nameplate which reads, "Jon Bates - Fearless Leader". Tyler chuckles lightly as he reads it.

Behind the nameplate is a sliver letter opener. Tyler picks it up. Engraved on it is "May all your dreams come true."

JON (O.S.)

My dad gave me that.

Tyler whirls around to see Jon bates standing in the doorway of the room's bathroom. He is early 40's, tall, handsome, chiseled features, casually dressed.

Jon smiles warmly at him as he begins to cross the room. Tyler nervously sets the letter opener back down.

JON (CONT'D)

The day I started this company. Of course back then, it was no bigger than a two-car garage. Just shows you what you can accomplish when people believe in you.

(beat)

Great to meet you, Tyler. Jon Bates.

Jon extends his hand. Tyler grabs it, shaking it enthusiastically.

TYLER

I know!

(embarrassed)

I mean... nice to meet you, sir.

Jon gives a small laugh.

JON

Just Jon will do. And relax!

Jon gives Tyler a wink and a friendly jab in the arm. He motions for Tyler to sit in the chair in front of his desk. Jon moves to sit down behind the desk. He smiles warmly as he takes an appraising look at Tyler who is obviously doing his best to pretend to be relaxed.

JON (CONT'D)

So... You're the famous Tyler McGann I've heard so much about.

Tyler looks a bit worried.

JON (CONT'D)

(chuckling)

Oh, don't worry. Only good things.

Tyler smiles, genuinely looking a little more relaxed.

JON (CONT'D)

Actually, it's the source of those compliments that has me a bit intrigued about you.

Tyler again looks confused.

JON (CONT'D)  
 Corrine DuBois. She likes you. And,  
 as you've probably figured out  
 already, Corrine doesn't like  
 people easily.

Tyler blushes slightly.

JON (CONT'D)  
 At least... not these days.

A flicker of sadness crosses Jon's face.

TYLER  
 What do you mean?

JON  
 That's kind of what I wanted to  
 talk to you about, Tyler.

Tyler looks uncomfortable.

JON (CONT'D)  
 Look, I know we've just met,  
 literally, but I'm going to lay it  
 on the line.

Jon stands. He walks around the front of the desk to stand  
 before Tyler. He leans against the desk, crosses his arms,  
 and continues.

JON (CONT'D)  
 Corrine's always been a driven  
 individual. A real shark, if you  
 know what I mean. But below that  
 tough exterior, she had this inner  
 glow. Once you saw it...  
 (wistfully)  
 ...you knew just what an incredible  
 lady she really was.

Jon takes a few steps and then turns back to Tyler.

JON (CONT'D)  
 A few years ago, something changed.  
 That glow just started to fade  
 until one day it disappeared  
 completely. She closed herself off  
 to everyone.  
 (quietly)  
 Even me.

Once again a sad expression flickers across Jon's face.

JON (CONT'D)  
Anyway, I don't know how you did  
it, but in just a few days, you've  
managed to rekindle that spark.

Tyler seems moved by Jon's words.

TYLER  
You care a lot about her.

Feeling he has overstepped his bounds, Tyler quickly  
apologizes.

TYLER (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry. I didn't mean to--

JON  
No. You're right. I do care. And  
that's why I'd consider it a  
personal favor if you kept an eye  
on her for me.  
(beat)  
With the release of our new OS this  
quarter, she's under a lot of  
pressure. I'd hate for her to lose  
what ground you've helped her to  
regain.

Tyler stands, facing Jon a determined look on his face.

TYLER  
You can count on me.

Jon smiles warmly at him and places his hand on Tyler's  
shoulder.

JON  
I can see what Corrine sees in you.  
You're a good kid.

Tyler again blushes. Jon reverts once again to this charming  
smile. He pats Tyler's shoulder and then moves toward the  
office's wet bar.

JON (CONT'D)  
Now. Let's get to know each other,  
Tyler McGann. Drink?

Tyler smiles broadly as we:

FADE TO BLACK:

**END OF ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE**

INT. FRANK'S DINER - LATE AFTERNOON.

At the counter sit Lon, in his usual spot, Tamsin, & Mike. Behind the counter, leaning over, stand Frank and Vi. All have vexed looks on their faces.

VI

How are we supposed to track this thing down before midnight? We don't even know where to start looking for it!

FRANK

(shrugging)  
You got me, princess.

MIKE

(sarcastically)  
And don't forget. The fate of the world depends on it.

TAMSIN

(sigh)  
So, just another day at the office, then?

There is a pause as the entire team thinks about their next move. The diner phone rings. Frank gets a questioning look on his face as he walks over and answers it.

FRANK

Frank's Diner.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS.

Sitting behind her desk is Tanya. In front of her is an open folder.

TANYA

Frank. It's Detective Jamison. Any news on the box?

INTERCUT BETWEEN FRANK AND TANYA.

FRANK

Yeah.  
(beat)  
You don't want to know.

TANYA

That's what I was afraid of.

FRANK

Anything new on your end?

TANYA

Yes, as a matter of fact. There's been another murder. Shop keeper. Same M.O. as the wife and the museum guard. The victim was the owner of Dante's Occult Shop. You know it?

FRANK

Yeah. Run down little place over on 4th.

TANYA

Might be run down, but apparently it's got better security than our local museum.

FRANK

How's that?

TANYA

Closed-circuit camera caught the whole thing on video; the robbery, the murder, even a pretty good shot of the perp's face. We ran it through the system but didn't come up with any matches. I thought I'd send it your way.

FRANK

(grinning)

That's great, Tanya! I could kiss you!

TANYA

(deadpan)

No. You couldn't.

Tanya hangs up the phone.

Frank turns back to the team as big grin on his face as we:

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. COMMAND CENTRAL - NIGHT.

CU on a black and white photo of Silas in Dante's Occult Shop.

FRANK  
How much longer?

The group is waiting anxiously. Frank is holding the photo of Silas as Lon is looking at a computer terminal.

LON  
Our database is very extensive. It could take quite some time-- Wait. We've got a match.

Lon studies his screen harder.

LON (CONT'D)  
(distressed)  
My goodness.

FRANK  
(irritated)  
Mind sharing with the rest of the class?

LON  
(distracted)  
Oh, yes. Of course.

Lon hits a button and an image of Silas appears on the main computer screen.

LON (CONT'D)  
Silas. Last name unknown. First documented sighting in the late 1600's. Intelligent and cunning, but seems fairly level headed as far as vampires go.

TAMSIN  
He doesn't sound so bad.  
(beat)  
And he's quite fit, actually.

Tamsin gives her brother a cheeky grin. The rest of the team give a small chuckle.

LON  
Well, don't fill out your Match.com profile just yet. He's taken.

Lon hits a button on the computer. The image of Silas is replaced by one of Silas and Hester.

LON (CONT'D)

Hester, his partner in crime. She's the one that we have to worry about. Unlike her companion here, she has a particularly cruel streak. When not inflicting pain and suffering on the innocent, she likes to occupy her time with...

(beat)

...trying to bring about the end of the world.

Concerned looks all around.

LON (CONT'D)

If Silas is here, you can bet Hester isn't far.

Frank looks to Lon.

FRANK

Look up everything we know about these two. See if you can come up with a likely hide-out.

Lon nods as Frank turns to Tamsin and Vi.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Tamsin. You and Vi go over the inventory of stolen goods from Dante's. Maybe we can figure out what they're up to.

Tamsin and Vi nod and move over to another computer terminal.

Frank turns to Mike.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Mike, get back on that thing...

(nodding toward the sphere)

...and see if you can find out anything else from this Hazari woman. Beg, plead, charm her pants off if you have to. If she's right and we only have until midnight, we're in deep trouble.

Mike nods and moves to the sphere.

Frank looks around the room at his team members. He looks down at his watch, a worried expression on his face.

CU on his watch. The time is 8:00 p.m. as we:

FADE TO:

INT. COMMAND CENTRAL - LATER.

CU on Frank's watch. The time is now 10:00 p.m.

Frank looks to his team. Lon is at one computer terminal, Vi at another with Tamsin beside her looking through an old book.

Frank looks to Mike who is standing at the orb. Mike takes his hands off of it and approaches Frank. He stretches his neck.

FRANK

Any luck?

MIKE

(shaking head)

Not much. Every time I tried to get the location out of her, she'd rattle off something about not interfering with fate. I didn't want to argue with her.

(timidly)

She's kind of scary.

(beat)

Like "Tyler's grandma after a few Rum and Cokes" scary.

In unison, Frank and Mike shudder.

MIKE (CONT'D)

She did let one thing slip though. If I get near the box, I'll be able to sense it.

Frank nods. Lon turns from the computer screen.

LON

Based on their past nesting habits, I've narrowed down their probable location to three possibilities.

VI

(apprehensively)

Hey guys, I think we'd better hurry.

Mike, Frank, and Lon turn to face Vi and Tamsin who have anxious expressions on their faces.

TAMSIN

Based on these ingredients, they're either planning a tasty pasta dish... or a resurrection spell.

FRANK

(in a commanding tone)  
Let's go!

The team rush to the exit as we:

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - NIGHT.

The large room is brightly lit with dozens of candles. Silas is at the table combining the ingredients from the bags into a large bowl. Hester paces back and forth behind him.

HESTER

How much longer?!

SILAS

About an hour.

HESTER

You have everything?

SILAS

Hester! Relax! The potion is almost ready. And most importantly we have the resurrection spell.

Silas turns to her holding up an ancient-looking piece of parchment adorned with the same ancient writing as the box and the cave walls.

HESTER

You can read that?

Silas gives Hester a smug look.

SILAS

Of course I can. Just because you never took the time to learn ancient languages doesn't mean others were so lazy.

Hester slaps him on the cheek. Before she can retract her hand, Silas grabs her wrist and pulls her close. They stare almost menacingly at each other for a second and then kiss passionately. After a few seconds, they slowly part.

SILAS (CONT'D)

Go prepare the master's meal while  
I finish the potion. I imagine  
he'll be quite hungry after such a  
long rest.

Hester smiles seductively at Silas. PAN right to follow her as she crosses the room. On the couch sits a HUMAN. It is tied up with a hood covering its head.

She pulls the hood off of the human to reveal that it is TOMMY WALKER, the homeless teen-aged boy from the previous episode. He has duct tape over his mouth and his eyes are wide with terror.

Hester bends down to the boy, her face to his. She VAMPS. He tries to scream. Hester grabs his head in her hands and pulls it close to hers. She slowly licks up the side of his face.

Suddenly, she RIPS open his shirt. He jumps in shock as we:

CUT TO:

EXT. HEAVEN'S GATE STREET - NIGHT.

Frank's SUV races down the street. It rounds a corner, and heads toward a large abandoned house. Pulling in front of it, the SUV slams on its breaks.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S SUV - CONTINUOUS.

Frank is in the driver's seat, Mike in the passenger's. VI, Tamsin, and Lon sit in the back. Frank turns to Mike.

FRANK  
(to Mike)  
Anything?

Mike closes his eyes for a second, a strained look on his face. He opens his eyes.

MIKE  
No. No. It's not here.

Aggravated, Frank HITS his fist against the steering wheel.

FRANK  
Damn it!

LON  
The last house is on Baker Street.  
Number 87.

As Frank looks down at the SUV's clock, his brow furrows. It reads 11:30 p.m.

CUT TO:

EXT. HEAVEN'S GATE STREET - CONTINUOUS.

The tires on Frank's SUV squeal as he guns the vehicle into motion.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S SUV - CONTINUOUS.

An uneasy look comes to Mike's face.

MIKE

Frank.

FRANK

What?

Mike looks like he is about to be sick.

MIKE

(urgently)

Frank!

FRANK

(annoyed)

What!

Lon and Frank's detectors start to beep. Lon quickly pulls his out.

LON

It's a portal formation!

Suddenly, a PORTAL opens in the street directly in front of the vehicle.

FRANK

(at Lon)

The sphere said it was all clear for tonight!

LON

I told you the sphere's becoming less predictable!

Frank swerves the SUV to avoid crashing into the portal, bringing it to a screeching halt.

The gang look at the portal for a second, Lon still looking at his detector. A moment passes.

CUT TO:

EXT. HEAVEN'S GATE STREET - CONTINUOUS.

From the portal emerges a SLARG DEMON. It is 8 feet tall and covered in spines like a giant porcupine.

FRANK  
Slarg demon. I'll handle this.

The gang emerges from the SUV, Frank in the lead. The Slarg slowly approaches the gang.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Look, buddy. We're on a tight schedule here. So if you'll just go back through that portal, you'd be doing us a big favor.

The demon leans in, moving its face to within inches of Frank's. It lets out an ear shattering roar. Frank doesn't flinch. There is a beat as Frank reaches up and wipes the demon spittle from his face.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Wrong answer.

Frank's eye's narrow, his jaw sets. A questioning look crosses the demon's face. Its eyes widen in surprise just in time to see Frank's fist traveling toward it's face at full speed. The demon hits the ground hard.

Frank shakes his hand which stings from the blow. Mike looks on surprised.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
(to Mike)  
Big bullies, glass jaws.

Frank looks to Vi and nods toward the portal. She approaches the unconscious demon, picks it up and throws it back through the portal. The portal closes. Frank looks to Lon who is looking at his detector.

LON  
All clear.

FRANK  
(nodding)  
Let's get the Hell out of here.

They gang runs back to the SUV and jumps in. The tires screech and the vehicle races up the street as we:

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - NIGHT.

Silas is at the table stirring the bowl of potion. Hester is at the couch with the boy, cleaning him with a wet cloth. He looks terrified. She leans in close and deeply inhales his scent.

HESTER

(to the boy)

There. Fresh and clean. A treat worthy of the master.

(beat)

He will bring such beautiful death to this world. Starting with yours.

Hester gently, almost affectionately, caresses the boy's face with the back of her hand. He flinches.

Silas turns back to look at Hester, an evil grin on his face.

SILAS

(to Hester)

Come. It's almost time, darling.

Hester leaves the restrained boy and quickly runs to Silas' side.

Silas lights a match and drops it into the potion. A burst of GREEN FLAME issues from it, and then settles down to a steady flicker.

In the glow, Hester's face gleams with anticipation.

SILAS (CONT'D)

Open the box, like I showed you.

Hester picks up the box.

CU on the box as Hester's hands press one pictograph after another. The box begins to glow.

Hester sets it back down on the table. She and Silas take a step back.

The box's lid cracks open. Bright light issues from the crack. Suddenly, a black cloud begins to emerge.

The black cloud rushes out of the box, pooling into a circular shape on the ceiling. Hester's vamped face smiles with rapturous delight.

Silas steps forward, the spell parchment in his hand. He begins to read.

SILAS (CONT'D)  
*Vi di dabios. Inferinatium.*

The black cloud crackles with power.

SILAS (CONT'D)  
*Nos via invesauria!*

The black cloud crackles more and begins to descend to the floor.

SILAS (CONT'D)  
*Va su! Va su! Va su!*

The cloud starts to form a humanoid shape and begins to solidify. Features begin to take shape.

The boy shakes with terror.

Silas sets the parchment on the table and moves closer to Hester. She clings to him, shaking with excitement.

Suddenly, the door BURST off its hinges. Having kicked it in, Frank enters the room, his sawed off shotgun in front of him, ready for action.

He is quickly followed by Vi, Tamsin, and Lon. Mike brings up the rear.

Hester and Silas jump, startled by the intrusion.

HESTER  
(angrily)  
No!

Frank fires his weapon. The BLAST hits Hester squarely in the chest, knocking her across the room.

Before Frank can fire again, Silas grabs the barrel of the gun and RIPS it from Frank's grasp. Silas knocks Frank to the ground.

Vi steps up to the plate and KICKS Silas in the face, knocking him across the room to land by the fallen Hester.

Hester pulls herself up from the floor followed closely by Silas.

Vi grabs Frank's arm and lifts him up.

FRANK  
(to Hester)  
Hate to close down your little  
party here, sweetheart, but there's  
no way in Hell we're going to let  
you open that--

His eyes dart to the table, and more importantly, the box.  
The already opened box!

HESTER  
(smirking)  
Sorry. We started without you.

Her eyes then look to a spot just behind the team.

HESTER (CONT'D)  
And the guest of honor's already  
here.

Uneasily, they turn around slowly to see what Hester is  
looking at.

Standing behind them is The Source. He is about seven feet  
tall. Vampire in appearance, except that his fangs are about  
three times the normal size, his eyes are blood red, and his  
hands and feet are cloven. He is also bulging with muscles.  
He looks down at his hands.

THE SOURCE  
I live!

Hester gives a zealous smile. The Source looks up and sees  
the team. He growls and attacks. As he POUNCES at the team,  
we:

CUT TO BLACK:

**END OF ACT THREE**

**ACT FOUR**

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - NIGHT.

The Source POUNCES at the team. The team scrambles to get out of the way, but there is no need. The Source falls to the ground! Its legs are still not fully solid yet!

Now it is Hester's turn to be horrified. She turns to Silas.

HESTER

We must defend him until the spell  
has completed its work.

Hearing this, the Team advances on The Source who angrily rolls on the floor trying to right himself.

Hester leaps at Frank and TACKLES him to the floor. As he is fighting her off. Silas attacks Vi.

Vi PUNCHES Silas in the face. But he PUNCHES back and knocks her down.

Tamsin and Lon attempt to dispatch The Source, each swinging at it with a sword. The Source deflects their blows with his bare hands, which seemingly incur little damage.

As Frank continues to wrestle with Hester, he glances over to see the terrified Tommy on the couch. He shouts to Mike.

FRANK

Mike! The boy!

Mike turns to see the boy on the couch. He rushes over to him. Pulling out a knife, Mike cuts Tommy's bonds.

MIKE

Get out of here, kid! Hurry!

Tommy doesn't need to be told twice. He bolts out the door in a flash.

Frank HEAD-BUTTS Hester and knocks her off of himself.

The Source BACKHANDS Tamsin and Lon sending them spiraling backward. Its right leg becomes solid and it pulls itself up to a standing positing to once again tower over the team.

Vi and Silas are still battling. Silas seems to be holding his own pretty well.

SILAS

You're a Slayer. I've killed a few of your kind in the last four hundred years. They were all more challenging than you.

VI

You ain't seen nothing yet.

Vi KICKS him in the chest. But Silas grabs her foot and TWIST, causing Vi to spin and hit the floor.

As Lon and Tamsin pick themselves off the floor, Hester LEAPS on to Lon's back. She is about to take a bite out his neck when Tamsin PUNCHES her in the face, knocking the vampire off.

The two recommence their attack on The Source who easily fends them off.

Mike watches the scene, not sure what to do, when he hears Hazari's voice.

HAZARI (V.O.)

Get the box, boy!

Mike looks across the room to the open box on the table. He looks at the brawling crowd between him and the table. Gathering up his courage, he takes a deep breath and runs for the box.

Silas LEAPS at him, but Vi grabs his leg causing Silas' attack to barely miss. Silas hits the ground.

VI

You've killed your last Slayer.  
It's payback time.

Silas turns to face her a moment too late. Her stake is already penetrating his chest. He cries out.

SILAS

Hester!

Hester is now making a play for Mike, but hearing Silas, she turns toward his voice letting Mike run right past her.

She turns around just in time to see Silas burst into dust.

HESTER

Silas!

She LEAPS at Vi, knocking her to the ground. Hester violently PUNCHES and SCRATCHES at Vi in a grief induced frenzy.

Mike picks up the empty box.

HAZARI (V.O.)  
Now do as I say!

Mike runs to stand before The Source.

MIKE  
*Infenatium!*

He waves his hand at the creature. It emits a GLOW that strikes the monster.

Having almost solidified, it's left leg begins to again turn to smoke. The Source screams with rage. It's right leg follows suit causing the beast to fall to the ground.

Vi KICKS Hester off of her. Hester again flies across the room to land behind the table.

Vi stands. She and the others gather around Mike. He begins to speak, but the voice coming out of his mouth is that of Hazari. He begins to chant the same ancient spell that Hazari spoke in his vision.

The Source continues to scream as it once again returns to its gaseous form, floating upward. Now incorporeal, it rumbles on the ceiling like a heavy storm cloud.

Mike continues to chant. The dark cloud starts to spin. The rest of the gang steps back as it starts to enter the box.

As the cloud continues to spin violently, candle are knocked over. They set several small fires, soon causing the whole room to be ablaze.

As the last of the cloud enters the box, Mike closes its lid. It glows brightly for a second before fading back to normal.

Mike sighs with strain. His legs give out and he starts to fall, but Frank grabs him by the arm, steadying him. He is once again himself.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Stay out of my head, old woman!  
(beat)  
Did we win?

LON  
It would appear so. Though I suggest we hold off on celebrating until later.

Frank looks around. By now the entire room is on fire, the exit in eminent danger of being blocked.

FRANK

Good idea.

In unison, they rush out the door.

Surrounded by fire, Hester picks herself off the floor, tears in her eyes.

HESTER

(angrily)

You'll pay for what you've done!  
You'll all pay!

She grabs the resurrection spell off the table. She makes a hasty retreat as we:

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - NIGHT.

Frank enter through the open door. He is talking on his cell phone.

FRANK

That's right, Tanya. The box and the suspects burned up in the house fire on Baker Street. Case closed.

He closes his phone as Mike enters. Mike notices the door was unlocked.

MIKE

(nodding toward the door)

Don't you guys ever lock that thing?

They continue toward the counter as Vi, Tamsin, and Lon file in behind them.

FRANK

Sometimes, but there's not much need. There's a repulsion spell on the Closed sign. Keeps most people out. Gives 'em an uneasy feeling or ruins their appetite.

Mike cocks his eyebrow.

MIKE

That explains the dirt flavored bacon this morning.

Frank laughs.

FRANK

Yeah. I probably should have mentioned it to you sooner. The spell doesn't work on you if you know about it.

Mike chuckles.

VI

I'll cook you something special tomorrow to make up for it, cupcake.

Vi winks at Mike who furrows his brow. He is about to speak but is interrupted by Tamsin. She wedges herself between the two, throwing her arms around their shoulders.

TAMSIN

What shall we do now? Head out for a few drinks? Some dancing, perhaps?

Vi looks excited at the prospect but Mike winces a little.

MIKE

Better not, we've got class registration early in the morning.

Vi immediately tones down her excitement.

VI

Yeah. Yeah. Gotta get up early.

Tamsin sighs.

TAMSIN

Guess that leaves me to party all on my own then.

(beat)

'Night, all.

As she turns back toward the door, Frank heads toward the stairs.

FRANK

Good night everyone.

Lon rounds the counter, the box in his hands, heading for the kitchen.

LON  
I'm just going to pop downstairs  
and lock this up in the vault.

Frank nods as he exits up the stairs. Lon disappears into the kitchen as we:

CUT TO:

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

Tyler is sitting on the futon on the floor watching an old Sci-Fi movie on the TV. He is ready for bed, clad in a t-shirt and boxers.

Mike enters. Tyler's face lights up.

TYLER  
Buddy! You'll never guess who I met  
at work today.

Mike takes his shirt off and walks over to the dresser.

MIKE  
Steven Spielberg? David Hasselhoff?  
No! Chewbacca the Wookiee?!

He smiles as he tosses his dirty shirt on the floor. Opening the dresser drawer, he pulls out a clean t-shirt and pulls it on over his head.

TYLER  
(chuckle)  
Better!

Mike cocks his eyebrow at Tyler.

MIKE  
Better than Chewbacca? Come on!  
What's better than a tall, naked,  
hairy guy who growls? Granted, he's  
a little hairier than I normally  
like my men.

Tyler looks grossed out.

TYLER  
(annoyed)  
Great. Now you've ruined Star Wars  
for me.

MIKE  
Hey! You said Jar Jar did that!

Tyler shrugs and then nods his head in agreement. Mike laughs. Undeterred by Mike's joking, Tyler continues.

TYLER

I met Jon Bates today, man! He invited me to his office and everything. It was incredible!

Mike takes his pants off, also dropping them to the floor. He is now clad in just his t-shirt and underwear.

MIKE

Cool, dude! See, what did I say about you running that place?

Tyler blushes as Mike sits down on the futon beside him. Frank pops his head in the door interrupting the two's conversation.

FRANK

(to Mike)

Hey. Great work tonight, Mike.

Frank continues to freeze out Tyler. Tyler stiffens a little at Frank's presence.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Feels good, doesn't it? Knowing that you're actually doing something important with your life.

Mike nods. Tyler set his jaw, obviously taking Frank's words as an insult to him.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Well, good night, kiddo.

Frank exits but the tension created by his brief visit lingers in the air between Mike and Tyler. Mike notices Tyler's change in demeanor.

MIKE

What?

Tyler shrugs his shoulders, not wanting to look at Mike.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Come on, dude. Don't let Frank get to you. He's just being a dick.

Tyler turns to Mike.

TYLER  
It's not just Frank. It's...  
nothing.

Tyler quickly turns away again.

MIKE  
(urgently)  
It's what?

Tyler turns to face Mike again.

TYLER  
It's you! Okay? It's you.

A stunned look crosses Mike's face. Tyler realizes that he has hurt Mike's feelings.

TYLER (CONT'D)  
Look, man. It's not your fault. I'm  
just... jealous.

Mike looks to Tyler with a questioning look.

MIKE  
Jealous? Of course you're jealous.  
I mean, look at all this.

Mike motions at his body and smirks. He sees that Tyler is being serious. His smile fades.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
What is it?

TYLER  
You know how I came here to start  
my dream job?

Mike nods lightly. Tyler again looks away.

TYLER (CONT'D)  
That's not the only reason.  
(beat)  
When I went to live with Grandma  
after my parents died, Frank was  
kind of like a Dad to me. I mean,  
even though he was gone a lot and I  
didn't get to see him very often,  
we always felt... close.  
(beat)  
I guess I wanted it to be like that  
again.

Mike puts his arm around his friend.

TYLER (CONT'D)

But then we get here and suddenly it's like... you get your letter from Hogwart's and I'm left all alone feeling like a Squib. Not even a Squib.

(light chuckle)

I'm a Muggle. And I could practice Wingardium Leviosa forever, but I'm never going to make a feather float. It's no wonder Dumbledore likes you better.

Tyler hangs his head. Mike gives Tyler a comforting hug.

MIKE

(sincerely)

I'm so sorry, dude.

(beat)

I'm not even gonna pretend I understand what any of that means, but I can see this thing with Frank is really eating you up.

TYLER

He thinks I'm useless just because my job doesn't involve saving the world.

(sigh)

I just want him to respect me.

Mike pats Tyler on the back.

MIKE

Respect's highly overrated, my friend. You can get by in this world just fine without it. Just ask Britney or Lindsey.

Tyler picks his head up and looks at Mike.

TYLER

Friends of yours?

Mike shakes his head and rolls his eyes, not believing Tyler doesn't know the pop culture icons he mentioned.

TYLER (CONT'D)

If it's so overrated, why did Aretha Franklin sing a whole song about it?

MIKE

Yes. But let us not forget that she also sang the praises of being a Natural Woman. Natural woman? What the Hell is that anyway? Hairy legs and un-tweezed eyebrows?

(shudder)

Ewww!

This gets a slight laugh out of Tyler.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Forget about Frank for tonight. Eh? Tell me about you're day with the illustrious Jon Bates. I seem to recall the adjective "incredible" popping up.

Tyler lightly smiles at him. Mike smiles warmly in return.

TYLER

We drank seventy year old scotch and ate lobster.

Tyler's mood lifts.

MIKE

(encouragingly)

Yeah?

TYLER

Oh! And that "Enterprise thing" that was in "People" magazine, totally bogus.

The men laugh lightly as we:

FADE TO:

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS.

Shot into the bedroom of Mike and Tyler as they continue to have their conversation. "Gardenia" by Mandy Moore plays as their dialog fades. The camera PANS right to reveal Frank standing in the hallway listening to the young men, a thoughtful look on his face. He slowly turns away and continues down the hallway.

FADE TO:

INT. COMMAND CENTRAL - VAULT ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

The Vault Room looks like a bank vault. Drawers line the walls of the polished steel room.

Lon places the box in an open drawer. He closes the drawer and locks it. He walks to the open vault door and looks back at the empty room. He turn the light off, steps out of the vault and closes the large door behind him as we:

FADE TO:

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - VI'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS.

Vi is in her bed. The room is dark but Vi's face is illuminated by the glow of her cell phone as she looks at it.

CU on the phone's screen. On it is the picture of Mike she took that morning.

Vi closes her phone and sets it on her bedside table. She settles into bed with a light smile on her face as we:

FADE TO:

INT. TAMSIN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT.

Tamsin, dressed in a nightgown, pulls back the covers of her bed. She stares at the empty bed for a brief moment. She turns away and moves to her dresser. She opens the top drawer and pulls out a picture frame.

CU on the picture. In it, Tamsin is laughing as a handsome, dark-haired man hugs her tightly, a warm, loving smile on his face.

Looking at the picture, Tamsin's lip quivers. A single tear runs down her cheek.

She walks across the room to a big comfy chair. Sitting down, she curls up in a ball and hugs the picture close to her.

Tears stream down her face as she begins to sob. The music continues as we:

FADE TO BLACK.

**END OF EPISODE**