

Hell's Gate

Season One - Episode Four

"Family Ties"

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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 DINER - EARLY EVENING.

The camera slowly PANS from left to right revealing that the diner is deserted, as usual. The camera comes to rest on the stairs which lead to Frank's upstairs apartment.

From off camera comes a CRASH! Seconds later, TYLER tumbles urgently down the stairs, his face a mask of desperation.

Glancing quickly over his shoulder for signs of his pursuer, he runs toward the front door. He pushes it. Locked! Hearing footsteps on the stairs, he darts toward the kitchen.

At the last moment he changes his mind and dives under one of the booths' tables. He backs himself up against the wall as far as he possible can. He struggles to quiet his breathing.

TYLER'S POV: A pair of MOTIONLESS LEGS, presumably belonging to an unconscious person lying on the floor, stick out from behind the end of the counter.

PAN to the stairs as an UNKNOWN PERSON, seen only from waist down, enters from the stairwell. The figure slowly makes its way in Tyler's direction.

Tyler holds his breath as the figure stops in front of his table. CU on Tyler's terrified face. His eyes dart to an object on the counter.

CU on a set of keys laying on the counter top.

The figure moves on, heading toward the kitchen, walking out of Tyler's line of site.

He hears the screech of the kitchen door opening and closing. Tyler breaths a sigh of relief and then quickly crawls out from under the table.

He grabs the set of keys from off the counter and moves quickly to the body on the floor. It's MIKE!

Tyler quickly bends down, stooping beside his friend. He slaps him lightly on the face.

TYLER

Mike?

Mike's face twitches. He gives a moan. Tyler grabs Mike by the arm and pulls him into a standing position.

With his unconscious friend's arm over his shoulder, Tyler quickly turns to head for the door. He runs smack into FRANK who is standing right in front of him.

Frank smiles down at his nephew.

Tyler's eye's go wide.

Frank's smile turns into a cruel snarl as he lunges at Tyler.

Tyler dodges to his left and runs past Frank with Mike in tow. Frank turns and GRABS Mike by the shoulder, spinning the duo around.

Frank PUNCHES Tyler hard in the face. Tyler grabs his nose, dropping Mike to the floor in the process.

Frank rears back for another punch, but Tyler is quick to react and KICKS him in the groin. Frank goes down hard.

Tyler glances from Frank lying on the floor in pain to Mike lying motionless.

TYLER (CONT'D)
(to Mike)
Sorry, bud.

Tyler turns to run from Frank, but Frank GRABS him by his ankle. Tyler falls to the ground.

Tyler turns over into a sitting position as Frank tries to get a better grip on his leg. With his free leg, Tyler KICKS Frank's hand repeatedly until Frank finally lets go.

Tyler jumps up from the ground, but Frank is also up. Tyler turns to face him, trying to anticipate his adversary's next move.

Frank moves quickly to his left. Tyler moves to avoid him. Frank moves to his right. Tyler stops dead in his tracks.

Frank gives Tyler a sinister grin. Tyler's eyes show his fear.

Frank LEAPS at Tyler, slamming into him, causing the pair to TUMBLE to the floor.

They ROLL to the right, slamming into a table. The table's legs crumple causing it to turn on its side. Silverware, ketchup bottles, and metal napkin dispensers hit the floor.

Tyler ROLLS on top of Frank as they struggle.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Frank!

Frank stares up at Tyler, his eyes cold.

Frank ROLLS on top of Tyler, pinning his nephew to the floor.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Frank! Please!

Frank's only response is to give a chilly laugh.

TYLER (CONT'D)

You don't want to do this!

FRANK

But it's just so much fun!

Tyler appears to be on the verge of tears as Frank continues to hold him down.

TYLER

(pleading)

Uncle Frank! Please stop!

FRANK

Okay. I'll stop.

(beat)

Right after this.

Frank reaches out and picks up one of the fallen napkin dispensers. He raises it high. Tyler's eyes widen in fear. As Frank slams the object toward Tyler's head we:

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - MORNING.

TITLE OVER - "12 hours earlier"

Frank and VI are behind the counter. Sitting at the counter is TAMSIN. Frank is in the middle of telling a story.

FRANK

...and that, ladies, is why you should never hook up with someone you meet outside a demon bar.

TAMSIN

And you didn't realize she was a vampire until she bit your neck?

FRANK

I was young, I didn't know any better.

(shaking his head)

And it wasn't my neck.

TAMSIN

Your arm then.

Frank again shakes his head. Vi looks confused.

FRANK

(with a sly grin)

Let's just say that I was happy to be wearing those loose fitting Army-issue boxers for the next few days.

Laughter all around as MIKE enters from the kitchen. He rubs his head as he makes his way around the counter.

MIKE

Did I miss something?

Mike sits on a stool next to Tamsin.

TAMSIN

Oh, Frank was just regaling us with sorted tales of his youth.

MIKE

(cocking his eyebrow)
Sounds like fun. Wish I could have
been here.

(beat)

But instead of hearing wacky and
possibly black-mail worthy stories,
I had go downstairs and have Kat's
hot poker of magic shoved into my
brain.

Frank gives Mike a concerned look.

FRANK

Still hurts, huh?

MIKE

Yeah, but on the bright side, now I
can levitate a shoe. That ought to
come in handy, right?

Tamsin gives Mike a comforting pat on the shoulder.

VI

Oh! Poor baby!

She runs from behind the counter, moving behind Mike. She
starts to MASSAGE his temples. Mike looks startled and very
uncomfortable.

Tamsin cuts her eyes to Frank who snickers quietly, turning
away.

Mike pats Vi on the wrist, shooing her off.

MIKE

Thanks. That's much better.

Vi giggles and happily retreats back behind the counter.
Frank turns back toward that counter, a plate of food in his
hand. He slides it in front of Mike who immediately digs in.

FRANK

How's Lon doing? Making any
progress in figuring out what that
thing we found last night is?

Mike smirks as he continues to stuff his face.

MIKE

If the swearing was any indication,
I'd say that's a negative.

(beat)

(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)

You know, for a snooty guy who dresses like a butler, he's got quit the dirty mouth.

The gang chuckles as TYLER enters from upstairs. He crosses the diner and approaches the counter. The tension between he and Frank is palpable.

TYLER

Hey guys.

Vi, Mike, and Tamsin greet Tyler. Frank nods, actually acknowledging his presence. Vi hands him a to-go cup of coffee. Tyler nods to her and turns to leave.

Tamsin looks at Frank sternly and nods toward Tyler. Frank sighs. He moves toward the door.

FRANK

Tyler, wait.

Tyler stops. He turns to face the approaching Frank, a cautious look on his face.

TYLER

What do you want?

FRANK

We need to talk.

TYLER

I'm going to be late for work.

(beat)

Oh, but wait, that's right. What I do isn't important so it doesn't matter if I'm late.

Frank's jaw sets as he tries not to lose his cool.

At the counter, Tamsin, Mike, and Vi watch anxiously.

FRANK

(firmly)

I didn't say that...

(beat)

...exactly.

TYLER

That's what it sounded like to me.

FRANK

(irritated; huff)

Stop being such a whiny little baby!

Tyler gives Frank a sarcastic smile.

TYLER
Thanks, Frank.

Tyler once again turns and heads for the door.

FRANK
(sigh)
Stop.

Tyler stops. He once again turns around to face Frank, an impatient look on his face.

FRANK (CONT'D)
(calmer)
Look. We're living under the same roof. We need to get a few things straightened out.

TYLER
That won't be a problem for much longer.

Frank cocks his eyebrow and takes a step closer.

FRANK
What do you mean?

TYLER
The landlord at the apartment complex called yesterday. My unit's finally ready. I'm moving in this weekend.

Frank's face falls.

FRANK
(beat)
If that's what you think is best.

TYLER
(shrugging)
Yeah.
(beat)
I gotta go.

Tyler turns away and walks to the door. He pushes it open and exits.

Frank turns and walks back to his spot behind the counter. He picks up a sponge and begins to wipe the counter as if nothing happened. Tamsin looks at him, open-mouthed in shocked disbelief.

TAMSIN
That's it?!

Frank looks up from his cleaning.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)
You're not going after him?

FRANK
(shrugging)
He seems to have his mind made up.

Tamsin crosses her arms and looks Frank up and down, a sneer on her face.

TAMSIN
(coolly)
Look at you. Butter wouldn't melt.
(beat; frustrated)
Sometimes you are such a....
stupid... macho... pig-headed...
git!

Vi and Mike stiffen and scoot back from the arguing pair. Vi moves around the counter to stand beside Mike.

FRANK
(defensively)
Hey! I'm not the one who's moving
out!

TAMSIN
You're the one who's pushing him
through the door!

Frank glares at Tamsin.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)
Don't you get it?! He's leaving!
You may never see him again! Is
this how you want to leave things?!

Frank is thrown by this statement. His features soften as a look of confusion crosses his face.

FRANK
I'm... well... Sure I'll see him
again.

TAMSIN
You don't know that, Frank. Things
happen all the time that are beyond
our control. You should realize
that working in this bloody place.
(MORE)

TAMSIN (CONT'D)

You think I expected to never see James again?!

Frank's expression softens further as tears come to Tamsin's eyes. She grabs her coat and purse and stands.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)

The time we share on this planet is precious. Don't waste it on petty squabbles just because you're too stubborn to swallow your pride.

FRANK

(softly)
I tried to talk to him.

TAMSIN

(sadly)
Not hard enough.

She turns and walks quickly to the door, flings it open, and makes a hasty exit.

Frank furrows his brow, staring at the counter as he contemplates what Tamsin said. Vi and Mike watch Frank, both not sure what to say.

MIKE

(tentatively)
Who's James?

Frank comes out of his fog. He moves closer to Vi and Mike.

FRANK

James Sinclair. Tamsin's husband.

Vi and Mike look to one another and then back to Frank.

FRANK (CONT'D)

He and Tamsin were part of Gamma Team stationed out of Stonehenge.

(beat)

About a year ago, they went out on what they thought was a routine mission. Got ambushed by a pack of Hell hounds. Only Tamsin made it out alive.

Vi looks on the verge of tears. Mike gives her a comforting pat on the back. She leans her head on his shoulder, snuggling into his chest. Mike rolls his eyes. Frank looks toward the door.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Crap!

(beat)

It was a year ago today. I should
have realized.

The three stand there in silence for a few beats. The diner's
phone RINGS. Frank walks over and answers it.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Frank's Diner.

(beat)

Oh, hey, Lon.

(beat)

I'll be down in a minute.

Frank hangs up the phone and then turns back to Mike and Vi,
Vi still clutching at Mike.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Sounds like Lon's got something on
that device.

He moves toward the kitchen. At the door, he pauses and looks
back at Mike and Vi.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Coming?

MIKE

We start classes today...

Mike glances at the clock which reads "7:50."

MIKE (CONT'D)

...which we should have left for
five minutes ago.

Frank shrugs and exits into the kitchen.

Vi is still hugging onto Mike.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Vi.

CU on Vi's face. She no longer looks upset. Quit the
opposite, in fact. She looks VERY happy.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Vi! We're late!

Vi snaps out of her bliss, Looking up, she gives Mike an
embarrassed grin.

The two grab their backpacks off the floor and head for the door.

VI

(sadly)

Frank and Tyler. And now Tamsin.
I'm not exactly big with the
"school spirit" right now.

MIKE

I know. But once you get to class,
all those sad feelings will melt
away and you'll be little Miss
Coed.

(pushing open the door)

Unless you accidentally signed up
that advanced puppy kicking course.

Mike exits, Vi right behind him.

VI

Advanced wha-?

The door closes as we:

CUT TO:

INT. COMMAND CENTRAL - LAB.

The camera PANS, giving us the layout of the Command Central laboratory area. It is an average-sized room complete with various laboratory equipment. On the right wall is a large glass window which looks into an isolation chamber.

LON stands at the window using a camera and a pair of remote-controlled arms to manipulate a fist-sized DEVICE currently inhabiting the chamber.

CU on the device. It appears to be a mix of organic and mechanical pieces. It's side is covered in some foreign language.

Lon takes note of some of the letters. He leaves the remote arms and moves to a table where several books are laid out. He starts to examine one of them. Frank enters the lab.

FRANK

What you got?

LON

(looking up from his book)

It's Gafell in origin.

(MORE)

LON (CONT'D)

The inscriptions on the side threw me at first, but I found this ancient text--

FRANK

What I meant to say was, "What is it?" Is it a weapon?

LON

(annoyed; under his breath)

Let's just cut to the chase, shall we?

Now it's Frank's turn to shoot Lon an annoyed look.

LON (CONT'D)

Very well, then.

(beat)

Yes... Or at least, I believe so. It would fit perfectly with what we know of the Gafell. They're an ancient warrior species. Battles between clans lasting several centuries have been well documented.

FRANK

What does it do?

LON

I haven't the foggiest.

Frank furrows his eyebrows.

LON (CONT'D)

The writing on the side would seem to indicate some sort of timer--

Frank moves to the remote arms. He grabs the controls.

CU on the device rocking unsteadily.

LON (CONT'D)

Careful! Those controls are very sensitive.

FRANK

(irritated)

You think I don't know how to operate this thing?! This is my God damn base!

Lon moves to stand closely beside Frank, watching as the mechanical arms manipulate the object.

CU on object with Frank and Lon watching in the background.

LON
(indicating)
The writing is just on the side
there.

Frank moves the control arms. The object slips out of the remote's grasp, hitting the floor of the room hard. Lon and Frank freeze. A beat passes and nothing happens.

LON (CONT'D)
I warned you about the controls!

FRANK
Don't take that tone with me!

Lon and Frank turn away from the object.

LON
This is so bloody typical of you
Initiative blokes!

CU on the artifact. It LIGHTS up.

LON (CONT'D)
Where there's the possibility of
discovering a new toy to wage war
with, you throw caution to the
wind!

The light on the object begins to flash.

FRANK
At least we're not namby-pamby know-
it-alls who want to get all touchy-
feely with every new type of demon
we discover!

The light on the object begins to flash quicker. It emits a high pitch whine. Frank and Lon slowly turn to see the object on the floor.

They turn to face each other again, matching anxious looks on their faces.

In unison, they run for the door.

CU of the object flashing quicker and brighter.

Frank and Lon are at the door when the object emits a circular pulse of blinding LIGHT which emanates out in all directions. The force BREAKS the glass window of the isolation room, spreading out causing electronic equipment to SHORT and light bulbs to BREAK. Lon and Frank are knocked to the floor as the room is bathed in blinding light.

Suddenly the light is gone. The room is black.

CU on the emergency lights as they kick on.

The camera PANS around the room. It's a mess. Equipment smoking, glass everywhere. The camera PULLS BACK to show the motionless bodies of Lon and Frank.

A tight shot of Lon and Frank as we:

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. MACROWARE - DAY.

Establishing shot of Macroware.

CUT TO:

INT. MACROWARE - LUNCHROOM - DAY.

Standing in line at the register is Tyler holding a tray of food. He glances over to a table where sit CHAD and MITCH. He pays for his food and walks a few feet, bumping into CALLIE FORD. Callie is 23, brown hair, glasses, attractive in a geeky/punk kind of way.

TYLER

Sorry! Are you okay? I...

Looking at Callie, Tyler becomes tongue-tied.

TYLER (CONT'D)

I... I...

CALLIE

Nothing dented. I don't think we need to involve the police.

Tyler looks confused.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

You know, 'cause we crashed.

Tyler still can't form words.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

Ooo-kay...

Tyler struggles to speak, but only manages to move his lips. Callie gives him an amused smile.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

See you around, Speed Racer.

She gives him a friendly wink, turns, and walks away. Once Callie is several feet away, Tyler once again finds his voice.

TYLER

(loudly)

I'm Tyler! My name's Tyler!

People close to him turn and give him a funny look. Callie laughs lightly to herself and keeps walking.

Having embarrassed himself, Tyler hangs his head and walks over to his table. Chad and Mitch look sympathetically at him, having seen the awkward event that just unfolded.

CHAD

Oh, I feel your pain, bro. You're not the first lonely nerd to be dumb struck by the awesomeness that is Callie Ford.

Tyler looks up to see Callie across the room talking and laughing with some friends. She glances over at him. He quickly looks away.

TYLER

(unconvincingly)
She's okay, I guess.

CHAD

Who are you trying to kid, Newbie? She's a geek's wet dream! Not only is she hot, she can quote "Star Wars", build a computer from scratch, and frag your ass at Halo!
(beat)
And she is so out of your league.

Tyler rolls his eyes.

CHAD (CONT'D)

(bragging)
Not mine of course, but she's not my type.

MITCH

(amused)
Oh, really? Do enlighten us. What kind of woman is lucky enough to attract the attention of Chad Warchuck?

CHAD

I prefer my dames to be like chickens.

Mitch and Tyler give Chad a questioning look.

CHAD (CONT'D)

Tender thighs, juicy breast, and brain dead from the neck up.

MITCH
 (with mock surprise)
 And you're still single?

CHAD
 That is by choice, man!

Mitch and Tyler chuckle.

TYLER
 (glancing back at Callie)
 Doesn't matter anyway. With the way
 my home life is going, I don't
 think I'd be much fun on a date.

CHAD
 Still fighting with your uncle?

TYLER
 Yeah.
 (beat)
 He just doesn't respect me. He is
 so--

CHAD
 (butting in)
 So the big moving party still on
 for Saturday?

Tyler slumps in his chair, and nods.

CHAD (CONT'D)
 Sweet!

Tyler turns to Chad, an incredulous look on his face.

TYLER
 What!?

CHAD
 No! Listen to me, Newbie! This is
 perfect. Not only do chicks love a
 guy whose got his own place, which
 face it, in this Kaminoan clone
 factory is as rare as snow on
 Tatooine, it's gonna show your
 uncle that you 'da man!

Tyler looks less than convinced.

TYLER
 How's that?

CHAD

Once he sees that you don't need
him, he'll come crawling back.

(beat)

This technique also works with
girls.

Mitch rolls his eyes as Tyler gives Chad an uncertain look.

CHAD (CONT'D)

Trust me, noobs.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMAND CENTRAL - LAB - AFTERNOON.

CU on Frank's closed eye.

CHAD (V.O.)

He's about to get a serious wake-up
call.

Frank's eye snaps open. He sits up. His hair is messed up. He
has a cut on his left temple, and his shirt has a few rips.

He turns to locate Lon, who lying to his left, unconscious on
the floor. He reaches out his left hand and nudges Lon's
foot.

FRANK

Lon?

Lon gives no response. Frank nudges again.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Lon?

Still no response from. Frank hits Lon's foot hard.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Lon!

Lon sits up, startled.

LON

Coming Father! I...

Lon blinks his eyes and looks around for a beat, getting his
bearings.

LON (CONT'D)

Oh... yes.

FRANK

You okay?

Lon pats himself down. He has a few small cuts on his face and looks a little roughed up.

LON

Other than the fact that I'm lying on the floor covered in glass, it would appear so.

FRANK

Good.

Frank glances at his watch and then to the demon device still laying on the floor. He rubs his head.

FRANK (CONT'D)

That thing must be some sort of stun grenade. We've been out for hours.

Frank stands. He offers a hand to Lon who takes it and pulls himself up. Frank and Lon look around, surveying the damage.

The camera PANS to show broken glass and damaged equipment.

Frank's gaze lands on Lon, turning into a glaring scowl. Lon turns to notice Frank's expression.

LON

What?

(beat)

Oh! You can't seriously think this was my fault!

Frank's eyes narrow.

LON (CONT'D)

You're the one who dropped the artifact!

FRANK

You were crowding me! And those arms should have been re-calibrated months ago!

The two men glare at each other for a few seconds.

LON

Placing blame is getting us nowhere.

FRANK
(nodding)
You're right. Stay here and salvage
what data you can. I'll check the
rest of the base for damage.

Lon nods. Frank walks to the door and exits. As soon as he
leaves-

LON
(quietly)
Butterfingers.

FRANK (O.S.)
I heard that!

Lon grimaces as we:

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - AFTERNOON.

Vi and Mike walk in the door carrying backpacks.

MIKE
I wonder what Frank's got on the
grill. I'm starving!

VI
You're always starving.

Mike takes a big sniff and frowns.

MIKE
(annoyed)
I don't smell any food cooking!

At that moment Frank exits from the kitchen.

FRANK
I'm afraid you'll have to fend for
yourselves.

Vi and Mike turn to Frank. They immediately notice his
disheveled appearance.

MIKE
Dude! What happened to you?

FRANK
Little mishap with that device we
found last night.

VI
Are you okay?

FRANK
Yeah, but the lab's a wreck. Lon's
down there trying to straighten
things out.

VI
Does he need a hand?

FRANK
Nah. He lives for stuff like that.
Besides, it was his fault anyway.

The bell over the door chimes as Tamsin enters. Frank and Tamsin lock eyes for a second. Frank gives her an apologetic smile. She approaches the counter.

TAMSIN
(to Frank)
Alright.

FRANK
Hey.

Mike nods for Vi to follow him into the kitchen. She gladly follows.

TAMSIN
(deadpan)
You look like crap.

A beat passes between them. The corners of Tamsin's mouth turn up into a grin. Frank grins back.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS.

Mike and Vi are busy eating potato chips. The refrigerator is moved back, revealing the stairwell to the secret base. From the stairs, Lon enters. They both nod to him.

LON
I assume you know about the
accident.

The pair nod their affirmatives while they continue to eat.

LON (CONT'D)
Oh! Please don't let me interrupt
you then.
(MORE)

LON (CONT'D)
 Carry on stuffing your faces with
 crisps. I'll just get back to work
 then, shall I?

Lon pushes open the kitchen door, exiting out into the diner.
 Vi looks at Mike. He gives a nonchalant shrug and stuffs
 another handful of chips into his mouth.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - CONTINUOUS.

Lon enters from the kitchen, talking as he walks in.

LON
 Frank! We're in trouble! That
 device...

Tamsin and Frank are at the far end of the counter talking.
 Tamsin turns around to see her brother. A look of fear
 crosses his face.

LON (CONT'D)
 (chilly)
 Oh, dear God.

Lon stops dead in his tracks. He grabs his head as if he is
 in agony.

Tamsin rushes toward him. Lon holds up his hand.

LON (CONT'D)
 Get away!

Shocked, Tamsin stops.

FRANK
 Lon!

Lon shakes his head and blinks his eyes. He lowers his hands,
 seemingly okay.

LON
 (calmly)
 Headache. I'm alright now.

Frank eyes Lon suspiciously for a beat.

TAMSIN
 It's been a long day. Why don't you
 sit and rest for a bit?

LON
 (firmly)
 I said...

Lon looks at Tamsin, his eyes are cold and empty.

LON (CONT'D)
 ...that I'm okay!

Lon LEAPS at Tamsin. His hands wrap around her throat. He stares at her intently as he tries to CHOKE her. Shocked, Tamsin grabs at his hands as she gasps for air.

Frank leaps into action. He GRABS Lon's left arm, trying to pull him off Tamsin. In a quick motion, Lon lets go of Tamsin's throat with his left hand and, with seemingly super human strength, THRUSTS his elbow back, connecting with Frank's nose.

Frank stumbles back, tripping and falling to the floor. Lon immediately returns his hand to Tamsin's neck. Tamsin is turning red as she continues to struggle.

The kitchen door opens as Mike and Vi enter, Mike still carrying the bag of chips.

VI
 What's all the ruckus?

Seeing the situation, Vi runs over to Lon. She grabs his arms and jerks them from Tamsin's neck. Tamsin sucks in a huge breath and begins to pant.

Lon angrily tries to escape Vi's grip to get back to Tamsin.

LON
 Let me go!

Frank picks himself off the floor.

LON (CONT'D)
 Let me go!

FRANK
 (to Vi)
 Take him to the brig!

Vi nods and drags Lon through the kitchen door.

CU on Tamsin, stunned, she rubs at her throat.

CU on Frank with a concerned look on his face.

CU on Mike as he crunches on a mouthful of chips.

Frank moves to comfort Tamsin. He takes her in his arms and gives her a big hug.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You okay?

Tamsin pushes back a little, looking Frank in the face.

TAMSIN

Of course I'm not okay! My brother just tried to bloody kill me!

(beat)

It's that infernal device. He was trying to warn us.

Frank's brow furrows.

FRANK

I don't get it. Why all of the sudden? I've been with him for hours... and nothing. Aside from the usual whining and complaining.

Tamsin starts to cry softly. Frank again hugs her tightly.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Hey. Hey. It's gonna be okay. We'll find a way to fix this thing. He's family. We don't give up on family.

Tamsin pulls back, her teary eyes looking up at Frank.

TAMSIN

You mean that?

An embarrassed look comes to Frank's face as he understands the meaning of Tamsin's words.

FRANK

(sincerely)

Yeah.

(beat)

You were right about me this morning. I don't want Tyler to leave. I was just being a...

TAMSIN

(lightly smiling)

Stupid, macho, pig-headed, git?

FRANK

(small chuckle)

Something like that. And you were right to call me on it.

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)
I'll make things right. Even if I
have to sit on him to make him
listen to me.

Through the window, Tamsin sees Tyler approaching.

TAMSIN
(nodding toward the door)
Talk of the devil.

The BELL over the door rings as Tyler enters.

Tamsin gives Frank a pat on the chest.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)
I'll see you downstairs in a bit.

She walks a couple of feet toward the kitchen and turns back to Frank.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)
Good luck.

Frank gives her a slight smile as she turns back and continues on into the kitchen.

Mike, who is still eating chips, runs to Tyler.

MIKE
Dude! You totally missed it. Mr.
Belvedere just freaked out and
tried to off his sister.

TYLER
(confused)
Huh?

Frank approaches. He unceremoniously nudges Mike out of the way.

FRANK
(to Tyler)
We really need to talk.

TYLER
(turning away from Frank)
Frank. We've been over this.

Frank winces, touching his hand to his forehead. Mike cocks his eyebrow at Frank.

FRANK
(to Tyler)
You need to listen to what I have
to say.

Frank winces again grabbing his head with both hands.

TYLER
Fine.

Tyler turns to face Frank. Frank smiles. Suddenly, he rears
back and PUNCHES Tyler.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. FRANK'S DINER - EARLY EVENING.

Tyler rocks back as Frank's fist makes contact with his jaw.

Mike LEAPS at Frank, knocking him off his feet. The two ROLL to the floor.

Dazed, Tyler steadies himself by grabbing a table.

Frank THROWS Mike off of him and jumps to his feet.

TYLER

(rubbing his jaw)

What the Hell's wrong with you?!
I'm already moving out! You don't
have to get physical.

MIKE

(to Tyler)

Dude! He's gone crazy! Just like
Lon!

Tyler looks to Mike and then back at Frank, an unsure look on his face.

FRANK

(overly friendly)

Don't listen to him, kiddo. Come
here and give your uncle a big hug.

Mike stands.

MIKE

(to Frank; threatening)

Get away from him!

FRANK

(sarcastically)

Or what? You gonna mousse me to
death?

MIKE

(frowning; defensively)

It's not mousse... it's pomade.
And... no.

Frank smirks as Mike looks frantically around the diner. He spots a fire extinguisher on the wall a few feet away. Squinting his eyes, he reaches his hand out to it. The extinguisher starts to shake. Frank turns toward the sound. Suddenly, it magically comes off the wall mount. It FLIES about a foot, only to suddenly fall to the ground.

Frank turns back to Mike, an evil smile on his face. Mike shrugs his shoulders and gives a sheepish grin. In a flash, Frank grabs a chair and SMASHES it over Mike. The chair explodes into pieces as Mike hits the ground unconscious.

Tyler is frozen in place with shock. Frank turns his attention back to Tyler.

FRANK

Where were we? Oh, yeah. I was just about to kill you.

Frank runs at Tyler. Tyler runs up the stairs toward the upstairs apartment. Frank follows, but as he passes the door, he flips the sign to "closed", pulls out his keys and locks it.

He crosses over to the counter. Laying his keys down, he reaches behind the bar and pulls out a large KNIFE. He turns back to the stairwell and continues up the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS.

Holding the knife in front of him, Frank creeps slowly up the stairs which lead into the apartment's hallway. It's four doors, two on each side, are shut.

FRANK

(singsong)

Come out, come out, wherever you are.

Frank slowly approaches the first of the hallway's doors. He reaches out and grabs the knob and slowly twist.

Knife in front, he throws open the door.

Camera shot of Vi's empty bedroom.

Frank looks into the room for a second then moves on to the opposite wall to door #2.

Again, he reaches out slowly, grabs the knob, and throws the door open.

Camera shot of the empty bathroom.

Frank again moves to the opposite side of the hall to door #3. He throws the door open.

CUT TO:

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

Tyler, holding the FUTON mattress in front of himself as a shield, charges Frank.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS.

Frank slashes at Tyler with the knife, cutting the futon. Stuffing spills out, but it serves as adequate enough protection to allow Tyler to KNOCK Frank forcibly back into the wall.

Frank hits the wall hard, knocking framed pictures off the wall with a loud CRASH. The knife goes flying out of his hand as he goes down, stunned. Tyler runs back down the stairs.

INT. FRANK'S DINER - CONTINUOUS.

TYLER tumbles urgently down the stairs, his face a mask of desperation.

Glancing quickly over his shoulder for Frank, he runs toward the front door. He pushes it. Locked! Hearing footsteps on the stairs, he darts toward the kitchen.

Instead, he doubles back and dives under one of the booths' tables.

Frank enters from the stairwell, slowly walking across the diner. He pauses briefly to glance down at the motionless figure of Mike as he passes.

Tyler holds his breath as Frank stops in front of his table. CU on Tyler's terrified face. His eyes dart to an object on the counter.

CU on a set of keys laying on the counter top.

Frank looks round the diner for any sign of Tyler. Something catches his eye. In the mirrored surface of a metal napkin dispenser sitting on the counter, he sees movement behind him.

Frank pivots at the waist and looks down.

Under the table, he sees Tyler's feet as he attempts to pull them in closer.

A small grin crosses Frank's face. He continues on toward the kitchen. Once directly out of Tyler's line of site, he pushes open the kitchen door.

Instead of entering the kitchen, Frank quietly doubles back behind the booth Tyler is hiding under.

Tyler quickly crawls out from under the table and grabs the keys from off the counter. He moves quickly to Mike, stooping beside his fallen friend.

OVER THE SHOULDER shot of Frank as he watches Tyler from behind.

Tyler grabs Mike by the arm and pulls him into a standing position.

With his unconscious friend's arm over his shoulder, Tyler quickly turns to head for the door. He runs smack into Frank who is now standing right in front of him.

Frank smiles at his nephew.

An expression of fear crosses Tyler's face.

Frank's smile turns into a cruel snarl as he lunges at Tyler.

Tyler dodges to his left and runs past Frank with Mike in tow. Frank turns and GRABS Mike by the shoulder, spinning the duo around.

Frank PUNCHES Tyler hard in the face. Tyler grabs his nose, dropping Mike to the floor in the process.

Frank rears back for another punch, but Tyler is quick to react and KICKS him in the groin. Frank goes down hard.

Tyler glances from Frank lying on the floor in pain to Mike lying motionless.

TYLER
(to Mike)
Sorry, bud.

Tyler turns to run from Frank, but Frank grabs him by his ankle. Tyler falls to the ground. In a flash, Frank is on top of him.

They roll to the right, slamming into a table. The table's legs crumple causing it to turn on its side. Silverware, ketchup bottles, and metal napkin dispensers hit the floor, raining down on the two as they fight.

Tyler rolls on top of Frank as they struggle.

TYLER (CONT'D)
Frank!

Frank stares up at Tyler, his eyes cold.

Frank rolls on top of Tyler, pinning his nephew to the floor.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Frank! Please!

Frank's only response is to give a chilly laugh.

TYLER (CONT'D)

You don't want to do this!

Mike's eyes flutter open. His brow furrows.

FRANK

But it's so much fun!

Tyler appears to be on the verge of tears as Frank continues to hold him down.

TYLER

Uncle Frank! Please! Stop!

FRANK

Okay. I'll stop.

(beat)

Right after this.

Frank reaches out and picks up one of the fallen napkin dispensers. He raises it high. Tyler's eyes widen with fear.

Frank slams the object towards Tyler's head. Suddenly, a foot KICKS the napkin dispenser out of Frank's hand. Frank quickly turns to see who is there.

Above the two stands Mike, fire extinguisher in hand. Before Frank can react, Mike SWINGS the apparatus down at his head, striking Frank in the temple.

Frank rolls off Tyler, slumping on the floor unconscious.

Mike throws the fire extinguisher down. He looks down at Frank. Tyler looks up at Mike.

TYLER

(gratefully)

Thanks.

Mike offers Tyler his hand. Tyler grabs it and is pulled into a standing position.

MIKE

(nodding)

Nobody messes with my best bud.

Mike give Tyler a wink and an affectionate punch in the arm.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Besides...

(looking down at Frank)

...bitch hit me with a chair.

Tyler also looks down at Frank, nodding, as we:

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. COMMAND CENTRAL - MEDICAL BAY - LATER.

The medical bay is very similar in appearance to the lab room where the explosion occurred. It is filled with high-tech medical equipment and two beds.

Lon, bound by restraints and looking very agitated, lies on one bed. Frank, still unconscious, lies on the other. Each of the two have electrodes attached to his head.

Tamsin walks over to Frank with a syringe in hand.

Tyler, Mike, and Vi watch anxiously.

Tamsin turns away from Frank, her syringe now full of blood.

FADE TO:

MONTAGE

ON a CENTRIFUGE as it spins blood.

ON Tamsin as she drops blood onto a slide, puts it on a MICROSCOPE and studies it.

ON Tyler who is looking on, an anxious look on his face.

ON Mike as he approaches Tyler and gives him a friendly pat on the shoulder.

ON Vi as she escorts the now conscious Frank into the holding cell already occupied by Lon.

END MONTAGE

FADE TO:

INT. COMMAND CENTRAL - MEDICAL BAY - LATER.

Tamsin studies a set of brain scans on a computer screen in front of her. Mike, Tyler, and Vi stand behind her.

TAMSIN

No sign of concussion or brain damage as far as I can tell. I'm no doctor, after all. But according to the computer, there's doesn't appear to be anything wrong with them physically.

(beat)

Other than the rather large bump on Frank's head.

Mike gives a sheepish grin.

VI

So why did they go postal?

Tamsin hits a button and the image changes a picture of the demon device.

TAMSIN

From what I could piece together of Lon's post-detonation data, the device programs its victims with homicidal intentions toward anyone who shares a similar DNA structure.

Mike, Tyler, and Vi look uneasy.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)

That's why Lon attacked me and Frank went after Tyler.

MIKE

He wasn't exactly "first-time" gentle with me either.

TAMSIN

I'd suspect that's only because you got in his way.

TYLER

(to Mike)

Thanks again for that, by the way.

Mike smirks in Tyler's direction.

TAMSIN

It's a brilliant concept. Why engage in battle with an enemy clan when you can get them to wipe themselves out.

Tamsin hits another button. Now appearing on the screen is live video of Lon and Frank in a holding cell.

In the foreground, Lon paces around like a caged tiger while in the background, Frank simply leans, hands behind his back, on the wall next to the cell door. The lower corner of the screen displays in small letters "Recording".

TAMSIN (CONT'D)

Now that we know what we're dealing with, we just have to find out how to reverse it... or things may be a bit awkward come the next family reunion.

CU on the monitor displaying Lon and Frank.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMAND CENTRAL - HOLDING CELL - CONTINUOUS.

Lon continues to pace back and forth.

LON

(talking to himself;
annoyed)

This is utterly ridiculous. I shouldn't be in here. How do they expect to solve this without me? I'm the smart one! Who are they? A freakishly strong girl and an irrational, annoying, air-headed poof, that's who! And Tamsin, she... Tamsin....

Lon stops walking. A look of pure hatred comes to his face. His eye twitches. It passes and he resumes pacing.

LON (CONT'D)

I shouldn't be in here...

His monologue fades as the camera PANS over to Frank still leaning calmly against the wall, hands behind his back.

The camera PANS behind him. CU on his hands. Hidden from the surveillance camera's view, he has an access panel open and is twisting wires around.

A cold grin comes to Frank's face as we:

CUT TO:

INT. COMMAND CENTRAL - MEDICAL BAY - LATER.

Tamsin is looking at the books that Lon was studying earlier.

Tyler is looking at the monitor watching Lon and Frank. Vi sits in a chair looking board.

TAMSIN

Damn!

She slams the book closed causing Vi and Tyler to jump.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)

I wish I'd taken that refresher course in ancient languages as Lon suggested.

Vi cocks her eyebrow at Tamsin.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)

(to Vi)

Tell him I said that and I'll deny it.

Mike enters rubbing his temples. All eyes turn to him, hopeful expressions on their faces.

MIKE

Kat and the PTB posse were their usual helpful selves. So, in other words...

(shrugging)

...I got nuttin'.

TAMSIN

(slight chuckle)

At this point Lon would ostracize you for your horrid use of the English language.

A sad look crosses Tamsin's face. Her lip quivers. She turns away from the group.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)

(irritated)

I can't do this.

In an instant, Vi is standing at her side.

VI

Don't say that! You're doing great!

Tamsin shakes her head and gives a sarcastic chuckle.

TAMSIN

Am I? You bloody well could have fooled me!

(beat)

(MORE)

TAMSIN (CONT'D)

The funny thing is that I've always wanted to do this, ever since I was girl. Father's stories of demons and vampires made it seem so exciting.

(beat)

But truth is, as a Watcher, I'm absolute pants.

Mike and Tyler move closer.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)

(almost to herself)

The moldy books, the prophecies... None of that every really meant anything to me. It was the action and intrigue of it all that attracted me. Lon's the clever one, even if Father never saw it. He's the one who should be here.

(dropping her head)

Not me.

Vi approaches Tamsin, reaching for her as if she is about to hug her. Instead, Vi suddenly GRABS her by the shoulders, spins her around, and gives her a big SHAKE.

VI

Look, sister! You might be a sucky Watcher, but you're the best we've got! So shut down this pity party and get back to work!

Stunned looks all around. Tamsin slowly starts to smile. Her smile turns into a grin and then a laugh. Vi also starts to laugh. They are soon joined by Tyler and Mike.

TAMSIN

(chuckling)

Nice pep talk.

VI

(shrugging)

You pick up a few things being a Slayer.

MIKE

(to Vi)

I was beginning to think that the device had affected you too.

TAMSIN

It doesn't work that way. It tunes into your...

Tamsin's pauses. A light bulb goes off in her head.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)
The device! Where is it?

Vi and Mike look at each other, confused.

VI
Still in the lab?

TAMSIN
Get it! Carefully!

Vi and Mike once again look at each other as we:

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. COMMAND CENTRAL - MEDICAL BAY - LATER.

CU on the device sitting on a tray. The camera PANS left to a monitor where a 3-D model of the artifact is displayed.

TAMSIN
As I suspected. The device is still active. It's emitting a low frequency pulse.

MIKE
What's that mean?

TAMSIN
That maybe the device doesn't program it's victims...

Tyler catches on to what Tamsin is suggesting.

TYLER
It controls them.

Tamsin nods.

MIKE
I can't believe Lon missed that.

TAMSIN
That's because he doesn't think "military." The effects may be mystical, but the device is mechanical.

VI
(excited)
Great! So all we have to do is destroy it and they'll be okay!
(MORE)

VI (CONT'D)

(beat)
Right?

Tamsin looks uncertain. She presses a button on the console changing the screen's picture back to the video of the holding cell.

TAMSIN

In theory. But it seems to be impervious. Nothing I've tried has even made a dent in it.

The gang ponder as we:

CUT TO:

INT. COMMAND CENTRAL - HOLDING CELL - CONTINUOUS.

Lon continues to pace as the camera moves to Frank who is still against the wall.

CU on Frank's hands. He touches a few wires together. They SPARK. Frank winces. He touches another set of wires together.

He looks up to the surveillance camera. On it, a light turns from green to red. Frank gives a big smile as we:

CUT TO:

INT. COMMAND CENTRAL - MEDICAL LAB - CONTINUOUS.

The gang continues to talk indistinctly. On the monitor the picture displaying the holding cell briefly flickers. The "Recording" in the corner changes to "Playback". Lon and Frank appear to be unchanged.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMAND CENTRAL - HOLDING CELL - CONTINUOUS.

Frank moves away from the wall and ducks down by the open access panel. He pulls out a bundle of wires as we:

CUT TO:

INT. COMMAND CENTRAL - MEDICAL LAB - LATER.

The gang is still debating how to destroy the device while the monitor continues to playback the recorded video of Lon and Frank.

TYLER

(shaking his head)
Fire, acid... The only thing we
haven't tried is hitting it with a
big hammer.

Vi perks up. A smile comes to her face.

VI

That's it!

MIKE

(cocking his eyebrow;
skeptical)
A big hammer?

VI

(nodding excitedly)
Yeah!
(beat)
A troll god hammer!

TAMSIN

You've got a troll god hammer?

VI

(matter-of-factly)
Yeah, upstairs. In my room.

Vi jumps up and heads toward the door.

VI (CONT'D)

(flirty)
Would you help me get it, Mike?

MIKE

(warily)
Um... Sure.

Mike rolls his eyes as the two exit. Tyler and Tamsin chuckle.

TAMSIN

He's going to have to have an
awkward talk with her soon.

TYLER

How can she not know? I mean...
it's Mike. Come on! He's not
exactly subtle.

TAMSIN

(laughing lightly)

Living with only women for the past five years may have honed her fighting skills, but would seem to have completely shorted out her "gaydar."

(beat)

I'd break the news to her myself, but I'm afraid that I just don't have Lon's tact.

Tamsin looks to the screen displaying Lon and Frank. Her face falls slightly. Tyler turns to the monitor and gives Tamsin a reassuring pat on the arm.

TYLER

This will all be over soon.

FRANK (V.O.)

Sooner than you think, kiddo.

Tamsin and Tyler spin toward the voice to see Frank and Lon standing in the doorway. Frank and Lon smile cruelly as we:

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. COMMAND CENTRAL - MEDICAL BAY.

Lon and Frank stand in the doorway. Tyler and Tamsin wear identical shocked expressions.

Tyler looks back and forth several times between the monitor, which still displays an image of Lon and Frank in the holding cell, and the live Lon and Frank actually standing before him.

TYLER
(confused)
But you can't... you're... How?

Frank and Lon take a step forward.

FRANK
This is my base, kiddo! You think I don't know how to bypass a few systems?

Tamsin grabs Tyler's arm and pulls him back toward her.

TAMSIN
(calmly; to Lon and Frank)
You don't have to do this.

Tamsin guides Tyler around one of the medical beds so that it stands between them and Frank and Lon.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)
We've think we've got a cure.

Frank takes another step closer to Tyler and Tamsin.

FRANK
Only one cure we need, baby.

Lon moves closer. Frank brings his hands up and cracks his knuckles. They move in closer to Tamsin and Tyler.

Suddenly, Tamsin PUSHES the bed into Frank and Lon, knocking them off balance. She grabs Tyler by the hand and pulls him out the door.

INT. COMMAND CENTRAL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS.

Frank and Lon rush at the door as Tamsin slams it shut. Frank and Lon start to push it open, but Tyler throws his weight up against it and forcing it shut.

Tamsin quickly hits the control panel. The door clicks locked. Lon and Frank can be heard beating on it from the inside.

TAMSIN

That's not going to hold them for long. Let's go.

They run out of frame as we:

CUT TO:

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

Vi is digging in a large opened trunk which is pulled halfway out of her closet. Laying across her bed are various swords, knives, and assorted weapons. They look quite out of place in the girly context of Vi's bedroom. Mike looks on with an amused smirk.

VI

(to herself)

I know it's in here somewhere...

MIKE

(chuckle)

Remind me never to piss you off.

VI

(looking up)

Huh? Oh, this? This is nothing. The hardcore stuff is downstairs.

(beat)

These all have semimetal value.

Vi picks stands and picks up a long sword.

VI (CONT'D)

See this? This was my first sword. Isn't it pretty?

Without waiting for an answer, she lays it back down and picks up a mace.

VI (CONT'D)

(nostalgically)

I killed a Slavlar demon with this in England. I love it there, all the castles. It's so romantic.

Mike picks up a brick that is laying among the weapons. Vi drops the mace on the bed.

VI (CONT'D)

Oh! That's from the night I got my first kiss.

(dreamingly)

John DiMarco.

MIKE

(perking up)

A hottie?

VI

Oh yeah!

(beat)

At least until he tried to eat me.

Mike gives Vi a double take and gives a nervous chuckle.

MIKE

I'm no expert, but I thought most girls liked that.

VI

(looking confused)

No. That's why I beat his skull in with that.

Startled, Mike drops the brick on the bed.

VI (CONT'D)

(deadpan)

He was a zombie. Didn't I mention that?

(hitting herself in the head with her hand)

I always forget to mention that.

Mike starts to chuckle.

VI (CONT'D)

(firmly)

Well, he wasn't a zombie when we made out! That kiss still counts!

Mike laughs harder as Vi looks down back down at her trunk.

VI (CONT'D)

(happily)

There it is!

She reaches in and pulls out a large hammer as we:

CUT TO:

INT. COMMAND CENTRAL - COMMAND/ORB ROOM.

Tamsin and Tyler run frantically to the exit. Tamsin hits the control panel. The door remains closed.

TAMSIN
We're locked in!

Tamsin turns to Tyler and takes his hands.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)
Here's the plan. We hold them off until Vi and Mike get back. You take Lon, I'll take Frank.

TYLER
(squinting his eyes)
I don't understand. Why--

TAMSIN
I'm trained. I can hold Frank off. Plus, wouldn't you rather fight the one who is not actually trying to kill you?

Tyler ponders this for a second.

TYLER
(emphatically)
Good plan.

Frank and Lon enter.

LON
Someone's thought up a little plan. How quaint.

TYLER
Look! We don't want to fight you!

FRANK
Good. Then this won't take long.

Frank lunges at Tyler, but Tamsin intercepts him and PUNCHES him in the gut.

Lon goes after her, but Tyler steps between them and SHOULDERS Lon in the chest knocking him down.

Tamsin and Tyler stand at the ready as Frank and Lon regroup.

FRANK (CONT'D)
So this is how it's gonna be.
(turning to Lon)
(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

Hey Lon. Do me a favor and kill that little runt of a nephew of mine.

LON

Only if you kill that bitch who calls herself my sister.

FRANK

(politely)

Sure. What are friends for?

Tyler and Tamsin exchange uneasy looks. Suddenly, Frank and Lon attack.

Frank SWINGS at Tamsin. She manages to BLOCK the blow and returns with a PUNCH to the jaw. Frank rocks back, but KICKS Tamsin in the gut, sending her flying across the room.

Lon PUNCHES Tyler in the face. Tyler PUNCHES him back. Lon JUMPS at Tyler, knocking him to the ground. The two roll around as they continue to PUNCH each other.

Tamsin JUMPS up just in time to block another attack by Frank. She PUNCHES him in the throat. Frank gasps.

Lon sits on top of Tyler, PUNCHING him. Tyler KICKS his leg up, knocking Lon off.

Frank GRABS Tamsin by the throat and starts to choke her.

Lon jumps up and KICKS Tyler in the gut.

There is a loud bang at the door while the fighting continues.

Another bang. The door rattles. Everyone freezes and looks toward the sound.

The door FLIES off it's hinges. Standing there is Vi, the troll hammer in her hand. Mike stands behind her.

Lon and Frank double their efforts to kill their partners.

Vi moves to intercede, but Mike grabs her arm.

MIKE

Destroy the device! I'll handle this.

Vi runs off toward the Med Lab. Mike approaches Lon, who is still kicking Tyler. Mike gives Lon a chop to the neck and drops Lon to the ground.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMAND CENTRAL - MEDICAL LAB - CONTINUOUS.

Vi enters the lab. She grabs the tray containing the device. Turning, she trips. The device flies off the tray, hits the floor and rolls under a cart full of equipment. Vi gasp.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMAND CENTRAL - COMMAND/ORB ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

Mike turns to face Frank. Frank whips Tamsin around, holding her by the throat.

FRANK
(to Mike)
Stay back. I'll snap her neck.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMAND CENTRAL - MEDICAL LAB - CONTINUOUS.

Vi lies on the floor, her arm under the cart up to the shoulder, frantically trying to grab the device which is just out of her reach.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMAND CENTRAL - COMMAND/ORB ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

MIKE
Let her go!

FRANK
(sarcastically)
Or what?

CUT TO:

INT. COMMAND CENTRAL - MEDICAL LAB - CONTINUOUS.

Vi's finger wrap around the device.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMAND CENTRAL - COMMAND/ORB ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

Mike looks around the control room. He spots a fire extinguisher on the wall. He reaches his hand out toward it.

Frank follows his gaze and watches as the extinguisher starts to shake.

FRANK
(chuckle)
Didn't we play this game already?

MIKE
(with a smirk)
New rules.

Tamsin takes advantage of Frank's distraction and ELBOW him in the gut. He doubles over from the blow, letting Tamsin go. She moves out of the way.

Mike flicks his hand causing the extinguisher to jump off the wall.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMAND CENTRAL - MEDICAL LAB - CONTINUOUS.

The device on the floor in front of her, Vi raises the hammer.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMAND CENTRAL - COMMAND/ORB ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

Frank looks up just in time to see the extinguisher flying at his face. Unable to react quick enough, it SMACKS him in the head, knocking him to the ground. He looks up at Mike, dazed and confused.

MIKE
Saw Kat again this afternoon. Got her to top me off. She says "Hi."

CUT TO:

INT. COMMAND CENTRAL - MEDICAL LAB - CONTINUOUS.

Vi slams the troll hammer down on the demon device. It burst into a million pieces.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMAND CENTRAL - COMMAND/ORB ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

Frank and Lon blink their eyes and shake their heads.

Lon looks to Tamsin, eyes full of regret.

LON

Tamsin...

Seeing the change in his eyes, Tamsin runs to him.

Frank looks to Tyler, an ashamed expression on his face.

Tamsin helps Lon to his feet and they embrace. Suddenly, she pushes away and SLAPS him. Lon looks shocked.

TAMSIN

That's for calling me a bitch!

She smiles at him and gives him another hug.

Tyler and Mike help Frank to stand. Tyler and Frank avoid each other's eyes as we:

FADE TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - AFTERNOON.

Frank is behind the counter with Vi. Tamsin, and Mike sit at the counter, plates of food in front of them.

TAMSIN

I tell you, this "guilt thing" is brill. In the past three days, he's cleaned my bath, stocked the cupboards with my favorite foods, and picked up my dry-cleaning.

(beat)

If I'd realized it was that easy, I'd have gotten him to try to kill me years ago.

The gang chuckle.

FRANK

I wish Tyler was so easily won over.

TAMSIN

He seemed okay at the funeral we had for Mr. Lumpy.

FRANK

Yeah. But before he left for work this morning, he moved all his boxes into the hallway.

TAMSIN

So the move's still on?

(firmly)

(MORE)

TAMSIN (CONT'D)

I thought you were going to work things out.

FRANK

(winking)

Don't worry. I've got a plan.

(looking to Mike and then to Vi)

Right guys?

Vi and Mike both nod their affirmatives.

The bell over the door rings as Tyler enters. He approaches the counter.

TYLER

Hey, guys.

There is still some tension between Tyler and Frank in the air, but the mood is much lighter than before as all nod in his direction and greet him.

FRANK

(to Tyler)

Burger?

TYLER

Sure.

TAMSIN

(to Tyler)

Frank tells me that you're all ready for the big move tomorrow.

TYLER

(shrugging)

Yeah. I guess.

TAMSIN

You don't sound too sure.

TYLER

I just... I hate unpacking.

FRANK

Don't we all!

Mike and Vi emphatically nod and chime up in agreement. Tyler gives them a strange look.

TYLER

Okay...

(motioning toward the stairs)

(MORE)

TYLER (CONT'D)
I'm just going to go upstairs and
clean up before I eat.

Tyler gives them another odd look and exits up the stairs.

TAMSIN
(to Frank)
What was that all about?

FRANK
(grinning)
Wait for it.

Tamsin looks confused for several seconds until...

TYLER (O.S.)
What the Hell!?

FRANK
(grinning wider)
There it is.

Vi and Mike laugh.

TAMSIN
(confused)
Someone care to clue me in?

Tyler appears from the stairs. He does not look happy.

TYLER
What did you do with all my boxes?!

FRANK
(clueless)
Boxes?

TYLER
(irritated)
You know what I mean! The ones that
were in the hall! The ones with all
my stuff!

Frank tries not to laugh as he comes from behind the bar.

FRANK
They were in the way so we moved
them into the storage room behind
the stairs.

Frank crosses to a door under the stairwell with Tyler
closely behind. At the counter, Vi and Mike move to follow.
Vi motions for Tamsin to join them.

TYLER

You better not have broken anything. I have some very expensive--

Frank grabs the door knob.

INT. FRANK'S DINER - STORE ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

Grinning, Frank throws open the door. Tyler's mouth drops open. Behind him, Tamsin wears a similar expression. Mike and Vi beam happily.

The camera PANS slowly from left to right, displaying the room in its entirety. Instead of a large dirty store room, it is now a hip, stylish one-room flat complete with a kitchenette, sofa bed, and table. On the freshly painted walls hang framed vintage Sci-Fi movie posters. A computer desk and shelves of DVDs complete the effect.

Tyler turns to Frank, stunned. Frank pulls him into the room. Tyler continues to look around the room, seemingly in shock.

Frank glances at Mike. Mike smiles and closes the door, giving the two McGann men some privacy.

TYLER

I don't understand. My stuff...

FRANK

Yeah.

TYLER

And this room...

FRANK

(grinning)

Yeah.

Tyler manages to get a hold of himself. He turns to Frank.

TYLER

You did all this for me?

FRANK

With a little help from Mike and Vi...

(beat)

...and several local contractors who charge an obscene amount for overtime.

TYLER

It's... awesome!

FRANK

(smiling bittersweetly)

I don't always say the right words,
and it's important that you know
how I feel about you.

(beat)

I don't want you to go, kiddo.

The moment hangs thick in the air.

TYLER

Go? Are you kidding me?

(beat)

Why would I ever leave this place?!
Just check out this sweet computer!
And the television! Is that
surround sound?

Frank smiles and slides his arm over Tyler's shoulders. A
beat and Tyler responds likewise.

From behind the pair, camera pulls backwards.

TYLER (CONT'D)

(fading)

This is so cool! It would be great
for playing poker with the guys
from work. You don't mind if I have
the guys from work over do you...

Frank and Tyler continue to stand arm-in-arm. The camera
continues to pull back as we:

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW