

Hell's Gate

Season One - Episode Five

"Unstill Life"

Written By
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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 - MORNING.

TAMSIN, VI, MIKE, TYLER and LON are sitting in the diner. Lon is reading his paper and drinking coffee. Tamsin is distracted by a magazine, leaving Vi, Tyler, and Mike gathered at one end of the bar, talking, plates full of food in front of them. POTS and PANS hang on a rack on the wall next to the door of the kitchen.

MIKE

(telling a story; patting
Tyler on the shoulder)
...I'd have been dead if it weren't
for this guy.

Vi is listening intently.

VI

Aww, I'm sure you could have
handled them yourself.

TYLER

(frowning)
Well, don't I feel all self-
esteemy.

VI

Oh, it's not that, just... Mike's
so strong.

TYLER

What? I'm twice his size!

MIKE

And yet you still keep eating all
those donuts.

TYLER

I don't have to take this. I'm
going to work, where people love
and care about me.

Tyler gets up and leaves. The diner door jingles behind him as it closes. Vi slides over into his seat, so she's next to Mike.

Mike gets some eggs onto his fork and eats them. Vi watches closely. Mike looks uncomfortable.

MIKE
 (mouth half full)
 Something on my face?

VI
 What? Oh! No. Nothing. It's just,
 um... the way you chew is... good?

MIKE
 I... chew good?

VI
 No, um... never mind.

Mike gives Vi a weird look and goes back to his breakfast.
 After a beat:

VI (CONT'D)
 (nervously running a hand
 through her hair)
 So, um. I was thinking. Maybe we
 could- I mean, the two of us could
 go to, uh, this cool club here in
 town, maybe, tonight?

A pained look crosses Mike's face. He puts his fork down on
 his plate and turns his body so that no-one but Vi can hear
 him.

MIKE
 Ah, Vi, look. I know, I mean-
 you're... You know I'm gay, Vi.
 Right?

Vi's face falls.

MIKE (CONT'D)
 Oh! Come on! How could you not
 know? I don't exactly hide it.

VI
 Oh. I just... you're always joking
 around, I thought you were kidding.

MIKE
 Yeah, oh, no, I wasn't kidding. I
 was, um, I was serious. I've been
 pretty "serious" about it since I
 was 16.
 (beat)
 I mean, don't misunderstand. You're
 a great girl. It's just... did you
 ever see "Dogma"?

VI

Of course.

MIKE

Well, remember the scene where Alan Rickman shows the Last Scion how he's an angel, and he's flat in his genital region?

Vi nods.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Let's say, you're a little too flat for me.

Vi frowns. Mike feels bad.

MIKE (CONT'D)

But don't worry! Tonight we'll go out to that club and we'll find us both guys!

He puts his arm around Vi's shoulder. She smiles.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Okay?

VI

Okay.

Mike nods and picks up his plate, taking it to the sink. We stay on Vi as he exits frame. CLOSE ON Vi as her smile fades and she looks at Mike, depressed.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - SAME TIME

Lon is still reading his paper, oblivious to what's going on around him. Mike sees this and nudges Vi. She looks towards him hopefully, and he nods towards Lon's coffee cup.

Under the table, Mike extends his index finger and moves it to the left slowly.

On the table, Lon's cup moves further away from him. Vi snickers and Tamsin looks up. She too smiles.

Lon reaches for his cup, but his hand grasps at air. He looks down, shrugs, and picks up the cup, sipping from it. While he drinks, Mike points at a salt shaker and magically drags it across the table. He salts his eggs and sets the shaker down.

By now, Lon's put his cup back on the table. Mike squints, and the cup slides just a bit forward. Again Lon reaches for it, but misses.

Now he's puzzled. He picks up the cup and sets it down hard, staring at it intently for a beat. Then he goes back to his paper.

The cup slides all the way under Lon's arms to his other side. Lon spots this motion out of the corner of his eye.

LON
What the hell...

He looks up, where Mike, Vi, and Tamsin have burst into laughter.

LON (CONT'D)
What... Mike? Did you...?

Mike puts his hand on the counter and points, sliding the cup across the table to him.

MIKE
(still laughing)
Sorry, dude, it was just too good.

Vi and Tamsin continue to laugh. Lon tosses his paper down on the counter.

LON
 (almost yelling)
 Well, stop! Do you have any idea
 what you're doing?

Mike's smile fades.

LON (CONT'D)
 Do you?! You think magic is a
 bloody toy, use it for laughs?!

Lon starts moving towards Mike.

LON (CONT'D)
 When you use magic you tap into
 primal forces! The forces that
 created the universe! They're too
 dangerous to be used for parlor
 tricks!

In the BG, Tamsin stands up.

TAMSIN
 Lon, come on, it was just a joke.

LON
 (turns his head towards
 her)
 Oh, yes. Just a joke. Frivolous use
 of mystic power is hilarious.
 (turns back to Mike)
 It'll be especially funny if, one
 day while pulling one of your cheap
 pranks, you accidentally levitate
 my head off my body!

Now he's right in Mike's face.

LON (CONT'D)
 "Look at Lon. See how he bleeds."
 Won't that be comical?!

Mike clenches his jaw. It's clear he wants to say something
 harsh, but think the better of it.

MIKE
 (beat)
 I've got to get to class.

Mike stands up, pushes past Lon, and heads out the door.

VI
 Hey, wait up!

She grabs her bag off one of the tables and quickly follows. Lon moves back to his seat. Tamsin gives him a look. He raises his eyebrow at her.

LON
What?

TAMSIN
I know you mean well...

Tamsin stands and approaches Lon.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)
...but you can be a real ass
sometimes.

She leans in and give Lon a quick kiss on the head. She turns and exits. Lon rubs his forehead and sighs.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND FRANK'S DINER - DAY.

FRANK is carrying two trash bags to the dumpster behind diner. He sees TOMMY, who's rooting through that dumpster in search of something.

FRANK
Hey, what are you doing?

Tommy jumps and turns around. Frank puts the trashbags down.

TOMMY
Oh, uh...I'm sorry...um...

Tommy runs off. Frank starts to follow, but gives up.

FRANK
No, hey, kid! You don't have to...

Shaking his head sadly, Frank picks up the trashbags and throws them into the dumpster.

FADE TO:

EXT. WILCOX COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY.

Co-eds are walking around, playing Frisbee, having a good time in between classes. Vi enters the frame and we FOLLOW her, as she walks along a brick pathway, textbook in her hand. We hear a voice from behind her:

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
Hey! Vi!

Vi turns around and we see SARAH MONROE, a girl with dark skin and hair which falls just past her shoulders. She's almost pretty, but in her current state she's just sort of bland.

VI
Hey, Sarah.

SARAH
What's going on?

VI
Oh, you know. It's all this- why do I need to take calculus if I'm not going to be a... you know ...evil scientist?

SARAH
I hear that. I'm starting to wish I'd taken more AP courses in high school. Gotten this out of the way.

VI
Didn't you take, like, seven AP courses?

SARAH
Yeah. So?

Vi laughs.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Okay, I was thinking. You. Me. Lunch. Now.

VI
It's like ten-thirty.

After a beat, Sarah nods.

SARAH
Okay, then. I was thinking. You. Me. Lunch. Two hours from now.

VI
Sure. Sounds fun.

SARAH
Cool.
(starts to walk away)
Oh, and you're buying.

Vi frowns.

VI

Wait. What?
 (follows Sarah)
 Sarah, come back here!

WIPE TO:

INT. WILCOX COLLEGE - ART CLASSROOM - DAY.

The room is darkened, lit by an overhead projector only. Mike is sitting at his desk, blank paper in front of him. The PROFESSOR is standing at the front of the room, pointing at the work of art on the screen. It's "Minotaur" by Boris Vallejo.

PROFESSOR

Now, I know this maybe isn't what most of you expect from an art class, but fantasy art is a legitimate genre. Plus,
 (pointing at the scantily clad female)
 this sure beats Duchamp's wheel on a stool.

There are a few laughs as the Professor turns off the overhead and turns the lights back on.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

This assignment is one I look forward to every semester. I want each of you to draw a fantasy image. Unicorns, dragons, Conan the Barbarian. Whatever. I want to see which ones of you have a future at Dark Horse.

This time more laughter. Mike is smiling, already planning his drawing.

Off his grinning face:

CUT TO:

INT. WILCOX COLLEGE - CAFÉ - MIDDAY.

Vi and Sarah sit at a small table next to a window. The café is crowded, loud, and bright. Vi is leaning across the table to talk with Sarah.

SARAH

So where have you been doing with yourself? We haven't talked in days.

VI

Yeah, sorry. I've been busy with
slay- work. And school. That kind
of work. School work.

SARAH

(laughs)

So what's new with you?

VI

(sighs)

Nothing, really.

SARAH

Oh, come on.

VI

Seriously. With work, and school, I
haven't really gotten out much
lately.

SARAH

You haven't done anything? Haven't
read any good books? Gotten new
clothes? Met a guy?

At this, Vi blushes. Sarah catches on.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Ooh, so there is a guy! Well, come
on. Spill.

VI

(looking around
uncomfortably)

Oh, it's... we're not dating, or
anything.

SARAH

But he's cute.

VI

Yeah.

SARAH

And you like him.

VI

Well, yeah.

SARAH

So what's the problem?

Vi leans back in her seat, deflated. Sarah frowns. She reaches her hand out across the table.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Come on, girl, you can tell me.
We're not just study buddies. We're
friends, right?

VI

(sighs)
He's gay.

Sarah's face is blank.

SARAH

Ah.

VI

Yeah.

SARAH

That's a problem.

VI

Kinda figured.

SARAH

Who is it?

VI

What?

SARAH

Come on, give me a name. That way
I'll know if there's hope.

VI

Hope? Gay people don't just up and
decide they like women, usually.

SARAH

Maybe he likes both. You know. A
switch-hitter.

VI

(reluctantly)
I don't know if I should...

SARAH

Oh, I'm your friend. What am I
gonna do? Mock you? I mean we've
only known each other a couple of
weeks, but you should know
me better than that.

VI
 (weary)
 Okay, okay. It's...Mike Czajak.

SARAH
 (excitedly)
 Oh my God.

VI
 (looking around)
 What? What?!

SARAH
 He is so hot!

Vi hangs her head.

FADE TO:

EXT. FRANK'S DINER - ESTABLISHING SHOT - AFTERNOON.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - AFTERNOON.

Frank and Lon sit across from each other at the counter.
 They're in the middle of a discussion.

LON
 ...has got to learn to control his
 powers.

FRANK
 Yeah, but come on, Lon. He's just
 a kid.

LON
 He may be "just a kid" to you, or
 to Tamsin, but to me he's a conduit
 between this realm and something
 far greater. That's a heavy
 responsibility.

FRANK
 Exactly! He didn't ask for this.
 He's going through something none
 of us can imagine, and all he
 wanted to do was draw pictures.

Lon grows frustrated, stands up.

LON
 The Powers That Be decided, for
 reasons frankly utterly beyond my
 (MORE)

LON (CONT'D)
comprehension, to grant Mike with
extraordinary power. If he doesn't
utilize that power, our mission
here may very well be pointless.

Now Lon is marching back and forth, reminiscent of an old war
film. His speech is INTERCUT between shots of him ranting and
Frank reacting to said rant.

LON (CONT'D)
Who knows what power is contained
within that sphere? Or how Mike
could wield it in our favor? His
flippant attitude towards magic is
putting all our lives in danger.
One day we will depend on him to
save us, and he'll be too busy
making swans out of napkins, or
making pots and pans dance across
the countertop like a bloody Disney
cartoon!

Frank rolls his eyes.

LON (CONT'D)
And every time I try to get him to
stop goofing off and seriously
focus on expanding his control, he
blows me off.

Frank looks up, an amused expression on his face. Lon looks
at him and waves his hand dismissively.

LON (CONT'D)
You know what I mean.

Frank stands up as well.

FRANK
I still think you're taking this
too far. You never did anything fun
when you were his age?

LON
(indignant)
I practically am his age!

FRANK
Whatever. Didn't you have any
special talent you liked to show
off?

LON
(smugly)
I was quite the adept fencer in my
school days.

Frank sadly shakes his head.

FRANK
So that'd be a "no," then?

Lon rolls his eyes and sits on a stool, facing away from Frank.

LON
No one ever takes anything
seriously around here.

FRANK
Jeez, fine.

Lon turns back towards Frank.

FRANK (CONT'D)
If it's so important to you, I'll
have a talk with Mike when he gets
back from school.

LON
That's all I ask. For some reason
he listens to you.

FRANK
(sarcastically flexing his
muscles)
It's because I'm so rugged and
handsome.

Lon gives him a flat look. He then gets up from the counter and goes through the kitchen. Frank is left alone, standing in a ridiculous, Herculean pose.

FRANK (CONT'D)
What? Too much? Too rugged?

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - LATER

The diner is empty. After a beat, the DOOR OPENS and Mike walks in. He puts his stuff on a table and looks around.

MIKE
(yelling)
Anybody here?
(beat)
Guess not.

He sits down at the counter. Frank comes down the stairs.

FRANK
Mike.

MIKE
Hey, Frank. How's it going?

FRANK
I'm fine.

MIKE
Cool.

FRANK
You gone down and done your thing
with the orb recently?

MIKE
Not in the past few days.

FRANK
Well, you might wanna. Who knows
what cryptic foreshadowing they've
got to feed you?

Mike nods and gets up, heading to the kitchen. As he OPENS the kitchen door, Frank calls to him:

FRANK (CONT'D)
Hey, when you get done...

MIKE
(turning around)
Yeah?

FRANK

When you get done we need to have a talk. Something about magic and Lon being angry.

MIKE

(groaning)

Jeez, fine.

Mike goes through the kitchen.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMAND CENTRAL - MOMENTS LATER.

The Sphere rests atop its stone pillar, glowing brilliantly. To the left side of the cave, the impressive computer banks sit, humming away. Mike enters the cave and approaches the sphere. He stretches his arms out, flexing his hands.

MIKE

Okay...

He puts his hands on either side of the sphere and slowly reaches in. As his hands touch the sphere, his hair begins to blow gently and his eyes glow brilliant white. After a moment, there's a flash and KAT appears in the command center.

KAT

Hello, Mike.

MIKE

Hey.

KAT

What brings you down here?

MIKE

(shaking his head)

Nothing. It's- Frank told me to come down and see if anything was up.

KAT

You never come down just to say hi.

MIKE

(mumbling)

Sorry.

Kat puts her hand on Mike's shoulder.

KAT
 (concerned)
 You seem upset.

MIKE
 I'm not... I'm not upset.

KAT
 (like a worried mother)
 Something's on your mind.

Mike turns away.

MIKE
 There's nothing. Except...
 (beat)
 Lon.

KAT
 (laughs)
 I should have figured. What did he do?

MIKE
 (turning back)
 Aren't you connected to the all-knowing Powers That Be? Shouldn't you know?

KAT
 Do you think the mail guy at the Pentagon knows nuclear launch codes, Mike? I get what they tell me, which isn't much.

Mike sighs and sits down on a rock in the cave. Kat joins him.

KAT (CONT'D)
 Now come on.

MIKE
 This morning we were upstairs and... I was just doing some stuff, you know, with magic. Moving salt shakers, books, that sort of thing.
 (beat)
 I might have screwed with Lon's coffee. A little.

KAT
 Lon got angry about his coffee?

MIKE

No, Lon got upset because...
 (sighs)
 He thinks I'm not taking my powers seriously. That I need to focus more on training and less time on goofing off.

KAT

Oh. That sounds like Lon.
 (beat)
 He's right, you know.

Mike turns to her, flabbergasted.

MIKE

What?

KAT

Magic isn't a toy. It isn't even a tool. It's powerful, it's, it's--
 (with big, sweeping hand gestures)
 visceral.

MIKE

Jeez, not you too...

KAT

Yeah, hello! I happen to be a primal mystical force represented by this pleasing human form! I think I know what I'm talking about.

Mike puts his hands on his head.

KAT (CONT'D)

Now listen to me.
 (grabs Mike's shoulder and spins him to face her)
 If you don't focus yourself, stop goofing off with your power, it'll consume you.

Now Mike's interested- he raises his eyebrow and turns his body to her.

KAT (CONT'D)

It's not unprecedented. Magic can occasionally take over a person, pervert them. Change them. Death and sorrow follow them, unless they can tame it.

Kat leans in closer.

KAT (CONT'D)
And it takes something legendary to
bring them back.

She leans back. Mike exhales a deep breath he's been holding.

MIKE
Wow.

KAT
Yeah.

MIKE
So I should probably stop with
floating salt shakers.

KAT
I'm sayin'.

Off her grinning face:

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - LATER.

Frank is wiping down the bar when Mike comes out of the kitchen.

FRANK
How'd it go?

MIKE
All's quiet in the world of
monsters and mayhem.

He sits down across from Frank.

FRANK
Good.

MIKE
Kat says hi.

FRANK
(unenthusiastic)
Good.
(beat)
Oh, yeah, I was supposed to talk to
you. Look, you're gonna have to
start taking magic more serious--

MIKE
 (waving his hand
 dismissively)
 Yeah, I know, we're cool on that.
 I'll take my powers more seriously.
 I'm sorry for what I've been doing
 and I'll apologize to Lon when he
 gets back.

Mike pats Frank on the shoulder and goes upstairs, leaving Frank bewildered.

FRANK
 (beat)
 So... good talk.

Frank taps his hand on the bar.

FADE TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - LATER.

From outside the windows, we can see it's NIGHT. Vi sits in the diner, working on her schoolwork. Mike walks down the stairs. Vi looks up at the sound of his FOOTSTEPS.

VI
 (drops her pencil)
 Oh, hi, Mike!

Mike sits down next to her.

MIKE
 Vi. I was thinking.

VI
 About what?

MIKE
 Remember what I was talking about
 this morning?

VI
 Finding men.

MIKE
 Exactly.

VI
 Then I remember

MIKE
 Great.

An awkward beat.

VI

Is that the end of the...?

MIKE

What? Oh! No. I was thinking, we could go out and troll for guys tonight. Any good places in town?

Vi thinks for a moment, then snaps.

VI

We could go to the Roundhouse!

MIKE

I don't, uh, know what that is. It's like a dojo, or something?

VI

(laughs, a little too much)

No, it's that club I was talking about.

MIKE

(nodding)

Great. Sounds great. We'll hit it about, what, nine tonight?

VI

(all smiles)

Sure!

Mike smiles and walks back upstairs. Vi watches him as he walks, and when he disappears upstairs, she sighs and hangs her head.

CUT TO:

INT. TYLER'S ROOM - LATER.

Tyler is laying on his bed. The TV is on, the familiar Murray Gold "Doctor Who Theme" pumping away, but he's not watching. His eyes are closed and he's lost in thought.

There's a KNOCK on his door. Tyler grabs his remote control and MUTES the set.

TYLER

Come in!

Mike opens the door and sticks his head in.

MIKE

Dressed?

TYLER

No, I always enjoy my science fiction in the nude.

Mike walks into the room.

MIKE

Only way I'd enjoy it. How's it going?

TYLER

(big sigh)
How's what going?

MIKE

I don't know. Work?

TYLER

Jeez.

MIKE

(grinning)
I know that sound.

Mike sits down at the foot of Tyler's bed.

MIKE (CONT'D)

That's the "girl trouble" sound.
I've never made that sound.

(beat)
That's kind of relaxing.

Tyler throws a pillow at Mike. He catches it and tosses it aside.

MIKE (CONT'D)

So tell me what's the problem?

TYLER

There's a girl at work I like, but she's not interested. It's basically-same as always, really.

Mike nods.

MIKE

Yeah, okay, but now it's time for my problems.

TYLER

The thing I like about our friendship is how sensitive and caring you are.

MIKE

Do you want to come to a club with me tonight?

TYLER

Isn't that more of a third date kind of deal? You don't want to just watch a movie first?

MIKE

No, jackass. I meant with me and Vi. We're going to pick up guys--

TYLER

(disgusted)

Un-uh! That is not something I want to be involved in. Not after what happened last time, with those bikers.

MIKE

Well, that was your own fault. You shouldn't have winked at Big Tony.

TYLER

I wasn't winking! There was something in my eye!

MIKE

(chuckling)

And you'da had quite a bit more something in somewhere else if Big Tony had his way.

Mike realizes that he is only succeeding in angering Tyler. He quits laughing. Giving Tyler his warmest smile, he scoots closer to his friend.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Look, dude. I need you to come 'cause I'm trying to let her down easy.

Tyler sits up.

TYLER

Can't you just give her your famous "Dogma" speech?

MIKE

I did. But the poor kid's crushing pretty hard on the "Mike-a-nator". And who can blame her?

Tyler rolls his eyes.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I thought maybe if we take her out to a club where she can meet some hot guys, it would take her mind off yours truly. But it's not gonna work if she's making goo-goo eyes at me all night long.

TYLER

So you need me as buffer.

MIKE

(relieved)
Exactly. Exactly, I do.

TYLER

Let me get changed.

Mike smiles broadly and claps Tyler on the back. He stands and turns to leave the room.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Don't think you're me fooling me with the "Mr. Noble" routine. I know what's goin' on in that devious brain of yours. This is all an elaborate excuse so you can hit on guys.

Mike turns around, a cheeky grin on his face.

MIKE

(shrugging)
This way everybody wins?

Tyler smirks and shakes his head as Mike leaves the room. The then gets off the bed, and heads to his closet.

TYLER

(sigh)
Yeah... everybody.

As he reaches into his closet we:

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - LATER.

Tyler, Mike, and Vi are in the diner, heading to the door. They're dressed for clubbing, in their most stylish threads.

MIKE
We ready?

TAMSIN (O.S)
Wait a minute!

Tamsin comes downstairs, also ready to go out.

TYLER
You did a thing with your hair.

TAMSIN
Indeed I did. You guys didn't think you were going to go out without me, did you?

As they move to the door:

TYLER
(to Vi and Mike)
I don't see how you two have time to go out. Isn't college, I don't know, hard? Do you just not have to do work?

VI
I did all mine.

MIKE
Yeah, me too- oh. Crap. Hold on.

Mike runs off.

CUT TO:

INT. MIKE'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER.

Mike's desk is covered in sketch paper. He enters the room and sits down at the desk, picking a pencil up off the floor. Looking at the paper, then his watch, he groans.

Nervously he looks back and forth. Then he sighs and closes his eyes, pointing his finger at the paper.

ANGLE ON: The paper. In high-speed, a drawing begins to take shape.

It's a tall demon, with rippling muscles, horns on its head, an armor-like carapace complete with shoulder guards, and a sword in its hand.

BACK TO SCENE

Mike looks at his completed drawing, nods, and leaves the room, SHUTTING the door behind him. The camera LINGERS on the closed door for a moment, and then we PAN DOWN to the paper, where the demon starts walking across the page.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. ROUNDHOUSE CLUB.

LOUD, THUMPING MUSIC is playing in the club as a host of YOUNG ADULTS dance. Two dozen tables are spread out across the floor, and there's a bar on the floor as well.

We PAN ACROSS the crowd, seeing various people dancing. Finally we land on Vi, Tamsin, Tyler and Mike, surrounded by bodies, all smiles. They're clearly having fun. All except Tyler. He doesn't seem that into it, and in lieu of dancing is mostly just standing around tapping his foot.

MIKE
(yelling)
Hey!

TYLER
(also yelling)
Yeah?

MIKE
What's wrong?

TYLER
Nothing.

MIKE
You sure?

TYLER
Yeah.
(beat)
Yeah, I'm fine. I'm gonna go sit
down for a minute.

Tyler crosses the dance floor until he reaches a table across from the bar. He sighs and sits down, propping his head up on his hand. He starts tapping his fingers on the bar with his other hand absentmindedly, looking around.

TYLER (CONT'D)
(to self)
Don't even know what I'm doing
here, this isn't my kind of thing.
Dancing. I don't dance. I drink.
Okay. Yeah. I drink. That's what
I'll do. I'll drink.

Tyler gets up and looks towards the bar. We PAN ACROSS to it, and we can see that CALLIE is sitting there, ordering a drink. CUT BACK to Tyler. He sits down again.

TYLER (CONT'D)
 (to self)
 On the other hand. There are many
 merits to me sitting here.
 (beat, as Tyler looks
 around the table)
 No drinks, though. Okay, what is my
 problem? She's just a girl.

Tyler stands up and heads to the bar. As he walks away:

TYLER (CONT'D)
 Just a girl.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMAND CENTRAL.

Frank and Lon are engaged with the computers, typing things and checking things on clipboards.

FRANK
 Is everything calibrated?

LON
 I believe so.

They work in silence for a few moments.

FRANK
 You got the numbers from last year?

LON
 Here.

Without turning around, Lon hands Frank a piece of paper. Frank compares the text on the page with something on his clipboard, nods, and writes something down.

FRANK
 Hmm. Random portal formation are
 up 40 percent since last year. The
 sphere's becoming less reliable at
 predicting them.

LON
 I've only been telling you that for
 the last two months.

There is a beat as the men look at the paper work.

FRANK
You upset they didn't ask us to go
out with them?

Lon finally turns around.

LON
God, yes.

Frank crosses the room to stand close to Lon, crossing his
arms.

FRANK
It's been bugging me too.

LON
Do they think we're no fun?

FRANK
That's what I can't figure out.
We're fun.

LON
Loads of fun.

FRANK
We can do... fun... um, young
person type things.

LON
I am a young person.

Frank gives Lon a look.

FRANK
Okay.

LON
(indignant)
I am!

FRANK
(throwing his arms up)
Yeah! I know!

LON
(more calm)
Good.

FRANK
Right.

They turn back to their work.

CUT TO:

INT. MIKE'S ROOM.

We slowly PAN ACROSS the room until we land on the sketch paper. CLOSE ON the paper: The demon Mike drew is gone.

CUT TO:

INT. ROUNDHOUSE CLUB.

Tyler approaches the bar, sitting down beside Callie.

TYLER

Hey.

CALLIE

(a beat as she looks Tyler
up and down)

Hey, Speedy.

Tyler gives her a questioning look.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

Speedy. Speed Racer. Remember our
cafeteria crash?

Tyler nods, smiling lightly.

TYLER

Right.

He raises his hand to get the bartender's attention—he is ignored.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Yeah, that's just...

(to Callie)

How's it going tonight?

Callie raises an eyebrow bemusedly.

CALLIE

Good. You?

TYLER

Oh, you know. Good. Doin', uh,
doin' fine.

Callie nods and turns back to her drink.

TYLER (CONT'D)
 (desperate)
 Uh, uh, so...

Tyler begins to play with a bowl of peanuts on the bar as Callie turns back to face him.

TYLER (CONT'D)
 So... have you been watching
 Fringe? That's a...a good show.

CALLIE
 I don't really watch FOX anymore.
 After Firefly.

She turns away. Tyler throws a peanut back into the bowl.

TYLER
 (muttering)
 Yeah, that's... fantastic.

Tyler gets up and walks away. Callie turns back around to find Tyler gone. She frowns lightly as we:

CUT TO:

INT. COMMAND CENTRAL

Frank and Lon are still working.

Lon tosses his clipboard to the ground.

LON
 My God.

Frank turns around quickly.

FRANK
 (urgent)
 What? What?!

LON
 (beat)
 This is the most boring thing ever.

Frank sighs.

FRANK
 I thought something was happening.

LON
 Nothing's happening, that's the
 problem.

Shaking his head, Frank goes back to work. A moment later, there's a CRASHING upstairs. Frank and Lon turn to each other.

FRANK

What was--

LON

Don't know. Think we should--

FRANK

Yes I do.

The two of them head out.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - CONTINUOUS.

Frank and Lon emerge from the kitchen, looking around.

LON

(whispering)

You know what?

FRANK

(also whispering)

What?

LON

Do you know what we forgot to get?

FRANK

What?

LON

Just in case there is something out here?

FRANK

What?

LON

We don't have any weapons.

FRANK

(considers this)

You're right.

LON

I usually am.

FRANK

So we should grab some.

Lon nods. The two men edge over to the wall, where they grab a pot and pan each and keep searching the building.

FRANK (CONT'D)
I don't see anything.

LON
Maybe it was a car down the street.

There's another CRASH from behind them. They both turn around.

Behind them is the DEMON FROM MIKE'S DRAWING, now in living color. Its tongue is hanging out of its mouth, its arms are so long that its sword is dragging on the ground.

CUT BACK to Lon and Frank, now cowering. Lon drops his pot. The Demon HOWLS.

CUT TO:

INT. ROUNDHOUSE.

As the THUMPING MUSIC continues to play, we PAN ACROSS the crowd to see Mike and Vi, each dancing with a HOT GUY. Several feet away, Tamsin is dancing provocatively with two RANDOM GUYS. As the camera continues to SWEEP ACROSS the crowd, it lands on Tyler, sitting at the table by himself, head hung over the back of his chair.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER.

It's seconds later. The Demon HOWLS again, raises its sword, and brings it down at the men. Lon and Frank dive apart, and the sword hits the floor.

From the floor, Frank chucks his pan at the demon with all his might. It bounces off its chest. The demon looks at Frank and GROWLS.

LON
I think you might have pissed it off.

FRANK
Yeah.

Lon and Frank stand up and regroup. The demon begins to slowly advance on them.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Okay. Now what we're going to do...

LON
Yes?

FRANK
What we're going to do is back up,
into a place where we can get a
better shot at this.

LON
Yeah.

FRANK
And also a place where there are
swords.

LON
Good.

The demon begins to charge full-speed at Frank and Lon.

CUT TO:

INT. ROUNDHOUSE.

At the table, Tyler has now arranged himself so that his feet are propped up on a chair and he's laying out in the club, clearly in despair. Mike dances his way over to the table and knocks Tyler's feet out of the second chair, taking it for himself.

MIKE
What's up?

TYLER
Nothing's up.

MIKE
Oh, come on. How long have I known
you?

TYLER
Forever.

MIKE
And I don't know when something's
wrong with you?

TYLER
Just forget about it.

MIKE
Well, we both know that's never
going to happen.

TYLER
 Okay, God. Look.
 (pointing to Callie)
 See her?

MIKE
 Yeah. Oh! Is that the girl?

TYLER
 That is the girl.

MIKE
 Oh.
 (beat)
 She's pretty.
 (beat)
 In a "nerd crossed with Shirley
 Manson" kind of way.

Tyler shakes his head in disbelief.

TYLER
 We are so far from where I want us
 to be.

MIKE
 Me and you? That's sweet, but
 you're not my type.
 (Mike pats Tyler on the
 stomach)
 Too chunky.

Tyler smacks Mike's hand away and stops slouching.

TYLER
 There are days when I just hate
 you.

Mike nods.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM.

Frank's living room is decorated simply, with an armchair in front of a small television and a couch against another wall. A coffee table is between the chair and the television. Frank and Lon enter the room, the demon shortly following. It is still HOWLING.

Lon takes a look around the room.

LON
 I've always liked your apartment.

FRANK

Thank you.

Frank grabs a flower pot off a small stand and throws it at the demon-- it shatters.

LON

I mean, a little simple, but I understand, you're a man on a budget.

FRANK

It's specifically minimalist. Not everyone gets that right away.

Lon runs forward and hits the demon with his pan. Another CLANG. Then he holds up the pan. The pan is bent. Lon tosses it over his shoulder and retreats around the coffee table to join Frank again.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Quick, grab those cushions.

Frank and Lon grab couch cushions and start throwing them at the demon. It swats one aside with its powerful forearm and lets the other two hit it in the chest. It doesn't seem bothered. With a quick stabbing motion it sends its sword straight at Lon's chest. He SQUEALS and flips backwards over the couch.

From BEHIND THE COUCH, we see Lon ducking down and the demon's sword TEARING through the back of the couch, stopping just before it gets to Lon's head. Lon rolls away and jumps back over the couch, pressing his back to the far wall. Frank kicks the coffee table into the demon's legs, tripping it up momentarily.

Frank runs to Lon and the men quickly reassume defensive positions as the demon ROARS. The demon RIPS its sword out of the couch and brings it down on the armchair, the cushion of which splits in half and spills padding everywhere.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(whining)

I sat in that chair.

The demon advances on them slowly.

LON

Now is not the time!

FRANK

I had sex in that chair once or twice, actually.

LON
 There are things that I do not need
 to know.

The demon thrusts its sword into the wall between Lon and Frank.

CUT TO:

INT. ROUNDHOUSE.

Mike and Tyler sit, commiserating. "I Will Survive" by Gloria Gaynor starts playing in the club. Mike stands up.

MIKE
 Oh, God! It's like our anthem!

TYLER
 What?

MIKE
 Sorry, dude. Mikey gotta dance.

He starts dancing away.

TYLER
 You can't just leave me here by
 myself!

MIKE
 You don't understand. The Jews had
 to wander in the desert for forty
 years, the gays have to dance to
 terrible 70's pop.

Tyler rolls his eyes as Mike dances off.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM.

The music keeps playing. Frank punches the demon in the gut as it tries to free its sword.

CUT TO:

INT. ROUNDHOUSE.

In time to the music, Mike kicks his leg in the air and spins round on one foot.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM.

The demon knocks Frank down and swings its sword, neck-level, at Lon. He falls to the ground, sliding across the floor in what would have been a remarkably stylish dance move a decade or two ago.

CUT TO:

INT. ROUNDHOUSE.

Tyler's sitting alone until Mike grabs him by the shoulders and pulls him onto the floor. Mike leads Tyler to Vi and Tamsin, who begin dancing up against him. Tyler finally gets into it and starts dancing- not very well, mind- back.

BACK AT THE BAR, Callie watches Tyler dance and half-smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM.

Frank helps Lon off the floor and points to another exit.

FRANK

This way!

They run.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY.

Frank and Lon run through the tiny, sparse hallway as the huge demon lumbers behind them, its shoulders stretching the wood panels of the hall. They pass a DOOR on their left, and Frank opens it, pulling Lon inside.

FRANK

In here!

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM.

Frank and Lon are stuffed into the tiny bathroom. Frank slams the door and locks it.

LON

The bathroom?

FRANK

What's wrong with my bathroom?

LON

There are no swords in the
bathroom.

(beat)

I hope. I mean, where would you put
them?

FRANK

(indicating the door)

It's the only door with a lock.

(beat)

Vi walked in on me naked one too
many times.

The demon begins HAMMERING the door, and we can hear the loud
CREAKING as the door warps. Frank pushes a tall, thin cabinet
against the door. When he turns back to Lon, he sees that
Lon's pulled out a cell phone.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Who are you calling?

LON

(casually)

I thought I'd order some take-away.
I've had a mad craving for
dumplings all week.

(irritated)

I'm trying to get in touch with
Tamsin, because it would appear
that we are in serious need of
backup of the supernatural variety.

All the while, the door begins to buckle as one of the hinges
SNAPS.

CUT TO:

INT. ROUNDHOUSE.

We PAN ALONG the dancing crowd. Oblivious to it all, Vi is
dancing with a guy a short distance away from Tamsin, who is
also dancing with a guy.

PAN ACROSS the club to show the bar. Callie's gone. A short
distance away, Mike's got a crowd around him as he spins and
thrusts. Tyler seems more comfortable, moving more loosely in
the crowd.

Finally, PAN to: a tight shot of the gang's table: On the
table is Tamsin's cell phone. We PAN ACROSS to it. CU of the
cell phone, the screen of which reads: INCOMING CALL: LON.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM.

As before. There is continual BANGING on the door. Frank presses up against the back wall, facing the door. Lon grunts in frustration and slams his cell phone shut.

LON

No answer. We're screwed.

FRANK

What kind of demon is that?

LON

I have no clue.

FRANK

(double-take)

I... I don't understand what you just said.

LON

Which bit?

FRANK

You don't know?

LON

No.

FRANK

You always know!

LON

I know!

(beat)

But this is a different thing, it's... in all my books I've never seen anything like it.

The bathroom door CREAKS and begins to fold in.

FRANK

This is it.

LON

So it would seem.

FRANK

Well, it's been nice knowing you.
You know... despite the endless
bickering.

LON

You too.

Frank pats Lon awkwardly on the back.

CUT TO:

INT. ROUNDHOUSE.

Mike and Tyler are sitting at the bar, drinking. Tamsin and Vi walk up behind them. Tamsin taps Mike on the shoulder and he turns around.

TAMSIN

Time to go, fellas. Me and Vi are
supposed to help Frank and Lon with
the computer work back at the base.

The two of them get out of their chairs, Mike plopping a handful of bills down on the counter and grabbing his half-empty beer, and they leave.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - SHORTLY LATER.

Vi, Mike, Tyler, and Tamsin enter the diner, a BELL JINGLING as the door opens and closes. They take off their jackets and toss them onto a table.

TAMSIN

(as she moves to the
kitchen)
Good night, guys!

TYLER

'Night.

MIKE

Good night.

As Vi and Tamsin head towards the kitchen, there's a loud ROAR, followed by the sound of the demon POUNDING the door. The group exchanges looks and quickly run up the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM.

The door to the room is laying on the floor, crumpled and useless. The demon stands at the entrance, crouching under the door frame. It GROWLS. But the bathroom appears to be empty.

Then we PAN ACROSS to the shower. The green curtain is open slightly. We move INTO THE SHOWER. Frank and Lon stand pressed together in the standing-room-only stall. Frank's hand is pressed to his lips. Everything goes quiet. Slowly, Frank pokes his head out of the curtain-and is greeted with a SNORT from the demon, whose face is inches from Frank's. The demon raises its sword--

And falls to the ground with a heavy crash.

LON

Did that gigantic, scary demon
just... trip and fall?

The shower curtain is TORN AWAY and Tamsin stands before Lon and Frank, holding a baseball bat.

TAMSIN

What the hell!

FRANK

Oh thank God!

Lon steps out of the tub, Frank following.

LON

What took you so long? And why
didn't you answer your phone?

TAMSIN

There was noise. Was that you
screaming?

LON

I don't know what you're talking
about!

TAMSIN

You screamed. Like a girl. Girly
screamer.

None of them have noticed the demon standing up. It grabs Frank and tosses him out into the hallway, GROWLING.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS.

Vi, carrying a sword, jumps over Frank, who is laying on the ground coughing.

FRANK
Where'd you get a sword?

VI
(running into the
bathroom)
I got a "Phallic Symbols" collector
set for Christmas.

As she engages the demon, Mike and Tyler enter the hallway.

TYLER
Oh, God! Frank, are you--

FRANK
I'm okay, just help me up.

The guys lift Frank up and he leans against a wall.

MIKE
What the hell did that do to you?

FRANK
(pointing into the
bathroom)
That.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS.

We see in the FG Tamsin and Vi fighting the demon. Lon has been knocked to the floor. Vi parries a blow from the demon, but it's so big she is almost knocked over. Tamsin hits it with the baseball bat. The demon steps on the toilet, crushing it.

In the BG, Mike pokes his head into the room.

MIKE
Wait a minute...

Vi stabs the demon in the leg. It HOWLS.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS.

Mike looks confused.

MIKE
But that's...

He turns and runs off.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS.

Vi once again slashes at the demon's foot. Lon slides under its legs and runs out into the hallway. Vi and Tamsin follow suit, squeezing past the demon and running out of the room.

CUT TO:

INT. MIKE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

The door opens and Mike runs in. He finds the drawing paper scattered about on his desk and starts shuffling through them, looking for the drawing of the demon. He can't find it.

MIKE
No way.

Off his horrified face:

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS.

The demon catches the sword Vi is swinging at it, tossing her to the side. Tyler is slumped against a wall, bleeding from the nose and barely managing to hold Frank up. Lon's on the floor, having been thrown into the now-dented wall. Tamsin hits the demon with her baseball bat, and is grabbed by her throat. The demon starts to lift her up off the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. MIKE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

Mike tosses the papers over his shoulder and grabs a fresh one. Closing his eyes and extending his hand, the original drawing of the demon reappears on the page.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS.

As the demon raises Tamsin up so her head is touching the ceiling, squeezing her neck, it suddenly stops and freezes. Its tongue stops wagging, but its grip doesn't slacken.

CUT TO:

INT. MIKE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

Mike has the paper with the drawing on the table.

MIKE
Eraser... eraser...

He can't find one, so he picks up the paper and tears it into shreds.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS.

As before. The demon EXPLODES, transforming into little pieces of confetti which fall through the air like someone present just came back from the moon. Tamsin falls to the ground and coughs. Tyler, the only one who's not horribly wounded or incapacitated, looks on dumbfounded.

TYLER
Seriously?

Off his stunned face:

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - NIGHT

The whole group is seated around the counter. Frank's arm is in a sling, Tamsin holds a bag of ice to her eye, Lon has bandages on his head and hand. Vi has her leg propped up on a second stool. Mike sits across from them, head in his hands.

MIKE
(mid-sentence)
...and I just didn't know what to do. So I just magicked up a drawing, I didn't know what was going to happen.

LON
The magical fields you used to create that drawing probably fluctuated and brought the demon off the page.

TYLER
Stuff like that happens?

LON
(shrugging, then wincing in pain)
Apparently.

MIKE

Well, anyway... I'm really sorry.
It was so stupid. God, Lon warned
me, Frank warned me, Kat warned
me...

(beat)

I'm an idiot.

Tyler pats Mike on the shoulder.

FRANK

Mike, listen. What happened wasn't
your- well, it was your fault. But
we're fine. It's fine.

(to everyone)

Right?

Everyone nods, Vi a little more emphatic than the rest, Lon
more reluctantly.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Of course, you're gonna pay to fix
the bathroom. And the hallway.

(beat)

And my living room. And the medical
bills.

(beat)

And the attic.

MIKE

What?! The demon didn't get into
the attic!

FRANK

(as everyone gets up and
goes to their rooms)

You're in no position to be making
deals, son!

Frank leans in close to Tamsin.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(quietly)

There's a leak.

MIKE

This sucks! This is- hey! Where are
you going?

But Frank has disappeared into the kitchen, Lon and Tamsin have exited through the front door, and Vi and Tyler have gone upstairs. Mike looks around the empty diner and chuckles.

FADE TO:

EXT. FRANK'S DINER - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - KITCHEN.

"Closer" by Joshua Radin plays over the next few scenes.

Frank turns on the stove and starts cooking two hamburger patties.

CUT TO:

INT. TYLER'S ROOM.

Tyler is laying on his bed, pinching his injured nose. His cell phone, on the floor beside the bed, begins to RING. Tyler grabs it off the ground and opens it.

TYLER

Hello?

CUT TO:

INT. CALLIE'S ROOM.

Callie sits on the floor, holding her phone to her ear.

CALLIE

Hey.

INTERCUT TYLER'S ROOM/CALLIE'S ROOM

Tyler looks surprised.

TYLER

Callie?

CALLIE

Yep.

TYLER

Oh.

(beat)

Hey.

CALLIE
You said that already.

TYLER
Oh. Yeah.
(long beat)
Uh...

CALLIE
What?

TYLER
You called me. Right?

Callie grins.

CALLIE
Pick me up Friday at eight.

TYLER
(baffled)
What?

Callie grins wider.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRANK'S DINER - KITCHEN.

Frank has finished cooking the two burgers, and has them now arranged on a to-go plate. He wraps the food up.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND FRANK'S DINER.

Frank comes out of the diner and sets the plate of food down next to the dumpster. Then he backs away.

From the end of the alley comes Tommy, who spots the food, looks around, and then picks it up. He turns and goes back the way he came.

We PAN ACROSS the alley to see Frank watching him go, with a sad look.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER.

Mike sits at the counter, eating some fries and reading a book, doing some homework. He swallows a fry and then looks up, towards the salt, which is on the other end of the counter.

He extends his hand, but catches himself before he uses any magic. With a SIGH, he gets up, walks to end of the counter, gets the salt, and takes his seat again. He salts the fries, and as he takes another bite we:

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW