

Hell's Gate

Season One - Episode Nine

"Mirrors"

Written By
Tyler Moody & Robb House

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

(c) 2008 Robb House & Monster Zero Productions

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. MACROWARE CAFETERIA - MIDDAY.

CHAD, TYLER, CALLIE, AND MITCH sit together at a table in the cafeteria, their lunches in front of them. They are in the middle of an involved conversation.

TYLER

(to Mitch)

Come on! I won't tell anyone! I promise.

MITCH

Well, I trust you two--
(points to Tyler and
Callie)
--but...

All eyes turn toward Chad.

CHAD

(insulted)

Hey!

Tyler and Callie laugh.

MITCH

Look, seriously, I would love to tell you guys about the new operating system, but I really don't know much more about it than you do.

CHAD

But you're like Jon's... butt-boy!

MITCH

(dry)

Flattery will get you everywhere.

TYLER

My hairy-faced friend may be a little... well... a complete idiot, but he makes a point. If anyone would know, you would. You're on the inside.

Mitch looks around, checks if anyone's watching.

MITCH

Well, see, the thing is, Jon's being ultra secretive. Scared of internal espionage, I guess. Anyway, he's split the pieces of code up between departments. None of them have the whole picture, just a tiny piece, so only he knows what the final product will look like.

TYLER

Like in "The Key To Time".

He looks around. No one seems to comprehend.

TYLER (CONT'D)

You know. Doctor Who.

(beat)

The classic series. Tom Baker, Ramona number one. It was like, the whole sixteenth season!

(no reaction)

Seriously? Anyone?

(sighs)

I need more British friends.

Callie chuckles and stands up, grabbing her tray.

CALLIE

As fun as this has been, I really need to get back to work, guys. See you later.

She grabs Tyler's head with her free hand, leans down, and kisses him deeply, for a long, long beat. Chad and Mitch stare, a mixture of jealousy and bewilderment.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

Bye!

TYLER

(stunned)

Um... that's...

Callie is gone now. Tyler seems to catch up to the present.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Bye!

Chad and Mitch look at each other and then to Tyler.

CHAD

Dude. Unfair!

MITCH

Is this a special occasion?

TYLER

I hope not, because I would really like that to become an "everyday" sort of thing.

CHAD

Maybe I need to find myself a nerdy girl. Someone who can appreciate the glory that is me. Who do I know down in Personal?

Chad strokes his chin in thought. As Tyler opens his mouth to retort, Callie re-enters the frame, carrying another tray of food.

CALLIE

God, sorry I'm late, guys, but I caught up in work and--
(off their confused looks)
What?

The guys look at each other for a moment-- what's going on? Then they all LAUGH. Not hysterically, not heavily; more the way one laughs when they hear Fozzie Bear tell a joke.

TYLER

Very funny. Gotta love a girl who makes time-travel jokes. And here I didn't think she got my Doctor Who reference.

CHAD

Yeah, but two lunches? She's gonna get fat. You don't wanna date a fatty.

Chad laughs, rubbing his ample belly.

MITCH

This from the guy that ate triple desserts.

CHAD

Unfair double standard, I'll admit that.

(shrugging)

But what's a man to do?

Mitch rolls his eyes and looks to Callie.

MITCH
(to Callie)
Good joke, by the way. But how'd
you get through the line again so
fast?

Callie looks at him and LAUGHS, quiet and nervous. She stands.

CALLIE
Oh, you know... charm. I'll be
right back.

She gets up and heads to the rest rooms, and as she does, she drops the false smile, creases her eyebrows, and frowns. She's scared.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - MIDDAY.

TOMMY sits at the counter with a plate of food in front of him, stuffing his face like he hasn't eaten in a week. FRANK stands behind the counter watching him.

FRANK

(chuckle)

Hey, slow down, man. The food'll still be there if you take time to actually chew between bites. That is unless you're some sick freak who enjoys having the Heimlich Maneuver preformed on yourself.

Tommy smiles with his mouthful of food, swallowing.

TOMMY

Sorry. It's just really good.

FRANK

Well, I cooked it...
(leaning in;
conspiratorially)
...so we both know that's not true.

Tommy laughs. He keeps eating, but slower than before. Now he takes time to enjoy the food, such as it is.

FRANK (CONT'D)

How are things at the hotel? Okay?

TOMMY

Yeah. Great, actually. You know, I never thought I would have the problem of there being a hundred TV channels, and nothing to watch.

Frank smiles.

FRANK

A hundred channels? I don't remember signing you up for the premium package.

Tommy laughs again. He is almost done with his food now. He looks at the clock on the diner wall.

TOMMY

Oh, I gotta go.

FRANK

Why?
(smirking)
Hot date?

TOMMY

(smiling)
No. Actually, I'm going to a job
interview.

FRANK

Job interview?

TOMMY

Yeah.

FRANK

If you wanted a job, you could have
just asked. I'm sure I could find
something around here for you to
do.

TOMMY

Thanks, but you've given me enough.
I'm going to get my own job and pay
you back for everything you've done
for me.

FRANK

(sincerely)
You don't have to do that, you
know.

TOMMY

I know I don't have to. I want to.

Tommy gives Frank a smile. Frank nods. Tommy eats the last
bite of food left on his plate and stands.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Wish me luck.

Frank reach over the counter and musses Tommy's hair
playfully.

FRANK

Good luck, T-Man.

Tommy gives Frank an annoyed look, which immediately turns
into a grin. He waves good-bye and backs out of the diner.

Frank watches him go and when the door closes, to a JINGLING
of the bells, frowns and takes Tommy's crumb-covered plate to
the kitchen. As disappears inside, the bells JINGLE again.

FRANK (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Forget something, kid?

Frank exits from the kitchen. He looks up, startled.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Hey-hey, Tanya!

Standing in the diner doorway is TANYA JAMISON, the forty-something, serious-looking blonde woman. She is dressed in a pantsuit, with a buttoned jacket. She holds a manila folder in one hand, and does not appear thrilled to be in the diner.

TANYA
Frank.

FRANK
How are you?

TANYA
Out of my way.

Frank rolls his eyes.

FRANK
Did you--

TANYA
(interrupting)
Yes. I looked into your little...
pet project. Though I don't know
how you talked me into it.

FRANK
(teasing)
Because I'm so handsome? I know.
It's the square jaw. Makes the
ladies swoon.

TANYA
(bored)
Mmm-hm.

She holds the file out for Frank.

TANYA (CONT'D)
Here's the story.

FRANK
(takes the file)
Thanks.

She shrugs and turns to leave, but looks back over her shoulder and stops.

TANYA

And quite the story it is.

Frank gives her a puzzled look and sits down at the bar, opening the file. Tanya remains in the diner, watching, as Frank leafs through the pages of reports and newspaper clippings.

FRANK

What am I looking at, here?

TANYA

History.

He separates one sheet of paper from the pile and squints, reading the tiny type.

ANGLE ON the newspaper clipping. It reads: "MASSIVE CAR CRASH KILLS ONE, INJURES DOZEN." The picture next to the headline shows us that the car crash was indeed massive. Cars are crunched together and a large cloud of smoke fills the left third of the photo.

FRANK

(reading from article)

"Witnesses reported that the truck seemed to come from nowhere, flying through the curve in the wrong lane. It then collided head first with a blue sedan. The truck driver, Otis Ford, was seriously injured, and the driver of the sedan, Christina Walker, 37, was killed."

(looks up)

So what's-- hold on.

(back to article)

Christina Walker? As in Tommy Walker?

TANYA

You should have been a detective.

Frank gives her a sour look.

FRANK

Was she his--

TANYA

His mother.

FRANK

(rubs his forehead)

God. When was this?

TANYA

Last year.

FRANK

So that's it. No other family so he ends up on the street. Poor kid.

Tanya shakes her head "no". Frank cocks his eyebrow questioningly as she walks over to him and turns a page in the file. She points to the paper.

ANGLE ON the paper. At the top, in large letters, is the word "MISSING". On the right half of the sheet of paper is a photo of Tommy, a little younger than he is now, wearing nice clothes and looking cleaner than usual, possibly a school photo. On the left side is a large block of unreadable text.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(reading)

"...His father Jeremiah Walker filed a missing persons report with the police the next morning. If you see the boy, please call any of the following numbers..."

(looks up)

He ran away? Why?

Tanya shrugs.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I should talk to him.

TANYA

Your call.

FRANK

Why did he run away from his dad?

TANYA

When you find out, let me know. Getting runaways back home is kind of my job.

She turns and heads to the door. Before she gets there, Frank calls out to her.

FRANK

Hey, Tanya.

Tanya stops and turns to face Frank.

TANYA

Yeah?

FRANK

Thanks.

Tanya nods and turns back toward the door.

FRANK (CONT'D)

What? No smart-aleck come-back?

She pauses again.

TANYA

(shrugging)

What you're doing is a good thing.

FRANK

(surprised)

Was that a compliment?

TANYA

Let's just say you may not be the jerk I pegged you for.

FRANK

Tanya, I think that's the nicest thing you've ever said to me.

TANYA

Of course, the verdicts still out.

She smiles lightly and exits, the diner door JINGLING. Frank watches her leave and then turns back to the file, flipping through it again as we:

CUT TO:

INT. MACROWARE OFFICES - DAY.

Callie walks through the offices, heading for her own cubicle, an anxious look on her face. As she passes various EMPLOYEES, they approach and strike up conversation. A SHORT BRUNETTE starts walking and talking with her.

SHORT BRUNETTE

Hey, Callie. I was thinking about what you said the other day, and you're right. If there's even the slightest doubt in my mind that Steven is being faithful to me, I should dump him.

Callie looks confused.

CALLIE

Uh... what are you...

SHORT BRUNETTE

I just wanted to say thanks for
your advice.

The Short Brunette breaks off and heads away. Callie keeps walking, looking rather more anxious. A beat afterwards, a FAT MAN flags Callie down.

FAT MAN

Hey, Callie, I was looking over
those reports you handed me, and I
was thinking--

CALLIE

I... gave you reports?

FAT MAN

(duh)
Yeah. Don't you remember? Last
Wednesday?

CALLIE

I was out sick last Wednesday.

FAT MAN

Well, someone who looks a hell of a
lot like you came by and gave me
some reports, so if you see her let
her know that I went over them and
I can't find the mistakes she was
talking about.

Rolling his eyes, he walks away. Before Callie manages to recover and move forward, a young, rather nerdy-looking man, JASPER, is beside her. He leans in close to her.

JASPER

(whispering)
Hey.

CALLIE

Uh... hey, Jasper.

JASPER

(still whispering)
What's up?

CALLIE

Why are you talking like that?

JASPER

(whispering part three)
I just didn't think you'd want
anyone to hear us.

CALLIE

Why?

JASPER

(more whispering)

You know... because of Tyler.

Callie looks confused.

JASPER (CONT'D)

Well, I just wanted to say, you know, I had a really good time last week. A really good time.

He winks at Callie. After a beat, a look of horror crosses her face and she runs away, leaving Jasper looking confused.

JASPER (CONT'D)

(calling after her;
hopefully)

I'll see you later, then?

CUT TO:

INT. MACROWARE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS.

The bathroom door BURSTS OPEN and Callie runs through. She quickly turns on the sink, letting it fill with cold water and then wetting her hands. She wipes her face with the cold water and SOBS. She looks in the mirror.

ANGLE ON Callie's reflection. Her make-up is running and strands of her hair are clinging to her face. The area behind her is empty, just stalls.

ANGLE ON the sink, overflowing with cold water now. Callie's hands dip back into the water and come up again. We follow them until-

ANGLE ON the mirror again. There are two Callies! One is "our" Callie, face wet and dirty, and the Callie standing behind her, watching, her head turned to the side. Our Callie's eyes go wide with horror as we:

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. MACROWARE - BATHROOM - SAME TIME.

Callie stares open-mouthed at her double in the mirror behind her. She gasps and spins around.

ANGLE ON bathroom. It's empty. Nothing's there. Callie begins to hyperventilate. She bolts in terror, flinging open the door and running out into the hallway.

CUT TO:

INT. MACROWARE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS.

Tyler is walking with CORRINE.

TYLER

We should have an answer on the McNally account by this afternoon.

CORRINE

Good. We're already cutting it close--

Suddenly, Callie turns the corner just in front of the duo and runs blindly into Tyler.

TYLER

Oomph!

He falls over, and Callie lands on top of him. Tyler gives Callie a confused grin.

TYLER (CONT'D)

That desperate to see me, babe?

Corrine reaches down and helps Callie and Tyler up.

CALLIE

(disoriented)

No... there was... in the bathroom--

TYLER

Did Chad go in the ladies' room again? If I've told him once--

CALLIE

No! It wasn't-- I-- never mind.

Callie leans against the wall. Tyler and Corrine realize just how shaken she is.

CORRINE
(firmly)
What happened?

CALLIE
I saw... you won't believe me.

Tyler places a supportive hand on her arm.

TYLER
Come on, Callie.

Callie leans is a little.

CALLIE
In the bathroom... I saw... me.

TYLER
(beat)
Honey, they have these things now,
called mirrors, they kind of show
you a picture of you, but it's not
really there.

Callie and Corrine give him an annoyed look.

CALLIE
I was looking in the mirror, and I
saw another me, like a... clone,
right behind me. Watching me.

TYLER
Like in Total Recall?

Callie does not look less annoyed.

CALLIE
But when I turned around, she--
"it" was gone.

Tyler looks around, to see if anyone's listening in. Then he grabs Callie's hand.

TYLER
Come on. I know some people who can
help.

Corrine give Tyler an annoyed look.

CORRINE
 (firmly)
 No.

Tyler starts to walk, pulling Callie with him.

CORRINE (CONT'D)
 (almost pleading)
 We've got that meeting at four!

Tyler continues walking. Corrine gives an annoyed groan and hurries to catch up.

CORRINE (CONT'D)
 We'll take my car.

The three hurriedly walk out of frame as we:

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - AFTERNOON.

LON, MIKE, VI, TAMSIN, Frank, Tyler, Corrine, and Callie are gathered together in the diner, seated around the counter. Lon is still pretty bruised from his run in from Hester, but definitely on the mend. Callie is in the middle of a story.

CALLIE
 ...and then it was gone.

The team look around at each other, confused.

TYLER
 I told her we could help.

Mike cocks his eyebrow and mouths "We?". Tyler shoots him a look.

TAMSIN
 Tell us more about this creature.

CALLIE
 Well, it started off nothing big.

She closes her eyes, trying to remember.

CALLIE (CONT'D)
 Uh, first it was just, I would comb my hair and think I saw something in the corner of the mirror, but nothing would be there. Clothes I swore I'd just washed would be gone from my closet and my make-up would be used.

(MORE)

CALLIE (CONT'D)

But then, people started telling me about things I'd done that I didn't remember, things that I'd have had to be in two places at once to have done.

(beat)

I don't... know what else I can tell you.

The gang ponder over Callie's story for a beat. Tyler puts a supporting hand on Callie's shoulder.

TYLER

What do you guys think? Can you help?

FRANK

(shrugging)

Well, we'll try, but I've never heard of anything like--

LON

(matter of fact)

It's a doppelganger.

No one seems revealed-unto.

VI

A what?

LON

A doppelganger. Sometimes referred to as a "fetch." It means "double-goer," something that's in two places at once. Or at least that appears to be in two places at once.

MIKE

Dude. You say this like we're supposed to know what you're talking about. We never have before, why would we start now?

LON

(annoyed)

I'll have you know that there have been many famous historical accounts of doppelgangers throughout history. John Donne, Goethe, even Abraham Lincoln, all reported seeing alternate versions of themselves or loved ones.

(MORE)

LON (CONT'D)
They're usually taken to be a sign
of great misfortune.

CALLIE
(butting in)
I'm sorry, but are you serious?

LON
Uh... pardon?

Callie looks at Tyler, then back at Lon.

CALLIE
Doppelgangers? The German myth?
You're saying a German fairy tale
is haunting me?

MIKE
(with a German accent)
Jawohl, Fraeulein.

Lon gives Mike an annoyed look.

LON
It would appear so.

Callie looks at those around her for a beat.

CALLIE
Are you all high?

MIKE
(shrugging)
I don't know about all of us,
but...

Callie turns to face Tyler, hands on her hips.

CALLIE
These are the people you bring me
to?! Your crack team is a bunch of
"ghostbusters"?!

TYLER
I know it seems weird, but... uh...
Frank, can you help me out here?

FRANK
Okay. Here we go. Callie, this is
going to seem weird, but...

FADE TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - LATER

Callie is now sitting down in a booth, staring vacantly at Tyler who sits across from her. Tamsin, Mike, and Vi are gathered around. At the bar stand Frank, Lon, and Corrine. Corrine's arms are folded, her expression conveying that she'd rather be elsewhere.

CALLIE
Demons?

TYLER
Yep.

CALLIE
And vampires?

TYLER
'Fraid so.

CALLIE
And a spirit that's taken my form
and wants to kill me so it can take
over my life.

TAMSIN
Yeah, it's not your week, love.

CALLIE
Huh.

At the bar, Frank and Corrine converse as Lon looks on.

FRANK
(smirking)
Just couldn't keep away, could ya,
Corrine?

Corrine looks less than pleased with the situation.

CORRINE
Don't flatter yourself, Frank. I'm
here for Tyler and Karen.

Lon and Frank exchange a look.

LON
I believe you mean "Callie".

Corrine looks even more annoyed which brings an amused smile to Frank's face.

CORRINE
 (irritated)
 Whatever.

She turns and moves toward the booth where Tyler and Callie are still talking. Amused, Lon and Frank follow.

CALLIE
 So you fight monsters?

TYLER
 (shrugs, over-macho)
 Well, you know, I don't like to brag, but--

MIKE
 He doesn't so much fight the monsters as they hit him over the head and handcuff him to pipes in their basements, then I come along and save him with magic lightning. I'm very heroic when I do it, you should see. Chest out, hair blowing in the wind...

CALLIE
 Magic lightning?

TYLER
 (embarrassed)
 That is not true! I am very much with the fighting monsters! Tell 'em, Vi!

VI
 (babbling)
 You, uh, have a certain-- that is, I mean, the way you go about the actual, uh, fighting is... deceptively... pathetic...

TYLER
 (stands, outraged)
 Pathetic?!
 (begins to unbutton shirt)
 That's it! It's on! I'll fight whatever monster you want! Let's go! Right here! Right now!

Frank rushes to Tyler and holds his shirt closed, covering his nephew's exposed chest.

FRANK
 That won't be necessary.

LON

Thank God.

MIKE

(frowning)

Yeah, put it away, dude. This ain't "Fight Club". No one wants to see that pasty, "chia pet"-covered thing you call a chest.

TAMSIN

I could stand to see a bit more.

Tyler looks at Tamsin and sits down, blushing. Everyone else gives her an odd look.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)

What? I'm British. We find pale men sexy.

CALLIE

(beat)

So, can you guys help me, or not?

LON

Of course we can. We'll go upstairs, look at the books--

Mike GROANS.

LON (CONT'D)

(pointedly)

--which we will thoroughly enjoy, and see if we can find anything about how to get rid of doppelgangers.

The team, plus Tyler and Callie, head to the stairs. Corrine doesn't budge. Instead, she looks to Frank. He bows dramatically and gestures toward the stairs. She rolls her eyes and follows the team.

As they climb the stairs, the door to the diner opens. Frank turns to see who's entered. It's Tommy.

FRANK

(to team)

You guys go on up. I'll be there in a sec.

Lon nods and the group EXITS up the stairway. Frank comes back down the stairs and leans against the counter.

TOMMY

Hey, Frank. I just came by to tell you that I got that job. You're looking at the new stock boy at Handley's Grocery. Soon I can start paying you for food.

He smiles. Frank looks sad.

FRANK

Tommy...

TOMMY

Don't worry, I'll still come by here. You make the best mostly-grease hamburger in town.

Frank gives Tommy an empty smile.

FRANK

I know why you're here.

TOMMY

(confused)

Because I come by here every day at dinner time?

FRANK

No. I meant, why you're in Heaven's Gate.

Tommy looks around, uncomfortable.

TOMMY

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

FRANK

Yeah, you do, Tommy.

TOMMY

Frank, come on. I don't-- what do you mean? What's going on?

FRANK

I have a friend who works at the police station.

(to himself)

Well, not exactly a friend.

(shaking his head)

Anyway, she did some digging for me. She found out about your mom.

Tommy clenches his fists, clearly agitated.

TOMMY

Oh, so you can just go snooping through anyone's personal life now?!

FRANK

Kid, that's not what--

TOMMY

People don't have rights anymore? I mean, I know I'm just some homeless bum, but I'm still a person! I thought I could trust you!

Frank takes a step closer to Tommy, but he in turn, takes a step back.

FRANK

Tommy, calm down, I was just concerned about you! I've been where you are, alone on the streets with no one to turn to. I thought maybe I could help you out.

TOMMY

Well, don't! I don't need any more of your help, Frank!

Tommy turns and rushes out of the diner. Frank starts to follow him, but stops himself. When the door SLAMS shut, Frank grabs a salt shaker off the table beside him and throws it against the far wall, where it SHATTERS with a CRASH. Off his angry face, we:

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - DUSK.

Lon, Vi, and Corrine sit on the sofa looking at books which lie in front of them on the coffee table. Tamsin sits in the recliner with a large, dusty tome, while Mike, Callie, and Tyler sit on the floor around a bundle of ancient-looking loose papers.

VI

Ooh! Is this it?

She slides her book across the table to Lon, pointing to a picture. He studies it for a quick moment and then shakes his head.

LON

That's a Mac-Detaryn moldeater.
Remember, we discussed them during
our session last week.

Vi nods.

VI

Oh, yeah. I thought it looked
familiar.

Everyone keeps studying as the sound of FEET COMING UP THE STAIRS grows louder. They're heavy footsteps, like someone stomping. Frank enters the room, scowling. Lon looks up.

LON (CONT'D)

What kept you?

FRANK

(gruffly)
I had to clean something up.
(beat)
How's it going?

LON

Not well, I'm afraid.

FRANK

Why not?

LON

Well, from what we've found, this
isn't something you can shoot with
one of your laser guns and
disintegrate. This takes finesse.

FRANK

(testy)

Hey, my laser guns have saved more
lives than your moldy books!

Everyone looks around, concerned as Frank picks up a book.

TAMSIN

Frank, are you alright?

FRANK

(quickly)

I'm fine!

He SLAMS the book down on an end table, sits down in a chair in the corner, and begins to flip through its pages. The matter is clearly closed. There is a beat and then Tyler speaks.

TYLER

How does this thing know so much about Callie's life? I had a whole conversation with it at lunch today about our first date. It knew everything! Every detail!

LON

They're telepathic. Not mind readers, in the truest sense. They "glean" what you are thinking about as you speak.

Tyler nods. Mike looks up excitedly from his book.

MIKE

Uh... okay. I think I found a thing, here.

Lon stands up and walks over to him, reading over his shoulder.

LON

That's good. Yes, excellent.

MIKE

(proud of himself)

Awesome.

LON

(sarcastic)

Do you by chance have thirty feet of magically enchanted sprite's hair? Perhaps there in your front pocket?

MIKE
 (looking at his lap)
 Nope. That's all me. Thanks for
 noticing.

Lon flushes with embarrassment at Mike comment and quickly
 looks away. Mike glares at Lon and closes the book.

MIKE (CONT'D)
 (annoyed)
 I'm just trying to help here! And
 for a guy who, before twenty
 minutes ago, thought "Doppelganger"
 was just a bad movie starring Drew
 Barrymore, I think I'm doing pretty
 good!

Lon gives Mike an apologetic look and returns to his table.
 Everyone is stressed.

TAMSIN
 Can these things be killed?

LON
 Oh, yes. Of course.

VI
 Good, cause that's really all I
 know how to do.

LON
 The tricky bit will be figuring out
 how to kill it without also
 terminating Miss Ford's life.

Callie looks up at this.

CALLIE
 Huh?

LON
 When a creature such as this forms
 a psychic connection with an
 individual, there's a high
 probability that person will perish
 if the demon does, unless that link
 is severed correctly.

TYLER
 (stands)
 Hold it, whoa, back up, rewind.

He crosses the room to where Lon is.

TYLER (CONT'D)
You can't kill Callie.

LON
I just meant, with mystical things like this, there are always risks to--

TYLER
No, no, you don't understand. You can't. I'm just... I'm not allowing it. It's forbidden. We will banish that thought from our minds.

CORRINE
(firmly)
No one is killing anyone.

Frank gives her an annoyed glance. Lon looks at Tyler for a moment and nods. Tyler SIGHS and sits back down, taking Callie's hand.

TYLER
You're gonna be fine.

Vi rushes over to pat Callie's shoulder.

VI
Yeah. We're good at this stuff.

CALLIE
How good?

VI
Remember the time the whole town got eaten by an octopus demon that had three beaks and oozed pus?

CALLIE
(what?)
Uh, no...

VI
That's how good we are.

She goes back to the books. Tamsin smiles proudly at her. Callie looks at Tyler, confused.

CALLIE
Octopus demon?

TYLER
Hey, no, before my time.

Frank returns to his brooding. He sits in the corner, arms crossed and eyes locked on a point two inches from his book. Tamsin, however, enthusiastically points to a picture on the page in front of her.

TAMSIN

What about this bugger? It's nice and explody.

LON

(moving to stand)
Here, let me see.

TAMSIN

Oh, never mind, sorry. Too many jelly tentacles.

Lon sits back down as Callie covers her face with her hands and groans. Tyler notices and quickly stands up, holding her hand.

TYLER

Okay, guys, I think me and Callie should take a break. Go downstairs, maybe get something to eat.

LON

Good idea. We'll stay up here and keep searching.

Tyler helps Callie up and they head out the door. Soon the sound of their FEET ON THE STAIRS can be heard. Mike finds something else in his book.

MIKE

(excitedly)
Hey, Lon! Check it out! I think I've got something big over here!

LON

(warily)
You're talking about your genitals again, aren't you?

MIKE

I can see where you'd make that mistake, but no! Come here!

Lon groans and heads over to Mike.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - SAME TIME.

Callie sits down at the counter as Tyler rounds the corner, heading to the cabinets to get some food.

TYLER

So what are you in the mood for?
Cereal? Uh, some bagels? I could probably manage to wrangle up some fries, though the combination of me and hot grease may result in an impromptu visit to the ER.

He doesn't get an answer. He turns around and we see, from TYLER'S POV, that Callie has her head down on the counter, arms folded over her. He rushes around the counter and sits on the stool beside Callie. Embracing her, he whispers in her ear.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Come on, Callie. It'll be okay. My friends know what they're doing.

CALLIE

(sobbing)
It's not them!

She opens her arms-- her make-up is running, wet from tears.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

Why me?

TYLER

I don't know. It's not fair.

CALLIE

I just want to wake up now.

They pull apart.

TYLER

I've wanted to do that since I got here and found out my best friend is liaison to a spinning white vortex of ancient magical energy.

CALLIE

What?

TYLER

(waves hand)
Never mind.

CALLIE

(wistfully)

You know, I stopped believing in vampires after I saw "Wishbone" do a version of Dracula.

(shaking her head)

It's hard to accept that if I'd just listened to that little Jack Russell Terrier, I'd be better equipped to handle the real world.

TYLER

(shaking his head)

Nah. I saw that one too. They left out all the valuable info. Like garlic... not so much effective at warding off the undead. Oh, and real vampires...

Tyler leans in close to her and pulls aside the collar of his shirt, revealing the scar left behind from when Hester bit him in the previous episode.

TYLER (CONT'D)

...leave marks when they bite you.

CALLIE

(gasp)

Oh, poor baby. I wondered why you wouldn't take your shirt off the other night. What happened?

TYLER

(milking it)

Well, I was putting up a brave fight, you know, but this vampire chick had Lon hostage, so I surrendered to her to save his life.

CALLIE

(sweetly)

Honey...

She traces the bite mark with her finger.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

We both know that's not true.

Tyler laughs. Callie continues to look at the bite mark.

TYLER

Yeah, I guess you know me...

He trails off, the smile leaving his face as he notices that Callie is frozen, looking over his shoulder.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Callie?

There's a CLANG. Tyler's eyes widen, he slumps forward, and falls off his stool to the floor, revealing the DOPPELGANGER CALLIE standing in the diner, staring Callie down. They're dressed identically, their hair is the same, and their make-up is equally streaked and disheveled. The Doppelganger is holding a napkin dispenser, which it just hit Tyler with. Callie jumps off the stool and moves so that the stool is between her and the Doppelganger.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME.

As before. Everyone is studying hard, except Frank, who broods.

LON

(to Mike; surprised)

That was actually very useful information. Good work, Mike.

Lon pats Mike on the shoulder. Mike smile proudly.

VI

What I don't get is, why?

LON

Why what, exactly?

VI

Why does this thing want to take over Callie's life?

LON

(lecture mode: go)

Doppelgangers can't exist physically without taking on the form of another person. But they also can't exist in that form forever as long as the person they've copied is still alive. They must kill that individual or they themselves will die.

Everyone looks at Lon, overloaded from the infodump.

VI

(beat)

I just meant, why Callie
specifically, but your answer is
good too.

Lon narrows his eyes at Vi, put-upon and defeated. Before he can reply, the sound of GLASS BREAKING jolts everyone into action. Simultaneously, Frank and Corrine leap up from their seats, ready for action. They give each other a quick glance.

In unison the pair turn and run for the stairs. Everyone else quickly stand, following suit, the rush downstairs. Lon still clutching his book as he runs from the room.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - CONTINUOUS.

As before. Callie stands up, staring down her Doppelganger.

CALLIE

What the hell do you want with my
life?

The Doppelganger playfully tosses the napkin dispenser in her hand aside.

DOPPELGANGER

It looked like fun.

(beat)

And geek boys...

She looks down at Tyler on the floor.

DOPPELGANGER (CONT'D)

...are the best lovers. They're
just so... "greatful".

The demon LUNGES at Callie, grabbing her around the throat and dragging her to the ground. They wrestle on the floor.

As they roll around, the team makes it down the stairs and stops, seeing the spectacle. Frank takes one look at the two girls on the ground and breaks off, heading into the kitchen.

VI

What do we do?

MIKE

(shrugging)

Add some mud and put it on Pay-per-
view?

LON
This is no time for levity!

CALLIE
(from the ground)
Kill it kill it kill it!

But of course it's impossible to tell which is Callie and which is the Doppelganger, entwined as they are.

TAMSIN
Which one's the real one?

LON
I have no idea!

MIKE
I could try some sort of magic thing to figure it out.

VI
Do you know any magic like that?

MIKE
Well... no.

ON THE FLOOR, the one of the "Callies" has managed to pin the other one to the floor and is pulling her hair back to keep her down.

CALLIE-ON-TOP
Zap her or something! Before she gets back up!

Tamsin gestures at the two while shouting at Lon.

TAMSIN
You heard the lady!

VI
But who's Callie and who's the fake?!

CALLIE-ON-TOP & CALLIE-ON-BOTTOM
I am!
(beat)
She is!

There's a beat as the ten members exchange unsure expressions.

ON THE FLOOR, under a table, where he rolled to, Tyler begins to stir. He sits up and rubs his head.

TYLER
What the hell...?

Mike sees this and rushes to his side, helping his friend up.

MIKE
You okay, man?

Tyler touches the back of his head tenderly.

TYLER
Never better. What happened?

Mike points to the fighting Callies.

TYLER (CONT'D)
Is that the--

MIKE
Yeah!

TYLER
Kill it!

MIKE
We don't know which is which!

The two Callies rise off the ground.

CALLIE #1
It's me, Tyler.

Tyler looks to her.

CALLIE #2
No, Tyler! It's me!

Tyler looks back and forth at the two identical women. A look of confusion and grief crosses his face as we:

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - NIGHT.

As before. The gang, minus Frank, stands around the two Callies, a frantic Tyler trying to tell them apart.

CALLIE #1
(pleading)
Come on, Tyler. It's me.

CALLIE #2
(urgently)
Don't listen to that... "thing"!

Tyler bites his lip.

MIKE
(to Tyler)
Come on, Man. You can do it. Which one is the real Callie.

Tyler closes his eyes tightly.

The Callies look identical, wearing matching looks of fear.

Vi, Tamsin, and Lon look at each other unsure.

Tyler opens his eyes, a look of resolve on his face.

TYLER
(calmly)
Okay, here's what's going to happen. I'm going to ask a question that only the real Callie would know the answer to.

Frank KICKS open the kitchen door and rushes into the room. He is now carrying his sawed off shot gun.

Everyone jumps as Frank levels the weapon at the two identical women.

FRANK
Which one is it?!

TAMSIN
We're just finding out now.

LON
 (indicating Frank's gun)
 That's not going to stop the
 Doppelganger. According to the
 literature, bullets have no effect.

FRANK
 (with a smirk)
 Luckily, I filled Bessie with
 something a little less demon
 friendly.
 (beat)
 Rock salt.

Tyler looks confused. The two Callies glance at each other.

LON
 (noticing Tyler's
 expression)
 We found out that salt is toxic to
 the creature until it fully takes
 over its victim's life.

Mike points to himself.

MIKE
 (boasting)
I found out!

TAMSIN
 Ask your question, Tyler.

Tyler takes a deep breath. The two Callies look nervous.
 Tyler pulls back his collar, exposing the bite wound on his
 neck.

TYLER
 Who did this to me?

CALLIE #2
 Hester! It was Hester the vampire!
 When you tried to save Lon! You
 just told me about it five minutes
 ago!

Callie #1 looks at Callie #2.

CALLIE #1
 He didn't tell me her name.

TYLER
 (to Lon; pointing to his
 own head)
 Gleans what you're thinking about.

Callie #2's eyes widen.

LON

Ingenious.

Frank levels his gun at the imposter. Suddenly, she grabs the real Callie by the arm and THROWS her into Frank. The two hit the floor causing Frank's gun to discharge into the wall. It then falls out of his grasp and slides across the diner floor.

The rest of the team jump on the demon as Tyler grabs the dazed Callie by the hand and drags her away. Corrine rushes to Tyler's side.

The Doppelganger BACKHANDS Lon. He smashes into the wall dazed.

Mike raises his hands but is too slow. The Doppelganger's foot KICKS him in the face. He goes down.

Tamsin lands a few PUNCHES which seem to have no effect. The Doppelganger, PUNCHES her in the gut, dropping her to her knees.

Vi assumes an attack stance. The doppelganger approaches her. Vi KICKS her. The demon drops to the ground but only for a second. It LEAPS back up and over Vi with astonishing speed.

Vi turns to continue the fight, only to be STRUCK with a table. It shatters into pieces as Vi falls to the ground.

Frank stands as the doppelganger walks toward Callie.

As it walks, it picks up a chair and THROWS it at Frank, knocking him back down.

Corrine steps in front of the two young lovers.

CORRINE

You want her, you're going to have
to go through me.

The Doppelganger tilts her head and looks at Corrine for a moment.

DOPPELGANGER

Another Slayer, eh? You've seen how
I deal with Slayers.

She nods toward Vi, who is slowly picking herself up off the floor.

The creature takes a step closer. Corrine reaches quickly reaches into her purse, pulling out a small bottle, unscrewing the cap and pointing at the fake Callie.

DOPPELGANGER (CONT'D)
 (with an amused smile)
 Eye drops? You're threatening me
 with eye drops?

CORRINE
 No. Saline solution. Main
 ingredient... salt.

Corrine squirts the demon with the liquid, striking it in the face. It grabs its face in pain, screaming in an unearthly howl as smoke billows out from between its fingers.

Corrine leaps into action. Grabbing a salt shaker off the nearest table, she quickly unscrews the cap. She leaps on the startled demon, knocking it to the ground.

Corrine shoves the salt shaker end-up into the howling creature's mouth. It struggles violently. It's face momentarily MORPHS into its true demon form- bulging yellow eyes, slick blue skin, stringy white hair. Its bony clawed fingers grab at Corrine.

The demon once again MORPHS back into Callie's image as it continues to struggle. Corrine continues to hold it down until the creature begins to go limp, finally slumping to the floor, weak and struggling to breath.

Everyone has now righted themselves and begin to gather around the demon on the floor. Callie clings tightly to Tyler's chest.

Frank offers his hand to Corrine who is still sitting on top of the demon. She looks up at him for a beat and then accepts it. He lifts her into a standing position.

The group looks down at the dying demon. With its hand, it beckons weakly to Callie.

CALLIE
 (to Lon)
 Is it safe?

LON
 With that amount of salt, I should
 think so.

Callie tentatively squats down by her demonic double.

DOPPELGANGER

(smiling weakly; labored)

It was fun... while it lasted.

(beat)

You... should have... let me have
this life.

Suddenly the Doppelganger GRABS Callie by the shirt. Pulling her in close she whispers something into her ear. A startled look spreads over Callie's face as she pulls away.

The Doppelganger gives one last gasp and dies. Its appearance reverts back to its true demonic form.

Callie stands, visibly shaken. Tyler puts his arm around her, but she shrugs him off. Tyler gives her an uncertain look.

CALLIE

I... I need to go.

Callie heads for the door. Tyler pursues.

TYLER

Wait. I'll take you home.

Callie stops at the door and turns to him.

CALLIE

No. I need some time... alone.

Tyler's face falls. He nods. Callie turns and quickly leaves the diner. Tyler immediately makes a hasty B-line to his room behind the stairs.

Everyone else stands around gawking at the scene.

FRANK

Well don't just stand there! Let's
get this place cleaned up, people.
Move! Move!

Mike groans. Corrine and Frank watch as the team reluctantly breaks into action. Lon, Mike, and Tamsin all begin to clean up the mess inflicted upon the diner by the demon.

Vi grabs the dead Doppelganger and throws it over her shoulder. She carries it into the kitchen, presumably on her way to Command Central. Corrine looks at Frank uncertainly.

CORRINE

Oh, God. Please tell me that's not
what's in your burgers.

FRANK
 (smirking)
 Well... not that one. Thanks to
somebody, its too salty.

For the first time in front of Frank, Corrine lets a small smile cross her face. She then laughs lightly. Frank smiles warmly at her and laughs also.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 (sincerely)
 Thanks.

She nods. She and Frank stand there in quiet. As the rest of the gang continue to clean we:

FADE TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - LATER.

Frank is alone in the diner sweeping up the last remnants of the night's battle. Frank looks up as he hears the door chime.

Tommy enters. Frank stops his sweeping.

FRANK
 Hey.

Tommy nods. He looks around at the disheveled diner.

TOMMY
 What happened here?

FRANK
 (smirking)
 Oh, you know. The usual.

Tommy approaches the older man.

TOMMY
 (seriously)
 I'm sorry, Frank. I had no right to yell at you like that. You've been so good to me and you didn't deserve that.

Frank gives the Tommy a light punch in the arm.

FRANK
 Don't worry about it. But we need to talk.

Tommy again nods. Frank motions toward the counter. Tommy sits down on a stool. Frank takes the one next to him.

FRANK (CONT'D)

What happened, Tommy? Why'd you run away after your mom died?

(beat)

Was it your dad? Did he hurt you?

TOMMY

No! My dad's great!

FRANK

Then why?

Tommy stands. He takes a few steps away from Frank, keeping his back to the older man.

TOMMY

It was a stupid prank.

(beat)

I set off the sprinklers in the gym during assembly. Everyone got soaked.

(light chuckle; beat)

Mom was so mad when I called her at work and told her that I'd been expelled. She was on her way to get me when...

Tommy's shoulders begin to shake as he begins to silently cry.

Frank stands. He grabs Tommy and turns him to face him.

FRANK

That wasn't your fault.

Frank moves to hug him. Tommy pushes him back.

TOMMY

Yes, it was! If I wasn't such a screw up, she'd still be alive. That's what dad said!

Frank's face softens.

FRANK

People say things out of grief that they don't mean--

TOMMY

He might not have meant it, but he was right! I am a screw up!

(MORE)

TOMMY (CONT'D)

My mom's dead because of me! I
can't make up for that, so I
just... left.

Tommy begins to sob as Frank once again moves to hug him. Once more, Tommy tries to push him back, but this time Frank doesn't take "no" for an answer. He pulls the struggling boy into his arms and holds him tightly.

After a second, Tommy relaxes. He begins to cry harder. After a few beats...

FRANK

You can't run away from your
problems, kid. Trust me. All that
does is make 'em worse. Or, in my
case, get you court ordered into
the military.

Tommy slowly pulls away, his crying now under control. He nods.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Point is, you've punished yourself
enough.

Frank pulls out his cell phone and offers it to Tommy.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Time to go home.

Tommy looks at the phone apprehensively for a beat and then reaches out and takes it. Tommy dials and puts the phone to his ear.

TOMMY

Hey, Dad.

On Frank's bittersweet smile we:

FADE TO:

INT. TYLER'S ROOM - LATER.

Tyler lies on his bed, cell phone to his ear. Mike pops his head into the door and then enters. Tyler gives him a nod of acknowledgment as Mike sit down in a nearby chair.

TYLER

(into the phone)
Come on. We can work this out.

INT. CALLIE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS.

CALLIE
 You're a great guy, Tyler, and I
 love you, I really do, but... I
 just can't do this. It's all...

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - HOURS EARLIER.

CU on Callie leaning over the dying Doppelganger. It grabs her and pulls her close.

CU on the demon's lips as it whispers into her ear.

DOPPELGANGER
 (whispering; sing-song)
 He'll be the death of you.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. CALLIE'S BEDROOM - BACK IN PRESENT TIME.

CALLIE
 It's all too much for me.

Callie quickly hangs up her phone.

INT. TYLER'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

Tyler sits there with the phone still against his ear looking shell-shocked. He tosses the phone across the room. He then picks up the video game controller beside him and begins to play "Halo" which is displayed on the TV.

Mike stands up and moves to sit beside Tyler on his bed. Tyler continues to look at the television.

MIKE
 Not good. I've seen that look on
 many an ex's face. Sorry, dude.

Tyler drops his controller in his lap and turns to face Mike.

TYLER
 (shrugging sadly)
 Who am I kidding? It was only a
 matter of time anyway. In case you
 haven't noticed, I'm not exactly a
 catch, despite what my grandma
 says.
 (beat)
 (MORE)

TYLER (CONT'D)

But then, she's usually got enough peach schnapps in her to kill an elephant.

MIKE

Hey! Never discount the sage words of a senior citizen, alcohol-laced or otherwise.

(beat)

And you are so a catch. You're sweet. Smart. Funny. You have a gorgeous best friend... And truth be told, you're not exactly hard on the eyes. What's not to love?

Tyler gives a small chuckle. Mike slips closer to Tyler and puts his arm over his friend's shoulders.

MIKE (CONT'D)

If Callie can't see the greatness that is you, she's crazy. And God knows, we don't need any more crazy around this place. Good riddance, I say.

Tyler blushes and give an embarrassed grin. Mike smacks Tyler on the leg.

MIKE (CONT'D)

So, are we going to be big girls all night and talk about our feelings? Or... can we go back to the manly way of burying our emotions so that in our golden years we can suffer stomach ulcers, strokes, and heart attacks?

Tyler smiles lightly and nods. He picks up his game controller. Mike reaches over and grabs the other game controller.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Good choice. 'Cause right now, I'm really in the mood to kick your ass at "Halo", dude.

Tyler shakes his head as Mike restarts the game.

TYLER

(sincerely)

Thanks, man.

Mike nods. They both start playing.

Tyler rapid hits his controls as, from the TV, the sounds of EXPLOSIONS can be heard. Mike flinches.

They continue to play as we:

FADE TO:

EXT. BUS STATION - NIGHT.

A large passenger bus is parked outside the bus station. There are a few PASSENGERS standing in line waiting to get on. Frank and Tommy, backpack in hand, stand by the bus as the passengers begin to load.

FRANK

You sure you got everything? Your ticket, the food I made for you?

TOMMY

(chuckle)

It got it.

FRANK

Call when you get to L.A. Once you're settled.

TOMMY

I promise.

Frank glances at the bus and then back to Tommy.

FRANK

Looks like they're ready to pull out.

Frank pulls Tommy into a hug. CU on Frank's hand as he slips an envelope into Tommy's coat pocket. They part.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Take care, T-man.

Frank again musses Tommy's hair. Tommy laughs and nods. Turning away, Frank quickly walks away from the bus.

Tommy gives the departing Frank one last look and then gets on the bus.

INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS.

Tommy walks to the back of the bus. He puts his backpack down on the seat by the window and then sits down in the aisle seat next to it, a hopeful look on his face.

The look turns to one of confusion as he reaches into his pocket. He pulls out the envelope. He opens it to reveal that it is full of one hundred dollar bills and a note.

In wonder, he pulls out the note and begins to read.

FRANK (V.O.)

Tommy, I'm not usually one for sappy sentiments, so I'll make this short. Second chances are few in this life. So when you get one, make the most of it. Maybe if I had gotten one when I was your age, things would have turned out different for me. I'll miss you, kid and if you ever need me, I'm just a phone call away. Frank.

Tommy stuffs the letter back into the envelope and puts it back into his pocket. He quickly stands and makes his way to the front of the bus, leaving his backpack in his seat. As he reaches the door, the BUS DRIVER, an average-looking older man, stops him.

BUS DRIVER

Hey, kid! We're about to leave!

TOMMY

I'll just be five minutes!

BUS DRIVER

(shrugging)

Whatever.

Tommy runs off the bus.

EXT. BUS STATION - CONTINUOUS.

Tommy runs down the street in the direction that Frank went. Seeing Frank's SUV drive off, Tommy stops running. He gazes off in the vehicle's direction.

TOMMY

(to himself)

Thanks, Frank. For everything.

Shoving his hands into his pockets, he turns and starts to walk back toward the bus which is several yards ahead.

As he walks past a dark alleyway on his left, a large hair-covered hand reaches out and GRABS him by the shoulder.

INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS.

The Bus Driver is looking down at his watch, as through the windshield, some distance ahead, Tommy is seen being jerked into the alleyway by a shadowy form. The Driver looks up. Seeing no sign of Tommy, he shakes his head, sighs, and closes the door. He starts the engine.

EXT. BUS STATION - CONTINUOUS.

In the foreground, Tommy's feet can be seen barely sticking out of the alleyway, kicking frantically. There is a sickening CRACKING sound and Tommy's feet go still. They disappear into the alley as in the background, the bus pulls away from the curb. It drives past the alley and out of frame.

The camera holds on the now empty street for a beat and then:

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW