

# Hell's Gate

Season Two - Episode Two

"Thicker Than Water"

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

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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. HEAVEN'S GATE STREET - NIGHT

The camera FADES IN on a street sign, "5th Street". PAN DOWN to the quiet, empty street.

The silence is quickly broken as a large green demon, looking very much like the Incredible Hulk (tattered clothing, dark hair), enters view. It growls and stomps as it runs. It glances over its shoulder as if being pursued. It runs past the camera and out of frame.

The cause of its distress becomes obvious. FRANK and FLETCHER enter view chasing the creature from behind.

As they run, they are joined from a side street by VI. Frank points in the direction the creature went and the three continue on together, running out of frame.

CUT TO:

EXT. HEAVEN'S GATE ALLEYWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The demon turns the corner into the alleyway. DEAD END! The creature looks behind itself. Seeing the team in hot pursuit, its almost familiar features contort in anger. It punches the alley way in frustration, knocking a big chunk of brick to the ground. It growls but stops suddenly, a curious look crossing its face as if something has caught its attention. It walks out of frame.

Moments later, the team enters the alley. At the entrance, they are met by CORRINE, and a beat later TAMSIN, who is waddling along the best she can given the advance state of her pregnancy.

FRANK

(to Corrine)

Hey, stranger. Nice of you to make an opening for us in you busy schedule.

Corrine gives Frank an annoyed look.

CORRINE

I couldn't exactly say no under the circumstances.

Frank looks at Tamsin and cocks his eyebrow.

FRANK  
(to Corrine)  
What is she doing here?

Tamsin looks offended.

CORRINE  
She wouldn't give me the tracker  
unless I let her come along.

TAMSIN  
I'm standing right here!

FRANK  
Which is the point! You're supposed  
to be back at the base taking it  
easy until the rug rat comes.

TAMSIN  
(firmly; loudly)  
I've still got three weeks! I'm  
perfectly fine!

Everyone gives her an unsure eye, but looks too scared to contradict her. The team enters the alley.

The camera PANS left, making a complete circle, to reveal that the alleyway is not only a dead end, it is also EMPTY! As the camera settles back on our team, they all wear identical confused expressions.

FRANK  
What the Hell?

Fletcher and Corrine look at their detectors.

FLETCHER  
I don't understand.

CORRINE  
There's no sign of him.

The gang walks around the small alleyway looking for signs of the demon.

VI  
He vanished.

Mike closes his eyes and holds his hand out in front of him. His brow creases with concentration.

MIKE  
Hey, guys.

Everyone looks to him as he holds his hand to the alley's far wall.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
There's something here.

All draw closer.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Something...  
(moving his hands over the  
wall)  
...hidden...

Suddenly a DOOR appears in the wall. Mike turns to the group and gives a cocky smile.

Fletcher studies the door with a curious look. Written on the door in black Sharpie are the words "The Devil's Water". His face brightens.

FLETCHER  
I'll wager this is that new demon  
bar we've been hearing about.  
Glamor protection spells are pretty  
standard on such establishments.

Frank frowns and takes hold of the door knob.

FRANK  
Get ready. This could be dangerous.

Everyone grips their weapons tightly. Frank turns the knob as we:

CUT TO:

INT. DEVIL'S WATER - CONTINUOUS

The door flies open, pushed in by Frank. The gang looks around.

The camera PANS to the diner's interior. As one would expect, the bar is a smoky dive filled with various dangerous looking demons sitting around several tables. The bar's patrons seem to be having a good time drinking, some playing cards.

Upon the gangs entrance, all goes quiet. The demons all look to them.

FRANK  
(to patrons)  
I don't want any trouble, we're  
just--

The silence is broken by the screech of every chair in the place being pushed back as all the demons stand. Frank tightens his grip on his shotgun, ready for action.

Instead of attacking, the demons run to the sides of the pub in a panic. The team exchange quick confused looks.

As the crowd frantically parts, the green "Hulk" demon is revealed hiding at the back of the room. Frank points to him.

FRANK (CONT'D)

There!

Ignoring the other hysterical demons, Frank and the crew race across the room. Hulk sees them and attempts to flee. But it's too late, the team tackle it to the floor.

The demon struggles, but the team succeeds in holding it down. Fletcher reaches into his pocket and extracts a vile. He quickly uncaps it with his teeth and pours the thick green contents into the creature's mouth. It gags as it swallows the vile brew.

The creature thrashes violently, throwing off the team as the other patrons look on in fear. It gasps and shakes, its color fading and features twisting as it starts to appear human, looking more and more like... TYLER!

The young man sits up, a confused look on his face. The gang give smiles of relief.

TYLER

What... What happened?

MIKE

(smirking)

Tyler smash.

Tyler looks even more confused.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

(cockney accent)

Oi! What the hell is going on here?!

The gang turn around toward the sound of the voice to see an annoyed SIMON TRAVERS.

Tamsin's eyes go wide with surprise as we:

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. DEVIL'S WATER - CONTINUOUS

As before, Tamsin looks stunned to see her brother staring back at her. Her surprised expression turns to one of annoyance. Frank, Vi, and Mike also frown.

TAMSIN  
(crossly)  
Simon!

But Simon isn't having it.

SIMON  
Don't "Simon" me! You're the ones  
what barged in here!

He points sternly to a large sign, also hand written, which is prominently displayed over the bar. It reads, "NO Punching, NO Biting, NO Scratching, NO Decapitations, NO Poison Secretions, NO Impaling with Bony Appendages, NO Weapons, ABSOLUTELY NO FIGHTING!" Seeing this, the gang all look away sheepishly for a beat.

FLETCHER  
(defensively; indicating  
Tyler)  
He was bitten by a Sporalock. They  
reproduce by injecting their DNA  
into their victims. We were just  
administering the cure.

Simon's features soften. He turns to address the bar's scared patrons.

SIMON  
It's alright, folks. Nothing to  
see. Simple misunderstanding.  
Everything's fine. Next rounds' on  
the house.

This last statement seems to placate the crowd who slowly return to their seats.

TAMSIN  
(to Simon)  
What's going on here?

Simon nods toward a door.

SIMON  
Let's talk in my office.

TAMSIN  
Your office?

SIMON  
(with a cocky smile)  
I'm the owner of this fine  
establishment, sweetheart.

Tamsin gives a bemused look as Simon moves toward the door.

The others move to follow Simon as Mike helps Tyler stand. The dark-haired man's clothes are in shreds, exposing his bare flesh beneath. Noticing his near nakedness, he tries to cover himself with his hands.

TYLER  
(whining)  
Why am I always naked?

MIKE  
(shaking his head)  
You got me, dude. If you're going  
to show it off, you could at least  
do some sit-ups.  
(poking Tyler's belly)  
Tighten up that playdough fun  
factory you got going here.

Tyler slaps Mike's hand away. Mike laughs.

TYLER  
(annoyed)  
I'm going home.

He turns toward the entrance to the club. Mike's ears perk up. He calls after Frank.

MIKE  
Hey, Frank!

Frank stops and turns toward the young man as the others begin to file into Simon's office.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
I'm gonna escort the T-man back to  
the diner. He's a little too nude  
to be on his own.

FRANK  
(nodding)  
Stay with him.

Frank turns back on his course. Mike rushes excitedly to catch up with his friend. He puts his arm over his buddy's shoulders. Tyler's face conveys that he knows the score.

TYLER  
 (matter-of-factly)  
 You've got a date and I'm your  
 excuse to leave.

MIKE  
 (nodding; with a big grin)  
 Two! They're twins.

Tyler gives a pained expression. The two exit the building as we:

CUT TO:

INT. DEVIL'S WATER - SIMON'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The office is a small, dingy room with sparse and equally dingy furnishings- a desk, a chair, a small sofa- a sofa which is currently occupied by a BODY. Curled up on its side and turned away from the camera, the figure is presumably asleep.

As the gang enter, Simon notices the sleeping figure. He sighs, quickly walks to it, and SMACKS it on the arm. The body jumps, startled.

SIMON  
 Shift it, you lazy git! Got  
 company.

The figure turns to sit, its features clearly demon. Its black skin and white face denote it as a KENJI DEMON. The demon notices Frank and his crew. Its face lights up. It quickly stands.

KENJI DEMON  
 (to Frank)  
 Frank!

The demon then notices Corrine.

KENJI DEMON (CONT'D)  
 Corrine!

The two humans exchange a confused look.

KENJI DEMON (CONT'D)  
 It's me! Harold!  
 (beat)  
 (MORE)

KENJI DEMON (CONT'D)

Me and my brother tried to kill  
you.

Frank and Corrine are still blank. Harold FLICKS his wrist. A large BONY SPEAR juts out. Looks of recollection cross the pair's faces. Harold retracts the weapon. Simon gives HAROLD a shove towards the door.

SIMON

(to Harold)

Sorry to cut your little reunion  
short, but we got thirsty customers  
need waitin' on.

Harold waves "bye" as Simon pushes him out the door and closes it.

SIMON (CONT'D)

So, you know ole Harold, do ya?

Frank nods.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Poor sod. Found him in a circus  
sideshow few months back. Helps me  
out 'round the place. Well, I say  
helps. Breaks more glasses than he--

Tamsin has been stewing quietly, but can take no more.

TAMSIN

(sternly)

What are you doing here, Simon!

Simon gives his sister a thin-lipped smile.

SIMON

Great to see you too, sis. How's  
tricks?

He looks blatantly at her swollen belly.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Never mind.

Tamsin is not amused. Vi and Fletcher take a step back.

TAMSIN

Why are you back? Lon told you to  
stay away.

SIMON

Yeah. Well, I was never good at  
doing what I was told, was I.

(MORE)

SIMON (CONT'D)  
 (beat; soft chuckle)  
 Heard big bruv finally went the  
 full bender before he chucked it.  
 And he pulled that Mike bloke as  
 well.  
 (with a sincere,  
 bittersweet smile)  
 Good for him. At least he went  
 happy.

Tamsin looks amazed by Simon's apparent care for their brother as the others stand around awkwardly. Corrine's cell phone rings. She quietly answers it, moving away from the group, and speaking indistinctly.

SIMON (CONT'D)  
 (softer)  
 See, truth is, I never left. Been  
 hanging 'round since you lot gave  
 me the boot. Been keeping my eye on  
 you, watching out. Thought I'd find  
 a way to prove I'd changed, prove  
 how sorry I was. But then Lon...

Simon looks away for a beat as tears threaten to come to his eyes. Tamsin too is now on the verge of crying.

The touching moment is broken by Corrine.

CORRINE  
 (into her phone)  
 Fine, Maxwell! I'll be there in  
 fifteen minutes!

All look to her as Corrine slams her phone shut and stuffs in into her pocket. She is not happy. Neither is Frank if the expression on his face is any indication. Noticing that she has an audience, Corrine forces herself to calm down.

CORRINE (CONT'D)  
 Sorry. I've got to go. Something's  
 come up at work.

Frank takes a step closer to Corrine.

FRANK  
 Something's always coming up at  
 work. You can't just run off every  
 time they--

Corrine's face turns cold.

CORRINE  
 Sorry, Frank. They need me.

FRANK

Well, tell 'em to get in line,  
sweetheart!

(firmly)

We need you. And more importantly,  
you need us.

CORRINE

What's that supposed to mean?!

FRANK

I see the signs. You're moody as  
Hell. You're not showing up for  
your training. Christ! Takes my  
nephew turning into a god damn  
demon to even get you to patrol!

CORRINE

(coolly)

I don't have to listen to this.

She shakes her head and turns toward the door. She throws it  
open and storms out.

FRANK

(calling after her)

That's it! Go play CEO! But don't  
come cryin' to me when you life  
goes to crap again!

All in the office look a bit startled. Frank looks to the  
gang, looking a bit embarrassed at losing his temper.

SIMON

(to Fletcher and Vi;  
quietly)

They always like this?

The pair shrug and nod. Frank moves to the other side of the  
room to stew.

Tamsin is not done talking to Simon.

TAMSIN

If you've been here all this time,  
why didn't you get in touch with  
me?

Simon looks down and shrugs lightly.

SIMON

Kept waitin' for the right moment.  
Kept thinkin', "Today's the day.

(MORE)

SIMON (CONT'D)  
I'll just walk over to the diner  
and..."

Simon turns away from his sister and the gang.

SIMON (CONT'D)  
Got as far as the front door few  
months back. Couldn't go in.

VI  
Sometimes we lock it when--

Tamsin waves her hand for Vi to be quiet. Vi gives a pouty  
frown.

SIMON  
I couldn't bare the thought that  
you'd reject me again.

Tears stream down Tamsin's face. She takes a step closer to  
her brother. Taking his arm, she turns him around and pulls  
him into her arms. Simon begins to cry as he melts into his  
sister's arms. She strokes his hair gently.

Vi begins to cry at the touching scene. Fletcher looks  
compassionately at Tamsin. After a few beats, Simon dries his  
tears and pulls back slightly.

TAMSIN  
(firmly)  
This doesn't mean that you're off  
the hook.

Simon nods.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)  
No more of your plots and schemes.

Simon shakes his head in agreement.

SIMON  
I promise.

Done pouting, Frank moves back to join the group.

TAMSIN  
Any we're going to have to have a  
talk about this place you're  
running.

SIMON  
Actually, now that you're all here  
and we're on good terms again...

He looks to Frank and Vi who are eyeing the man sternly.

SIMON (CONT'D)  
...better terms, at least... I need  
to talk to you too.  
(beat)  
I need your help.

The gang all frown as we:

CUT TO:

INT. DEVIL'S WATER - CONTINUOUS

Harold is at the bar whistling a happy tune as he serves drinks to the demon patrons. Not paying attention, he turns and knocks over the drink of one of the customers sitting at the bar. The demon jumps in surprise as the liquid spills all over it.

Harold moves from behind the bar and walks across the room to another door.

CUT TO:

EXT. DEVIL'S WATER - MOMENTS LATER

Harold exits the bar carrying a trash bag. He walks over to a large dumpster.

ANGLE ON Harold as if being watched. The demon drops the trash bag. The trash spills everywhere.

Still whistling, Harold bends down and begins to pick up the trash.

ANGLE ON Harold. Who or whatever is watching Harold moves closer to the unaware demon.

Harold stands with the trash bag and opens the dumpster.

ANGLE ON Harold. His back to the approaching menace, he drops the trash into the dumpster.

The back door suddenly opens as a DRUNK PATRON staggers out.

ANGLE ON Harold as the unseen watcher moves quickly behind the alley corner.

Harold turns to the patron.

HAROLD  
'Night, Mosilink. Say "hello" to  
the wife and brood for me.

MOSILINK grunts and gives Harold a wave as he walks away. Again whistling his happy tune, Harold turns and walks back into the building.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

Mosilink staggers down the alleyway. He hiccups.

ANGLE ON Mosilink. He is now being watched by the unseen creature.

The drunken demon continues to stagger down the alley.

A FOOTSTEP catches the creature's attention. He stops and looks around the alley.

The camera PANS around the alley. Only Mosilink is there. The demon shrugs and continues on his way.

ANGLE ON Mosilink. The camera moves in closer as the unseen stalker approaches.

Another FOOTSTEP, Mosilink stops again. Once again, he looks around the alleyway. Still nothing there. But Mosilink is now on edge. He begins to walk faster.

More FOOTSTEPS sound. Mosilink walks even faster. The FOOTSTEPS get quicker, Mosilink breaks out into a run.

The demon quickly turns a corner and presses himself against the alley wall. The FOOTSTEPS get louder. An unclear, SHADOWY FIGURE passes by. The FOOTSTEPS continue on, fading into the night.

Mosilink lets out a sigh of relief. He listens for a beat. Not hearing anything, he turns to continue on his way.

Suddenly, a CLAWED HAND grabs Mosilink and pulls him around the corner!

The camera continues to HOLD on the now empty alleyway as, off screen, the frantic SCREAMS of the demon can be heard.

Mosilink grabs the alley wall, momentarily pulling himself back into view, his screaming face a full of terror. A loud CRUNCH and the demon's eyes go wide. All goes quiet.

Mosilink's head tips down, his empty eyes staring forward. His head continues to dip down, falling to the ground! The bodiless head stares vacantly into space.

Off screen, a LOW GROWLING sound is heard followed by loud SLURPING sounds as we:

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. DEVIL'S WATER - SIMON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Seated on the small sofa are Tamsin, Fletcher, and Vi. Vi eyes the filthy piece of furniture she sits on unpleasantly. Frank stands to Tamsin's right on the side of the sofa.

Simon stands before them, leaning back on the front of his desk as he addresses the crew.

SIMON

It was Harold what gave me the idea for this place.

(beat)

Not literally, 'course. Bag of hammers, he is. But he got me thinkin'.

FRANK

(skeptically)

So, you're saying you opened a bar that caters to demon--

SIMON

Idiots. Yeah, basically.

Amused smiles cross Frank, Vi, and Fletcher's faces. Tamsin's face, however, remains neutral. Seeing this, Simon hurries to explain.

SIMON (CONT'D)

But it's more than that, see? Not like I'm just lookin' to make a quick Bob off the mentally challenged.

Skeptical looks cross the team's faces.

SIMON (CONT'D)

These buggers is too stupid to be dangerous, for the most part, but they is still demons, inn't they? So I thought, "Why not open a pub?"

Simon's audience clearly doesn't see his logic.

SIMON (CONT'D)

You know? A place where they can kick back so they're not out wandering the streets givin' ole Misses "Whats-her-name" palpitations while she's hangin' out her granny knickers.

(beat; proudly)

Suppose you could say, all this is kind of a "public service", inn't it?

FRANK

(sarcastically)

Saint Simon.

Simon doesn't catch or chooses to ignore the irony in Frank's voice.

SIMON

Exactly, mate!

An amused smile crosses Tamsin's face.

VI

What's this got to do with you needing help?

SIMON

Thought if I explained about this place, what I do, you and yours would be a bit more inclined to lend me a hand.

FRANK

Hand with what?

Simon moves from reclining on his desk and takes a step closer to the gang.

SIMON

Something's out there. Feeding off my clientele. For about a week now. Sometimes two or three a night.

FLETCHER

And this should concern us why exactly?

SIMON

Done told ya'. These are the good demons. This thing out there... it's evil.

Frank frowns as we:

CUT TO:

EXT. MACROWARE - MOMENTS LATER

Establishing shot of the MacroWare corporate headquarters.

CUT TO:

INT. MACROWARE - CORRINE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Corrine sits at her desk pouring over documents, a harried look on her face. A stack of unopened folders sits before her.

MAXWELL CANTON enters. Seeing Corrine's condition, he gives a small amused smile.

Hearing his arrival, Corrine looks up from her work. She is clearly not happy to see the man.

MAXWELL

Hard at work, I see. The stock holders would be happy.

Corrine curls her lip.

CORRINE

(annoyed)

Why did you call me, Maxwell?  
(indicating the paperwork)  
Most of this could have waited until tomorrow?

MAXWELL

(nodding)

Most of it.

(beat)

I just figured it was time we had a little private chat.

The anger is seething off of Corrine. Maxwell sits on the corner of Corrine's desk and leans in slightly.

MAXWELL (CONT'D)

I know you don't like me, Corrine.

By the look on Corrine's face, this is an huge understatement.

MAXWELL (CONT'D)

And thanks to Jon leaving you his controlling interest, I can't get you voted out of office.

Corrine continues to eye the man coldly.

MAXWELL (CONT'D)

My point is, things will go a lot smoother for both of us if you work with me instead of against me.

Corrine cocks her eyebrow.

CORRINE

In other words, if I don't sign off on every little thing you put in front of the board, you'll make my life a living Hell.

Maxwell gives Corrine a thin smile.

MAXWELL

I would never be so crass, of course. Let's just say, "one hand washes the other."

CORRINE

Yeah, well it's not my hands that are dirty.

MAXWELL

(frowning)

What's that supposed to mean?

CORRINE

I saw the acquisition papers. You're trying to purchase that manufacturing plant in Columbia.

Maxwell looks surprised for a beat, but quickly recovers.

MAXWELL

It's a sound financial investment.

CORRINE

It's cheap labor turning out inferior products.

MAXWELL

(firmly)

It'll save MacroWare millions.

CORRINE  
It'll put thousands of good people  
out of work!

Maxwell clenches his jaw.

MAXWELL  
Cuts will have to be made, but  
that's business.

CORRINE  
Jon would never have let something  
like that happen.

MAXWELL  
(coolly)  
Perhaps not. But as you're so fond  
of reminding everyone, Jon's dead.

Stunned by Maxwell's callousness, Corrine's mouth drops open.  
Maxwell stands.

MAXWELL (CONT'D)  
I'll be presenting my little idea  
at the board meeting tomorrow.

He turns to exit.

MAXWELL (CONT'D)  
See you there.

As Maxwell exits the room, Corrine finally manages to close  
her mouth. She is visibly shaken. She opens the top drawer of  
her desk. Reaching in, he pulls out a bottle of pills.

CU on the label- "Take one as needed for anxiety".

Corrine eyes the bottle for a few beats. Taking a deep  
breath. She moves to put the bottle back in the drawer. She  
pauses for a beat and then stuffs the bottle in her purse  
instead.

CU on Corrine's anxious face as we:

CUT TO:

INT. DEVIL'S WATER - SIMON'S OFFICE.

Simon, Vi, Tamsin, Fletcher, and Frank are still as before.

FRANK  
Evil?

SIMON

Yeah. Think about it, mate. A demon that kills other demons. He's gotta be one bad mother--

TAMSIN

Shut your mouth!

Simon gives his sister a cheeky grin.

FLETCHER

A demon that feeds off other demons? Not very common.

SIMON

(shakes his head)

Ain't never seen nothin' like it. Poor buggers drained of every drop of blood.

Frank furrows his brow.

FRANK

Like some kind of demon vampire? Great. Just what we needed.

FLETCHER

I'm sorry. I don't see the problem here.

Everyone's attention turns to Fletcher.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

If this thing's just going after demons, sounds like we should thank it, not try to kill it.

SIMON

Oi! Them's me livelihood you're talkin' about!

Fletcher ignores Simon and turns to Frank.

FLETCHER

I'm just saying, it kills demons, we kill demons...

Frank nods, seeing the younger man's point.

FRANK

A year ago, I would have agreed with you, son. But something I learned the hard way is that things aren't always black and white.

Tamsin gives Frank a proud smile. Vi turns to Fletcher.

TAMSIN

It's like the man says. Not all demons are bad. Not all humans are good. Once you log more field time, you'll see.

Fletcher looks doubtful.

FLETCHER

Our discussion on ethics may be academic.

FRANK

Meaning?

FLETCHER

Meaning that if this creature only attacks other demons, how are we supposed to find it?

FRANK

Obviously we need some kind of bait.

VI

Bait? Like what?

The door opens. Harold pops his head in.

HAROLD

Simon. What's in a Rum and Coke?

Simultaneously, light bulbs go off in all the humans' heads. In unison they look at Harold.

Harold smiles at them in his idiot's bliss as we:

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEYWAY - LATER

Harold stands in the dark alleyway, shifting his weight back and forth on his feet. He once again whistles a happy tune.

The camera PANS UP. Fletcher, Frank, Vi, Tamsin, and Simon watch the demon from atop an adjoining building. CU on the team as they observe.

FRANK

(quietly; to Fletcher, & Vi)

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)  
 He's gonna scare everything away  
 with that damn whistling.  
 (beat)  
 God. I wish Billie was here.

VI  
 Where is she, anyway?

FRANK  
 (shrugging)  
 Urgent business at Groom Lake. She  
 does have a job remember.

The last sentence seems more for his own benefit. Vi smiles.  
 She decides to test the waters.

VI  
 (tentatively)  
 She's been coming here a lot  
 lately.

FRANK  
 Yeah. Nice to have an extra pair of  
 hands.

VI  
 You mean in addition to me,  
 Fletcher, Mike, Rick, Tamsin,  
 occasionally Tyler...

Frank squints his eyes at Vi. She in return, smiles  
 innocently.

FRANK  
 (shrugging)  
 We share a lot of history. I feel  
 comfortable with her. I know how  
 she operates, all her moves.

Vi cocks an intrigued eyebrow. Frank looks away, embarrassed  
 for a beat.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
 (irritated)  
 You know what I mean.

Vi gives a knowing smile.

VI  
 Oh, I know.

Frank frowns and looks away. Vi's smile widens as Fletcher  
 chuckles quietly.

ANGLE ON: Harold still standing, still whistling innocently.

ANGLE ON: CU on Tamsin and Simon as they watch the demon.

SIMON

So, are you planning on telling me,  
or are you gonna make me ask?

Tamsin's face betrays that she is clueless. Simon rolls his eyes. He gives an exaggerated nod toward his sister's belly.

She still doesn't get it. Simon holds his hands in front of himself mimicking her swollen stomach.

TAMSIN

(matter-of-fact)  
Yes, Simon. I'm pregnant.

Simon scoffs and looks away for a beat, a "duh" look on his face.

SIMON

(to himself)  
What is she like?  
(mockingly)  
"Yes, Simon. I'm pregnant."

He looks back at Tamsin.

SIMON (CONT'D)

(annoyed)  
Of course, you're pregnant. I can  
bloody well see you're pregnant.  
People in space can see you're  
pregnant.

Tamsin frowns.

SIMON (CONT'D)

What I mean is, who's the little  
nipper's father? Who's the bloke  
what needs to be marrying you?

Tamsin gives her brother a small smile.

TAMSIN

We are married. Were... kind of.

Simon looks confused for a beat and then nods.

SIMON

Ah. Did a runner, did he?

TAMSIN

Yes, but...

(shaking her head)

He had to leave. It's a long story.

SIMON

Always is, love. Always is.

The camera PANS RIGHT to Frank, Vi, and Fletcher. Vi keeps stealing glances at the still embarrassed and annoyed Frank who is keeping an eye on Harold. Frank catches Vi looking at him out of the corner of his eye. He turns to her.

FRANK

What?

VI

Nothing. It's just, I mention Billie and you go all dark and broody. Like Batman.

(beat)

You're Frank-man!

FRANK

I'm not Frank... I mean... I'm just trying to do my job. Something which you should be doing.

Fletcher continues watching Frank and Vi's interaction as Tamsin and Simon continue to talk, no longer looking into the alley.

The camera PANS DOWN to Harold. The demon is still standing in the same spot mindlessly whistling.

CU on him as he continues to do so. A huge CLAWED HAND reaches out from behind and grabs Harold around the head, covering his mouth, stopping his whistling, keeping him from screaming.

The helpless demon is suddenly jerked out of sight as we:

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

As before, Harold is whisked off into the night by an unknown assailant.

Up on the roof top, the gang talk amongst themselves, distracted. Frank frowns, holding his hand up, indicating all should be quiet.

FRANK  
You hear that?

All shake their heads.

VI  
I don't hear anything.

FRANK  
Exactly.

Looking down, the teams sees the empty alleyway. Harold is nowhere to be seen. Frank clenches his jaw.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Crap.

The team quickly move out of sight, presumably leaving the rooftop as we:

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - MOMENTS LATER

The bell over the front door CHIMES as Mike enters. Tyler is sitting at the bar, now fully dressed in sweat pants and a t-shirt, a large cup of coffee in front of him.

Seeing his friend, Mike smiles and heads over to him. He sits down beside Tyler.

MIKE  
Hey, buddy boy. How you feeling?

TYLER  
Like Bruce Banner the morning after.

Mike smirks.

TYLER (CONT'D)

I thought you had a date. I recall twins being mentioned.

MIKE

(nodding)

I did. Had a great time with Gary and Larry.

(to himself)

Or was it Larry and Gary?

Mike shrugs, unconcerned.

TYLER

Didn't take long.

MIKE

(wagging his eyebrows)

Long enough.

(beat)

Besides, supposed to hook up with that new bartender at the Roundhouse after his shift tonight. The big muscly one with the beard.

TYLER

(suprised)

Tony?

Mike nods.

TYLER (CONT'D)

I thought he was straight.

MIKE

(with a big smile)

Was being he operative word.

(beat)

Remind me to thank Rick for hiring sexually confused staff.

Tyler nods but doesn't smile. He eyes his friend sadly. Mike's smile fades. Not wanting to talk about it, Mike stands and pats Tyler on the back.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I gotta go take a shower. Wash the Wonder Twins off me. Night, dude.

Mike quickly turns and walks up the stairs. Tyler sighs to himself. His cell phone RINGS, playing "The Imperial March" from Star Wars. He retrieves it from his pocket and puts it to his ear.

TYLER  
 (into phone)  
 Hey, Corrine.

CUT TO:

INT. MACROWARE - CORRINE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Corrine is still seated at her desk. The formerly tall stack of folders is now down to a single one.

CORRINE  
 (into phone)  
 Hey, Tyler. I just wanted to see  
 how you were doing before I call it  
 a night.

INTERCUT BETWEEN CORRINE AND TYLER

TYLER  
 I'm good. A little tired, but good.  
 Just about to go to bed myself.

CORRINE  
 (voice strained)  
 Good. Good. I won't keep you then.

Hearing Corrine's tone of voice, he frowns.

TYLER  
 Are you okay?

Corrine does her best to sound upbeat.

CORRINE  
 Sure! I'm fine! Just finishing up  
 some paperwork.

Tyler's not buying it.

TYLER  
 Come on. Who do you think you're  
 trying to fool here?

Corrine gives a thin smile, realizing that Tyler knows her too well for her to hide the truth from him.

CORRINE  
 I just don't know how much more of  
 this I can take.

TYLER  
 (sighing)  
 I hear ya, boss.

CORRINE

Got a visit from our friendly board chairman tonight. He's trying to strong arm me.

TYLER

(lightly)

I think you can take him.

Corrine sighs.

CORRINE

I'm not sure that I want to.

Tyler realizes that levity is inappropriate. He frowns, pondering what Corrine's statement could mean.

CORRINE (CONT'D)

Sometimes I wonder why I'm doing this job at all. I mean, is it because I really want to, or because I think I should want to?

(beat)

Or maybe I'm just doing it out of loyalty to a man who never really existed in the first place.

Corrine rubs her temple as if a headache is coming on.

TYLER

It could be worse.

Tyler cringes as if saying to himself, "Why did you say that?"

CORRINE

Really? How?

TYLER

(thinking fast)

You could be... abducted by demons?

Tyler gives another cringe. Corrine gives a small chuckle. Her mood lightens slightly.

CORRINE

You're right. That would be worse.

Tyler slaps himself on the forehead as we:

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEYWAY - LATER

Frank, Fletcher, Vi, Tamsin and Simon walk around the alley where Harold was abducted minutes earlier. They study the area, looking for clues. Fletcher has his locator in hand.

SIMON

I'll never forgive myself if something happens to that poor bugger.

Hearing the sincerity in Simon's voice, Tamsin puts a comforting arm over his shoulder.

TAMSIN

You really care about him.

Simon nods.

SIMON

A true innocent, he is. Genuine article. A real gentle soul... if demons have souls, that is.

(to himself)

Can't remember. Must have missed that day at school.

(beat)

Plus, where am I gonna find someone else that gullible to work for free?!

Tamsin rolls her eyes. Fletcher looks up from his locator.

FLETCHER

The sphere's locked on to them!

(pointing ahead)

This way!

The team runs up the alleyway as we:

FADE TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The large, shadowy figure drags Harold into the building.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The building is dim, lite only by the outside street lights which filter in though the many broken windows.

Harold is dropped to the floor. He appears frightened, but more so confused.

The shadowy form of his captor is still obscured by the darkness of the warehouse. It moves into the dark recesses of the building, disappearing from view.

Harold looks around. What little of the building he can see is full of the BODIES of various types of demons. Looking down to his feet, he sees the head of Mosilink. He taps it gently with a foot as if he thinks it will wake up. Something small MOVES in the shadows behind him as we:

CUT TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

With Fletcher in the lead, the gang continues to track Harold and the demon. They slow down. Fletcher points to the door.

Tamsin frowns.

TAMSIN  
(quietly)  
Do you smell that?

All nod. Frank grabs the door's handle.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The door opens slowly. A small object SCURRIES into the shadows.

Frank takes a quick look inside. His shotgun in front of him, he nods to the others and proceeds inside. He is followed in by the rest of the team, Tamsin and Simon bringing up the rear.

In unison the gang begin to gag and choke, covering their mouths and noses.

Frank feels on the wall. With a CLICK, lights come on. The warehouse is a large open space filled with various discarded pieces of wood and metal. An old forklift sits in the corner. The right side of the building has a small office area. Your typical warehouse layout. But all is definitely not normal.

HUNDREDS OF ROTTING DEMON CORPSES fill the room! Some litter the floor of the large room, but most have been woven into a LARGE CIRCLE five or so bodies high.

The stench is too much for the pregnant Tamsin. She turns and vomits on the floor. She quickly rights herself and wipes her mouth with the back of her hand.

TAMSIN  
 (quietly)  
 Knew that Chinese takeaway would  
 come back to haunt me.

Simon scans the room and sees Harold sitting on the floor playing with Mosilink's head like it is a toy.

SIMON  
 (in a loud whisper)  
 Harold!

Harold looks up and smiles at the group.

HAROLD  
 Hi, Simon.

The the team moves quickly to Harold's side. Fletcher studies the great demon circle while Simon drops to one knee beside Harold.

SIMON  
 You alright, mate?

HAROLD  
 (nodding cluelessly)  
 Sure. Just playin' with Mosilink.

Simon stands and pulls Harold to his feet.

SIMON  
 Let's get you out of here.

Fletcher is still studying the mass of corpses. Something skitters at the rim, just barely in view. Fletcher's eyes widen.

FLETCHER  
 Oh, my God!

Frank furrows his brow as all eyes turn toward the man.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)  
 This is a nest!

Suddenly, the object on top of the nest LEAPS at the team.

Quick on the draw, Frank SHOTS the thing mid-air. It hits the floor, dead. The team leans in to see what it was.

CU on the CREATURE. It is about two feet long, black in color, and vaguely insect looking. It's head is topped with 8 black eyes.

From all around the team, small PEEPING NOISES can be heard. The team instinctively moves closer to one another, forming a defensive circle.

Fletcher pulls out his locator.

CU on the screen. The six blue dots indicating the team are surrounded by about twenty red dots that are closing in from all directions.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)  
They're coming! Stay alert--

But Fletcher's words are cut short as another BUG DEMON leaps from behind a random body and smacks the man hard in the chest, knocking him to the ground. The locator flies out of Fletcher's hand, hitting the cement floor and SHATTERING.

The rest of the team move to help, but more of the insect-like creatures appear, SLAMMING into Vi and Simon.

Simon wrestles with the giant bug. It BITES him on the arm. Simon screams out in pain.

Tamsin moves to help her brother, grabbing the creature around its neck.

Vi throws off her bug, SLAMMING it hard into the wall where it SHATTERS into bits.

Fletcher manages to get on top of his bug, holding it down. It gnashes its sharp teeth as he stands on its throat. Reaching into his jacket, he pulls out a pistol and SHOOTS the demon once in the head. It quits moving.

Tamsin and Simon have managed to dislodge Simon's attacker, throwing it a few feet away. The bug creature rights itself and makes a run for them.

TAMSIN  
Frank!

Frank whips around. Quickly cocking his gun, he SHOOTS the creature dead.

The next wave begins. More bug creatures JUMP at the team. Fletcher steps in front of Tamsin.

Fletcher aims his gun at an approaching demon and pulls the trigger. CLICK, out of ammo. No time to reload, he tosses the weapon aside.

The man spots a short piece of lumber on the floor. Fletcher LEAPS over the demon as it LUNGES for him.

He ROLLS to the floor grabbing the lumber just as the demon leaps on top of him.

The creature BITES into the wood as Fletcher struggles to keep it at bay.

Another demon SLAMS into Harold. The hapless demon hits the floor, striking the back of his head. He falls into unconsciousness as the demon bug bites into his shoulder, RIPPING OUT A SIZEABLE CHUNK OF FLESH!

Luckily, Simon is close by, he KICKS the bug hard. It lets go of its demon prize and latches onto Simon's foot.

The man screams out in pain and falls to the ground. With his other foot, he repeatedly KICKS the creature in the head in an attempt to dislodge it.

Vi picks up a small bit of discarded REBAR from the warehouse floor. She swings the piece of metal like a sword, SMASHING several of the attacking bug demons.

Then, using the rebar as a javelin, she THROWS it, piercing Simon's attacker through the mid-section, and PINNING it to the wall. It writhes in pain for a few moments and then finally dies.

Fletcher knocks his demon aside. Quickly standing, He SMASHES it's skull in with his wooden weapon.

Frank SHOTS his last attacker and looks around. The battle appears to be over. FLETCHER is still clutching his bit of lumber, ready for more action.

Fletcher turns to Tamsin.

FLETCHER  
Are you alright?

She smiles softly, nodding.

VI  
Those weren't so bad.

Simon manages to stand, clutching his wounded arm.

SIMON  
Oh, yeah? Tell that to the bit of  
my arm...  
(pointing to the impaled  
demon)  
... what's floating around in that  
one's stomach!

Simon stoops down to the unconscious Harold and attempts to rouse him.

Fletcher studies the dead creatures. He frowns.

FLETCHER  
Something's not right.

Simon looks up to Fletcher, dumbfounded by the man's statement.

SIMON  
Welcome to "Mastermind". I take it your special category is the bleeding obvious!

Tamsin has also been studying the creatures.

TAMSIN  
No. He's right. These creatures are clearly juvenile.

She picks up one of the dead creatures.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)  
Notice the growth spaces here...  
(indicating part of the leg)  
...and here.

She points to the bug's thorax. Simon looks uneasy.

VI  
What does that mean?

SIMON  
Means there's something else. Something bigger, something uglier what laid all these creepy-crawlies.

FLETCHER  
(nodding)  
These young are clearly still in the nest. Given their immaturity, there's sure to be a parent or caretaker near by.

VI  
I bet she's not going to be happy when she sees what we've done to her babies.

TAMSIN  
I know I wouldn't.

Frank clenches his jaw.

FRANK  
Right. Let's get out of here. I'll  
call Mike and Corrine for backup.  
(beat)  
Fletch. Help Simon with Harold.

Fletcher moves to help Simon but stops dead in his tracks as a loud ROAR echoes through the building.

Every one looks around apprehensively trying to locate the source of the sound.

SIMON  
I think mummy's home.

The team once again moves into a tight circle, Simon dragging the unconscious Harold.

The lights flicker. The gang looks around frantically. Again the lights flicker, and then cut out altogether.

The team's eyes struggle to adjust to the darkness.

A HISSING sound comes from before the team. Frank cocks his gun.

A SHADOWY FIGURE moves closer approaches.

Fletcher tightens his grip on his piece of lumber.

Another HISS as the still undefined creature moves closer.

Vi assumes an attack stance.

The creature finally steps in to the beam of light coming in from outside. The NOSTRO DEMON is eleven feet tall. Insectoid in appearance, its body is made up of a black, bony exoskeleton. It has four arms, each tipped with a clawed hand. Its head has eight black eyes which look angrily at the team.

The Nostro demon's lips peel back to display a mouth full of razor-sharp, pointed teeth.

The demon ROARS as we:

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

As before, the menacing Nostro demon stands before the team poised for attack. The creature looks down at its dead offspring. It takes a step closer to one, nudges it with one of its claws. Seeing that it is no longer alive, the adult Nostro turns back to the team and glares menacingly.

It ROARS even louder than before. In unison, the team takes a step back.

The demon raises its four arms into an attack stance and takes a step closer to the team. It pauses and looks curiously at the team. The creature sniffs the air.

FRANK  
(to Fletcher; quietly)  
What's it doing?

Fletcher shrugs.

The creature turns its head to look directly at Tamsin. It's lips again pull back into a sneer. It takes another step closer.

Fletcher again steps in front of Tamsin. The demon moves toward the team.

Frank cocks his rifle and SHOOTs the demon squarely in the chest. The bullets ricochet off the creature's bony chest making it even more angry.

Vi attacks. She LEAPS into the air and KICKS the Nostro in the head. The demon doesn't slow its advance.

Vi lands with a ROLL and grabs the demon from behind. The Nostro tries to dislodge the Slayer but is having difficulty reaching behind itself. It ROARS in frustration.

VI PUNCHES it in the back of the head. It stumbles forward. The creature manages to grab Vi by her left leg and pull her from off its back.

The Nostro dangles the Slayer by her leg for a beat and then SLAMS her to the floor. Vi groans in pain but the Nostro isn't done with her. It again raises her up and SLAMS her into the cement floor.

Vi coughs, a bit of blood trickles out of the corner of her mouth. The Nostro raises the stunned woman into the air for a third time. This time, it doesn't slam her to the ground. Instead it THROWS her across the room.

Vi flies through the air, disappearing into the mass of dead demon bodies which are woven into the nest.

The demon quickly turns back toward the team. It HISSES and CHARGES.

Fletcher grabs Tamsin by the hand and drags her out of the way just as the giant creature SLAMS into the team.

Frank, Simon, and the unconscious Harold go flying in different directions, while Fletcher and Tamsin roll out of the way.

The pair stop, Tamsin on top, Fletcher on the bottom. Their eyes lock for a beat.

But the moment is broken as the Nostro closes in. They two quickly stand. Again grabbing Tamsin by her hand, Fletcher drags the woman toward the small office area.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The pair throw open the door and race inside. Fletcher slams the door shut behind them and locks it. The door RATTLES as the Nostro SLAMS into it. The whole office SHAKES.

Fletcher looks around the small, crudely constructed office which is built off the side of the warehouse wall.

FLETCHER

This place isn't doing to hold for long!

The building again SHAKES. Outside, the Nostro ROARS.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Frank lies stunned on the floor, a trickle of blood at his forehead.

Simon manages to right himself. Next to him on the floor is Harold, who is still unconscious.

Frank sits up, grabbing his head.

On the other side of the warehouse the two men see the Nostro demon SLAMMING into the office, ROARING loudly. Through the few small windows, Fletcher and Tamsin can be seen looking frantically around.

Frank leans in to Simon.

FRANK  
 (quietly)  
 We've got to get them out of there.  
 Find something you can use as a  
 weapon and I'll think of a plan.

A terrified look crosses Simon's face. He leaps off the ground and runs off into the shadows.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
 (angrily)  
 Damn it!

Frank's angry expression turns to a look of worry as we:

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Tamsin and Fletcher move the sparse office furniture in front of the door to further re-enforce it.

The office again SHAKES as the Nostro ROARS. The two small windows SHATTER.

FLETCHER  
 Keep away from the walls!

TAMSIN  
 She wants me! She wants my baby!

FLETCHER  
 Don't be stupid! It's just a dumb creature!

The office once again SHAKES as outside the Nostro slams into it. The walls begin to buckle. The two humans gasp involuntarily.

Tamsin opens the room's storage cabinet and fanatically rummages through it's contents.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Keeping an eye on the preoccupied Nostro demon, Frank hurriedly runs toward the nest. He climbs over the rotting demon bodies until he spots Vi lying unconscious.

He makes his way to her and drops down beside the injured young woman. She has a black eye and a fat, bloody lip.

Frank slaps her face lightly.

FRANK  
(quietly)  
Vi!

No response. He slaps her a little harder.

FLETCHER  
Vi!

He pulls his hand back for a third slap. This time, Vi's hand comes up and grabs Frank's wrist before his hand can make contact.

VI  
Hey! Easy on the merchandise!

Frank's face shows relief as Vi sits.

VI (CONT'D)  
Where is everyone?

FRANK  
That thing's got Fletcher and Tamsin trapped in the office. Simon hot-footed it outta her.

VI  
Bastard!

FRANK  
And you have my permission to kick his Limey ass all the way to Britannia. But first, we've got a demon to kill.

Frank takes Vi's hand and pulls her into a standing position.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
We need to draw it away from the office somehow--

He stops. Something has caught his eye. The camera PANS RIGHT to a stack of several black, OVAL OBJECTS.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Those what I think they are?

A small smile comes to Vi's face as we:

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

All Tamsin has managed to find in the cabinet is a hammer, which she clutches tightly. The office SHAKES again. The wall buckles more. Tamsin and Fletcher exchange a look which conveys that they know it won't be long before the creature has them.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The demon ROARS as it prepares for its final assault on the office.

FRANK (O.S.)  
Hey, bug breath!

The demon stops and looks around to see Frank and Vi standing on top of the nest. They each are holding up two of the oval objects.

Frank throws one of the objects to the floor. It hits the cement floor and shatters into a million pieces, its gooey insides spilling out. The nature of the black objects is now perfectly clear. They're eggs.

The Nostro GROWLS in rage. It turns fully away from the building and runs at Frank and Vi.

The pair toss the remainder of their eggs to the floor and run in different directions.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Fletcher and Tamsin watch through the broken windows as the demon moves away from the office in pursuit of Vi and Frank.

FLETCHER  
(nudging Tamsin)  
Come on.

The two move toward the door.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The Nostro moves in on Frank. He LEAPS and grabs a chain which hangs from the ceiling. He quickly climbs up it, out of the creature's reach. It jumps at him and misses. They strain on Frank's face is obvious as he tries to climb higher.

VI (O.S.)  
Hey! Over here!

The demon turns its head to see Vi standing at the edge of the nest. The Slayer jumps up and down, attempting to attract the creature's attention. It works! The demon turns from Frank and runs toward the red-haired woman.

The angry creature runs quickly at the Vi.

VI (CONT'D)  
(to herself)  
Didn't really think that one  
through, did ya, Vi.

The demon is on her.

VI (CONT'D)  
Crap.

The Nostro SLASHES at the Slayer with its claws. Vi PUNCHES the creature hard in the gut.

It back hands Vi who loses her footing and slides down the wall of dead demon bodies.

ANGLE ON Tamsin and Fletcher as they exit the office.

The demon turns to see the pair. It HISSES and breaks into a mad run toward them.

Fletcher and Tamsin freeze. The demon stops a few feet from the pair. It leans in, mouth open, teeth at the ready.

SIMON (O.S.)  
Get a away from her, you bitch!

The demon turns to see Simon sitting in the forklift baring down on it. The creature has no time to react. Simon SLAMS the machine into the demon and drives it into the wall, PINNING the angry creature tightly.

Frank climbs down from his chain.

Vi makes her way out of the nest.

Simon climbs down from the forklift while the pinned demon HISSES.

Tamsin looks at her brother in awe.

TAMSIN  
That was--

SIMON  
(with a cheeky wink)  
Yeah, it was. Wann't it?

Tamsin grabs her brother and pulls him into a tight hug.

Fletcher gives Simon an appreciative grin.

FLETCHER  
Get away from her, you bitch?

Frank and Vi now join the rest of the group.

SIMON  
Bit much?

Fletcher smirks and nods. Tamsin lets go of Simon. Fletcher pats the man on the back.

FLETCHER  
Thanks. I owe you one, mate.

Simon nods.

FRANK  
(to Simon)  
Good job.

Frank extends his hand. Simon takes it and gives it a shake.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Thought you'd run off for a second there.

SIMON  
How am I gonna do that? My sis was in trouble. Had to help her, didn't I?

Vi nods to the man and gives him an approving smile.

Harold picks himself of the ground. He starts to stumble over to where the gang is.

Behind the group, the pinned demon HISSES.

FRANK  
(indicating the Nostro)  
Now. What do we do about that?

Everyone one ponders what to do with the Nostro demon as Harold arrives.

HAROLD

Hey, guys. What did I miss?

Harold trips over a piece of random debris, falling straight at the restrained demon. Putting his hands out to brace his fall, he flicks back his wrist.

BONY SPEARS jut from both of the clumsy demon's wrist, STABBING the Nostro through its mid-section. The creature screams out in pain.

Simon moves quickly to Harold and pulls him away. The demon retracts his spears.

The Nostro shakes for a beat and then goes limp.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

(sheepishly)

Oops.

The gang all start to laugh. Harold looks clueless. Simon throws his arm around the demon's shoulder.

FRANK

Let's get out of here.

All nod in agreement and begin to walk toward the door.

VI

(indicating the demon  
bodies)

What about all this?

FRANK

(smirking)

I think it's Mike's turn for  
cleanup duty.

Vi chuckles as she and Frank exit.

Next are Tamsin and Fletcher. The man puts a comforting arm around her back as they leave the warehouse.

Simon and Harold bring up the rear. Something on the floor catches Harold's attention. He reaches for it, but Simon stops him.

SIMON

(shaking his head)

Best leave the head here, mate.

Harold's shoulders slump. The two exit as we:

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - MORNING

Frank and Vi are behind the bar. Tyler exits from his room and picks up a to go cup of coffee off the bar. He waives good-bye to the pair as he walks to the door.

Mike walks down the stairs with TONY (30, beard, full of muscles). Tony gives Mike a wink and exits out the door ahead of Tyler. Tyler looks from Tony to Mike and sighs. He exits also

Seeing this, Mike frowns. He walks to the bar, walking past Tamsin and Simon who sit at a booth.

Tamsin pours her brother a cup of tea. Simon picks up the cup and takes a sip.

SIMON

Ahh. Just like heaven.

Tamsin smiles softly.

TAMSIN

I want to thank you for what you did last night.

Simon sets his cup down.

SIMON

Didn't have a choice, did I?  
(beat)  
I love ya' sis.

Tamsin suddenly jumps a little.

TAMSIN

Oh! It's kicking!

She takes her brother's hand and places it on her belly. Simon looks a little apprehensive for a beat. His face lights up.

SIMON

(excitedly)  
I felt it!  
(beat)  
Like's his uncle Simon, it does.

Simon leans in to his sister's stomach.

SIMON (CONT'D)

(in baby talk)  
Hello, baby. Can't wait 'til you get here.

Tamsin smiles at her brother's excitement.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Uncle Simon's gonna teach you all kinds of fun things.

Tamsin frowns as the camera PANS to the bar.

Frank leans in to Mike.

FRANK

Saw your little friend leave.

MIKE

Who? Tony?

Frank nods.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Trust me. "Little" doesn't describe anything about that man.

Mike fans himself with his hand. Frank frowns. He clears his throat.

FRANK

Whatever. You're not pulling a stunt like that again.

Mike shrugs innocently.

MIKE

You were supposed to be watching Tyler not hooking up with some random hottie.

Frank quickly looks to Vi and mouths "hottie?".

She nods, confirming that his use of the word was correct. Mike frowns.

FRANK

Now I'm sorry if it cuts into your busy social calendar, but you've got a job to do here. You can't just run off because you're horny.

(beat)

We could have used you last night.

Mike looks guilty.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
 (with a smirk)  
 Speaking of which, I've got a  
 little clean up job for you to do.

MIKE  
 How little?

VI  
 Little like "Big" Tony.

Mike frowns.

MIKE  
 Remind me again why I work here.

Frank smiles as we:

FADE TO:

INT. MACROWARE HALLWAY- LATER

The camera opens on a door, it's plaque reads, "Board Room".  
 The door opens and Corrine and Tyler exit.

TYLER  
 (with fake enthusiasm)  
 Because you love your job!

Corrine doesn't like convinced.

CORRINE  
 Right. That's it.

VARIOUS PEOPLE file out of the room behind the couple, lastly  
 Maxwell. He hurries to catch up with the duo.

MAXWELL  
 Corrine!

Corrine clenches her jaw.

MAXWELL (CONT'D)  
 Just wanted to say thank-you for  
 coming today.

CORRINE  
 Translation- you got your approval  
 to buy that plant in Columbia and  
 just wanted to rub my face in it.

Maxwell smiles coolly. Tyler looks around awkwardly.

TYLER

I think that's my cue to leave.

The young man makes a hasty retreat off screen.

Maxwell moves closer to Corrine.

MAXWELL

(quieter)

That Columbian deal was just the tip of the iceberg. I've got plans for this company. Big plans. Plans that don't involve Jon Bates' out-of-date philosophies.

Corrine clenches her jaw.

CORRINE

The board will never--

MAXWELL

The board's on my side. They'll do whatever I tell them to.

Corrine is stumped as to what to say.

MAXWELL (CONT'D)

(with a cruel smile)

Face it, Corrine. You can't stop me.

Maxwell turns casually and walks away. Corrine is left alone, trembling with anger.

She frantically opens her purse and pulls out her bottle of pills.

She dumps a couple into her hand and tosses them into her mouth, swallowing them down.

CU on her sad face as we:

CUT TO:

END OF SHOW