

Hell's Gate

Season Two - Episode Three

"Three of a Kind"

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

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TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. SUBURBAN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

C/U on a red rose. The camera PULLS BACK, revealing a coffee table full of them. We PAN around, looking at a room obviously decorated for a romantic evening.

Discarded crockery, a half-eaten meal, lie on a long wooden table. Champagne glasses, half-full, sit next to them. A bottle rests in a silver decanter.

A CD player begins playing "Bilingual" by Jose Nunez.

We PUSH IN on a staircase in the corner.

FOLLOW it up until we get to...

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

A plush master bedroom. Neatly decorated, with a feminine touch. Large mirror, makeup table, wardrobe. A large window on the back wall, drapes drawn back.

Dominating the room is a king-size double bed. On which a couple are making out, fully-clothed. The woman on top.

They KISS for a few seconds.

Then, the man pushes the woman off. She flops back on the bed.

We FOCUS on them.

It's SILAS and HESTER, in full VAMP FACE!

Silas shuffles up on the pillow.

SILAS

When I said we should lay low, I
didn't mean it like that.

Hester sticks her lip out playfully.

HESTER

Why the grumpy? Is it because they're
looking at us? Cos it kinda puts me
off too.

She points across the bed, where a COUPLE are lying dead. Drained. Their eyes look sunken and hollow, their heads facing the vampires.

With a sudden LEAP, Hester springs to her feet. Picks up the couple, one in each arm.

She FLINGS them out of the window, SMASHING the glass as they go flying.

She lets loose a giggle. Turns back to Silas, grinning.

HESTER (CONT'D)
Better already.

She JUMPS onto the bed, begins to crawl towards him. He turns away.

SILAS
I'm "grumpy" because we've been waiting on him for six months!

He looks across at her, serious.

SILAS (CONT'D)
He could turn up at any moment and I don't want him catching us with our pants down.

HESTER
Why not? He'd enjoy it.

Silas harrumphs and gets up, off the bed.

He starts pacing around the room, worry coursing his features.

SILAS
I don't like it - he calls, and expects us to come running. Now he expects us to wait?

HESTER
He wouldn't have called if he didn't need us.

SILAS
I refuse to be some kind of plaything, used for whatever purpose he has in mind.

Silas turns away quickly. Hester jumps to her feet, spins him round.

He looks back at her, surprised.

SILAS (CONT'D)

What?

HESTER

Just checking to see if your yellow eyes had turned green.

Silas shakes his head.

SILAS

It's not jealousy. It's how things ended.

Hester punches him on the shoulder playfully.

HESTER

You always were a wiz at cleanup.

She winks at him. Silas turns away, stares out of the now-broken window.

SILAS

No time for frolics, love. The Slayer and that team of hers are out there. We have to be careful. If they knew we were back in town--

Hester spits on the ground.

HESTER

Talk about a passion-killer.

Two hands appear on her shoulders. She SPINS round, finds herself face-to-face with ZACHARIAH. Looks about 30ish, messy blond hair, cheeky features, ready smile. Wearing a short dark leather jacket.

He puts his finger to his lips. Shush. Draws her in closer to him.

Silas doesn't see this, still looking out of the window.

SILAS

That's always been your problem, Hester. The thrill of the chase. Wild times. Hedonism. There's more to life than--

He turns around, sees Hester and Zachariah locking lips.

His lip curls in anger. His fists ball at his sides. He storms towards them, pushes Hester away.

In one motion, he PUNCHES Zachariah full in the face.

Zachariah shakes his head from side-to-side quickly.

VAMPS OUT.

He LASHES out with a foot, catches Silas on the ankle.

Silas bends down, gets caught with an UPPERCUT from Zachariah.

He's sent reeling backwards, crashes into the makeup table, sending various accessories flying.

HESTER

Stop it! You'll only get yourselves--

She's distracted. Spotted a lipstick on the floor.

HESTER (CONT'D)

Ooh. Cherry-red.

She bends down to pick it up.

Silas REBOUNDS back up. SMACKS Zachariah with a fist to the jaw.

DRAGS Zachariah round. Pushes him into the wardrobe.

SLAMS the door on him. Once, twice, three times.

CRACK!

The wood of the door splinters. Zachariah hurtles through, hand outstretched.

CLAMPS it onto Silas' neck. Charges forward, pushing Silas through the room, until they're standing by the broken window.

With an evil smile, Zachariah reaches into his jacket pocket with his left hand.

He pulls out an elaborate silver-handled knife. Twirls it expertly. Holds it against Silas' throat.

He reaches around behind Silas' head with his right hand. Pulls the head forward. Closer to the knife, closer...

Then, he LUNGES forward, kissing Silas full on the lips!

Silas reacts with anger initially, then settles into the kiss.

A TUTTING sound from behind them.

They look round. It's Hester.

HESTER (CONT'D)

Boys, boys, boys. Wait for me.

She pulls her blouse off. Jumps in between them, smiling.

HESTER (CONT'D)
Just like old times.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT./ESTAB. DINER - NIGHT

A quick shot of the diner, lights still on, sign still says "Open".

CUT TO:

INT. DINER - CONTINUOUS

TYLER and CALLIE are stood by the door, pretty close. Vi's friend, SARAH MONROE, is with them, glancing out of the window every few seconds.

FLETCHER, TAMSIN and MIKE are all lined up at the counter. Mike's on his cell.

Behind the counter, VI's checking her makeup in a spoon. Everyone's dressed for a night of clubbing.

Mike ends his call, closes up his cell.

MIKE

Danny says he'll be here in two shakes.

He grins.

MIKE (CONT'D)

My kinda guy.

Tyler looks over at him from the other side of the diner.

TYLER

Danny again? Second date?

MIKE

Nah. That was Danny Owen, this is Danny Young. Keep with the box score, man.

TYLER

Difficult when it gets into double-digits.

MIKE

Triple.

Mike winks and turns back round.

Vi finishes her lipstick, kisses the spoon she's using. A TUT from behind her, and a hand takes the spoon away.

It's FRANK, not looking best pleased.

FRANK

That's great, Vi. Customer comes in, sees lipstick on a spoon, wonders what kind of place I'm running here.

Vi pouts back at him. Tamsin pats her on the arm.

TAMSIN

Don't worry. It'll never happen. You know we never get any customers.

FRANK

That's the location. Not the food.

FLETCHER

It's the food.

Frank glares at him.

FRANK

What's with all the cracks about the food anyway? You all eat it.

Nervous shuffling from the group.

Sarah raises her hand.

SARAH

I've never eaten here.

CALLIE

Frank looks at Sarah, squinting his eyes at her.

FRANK

Who are you again?

VI

This is my friend, Sarah. Remember?

FRANK

(annoyed)

No.

(beat; to the group)

Does everyone feel this way?

Everyone mumbles answers. Frank's face falls.

Noticing the look of disappointment on Frank's face, Tyler speaks up.

TYLER

You know, it's not so much the food as it is the grease factor.

All quickly nod. Frank furrows his brow.

FRANK

You never complain while you're eating it.

TAMSIN

Well, we never complain while we're eating, true. But at night, we complain a few times.

Mike smiles and high-fives her.

MIKE

One-up to the preggo.

Tamsin doesn't really like that.

FRANK

So you're telling me you're up all night--

MIKE

Complaining? Yeah. There's usually a line to the bathroom so we can all take our turns to complain.

FRANK

And that goes for all of you?

The gang refuse to make eye-contact with him, a bit embarrassed.

Vi tugs on his sleeve.

VI

If it helps any, I don't complain.
(beat)
I usually just throw up.

FRANK

(sarcastically)
Thanks a lot.

Sarah shouts out from over by the window.

SARAH

Someone's flashing their lights out here.

MIKE
That'll be Danny.

He gets up to go, the others start heading to the door.

TAMSIN
He has a car?

MIKE
A bike. But with really big headlamps.

He stops, realizing Tamsin's right behind him.

MIKE (CONT'D)
You coming too?

TAMSIN
Why wouldn't I?

Mike looks over at Tyler for support, who looks at Callie, who looks at Vi. No-one wants to say the obvious.

Tamsin's heavily pregnant by now, wearing a dress that's way too small for her, showing loads of cleavage and a little of stomach.

MIKE
Because... you're about to go
Hiroshima on us, and I don't want that
happening while I'm in the middle of a
slow dance.

Tamsin's jaw drops, her hands on her hips.

TAMSIN
Thanks a lot. You know I've had it up
to here with you people. Just because
I'm pregnant doesn't mean I can't
enjoy myself!

MIKE
You enjoyed yourself nine months ago.
Now you gotta pay for it.

TAMSIN
And that's another thing! All those
jokes and name-calling - it's gone
beyond now.

She's almost crying, hormones really kicking in.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)
 I've been called everything under the sun - Baby Huey, "preggo", John Hurt...

Tyler smiles in spite of himself. Mike whispers to him.

MIKE
 John Hurt?

TYLER
 There was an "Alien" marathon last week.

MIKE
 (smirking)
 Nice.

Vi's comforting Tamsin, her arm trying to reach around Tamsin's shoulders, and failing.

VI
 It's not that we don't want you coming, Tamsin, it's just, we don't want anything happening.

Tamsin nods, accepting Vi's reason. Fletcher gets up and stands by her, defying the young adults.

FLETCHER
 I, for one, think you look radiant.

MIKE
 (to Tyler)
 I'll give you fifty bucks if anyone at the club says that about her.

He looks over at Fletcher.

MIKE (CONT'D)
 Except him.

FLETCHER
 I'm not going to the club.

MIKE
 Dammit! And I was looking forward to seeing your robot dance. I heard it was pure 1978.

FLETCHER
 What?

Tamsin sighs.

TAMSIN
Sarcasm, Fletcher. You'll have to get
used to it with this lot.

The gang starts heading out of the door, leaving Tamsin,
Fletcher and Frank behind.

Vi pauses and gives Tamsin a concerned glance.

VI
Sure you'll be OK?

TAMSIN
I'll be fine. I'll just sit and mope.

VI
As long as you're sure.

She leaves.

FLETCHER
(to Tamsin)
You know, if you like, we could go
somewhere tonight.

TAMSIN
And where would take the two-ton
adult?

FLETCHER
How about dinner?

Frank shouts from behind the counter.

FRANK
I've got a dinner menu now!

FLETCHER
Thinking of somewhere with a little
more... class.

TAMSIN
Chuckie's?

FLETCHER
Where else?

He links arms with her, the perfect gentleman. They're just
about to leave when SIMON bursts through the door.

SIMON
Bleeding hell. BK's shut for
refurbishment. You've never seen as
many pissed-off teenagers.

He shouts across to Frank.

SIMON (CONT'D)
You sell burgers here, right?

FRANK
(excited)
Sure! Got a couple cooking right now.

He heads into the kitchen. Simon notices Tamsin and Fletcher for the first time.

SIMON
And where are you two off?

FLETCHER
Dinner.

Simon's eyes light up.

SIMON
Why didn't you say? I'll come with.

FLETCHER
(under his breath)
Oh joy.

Simon puts his arms round the pair, leads them out of the door.

SIMON
Where we going then?

TAMSIN
Chuckie's.

SIMON
Ooh. The romance place.

He checks his watch.

TAMSIN
What are you doing?

SIMON
Checking seeing if it's Valentine's
already.

TAMSIN
Shut up!

She slaps him playfully.

FLETCHER
 (sotto voce)
 If it was, would you still be coming
 with us?

SIMON
 (to Tamsin)
 Spot me a twenty?

Tamsin sighs as they leave. The diner is empty for a few beats and Frank arrives from the back with a couple of burgers. He looks around and frowns.

FRANK
 Oh, great.

He takes a bite out of one of them, seems to enjoy it.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 (chewing)
 Don't know what they're talking about.
 These are--

He stops and looks a bit green. He spits the contents of his mouth back onto the plate as we:

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The same one we saw in the teaser. Silas is lying back on the bed naked, sheets covering his manhood, arms folded behind his head.

Hester's sat on the edge of the bed, applying lipstick, looking into the mirror. She has no reflection, but it doesn't seem to bother her.

Zachariah's on his feet, pacing around impatiently, topless.

HESTER
 Still as fun as ever, Zachy.

ZACHARIAH
 (Cockney accent)
 Just like riding a bike.
 (to Silas; winking)
 'cept more sweaty.

SILAS
 (with a slight smirk)
 Yeah.
 (pointedly)
 Almost worth waiting a century for.

Zachariah turns to face him, realizing what Silas is implying.

ZACHARIAH

I was over in England, wasn't I?

SILAS

You could have contacted us. Phoned, or electronic-mailed.

Zach shrugs.

ZACHARIAH

Would have done, but I was with Orange. Couldn't get a signal.

SILAS

Why now, Zachariah?

Hester looks at Zach appreciatively.

HESTER

Who cares? He's here, let's have some fun--

SILAS

He's planning something.

ZACHARIAH

Yeah. Was enjoying myself, living in London. Then that Slayer, Hope... Joy... or summat, she turned up. Killed off a lot of me mates. Had to leg it. Ended up in Birmingham. To lay low, y'know. That's what took me so long to get here.

Silas sits up a little.

SILAS

We've had Slayer troubles ourselves and yet we've managed--

ZACHARIAH

That girl was summat else. Rough wi' it. Anyway. Birmingham. Certain there was a Hellmouth there, turned out that's how the people are. Still, helped me catch up with me reading.

He goes over to Hester, tickles her under her chin. She enjoys it. A lot. Silas narrows his eyes.

ZACHARIAH (CONT'D)
Remember what I said to you just
before I turned you?

HESTER
Was it good for you?

Zachariah snickers. Silas gives him daggers.

ZACHARIAH
Oh yeah. God, I forgot that. Best
night ever.

He shakes himself.

ZACHARIAH (CONT'D)
Nah. What else did I say?

HESTER
Oh! Would you like to be immortal?

ZACHARIAH
That's it. As come-ons go, that takes
the biscuit.

He kisses her quickly on the lips, then starts pacing again.

ZACHARIAH (CONT'D)
But the more I thought about it, the
more it isn't true. We step outside in
the light, we're ashes. Yeah, we can
withstand bullets, but a pointy bit of
wood turns us into dust.

He looks over at Silas, excited energy trying to burst through.

ZACHARIAH (CONT'D)
But I've found something that can make
us properly immortal.

SILAS
You serious?

ZACHARIAH
Ladies and gentlemen, we're going to
be gods.

CUT TO BLACK

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. ROUNDHOUSE CLUB - NIGHT

The main club of Heaven's Gate is really rocking tonight - plenty of students crowding the dancefloor, jiving away to an electropop track.

Tyler's well into the dancing swing, arms and legs pumping, not in tune or rhythm, but in enjoyment. He's getting a few odd looks and a couple of giggles, but he doesn't seem to notice.

The track reaches its climax, and Tyler jumps in the air, claps, and tries to land in a pose, but stumbles a little.

A few SNIGGERS from some of the dancers.

Tyler quickly recovers his composure and shuffles on over to a table just off the edge of the dancefloor, where Callie and Sarah are sitting with a couple of drinks.

Tyler nods at them both, then picks up a half-filled glass of Coke and POURS it over his own head.

He shakes away the droplets.

TYLER

Thirsty work, dancing.

CALLIE

(giggling)

Is the way you do it, Speedy.

TYLER

It's called expressing yourself.

Callie taps him on the hand lovingly.

CALLIE

You've changed, y'know.

TYLER

Have I?

CALLIE

Yeah. I remember when I first saw you.
Too scared to even talk to me.

Tyler shrugs - he remembers this as well. Only too well.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

But look at you tonight - acting like
an idiot and couldn't care less!

TYLER
 (defensively)
 I wasn't an idiot!
 (beat)
 Was I?

Callie shrugs noncommittally, and looks to Sarah for a lifeline, but none is forthcoming.

CALLIE
 You were a lovable idiot. Sound good?

TYLER
 Sounds like a bumper sticker.

He leans in closer to Callie. His face softens.

TYLER (CONT'D)
 I was a different person then. Things have changed. I've changed. Got you now, a stable job, responsibilities, demons to fight.

Eavesdropping, Sarah give the couple a quick, confused glance. Tyler notices.

TYLER (CONT'D)
 My own personal demons of course.

He picks up another glass of Coke that was on the table, but he downs this one.

He places it on the table, and it gets whisked away quickly by RICK, who moves onto another table along, clearing up the glasses and trays.

Vi's on his arm, tugging at his sleeve.

VI
 One dance! That's all I'm asking.

Rick turns and gives her a sympathetic look.

RICK
 Sorry. No can do. Not supposed to fraternize with the customers.

VI
 Fine. I'm not a customer. I'm your girlfriend.

She smiles brightly.

VI (CONT'D)
Fraternize me!

A humoured SNORT from Rick.

RICK
(teasingly)
Not supposed to fraternize with
anyone, girlfriend or not.

He returns to clearing up the table in front of him, a thin smile on his lips.

Puppy-dog eyes from Vi, who sticks her lip out in a plea for sympathy from her boyfriend.

Rick smirks - she's almost irresistible to him with that look on her face.

RICK (CONT'D)
(defeated)
Okay. One dance.

Vi smiles.

RICK (CONT'D)
But if I'm caught, you pay my wages.
My boss is a real dick.

VI
(smirking)
So I've heard.

She claps her hands in self-appreciation, then DRAGS Rick out onto the dancefloor, perhaps a little too hard - he wasn't expecting that kind of strength, and he ends up dropping the tray of glasses, SMASHING them.

Vi pulls him into a position on the dancefloor, BUMPING into Mike on the way.

Mike's sandwiched between TWO GUYS at the minute, one of them being DANNY, the other new.

He's getting into the song, shaking his lower half stylishly to the music.

Craning his neck, he spots the guy behind him.

MIKE
Enjoying the view?

The guy nods imperceptibly. Mike beams evilly, then wiggles his ass slowly, suggestively, from side to side.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Don't go getting any ideas!

He tops that off with a cheeky wink.

PAN OVER to Tyler, Callie and Sarah watching him.

SARAH
Mike looks like he's enjoying himself.

Vi swings by the table, exhausted after an energetic dance with Rick.

VI
Mike has that ass-shake down. What I'd give for Rick to learn that.

All the girls nod, with Callie looking at Tyler meaningfully. Tyler reacts in shock, shaking his head "no".

Everyone goes back to watching Mike and friends.

SARAH
Hard to believe he lost his boyfriend a few months ago.

VI
Yeah. Real hard.

CALLIE
It's hard alright, just ask half the guys here.

A burst of giggles from the girls.

VI
Who died and made you Mike?

Realizing what she just said, Vi cringes.

VI (CONT'D)
Oops, sorry.

She glances over and sees Tyler frowning at them.

CALLIE
Come on. Was only a joke.

TYLER
(seriously)
You guys don't understand. It is affecting him.
(beat)
All this...
(MORE)

TYLER (CONT'D)
 (motioning to Mike)
 ...is his way of denying his grief.
 Burying it.

He looks across at Mike, shaking his head in despair.

VI
 Everybody deals with death
 differently, Tyler. We lost Lon too,
 but you don't see any of us turning
 into hoochie--

TYLER
 But he's not dealing with it!
 (beat)
 He just can't accept that dying is a
 fact of life.

Off his sad face we:

CUT TO:

EXT. CHUCKIE'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A passing car ILLUMINATES the road-side for an instant, showing Zachariah, Silas and Hester standing outside, watching the restaurant intently.

SILAS
 (doubtful)
 So you're telling me the secret of
 immortality resides in a restaurant?

Zach shrugs.

ZACHARIAH
 Kind of. Part of it, anyway. Trust me,
 when we find what we're looking for,
 you'll be grateful.

Hester shudders in pleasure, earning a disapproving glance from Silas.

HESTER
 Ooh, Zachy, when you talk like that,
 it gets me all excited.

SILAS
 Exactly. That's all it is: talk. Big
 talk, but talk nonetheless.

He jabs a finger at Zach.

SILAS (CONT'D)

How do I know you're not just blowing smoke?

ZACHARIAH

Give me a break, will ya? I wouldn't lead you on with nothing but a wing and prayer, would I?

SILAS

I seem to recall a time or two--

ZACHARIAH

(firmly)

Not this time.

He reaches into his jacket pocket, and pulls out what looks like:

SILAS

(sardonic)

A glass shard.

ZACHARIAH

I can see why you'd say that, with it being made out of glass, and, y'know, shard-shaped, but it's a lot more than that.

SILAS

Really?

Zach waves the shard triumphantly in the air.

ZACHARIAH

This is one shard of a bigger glass thingy, and another one is in there.

He nods towards the restaurant.

SILAS

So, somewhere inside that restaurant is the part we're looking for.

ZACHARIAH

Yeah.

Silas glances at the restaurant, then turns back with an amused glance to Zach.

SILAS

What do we do? Ask them for it?

ZACHARIAH
Seems as good a way as any.

He starts jogging across the road, Silas and Hester following him after a quick beat.

SILAS
You're not serious?

ZACHARIAH
Well, not ask as such. More tell, y'know? Whole scary face routine? Usually works.

HESTER
Great! Just looking at that place was making me hungry!

They all rush to the door. Hester and Zach are about to burst in when:

They get HAULED BACK by Silas, who pulls them round the corner and out of sight.

ZACHARIAH
What did you do that for?

SILAS
(through gritted teeth)
Watcher!

ZACHARIAH
Who? Hester?

He gives her a cheeky wink, and she responds by licking her lips provocatively.

Silas runs a frustrated hand through his hair.

SILAS
No. There's a Watcher in there. Member of the Watchers' Council!

HESTER
Which one?

SILAS
The living one.

HESTER
Oh.

Zach's having a tough time taking all this in.

ZACHARIAH

Hold on a minute. You're scared of a
Watcher? All poncy, and tweed-wearing,
and British?

Silas and Hester give him a sidelong glance.

ZACHARIAH (CONT'D)

I'm not wearing tweed, am I?

SILAS

You don't know this Watcher like we
do. She's tough.

HESTER

But she's with child. She won't be a
threat.

(excitedly)

She'll be like a box of Crack Jacks
with a fun toy inside.

Silas' frustration is growing by the second.

SILAS

She's never alone, though, is she?
Think, Hester. Where she goes, they
go. The Slayer, the whole merry band.

Hester nods in acceptance.

HESTER

He's right, Zachy. We'd never get
close to the shard.

ZACHARIAH

Good job I have a backup plan, then,
innit?

SILAS

(shocked)

Since when did you have backup plans?

Zach grins widely, evilly.

ZACHARIAH

Since I started thinking clearly.
Here.

He tosses Silas the shard whilst he searches deeper into his
jacket pocket.

He pulls out his knife, which he holds in his mouth whilst he
continues to search.

Eventually, he finds what he's been looking for: a sphere, which looks like a miniature version of the Orb.

SILAS

And that would be?

ZACHARIAH

Summat else I picked up on me travels.
Bloody useful.

(beat)

Time to call in the troops.

He places both hands on the sphere. Starts WHISPERING in a foreign tongue.

The sphere begins to CLOUD.

CUT TO:

INT. CHUCKIE'S RESTAURANT - SAME TIME

Chuckie's is fairly quiet tonight - a few couples scattered around. Most of the waiters are cleaning up to waste time. The maitre d' is standing by the entrance, idly tapping at his board. Tamsin, Fletcher and Simon are seated at a window-seat table.

Tamsin's wolfing down her meal with some vigor. Fletcher's paying little attention to his own meal, and more to Tamsin. A fact that Simon's noticed.

SIMON

She never used to eat like that before.

Fletcher shakes himself suddenly.

FLETCHER

Sorry?

SIMON

Tams. Before she got up the duff, she used to be a picky eater. Now it's like she's not eaten for a month.

TAMSIN

OI!

As she shouts, some of her food flies out and splatters Fletcher on the face.

He picks up a napkin and begins to wipe it off, grinning. Tamsin starts to apologize. Stops. Swallows. Then:

TAMSIN (CONT'D)
Sorry. Really.

FLETCHER
No problem. It's good food.

They LAUGH. Simon watches them with detached amusement.

SIMON
Seriously? You like the food?

FLETCHER
Yeah! It's good wholesome fare. Great tucker.

SIMON
It's crap. Then again, you're an Aussie. You don't know what food is.

FLETCHER
That's rich, coming from a Pom.

Simon just stares him down.

Tamsin, eating again, gestures at Simon with her fork. She swallows, then:

TAMSIN
If you don't like your steak, why did you order it? You know they don't cook it properly in this country.

SIMON
Because I like steak. That's all.

He looks at his plate.

SIMON (CONT'D)
Normally.

TAMSIN
If you don't want it, I'll have some...

She reaches across with her fork, ready to pluck a chunk off Simon's plate.

SIMON
Get lost!

He pushes the plate out of her reach, sticking his tongue out at her when she pathetically tries to reach over, not getting enough movement due to her stomach.

SIMON (CONT'D)
I'll finish it.

As dramatically pulls her fork back, it SLIPS out of her hand and lands on the floor.

TAMSIN
Oh, great.

She tries to reach down to reclaim it, but she's having no luck. Fletcher gently rights her.

FLETCHER
I'll get it for you.

He goes down onto all-fours, and clambers under the table. Simon smirks to himself.

SIMON
Y'know he's only doing that to have a look up your skirt.

Tamsin chastises him non-verbally. Simon just laughs to himself. He bends down, looking at Fletcher who's scrambling under the table.

SIMON (CONT'D)
Y'know, Fletcher, mate, I never pegged you as a chubby-chaser!

BUMP! Fletcher stands up and cracks his head on the underside of the table.

Simon SNORTS with laughter. Tamsin reaches across and SLAPS him.

TAMSIN
Stop it!

Fletcher pops back up, fork retrieved.

SIMON
Get a good view?

Tamsin rises to her feet out of pure fury, her eyes blazing.

TAMSIN
GET OUT! GO ON, GO!

Simon's cowed by the sheer force of her words. He holds his hands up in mock surrender.

SIMON

Fine. I can take a hint.

He turns around, starts walking towards the entrance.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Dying for a fag, anyway.

Both Tamsin and Fletcher watch him go.

Once he's left, Tamsin plops back down onto her seat.

Her eyes suddenly WIDEN.

TAMSIN

Oh God.

Fletcher, casually wiping the dropped fork with a napkin, reacts with almost indifference.

FLETCHER

Don't worry about him. He'll realize he went a bit far.

TAMSIN

(whispering)

It's not that.

FLETCHER

What?

TAMSIN

(still whispering)

I think my water's just broke.

FLETCHER

WHAT?!

He drops the fork again.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

Are you sure?

TAMSIN

Either that, or I've just wet myself in a very public place!

Off the shocked looks the pair are sharing, we CUT TO:

EXT. CHUCKIE'S RESTAURANT - SAME TIME

Simon's stood outside the entrance, cigarette in mouth, lighter in hand, annoyed look on his face.

He flips it back, a FLAME appears, but it seems to BLOW as if in a breeze.

It then BLOWS OUT.

SIMON

What the?

He tries again. The FLAME definitely seems to move in a BREEZE, and then DIES.

Simon narrows his eyes and looks up.

A PORTAL is opening right next to him!

As he watches, the connection is made, and HORDES of DEMONS POUR OUT.

MORE and MORE of them SURGE THROUGH. Bright blue, skeletal, faces contorted to a horrendous degree. Hungry. Ferocious. Dangerous. Deadly.

The cigarette drops out of Simon's slack-jawed mouth.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Oh. Crap.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. CHUCKIE'S RESTAURANT - SAME TIME

Tamsin is sitting cross-legged on her chair, breathing deeply. Fletcher's pacing around her impatiently, cell phone pressed to his ear.

FLETCHER
Damn. No reception.

He pulls the phone away in disgust.

TAMSIN
What are we gonna do?

FLETCHER
Relax. Breathe.

TAMSIN
Easier said than done.

He clasps hold of her hand strongly.

FLETCHER
The hospital's only five blocks away.
We'll make it. I'll go pull the car
'round.

He tries to pull his hand free, but Tamsin's clasp on hard.

TAMSIN
Don't leave me.

FLETCHER
I have to. You'll be fine. Trust me.

Reluctantly, she lets him go. He gives her a cheery smile, and heads to the entrance.

Just as he gets to it, the door FLIES OPEN, and Simon races through.

He lies back against the door, PANTING HARD.

Fletcher tries to push past. Simon stops him.

SIMON
Won't want to be going out there,
mate.

FLETCHER
(indignantlly)
Why not?

SIMON
Demons. Hundreds of the buggers.

Fletcher stares him down.

FLETCHER
This isn't the time for--

SMASH! A blue bony demonic arm crashes through the glass window in the door.

It REACHES AROUND, and Fletcher drops to the deck. Simon slumps down, whispering curse words under his breath.

The arm RETRACTS back in, causing a deep breath of relief from both the men.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)
I need to get out there.

SIMON
Are you off your rocker? You'll get ripped to shreds the minute you step out the door!

FLETCHER
You don't understand. I need to get the car!

He casts a glance at Tamsin, who's entered a state of almost meditative calm, eyes closed - miles away.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)
Tamsin's gone into labour.

SIMON
What? Now?

Fletcher nods.

SIMON (CONT'D)
Always was one for the bad timing.

Climbing back to his feet, Fletcher's about to try the door. But Simon cuts him off.

FLETCHER
I've gotta take my chances.

SIMON
Doesn't matter either way mate. Those things would have surrounded the place by now.

(beat)

(MORE)

SIMON (CONT'D)
 Face it, we're not getting out - no-
 one else is coming in.
 (beat)
 We're trapped.

Fletcher acknowledges him, then looks back over at Tamsin with a face filled with regret.

FLETCHER
 And I told her everything would be
 fine.

His face hardens, as he gains resolve.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)
 I'll go over to her, tell her what's
 happening. You start blockading the
 door.

Simon shakes his head emphatically.

SIMON
 No way, Jose. I know Tams much better
 than you do. I'll tell her the score.

And before Fletcher can protest, Simon's on his way.

SIGHING, Fletcher takes the maitre d's lectern and stands it up against the door.

PAN ACROSS to Simon, who gently shakes Tamsin on the shoulder.

Her eyes snap open, and she almost loses balance.

TAMSIN
 Simon! What the hell did you do that
 for?

She grabs hold of her stomach, obviously feeling a contraction. She notices his concerned look.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)
 Yes, a baby's going to be flying out
 of me any minute. Anything else?

SIMON
 Erm. An army of demons is outside.
 They're trying to break in.

Tamsin's eyes bulge.

TAMSIN
 You're kidding!

SIMON
Really, really wish I was.

Tamsin makes a move to get up.

TAMSIN
Can't just sit here. Have to help.

Simon tries to stop her.

SIMON
It's all right. You just relax. We've got everything under control.

The sound of more glass SMASHING O.S.

Tamsin raises a cynical eyebrow.

TAMSIN
Really?

She bats away Simon's hand, gets to her feet, and begins waddling towards the door, Simon chasing behind in her wake.

SIMON
Come on, Tams. There's nothing you can do.

TAMSIN
I am a Watcher, you know. I have to help. I can't just stand by and, y'know, watch.

Fletcher's in the process of manoeuvring a table round to block the door, when the MAITRE D' taps him on the shoulder.

MAITRE D'
Excuse me, sir. May I ask what you're doing?

FLETCHER
I'm barricading the door.

MAITRE D'
Yes. I can see that. Why?

Looking around in desperation, Fletcher notices Tamsin and Simon approaching.

FLETCHER
Street gangs.

MAITRE D'
What?

FLETCHER
Street gangs.

TAMSIN
Yes. Gang-related. PCP and all that.

MAITRE D'
What are they doing here?

FLETCHER
Trying to break in.

MAITRE D'
Why?

Tamsin shrugs non-committally.

TAMSIN
Burger King's closed.

The maitre d' pushes past, making for the door.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)
Don't go out there!

MAITRE D'
I'm sorry, miss, but I don't tell you
how to do your job, do I?

He glances at her swollen stomach with a sneering eyebrow.

MAITRE D' (CONT'D)
Whatever that may be.

He turns to open the door.

TAMSIN
Don't say I didn't warn you.

As soon as he opens the door, he gets PULLED from view.

A couple of seconds later, a LOUD SICKENING SCREAM rings around.

Loud enough for the customers to hear. They get to their feet,
shocked, surprised, and scared.

Tamsin looks between the customers and the door. Adopts a
commanding voice.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)
(to Simon & Fletcher)
You two - get back to barricading.

SIMON
What are you gonna do?

TAMSIN
Everything else.

As the guys get back to moving the tables, Tamsin turns to the stunned patrons.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)
Right. I'm going to level with you.
Outside is a gang that want to break
in. And they're not going to stop. So
don't panic.

She stops, thinking about this.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)
Or you can panic, it just won't make
much difference. Just stay away from
the doors and windows and you should
be fine. For a while.

Suddenly, she holds her stomach. Another contraction.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)
But most importantly of all - is
anyone here a doctor?

CUT TO:

EXT. CHUCKIE'S RESTAURANT - SAME TIME

Standing across the road from the restaurant are the three
vampires.

Zach's looking very confident and pleased with himself. Silas is
standing next to him, trying to hide how impressed he is.
Hester's off to one side, tapping her foot impatiently.

HESTER
Can I go in there?

SILAS
No, love. We don't want to get
involved.

HESTER
But it's boring just standing around!

SILAS
It's necessary. Let them do the dirty
work for us.

Hester sticks out her bottom lip childishly.

HESTER
But I like dirty work.

Zach SNIGGERS at that.

ZACHARIAH
You don't have to tell me that twice,
sweet-cheeks.

This draws a concerned look from Silas.

SILAS
Don't encourage her!

ZACHARIAH
Come on, mate. Take that stick out of
your arse. Soon enough we'll be
celebrating...
(with a cheeky grin)
...and I'll find something else to put
up there.

Silas smiles slightly.

SILAS
I just don't want to be presumptuous.

Zach shrugs in a half-hearted manner.

ZACHARIAH
Have it your way. I'm enjoying the
show.

Hester pushes between them.

HESTER
How much longer is it going to be? I'm
getting hungry.

Silas closes his eyes in frustration.

SILAS
Patience is a virtue, dear.
(beat)
In the meantime, here..

He HAULS up the unconscious maitre d'.

SILAS (CONT'D)
...have someone to tide you over.

Hester SQUEALS in delight, VAMPS OUT, and with a ROAR, sinks her fangs into his neck.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMAND CENTRAL - SAME TIME

Frank's asleep in a swivel-chair, legs perched on a desk in front of him, shotgun across his lap, his hands unconsciously curled around the trigger.

An ALARM BLARES OUT.

Frank wakes with a START.

FIRES the shotgun accidentally.

FRANK

Wha?

He quickly checks, making sure the shotgun's not done any damage, then gets to his feet, walking over to the main computer banks.

He focuses on one screen in particular - the main demon-locator.

Where normally there are separate dots for demons, there's now just a mass, indicating a huge number.

Frank prods at a few buttons, and the image revolves, sharpens and changes, revealing the location - outside Chuckie's.

Without a moment's hesitation, Frank cocks the shotgun with one hand.

With the other, he takes out his cell phone and starts dialling.

He keeps the phone pressed to his ear whilst he starts moving around the base, pulling out various equipment and weaponry - guns, stakes, demon-locators, ammo.

After a while, he pulls the phone away, annoyed.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Who doesn't answer a ringing phone?
Seriously, what's up with these kid?

He pauses for a second, looking intently at the cell's screen.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(pondering)
Predictive text? Hm.

He shrugs his shoulders and begins pressing buttons on his phone as we:

CUT TO:

INT. THE ROUNDHOUSE CLUB- SAME TIME

The music is LOUD. Very loud. Why Frank's call went unheard. Mike's still dancing like a trooper, Vi also. Tyler and Callie are dancing together. Only Sarah's off to one side, looking left out. And Rick, clearing up a table, watching Vi with appreciation.

The song finishes and the gang disperse to cool off and get drinks.

Vi notices her phone flashing. Quickly checking, she hurries over to Tyler and Callie.

VI

It's Frank. He's sent me a text.

TYLER

(disbelieving)

Frank?

Vi nods.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Frank McGann? My uncle Frank?

Vi nods more vigorously.

TYLER (CONT'D)

What caused him to join the 21st century?

CALLIE

What does it say?

Vi's reading, but all she's getting is puzzled.

VI

It says "got to cheese, holes in it."

Confused glances all round.

CALLIE

Cryptic crossword?

TYLER

Bet it's a joke - probably because of us ripping on his cooking before.

VI
What does it mean?

TYLER
Can't be anything important.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - SAME TIME

Frank emerges from the back, laden down with weaponry and equipment. He's looking at his phone with that frustrated look again.

FRANK
Damn it!

As he prepares to leave, he starts dialling another number.

CUT TO:

INT. CHUCKIE'S RESTAURANT - SAME TIME

Fletcher and Simon have finished piling up tables and chairs against the door.

They back away with trepidation.

Fletcher turns to look into the restaurant itself.

The customers have barricaded themselves in, arranging chairs and tables into a circle.

Tamsin's lying across three chairs herself, hand over her stomach. She appears to be counting.

Fletcher hurries to her side.

FLETCHER
Are you all right?

TAMSIN
It'll be coming any minute.

FLETCHER
What?!

TAMSIN
I've been counting the contractions.
They're getting very frequent.

Slightly panicked, Fletcher looks at the customers, who are all huddled together, frightened out of their wits.

FLETCHER
Are none of those people doctors?

TAMSIN
Apparently not.

FLETCHER
Why all the bad luck all of a sudden?

TAMSIN
Told you not to shoot that leprechaun
the other week.

FLETCHER
(with a wink)
You know there's no such thing as
leprechauns, sweetheart.

They share a smile. Simon appears at their side, casting nervous glances at the door.

SIMON
That's not gonna hold for long.

FLETCHER
Make sure it does. I'm gonna help
Tamsin deliver.

Tamsin sits up at this.

TAMSIN
Sorry, what?

FLETCHER
This won't be my first birth. I know
the procedure.

TAMSIN
Why haven't you told me this before?

FLETCHER
Because... it's never come up.

Simon's still trying to work everything out.

SIMON
So what, you're a doctor or summat?

FLETCHER
Not exactly.

TAMSIN
Wait, what do you mean, not exactly?

FLETCHER

Well, when I was in school, I spent a month working with the Flying Doctors. Work experience.

TAMSIN

Flying Doctors?

FLETCHER

Yeah - up in the Outback they fly between the ranches and farms, and--

Tamsin cuts him off with a dismissive hand gesture.

TAMSIN

I know what they are! But how is it gonna help me?

FLETCHER

Well, while I was with them, I helped deliver a child.

TAMSIN

So you know what you're doing.

FLETCHER

In a way.

TAMSIN

In a way?

FLETCHER

It was a crocodile.

TAMSIN

WHAT?

Simon barks out a harsh, humourless laugh.

SIMON

Oh. That is just bloody brilliant. Here we are, a horde of demons are about to burst in and attack us, my sister's gonna be shooting out a sprog any minute, but not to worry, we've got Crocodile Dundee here to save us.

He walks away, shaking his head.

TAMSIN

A crocodile?

FLETCHER

Well, the principle's the same.

TAMSIN
(annoyed)
No it isn't. I'm not laying an egg!

FLETCHER
Close enough.

TAMSIN
Make one wrong move, and I'll bite
your head off!

FLETCHER
As the crocodile would have said.

They share a grin, which is broken by a BUMPING SOUND from O.S.

It's by the door - a BUMP, a BANG and another BUMP.

The demons are breaking through.

Thinking quickly, Simon grabs hold of a fork and knife and
adopts a defensive stance facing the entrance, sweating
profusely.

SIMON
They're coming!

Tamsin grips hold of Fletcher's hand tightly.

TAMSIN
It's coming!

SMASH!

The door flies off its hinges sending chairs and tables flying
around the room.

Standing in the doorway is one of the demons.

Tall, skeletal, bright blue. It extends its arms, and huge
LEATHERY WINGS unfurl.

With a SCREECH, it flies towards the group.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. CHUCKIE'S RESTAURANT - SAME TIME

The demon flies straight towards the group.

Simon holds onto his cutlery in tense anticipation.

More demons enter the restaurant, all flying towards them.

Closer, closer...

Just as they're about to approach, they VEER OFF to the side and clamp themselves onto the wall and start scrabbling away.

More fly in and attach themselves to the ceiling, slashing at it with their claws.

Yet more start tearing up the floor tiles.

Simon looks back at Tamsin and Fletcher in stunned disbelief.

SIMON

What the--

But they're preoccupied.

TAMSIN

Is it out yet?

FLETCHER

It's not coming out. It was just another contraction. Getting into position.

TAMSIN

I'm sorry if I don't take your word for it.

Their argument is interrupted by Simon, who waves a hand in between them.

SIMON

If you're finished bonding, would you mind telling me why these slavering beasties are attacking the walls and not us?

FLETCHER

What?

He gets up to his feet and surveys the situation.

The demons are making serious headway - ripping great holes out of the ceiling, wall and floor.

Plaster and rubble starts falling around all over the restaurant.

Fletcher makes a connection in his mind, and watches them work with quiet fascination.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)
(almost reverentially)
I thought they were a myth.

SIMON
What are they?

FLETCHER
You ever watched The Wizard of Oz?

Simon looks blankly back at him - a perfect "huh"? face.

SIMON
Yeah, once, twice...
(beat)
Fine. I have the DVD. So bloody what?

FLETCHER
Meet the inspiration for the Flying Monkeys.

SIMON
Okay.
(beat)
What?

Fletcher sighs, turning to Simon in slight annoyance.

FLETCHER
I should have noticed as soon as I got a glimpse of their skeletal structure. They're called Calleara demons. They're like mercenaries, bounty hunters.

SIMON
Not too different to most of my customers.

He nods at them with a cheekily raised eyebrow.

SIMON (CONT'D)
You think they like a tippie? This lot could save me my licence.

FLETCHER

Unlikely. Their minds are occupied on one thing and one thing only: finding and retrieving what they've been sent to collect.

(beat)

They're all in it for themselves. Every one. They're all competing. The one that manages to find the item takes it to the summoner and receives a reward. Usually a gigantic sum of money, or treasure, or something along those lines. Hence why they're not seen very often.

(beat)

They cost too much.

Simon smirks a little. He pats Fletcher on the back in a friendly manner, and starts walking back towards Tamsin and the rest.

SIMON

Well that's all hunky-dory, then, innit? We mind our own business, let this lot find whatever it is they're looking for, while we make sure my sister doesn't give birth to a kid with two heads.

FLETCHER

It's not quite that easy.

SIMON

It never is, is it?

FLETCHER

For all our sakes, you'd better hope they find what they're looking for fast. Because they have a tendency to get irritable, and when they get irritable they get vicious. And hungry.

A GULP from Simon as he looks at the swarm of Calleara that are tearing the restaurant apart.

There's a COUGH from O.S. Fletcher and Simon turn, and find themselves confronted with one of the customers, looking more than a little harassed.

HARRASSED CUSTOMER

Erm. You two seem to know what's happening here.

FLETCHER
Give that impression.

HARRASSED CUSTOMER
I thought you said before it was a
gang on drugs.

He throws a pointed look at the Calleara.

SIMON
So?

HARRASSED CUSTOMER
They're blue!

SIMON
They say drugs change your body.

HARRASSED CUSTOMER
And the wings?

TAMSIN
They're on "Red Bull"?
(beat)
FLETCHER!

Fletcher inadvertently jumps to attention.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)
Not a drill any more! Baby coming!
HELP!

He's by her side in an instant, grabbing hold of her hand. Simon hangs around behind, feeling like a bit of a spare part.

FLETCHER
Watch her head, Simon. And the
Calleara.

SIMON
Oh yeah. Give me the tough stuff.

Tamsin holds Fletcher's hand in a death grip.

FLETCHER
(through gritted teeth)
You wanna change places - be my guest.

Tamsin's pushing for all her worth, sweating and looking extremely agitated. Fletcher looks around the group.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)
 Everyone. Stay calm!
 (to Tamsin)
 And you stay very calm.

TAMSIN
 Calmness is not an option!

The harassed customer has a momentary revelation, and stands on one of the chairs, hoping to gather an audience.

HARRASSED CUSTOMER
 I know what this is! It's one of those stupid reality shows! Want to see us making fools of ourselves! Well, I've seen "The Truman Show". I'm not playing your games!

With that, he jumps off his chair, picks it up, and THROWS it through the windows, SMASHING them.

He sets off, followed quickly by his wife and teenage daughter, who chase after him.

SIMON
 Don't do it!

The customer takes no notice and is just about to step through when Hester appears and DRAGS him out.

His wife and daughter hurry up to the window, SCREAMING.

And then they, too, get PULLED out by a grinning Zach.

SIMON (CONT'D)
 Idiots!

CUT TO:

EXT. CHUCKIE'S RESTAURANT - SAME TIME

ZACHARIAH
 Here, Si, have a drink on me, mate.

Zach throws the wife to Silas. Silas give Zach a thankful nod, vamps out, and sinks his fangs in to the woman's neck.

Zach takes the daughter and stands her up. He smiles at her in an attempt to be reassuring, but it comes across as creepy.

Her eyes are distracted, though, by the sight of her father on the ground, being drunk dry by a ravaging Hester.

ZACHARIAH (CONT'D)
Don't worry, love. She's very gentle.

He sniggers. But he notices the girl's distracted, not paying attention to him.

With a SNARL, he pulls her head round.

ZACHARIAH (CONT'D)
Look at me when I'm talking to you!

He VAMPS OUT, and the girl starts SCREAMING.

ZACHARIAH (CONT'D)
I know what you're thinking. But don't worry. I don't bite.

He takes out his knife, spins it around until the blade is against the girl's neck.

Then, with a FLOURISH, he sweeps the blade through her throat, and pushes her neck into his mouth.

He starts DRINKING.

ZACHARIAH (CONT'D)
This is much more fun.

PAN AWAY from the feeding VAMPIRES and FOCUS on the road, where Frank's SUV skids to a halt.

He steps out, shotgun brandished and ready.

A SQUAD CAR pulls in next to the SUV. The door opens, and TANYA emerges.

FRANK
Glad you could get here.

TANYA
Where's the rest of your crew?

FRANK
Off doing young-people stuff. You up for this?

Tanya takes her gun from her hip, cocks it expertly, and NODS firmly at Frank.

TANYA
You bet I am.

FRANK

Great. Let me cover you, and be careful, for God's sakes.

TANYA

You don't have to protect me.

FRANK

Yeah I do.

They're just about to march in to the restaurant when:

BILLIE (O.S.)

Thought I'd find you here.

Frank looks up, a relieved look on his face.

Billie's approaching them with a wide smile on her face, barely acknowledging Tanya.

FRANK

Billie! When'd you get back in town?

BILLIE

About an hour ago, saw the portal on my tracker.

FRANK

Glad you could join us!

BILLIE

Like there's anything else to do on a Friday night in this town.

They shake hands thoroughly, and Frank claps her on the back.

A SCREECH from within Chuckie's brings Frank back into the moment.

FRANK

You got a gun?

Billie smirks and opens her jacket. She's laden down with at least four handguns.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Great. You take point.

BILLIE

(sarcastic)

Yes, sir.

They rejoin Tanya, who's ready to enter, but Frank pulls her to one side.

He takes her gun out of her hand, and replaces it with his cell.

FRANK

Call Vi, Mike and Tyler. Don't stop ringing til they answer.

TANYA

Is this you protecting me again?

FRANK

I'm protecting all of us.

This is backed up by a withering stare. Tanya relents, and starts pressing in a number.

Frank gives her a reassuring pat on the shoulder, then hoists his shotgun and walks towards the entrance to Chuckie's in a determined fashion, Billie falling in behind.

CUT TO:

INT. ROUNDHOUSE - SAME TIME

Vi and Rick are in a corner of the club, kissing passionately.

The MUSIC STOPS, but they don't. All pretense is dropped, and they're really enjoying themselves.

Then a FAINT BEEPING breaks the mood.

They separate, and Vi realizes it's her cell. She flips it open and checks it.

VI

It's Frank again.

RICK

Ignore it.

VI

This one isn't a joke.

Rick's face turns serious.

RICK

I'll drive. Where are we going?

VI

Chuckie's. I'll grab the boys.

As Rick sets off for his car, Vi scans the dancefloor for Mike, and then JUMPS when she realizes he's standing next to her.

VI (CONT'D)

Oh!

MIKE

Got the call too?

VI

Yeah.

MIKE

Had my phone on vibrate. Almost didn't want to answer.

VI

Rick's driving.

MIKE

Coolio. I'll get Ty.

Vi makes for the door, and Mike breaks off, swinging by Tyler's table, where he's deep in conversation with Callie and Sarah.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Sorry to break this up, guys, but duty calls.

TYLER

What?

Mike stares at him, and Tyler finally cottons on.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Right. Sorry about this ladies. Have a good night, call me, etcetera. Time for Clark Kent to become Superman.

As he gets up to leave, he turns to Mike.

TYLER (CONT'D)

That's a point, actually. You reckon Clark will finally don the cape in this season of Smallville? It's been eight seasons! Come on, already!

MIKE

Dude. Time and a place. Preferably when I'm not around.

Mike jerks Tyler toward the door as we:

CUT TO:

INT. CHUCKIE'S RESTAURANT - SAME TIME

Simon looks around the restaurant - the other patrons are settled back into a silent numbness, which is only broken by SCREAMS of effort from Tamsin and reassuring words from Fletcher.

The Calleara are ripping the place apart - plaster is now coating the atmosphere in a cloud, and dust is flying everywhere.

Simon notices something out of the corner of his eye.

Some of the Calleara are attacking the building a little less energetically.

One STARES right at him.

The colour drains from his face.

SIMON
Fletcher!

FLETCHER
Not now!

SIMON
They're getting distracted!

FLETCHER
Then defend yourself!

But Simon's transfixed in horror.

The Calleara turns itself fully towards him, opens its wings, and SWOOPS closer and closer, until:

BOOM!

It disintegrates into dust.

Simon covers his eyes, letting the dust settle.

When the air clears, we see it's Frank, shotgun at the ready, Billie at his side.

FRANK
Glad to see us?

SIMON
Not half!

Fletcher looks up briefly.

FLETCHER
You shouldn't have done that!

FRANK
Why not?

But the answer is obvious as several more Calleara break away from their search and SWOOP in on the team.

BANG! BANG!

Two crisp shots from Billie put paid to a couple of them, but still more descend.

BOOM!

Another shotgun blast from Frank blows one sky-high, but then a Calleara appears on Frank's blindside and snatches away his shotgun, SMASHING it into a wall.

FRANK (CONT'D)
That was my favorite gun!

He pulls two handguns off his belt-clip and BLASTS the demon responsible with several shots.

But they're being surrounded - hemmed into the centre of the room.

Just in time, the rest of the gang run in.

Tyler immediately FALLS down one of the holes made by the Calleara.

Vi springs into action - SOMERSAULTING her way towards the centre of the room, taking out several of the Calleara with lightning combinations of SWIVEL-KICKS.

She takes of a hold of a chair, snaps the legs off, and throws them at speed into several of the demons, causing them to disintegrate rapidly.

Rick follows in her wake. Billie hands him a gun, and they share a fleeting moment of eye-contact.

He takes the gun, and instantly dispatches a couple of Calleara with quick, precise head-shots.

Mike, meanwhile, is stood to one side, eyes closed, whispering.

A SMOKY VAPOUR seems to pour out of his hands - SWEEPING through the Calleara, FREEZING them solid.

VI
Just too easy.

She takes a running, diving LEAP through the thick of the demons, SMASHING through several of them - as they SMASH, they VANISH into nothingness.

Frank, Billie and Rick meanwhile are using the frozen Calleara like a shooting-range, taking them out easily.

But then the vapor DISAPPEARS, and Mike staggers backwards.

FRANK
MIKE!?

MIKE
No can do. As I told my date last night, I'm a man, not a machine- need time to reload.

The Calleara spring back into action, swarming towards the gang, who are rapidly running out of ammo.

Four Calleara take it upon themselves to aim directly for Vi, and PIN her to the ground.

She ROCKS and ROLLS, trying to get a good solid punch or kick in, but they're restraining her with ease.

Then a LOUD SCREECH echoes around as one of the Calleara still searching pulls something out of the ceiling, cueing more plaster to descend and smoke to rise.

Several of the Calleara surge over to attack it, but it ducks and weaves, flying straight out of the broken window.

As the Calleara once more turn their attention to the humans, we CUT TO:

EXT. CHUCKIE'S RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

FOCUS on the Calleara as it swoops in to LAND by the vampires.

Zach tosses away the girl he's been drinking from, wiping his lips clean.

ZACHARIAH
Have to remember this place. Good food and service.

He spots the Calleara and strides up to it.

ZACHARIAH (CONT'D)
What have we here?

He holds out a hand, and the Calleara drops a GOLD SHARD into it.

Zach pokes it around excitedly.

ZACHARIAH (CONT'D)
Oh yes! You beauty!

He holds it up to the others.

ZACHARIAH (CONT'D)
Si! Hessie! Take a look at this! Our future!

The other two gather around, intrigued by the new find.

An impatient SCREECH from the Calleara.

ZACHARIAH (CONT'D)
What? Oh, you want paying, yeah?

The Calleara nods greedily.

ZACHARIAH (CONT'D)
You'll get what's coming to you. In time.

He turns back to his fellow vamps, but is interrupted by another SCREECH.

ZACHARIAH (CONT'D)
What? Oh. You want it *now*?

He shrugs.

ZACHARIAH (CONT'D)
Fair enough.

He half-turns away, but then spins back on his heels, bringing his knife up in an instant and SLASHING THROUGH the Calleara, which explodes.

Off his cruel smile we:

CUT TO:

INT. CHUCKIE'S RESTAURANT - SAME TIME

Everyone's in the same positions as before, except -
There's no Calleara. Not one. They've all vanished.

FRANK
Anyone mind telling me what happened there?

FLETCHER
Yeah - when they what they're looking for, they go back to where they came from.

FRANK
Great. No-one thought of telling me before?

FLETCHER
Kinda busy.

FRANK
Yeah.

He looks around the restaurant.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Everyone OK?

Mike waves in acknowledgement, Vi's already up and walking towards them, cracking her neck, Fletcher and Tamsin are crouched together, apparently all right, Billie, Tanya and Rick are all holding their weapons in disbelief, but seem OK.

Simon crawls out from underneath a table.

SIMON
Never better.
(off Frank's look)
I was after a good defensive position.

Frank continues to scan the restaurant, his eyes landing on the civilians, all huddled together.

FRANK
Billie, Tanya. Sort these people out.

BILLIE
Will do.

Immediately, they begin filing the shocked patrons out of the restaurant.

FRANK
Where's Ty -

He's cut off by a GURGLE from behind him. A... babyish sound.

He turns to look and is stunned to see Fletcher holding a baby, swathed in a tablecloth, and a beaming Tamsin lying next to him, looking tired but exceedingly happy.

FRANK (CONT'D)
You gave birth?

TAMSIN
Apparently.

FRANK
I didn't think it happened this quickly?

He holds out his arms, wanting to hold the baby. Fletcher takes the hint and passes it across.

FLETCHER
We think the stress caused Tamsin to go through everything at an accelerated rate.

SIMON
Either that, or she's given birth to a crocodile, eh?

He elbows Fletcher playfully.

FRANK
Definitely looks human-shaped to me.
Boy or a girl?

As soon as he says that, a jet of URINE shoots up and SPLATTERS him on the face.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Never mind.

He hands the baby over to Vi, who eagerly takes hold of him, making cooie-coo noises and nursing back and forth.

TAMSIN
So glad that's over.

Mike approaches them, rubbing the side of his neck.

MIKE
You're glad? At least we won't have to put up with your mood swings anymore.

TAMSIN
Hey!

MIKE

Whoa. You mean those weren't pregnancy-related?

TAMSIN

You know what the best thing is? Now I'm not pregnant, I can kick your arse again!

She makes to get up, but Fletcher eases back down into a lying position.

VI

You thought of a name for him yet?

Tamsin nods and smiles.

TAMSIN

Everyone. Meet James London Sinclair.

FOCUS on Mike as his face falls at the reference to Lon. He SWALLOWS wordlessly. He chokes back some tears.

TYLER (O.S.)

Um... Hey, guys? Can I get a hand here?

Wide shot of the gang standing around Tamsin as we:

CUT TO:

INT. SUBURBAN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The same living room that we saw at the beginning of the episode.

The door FLIES open, and a clearly drunk Zach staggers in, one hand clutching hold of a half-drained wine bottle, the other dragging Hester into the room.

MUSIC: "Mr. Brightside" by The Killers

As they move into the room, they begin dancing and groping each other.

Silas enters, not as joyous as his counterparts. He throws the two pieces down on the coffee-table. One glass, one gold.

Zach notices Silas standing stiffly to one side.

ZACHARIAH

What's up with you, Si, mate?
Celebrate good times, come on!

SILAS

If it's the same with you, mate, I'd rather celebrate when everything's completed.

ZACHARIAH

And it will be. Don't worry.

SILAS

I'm more worried by the fact that these two pieces don't fit together. And aren't even made of the same material.

Zach stumbles over to the table and picks up the pieces.

ZACHARIAH

That's the point, innit? They're all made of different bits. You have to put 'em together to get the full shebang.

(beat)

And course they're made of different materials. There's a point to that. They all symbolise something - you know how it is with mythology and stuff. It's like the different colors on flags. They all mean summat.

He places the pieces down carefully, and rejoins Hester, who's swaying from side-to-side seductively.

SILAS

And when shall we retrieve the remaining sections?

ZACHARIAH

All in good time, mate. All in good time. For now, let's party.

Hester likes the sound of that. She approaches them, licking her lips.

HESTER

Yeah. Sounds... tempting.

ZACHARIAH

So do you.

He growls at her playfully, then lunges in for the kiss. They sink to the floor.

Silas glares at the two for a few seconds. He turns to leave, grabs the door knob and pauses for a beat.

Sighing to himself, he turns back toward them and begins removing his shirt. Hester and Zach smile wide and reach for him.

FOCUS on the pieces.

They GLIMMER and SHINE, and a ZAP of ENERGY passes between them.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE