

Hell's Gate

Season Two - Episode Five

"Boys' Night Out"

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

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT./ESTAB. FRANK'S DINER - NIGHT

A quick shot of the diner, lights on, it's open. Rain is teaming down. A figure hurries across the road, coat pulled up over his head. He opens the door, and we CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - CONTINUOUS

ANGLE ON the door as it opens, and the man bundles through, dripping wet.

He takes his coat off, balls it up and throws it into a corner.

It's SIMON.

SIMON

Bleedin' hell. It's like I'm back in
England again.

(beat)

Fancy a fish and chi--

He stops suddenly, transfixed by something.

SWING AROUND to see what's stunned him.

It's young Jamie, sitting at the counter by himself, choking.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Jesus.

He races through the diner, up to the counter, and WHACKS his hand down hard on Jamie's back.

Jamie slumps down, then suddenly REELS back up, GASPING for air.

SIMON (CONT'D)

You all right?

Jamie regards his uncle for a moment.

JAMIE

I am well.

SIMON

What the hell happened?

He notices a plate of half-eaten sandwiches on the counter in front of him.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Did you have one too many of Frank's sarnies?

He pushes the plate away. Then, thinking better of it, he grabs the top one and begins munching on it.

JAMIE

No. It was Mom. She told me to sit here and:

(in a very accurate replica of Tamsin's voice)

"Don't do anything."

SIMON

Yeah, well, I didn't think she meant breathing. That's still allowed.

JAMIE

Oh.

(beat)

She should have mentioned.

Simon turns and looks around the diner.

SIMON

Where is your mum anyway?

JAMIE

In the kitchen.

SIMON

Oh. Right. Saving the world again.

(beat)

Or maybe just cooking dinner.

(beat)

Nah. Tams can't cook.

(beat)

Then again, neither can Frank, but he keeps pluggin' away, don't he?

Throughout this, Jamie just stares impassively at Simon, not involving himself at all in Simon's monologue. Not even smiling—a fact that Simon notices.

SIMON (CONT'D)

God. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.

JAMIE

My name is Jamie.

SIMON

What d'ya do for fun?

JAMIE
 (blankly)
 Fun?

SIMON
 Yeah- play games, chat up girls, have
 a laugh? What d'ya like to do?

JAMIE
 I don't know what you mean.

Now it's Simon's turn to look blank. The meaning of Simon's question becomes clear to the boy suddenly.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 Oh! I do enjoy reading. I especially
 like the works of--

Simon cuts him off with a very impatient hand gesture.

SIMON
 No, no, no! Reading ain't fun.

Jamie gives a confused frown as Simon looks into the middle-distance for a second, cogs grinding in his mind.

SIMON (CONT'D)
 Tell you what, why don't you let me
 take you out? Tonight. Show you what a
 good time is. Come on!

JAMIE
 Mother would not approve.

Simon pulls a sour face.

SIMON
 You gotta learn to loosen up. Not
 sound so... "Norman Bates"-ish. Gives
 me the willies.
 (shudders; beat)
 And besides, you can't do everything
 your mum tells you.

Jamie's face conveys that this thought never occurred to him.

SIMON (CONT'D)
 Come on. You'll be fine. Scout's
 honour.

He salutes.

Jamie reluctantly gets up from his stool.

Simon gives him a toothy smile.

Moving quickly, he ushers Jamie out of the door, grabbing another of Frank's sandwiches, and hastily throwing on his coat.

No sooner does the door close, then FLETCHER, VI and TAMSIN appear from in the kitchen, chatting. They're all quite sweaty- obviously been an intensive training session.

FLETCHER

Gotta say, being roughed up by you two ladies sure gets the blood pumping.

TAMSIN

Oh, so that's what it was?

VI

We should do it again sometime!

FLETCHER

Yeah. Next time I'd like to just have a one-on-one session with Tamsin, though.

TAMSIN

I could take you any time.

FLETCHER

That's what I'm counting on.

They share flirtatious looks.

VI

Erm - where's Jamie?

This snaps Tamsin back to reality.

TAMSIN

What?!

Fletcher and Tamsin spin round quickly, greeted by an empty diner.

FLETCHER

Okay. Er- don't panic. He's probably just gone to the little boys' room.

Vi points to the half-full plate of sandwiches.

VI

And left his food?

(beat)

I'll pretend I didn't say that.

Tamsin, meanwhile, has ignored the chatter. Something has caught her eye. She storms straight to the back of the diner, and picks something up off the floor.

She stands back up with a face like thunder. She shows the others what she's found - a pack of cigarettes - a distinctive brand.

TAMSIN
SIIIMMOONNN!

CUT TO:

EXT. TOWN STREET - NIGHT

Simon's trudging down the street quickly, but he has to keep stopping to allow Jamie to catch up. Jamie is looking around him in wonder, amazed by everything he sees, to the annoyance and boredom of his uncle.

Suddenly, Simon pats his coat-pockets, eventually pulling out his phone.

He glances at it quickly, then closes it and puts it back.

SIMON
Ten minutes. Thought it'd be quicker.

He casts a despairing glance at Jamie, who is watching a couple making out against a wall.

SIMON (CONT'D)
Your mum wraps you in cotton-wool,
y'know.

Jamie ignores this, fascinated by the couple.

JAMIE
She tells me not to walk the streets
at night. She says monsters lurk in
the shadows.

SIMON
Ah, that's rub--
(beat as he considers)
Probably for the best. But there's
nothing round here. Nothing to fear
when Uncle Simon's here.

With that, he pulls Jamie away and they continue on their way.

ANGLE ON the couple. As soon as Simon and Jamie leave, the man backs away, causing the woman to drop down, dead. Drained.

The man turns around.

It's ZACHARIAH, licking the girl's blood off his knife.

Two other figures emerge from the shadows.

SILAS and HESTER.

All in VAMP-FACE.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. TOWN STREET - SAME TIME

Same setup as before.

Zach suddenly starts patting himself down frantically. Silas raises a disinterested eyebrow.

SILAS
What's wrong?

ZACHARIAH
My mojo's glowing.

Hester cocks a sexy eyebrow in Zach's direction.

HESTER
(seductively)
Ooh...

SILAS
He said glowing, Hester. Not--

He's cut off by a childish sticking-out tongue courtesy of Hester.

Zach pulls out his miniature Orb, which is indeed glowing.

ZACHARIAH
Know what this means?

HESTER
Champagne and roses?

ZACHARIAH
Nah. Another piece of the thingy-bob.

SILAS
Is that its official name?

ZACHARIAH
Should be.

Silas cringes, knowing he is about to open a can of worms.

SILAS
You know. You haven't told us anything this thing. What's it called? Where'd you hear about it? And how many pieces does it have?

ZACHARIAH

All in due time, mate. Jeez! Forgotten what a stick in the mud you can be. Still, guess it's to be expected given your background. Preacher or summat, right?

SILAS

(annoyed)

So where is this piece?

Zach holds out the Orb, pointing it in the direction which Simon and Jamie walked in. It GLOWS more brightly.

He then pulls it back, and it dullens.

ZACHARIAH

I think... it's got summat to do with that kid.

He nods in Jamie's direction.

SILAS

The boy?

ZACHARIAH

Yep. He must have been in contact with it. The residue's still there.

SILAS

Are you sure it's the child? It could be the man who he's with.

ZACHARIAH

Could be. But my money's on the kid. He looks kinda funny.

Silas bites his lip hard.

HESTER

Ooh- I'll put money on the man. Ten bucks.

A deep, frustrated breath from Silas.

ZACHARIAH

Ten bucks? Done.

He shakes hands with Hester.

SILAS

Listen, this is serious. We're not messing around with--

The couple shoot annoyed looks in Silas' direction. He huffs.

SILAS (CONT'D)

Fine. Give me ten on the man also.

Zach smirks and gives Silas a smack on the arm. Silas gives a small smile. Hester gives Silas' other arm a squeeze.

HESTER

That's more like it, babe!

Almost-giddy with excitement, she pushes up to Zach, looking into his eyes.

HESTER (CONT'D)

What now?

ZACHARIAH

We'd better catch up to them two.
They'll lead us to it, probably.

And with that, they hurry off down the street, Silas pausing momentarily, narrowing his eyes, before following.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - NIGHT

TYLER emerges from his room, dressed in sweats, with huge oversized headphones draped around his neck, and carrying a sleek LAPTOP.

TYLER

Guys? Anyone?

No response.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Great. No-one to stop me from jumping
on the coffee train.

He sidles behind the counter and approaches the coffee machine. He quickly lines up four or five of the paper cups, and starts filling them.

Suddenly, there's a commotion from behind him. Turning to look, Tyler almost spills his first cup.

It's MIKE and a HANDSOME GUY, about 25. Mike's ushering him towards the door, politely but firmly.

MIKE

Sorry to rush you, dude, but
something's come up.

(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)
(cheekily)
Again.

The guy laughs, but realizes he's being shoved out.

GUY
Is there a problem here?

MIKE
Nope. No problem. Just something I
gotta do.

He casts a slightly panicky look around the diner, settling on Tyler.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Yeah, I've got something me and Tyler
were doing. An appointment.

GUY
Appointment?

MIKE
Yeah. Late-night... squash match.

The guy looks at Tyler, not entirely believing Mike's story.

GUY
Squash?

MIKE
Yeah. Big squash player, the Ty man.

He gestures quickly at Tyler to back him up, but Tyler just looks back at him in confusion. After an awkward moment, he gets the point.

TYLER
Oh. Yeah. Really love it. Got a signed
squash... bat... in my bedroom.

GUY
Squash is a racket sport.

TYLER
Yeah. Obviously.

MIKE
Anyway...

He succeeds in pushing the guy out of the door.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Call me.

GUY
I don't know your number!

MIKE
Sure you do. It's...er...

He once again casts a "rescue me" glance at Tyler.

TYLER
Er...forty-two.

GUY
What?

MIKE
Yeah. Just forty-two.

BANG. He closes the door, and spins immediately round to Tyler.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Forty-two? What the hell was that?

Tyler shrugs.

TYLER
It's the answer to Life, The Universe
and Everything. Figured it could be
your fake number as well.

Mike shakes his head, then notices Tyler's strange get-up.

MIKE
What were you doing, dude?

He spots the row of coffee cups.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Apart from having a major caffeine
fix?

TYLER
I was battling demons from the Nether
Dimensions.

Mike's jaw drops.

MIKE
Why didn't you say so?! I'll get on
the Orb, you call Frank!

He heads towards the kitchen, then stops when he sees that Tyler isn't moving toward the phone, but instead the man looks back toward his computer screen.

MIKE (CONT'D)

What's up?

TYLER

When I said battling demons, I didn't mean IRL.

MIKE

(clueless)

Dork, say what?

TYLER

"In real life."

(indicating computer)

I meant here. In the game. *Warcraft*.

MIKE

(frowning)

Dude, remember where you're at! You go throwing around phrases like "battling demons" and "Nether Dimensions" all willy nilly, you're bound to get caught in the cross fire.

He pulls a disgusted face.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Remind me to set aside some time to royally kick your ass at Call Of Duty.

TYLER

As it happens, the rest of the guild have gone offline. I'm free now...

MIKE

No can do, compadre. Got another date in five.

Tyler turns toward him, his face a mix of anger and compassion.

TYLER

Another? What is this, your own take on speed-dating?

MIKE

Speed-sexing.

He winks and heads back upstairs.

Tyler ponders for a moment, then picks up his phone and starts dialling.

CUT TO:

INT. TANYA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

C/U on Frank's cell, positioned rather precariously on a bedside table.

It starts BUZZING.

FRANK (O.S.)
Crap. Every time I can't get to the phone.

PULL BACK and PAN ACROSS to find FRANK, handcuffed to the bed seductively, naked apart from a pillow covering his manhood.

The door opens and TANYA slinks in, dressed, or rather, undressed, in some fashionable lingerie.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Can you get that, honey?

He nods at the phone.

Tanya tuts, and picks it up.

FRANK (CONT'D)
If I've won a contest, tell them I'm not interested.

Tanya holds the phone away from her ear.

TANYA
It's Tyler.

FRANK
Dammit. Put it on speaker.

Tanya does so, and places the phone back on the bedside table and moves to straddle Frank.

C/U on Frank's face for the rest of the scene.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Kid?

TYLER (O.S.)
Frank? What are you doing?

Frank looks around, trying desperately to make something up as Tanya kisses her way down his chest and out of frame.

FRANK
Er... grabbing a... coffee.

TANYA (O.S.)
 (amused)
 Yeah, we're having coffee.

Tanya gives a small chuckle.

FRANK
 Grabbing a coffee together.

TYLER
 (not realizing)
 Oh. Okay.

A lengthy, slightly uncomfortable beat.

FRANK
 Listen, kid, if this is just a social
 call...

TYLER
 No.

FRANK
 Problems?

TYLER
 Yeah.

FRANK
 Great. I'll be there--

Frank attempts to sit.

TYLER
 No! It's not like that.

FRANK
 Then what are you talking abo-- ooh!

Fairly high-pitched. His eyebrows shoot up.

TYLER
 Frank?

FRANK
 Yeah, kiddo. I just almost spilt my...
 um... cream.

Frank looks down, giving the unseen Tanya a sheepish smile.

TYLER
 I thought you took your coffee black.
 (beat)
 Anyway, it's Mike.
 (MORE)

TYLER (CONT'D)
 This "Lon" thing has gone on way too
 long. I'm really worried.

Frank rolls his eyes.

FRANK
 Do I look like Dr. Phil?

TANYA (O.S.)
 Maybe with a moustache...

FRANK
 Shut u-- ooh...

High-pitched again as his eyes roll up with pleasure. He clears his throat.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 Anyway. Leave him alone, Tyler. He'll
 work it out himself. And then leave me
 alone.
 (glancing down)
 My cup's getting limp.
 (quickly)
 Um... cold!

Frank frowns, considering something for a minute.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 Hang on- why are you calling me? Where
 are the others?

Of Frank's curious expression we:

CUT TO:

EXT. HELL'S GATE STREET - SAME TIME

Fletcher's car is pulled in against the sidewalk. A cop car alongside.

An OFFICER is leaning through the driver's side window, questioning Fletcher.

FLETCHER
 I swear, I wasn't kerb-crawling!

OFFICER
 Then what were you doing?

FLETCHER
 Looking for someone.

OFFICER

Really?

FLETCHER

A young lad. About fifteen.

The officer's eyebrows shoot up in alarm. Too late, Fletcher realizes his mistake.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

Not like that! A specific one!

The officer's eyebrows continue to rise.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

A boy... and a man. Together.

Still not cutting much ice with the worried officer. Tamsin leans forward.

TAMSIN

For heaven's sake. It's my son.

Noticing her for the first time, the officer leans in, and spots Vi as well. He eyes the women skeptically.

OFFICER

(to Fletcher)

What's this, your harem?

FLETCHER

What? No!

OFFICER

Then if you'd explain...

FLETCHER

We have!

The officer looks at the trio and begins writing notes on his small pad.

OFFICER

Okay, let's take this again from the top.

Tamsin collapses back into her seat, sighing in annoyance as we:

CUT TO:

INT. FLETCHER'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

As Fletcher drives steadily. Vi leans forward from the back seat.

VI

That officer was really nice. Except for the whole part where he mistook us for pervy prostitutes with our pedophile pimp.

(amused)

Whew. Try saying that ten times fast.

Tamsin also leans forward.

TAMSIN

The nice officer did have a point though.

Vi shoots Tamsin an offended look.

VI

Hey!

TAMSIN

No. That driving around like this is only going to get us arrested.

FLETCHER

What do you suggest?

TAMSIN

A change of tack.

(beat)

Let's think. You're an impressionable young boy, being led around town by an impudent adult who hasn't really grown up himself. Where would you go?

As they ponder this, we:

CUT TO:

INT. HEAVEN'S GATE ARCADE - SAME TIME

A small, but well-stocked arcade, packed with tweenage and teenage boys, bleeping and bashing away.

Jamie is watching all this with that familiar look of awe and wonder while Simon looks into the middle-distance, familiarity washing over him.

SIMON

God, I remember when I was a nipper. Spent ages in these kinds of places. Only ever played a couple of games, but I was a master.

(beat)

(MORE)

SIMON (CONT'D)

And the best thing is, you can have fun, and it's totally safe.

Just as he says that, a YOUNG BOY (14) bashes into him and sprints off.

Simon quickly checks his pockets, and realizes something's missing.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Oi!

He sets off in pursuit, easily catching the boy just short of the exit. He blocks him off with an arm.

The kid tries to wriggle free, but Simon gets him in an arm-lock, and FLIPS him onto the floor.

He PLANTS his foot on the kid's stomach, and retrieves his wallet.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Y'know, if you wanted some loose change, you could have asked!

He releases his foot.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Now, get lost, before I kick your arse.

The boy doesn't need to be told twice. He's up, on his feet, and out of there.

Simon turns back to see Jamie watching him appreciatively.

SIMON (CONT'D)

'Course, it pays to keep an eye out.

He ushers Jamie towards a game.

It's similar to Space Invaders, involving a lot of shooting and quick movements.

Simon moves away.

SIMON (CONT'D)

You have a go at that, I'll be... keeping watch.

He hands Jamie a few coins.

Jamie looks at the game, confused for a moment. He then glances across at the player next to him.

This is BEAU BUXTON. 15, smallish, scruffy-looking with a shock of red hair, but dressed in a prim and proper posh school uniform.

He plays the game quite skillfully. Jamie watches, his head on one side, memorizing the moves.

He then turns to his own game, places in the coins and starts playing.

He begins quite tentatively, but he starts moving faster and faster, his hand-eye co-ordination quite staggering.

The speed becomes blinding.

Beau can't help but look across at the new kid, impressed.

The game finishes, and there's a fanfare for a new high score.

Jamie looks at it, puzzled again.

Beau sidles up to him.

BEAU
(with a slow Southern drawl)
You have some sweet moves, my friend.

JAMIE
Thank you. What does this mean?

BEAU
High score. You've beaten the game.

He claps Jamie on the back. Jamie flinches, surprised.

JAMIE
What do I do now?

Beau looks back at him, a little surprised.

BEAU
You've gotta enter your--

Jamie leans forward, brow furrowed.

BEAU (CONT'D)
BBU. That's what you have to put in.
That'll save your game.

Jamie nods and enters in the initials.

Beau sniggers. He extends his hand to Jamie.

BEAU (CONT'D)
 Beau Buxton.

Jamie regards the boy's hand for a moment and then extends his own.

JAMIE
 Jamie Sinclair.

Beau takes his hand, but then slaps and hits it with his fist in an elaborate shake. Jamie looks at his hand curiously.

BEAU
 Good to meet you.
 (beat)
 Well, gotta book. I miss curfew again,
 my mom will kill me.

JAMIE
 (frowning)
 That seems a bit harsh.

Beau squints his eyes for a beat, a smile comes to his face.

BEAU
 Right. Kill me. You're funny.

Jamie looks uncertain as Beau gives him a wave and exits.

CUT TO:

EXT. HEAVEN'S GATE ARCADE - CONTINUOUS

As Beau exits the arcade, his cell phone rings. He stops, looks at the phone's display, and sighs. He puts the phone to his ear.

BEAU
 (into phone)
 I'm on my way now, mom!
 (beat)
 Yes, I'll be careful.

Beau hangs up his phone and stuffs it into his pocket. He turns to continue on his way and SLAMS right into someone.

BEAU (CONT'D)
 Sorry, I--

Beau looks up to finds himself looking straight at HESTER. She smiles coldly at him as we:

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. HEAVEN'S GATE ARCADE - SAME TIME

Same setup as before.

Hester moves closer to Beau, reaching out a hand toward the lad. Silas grabs her tightly by the arm, turning her away from the boy. She attempts to resist his grasp on her.

SILAS
(to Beau)
No harm done.

Beau eyes the two suspiciously as he turns and walks quickly away.

BEAU
(under his breath)
Freaks.

Zach comes from out of the nearby shadows as Hester wriggles free from Silas' grasp, an annoyed expression plastered across her features.

HESTER
What was that? Are we vegetarian now?

SILAS
That wasn't the same child.

HESTER
So?

SILAS
We don't have time for a snack. The hunt for the shard takes precedence.

Sulkily, Hester turns away, folding her arms.

HESTER
Work, work, work. That's all it is now. Where's the fun gone?

Zach drapes his arm across Silas' shoulder and aims his baby-blue eyes at Hester.

ZACHARIAH
He is right, though, Hessie.

Silas gives a surprised smile.

ZACHARIAH (CONT'D)

Once we've got what we need, we can party 24/7.

HESTER

There's just so much waiting around, though. I want some action. This is boring!

SILAS

Good things come to those who wait.

Zach massages Silas' shoulders gently, musing.

ZACHARIAH

Dammit. I fancy a Guinness now.

Silas looks back toward the arcade's window. The amusement fades from his face.

SILAS

Where are they?

ZACHARIAH

What?

Zach's hands instantly disappear from Silas' shoulders as he moves to the arcade window, quickly scanning the crowd.

ZACHARIAH (CONT'D)

Bloody hell. The sneaky buggers. They must have legged it when we weren't looking.

SILAS

(sarcastic)
Wonderful.

ZACHARIAH

Never mind.

He pulls the mini-orb out of his jacket pocket, and begins caressing it.

It GLOWS brightly, causing Zach to smile widely.

ZACHARIAH (CONT'D)

T'riffic.

He points in a very vague direction away from the arcade.

ZACHARIAH (CONT'D)

They went that way.

SILAS

You really are quite the psychic.

Zach looks back at him, confused, not really getting the sarcasm.

SILAS (CONT'D)

Never mind.

He heads off away from the arcade, the others stepping into line behind.

CUT TO:

INT. DEVIL'S WATER BAR - NIGHT

The usual atmosphere greets us as we enter Simon's establishment - a dark, moody, smoky air.

PUSH THROUGH the bar - crammed full with its usual clientele.

A few vampires have a play-fight at the entrance, whilst some spiny green demons gulp down their drinks. One vamp, in vamp-face, drinks down a glass of blood. Or it might be tomato juice if the celery stick is any indication.

One woman, with long, flowing dark hair, sits at a barstool. Her skin is deathly pale, but punctuated by pulsating black veins. As she speaks quietly in a FOREIGN TONGUE, a bottle of Smirnoff pulls itself away from the bar.

It settles down in front of her, pops its cap, and begins pouring a measure into a waiting glass.

The woman takes the glass and downs the drink with satisfaction.

FOCUS ON a disembodied hand, tapping time behind the bar. Behind it, a freshly painted sign reads:

PLEASE DON'T ASK FOR CREDIT AS A DISEMBODIED HAND SMASHING YOUR HEAD AGAINST THE BAR OFTEN OFFENDS.

Next to the hand, the cash register gleams.

HAROLD walks through carrying a tray of empty glasses. He trips, dropping the glasses to the floor with a shattering noise. He sighs as the surrounding patrons laugh.

At the end of the bar, looking wildly out of place, Fletcher, Tamsin and Vi are sitting nervously.

TAMSIN

Dammit. I was sure he'd be here.

VI

Perhaps he's not as irresponsible as you thought.

TAMSIN

Oh, he is. They just must be doing something else first.

Fletcher's looking around the bar, admiring the decor, apparently.

FLETCHER

This place reminds me of my old watering hole back in Brisbane.
(beat)
'Cept not as rough.

Tamsin suddenly CLICKS her fingers. Eureka.

TAMSIN

Of course! He's the owner, isn't he! He probably just pops in occasionally to collect the earnings.

FLETCHER

You mean he doesn't bartend?

A derogatory puff of the cheeks from Tamsin.

TAMSIN

Seriously? Can you see Simon pulling pints? Only thing he can pull is women.

FLETCHER

(doubtful)
Bit rough around the edges, ain't he?

TAMSIN

You should see the birds he pulls. Not exactly top shelf.

A solemn nod from both girls to this.

Vi suddenly claps her hand to her mouth.

VI

Oh! Crap!

TAMSIN

What? The bar? Old news.

VI

No! I've got a date with Rick! Like,
now!

She quickly pulls her phone out.

VI (CONT'D)

Should I cancel?

Tamsin taps her on the hand.

TAMSIN

No. It's fine. You go.

(beat)

All this is probably just a storm in a
teacup, anyway.

VI

Great!

She excitedly gets up to go. Fletcher eyes her curiously.

FLETCHER

You seem even more chipper than usual.
Big plans?

VI

New Moon! Cullen-watch!

A dreamy look crosses the Slayer's face.

TAMSIN

(whispering)

You're a vampire Slayer, Vi.

Vi shrugs.

VI

So? He's fictional...

TAMSIN

Doesn't matter. Watcher-training. Why
I won't watch *Blade*. Conflicted
feelings. I see Wesley Snipes
shirtless and I go all...

Tamsin drifts off as she fans herself for a beat. She comes back
to herself.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)

Right. Point is, you're a Slayer, not
a layer.

VI

Tell that to Buf... never mind.

She turns around, ready to leave.

VI (CONT'D)

Oh, and, y'know, good luck finding
Jamie.

She departs, leaving the other two looking after her in pity and confusion.

TAMSIN

And to think, she does it all without
steroids.

FLETCHER

Slayer blood. Better than anything.

Off Tamsin's raised eyebrow:

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

So I'm told.

Tamsin looks over at him, dropping her pretense of nonchalance.

TAMSIN

Where is he, Fletch? I'm scared.

Fletcher reaches out his hand places it over Tamsin's.

FLETCHER

Don't worry. I'm sure--

He's cut off by a barman, who leans in, collecting their drinks. It's Harold. He leans in closer, into the couple's personal space, and gives Fletcher an odd look causing the man to retract his hand from Tamsin's.

HAROLD

(sniffing)

You smell funny...

And with that, he moves on, leaving the two humans staring after him, bewildered. Fletcher gives a nervous chuckle.

FLETCHER

That's the pot calling the kettle
black.

(beat)

I'm definitely changing my aftershave
tomorrow.

TAMSIN
You were saying?

Fletcher looks into the middle-distance, retrieving his lost conversational thread.

FLETCHER
Oh yeah. What I was gonna say was,
Simon's a tough old nut. Say what you
like about him, he'll look after the
kid when push comes to shove.
(beat)
He wouldn't jeopardize your son's
life, Tamsin.
(beat)
He might have a funny way of showing
it, but he does care.

Tamsin smiles gratefully, now placing her hand on top of Fletcher's. They exchange a soft smile as we:

CUT TO:

EXT. CHUCKIE'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Or what's left of the restaurant after the destruction in 2x03. Dust and rubble predominates - the place has been gutted.

Simon and Jamie appear around the corner, walking in the direction of the restaurant.

SIMON
So, yeah, remind me to take you on a
road-trip to Vegas sometime. The
slots... ahem...games there are
terrific.

He comes to a sudden halt upon seeing the restaurant and the sign.

SIMON (CONT'D)
Wonder-bloody-ful.

By way of explanation for Jamie, he jerks a thumb at the structure.

SIMON (CONT'D)
This place used to serve good food.
Well, food.

He looks between Jamie and the building, remembering something.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Then again. You were born here. Sight of afterbirth hitting a plate of spaghetti- that'll put you off, you know?

He checks his watch.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Tell you what, let's pop off for a quick BK.

JAMIE

Mom says the nutritional value of their food--

SIMON

"Nutritional value"? What sort of bollocks is that?

Simon reaches over and gives his nephew's stomach a quick slap.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Come on, mate, let's get some meat on them bones.

He strides away, followed by a very reluctant Jamie.

Who is turn followed by three very familiar black-clad figures.

CUT TO:

INT. DEVIL'S WATER BAR - LATER

The place has quietened down a little as the patrons have thinned out, for whatever reason.

Fletcher and Tamsin are still as they were, however.

Tamsin takes a deep pull of a lager. She savors the taste.

TAMSIN

God, I haven't had a good beer in so long.

FLETCHER

Or a shave.

He indicates her lip. She has a rather impressive foam moustache.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

I can lick it off for you, if you like...

He shuffles forward, tongue protruding out.

Laughing, she slaps him playfully away.

TAMSIN

Get off!

Her expression quickly turns serious as she wipes away the foam with a napkin.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)

Thing is, though, two weeks ago, I
couldn't have a drink.

She puts the napkin down and looks almost pleadingly at Fletcher.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)

What sort of mother am I? No-one in
their right mind would leave a two-
week old child to go out on the town!
Particularly not with an irresponsible
idiot like Simon!

(beat)

And what am I doing about it? Having a
bleeding pint!

Fletcher shushes her in a feeble attempt to calm her down.

FLETCHER

Listen. Jamie isn't a baby, Tamsin.
Whatever happened to him has changed
him. He's a teenager. This is par for
the course. I remember when I was a
lad--

TAMSIN

I don't care about your stupid
anecdotes! My baby's somewhere and I
have no idea what he's doing!

FLETCHER

(firmly)

He's not a baby, Tamsin!

TAMSIN

Tell my body that!

(beat)

I'm lactating like crazy! Take a look
at my boobs!

She hefts them into view. Fletcher certainly doesn't need to be told twice. He gapes in awe.

FLETCHER

Well, I'm sure there's something I could--

TAMSIN

Don't even **think** about finishing that sentence!

Fletcher grins lasciviously.

FLETCHER

I was only going to say--

TAMSIN

A ba!

She cuts him off.

FLETCHER

Never mind. Think of the bright side of this whole aging thing, though. No more diapers.

Tamsin nods, anger sated.

TAMSIN

'Tis very true.

PAN ACROSS to the door, where Simon and Jamie enter.

Simon taps Jamie on the shoulders, steering him towards an empty table.

SIMON

Right. You just stay there, I'll be back in a tick.

He starts to move towards the bar, but then turns back.

SIMON (CONT'D)

And don't tell your mum we stopped off here. She'd go ape.

Jamie nods.

Simon leaps over the bar, and opens the cash register.

TAMSIN

SIMON TRAVERS! WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING!

He looks up, deer in headlights.

Tamsin's stood up, hands on her hips, giving him a death-ray stare.

SIMON

Bugger.

CUT TO:

EXT. DEVIL'S WATER BAR - SAME TIME

Crouched outside the bar are the three vamps.

Zach's holding out his Orb - and it's GLOWING furiously.

Struggling to contain his excitement, Zach pulls himself up to his full height.

ZACHARIAH

It's in there. I'm certain of it.

SILAS

Are you sure?

ZACHARIAH

Please! I'm never wrong.

Silas is about to say something else, so:

ZACHARIAH (CONT'D)

Almost. Almost never.

(beat)

But not in this case. It's so close, I can almost hear it.

HESTER

So?

Zach unleashes his trademark toothy grin.

ZACHARIAH

Showtime.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. DEVIL'S WATER BAR - SAME TIME

Same setup as before.

Zach holds out the Orb, and begins chanting. His eyes glaze over, the sphere clouds - the same as what happened in 2x03.

Then--

A SHOWER OF SPARKS flies off the Orb, causing Zach to drop it.

Silas leaps into action, catching the Orb before it hits the ground.

He stands back up, smirking at Zach who is shaking his hand tenderly.

SILAS

Trouble?

ZACHARIAH

Those damn Calleara. They've only gone on bloody strike!

SILAS

Union squabbles? Probably shouldn't have killed that one so quickly last time.

ZACHARIAH

It was a leader's decision. Had to be made.

Silas has pushed himself in quite close to Zach now, face to face.

SILAS

And that's another thing. Who exactly made you leader of our merry band?

ZACHARIAH

Well, it's the way it was in the beginning.

SILAS

(smirking)

Look where that got us.

ZACHARIAH

And I am the man with the plan, aren't I?

He takes the Orb back off Silas with a frustrated gesture.

Then he flashes that devious grin again.

He starts striding towards the bar entrance.

ZACHARIAH (CONT'D)
Or in this case, a back-up plan.

SILAS
What devious method is it this time?

ZACHARIAH
Nothing special. Just the usual.
Mayhem, panic and disorder.

Hester pushes past the two men, eager now.

HESTER
Now that's more like it!

They open the door, and are about to step in when Zach turns away in disgust.

ZACHARIAH
Bollocks!

Hester's immediately onto him, arms around him.

HESTER
What's wrong, love?

This hasn't gone unnoticed by Silas, who separates them.

SILAS
The Watcher woman?

ZACHARIAH
Yeah. And she's lost a ton of weight
since we last saw her.

SILAS
She was with child. Obviously, she's
given birth.

ZACHARIAH
Which means she's back to full
fitness.

He turns around, craning his neck to peer back into the bar.

ZACHARIAH (CONT'D)
And who's that other bloke? The one
she's with?

The other two crowd around, trying to get a glimpse of Fletcher.

SILAS
No idea. He was with her before.

HESTER
He's a doll.

SILAS
He's a human.

HESTER
So?

Zach's tapping his finger against his lip - he's formulating another plan.

ZACHARIAH
Right. So she knows you two, yeah?

SILAS
Definitely.

HESTER
Unfortunately.

ZACHARIAH
(with a cool smile)
Well... she doesn't know me.
(beat)
Wait here.

Without stopping to see if he's got the others' approval, he strides straight into the bar.

CUT TO:

INT. DEVIL'S WATER BAR - CONTINUOUS

Where we see Tamsin grabbing a squirming Simon by the shirt. She SLAMS him against a wall.

His framed licence dislodges and falls to the ground.

TAMSIN
What the hell do you think you're playing at?

SIMON
Just let me--

She applies more pressure, a very dangerous glint in her eye.

TAMSIN

Was it not enough that you stole him away without a note, a word, or a by-your leave and took him gallivanting around the town? Not enough?

Simon squirms under Tamsin's withering gaze, but it's not for weakening - in fact, it's getting stronger.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)

No! You had to bring him to a bar! And not just any bar - but the sleaziest, dirtiest, grimeiest hole around!

(beat)

What's next? You taking him to a strip-club?

SIMON

(gasping)

It's my bar. I have to collect my earnings.

Tamsin relinquishes her grip, but reaches into Simon's jeans pocket, pulling out a crumpled note.

TAMSIN

Ten dollars? Is that it? Wouldn't pay for half a lapdance with that.

SIMON

(muttering)

Depends on the girl.

He finally frees himself from Tamsin's grip, and shuffles to one side, keeping a watchful eye on his sister.

SIMON (CONT'D)

You wanna know why I took him out?

He nods quickly in Jamie's direction.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Have you seen how pale he is? He's barely been outdoors since he was born!

TAMSIN

He's half British! We're all that pale!

SIMON

Y'know what I mean. You molly-coddle him, Tams. He needs to get out there, see the world for what it is!

Tamsin looks back at him, hands on hips, not entirely following Simon's thread.

TAMSIN

So that's what it is? You've read "The Good Parenting Guide" and think I'm going wrong?

(beat)

Still doesn't explain why you didn't ask me!

SIMON

Because you wouldn't have let me! And if by some bleedin' miracle you had, you'd have made him wear like six scarves or a huge woolly jumper or summat.

TAMSIN

It's for his own good!

SIMON

No, it isn't.

(beat)

Listen. There's a thrill you get when you're playing outside the rules. A high, if you like. I've been getting off on it for years. And it's something he needs to learn, and learn fast.

Tamsin takes another aggressive step forwards in anger but Simon quickly side-steps.

TAMSIN

So that's what it is? You want to turn my son into your Mini-Me?

SIMON

Nah - I just want him to become a bit more wise to the world.

He pauses, biting his lip. He's unsure whether to say what's coming next.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Y'know when I first saw him tonight, he was a fair way towards killing himself?

Tamsin's mouth drops open in pure shock.

TAMSIN

WHAT?

SIMON

Yeah, your overprotectiveness almost went too far.

(beat)

He's way too naive at the minute, Tams. And there's a lot of people in this world who'll screw him over badly.

(beat)

I did this for his own good.

He cocks his head in Jamie' direction.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Who does he remind you of?

Tamsin shakes her head, tears beginning to creep into her eyes.

TAMSIN

Don't.

SIMON

(firmly)

Who does he remind you of?

(beat)

We both know.

TAMSIN

No.

SIMON

Yeah. Sitting in the corner, head buried in books, stunning mind, but a total pushover.

TAMSIN

Don't talk about--

SIMON

It's true!

TAMSIN

Lon was one of the strongest--

SIMON

Eventually. After all them years of hurt. But whenever it got too much, he had me and you to help him out.

He casts another long look at young Jamie, who holds his gaze without blinking or comprehending.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Who's he got?

He reaches out with a sympathetic arm, trying to apologize in body-language to Tamsin.

Tamsin furrows her brow, still shaking visibly. Tamsin turns, looking away in an attempt to avoid Simon's line of questioning.

She makes eye-contact with Fletcher, still sitting at the end of the bar.

The intention is clear.

With barely an acknowledgement to Simon, Tamsin sweeps away and moves back towards the Australian Watcher.

Simon shrugs and walks over to where Jamie is sitting.

Watching all these events from a close distance is Zach.

He takes the opportunity to smoothly walk up to the bar.

Tamsin's lying against the bar, head down, buried in her arms.

TAMSIN

You were very noticeable in your absence.

FLETCHER

Second rule of growing up in Australia: don't get involved in a domestic.

She sits up, smiling a little.

TAMSIN

And the first?

FLETCHER

You'd better be bloody good at sports.

TAMSIN

Tell me again, who won the Ashes?

FLETCHER

Shut up.

Tamsin smirks softly, enjoying her little victory. But then she looks back over at her son.

TAMSIN

Thing is, most of what Simon said made sense.

She looks directly at Fletcher.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)
Am I a bad mother?

Fletcher shuffles uncomfortably.

FLETCHER
That's one of those trick questions,
isn't it? Like "have you stopped
beating your wife"?

TAMSIN
Your answer?

FLETCHER
I'm off to the bathroom.

He gets up, causing Tamsin to tut in annoyance. She's about to head over to Jamie and Simon, when:

ZACHARIAH
You're going already, pretty lady?

Tamsin turns in surprise to see Zach, flirtatious expression on his face and in his demeanor.

TAMSIN
I was thinking of doing.

ZACHARIAH
Shame. Be fun having another Brit to
talk to.

TAMSIN
You're Cockney?

ZACHARIAH
Essex, technically. Still, better than
Yankee town, innit?

TAMSIN
Yes. Okay.

She tries to move away again.

ZACHARIAH
Can I buy you a drink?

TAMSIN
Sorry. I'm not looking for--

ZACHARIAH
Oh. Right. That Aussie bloke your
boyfriend?

Tamsin's a little uncomfortable with that - she doesn't really know the answer herself.

TAMSIN

Not really. As such. He's a colleague.
We work together.

ZACHARIAH

Oh.

TAMSIN

Sorry. Really lovely to chat, but I've got to be off.

ZACHARIAH

All right, love. See you again
sometime.

TAMSIN

Maybe.

And with that, she turns away, not realizing the full extent of the conversation.

Zach quickly looks at the door and NODS fast.

The door BURSTS open, and Silas and Hester march in, game-faces on.

They're each brandishing a gun, which they proceed to FIRE randomly all over the bar.

Bullets and RICOCHETS fly everywhere.

Glasses SHATTER, demons SQUEAL, there's mass panic.

The patrons SURGE to the back of the bar, all clustering against the wall in terror.

Silas and Hester continue to march forwards.

SILAS

Who is the owner of this
establishment?

Everyone looks at Simon, who smiles nervously.

SIMON

Me. But I don't take much turnover.

SILAS

We are not interested in a mere
robbery.

SIMON

Shame.

SILAS

You possess an item of great importance to us. We'd like to know where it is.

SIMON

Thought you weren't into robbery?

A frustrated Silas cocks his gun, pointing it directly at Simon.

SIMON (CONT'D)

(timidly)

What are you after exactly?

SILAS

A shard. Colored glass, should be worthless to you.

Simon throws a quick unnoticeable glance behind the bar. Zach, standing apart from the action, registers this, and quietly heads in that direction.

Simon, meanwhile turns full on back to Silas.

SIMON

If I had it, why would I tell you?

Hester cocks and points her gun by way of explanation.

SIMON (CONT'D)

So if I don't tell you, you're gonna shoot me? Not much of a threat, that.

SILAS

He's right, love. We need him alive.

He slowly turns and points the gun at Tamsin.

SILAS (CONT'D)

But she isn't necessary. And it would bring me untold amounts of pleasure to kill her.

TAMSIN

Sure it would.

Zach's found his way over to the bar by now.

Harold is standing at a beer-pump, clutching hold of it for dear life, shaking in fear.

Quietly, Zach KARATE-CHOPS him.

As Harold slumps down, Zach leaps up and over the bar, dropping down the other side.

Silas closes his finger around the trigger.

Tamsin closes her eyes in anticipation.

One last smirk from Silas. Then-

THUMP!

A FIST shoots downwards, knocking the gun from Silas' hand.

He turns around and WHUMP!

A fist to the face sends him sprawling.

It's Fletcher, back from the bathroom.

Hester automatically turns her gun on him, prepares to fire.

Thinking quickly, Fletcher grabs back hold of Silas and stands him upright, using him as a shield.

The bullet hits the vampire's chest.

Fletcher throws him back to one side.

Hester tries to fire again - she's out of bullets.

SCREECHING, she throws the gun at Fletcher, who ducks.

He tries to get back upright, but Hester's launched herself at him, in full flight.

She's just about to hit Fletcher when -

A FOOT appears, kicking Hester in the chin.

She lands unceremoniously on her backside.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)
Remember me?

She beams back down at the vampire, standing tall.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)
Oh, I've missed this.

Hester quickly, desperately, looks over at Zach, who's been studying the action.

Noticing her plea, he surreptitiously nods at Jamie.

FLETCHER
You know them?

TAMSIN
Only too well.

Hester springs back up to her feet.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)
Stakes!

Fletcher reaches for his inside coat pocket, but Hester's already in the air, flying towards them.

They quickly adopt a fighting stance, ready to tackle her, but she SAILS right over them.

She uses a table as a pommel-horse, SOMERSAULTING off it and grabbing Jamie in one sweeping motion.

Pulling him round so that Tamsin and Fletcher can see, she pulls Jamie's head to one side and bares her fangs.

A quick smirk, she opens wide, preparing for the kill as we:

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. DEVIL'S WATER BAR - SAME TIME

Same setup as before.

Hester LAUNCHES forward, ready to sink her fangs into Jamie.

Tamsin and Fletcher look on, their faces masks of horror.

Hester goes in for the kill, and then-

Jamie casually FLIPS her up and over his shoulder, landing on the floor with a CRASH. He plants his foot on her chest, preventing her from getting up.

Effortless, emotionless, and an exact copy of what Simon did to the young pickpocket in the arcade.

Hester struggles to get up, but Jamie's hold on her is too strong.

Tamsin's jaw drops in pure shock.

TAMSIN

What the- ?

Zach, meanwhile, is using the commotion as a cover whilst he rifles through the till.

He throws aside some notes, and then a condom, which he looks at with trepidation before tossing it away.

But then, his hand clasps around something, and he smiles.

It's necklace, its pendant, the SHARD. This one is glinting a RUBY RED.

ZACHARIAH

(victorious)

I've got it! The third shard!

He turns around, ready to celebrate, but then-

WHUMP!

The disembodied hand from the bar attaches itself on his face.

Zach fumbles the shard into his coat pocket, freeing up his hands.

Then, he wriggles and writhes, trying desperately to pull this thing off.

Eventually, he succeeds, wrenching it away.

It lands with a SMACK on the bar.

Quickly acting before it can move again, Zach takes out his knife and SLAMS it onto the hand, PINNING it to the bar.

With a SIGH of relief, he wipes his mouth.

Jamie, meanwhile, is still holding Hester at bay with ease.

Silas notices this, and comes charging in like a steam-train, launching a FIST into Jamie's face that sends him off-balance, freeing Hester.

TAMSIN

Oi!

Silas turns around and THUMP!

Tamsin SLAMS a punch into his jaw.

Before he can recover, she throws a backhanded slap across his cheek, followed by a strong right-hook.

He STAGGERS backwards, off-balance.

HESTER

Keep away from him!

She STORMS forward, PUSHING Tamsin away, but before she can help Silas up-

She gets PULLED AROUND and thrown into a table by Fletcher.

Fletcher starts toward her, but she's out for the count.

Turning, he looks over at Jamie, who's watching the action placidly.

FLETCHER

You okay, mate?

Jamie just nods in reply. Is that a bit more color in his cheeks?

Turning again, Fletcher casts his eyes on Tamsin, and she's in trouble!

Silas has recovered, and has lifted her off her feet by her throat.

Charging in, Fletcher THROWS himself at the vamp, sending all three of them tumbling down in a heap.

The two men are quickly back up again, exchanging blows.

A PUNCH from Silas. BLOCKED by Fletcher, who ducks underneath another punch.

He tries to connect with a punch of his own, but Silas swerves away from it, almost losing balance as he does so.

Fletcher uses this to his advantage, flinging another fist- this time it CONNECTS, smashing into Silas' face.

But he just TAKES it.

Then- the two fighting figures move apart, drawn away by some unknown force.

The dark-haired woman from earlier casually walks between them, heads for the door. The two men exchange a curious look as the mysterious figure makes her exit.

As soon as she leaves, they get back to fighting.

Fletcher instantly starts with a punch to the gut, causing Silas to double over.

Then a SLAM to the back of the head causes him to collapse to his knees.

Just as he's about to deliver the coup-de-grace, Fletcher doubles-over himself.

Zach sliced in with a karate chop to the stomach.

He then spins Fletcher around so they're face to face.

ZACHARIAH

That's not fair, y'know. I'm the only one who's allowed to batter him like that.

He then launches a devastating UPPERCUT that sends Fletcher flying into the air and crashing to the ground.

TAMSIN

Hey! No-one does that to my ...friend!

She storms towards Zach from behind, and he spins around, in full VAMP-FACE.

Tamsin recognizes him instantly and freezes.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)

You!

ZACHARIAH

Yeah.

They stare each other down for a second. And then-

Tamsin delivers a swift kick to Zach's groin.

He GRIMACES in pain.

ZACHARIAH (CONT'D)

Gotta hand it to yer. That was pretty good.

He rolls up his sleeve and checks his watch.

ZACHARIAH (CONT'D)

But it's about time I've gotta be going, so...

He shrugs.

ZACHARIAH (CONT'D)

Another time perhaps?

With LIGHTNING SPEED, he SURGES up to Tamsin, picks her up, and THROWS her with some force into the wall.

He dusts his hands off, pleased with his work.

ZACHARIAH (CONT'D)

Tell yer what, though. I like a girl who enjoys a bit of the old rough and tumble. So...

He produces a small business card from his jacket.

ZACHARIAH (CONT'D)

Here's my card.

He tosses it down on her prone body.

ZACHARIAH (CONT'D)

Don't call before five.

With that, he turns away, heading over to Silas and Hester, dragging them to their feet.

He looks over at the rest of the patrons, still huddled in fear at the back of the bar.

ZACHARIAH (CONT'D)

We'll be off now, if that's all right.

Without waiting for a reply, he turns for the exit with the other two, only to find his way blocked by a silhouetted figure in the doorway.

VI.

The three vamps stop short, staring at her.

VI
You just made my day.

With an evil smile, she starts on Zach.

Left foot kick, right foot kick, left, right...

He's sent spinning back through the bar, eventually crashing into a stool.

Vi CRUNCHES him with a punishing left-hook.

Silas and Hester rush towards her from either side.

Vi quickly PULLS herself up on a wooden beam over the bar.

She tucks her legs in fast.

Silas and Hester can't stop themselves in time - they PILE into each other and SLUMP to the floor, winded.

Vi leaps back down, landing on the floor nimbly.

VI (CONT'D)
You have no idea how much that helped.

She makes her way over to Tamsin, helping her back onto her feet.

Moving on, she does the same with Fletcher.

FLETCHER
Time of the month?

VI
Working out some tension.

Tamsin's still a little confused.

TAMSIN
Weren't you supposed to be going out with Rick?
(beat)
Not that we don't mind the help, of course.

FLETCHER

Hey! I had the situation well under control. I just disguised it well.

VI

(ignoring Fletcher)

Yeah, we were at the movies, and then Rick got a text saying he had to fill in for someone at work, so he had to go.

She pauses for a second, thinking.

VI (CONT'D)

Although it was probably just an excuse to miss the rest of the movie.

(beat)

Which is fine, because it was crap. Though it did leave me with a blood-lust to fight vamps.

She looks around at the bar, which is an advanced state of disrepair.

VI (CONT'D)

Anyway. Thought I'd come back here, see how you were doing, and whaddya know?

She gestures around at the vamps.

Zach's coming back to his senses - he fumbles down the bar, grasping hold of his trusty knife, still with hand embedded into it.

He THROWS it in Vi's direction.

It MISSES, but hits the wall, dislodging the hand, which FALLS on top of Vi.

The knife bounces off, sailing through the air.

Zach uses all this as a distraction, leaping back to his feet.

He pulls up the groggy forms of Silas and Hester and makes a dash for the door.

He catches his knife in his teeth on the move, charging through the door without stopping.

Vi FLINGS the hand off in disgust.

VI (CONT'D)

Urgh!

It FLOPS to the floor.

Everyone looks for the vamps, but they're gone.

VI (CONT'D)

Dammit.

SIMON (O.S.)

Have they gone?

He peeks out from underneath a corner table, where he's obviously been hiding for some time.

CUT TO:

EXT./ESTAB. FRANK'S DINER - NIGHT

Just to establish. A light's still on - someone's burning the midnight oil.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - CONTINUOUS

Tamsin, Fletcher and Simon are sat at the counter, coffees in front of them. Jamie is also there, sitting by himself a little way along.

TAMSIN

So you took Jamie out to teach him to stand up for himself?

SIMON

(knowing where this is going)
Yeah...

TAMSIN

So tell me again, which of you, when your bar got raided by vampires, flipped and pinned one of said vamps, and which hid underneath a table like a big girl?

SIMON

I was after a defensive position!
(beat)
Guns scare me, alright?

Tamsin and Fletcher giggle cheekily.

TAMSIN

Truth is, though, you were right. Both of you.

She looks between the two men, then over at Jamie.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)

He isn't a baby any more. Hell, he did a better job of restraining Hester than we did. He doesn't need me watching his every move any more.

(beat)

He's growing up. And I have to respect that, not act like a frantic ditz every time he moves more than ten feet out of sight.

FLETCHER

That's a little harsh.

(beat)

But accurate, actually.

Tamsin shrugs, and Fletcher gives her a reassuring pat on the shoulder.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

You're not the first mother to doubt herself- it's just happened a little quicker than normal.

TAMSIN

Thanks.

SIMON

Yeah, you'll be fine, Tams. Just follow my example.

TAMSIN

Not likely.

She sticks her tongue out defiantly at a slightly disappointed Simon.

Vi emerges from the kitchen, Tyler in tow. She's laden down by a pile of DVDs.

TYLER

...And don't forget to read those scripts on the Net. There's some real good ones - *Somewhere In Between*, *The DSR*, and that new one that's just started - *Walker*.

Tamsin gestures at the load as Vi struggles past.

TAMSIN

What's with those?

VI

Oh. Remember how watching *New Moon* gave me that vamp-kickassery?

(beat)

Well, I thought if I watched more vampy films, then I'd only get better!

(beat)

So I've got *Fright Night*, *The Lost Boys*, *Interview With...*

TAMSIN

You better watch it. Tyler's on his way to turning you into a full-on geek. Soon, you'll be playing one of those online games with lonely, pathetic nerds.

Tyler frowns. A derisive SNORT from Vi.

VI

Yeah, like that's ever gonna happen.

Fletcher COUGHS loudly.

FLETCHER

If we can get somewhere back near topic, there's the matter of tonight's attack...

The door opens, and Frank staggers in, looking a little worse for wear - his clothes are crumpled, his hair mussed.

He makes for the stairs, and reacts with surprise when he sees the others.

FRANK

Oh! Didn't think you kids would still be up.

TAMSIN

And we thought we were the only ones who got into a fight with vamps tonight.

Frank looks confused. Tamsin points to his neck, where there's a love-bite, complete with lipstick.

Frank notices this, and throws the others an embarrassed smile as he makes his way behind the counter.

FRANK

No, that's something totally different.

TAMSIN
(with a sardonic raised
eyebrow)
Really?

Frank shoots her a "drop it" look and attacks the coffee-machine, but it's empty.

FRANK
Why is this damn thing empty?

Everyone looks at Tyler, who tries and completely fails to hide his guilty expression. He decides to change the subject.

TYLER
You guys got into a fight?

FLETCHER
Glad someone's brought us back on
topic.

TAMSIN
Yeah. Silas and Hester are back in
town.

Frank pours himself a cup of tea, interested.

FRANK
Thought they'd gone for good. What are
they doing this time? General mayhem?

FLETCHER
No. They have a plan. Involving
several shards, apparently.

TAMSIN
Doesn't ring any bells.

Frank grimaces.

FRANK
Better hit the books and get our
research on. These guys don't mess
around.

TAMSIN
And it's worse. They've got a friend.
Another vamp. The brains of it all, I
think.

FLETCHER
A real tough bastard.

FRANK
Got a name? Any details?

TAMSIN
Not much. He's English - from Essex,
apparently.

TYLER
(sarcastically)
That narrows it down.

FLETCHER
(to Simon)
Where'd you get that pendant he took?

SIMON
Just some trinket one of my customers
left behind. Thought I might sell-- I
mean keep it until the rightful owner
came to claim it.

Tamsin remembers something, and she starts fiddling in her jeans pocket.

TAMSIN
Oh- he left this as well.

She throws down Zach's card on the counter. The others pore over it, intrigued.

FRANK
(reading aloud)
"Fangs For The Memories".

He gives a half amused smirk. From the end of the bar Jamie speaks out.

JAMIE
Mom? May I ask you something?

TAMSIN
Yeah?

JAMIE
When can I go out with Uncle Simon
again?

Simon's face lights up in surprise and excitement.

Conversely, Tamsin's face falls, and falls fast.

TAMSIN
WHAT?

Jamie shrugs, and then, with a slight, innocent smile:

JAMIE
I had... fun.

Off his smile we:

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE