

Hell's Gate

Season Two - Episode Nine

"Something Special"

Written By
Pete D. Gaskell

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

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. VI'S BEDROOM - DAY

C/U on VI, who's dressed scruffily, looking straight ahead. The image is fuzzy, slightly out-of-focus. It's a WEBCAM.

VI
Is it on?

She leans forward and taps something. There's a quick SPARK, and she jerks her hand back.

VI (CONT'D)
It's on.

Clearly pondering what to say, she sits and thinks for a bit, looking off to one side. Eventually she turns back to the camera. She puts on a dazzling bright smile.

VI (CONT'D)
Hi! I'm Vi, and I'm a Slayer.
(beat)
Although you probably knew that.
(beat)
Anyway, there's a lot of you out there now, and you're probably wondering what it's like, and have loads of questions and stuff. So I'm gonna try and answer them.

She persists with the cheery persona and the fixed smile - though it's starting to look a little fake.

VI (CONT'D)
This idea's not really mine, it's Tyler's. You won't know him- he lives with me.

Suddenly realizing, she leans in close to the screen, blushing a bit.

VI (CONT'D)
Not like that! We live in the same place. His room's the basement. Not that he's a basement-geek or anything.
(beat)
Although he does have geeky tendencies.

She realizes she's wandered off-topic, and shakes herself to compensate.

VI (CONT'D)

Anyway. Yeah. This is like a modern way of telling you about yourself, because those old Watcher books are useless. Unless you need to reach a really high shelf.

She demonstrates with her hand.

VI (CONT'D)

I know what you're thinking, cos it's the same question I had when I found out I was "different"- can I still have a social life?

She slumps back in her chair, deflating a little.

VI (CONT'D)

And until recently I'd have said "hell yeah!" But it's been a really, really weird couple of days.

(beat)

I think I'd better explain.

She leans forward again, ready to tell her tale, but we-

CUT TO:

INT. CHUCKIE'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

TIGHT on Vi and RICK, who are sharing a passionate kiss.

They hold it for a long beat, and finally break apart, with desire clear in their eyes.

Both of them are dressed quite stylishly, Vi in a classy, short dress and heels- this is a clearly a special evening.

VI

Did you really think we'd last this long?

RICK

(a little too quickly)

No.

Vi's face falls.

VI

Why not?

RICK

I dunno. It's just- I never thought it'd last.

VI

Could have said before that kiss.

RICK

There was no time. It was pretty much
"sit-kiss", wasn't it?

A cheeky smile from Vi confirms the truth of that.

RICK (CONT'D)

Glad it did last, though.

He reaches out and strokes her hand gently, seductively.

RICK (CONT'D)

You know how it's sometimes tough to
say words?

VI

Oh! You mean like supercalifra-

Rick cuts her off with a hand signal.

RICK

Not like that. I meant, serious words.

Vi's brow wrinkles- she doesn't quite know what he means.

RICK (CONT'D)

Three words in particular.

He gulps, taking his time. This is something pretty big for him.

RICK (CONT'D)

Vi. I-

He gulps again - a very nervous one.

RICK (CONT'D)

I love you.

VI

Oh.

She GASPS in pure shock- and for once, she's lost for words.

VI (CONT'D)

(almost whispering)
Do you mean it?

RICK

Course I do.

VI
 (suddenly shouting)
 THIS IS THE MOST ROMANTIC NIGHT EVER!

We PULL BACK to take in the whole restaurant. Every patron in the place is looking at her.

FOCUS back on Vi's table, Vi turns beet red. The WAITER approaches, bringing their food.

Vi suddenly REACTS, something is BUZZING. She fiddles in her handbag for a second and eventually pulls out her cell.

She gives the message a quick study, and then tosses her phone back into her bag and starts piling her stuff together, getting ready to leave.

Noticing the food, she gives the waiter a sharp look.

VI (CONT'D)
 Can I have it to go, please?

WAITER
 We don't--

VI
 Sure you do.

She empties the plate into a napkin, folding it up whilst looking apologetically at Rick.

VI (CONT'D)
 Sorry, Rick. Really I am. But I've gotta go. Work.

RICK
 I could go with you and--

VI
 (shaking her head)
 Nah. Because you just said you loved me, and after this I'll be all sweaty, and you might take it back. So thanks, but no thanks.

She gets up to go, giving him a quick peck on the cheek.

VI (CONT'D)
 Love you too.

And then she's gone.

Rick pushes his food around the plate dejectedly.

RICK
Most romantic night ever.

Rick sighs as we:

CUT TO:

INT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

An empty, dark alleyway, with trash blowing around in a slight wind.

Stairways either side lead up to tenement blocks- not the nicest area.

A fat, cherub like creature comes waddling into view. On closer inspection, he looks like a tiny young boy, with curly blond hair and rosy cheeks.

He's wearing nothing but a loincloth protecting his manhood, and has a bow and a quiver of arrows slung over his shoulder.

FRANK, MIKE and TAMSIN come tearing into view.

Frank and Tamsin instantly produce guns, level them, and prepare to fire. Tamsin's is a sleek little handgun. Frank is using his trusty shotgun.

FRANK
Clean shot. We want it alive.

They both aim for non-vital areas of the boy as he continues on his way, oblivious.

Frank's finger closes around the trigger.

The boy suddenly looks back.

Frank and Tamsin FIRE.

The bullets ZOOM toward their target, but, just as they get close to the boy, they miraculously turn into white DOVES, and fly out of harm's way.

The boy's holding his bow in a ready position. He quickly pulls out two more ARROWS, and fires them at a rapid pace.

One hits Frank's shotgun. The other finds Tamsin's handgun.

Both turn into RED ROSES.

Frank and Tamsin look at each other in total surprise.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Okay. What the hell?

He immediately turns to Mike, who just shrugs exaggeratedly.

MIKE
Don't ask me.

TAMSIN
I've seen it all now.

FRANK
I'll say.

TAMSIN
No. Look.

She's pointing down the alleyway, back at the little boy. He's now sprouted angel-like WINGS, and takes off into the night sky.

FRANK
What is this thing?

He retrieves his cell, and starts dialling frantically.

Tamsin hands Mike her rose.

TAMSIN
Can you do anything with this?

He puts it in his mouth, then uses his tongue to turn it over.

MIKE
Tango?

TAMSIN
Sorry. I meant anything productive?

MIKE
I was planning on throwing it in the air for an encore.

TAMSIN
(annoyed)
Can't you change it back?

MIKE
Hell no. Transfiguration may be big at Hogwarts, but in real life, it's pretty hard to pull off.

Tamsin gives Mike an odd look.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Tyler made me watch a Harry Potter marathon.

Tamsin nods. Tyler, of course.

TAMSIN

Brilliant.

Frank rings off and closes his cell.

FRANK

Fletcher's looking into it. Damned if I know what it is.

TAMSIN

So, that's it? We're gonna just give up?

FRANK

Got a better idea?

VI (O.S.)

I HAVE!

From out of sight, Vi blitzes down the alleyway at full tilt.

She LEAPS into the air, and uses the metal stairway to PROPEL herself higher.

HIGHER and HIGHER, until she can touch the cherub.

She gets both hands around him, and, with a swift TUG, pulls him back to Earth.

They go tumbling downwards, faster and faster, at last crumpling into a heap on the alley floor.

Vi snap-turns halfway to her feet, but the cherub is already up, and has a GOLDEN ARROW primed and ready, aimed at her heart.

He LETS FLY, but at the last second--

A METAL CAN HITS him on the arm, diverting his aim.

The arrow punctures Vi in the leg, and she falls to the ground in pain.

A BURST of GOLDEN MAGIC sprinkles into the air, and the team go rushing towards her.

The cherub boy takes advantage of the confusion to re-sprout his wings and fly away.

TAMSIN
Vi? Are you okay, love?

The golden magic dissipates as Vi gets to her feet.

VI
(deeper than normal)
Yeah. Fine.

Mike looks back at her incredulously.

MIKE
You sure?

VI
Why wouldn't I--?

TRACK UP from the ground.

Clumps of red hair cover her feet. Her legs are more thick-set and hairier.

Her body shape is overall a little bulkier, with more obvious muscle.

Her chest is now totally flat, with a dusting of hair.

There's a bit of a five o'clock shadow on her face which is less smooth than normal.

And her hair is now closely cropped.

VI (CONT'D)
Oh.
(beat)
Ah.

She readjusts her stance, moving her legs a little further apart. Mike looks at her with a shocked smile.

MIKE
Dude!
(beat)
You're a dude!

Mike begins to laugh uncontrollably. Vi's face grimaces in horror. On her now MALE BODY, we:

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. DINER - DAY

A familiar setup - Tamsin and FLETCHER are at the counter, Frank behind, wiping down the various machines with a cloth. Tamsin's sipping a steaming cup of coffee whilst Fletcher speed-reads a page on his laptop.

Fletcher closes his laptop, exhaling as he does so.

FLETCHER
Little bit of good news. I've found
what it is the vamps are building.

FRANK
Oh?

FLETCHER
It's the Scourgelius Quarana.

FRANK
Whoa.
(beat)
What the hell is that?

TAMSIN
And what does it do?

Fletcher gives them both an exceptionally sheepish glance.

FLETCHER
No idea.

TAMSIN
And how is that good news?

FLETCHER
Because it's more than I got on
anything else we're after.

Frank stops cleaning, and gestures at Fletcher's laptop with his cloth.

FRANK
You're telling me that you can't
narrow down a fat baby with magical
arrows? There can't be that many!

FLETCHER
That's the problem. There's none.

TAMSIN

Well we didn't make it up! We've got the arrow to prove it!

FLETCHER

I'm not saying you made it up! It's just... difficult to find any info out about it.

FRANK

Well, keep looking.

Fletcher mock salutes.

FLETCHER

Yes, sir. But with all due respect, William Tell's not the problem at the minute.

TAMSIN

William Tell?

FLETCHER

Sounds better than Nappy Boy.

TAMSIN

Right there.

They scooch a little closer together.

FRANK

What is the problem?

FLETCHER

It's Vi. We need to change her back as soon as--

He is interrupted by Vi who appears, shuffling down the stairs rather uncomfortably. She's kitted out in loose-fitting clothes, that seem to belong to Tyler, if the "Star Wars" logo on the shirt is anything to go by.

Mike and TYLER appear behind her, and everyone watches as Vi trips over her own feet.

A hand pulls her back to her feet- it's Mike's, and he takes the opportunity to throw her a cheeky wink.

VI

Thanks.

MIKE
 Don't mention it.
 (beat)
 Dude.

VI
 (annoyed)
 These stupid big feet! Can't get used
 to 'em. It's like walking on canoes.

MIKE
 You know what they say- the bigger a
 guys feet, the bigger his...

His trademark smile appears, and Tyler separates the two before
 anything else happens.

VI
 That damn, fat, naked baby! If I ever
 get my hands on him I'll--

She balls up her left fist and punches her right hand hard. She
 then shakes her right hand and winces. That hurt.

FLETCHER
 We'd better see to your "predicament"
 first or you won't be very effective.

FRANK
 Meaning?

FLETCHER
 As I was saying- It appears that
 owning a penis is incompatible with
 being a Chosen One.
 (beat)
 Her Slayer powers are gone.

Frank furrows his brow.

VI
 And it is SO not a fair trade!
 (to the men)
 How do you get anything done with
 these...
 (motioning to her groin)
 ..."things" just hanging there all
 the time?!

The three younger men chuckle.

VI (CONT'D)

I don't get it! What's the appeal?
They stick to your leg, they get
caught in your zipper- Ow! by the way-
and they don't exactly smell Spring-
time fresh!

(beat)

And don't even get me started on what
was all inside the front of my
nightshirt when I woke up this
morning. Eww!

The younger men bust out laughing. Even Tamsin chuckles. Frank
remains all business.

FRANK

(to Fletcher)

Is this permanent?

FLETCHER

(shrugging)

I assume it's reversible. But since we
still don't know anything about the
thing that did this to her, she'd
better get comfortable with chest hair
and athletic supporters.

Vi pouts and looks as if she is about to cry.

VI

I can't stay a man! Look at me! I look
like a bad drag king!

Tamsin then puts a sympathetic arm around the younger woman's
shoulders. Tyler also moves to comfort the young woman.

TYLER

Come on, Vi. We'll help you fit in.

MIKE

Speak for yourself, dude. I've got
plans. Helping Victor/Victoria around
her new body isn't one of them.

VI

Hey!

MIKE

Kidding. As if I'd let him...
(motioning to Tyler)
...be the model of manliness.

He gives Tyler a playful shove.

MIKE (CONT'D)

First thing we have to do is help you out with your walk. Can't have you tripping down the stairs every five seconds.

He turns to Vi, studying her. She looks extremely uncomfortable under this scrutiny.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I know where your problem is. You're standing with your legs too close together.

TYLER

Yeah. If that was me, there'd be tears in my eyes.

MIKE

There's always tears in your eyes.

TYLER

You know what I mean.

Vi starts slowly moving her legs further and further apart.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Whoa, there, John Wayne!

VI

Why?

MIKE

Go any further, you're doing the splits.

Vi hurriedly closes her legs together a bit. Mike nods approvingly.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Right. You got the stance. Time for the walk.

He gestures grandly, allowing Vi a clear passage to the kitchen.

She sets off, but gets barely two paces before Mike stops her.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Not like that. Like this.

And he walks in his casual, relaxed style.

MIKE (CONT'D)

It's not just your feet. It's the shoulders. It's the swagger.

TYLER

She doesn't need the swagger.

MIKE

The swagger is a key part of the whole walk. I've told you that too many times.

Vi tries to imitate Mike's walking style, with some success. She walks to the kitchen door and then back to the two young men.

Mike claps her on the back hard, and she WINCES a bit.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Attaboy! Next trick:

As he pulls a disposable razor out of his jeans pocket.

VI

Do I have to shave?

MIKE

Unless you wanna look like Pancho Villa, I say you do.

He ushers Vi toward the kitchen, with Tyler following behind.

TYLER

You have a razor in your pocket?

MIKE

Hey! This level of grooming isn't accidental, y'know!

Tyler shuffles up close to his buddy and whispers discreetly in his ear.

TYLER

Can I ask you something later? Privately?

MIKE

Sure, dude. Hit me.

TYLER

If only.

They share a smile as the three exit into the kitchen.

Frank watches them go with an expression just short of total disbelief.

FRANK
Young people, huh?

He turns back to see Tamsin and Fletcher giggling away together, and sitting very close.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Talkin' to myself.

Fletcher and Tamsin give Frank a very guilty shared look - trapped with their hands in the cookie jar.

TAMSIN
Sorry.

Frank rolls his eyes.

FRANK
We need to fix Vi. Nothing against Corrine, she's a great Slayer, but she doesn't have Vi's training. And with those vamps out there planning who-knows-what, we need her back in fighting shape. Pronto.

Fletcher and Tamsin nod.

FRANK (CONT'D)
So there's no time for canoodling, is there?

He throws a pointed stare at the two of them.

TAMSIN
S'pose we'd better get on with the, er...

FRANK
Yeah. You'd better.

Tamsin and Fletcher get up and head into the back, Frank watching them leave, making sure they're not doing anything untoward.

TAMSIN
Although, y'know, Jamie's gone on that school trip for the entire weekend...

FLETCHER
You thinking that with the mouse away, the cats can...

TAMSIN
(with a sultry raised
eyebrow)
What do you think?

FLETCHER
I've gotta run a full spectrographic
analysis on the arrow, plus a DNA scan
on Vi. The computer will be processing
the data for hours.

TAMSIN
Will it now?

Frank closes his eyes in amused frustration as the two exit into
the kitchen.

FRANK
Unbelievable.

He returns to cleaning his counter once more and begins to
whistle - hopelessly out-of-tune.

The diner door opens, and CORRINE strides in. Frank abruptly
stops whistling. His face lights up slightly.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Corrine! 'fraid we're gonna have to
cancel your training today.
Something's come up.

She walks up to the counter a little hesitantly. Uncertainty is
clouding her features.

CORRINE
I didn't come for training.

Frank give Corrine a confused look.

CORRINE (CONT'D)
I need to talk. To a friend.

Frank nods toward the kitchen.

FRANK
Well, Tyler's in the--

CORRINE
No. It's you I want to talk to,
actually.

Frank's eyebrows shoot up in pure surprise.

FRANK

Me?

Frank leans on the counter, intrigued.

CORRINE

You have connections, right? In the government?

FRANK

(suspiciously)

Why?

Corrine bites her lip. This is clearly quite hard for her.

CORRINE

It's my sister.

Frank's face softens.

CORRINE (CONT'D)

The private detective I had looking for her has hit a brick wall.

Corrine hangs her head.

CORRINE (CONT'D)

He dug up an old police record on her. But since she was a juvenile when it happened, the file is sealed. There's no trace of her after that. She just disappeared.

(beat)

I need to know what's in that file.

FRANK

Want me make some calls, see what I can dig up?

CORRINE

Please.

Frank gives the woman a soft smile.

FRANK

Follow me.

He gestures into the kitchen, but is stopped by the diner door opening again, and a man in a long brown trenchcoat enters, marching straight up to the counter, and looking sternly directly at Frank.

This is DET. REED.

REED
You're Frank McGann? The owner of this
place?

FRANK
Yeah? What can I get for you?

REED
A signed search warrant.

FRANK
What?

Reed looks around the diner is disdain, almost sniffing as he
does so.

REED
I've been hearing things about this
place for a while. Strange happenings.
Violent incidents.

FRANK
Got any proof of that?

REED
Not yet. But I will.

FRANK
And who are you?

REED
Reed. Detective Reed to you.

FRANK
(smirking)
So you're Reed. I was wondering when
you'd drop by.

REED
I'll be watching you.

FRANK
I'm really flattered, but you're not
my type.

Reed is not amused. He points menacing at Frank.
And with that, he turns snappily on his heel and leaves.
Corrine gives Frank an uncertain look.

FRANK (CONT'D)
(sarcastically)
Well. Wasn't that fun?

Off his face we:

CUT TO:

INT. COMMAND CENTRAL - SHORTLY LATER

Frank and Corrine enter and head to a bank of computers, passing;

- Tamsin and Fletcher sitting at a computer, engaging in a rather prolonged kiss;

- Vi, standing in the corner, chin lathered up with shaving cream, hacking away with the razor. She winces as a small drop of blood appears;

- And Tyler, on bended knee, holding out a wedding ring to an incredulous Mike.

FOCUS on Mike and Tyler.

MIKE

Yes. Yes. A thousand times yes.

(beat)

When's the honeymoon?

TYLER

Ha ha. You think the one knee is good?

Isn't it a bit cliché?

MIKE

Better than two. That just looks like you're begging. Bended knee's a classic.

TYLER

Thanks.

MIKE

No problem. Anything else?

TYLER

Yeah. How should I say it? Something simple like, "Callie, will you marry me?" Or should I try to be funny?

Mike shakes his head in amusement at his friend's nervous worrying.

MIKE

Whatever sounds right to you, man.

TYLER

What if she says no?

MIKE
Dude, she won't say no.

TYLER
How'd you know?

Mike looks warmly at his friend and puts his hand on his shoulder.

MIKE
(sincerely)
Because she loves you.

We PULL AWAY and FOCUS on Tamsin and Fletcher as they break apart.

TAMSIN
Well, that was... unexpected.

FLETCHER
But welcome?

TAMSIN
Definitely.

They share a smile.

The computer they're sat at suddenly lets out an urgent BEEP.

They both turn towards it, studying the readouts.

FLETCHER
Well, the arrow's nothing special.
Just a run-of-the-mill weapon.

TAMSIN
Could it have been dipped in
something? A poison, perhaps?

FLETCHER
Nah, the analysis would have picked up
residue. Guessing the little beastie
boy was responsible. Magic, and all
that.

TAMSIN
Brilliant.

She looks over at Vi, who REACTS, pulling the razor away from her cheek quickly. She massages her face, grimacing. Another tiny bit of blood seeps out.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)
So how do we change Vi back?

FLETCHER

We'll have to catch the little bugger.
It's the only way I know of.

TAMSIN

And how do you propose we do that?

FLETCHER

A giant butterfly net?

Tamsin smirks, and turns her attention to a different computer.

Her smile quickly DROPS as she analyzes the screen.

TAMSIN

Fletch. Get over here quick.

He notes the urgency in her voice and slides over. His expression turns deadly serious.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)

Tell me it's a computer glitch.

FLETCHER

Not a glitch. It's Vi's body.

The image on the screen keeps changing, deconstructing and reconstructing.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

Her hormones are imbalanced. Her
body's rejecting the changed DNA.

TAMSIN

What does it mean?

FLETCHER

Unless we can stabilize her, her
body's gonna collapse in on itself.

They glance across the at Vi, who COUGHS up a load of GOLD MAGIC DUST. They share a look of pure horror as we:

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. COMMAND CENTRAL - CONTINUOUS

Same as before.

Vi COUGHS UP MORE GOLD DUST. She takes a couple of deep breaths and then seems to be okay.

Fletcher, watching this, nods as if he was expecting this.

FLETCHER

Temporary at the moment. But we need to find something. And fast.

Overhearing the two, Vi hurries over to joins them.

VI

So, what can I do about this!?

She motions to herself.

TAMSIN

Sweet F.A. at the moment, I'm afraid, love.

Vi sighs. Tamsin reaches up and gives the young woman a comforting touch on the arm as we:

PAN ACROSS to Frank and Corrine, who are clustered nervously by another computer. Frank has his cell phone to his ear.

CORRINE

How reliable is this guy?

FRANK

Pretty damn reliable. He's the guy that lifted the Google Earth fog on Area 51. Billie's still bitchin' about that.

Frank gives a slight chuckle.

FRANK (CONT'D)

If the information's there, he'll get it.

He hold his finger up, indicating to Corrine that the person on the other end of the line is once again speaking.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Hey, Jim-bo. What cha got?

(beat)

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

Uh huh.
 (beat)
 You're sure?
 (beat)
 I see.
 (beat)
 Thanks.

Frank hangs up his phone. He looks back to Corrine, his face sullen.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Corrine. He accessed the file. It's empty.

Corrine looks stunned.

CORRINE

Empty?

FRANK

(nodding)
 Which means someone wanted your sister to vanish. Someone high up. Someone with a lot more pull than what I've got.

Corrine looks alarmed.

CORRINE

Why would someone...

FRANK

I was hoping you'd know.

CORRINE

(shaking her head)
 I haven't seen Willamena since I was seven. They split us up when we got put in foster care.

FRANK

My friend's got one more source he's going to hit up, but it doesn't look good.

Suddenly, Corrine LUNGES forward, RIPPING out the computer's power cable. Everyone looks in her direction.

The COMPUTER flickers and DIES. Sparks SHOWER over them.

Frank pulls the cable out of her hand with some difficulty. Her determination is steely.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 (calmly)
 That's not the answer, y'know.

She SWALLOWS and looks away. A tear creeps into the corner of her eye.

CORRINE
 I know. I just... I don't know how much longer I can wait, Frank. She's the only family I have.

FRANK
 Here.

Frank opens his arms. Corrine falls into them. He hugs her tightly.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 I'll do what I can to help you, okay? Just promise me you won't do anything stupid. I'd hate to lose you.

CORRINE
 As a friend, or a Slayer?

FRANK
 Both.

A small smile threatens to creep across Corrine's face. A moment passes between the pair. They gaze softly at each other for a beat. As they realize what is going on, their expressions turn to frowns. They quickly move away from each other.

PAN ACROSS to Tyler, who is pacing up and down, phone pressed to his ear, biting his nails to the quick. Mike's lazily slumped over a swivel-chair, bored out of his mind.

At last, Tyler gets through.

TYLER
 Callie, hi!
 (beat)
 What? Nah, my phone's short on minutes, that's why I'm using Mike's.

Mike smiles at this.

MIKE
 That's what bros are for.

Tyler waves at him - shut up.

TYLER

Yeah, anyway. I was thinking about dinner tonight?

He listens for a sec, then turns away in horror.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Dammit!

MIKE

She full?

TYLER

She's got plans tonight.

Mike gestures to the phone.

MIKE

Give it here- I'll sort out it for ya.

TYLER

No, no. This is my time. I have to make the play.

Cue a sarcastic raised eyebrow from Mike.

Tyler presses the phone back to his ear.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Yeah, Callie. It's just, I think it's really important that you come out tonight.

(beat)

Why?

He turns and mouths "Why" to Mike, who responds with an exaggerated shrug.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Er, because you haven't... eaten much... lately... and...

(beat)

No! No, I'm not saying you're anorexic, I'm just saying that you could do with a bit of...

Tyler turns to Mike, a look of sheer panicked desperation on his face.

Before Mike can do anything else, Tyler throws him the phone. Hard.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Save it for me. Please.

Mike beams.

MIKE

(on phone)

Hey, Callie. Yeah, it's my fault. Trying to get the T-Man to be romantic. Really just want him out of here tonight. I'm having some friends over and you know how he gets, with the sci-fi talk and all--

He laughs loudly, responding to something Callie's said. Tyler frowns.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Yeah. Anyway. He's got some cash burning a hole in his pocket, and I'm convincing him to spend it on you.

(beat)

Any time.

(beat)

No. No need. Unless, of course, you know a hunky twentysomething with an eye for blond warlocks?

(beat)

Hey- gotta widen your social circle a touch, lady.

He laughs again, then throws the phone back to Tyler, who almost drops it, juggles it for a bit, and then finally gets it to his ear.

TYLER

Yeah. Great. See you at eight, yeah?

(beat)

All right. No problemo, as the Terminator would say.

(beat)

I love you too.

(beat)

No, I love you more.

(beat)

More than that. Way more.

(beat)

I love you like the-

And the phone disappears. Mike walks past, phone in hand.

MIKE

Yo! My minutes, dude.

Tyler just gapes at him.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Now if you'll excuse me, I've got an appointment to make.

He quickly dials a number.

MIKE (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Yo, Jack, buddy! Mike. Yeah. The one and only. Listen, I've gotta a spare movie ticket, and was wondering if you wanna come with?

(beat)

2012.

(beat, then with an amused snort)

Yeah.

(beat)

Awesome. See you there at sevenish.

He rings off, and is confronted by a disappointed looking Tyler.

TYLER

Our movie tickets?

MIKE

Hey- you chose to spend tonight keeping your sweetie sweet. I can't let a ticket go to waste.

TYLER

But that was our film. I was looking forward to-

MIKE

MST3King it's ass. I know. Still. End of the world. Same old, same old. Let you know if it's realistic.

He slaps Tyler on the back.

TYLER

Wait. Did you say Jack? As in "brooding professor that you've had lunch with three times this week" Jack?

MIKE

(firmly)

We're just friends.

TYLER

(unconvinced)

Okay.

PAN ACROSS to Tamsin, Fletcher and Vi, who are shuffling around looking quite uncomfortable.

FLETCHER
Want the good news?

TAMSIN
Is there any?

FLETCHER
Some. I've isolated some unique elements from the whatever-it-was you guys saw last night. So we can track it when it shows its face again.

TAMSIN
Fantastic. I have a score to settle with the baby-faced assassin.

VI
You have a score to settle?

Then Vi suddenly STARTS, and pulls her phone out of her jeans pocket.

VI (CONT'D)
Vibrate has a totally different effect when I'm like this. Can't say I like it.

She shakes herself, and answers.

VI (CONT'D)
Hello?
(beat, then higher, as if on helium)
Rick! Hi!
(beat)
What? No, I'm fine! Really! Tonight?
You sure?
(beat)
I'll be there!

And she rings off fast.

TAMSIN
You'll be there?

VI
Rick's reminded me that we're going out tonight.

TAMSIN
You're not serious.

VI

I couldn't say no!

TAMSIN

You could! It's one of the easiest words in the English language!

FLETCHER

It's the only word in the Russian language.

Vi looks between the two in frustration.

VI

You don't understand! It's complicated! Last night, he told me he loved me! I can't stand him up! That's cold, and heartless!

TAMSIN

But it's the only way! What do you think he'll say when he sees you like that?

FLETCHER

Not to mention the whole potential for melting into goo at some point in time.

VI

(ignoring Fletcher; to Tamsin)

You can help me! Y'know, give me a make-over or whatever? Like you did when you made me look like a hooker.

TAMSIN

(scoffing)

I appreciate your confidence in me, love, but you don't need my help. You need RuPaul!

Vi looks pleadingly at Tamsin.

Tamsin exhales in a sarcastic way. Then:

TAMSIN (CONT'D)

Fine. I'll see what I can do.

Fletcher gives an annoyed huff. Tamsin points at Vi's body.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)

But you'd better hope that what they say is true.

VI

What?

TAMSIN

Love's blind.

VI

Hey!

She gives Tamsin a playful punch. Tamsin sticks her tongue out in a childish response.

Fletcher, gathering together some equipment, pushes them apart.

FLETCHER

Come on! Let's get going!

They leave, and we FOCUS on the arrow.

Which SHIMMERS GOLD, before a small GOLD LIGHTNING STORM builds around it, CRACKLING with MAGICAL ENERGY.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. TYLER'S ROOM - DAY

C/U on Tyler, who's rocking backwards and forwards on his chair - a bucket of nerves.

In the background, posters of various shows can be seen, as well as neatly stacked boxes of computer games, and a row of Star Wars memorabilia.

The picture is fuzzy and grainy - it's a WEBCAM again.

TYLER

I'm gonna do it. This is it, guys. I'm gonna propose.

He holds up his ring.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Not an easy decision to make. But it's about time. I'm not for grand gestures though, so this might go terribly wrong.

He pauses, looks away for a second.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Then again, it might go terribly right.

He smirks at this.

TYLER (CONT'D)

The question is, how do I do it?

Lost in thought for a beat, he needs a O.S. SHOUT of pain from Vi to bring him back into the present.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Oh, ignore that by the way. Girl I live with's having the waxing of her life.

(beat)

But back to my problems. Think!

He scratches the back of his head as he tries to rack his brains.

TYLER (CONT'D)

WWPD. What would Picard do?

Inadvertently, he pulls the front of his shirt down.

TYLER (CONT'D)

If only there really was a holodeck I could practice in.

(beat)

Still. Time waits for no man.

(beat)

Unless you're Doctor Who of course.

(beat)

But I'm not, so it's moot. Wish me luck, peeps!

He stands up, about to switch off the webcam when-

MIKE (O.S.)

What's this? Talking to yourself now, dude?

He swings into frame, looking at his image in appreciation.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Gotta say, the camera picks me up nice.

TYLER

I'm not talking to myself - I'm on my Vlog.

MIKE

Say what?

Tyler switches the webcam off. FOCUS instead on the two guys as Tyler shuts the computer down and moves to leave.

TYLER

Video log. Talking to the world via the Internet.

MIKE

Cool. What about?

TYLER

This and that. Stuff going in my life. My proposal to Callie tonight.

MIKE

That all?

Tyler throws him an affronted look.

TYLER

Not enough?

MIKE

Dude, you can talk to the world. We battle demons. And you talk about your love life?

(beat)

Priorities need changing, man.

He ushers a thoughtful Tyler out of the room.

CUT TO:

INT. VI'S BEDROOM - DAY

The bedroom door closes as a limping Vi leaves the room, towel wrapped around her waist.

FOCUS on Tamsin and Fletcher, reclining on the bed, smiles on their faces.

FLETCHER

Well, that was fun. And disturbing.

TAMSIN

Just a tad.

Fletcher nods towards the door.

FLETCHER

You think it'll work?

TAMSIN

Not a chance.

(beat)

But it's the best we can do. She shouldn't really go out like this.

FLETCHER

But since there's no convincing her, perhaps we should make the best of a bad situation.

Tamsin turns to him, raising a questioning eyebrow.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

She shouldn't be on her own. We should be nearby... you know... in case something happens.

TAMSIN

(smirking)

Are you asking me to dinner?

FLETCHER

In a manner of speaking.

TAMSIN
You paying?

FLETCHER
Of course.

Cue a lascivious smile from Tamsin.

TAMSIN
I'm liking you more and more, mister.

FLETCHER
Same to you. Apart from the mister
part.

TAMSIN
Oh, I'm all woman. Trust me.

Fletcher joins in the flirtatious stakes with a smile of his own.

FLETCHER
I'm afraid I'll need proof.

TAMSIN
Play your cards right, sir, and you
may just...

They lean together, about to kiss again, when:

VI (O.S.)
OH CRAP!

Which causes Fletcher and Tamsin to jump apart in shock.

They quickly shake themselves back into the present.

TAMSIN
What's wrong?

VI (O.S.)
Come here quick! I've made a mess in
the bathroom!

Tamsin pulls a disgusted face.

TAMSIN
You sure we have to come, Vi? That's
an image I don't need.

VI (O.S.)
I needed to pee, but I'm not used to,
y'know, holding anything, so I let it
roam free.
(MORE)

VI (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(beat)

And now there's a...splattery effect.

Fletcher and Tamsin look at each other, realizing.

TAMSIN

You'd better see to it. I'll collect the stuff.

FLETCHER

Why do I have to?

TAMSIN

About time a man had to clean off the toilet seat.

As they get up to perform their respective tasks, Fletcher cocks an eyebrow.

FLETCHER

I'm just glad it wasn't a long drop.

CUT TO:

EXT. CINEMA - NIGHT

JACK's pacing back and forth outside the cinema entrance, nervous and a touch worried. He glances at his watch.

He shrugs, and is about to set off away from the theater when:

MIKE (O.S.)

Yo, dude! Giving up on me already?

Mike slides into frame, not a hair out of place.

JACK

No, I was just... wondering where you were.

MIKE

Right here right now. Anyway, I'm fashionably late. Don't like trailers.

JACK

You got the tickets?

Mike reaches into his jacket pocket, produces two tickets and fans them out in a V-shape.

Jack reaches out and plucks one.

MIKE

You got the popcorn?

A nod from Jack as he pulls a medium-sized tub out of his coat.
Mike shakes his head in disgust.

MIKE (CONT'D)
That all? Amateur. I'll get a full-size one before we get in there.

JACK
Do really you need a big one?

MIKE
(with a dirty wink)
Always.

And into the theater he goes. Jack, after a moment's tentative thought, follows suit.

CUT TO:

INT. CHUCKIE'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

TIGHT on one of the tables, where Tyler is fidgeting restlessly, crossing and uncrossing his hands.

Sat across from him is CALLIE, reclining in her chair, watching him with a quirkily raised eyebrow.

CALLIE
So.

TYLER
Yeah.

CALLIE
You good?

TYLER
Yeah.

CALLIE
Right.

Nervousness seems to be the order of the day.

CALLIE (CONT'D)
You sure?

TYLER
Yeah.

CALLIE
That all you can say?

TYLER
Pretty much. Yeah.

He runs a hand through his hair- this is trying for him.

Callie leans forward seductively, trying to distract his attention away a bit.

CALLIE
Listen... if there's something wrong,
just tell me.

TYLER
There's nothing... why d'ya think
there's something wrong?

CALLIE
Well for one thing, you're sweating
like we're in a sauna...

TYLER
What?

He checks his shirt, and immediately wishes he hadn't.

TYLER (CONT'D)
Not sexy, huh?

CALLIE
Not really.

TYLER
Erm...

A WAITER comes to Tyler's rescue, leaning in.

WAITER
Excuse me, would you like anything to
drink?

TYLER
(immediately)
Yes please.

Callie reacts to this knee-jerk reaction.

Tyler notices this, and tries to play it cool.

TYLER (CONT'D)
Y'know, maybe. Let's take a look at
the wine list, eh?

The waiter shrugs and leaves.

Tyler looks across at Callie, who's regarding him suspiciously.

PAN AWAY, past an empty table, to the next table along, where Rick sits, equally nervous, drumming his fingers.

The door opens, and Tamsin and Fletcher step through - Rick sees them and gets to his feet.

RICK
Guys! Have you seen--

They PART, revealing Vi.

Who looks... shapeless. Wearing a large dress seemingly borrowed from Tamsin's pregnancy wear, her shape looks vaguely feminine. A patched-up job.

RICK (CONT'D)
Oh.

Vi's face falls a little, but not as much as Rick's did. There's an awkward silence.

RICK (CONT'D)
You look... great!

But it sounds extremely false. Vi grimaces a little, but allows Rick to walk her to the table and seat her.

He reaches across to touch her but she JERKS away.

Rick's turn to look a little hurt now, but he calmly seats himself opposite her.

Fletcher and Tamsin seat themselves at the empty table next-door, and as they walk past, we see Tamsin's crossing her fingers behind her back.

PAN ACROSS to the window, where there's a FLASH of GOLD.

PAN BACK to the tables, and there's been a TIME-LAPSE.

Tamsin and Fletcher are looking into each other's eyes, a half-drunk bottle of champagne in an icebucket, their glasses filled.

Tamsin picks up a breadstick and starts chomping on one end-offering the other for Fletcher, who gratefully accepts.

Together they munch, until their lips meet- and they kiss deeply.

PAN OVER to Rick and Vi, who are now much more comfortable. Probably due to the bottle of champagne, three-quarters drunk, now in an ice-bucket as well.

Rick's pushing his food around his plate, skating around subjects.

RICK (CONT'D)
And the hair?

VI
Well, y'know. This is "love-me hair".
When a guy says he loves you, you can
get your hair cut. It's the rule.

Rick doesn't seem terribly convinced by that, but lets it slide - abandoning his food and leaning forward, looking into Vi's eyes.

RICK
There's another rule when someone says
"I love you" as well.
(beat)
Honesty. Complete honesty. And trust.

Vi shuffles uncomfortably. Very uncomfortably.

VI
Really?

RICK
Yeah. Listen, I haven't been
completely honest with you lately. And
it's been eating away at me a bit.
(beat)
A lot. You know what that's like?

Another nervous shuffle from Vi.

RICK (CONT'D)
There's something big I've gotta tell
ya.

And we quickly PAN OVER to Tyler and Callie.

Callie's got her chin cupped in her hands, obviously waiting for a response from Tyler.

CALLIE
Well? What's this big thing you have
to say?

Tyler's busy draining the last drops of wine from the bottle. He gives up, and tosses the empty bottle into the ice-bucket at his side.

He clears his throat, takes a sip of his wine, then clears his throat again.

TYLER

Okay. Yeah. It's huge. Massive,
really.

He closes his eyes and takes the plunge.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Callie-

WAITER (O.S.)

Would you like anything for dessert?

Tyler opens his eyes, annoyed at the intrusion. Then he spots the fully-laden trolley.

TYLER

But it can wait.

(to the waiter)

I'll have the Black Forest gâteau.

(beat)

And another bottle of wine, if you
could.

PAN BACK to Vi, now sitting by herself, a very uneasy expression on her face.

She waves at Tamsin and Fletcher, urging them to come and join her.

Reluctantly, they do.

TAMSIN

What's up, duck?

VI

It's Rick. He said he'd tell me
something huge when he got back from
the bathroom.

FLETCHER

Why's that a problem?

VI

It's not. But he's going off on an
honesty kick, about how we should
share everything, and what can I say?
Yeah, I'm a Slayer - I kill vampires,
demons and other nasties for a living,
but at the moment I've become a guy? I
mean what can I say?

TAMSIN

Okay. First thing- breathe.

Vi does so, deeply.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)
Secondly- your breasts are wonky.

Vi looks down - her chest is indeed an odd shape- one side looks completely deflated.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)
(to Fletcher)
Quick- get some napkins.

Fletcher hurries away, returning a couple of beats later with a wad of napkins.

Tamsin takes them off him and begins stuffing them down Vi's front when she notices the waiter giving them an odd look.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)
Y'know, let's go to the bathroom to finish this.

VI
I don't think I can.

TAMSIN
What?

VI
I don't want to get up.

TAMSIN
Why?

Vi blushes furiously and casts a hopeful glance over at Fletcher, who gets her thread.

FLETCHER
She's, er, a bit stiff at the minute.

TAMSIN
What?

FLETCHER
I can't put it any plainer than that.

Tamsin suddenly realizes.

TAMSIN
Oh! You mean she's got an-

FLETCHER
Yeah.

TAMSIN

Oh, crap.

POP!

Tyler pops the cork on the wine bottle, but his shaking hands cause it to spin away, and it SMASHES into the window, which starts to spider-web.

TYLER

Oops.

PHUT!

A golden arrow streaks through the new gap, just skimming over Tyler's head.

And the cherub from the Teaser climbs through the now smashed window.

TAMSIN

Okay, this isn't good.

It readies its bow and prepares to fire again - right at Vi!

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. CHUCKIE'S RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Same setup as before.

The Cherub lets fly with the arrow, but Vi ducks underneath the table just in time. Tamsin and Fletcher join her, inadvertently tugging the tablecloth down as well.

Plates and glasses SMASH against the floor as the Cherub places another arrow into its bow.

STAFF and PATRONS run in a panic.

Thinking quickly, Tamsin and Fletcher push the table up onto its side so it acts as a sort of barrier.

An arrow EMBEDS itself in the wood straight away, quickly followed by a second.

Realizing it's been outwitted, the Cherub changes target, aiming at Tyler and Callie.

Tyler reaches out and pulls Callie down just in time, as the arrow whistles overhead.

He lands with a THUNK on the carpeted floor, and his ringbox bounces out of his pocket and goes scuttling across the floor, out of Callie's sight.

Keeping low, and ignoring Callie's warnings, he crawls across and retrieves it, just missing another arrow.

FOCUS back on Vi and Fletcher huddled together behind their makeshift barrier. Tamsin's nowhere to be seen.

TILT DOWN to find her flat on her stomach, texting into her phone at a rapid pace.

CUT TO:

INT. CINEMA - SAME TIME

CLOSE on Mike, whose head is one side, asleep.

With a START, he suddenly wakes up, grunting a bit and wiping away some drool that's formed on the side of his mouth.

He fumbles in his jeans pocket, pulls out his phone, and scowls.

MIKE

Talk about the bad timing.

He quickly elbows Jack.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Sorry, dude. Gotta bail.

He hands him the giant tub of popcorn, and picks up the extra-large Coke he's got.

With a thoughtful glance, he starts CHUGGING it down, drinking the whole thing in one go.

Then he BURPS loudly, drawing the attention of several other members of the audience.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Better out than in.

He SALUTES goodbye at Jack, then starts clambering over the other people in the row, muttering quick apologies.

Coming across a couple who are busily making out, Mike hesitates, unsure over what to do.

He tries to step over them, but gets his legs tangled up, and disappears from view with a THUD.

CUT TO:

INT. CHUCKIE'S RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

FOCUS back on the table-barrier, now with several arrows embedded in it - and the cracks are starting to appear.

Another ARROW comes flying into frame, landing with a THUNK in the middle of the table, causing it to splinter slightly.

Cowering behind it, Vi pushes herself up to her feet.

VI

Listen, we can't hide behind here forever.

FLETCHER

You got a plan?

VI

Call it a pla.

TAMSIN

And?

Vi points at a light-fitting hanging tantalizingly out of reach.

VI

I'll jump up, grab that, draw its attention, then swivel round, do a split-kick and knock it down.

TAMSIN

Sure you can do that?

VI

Just watch me.

And with that, she breaks cover.

LEAPING high, she catches hold of the light, but her weight is greater than she's used to, and she accidentally PULLS down the whole lot.

She lands with a CRASH on the floor.

The Cherub walks carefully up to her.

She clambers up on her elbows, but is met by the tensed and ready bow.

The Cherub carefully and deliberately pulls back the bowstring.

On the edge of frame, we see Tyler breaking out from underneath his own table, reaching the abandoned dessert trolley.

Just as the Cherub is ready to fire, the dessert trolley trundles across the floor, SMACKING into the Cherub, sending it off-balance.

A large cake, full of cream and strawberries, that was balanced on top of the trolley, gets dislodged.

It SOMERSAULTS in the air, and lands with a SQUELCHING SMACK on top of the Cherub.

Vi gets up and makes her way over to the Cherub.

She dips her hand into the creamy mess, pushing it aside, revealing the Cherub's face.

Then, she balls her hand into a fist and SMACKS it across the face.

VI (CONT'D)

That's for doing this!

Mike arrives now, Coke bucket still in hand. He hurries over to the fallen Cherub.

MIKE

Thanks for waiting, guys.

He removes the lid from his giant cup and pushes the Cherub into said cup. Then he replaces the lid, handing it over to Vi.

MIKE (CONT'D)

One cherub to go. You want fries with that?

A bit of nervous laughter from Vi at that. She heads for the door, followed quickly by Tamsin, Fletcher and Mike, and, after a quick coaxing session, Tyler and Callie.

Remembering something, Tamsin turns and pops back inside, finding the full bottle of wine that Tyler ordered before this kicked off.

TAMSIN

If no-one else is going to have it...

As she leaves, she spots Rick coming out of the bathroom.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)

We're just leaving, love. Duty calls. Vi says she'll call you.

RICK (O.S.)

Right...

Tamsin leaves, and Rick emerges onto the scene properly. He takes in the scene of devastation with a nervous look-particularly when he sees the waiter giving him a pointed stare.

RICK (CONT'D)

You're not going to bill me for all this, are ya?

WAITER

Twice in three months.

He turns and shouts into the kitchen.

WAITER (CONT'D)

We've got to look into getting those guys barred.

He storms off, leaving a confused Rick as we:

CUT TO:

INT. COMMAND CENTRAL - LATER

Mike and Fletcher are holding down the Cherub against a table. Tamsin's pacing around it, holding some kind of scanner device.

Vi's slumped in a chair, looking the worse for wear. Tyler's hanging around her, a bit of a spare part.

TAMSIN
(to the Cherub)
So you're telling us you're...

CHERUB
Eros. Yes.

MIKE
What the hell's Eros?

FLETCHER
Another name for Cupid.

MIKE
Oh.

FLETCHER
Eros doesn't exist. He's a figment of Greek mythology.

EROS
And yet here I am.

Tamsin pushes her face into Eros'.

TAMSIN
You expect us to believe that? Eros fired love arrows- your arrows were a bit more than that.

EROS
Were they? Did I ever do anything threatening at all? I changed your weapons into romantic objects, I spread the word of love in this town - and yet you hold me on trial? What justice is there here?

Tamsin pauses for a second and shares a concerned look with Fletcher. Is Eros right? Are they in the wrong?

TAMSIN
Whatever. That still doesn't explain what you did to Vi.

EROS

I am not entirely to blame. I readied the arrow - if fired into her heart, as intended, she would have fallen in love with the one who loved her.

(beat)

But you diverted my aim, remember? If not fired into the heart, the consequences are unknown. In this case, it is trying to turn this girl into an image of her beloved.

(beat)

That was never my intention.

FLETCHER

All that might be true. But hold your horses just a second. If I remember my mythology correctly, you have to be summoned.

EROS

And I was, indirectly. There is another magic user in this vicinity. They performed a spell, calling for the aid of the goddess Hecate. Unfortunately, their skill level is not as they had hoped, and an error was made. Hence, I have no idea who the spell was intended for.

(beat)

I decided to attempt a general one, with particular emphasis on the users of magic and those in contact with the supernatural.

(beat)

Yourselves.

Fletcher nods quickly to Mike, and they relinquish their grip on the small figure.

Eros sits up, flexing its tiny muscles.

TAMSIN

So all this was a big mistake? On everyone's part?

EROS

Apparently so.

Tamsin jerks a thumb at Vi.

TAMSIN

Can you fix her, then? Turn her back?

EROS
(nodding)
I should be able to, yes.

With an accepting shrug, Tamsin points to Tyler to give Eros his quiver and bow back.

Tyler does so, but not before pulling out an arrow and looking at it admiringly.

TYLER
The craftsmanship on this is
brilliant. It's so... realistic.

He runs his hand along it, up to the point - and Tamsin pushes him, causing it to drop from his hand and clatter to the floor.

TAMSIN
You want to start this all over again?
Because if you become a woman, I'm not
giving you a Brazillian.

TYLER
Er. No.

Sheepishly, he backs away.

Eros, now armed, jumps back to his feet and approaches Vi, who sits up.

Taking careful aim, Eros positions the arrow level with Vi's leg-
on the place where he struck her before.

And he FIRES again.

POOF!

A CLOUD of GOLD SMOKE rises up, enveloping Vi.

A tense, nervous beat while the smoke dissipates.

Revealing a NORMAL-LOOKING VI.

The relief is palpable all around.

Vi beams widely- then her now ill-fitting clothes fall down.

Tamsin quickly rushes to her side, pulling them back up, whilst Fletcher puts a hand over Tyler's eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - LATER

Enter the diner, to see everyone in a fairly jubilant mood. Frank and Corrine enter from outside.

FRANK
What's going on?

MIKE
Vi's her cutesy-pie self, we collared the baby-faced assassin, and we almost got in a Wet Wet Wet song.

FRANK
English, please.

FLETCHER
I'll try- Vi's fine. The demon was a mistake, it was trying to spread love or something. Caused everyone in the town to get a bit randy. Well, almost everyone. You didn't seem to be affected.

Frank and Corrine glance awkwardly at each other.

Callie shuffles up to Tyler.

CALLIE
What was this big thing you were going to ask me?

TYLER
What?

CALLIE
In the restaurant. Something big. Apparently.

TYLER
Oh. Yeah. I was just going to ask you to marry me, that's all.

CALLIE
Okay.

A quick double-take from Tyler.

TYLER
What? Oh no, that wasn't me actually...

Cue the nerves and the sweating again.

CALLIE
Relax. I said yes.

TYLER
You serious?

CALLIE
Are you?

TYLER
With all my untainted heart.

CALLIE
Then so am I.

And they look deep into each other's eyes, before kissing.

TAMSIN
I say this calls for a bit of a
celebration.

She reaches into her jacket, pulling out the wine bottle from earlier.

Frank goes behind the counter, pulling out some milkshake glasses with a shrug.

Tamsin starts filling them up.

FRANK
Terrific. The place is fine. My
nephew's getting hitched, and did you
say Vi was back to normal as well?

TAMSIN
Yep, she's her perky, ever so slightly
irritating self again.

FRANK
That's great news, isn't it, V...she's
not here.
(beat)
Where is she?

Tyler breaks away from his kiss to answer.

TYLER
Oh. She's upstairs. I set her up with
my webcam. She's recording stuff for
future reference.

FRANK
How long's she been up there?

Fletcher looks at his watch.

FLETCHER
About two hours.

FRANK
You realize what you've done, don't
you?

TYLER
What?

Tamsin finishes off the bottle.

TAMSIN
Vi. Talking by herself, to herself,
with no-one and nothing to stop her.
(beat)
We'll never see her again.

And off Tyler's dubious expression, we:

CUT TO:

INT. VI'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

C/U on VI. She's on the webcam continuing her story she began
relaying in the teaser.

VI
So... that's my tale. Guess a social
life isn't in the cards for us gals.
It's just not meant to--

Vi's cell phone rings. She hold her finger up to the camera,
grabs her phone from the desk in front of her, and answers it.

VI (CONT'D)
Hello?
(beat)
Rick!
(beat)
I--
(beat)
No!
(beat)
It was a thing and I should have
explained--
(beat)
Really? Still?
(beat)
Well, I love you too!
(beat)
Uh huh.
(MORE)

VI (CONT'D)

(beat)

Okay! I'll see you in a few!

Vi hangs up her phone, a huge grin on her face. She turns back around, suddenly remembering that the camera is still on. She looks awkwardly at the camera for a beat.

VI (CONT'D)

Um... All that I just said? Um...
forget about it.

She excitedly reaches up and flicks the camera off as we:

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - SHORTLY LATER

BILLIE JACKSON enters. She is welcomed in by the gang who are drinking, celebrating Callie and Tyler's engagement.

BILLIE

I've only been gone a few days. You
didn't have to throw me a party.

Frank smirks.

FRANK

(excited)

Billie! Just in time! Tyler's getting
married!

Frank hands the woman a glass of wine which she accepts. He raises his glass and clicks it against hers.

Rick enters the diner. He and Billie exchange a look as the others welcome him.

Vi bounces down the stairs looking like her old beautiful self, now dressed in a tastefully form-fitting dress. Rick's face lights up. Vi leaps into his arms and the couple kiss.

VI

I forgot to ask you on the phone. What
did you want to tell me earlier?

Rick glances over to Billie who is watching the two.

RICK

Nothing. It can wait.

Rick again kisses Vi, stopping her from probing deeper.

Frank's cell rings. Corrine looks anxiously at him. He nods, confirming that the call is about her sister.

The pair move away from the celebrating crowd. Frank answers his phone. He speaks indistinctly for a beat.

He hangs up the phone. Corrine looks hopefully at Frank. He shake his head. Her lip quivers.

In the BG, the gang continues to celebrate. In the FG Corrine falls into Frank's arms and begins to silently cry. Frank holds her tightly. Billie cocks her eyebrow at the couple as we:

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE