

# Hell's Gate

Season One - Episode Six

"Purple Haze"

Written By  
Tyler Moody  
&  
Robb House

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

(c) 2008 Robb House & Monster Zero Productions

**TEASER**

FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT.

Jake Monnin's "Springtime Eyes" is playing in the background. Really bad make-out music. We're looking at a messy bedroom, empty, the floor covered in clothing. PAN ACROSS the apartment until we're centered on a couch. A guy and a girl, call them DAVE and SANDRA, are spread across the couch, kissing each other. Sandra runs her hand under Cal's shirt. He pulls off her.

SANDRA

Oh, uh, was I... was that too far?

She quickly pulls her hand away.

DAVE

(smirking)

I thought that was my line.

Dave winks at the confused Sandra. He stands up.

DAVE (CONT'D)

I was just thinking we could... try something... different.

SANDRA

This doesn't involve handcuffs does it? 'Cause I already told you I'm not into that.

Dave pulls a plastic bag out of his back pocket.

CLOSE ON the bag. It's halfway filled with small purple balls.

BACK TO SCENE. Dave opens the bag and takes out two of the little balls. They squish gently between his fingers. Sandra sits up and smooths down her hair.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

What's that?

DAVE

Something a friend gave me.

(beat)

Well... he didn't exactly give them to me.

Dave sits down on the couch next to Sandra.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
They're wild. I've been doing them  
all day.

Sandra looks uncomfortable.

SANDRA  
They're... drugs?

DAVE  
(laughs)  
Just try it.

SANDRA  
I don't think that's such a good  
idea. We barely know each other,  
that could be--

DAVE  
What, you think I'm trying to knock  
you out? You don't trust me?

SANDRA  
It's not that, it's just...

DAVE  
Your mommy always said not to take  
candy from strangers?

Sandra laughs and shakes her head.

SANDRA  
No, it's... fine. Okay. Gimme.

She sticks out her hand. Dave hesitates.

DAVE  
I don't know. You seem-- maybe  
you're not ready for it.

SANDRA  
Am too!

Dave holds his hands out.

DAVE  
Fine, fine. If you insist.

He places one of the purple orbs in her hand. She watches  
what he does: Takes his orb and puts it in his mouth,  
swallowing it whole. Sandra copies him, swallowing the drug  
with some difficulty.

SANDRA

Whoa.

DAVE

Yep.

Everything gets SHAKY. The camera starts JERKING AROUND, not "Cloverfield" hard but hard enough. Dave falls down onto the couch, on top of Sandra. They giggle and begin kissing again. Hands running through hair, under clothes, etc.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Oh.

Dave COUGHS. Just once. The two go back to kissing, but then Dave COUGHS again, harder. Suddenly Dave jerks up and falls down on his back, writhing on the floor. He bends at the waist and begins to GURGLE. He's foaming at the mouth. Sandra crouches down over him.

SANDRA

Dave! Dave!

Dave flops back. His eyes don't move. He's not breathing. He's perfectly still.

Sandra SCREAMS.

BLACK OUT.

**END TEASER**

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. ROUNDHOUSE - DAY.

CU on a sign which reads, "Under new management. Grand Re-Opening Saturday Night."

The camera PANS LEFT to VI, TYLER, and MIKE who are walking down the street in front of the Roundhouse club. WORKERS, carrying boxes and building materials, pass back and forth around them as they talk.

TYLER

...so Friday will be me and Callie's third date.

VI

Awww.

TYLER

"Awww" what?

VI

I just think it's sweet.

MIKE

Well, I think it's great, too.

TYLER

(surprised)

Uh, thanks.

MIKE

I mean, it's been years since you dated anyone.

TYLER

Okay.

MIKE

(to Vi)

Really. He'd just spend all his time in his room, pining. Writing poems, crying into pillows.

Vi covers her mouth to hide her laughter.

TYLER

That's... yeah, awesome, good.

MIKE

Seriously. Years.

TYLER

This whole thing, this you and me  
being friends and sharing things?  
(sarcastically)  
It's great.

They stop walking, watching the men load and unload the trucks. Two builders walk past them, carrying a huge plasma-screen TV.

TYLER (CONT'D)

(staring at the TV)  
Dear Lord God...

His gaze follows the TV. The workers set the TV down in front of him and walk off. Tyler admires the TV further, tenderly running his hand across the top. Mike and Vi watch this.

MIKE

It's all very sad.

VI

Like a kitty with a string.

Vi looks over at Mike and spots something off-screen. She stares.

MIKE

Yeah. It's just like the time when  
he...

Mike notices Vi isn't watching anymore. He looks over at what she's looking at.

MIKE (CONT'D)

What are you... oh!

MIKE'S POV: Across the street, we see a handsome man in his mid 20s with short dark hair and stubble. He is not wearing a shirt. This is not a bad thing as muscles ripple along his body. His name is RICK THOMPSON. Rick reaches down and picks up a water bottle. He twist it open and takes a big gulp.

ANGLE ON: Mike and Vi staring.

Meanwhile, Tyler has knelt down in front of the TV. He pats it like a child.

TYLER

Daddy like.

ANGLE ON: Rick, in SLOW MOTION, brings the water bottle up and pours it over his head and neck, shaking his hair like a wet dog. He looks over at Vi and Mike with an incredibly sexy glance.

Mike and Vi continue to stare but are now also gawp-mouthed.

MIKE

Damn!

VI

Ditto.

ANGLE ON: Rick. He does a double-take at Mike and Vi. When he sees that they are going to keep staring, he smiles and walks their way. Mike and Vi notice this and look away immediately.

VI (CONT'D)

(looking up)

Such lovely sky!

MIKE

(looking up also)

So very lovely. Blue!

VI

Yes. Blue is good.

Rick draws even with the group. They do not fool him.

RICK

Hi.

Vi and Mike look at Rick, as if for the first time.

VI

Oh! Hello!

MIKE

Why, you startled us.

VI

Yes.

MIKE

Approaching so suddenly and out of the blue without us knowing about you. And all.

VI

Mmm-hmm.

Rick grins.

RICK  
I'm Rick Thompson, the new owner.  
The big man in charge.

MIKE  
(leering)  
You certainly are.  
(beat)  
I mean...  
(suavely)  
I'm Mike, and this is Vi, and this  
is...

Mike looks around for Tyler.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
...and, nope, I guess that's  
everyone.

VI  
He's down there.

Vi points to the ground, where Tyler is still staring at the television, as if it's showing a picture.

TYLER  
(hamming it up)  
You are as a god, TV.

MIKE  
Ah, yes, of course. This  
embarrassment to us and all our  
kind is Tyler.

Tyler looks up.

TYLER  
I am not an embarrass-- oh, hi, new  
shirtless person.

He stands up and shakes Rick's hand.

RICK  
Eyeing our new Panasonic?

TYLER  
She's a real beauty.

MIKE  
It's not a boat.

TYLER  
(cutting his eyes to Mike)  
It's an expression.

MIKE  
One used to describe a boat or a  
car.

Rick laughs and squints his eyes at the arguing pair.

RICK  
You two related?

MIKE & TYLER

No.

Rick gives them a quick scrutinizing glance.

RICK  
Boyfriends?

MIKE & TYLER

No!

Mike and Tyler quickly step away from each other.

MIKE  
We're friends.

TYLER  
Just friends.

Rick shrugs.

RICK  
Whatever, that's cool.  
(beat)  
Anyway, we're doing this whole big  
party for the grand re-opening this  
Saturday.

He looks Vi and Mike up and down.

RICK (CONT'D)  
You guys should come check it out.

Rick gives them a wink and a sexy grin. Mike and Vi nod.  
Continuing to smile, Rick turns walks away. Vi and Mike share  
a look as the three start down the street again.

MIKE  
Wow.

VI  
Yep.

TYLER  
What?

MIKE  
Did you see him?

VI  
With the no shirt.

MIKE  
And the chest.

VI  
And the muscle.

Tyler rolls his eyes.

TYLER  
(to himself)  
Every time we go somewhere...

MIKE  
Did you see the eyes he made at me?

TYLER  
What?

VI  
What?!

MIKE  
Yeah. All the squinting and the  
double-winks.

VI  
You mean blinks?

MIKE  
(smugly)  
He wants me.

Tyler shakes his head. Vi frowns.

VI  
No way! He was looking me over.  
Checking out the twins.

Vi cups her breasts. Tyler and Mike groan and avert their eyes.

MIKE  
You're just jealous.

VI  
And you're just delusional!

MIKE  
If I didn't think something  
terrible would happen, I'd turn you  
into a backhoe right now.

VI  
Rick wanted me!

MIKE  
That hot dude was totally hot for  
another hot dude!

Vi and Mike glare at each other.

TYLER  
(slyly)  
Maybe he swings both ways, likes  
threesomes.

Vi's expression lights up at the thought, while Mike pulls a  
grossed out face. Tyler laughs as we:

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - DAY

TAMSIN, LON, and FRANK sit around the counter, looking at a  
file. Tamsin rubs her back.

TAMSIN  
My back hurts.

FRANK  
Sorry.

TAMSIN  
It's these bloody stools. We need a  
real conference room.

FRANK  
This is practical.

TAMSIN  
One with proper chairs.

FRANK  
And it brings in money.

TAMSIN  
 (sarcastically)  
 I'm sorry?! What did you say?  
 (beat)  
 What money? When? There're never  
 any people around. And the ones  
 that do come in, you wind up  
 feeding for free.

FRANK  
 I'm just trying to be nice.

TAMSIN  
 You're a pushover.

Lon watches their back-and-forth, annoyed.

FRANK  
 I am not a pushover, missy! You're  
 just in a bad mood.

TAMSIN  
 Of course I'm in a bad mood! I'm  
 getting scoliosis from these stupid  
 backless American abominations!

LON  
 Shut up!

Frank and Tamsin immediately stop talking, shocked at this  
 outburst.

LON (CONT'D)  
 (sweetly)  
 Thank you. Now, I thought maybe we  
 could pay attention to this file  
 full of dead students? Yes? Sound  
 like fun?

Frank and Tamsin glare at Lon, but turn back to the file.

FRANK  
 (mumbles)  
 I am in charge here.

LON  
 Eh, technicality.

The door to the diner opens and Vi, Mike, and Tyler enter the  
 diner.

VI  
...slather me in honey and lick it  
off, oh... hi various adult people.

Tamsin grins, but Frank and Lon look disgusted at Vi.

VI (CONT'D)

We were just... there was a guy.

TYLER

He, apparently, had "eyes".

MIKE

Good eyes.

TYLER

They seemed like the standard model  
to me.

VI

Uninitiated.

MIKE

Heathen.

The three of them sit down at the counter.

TAMSIN

(to Vi)

Honey, huh?

Vi blushes.

VI

I was just... we were arguing about  
who...

TYLER

They were fighting about which of  
them got to butter Rick's chest and  
feast from his perfect physique.

VI

Were not!

TYLER

Hey, your words, not mine.

Mike nods.

MIKE

Yes. And it's so obvious he's into  
me, but Vi doesn't see it.

VI

You're an idiot!

MIKE

You're jealous that every cute guy  
in this town is gay!

TYLER

Hey hey whoa! Not gay. "Girl-  
likers" unite!

Frank and Tyler bump fists.

FRANK

That's my boy.

LON

(holding out his fist)  
Me, too. Girls.

No-one notices Lon's comment. Lon dejectedly lowers his hand.

Vi looks down at the folder on the table. She sees a picture  
of Sandra, laying on the floor of Dave's apartment.

VI

Hey, I know her. That's Sandra,  
from my Lit class. Why do you have  
a picture of her?

LON

Ah, um... the authorities are  
holding her for questioning.

VI

(shocked; quiet)  
Oh.

There's a moment of silence while Vi adjusts.

VI (CONT'D)

What happened?

LON

They believe it's drug-related.  
There were some, uh, they found  
purple capsules in a bag on the  
floor of her boyfriend's apartment  
next to the body.

MIKE

Wait a minute, body?

FRANK

Her boyfriend, Dave Straczynski.  
Dead.

MIKE

Man. I knew him.

Tyler looks over Mike's shoulder at the file.

TYLER

If it's just drugs, why do you guys have this? Isn't this more a "cop" thing?

Lon, Tamsin, and Frank share a look.

TAMSIN

Good point. Let me guess. Those pills... weren't pills.

LON

We're pretty sure the drugs were created mystically.

TYLER

Well that's great. Because I'm sure magic drug lords will be much easier to trace and shut down than the regular kind.

FRANK

Now that you mention it, we do have one possible lead. There's a guy called Carlton Newman who we think might know something.

Frank pulls from the file a picture of Carlton-- curly hair, tall, not too threatening.

MIKE

How do you know?

FRANK

He... we've been watching him.

MIKE

Why?

FRANK

He's on a list.

TYLER

A list?

FRANK

Yeah. A list, of suspicious individuals-- his father was a dangerous practitioner of the black arts, and we suspected that he might be passing down the family business to his son. Couple that with the fact that he's recently been seen purchasing and reading a large number of texts on demons and dark magic, and we have ourselves a winner.

Everyone accepts this. There's a beat of silence as they process.

MIKE

So let's go get him!

FRANK

(shaking his head)

It's not that easy. He's human. We can't just go busting in without any evidence. We tear his place apart and don't find anything, he'll have the cops on us so fast, your head will spin.

(beat; chuckle)

Tanya's already looking for an excuse to rough me up.

VI

So how are we gonna take this scum bag down?

Frank, Lon, and Tamsin share a grin. They all turn to look at Vi.

FRANK

Seems he has a certain fondness for the ladies.

VI

Oh.

TYLER

(to Mike)

Another "not-gay".

Mike rolls his eyes.

FRANK

And in particular...

(beat)

...redheads.

VI

Oh.

(beat)

Oh!

Off her surprised reaction we:

BLACK OUT.

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. FRANK'S DINER - ALLEY - DAY

TOMMY stands beside the dumpster, eating food from a styrofoam box clearly left out by Frank. After a beat, Frank emerges from the diner, carrying two trashbags. Tommy looks up and starts to bolt, but Frank puts the bags down and calls after him.

FRANK  
Hey, kid, wait! Hold on!

Tommy turns around, styrofoam box still in hand. Frank holds up his hands to show Tommy that he means no harm.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
I just wanted to say, if you wanted to actually come into the diner to dine, that'd be fine. Up to you.  
(beat)  
I mean, you know what kind of critters roam these streets.

Tommy considers this for a moment, and walks toward the door. Walking past Frank, Frank stops him.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
(extending his hand)  
Frank McGann.

Tommy looks warily at Frank's hand for a beat and then takes it, giving it a shake.

TOMMY  
Tommy.

FRANK  
No last name, eh? Like Cher.

Tommy stares blankly at Frank for a beat.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
I Got You Babe?

Tommy stares for another beat.

TOMMY  
You're not gonna perv on me are you?

FRANK  
Perv on you? I... no!

TOMMY  
Good.

Tommy turns back to the door and enters the diner.

FRANK  
(calling to him)  
But watch out for the guy in the  
suit. He's "handsy".

Frank laughs to himself. As he follows behind Tommy, we:

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - CONTINUOUS

Lon is sitting at the counter looking through some files. Frank and Tommy enter from the kitchen. Lon looks at Tommy with a surprised expression as the boy comes around the counter.

FRANK  
Lon. This is Tommy.

Seeing Lon in his suit, Tommy eyes him suspiciously. Lon gives Frank a baleful look.

Tommy sits down a few seats away from Lon and begins to eat from his box. Frank leans on the counter, leaning close to Lon.

LON  
(quietly)  
I certainly hope he's not staying.  
Remember what happened the last  
time we had unexpected guests?

FRANK  
(quietly; firmly)  
I don't want to hear it.

Lon closes his mouth and shakes his head.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
How's it going with Vi?

LON  
I don't know.

FRANK  
What do you mean you don't know?

LON  
 (annoyed)  
 They won't let me in.

Frank furrows his brow.

FRANK  
 We'll see about that.  
 (nodding to Tommy)  
 Offer the kid some dessert. And be nice.

Frank walks from behind the counter.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
 (to Tommy)  
 Be right back.

Tommy nods as Frank exits up the stairs.

Lon rolls his eyes and looks to Tommy. He puts on a fake smile, which comes across more as creepy than friendly. He scoots a seat closer to Tommy.

LON  
 Hello, young man.

Tommy stops eating and once again looks suspiciously at Lon.

LON (CONT'D)  
 (enticingly)  
 Who wants sticky buns?

For a moment, Lon continues to smile while Tommy continues to eye him.

TOMMY  
 Perv.

Tommy turns away and resumes eating. Off Lon's confused expression we:

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Frank beats on Vi's door. Tamsin opens the door a crack. Frank moves to enter, but finds that Tamsin is firmly holding the door, blocking his entrance.

TAMSIN  
 I said, "No!"

Frank opens his mouth to argue, but Tamsin closes the door in his face. Frank frowns and turns to walk away as we:

CUT TO:

INT. VI'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Vi sits in front of a large mirror, her hair pinned back out of her face. Tamsin crosses the room to stand behind her. She clutches a make-up bag in her hand.

VI  
(pouting)  
This stinks.

TAMSIN  
Oh, stop whining.

VI  
Easy for you to say.

TAMSIN  
Yes. Yes it is.

VI  
You're not the one who has to sneak into a drug ring.

TAMSIN  
Don't be silly. You're not going to be sneaking in.  
(beat)  
You're going to flirt your way in.

VI  
Well, in that case...

Tamsin spins Vi's chair away from the mirror to face her. She begins to apply heavy amounts of eye shadow to Vi.

TAMSIN  
Come on. You know this is going to be fun.

VI  
Fun? I could die.

TAMSIN  
No you couldn't. Don't be ridiculous.

VI  
Could so.

Tamsin stops applying Vi's make-up.

TAMSIN

Well, yes, technically, I suppose so. But you fight vampires. You're a Slayer. That's a hell of a lot more dangerous than flirting with some guy.

Tamsin continues to apply the make-up.

VI

Did you ever see "Scarface"?

TAMSIN

(duh)  
Of course I did. I'm not Lon.  
(beat)  
There.

Vi smiles as Tamsin spins Vi back toward the mirror and steps back to admire her handy-work.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)

What do you think?

Vi looks at herself in the mirror. Her face reveals that she is not happy with the reflection looking back at her.

VI

I look like a hooker.

TAMSIN

(offended)  
I'm not done yet.

VI

So when you're done, I'm gonna look less like a hooker?

TAMSIN

Well, no.  
(quickly)  
But you'll look like a really expensive hooker.

Vi nods.

VI

It's a shame my mother's not here to see this. She'd be so proud. "My little girl's grown up to be a prostitute! My hopes, my dreams, my prayers have been answered."

It's Tamsin's turn to laugh as she opens the cap on a tube of red lipstick and rolls it out.

TAMSIN  
(smirking)  
You just wait until you've seen  
your outfit. Now pucker up.

Vi deflates sadly as we:

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

CU on a pair of high-heeled boots walking. "Sassy Thang" by X-Quisite plays as the camera slowly PANS UP to reveal shapely legs wearing fishnet-stockings, a short denim microskirt, and a tight tank-top, the contents of which appear to have been artificially "enhanced".

PULL BACK to reveal Vi doing her best sexy strut. A couple of YOUNG GUYS leaning against the wall talking watch her as she passes by. One of them wolf-whistles at her.

Vi stops walking, rolls her eyes in an irritated fashion, and then continues on her way.

VI  
(muttering)  
...so freaking cold...

FRANK  
(filtered, over earpiece)  
Hang in there, kiddo.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S SUV - CONTINUOUS

From inside the vehicle's interior and over Frank's shoulder, camera shot of Vi walking up ahead of the car on the opposite side of the street.

FRANK (V.O.)  
You should have contact with the  
target soon.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

FRANK'S SUV and be seen behind Vi, following, but not too closely. Vi continues walking.

VI  
 (quietly)  
 I'd better. These boot are killing  
 me.

Vi looks down, watching her stylish stiletto leather boots as they move under her. She doesn't see the man coming from around the corner until she's already bumped into him.

VI (CONT'D)  
 Oh, sorry, I didn't--

She stops short. The man she's bumped into is CARLTON.

VI (CONT'D)  
 (suddenly sexy)  
 Oh. Hi.

CARLTON  
 Sorry about that.

VI  
 Oh, no, it was my fault. I really  
 should watch--  
 (she blatantly looks  
 Carlton up and down)  
 --where I'm going.

Carlton returns Vi's check-out, liking what he sees.

CARLTON  
 Naw, naw. Totally my bad.

Vi giggles and shifts her weight to one leg, accentuating her hip.

VI  
 I was just trying-- I mean, it gets  
 scary out here at night. All alone.

CARLTON  
 I can understand that.

VI  
 I was just thinking about how I  
 wished I had someone to keep me  
 company out here. You know?

Vi gives Carlton a half-wink. He grins.

CARLTON  
 Yeah, baby. I know what you mean.  
 You wanna come back to my place?  
 (MORE)

CARLTON (CONT'D)

I can keep you company there. It's nice and safe.

VI

Mmm, sounds nice.

They lock hands and walk off together. We linger on the now-empty sidewalk. After a beat, Frank's SUV drives past, following the two.

CUT TO:

INT. CARLTON'S HOUSE - LATER

CARLTON

Guys.

(beat; they don't react)

Guys!

Nash and Pogue snap to attention. Carlton puts his arm around Vi's waist.

CARLTON (CONT'D)

This is Vi. She's gonna be hanging out with us tonight.

Nash and Pogue grin.

POGUE

Awesome!

Nash doesn't speak, but the leer he gives Vi speaks volumes.

Vi puts on a brave face as we:

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S SUV - NIGHT

Frank and Lon sit in the front seat, with Tamsin and Mike in the back. Frank and Lon are wearing headphones, the big covers-your-ears type. Each of them has one ear covered, the other open, so they can listen in on Vi's conversation and hear the goings-on around them at the same time. Tamsin doesn't look happy.

TAMSIN

I never get to sit in the front.

LON

Shh.

TAMSIN  
(beat)  
But it's not fair.

FRANK  
Calm down.

The team sits in silence for a beat.

TAMSIN  
This is sexism.

FRANK  
(huff)  
It's not.

TAMSIN  
All the big strong men up front,  
all the little girls sitting in the  
back.

Mike looks over at Tamsin, indignant.

MIKE  
Hey! All man here, sister!

TAMSIN  
Oh, cool it, ya sissy.

The car falls quiet. Lon and Frank stare into the distance,  
listening to the earphones.

LON  
I can't hear anything.

FRANK  
Ssh.

LON  
What? There's no sound. I can't  
hear anything and neither can you.

FRANK  
I might be able to hear something  
if you'd shut your trap.

Lon tosses his headphones against the dashboard, turning  
around in his seat to harangue Tamsin.

LON  
The listening device you planted on  
her isn't working.

TAMSIN

Oh, sure, blame the girl.

(beat)

It was working earlier. It probably fell off.

LON

Planting the bug was your job. You were supposed to hide it in her clothes.

TAMSIN

Well, you didn't exactly give me a lot of clothes to pick from, did you, you limey old perv?

Lon is flustered.

LON

(to himself)

Why does everyone keep calling me that?

(to Tamsin)

And I don't like what I've just been accused of!

TAMSIN

Tough!

As they continue to argue, the camera slowly PULLS BACK, away from them, OUT OF THE CAR, ACROSS THE STREET, and BACK INTO CARLTON'S WINDOW.

INT. CARLTON'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Carlton himself is standing there, looking out at the car, where the outlines of the occupants can clearly be seen arguing. Vi sits in a recliner just in front of him facing Nash and Pogue.

CARLTON

(to Vi)

I've got to check on something in the basement... be right back.

(to Nash and Pogue)

You guys keep the lady company for me.

Nash and Pogue nod, both smiling at Vi like they could eat her up. Vi doesn't look happy to be left alone with these two but puts on a brave smile.

VI

Don't take too long, baby.

Carlton walks through the hallway and opens a small door. Behind the door are a set of stairs. Carlton heads down the stairs, closing the door behind him and forcing a:

BLACK OUT:

INT. CARLTON'S BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

It is pitch black. CU on a bare light bulb as it flicks on. Carlton walks down the stairs presumably talking to himself.

CARLTON  
Looks like my new playmate is not  
who she says she is.

Carlton reaches the bottom of the stairs. The camera follows him as he crosses the room.

He stops, apparently talking to some one, or something.

CARLTON (CONT'D)  
But like dad always says, "Don't  
mix business with pleasure."  
(beat)  
"And when a problem comes up...

The SHADOW of an unseen beast cast on the wall behind him.

CARLTON (CONT'D)  
...deal with it."

CU on Carlton's sinister smile as we:

FADE TO BLACK.

**END OF ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE**

FADE IN:

CLOSE ON:

A BEAUTIFUL DEMON we'll call PIXIE. She's quadrupedal, with long, silvery fur, purple glowing eyes, and rounded teeth that jut out of her mouth because of a small overbite. Pixie is covered in small purple orbs which cling to her fur. She makes a musical BAYING, like a higher-pitch whale song, as she paces back and forth. We PULL BACK TO:

INT. CARLTON'S BASEMENT

...reveal that Pixie is trapped in a huge steel cage, padding across the cold rock floor of the basement. Purple orbs are scattered on the ground in front of the cage, clearly having fallen off Pixie's fur. Carlton stands in front of her, watching her move.

CARLTON (CONT'D)

Oh, now that's a good girl. Making more orbs for daddy? Who's a good girl?

Pixie SQUEALS with alarm as Carlton sweeps up the orbs from the floor of her cage and carries the handfuls to a table in the back.

Carlton spreads the orbs out on the table and digs around in the basement until he gets to a cardboard box. He opens the box, and we can see that it's filled with identical purple balls. He places the box at the edge of the table and sweeps the balls into the box. He then closes the lid and tapes it closed.

CARLTON (CONT'D)

That's another full box, girl.  
You're doing real good. But...

Carlton approaches the cage and reaches in, grabbing a handful of orbs on Pixie's hair. He RIPS them off her, causing her to SHRIEK. Carlton slips the orbs into his pocket and turns around, heading to the stairs.

CARLTON (CONT'D)

I'm gonna need to borrow these.

Carlton heads up the stairs, leaving Pixie CAWING in her cage.

CUT TO:

INT. CARLTON'S KITCHEN - LATER

Carlton takes a glass out of a cabinet and sets it on the counter, next to a bottle of wine. He pours the wine into the glass, then reaches into his pocket.

CUT TO:

INT. CARLTON'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Vi sits on one side of the room, Nash and Pogue on the other. Nash and Pogue are laughing. Vi laughs as well, an uncertain, false laugh. God bless her, she's trying her best. Their laughter fades out and Pogue eyes Vi.

POGUE

So... are you, like, Carlton's...  
date?

VI

Oh, um, I don't...

POGUE

'Cause if not, I was thinking me  
and you could maybe... hang out  
some time?

Nash slaps Pogue on the side.

POGUE (CONT'D)

Oh, yeah, me and you and Nash. All  
three of us.

Pogue and Nash smile lustfully at Vi. A disgusted look crosses her face.

VI

That... uh... is...

CARLTON (O.S.)

Come on, guys.

Carlton emerges from the kitchen, holding a tray. On the tray are three plastic cups and a glass, each filled with wine.

CARLTON (CONT'D)

We talked about this. Keep it in  
your pants.

He puts the tray down on the table.

CARLTON (CONT'D)  
 (to Vi; with a wink)  
 Miss me, babe?

Vi smiles back at Carlton as we:

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S SUV - NIGHT

Frank and Lon have taken off their earphones. Mike and Tamsin sit silently in the backseat.

TAMSIN  
 (to Mike)  
 Where's Tyler?

FRANK  
 (over his shoulder)  
 Seeing as how he lacks superpowers,  
 I put him somewhere he could do  
 some good.  
 (to Mike)  
 You told him about the computer  
 maintenance I wanted him to do?

MIKE  
 (looking away)  
 Um, yeah, uh, I made sure he'd be  
 busy all night.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - CONTINUOUS

CU of Tyler, a look of concentration on his face as he rubs his temples.

CU on a small stack of college text books on the counter; Art History, Advanced English.

Tyler sits at the counter, pouring over yet another textbook. He holds a calculator in one hand and a pencil in the other.

TYLER  
 Dammit!

He throws the pencil to the table and slams the calculator down, looking at the piece of paper in front of him carefully.

TYLER (CONT'D)  
 (mumbling)  
 Stupid Mike and his stupid  
 homework... and his stupid  
 blackmail...

Tyler picks up the pencil and starts to write.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S SUV - CONTINUOUS

As before.

LON  
 (worried)  
 She's been in there a long time...

FRANK  
 Don't worry about it.

LON  
 What if she's hurt?

FRANK  
 Don't worry about it.

LON  
 She could be in danger-- she could  
 have been shot!

FRANK  
 Listen. You've never been on an  
 undercover mission. I have. Trust  
 me, when things go wrong, they tend  
 to go wrong in a huge way.

Lon does not look reassured.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
 I mean, there would be explosions  
 and screaming.

Tamsin and Mike give each other sour looks.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
 Generally, but not always, you'd  
 get your red alarm-lights, your  
 beeping klaxxons, and then one of  
 your buddies would get shot.  
 (with a gleam in his eye)  
 (MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

Not too bad, understand, but in the leg, so you'd have to run back to him and carry him over your shoulder...

Silence. Tamsin and Lon look sick. Frank smiles faintly, reminiscing about old times. Mike shifts in his seat uncomfortably.

MIKE

(beat)

I need to pee.

LON

Excuse me, Frank, if I don't have your military experience, but Vi is my Slayer. I'm charged with protecting her. That means something to me. She's not a soldier.

FRANK

She's a hell of a lot stronger than any soldier. She'll be fine.

LON

Well, forgive me for not finding your war stories very comforting. I think we should go in.

FRANK

And ruin any shot we have at catching him in the act?

LON

In the act?! We don't have audio anymore! We can't 'catch him in the act' of anything?

(beat; sarcastically)

He's quiet. Oh! He's quiet again!

FRANK

(annoyed)

Vi can catch him. She can handle herself. And she'd be pissed off at you if we broke in on her right in the middle of a job.

LON

(beat)

All right. But fifteen more minutes and I'm going in.

Frank nods and leans back in his seat.

MIKE

(beat)

So I should just, like, hold it,  
then?

Lon rolls his eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. CARLTON'S LIVING ROOM

Carlton has finished passing out the drinks. He sets the tray down on the coffee table and raises his cup.

CARLTON

A toast, lady and gentlemen?

Nash and Pogue raise their glasses, laughing stupidly. Vi hesitantly follows suit.

CARLTON (CONT'D)

To doing business.

He drinks. Vi, Nash, and Pogue drink as well. Each of them sets their glass down on the coffee table. Carlton eyes Vi.

CU on Vi's glass. Carlton, in the BG, eyes it.

After a moment, Vi clutches her throat.

VI

(sickly)

I don't feel...

She stands up and stumbles across the living room. Carlton grins. Nash and Pogue watch carefully.

VI (CONT'D)

Can't breathe...

Vi falls over, through the coffee table, and hits the ground. Carlton steps over her.

NASH

What's goin' on, dude?

CARLTON

Something tells me this little girl  
here didn't come around just  
because she finds me charming.

(beat)

I think maybe she's a narc.

He bends at the knee to look into Vi's eyes.

CARLTON (CONT'D)  
(to Vi)  
Did you like your drink? I gave it  
a little extra kick.

He peers in closer.

CARLTON (CONT'D)  
(with fake concern)  
May have put a little too much in  
there, though.

Carlton reaches into his pocket and pulls out a purple orb.

CARLTON (CONT'D)  
Take one, you have a pleasant  
little trip. Take five or six  
and... well.

Vi's face is full of fear, she looks toward the window.

CARLTON (CONT'D)  
Don't worry about your friends  
outside. We'll take care of them  
too.

We SLOWLY CLOSE ON Vi as she clutches at her throat, choking. Her body twitches, her legs vibrating wildly, and her eyes roll up in her head.

Vi stops twitching. Her eyes are closed and her face is motionless. Carlton straightens up and wipes his hands on his pants.

CARLTON (CONT'D)  
Shame. She was hot.

CU on Vi's motionless face as we:

CUT TO:

EXT. FRANK'S SUV - NIGHT

The gang is sitting as before.

LON  
Did you hear something?

Mike and Tamsin lean in toward the front seat.

FRANK

I didn't hear anything. And neither  
did you. The bug's out.  
(sarcastically)  
Remember?

Lon gives Frank an annoyed look.

LON

That's not what I meant. I heard  
something from inside the house.

Mike looks to Lon.

MIKE

What are you, dude? A bat?

TAMSIN

(reaching up to pat Lon's  
arm)

No, he's just an overly concerned  
Watcher with an over-active  
imagination.

Lon looks to Tamsin.

LON

(offended)

I do not have an over-active  
imagination and I am not overly  
concerned. I am the perfect amount  
of 'concerned' deeming the  
circumstances. And I did hear  
something.

(beat)

I'm going in.

Lon grabs the door's handle. Frank grabs him by the arm.

FRANK

Five more minutes.

LON

She could be dead in five minutes!

FRANK

Relax, she's probably got that boy  
right where she wants him.

Lon sits back, crosses his arms and huffs. Off his concerned  
face we:

CUT TO:

INT. CARLTON'S LIVING ROOM

Carlton stands over the lifeless body of Vi.

CARLTON

(to Nash and Pogue)

You two get the body out of here. I don't care what you do with it, just make sure it won't be traced back here.

Nash and Pogue move forward and pick up Vi's body, Nash grabbing her feet and Pogue her arms. They take Vi's body and drag it out of the room.

When they leave, heading towards the basement, Carlton begins to straighten up the living room, sifting through the broken table parts for salvageable goods. There's a LOUD CRASH and a THUMP from the back rooms.

CARLTON (CONT'D)

(shouting)

Be careful, dammit!

Carlton picks up a broken picture frame. CU on picture. The picture is of a younger Carlton dressed in graduation robes. An older man stands beside him smiling proudly.

CARLTON (CONT'D)

(to himself, as he holds up the broken picture frame)

Didn't think this one through, Dad...

VI (O.S.)

Well, that's definitely true.

Carlton spins around, and the CAMERA FOLLOWS, revealing Vi standing upright and very much alive in the living room. Carlton rises quickly.

CARLTON

What the...?

VI

Next time you try to poison some one, watch to make sure that she actually drinks the poison.

(beat)

By the way, there's a wet spot behind that chair that you're gonna want to clean up.

(beat)

(MORE)

VI (CONT'D)

That is, if you still feel like it  
after I'm done kicking your ass.

Carlton looks puzzled for a moment, but then shakes his head.

CARLTON

You don't know what you've got  
yourself into.

He looks over her shoulder. Vi turns and sees Nash and Pogue.  
But now they've revealed their true selves: They're vampires!  
Their fangs are out and they're growling quietly at Vi.

CARLTON (CONT'D)

Now my boys are gonna kill you. And  
when they're done...

(with a smile)

...you're gonna wish you drank that  
wine instead of staining my carpet  
with it.

Nash and Pogue leap at Vi. She drops, rolling across the  
floor and out of their way. Carlton looks surprised.

VI

(standing up)

Okay...

She moves into a fighting stance as Nash charges at her.

VI (CONT'D)

(irritated)

Dressing like a whore, that was  
weird.

Vi sweeps Nash's leg out from under him. He falls to the  
ground. Immediately, Pogue rushes at Vi, growling, teeth  
bared. Vi somersaults backwards, over Nash, and grabs Pogue  
by the throat.

VI (CONT'D)

Getting picked up on the street by  
a sleazy drug-dealer who has a duo  
of punk vampire flunkies-- that was  
new.

With a quick snap of her leg, Vi knocks a piece of splintered  
coffee table up in the air and catches it with her free hand.

VI (CONT'D)

But this...

She jabs it into Pogue's chest and he DUSTS in her hand.

VI (CONT'D)

This I am good at.

Vi leaves Nash on the floor and walks towards Carlton, who backs up as she draws closer.

CARLTON

How did you... who are you?

VI

I'm Vi. The Vampire Slayer.

CARLTON

I thought... I thought the Slayer was some blonde girl?

VI

Well, when I say "the,"...

Vi jumps into the air with a flip and lands in front of Carlton, who, startled, falls down on the ground.

VI (CONT'D)

...I'm being kind of misleading.

Vi approaches Carlton. He reaches behind him pulling out a GUN from the back of his jeans. He levels it at her.

CARLTON

You might have super-strength, but something tells me that you can't stop bullets.

Vi gasps. Carlton PULLS BACK the hammer of the gun as we:

BLACK OUT:

**END OF ACT THREE**

**ACT FOUR**

FADE IN:

INT. CARLTON'S LIVING ROOM

Carlton is on the floor, a pistol trained on Vi.

CARLTON

(to Nash)

Nash. Take care of her friends out front. Black SUV.

Nash moves to the living room door.

Vi turns her head slightly, squinting expectantly as she anticipates being shot.

Suddenly the door to the living room BURSTS in, flying off its hinges and pinning Nash to the floor. Frank, Lon, and Mike rush into the room, Frank with his sawed-off shotgun in hand. Distracted, Carlton turns to face them.

Vi takes advantage of the commotion to KICK the gun from Carlton's grip. It flies across the room.

VI

(to Frank)

What are you doing!?

FRANK

We heard crashes, so Lon demanded we come to the rescue.

MIKE

It was a cavalry sort of thing.

VI

Well I had it handled!

Frank turns to Lon and gives him an "I told you so" look. Lon rolls his eyes.

Carlton takes his moment and lunges forward, knocking Lon and Mike over as he dives at their legs. He snatches his gun from the floor and runs from the room.

Vi and Frank rush to follow him, but Nash finally throws the door from his body, hitting the back of Frank's legs. Frank falls over, the gun spinning from his hands, as Vi spins around to engage Nash.

NASH

That door hurt, little girl!

He swings at Vi. She catches the blow with her arm and strikes at him, but he blocks and kicks her in the stomach, knocking her back into the wall.

VI

It was their fault! They kicked the door in!

Nash punches at Vi, but she ducks, and the vampire's hand goes THROUGH THE WALL behind her. He struggles to free his hand, and in that window of opportunity, Vi spins around to Nash's back and pushes his head THROUGH THE WALL as well.

With a kick to his back, she dislodges him from the wall and knocks him to the ground. One cartwheel backwards to the pile of coffee table parts, and she's armed with a jagged splinter of wood.

Nash stands up and brushes himself off.

NASH

Okay, now you're in for--

He finally notices the stake in Vi's hand. After a beat, he turns and buggers off.

Vi takes one step forward and throws the stake, javelin-style, through Nash. He DUSTS, scattering his ashes across the hallway and kitchen floor.

Vi turns around to help Frank off the ground. Lon and Mike have also gotten up, and they look around the destroyed living room.

MIKE

(lightly)  
So. How's it going?

VI

(annoyed)  
What the hell? It was under control.

FRANK

And I knew you could handle yourself, but Little Miss Worry Pants back here--  
(pointing his thumb at Lon)  
--decided that nooo, you probably needed our help. So here we come, storming in here, to get our asses kicked by some vamped-out Boom Boom Huck Jam tour reject.

LON  
 (shrugging)  
 I was concerned.

Vi looks around.

VI  
 Where'd Carlton go?

The men look around, puzzled. Vi races from the room. The men move to follow.

MIKE  
 (to Frank)  
 Boom Boom Huck Jam? That was a good one.

FRANK  
 (smirking)  
 I thought so.

As they exit we:

CUT TO:

INT. CARLTON'S HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Carlton emerges from his bedroom, running. He zips up the sports bag he's carrying and runs to the basement door. He fiddles nervously with the doorknob, finally managing to open it. He runs down the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. CARLTON'S BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Carlton hurries down the basement stairs, running to the cage. He scoops up some of the purple orbs. Pixie SQUEALS.

TAMSIN (V.O.)  
 I don't know what you think you're doing--

Carlton spins around.

ANGLE ON: The back of the basement. Tamsin stands behind the table Carlton previously sorted the orbs on, her arms crossed.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)  
 --but I'm pretty sure you're about to have a change of plans.

CARLTON  
How... where'd you...?

The door to the basement CRASHES open, and Frank, Lon, Mike, and Vi run down the stairs, cornering Carlton. The trapped kingpin backs up slowly, headed towards Pixie's cage, never letting his eyes leave the team.

FRANK  
You've got nowhere to go, son.

LON  
Just come quietly.

Carlton shakes his head.

CARLTON  
Who are you people?

MIKE  
(seriously)  
We're the A-Team.

A beat. Everyone-- Carlton and the team-- give Mike a look.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
(shrugging)  
How many chances am I going to get?

Back to the business at hand. Frank begins to make his way down the stairs. Carlton notices and reaches behind him to his belt.

CARLTON  
You get back!

Frank slows, but doesn't stop.

FRANK  
It's all over, Carlton. You're surrounded, there's nowhere to go. Just come with us.

Suddenly the hand Carlton moved behind himself whips forward. In his hand, he's holding his gun. He THUMBS BACK the hammer, with the associated CLICK, and points the weapon alternately at the guys on the stairs and Tamsin on the ground.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
The crazy vampire just had to lose my gun.

Carlton begins to back up again.

CARLTON

Yeah. Now the power's flipped, huh?  
All of a sudden I'm in control.

Frank starts to move down the stairs again, and Carlton turns the gun on Tamsin.

CARLTON (CONT'D)

Don't-- don't move! Come closer and  
I'll shoot her!

Frank stops moving and puts up his hands. Lon gives his sister a panicked look, but she waves her hand at him in an "I'll-be-fine" gesture.

FRANK

Okay. Okay. We're all still. Let's  
just not do anything stupid.

CARLTON

(laughs)  
Stupid? Stupid?! What are you  
talking about? I've got a drug  
empire built on an untraceable  
substance, a never ending supply of  
product, and the only gun in the  
room.

Carlton backs up until he hits the cage Pixie is in.

CARLTON (CONT'D)

Which one of us is stupid now--

As soon as he hits the bar, Pixie's arm WHIPS out of the cage, grabs Carlton's throat, and JERKS. There's a sickening CRUNCH, his head rolls back too far, and Pixie lets go. Carlton's dead weight collapses on the ground with a THUD.

Immediately, the gang runs down the stairs. Frank kicks Carlton's gun away, just in case, and feels the man's neck.

Lon rushes to Tamsin and hugs her.

LON

Are you okay?

TAMSIN

Yeah, yeah.

She laughs and gently moves Lon away.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)

Yeah, I'm fine, you little doofus.  
He didn't actually shoot me.

Meanwhile, Vi and Mike are admiring Pixie from outside her cage.

VI  
It's so pretty...

She reaches out to pet Pixie, but Frank grabs her arm.

FRANK  
What are you doing?!

Lon walks up and appraises the demon.

LON  
No, no. It's a Silver Juntau demon.  
She can touch it.

Frank does not look convinced.

FRANK  
It just broke a man's neck. Why  
would she touch it?

LON  
These types of creatures are very  
intelligent, and they're not  
usually violent.

Frank lets go of Vi's arm and she pets Pixie, who purrs like a lion which has swallowed a bass drum.

MIKE  
(looking at Carlton's  
body)  
Well, Lonnie--  
(annoyed look from Lon)  
--I'm looking at some fairly  
compelling evidence that says  
you're wrong about the violent  
part.

Lon thinks briefly.

LON  
You're right. Something is wrong  
here.

He looks around as Vi continues to pet Pixie. Tamsin walks up and joins in, eliciting more PURRS.

TAMSIN  
It's so soft.

LON  
(stooping down in front of  
the cage)  
"It" is a she.

Mike leans down to try to see under the demon, presumably thinking that's what Lon did.

FRANK  
How can you tell?

Lon picks up one of Pixie's purple orbs off the ground and holds it up in the air. Pixie gives an irritated HUFF.

LON  
This, ladies and gentlemen, is an  
egg.

Everyone looks horrified.

TAMSIN  
An egg? This guy was slipping  
people demon... fetuses?

LON  
Not exactly. No male. The eggs were  
unfertilized. But still, the  
maternal instinct took over our  
pretty demon here. All she saw was  
a man tampering with her offspring.

Gently, Lon sets the egg back down on the ground.

MIKE  
So what are we gonna do with her?

LON  
They're no threat to humans. They  
live in secluded places. We could  
just let her go.

Frank nods and searches the basement. Finally he finds the key to the cell, on the back wall of the basement. He tosses the keys to Lon, who catches them and quickly works the lock on the cage.

Vi and Tamsin step back as Pixie emerges from the cage, looking around. Frank opens the back door of the basement, which leads to the backyard.

Pixie, fur patched with purple eggs, scoops up the eggs on the floor of the basement and sticks them to her fur. She then RUNS MADLY out of the basement and into the yard, headed towards the woods.

The team stands in silence, watching the beautiful animal run away. Frank is the first one to snap into business mode.

FRANK

Well, let's clean this place up.

(beat)

And somebody find my gun.

As the gang mobilizes, we:

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ROUNDHOUSE - NIGHT

LOUD MUSIC plays as DOZENS OF PEOPLE mill about, some dancing, others drinking. Tamsin is dancing in the center of a large group, while Tyler, Vi, Mike, and CALLIE sit at the bar together.

MIKE

(leaning in to Tyler)

Enjoying your date?

TYLER

I have to say I didn't envision bringing along a gay man and his hag.

Vi leans across Mike.

VI

I am not a hag!

Callie watches this.

CALLIE

Tyler, your friends are weird.

MIKE

(chuckle)

We're weird? We didn't spend the whole weekend after Charlton Heston died watching all the Planet of the Apes movies while sitting on the couch eating Cheez-It's in our underwear.

Callie LAUGHS and slaps Tyler on the arm.

Tyler gives Mike a pained look.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
(patting Tyler on the  
back)  
Sorry, bud.

TYLER  
(to Mike)  
Take your stinking paws off me, you  
damn dirty ape.

Tyler cracks a smile as Rick brings three glasses of drink  
and a bottle of beer over to the group.

RICK  
Here are your drinks, guys.

Callie grabs Tyler's hand.

CALLIE  
Let's go dance.

Tyler stands up and follows, being practically dragged by  
Callie.

TYLER  
Work, work, work.

Mike and Vi begin to eye Rick.

MIKE  
So, Rick, lived here long?

RICK  
Couple months. I got laid off from  
my job as a bouncer in a club  
upstate and decided I'd try my hand  
at running my own place.

VI  
Oh, a bouncer. So you must be  
pretty strong, huh?

RICK  
I, uh, yeah. I guess.

MIKE  
Let's see those guns.

Rick looks embarrassed.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
(encouragingly)  
Come on!

Rick puts his right arm up and flexes it, his bicep making a prominent bulge. Mike leans forward.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Damn!

Uninvited, Mike reaches out and starts feeling Rick's flexed muscle. He turns to Vi, his expression that of a giddy school-boy.

Not to miss out on the action, Vi also leans on the bar.

VI

What about the other one?

Rick brings up his left arm and flexes. Vi grabs on to it.

MIKE

Just exactly how strong, would you say you are?

RICK

Well, I don't know--

VI

How much can you bench, is what I think he's asking.

MIKE

Yeah.

RICK

Um...

Rick looks overwhelmed.

Mike and Vi continue to interrogate Rick, hanging onto his arms as we:

CUT TO:

EXT. LOCAL HOTEL - ESTABLISHING SHOT - NIGHT

The hotel is simple and small, one of those three-story Holiday Inn type deals. A CAR drives out of the parking lot.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Frank is walking through the hotel hallway. Tommy follows along behind him carrying a backpack, looking nervous.

FRANK

Room 210.

Frank unlocks the door.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Frank flicks on the light. He looks around the nice hotel room, with a TV and a single bed.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Here you go, kid. It's not the Ritz, but it's damn sure better than an alleyway full of demons and vampires.

Tommy enters the room, looking around. He sits down on the bed and looks at Frank, his pack on the bed beside him.

TOMMY

Thanks.

FRANK

Don't mention it.

TOMMY

No. Really. Thanks.

(beat)

It's been a long time since someone's been nice to me.

Frank reaches down and gives Tommy a pat on the shoulder.

FRANK

(with a kind smile)

Hey, why don't you go in there--

(pointing to a door on the side of the room)

--and get a shower. No offence, but you really need one.

Tommy nods and gives a smile.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I'll check in on you tomorrow.

Tommy nods again and enters the bathroom. Frank takes his wallet out of his back pocket and takes a few bills out, setting them down on the dresser. As he crosses back toward the door, he pauses at the bathroom door.

Hearing the shower, he moves quickly to Tommy's pack. Opening it, he looks inside. He quickly digs around, finding nothing but dirty clothing. He then spots something written in marker on the inside, "Property of Tommy Walker." He quickly closes the pack and moves to the door.

He gives one more look around the room and leaves, closing the door behind him.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOCAL HOTEL - NIGHT

Frank exits the hotel, talking on his cell phone.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Hey, Tanya. It's Frank.

(beat)

Yeah, I know it's late.

(beat)

I need a favor.

Frank walks out of frame. After a lingering shot of the hotel, we:

BLACKOUT.

**END OF SHOW**