

Hell's Gate

Season One - Episode Ten

"Leader of the Pack"

Written By
Robb House

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

(c) 2009 Robb House & Monster Zero Productions

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. FRANK'S DINER - NIGHT

Establishing shot of the diner.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - CONTINUOUS

The normally shabby diner interior looks almost respectable. The windows clean, the surfaces shiny. Even FRANK himself seems more polished than usual. He busies himself with wiping down the counter as TAMSIN, who is seated in front of him, watches with disbelief.

LON also sits at the counter, in his usual spot on the end, with a cup of coffee in front of him. Almost all traces of his torture at the hands of Hester gone. Reading his paper, he seemingly ignores the entire scene.

TAMSIN

What's with the "spring cleaning"?

Frank looks up as if he is just noticing Tamsin for the first time.

FRANK

(startled)

Oh! Hey, Tams.

(beat)

Huh?

Tamsin eyes Frank suspiciously.

TAMSIN

(motioning with her hands)

The tidying. Expecting a visit from the health inspector, are we?

FRANK

(defensively)

Who says I'm expecting someone?
Can't a guy just have a clean establishment without getting the third degree?

Frank returns to his cleaning. Tamsin cocks her eyebrow at him, clearly unconvinced.

LON
 (from behind his paper)
 His old Navy chum is coming for a
 visit.

Frank throws Lon an annoyed look. Lon remains behind his paper, taking no notice.

FRANK
 (firmly)
 Army.

From behind his paper, Lon gives a small chuckle.

TAMSIN
 (to Frank)
 Oh, ignore him. You know he's just
 winding you up.
 (beat)
 Now about this friend of yours-
 spill.

FRANK
 (shaking his head)
 Too much to tell.

TAMSIN
 The condensed version then.

Tamsin leans on the counter, smiling expectantly at Frank. Frank sighs. Giving in, he also leans on the counter.

FRANK
 We met about twenty years ago, back
 in my days at Fort Dix. I was BMO
 until Bill arrived.
 (shaking his head)
 That crazy kid could out run, out
 shoot, out fight...
 (chuckle)
 ...and out drink every man on base,
 including me. But despite that, we
 somehow managed to become friends.

Tamsin smiles, enjoying this lighter side of Frank.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 (seriously)
 That soldier's saved my life more
 times than I can count. Best friend
 a guy like me could ever have.

Frank realizes that he's let his manly demeanor slip too much.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 (clearing his throat)
 There. Is that what you wanted to hear?

TAMSIN
 (smiling broadly)
 Yes, thank you. Sounds like an excellent chap, though perhaps even more testosterone fueled than you, if that's possible.

Frank grins as if Tamsin has said something funny. As he opens his mouth to reply, the chime over the door sounds. He looks up expectantly. In walks CALLIE. Frank's face shows his disappointment. Callie approaches the bar.

CALLIE
 (apprehensively)
 Is Tyler here?

FRANK
 (nodding toward the stairs; coolly)
 Upstairs.

Frank and Tamsin watch as Callie crosses the room to the stairs and exits. Tamsin turns back to Frank. Frank furrows his brow.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 The poor kid's been moping around here for days. What's she gonna do to him now? Kick him in the junk?

Tamsin gives Frank a sympathetic smile.

The door again chimes. Frank and Tamsin look toward the sound. In walks "BILL" BILLIE JACKSON. Billie is African-American, mid 40's, attractive, and a woman! She sees Frank across the room.

BILLIE
 Hey there, you old dog.

CU of Frank as he smiles warmly across the room at her.

FRANK
 Bill!

Tamsin's eyes go wide with surprise. She stares open-mouthed as Frank comes from behind the counter to greet Billie.

Lon drops his paper and looks to Tamsin.

LON
 I believe this is where you say
 something cheeky like, "What are
 you talking about, Willis?".

Tamsin gives him a wry glance and then looks back at Billie.
 CU on Billie's grin as we:

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - MIKE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

TYLER and MIKE are sitting on Mike's bed playing the video
 game "Gears of War". VI is sitting on the floor watching.

CALLIE(O.S.)
 Gears of War?

Looking up, Tyler sees Callie standing in the doorway. He
 freezes.

TYLER
 (non-committal)
 Hey.

Vi notices Callie and hurriedly stands. Mike continues to
 play the video game, paying Callie no attention.

VI
 Oh! Hi, Callie.

Vi grabs Mike by the arm and starts to pull him off the bed.

VI (CONT'D)
 (to Callie)
 Excuse us. We have to... go...
 check our laundry.

Clueless, Mike resists Vi's grip and continues to play.

VI (CONT'D)
 (insistent)
 Don't we Mike?

Using her Slayer strength, Vi hoists Mike off the bed and
 jerks him toward the door.

MIKE
 (to Callie as he passes)
 Apparently it's a two person job.
 The underpants gnomes must be back.
 (to Tyler)
 Save my game!

Callie laughs lightly as Vi pushes Mike out the door and exits behind him. Callie's gaze returns to Tyler. Tyler looks at her uncertainly.

Callie crosses the room and sits down on the bed next to Tyler. An awkward moment passes between the couple.

CALLIE

Look. Before you say anything, I know I was the one who walked away. I was the one who couldn't handle all this spooky stuff. And then what that doppelganger said...

Callie looks away for a beat. Tyler gives her a questioning look.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

But anyway, now that I know it's here, not being with you isn't making it go away, it's just making me more... lonely.

Tyler looks at her with a stunned look on his face.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

I have no right to ask this, and I wouldn't blame you if you kicked me out, but I miss you. Can we give it another try? Please?

Callie looks at Tyler nervously. There's a beat and then he smiles warmly at her.

TYLER

You had me at "Gears".

They lean in and kiss. After several seconds, they part.

CALLIE

If the scarey happens, we'll deal with it together.

(beat; upbeat)

But, hey. Why worry about that now? It's not like supernatural things happen every day. Right?

She leans in and gives Tyler a big hug. CU on Tyler's face giving an uncertain look as we:

CUT TO:

EXT. HEAVEN'S GATE STREET - NIGHT

CU on a YOUNG MAN, mid 20's. He is out of breath and terrified. He looks around frantically. In the not too distant distance, we hear growling. The man's eyes go wide with fright. He tears off down the street in a mad run.

Ahead of him, he sees a large, SHADOWY FORM. He cuts down an alleyway to avoid it.

CUT TO:

EXT. HEAVEN'S GATE STREET - ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

The man runs. Looking behind him he sees three large SHADOWS entering the alleyway. He runs faster, the panic showing in his face.

He quickly turns a corner running smack into a large, dark, HAIRY FIGURE. The man screams, we hear a loud roar as we:

CUT TO:

EXT. HEAVEN'S GATE - NIGHT

CU on the full moon. We hear wolves HOWL as we:

BLACKOUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - MORNING

Lon sits on his usual bar stool reading through a case file. Tamsin sits next to him sipping a cup of coffee. Vi stands behind the counter. She and Tamsin steal glances across the room.

In a booth in the corner of the room sit Frank and Billie opposite one another, engaged in conversation.

Mike enters from upstairs. As he approaches the counter, he looks across the diner to see Frank and Billie. He sits down beside Tamsin and leans in.

MIKE

(nodding toward the booth)
That Frank's Army buddy? She's hot!

TAMSIN

(nodding)
I don't think they've moved from
that spot all night.

Vi, Tamsin, and Mike watch as there is a sudden burst of laughter from Frank's table. Frank and Billie appear to be in stitches over something.

VI

He is SO in love with her.

In unison, Tamsin and Mike turn to Vi, skeptical expressions on their faces. Vi gives a sheepish look.

VI (CONT'D)

Did I say that out loud?

At his table, Frank notices that Mike has entered the room. He calls to him from across the room.

FRANK

Hey, Mike! Come here. Got somebody
I want you to meet.

Mike stands up and crosses the room. He comes to a halt, standing in front of Frank's table.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Mike Czajak meet Bill Jackson.

Billie gives Frank a playfully annoyed look.

BILLIE
(to Mike)
The witch, right?

Billie extends her hand to Mike. He takes it and gives it a shake.

MIKE
(cutting his eyes at her)
You been talking to my exes?

Mike flashes his charming smile as Billie gives a small laugh. A beat and then Mike does a double take.

MIKE (CONT'D)
(confused)
Wait. You know about witches?

He looks to Frank, unsure if he's said too much.

FRANK
Relax. We're not just Army buddies.
You're looking at the leader of
Groom Lake's Alpha team.
(looking to Billie)
A position I should have had, by
the way, but instead got...
(gesturing around)
...this lovely place.

BILLIE
(laughing)
Don't hate. Can't everyone be as
good as me.

Mike laughs, finding this new guest rather interesting.

FRANK
(to Mike)
Bill's going to be in town for a
few days. Maybe help us out on a
case if anything pops up.

BILLIE
You know I hate it when you call me
that.

Frank smiles.

BILLIE (CONT'D)
(to Mike)
It's Billie. Frank gave me that
stupid nick name years back.

FRANK

Short for "Wild Bill". You should see this lady in action. This one time, she dispatched an entire Ekimmu clan single handed.

BILLIE

(to Frank)

Yeah, well I wouldn't have had to if you weren't messing around with that damn sprite.

FRANK

Messing around?! She almost killed me!

BILLIE

(jokingly)

Eh, she was just flirting.

FRANK

Didn't care too much for that Witch Bottle I trapped her in, did she?

(chuckle)

Probably still cussin' me.

BILLIE

That's no hard feat. You could make the Pope swear like a sailor.

The three laugh as the bell over the door CHIMES. Entering the diner is KYLE DUFOURS and BAMBI. He is mid 20's with dark, brooding good looks offset by piercing blue eyes. She is 20ish, sexy in a trashy sort of way.

As they pass Frank's table, Mike gives Kyle a long glance. At first checking him out, his expression turns from a leer to a look of near recollection.

The new guests approach the counter. Tamsin and Vi eye the strangers as they sit at the bar a couple of stools away from Tamsin.

KYLE

(to Vi)

Coffee. Black.

Vi smiles politely to Kyle who pays her no attention. As she turns away toward the coffee pot, she looks to Tamsin. Nodding lightly at Kyle, she rolls her eyes and fans herself indicating she finds him attractive. Tamsin smiles conspiratorially.

Back at Frank's table, Mike turns back to Billie and Frank.

MIKE
Excuse me, I--

Mike realizes that the two are once again lost in conversation and paying him no attention. He returns his stare to Kyle, trying to place where he knows him from.

Kyle and Bambi engage in indistinct conversation as Mike approaches the bar and sits down on the vacant stool beside Kyle.

Vi hands Kyle his coffee. He nods to her and takes a sip from the mug. Mike stares at Kyle. A light bulb goes off in his head.

MIKE (CONT'D)
(to Kyle)
Kyle?

Kyle perks up at the mention of his name. Vi and Tamsin also look in Mike's direction. Kyle slowly turns his head to Mike.

MIKE (CONT'D)
You're Kyle DuFours.

KYLE
(suspiciously)
Yeah?

MIKE
(beat)
You're a dick!

Kyle looks a bit thrown as do Tamsin and Vi who are eavesdropping.

KYLE
(confused)
Do I know you, man?

MIKE
It's me! Mike.
(beat)
Mike Czajak.

Kyle's face is a blank.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Michael Czajak. From Sunnydale.

Kyle shakes his head, still not remembering him.

MIKE (CONT'D)
 (huffs; irritated)
 We had P.E. together for three
 years. I had black hair, nail
 polish, and an unhealthy obsession
 with The Cure. You made my life a
 living Hell. Ring any bells?

Kyle stares at Mike for a few seconds. A look of recollection
 crosses his face followed by a big smile.

KYLE
 Gay Goth kid!

Mike frowns. Vi and Tamsin snicker.

KYLE (CONT'D)
 Hey, Bambi! It's gay Goth kid from
 my old high school!

MIKE
 (annoyed)
 They actually just call me "Mike"
 now.
 (to Bambi)
 Bambi, is it?

Bambi nods and gives a slight smile as if she is not really
 interested.

KYLE
 Man, have you changed!

TAMSIN
 (under her breath)
 Not entirely.

Mike cuts his eyes at her and then directs his attention back
 to Kyle.

KYLE
 (excited)
 What the Hell are you doing here?!

Mike is a bit leery of Kyle's friendly demeanor.

MIKE
 (hesitantly)
 I go to Wilcox. Working on my
 masters in Commercial Art.

KYLE
 Well, good for you, man!

Kyle give Mike a friendly pat on the arm, causing Mike to look even more bewildered.

MIKE

So... What brings you to this neck of the woods?

KYLE

Just passing through. Me and some friends are driving up the coast. Seeing the sights.

MIKE

Not much to see here.

KYLE

Oh, it has its...

Suddenly Kyle stares at Mike intently.

KYLE (CONT'D)

...charms.

Mike stares back for several beats as if mesmerized. A loud HEARTBEAT drowns out all other sound. Kyle's cell rings breaking the moment.

Mike blinks, a confused look on his face. Kyle answers his phone as if nothing strange has happened.

KYLE (CONT'D)

(on phone)

Hey, Spin. What's up?

(long beat)

Yeah. We'll be right there.

Kyle ends his call and stashes his phone.

KYLE (CONT'D)

(to Bambi)

Come on, babe. Spin needs our help with that... thing.

Kyle takes another quick sip from his mug and throws down some money for his coffee. He and Bambi stand.

KYLE (CONT'D)

(to Mike)

Gotta go, but it was great seeing you, Mike.

MIKE

(bemused)

"Interesting" to see you too.

Kyle turns to leave and then turns back.

KYLE

Hey. Me and my buds are going to go to this club called The Roundhouse tonight. You know it?

Mike nods.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Why don't you come by and hang with us? We can catch up.

He and Bambi head for the door.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Say, 9:00?

MIKE

(noncommittally)

Sure.

KYLE

And bring your friends.

Kyle winks in Vi's direction as he and Bambi exit. Vi and Tamsin laugh like a couple of school girls.

Mike slides down a few seats to sit next to Tamsin. He turns to her, smirking and shaking his head.

MIKE

Guy's a total tool to me during my entire tenure at Hellmouth High, now he wants to catch up.

(beat)

What's that about?

Tamsin leans in toward Mike.

TAMSIN

People change, Mike. You yourself are a perfect example. You're not the same lad you were back at school. You've grown, matured. It's possible that he has also.

(beat; leaning in closer)

Perhaps this chance meeting was a way for the two of you to reconnect as adults and put the past behind you. Maybe even form a lasting bond of friendship.

Mike nods, taking in Tamsin's sage words. Vi leans in.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)
 I think the real question that
 bears answering here is... "Did
 this gym class the two of you
 shared have communal showers?"

A beat and then mischievous grin spreads across Mike's face.
 He lightly nods his affirmative.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)
 (gesturing downward with
 her eyes)
 And is he...

MIKE
 (grinning wider)
 Mr. Ed would be jealous.

The three laugh. As the girls continue to laugh, Mike glances
 back at the door. His smile fades and he gives a thoughtful
 look.

At the end of the bar, Lon closes his case file and clears
 his throat. Tamsin, Vi and Mike look in his direction.

LON
 Sorry to interrupt this little x-
 rated jot down memory lane, but
 we've got a case to discuss.

From across the room Frank jumps up, an excited look on his
 face.

FRANK
 Did you say "case?"

LON
 Yes. And a rather perplexing one at
 that.

Frank runs to the door and flips the sign to "closed." Billie
 chuckles at Frank's excitement. She joins him as they make
 their way to the bar.

FRANK
 What we got?

Lon hands Frank the case file. Frank opens it and begins to
 thumb through some photos.

LON
 Five victims, so far. All savagely
 ripped apart and mostly eaten.

CU on the pictures as Frank looks at them. They are crime scene photos of various bloody body parts.

LON (CONT'D)

The authorities are chalking it up to some kind of wild animal, of course. A cougar, or possibly a bear.

Frank looks at Billie and throws Lon a cocky look.

FRANK

(boastful)

What's so confusing? Looks pretty cut and dry.

(beat)

Werewolf.

Mike leans over to Tamsin.

MIKE

(quietly)

There really are werewolves?

Tamsin simply nods.

MIKE (CONT'D)

(shrugging; to himself)

Why do I even ask anymore?

LON

(smirking; to Frank)

On the surface, it certainly appears to be. However, there are... inconsistencies.

Frank furrows his brow.

LON (CONT'D)

According to my analysis of the crime scene photos, there are at least five distinct sets of teeth marks on the victims. Possibly more.

Mike opens his mouth to speak, but Tamsin heads him off.

TAMSIN

(to Mike)

Werewolves are usually solitary creatures.

LON

Rightly so. However, they have been known to occasionally form packs.

(beat)

I remember this incident when I was fresh out of the academy. We were out on the Scottish moors-- like in that ridiculous John Landis film--
(thoughtfully; to himself)
Though cinematically, it was quite charming in it's naiveté and Jenny Agutter was quite fit--

BILLIE

(firmly)

Cut to the chase.

Lon looks taken aback by Billie's forwardness.

BILLIE (CONT'D)

(to Frank)

Sorry.

Mike, Vi, Tamsin, and Frank stifle a chuckle. Lon cocks his eyebrow.

LON

(curtly)

It's not typical werewolf behavior because we're still two weeks away from the full moon lunar cycle, and three of the attacks happened in broad daylight.

Lon smiles wryly at Billie.

LON (CONT'D)

Is that better?

As Frank contemplates Lon's words, we:

CUT TO:

EXT. HEAVEN'S GATE - WOODED AREA - DAY

A car pulls up and Kyle and Bambi exit.

BAMBI

Are you sure about this Mike guy?

KYLE

Not yet, but I've got a feeling. Something drew me to that diner.

The two walk toward a SMALL CABIN.

CUT TO:

INT. HEAVEN'S GATE - CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Bambi and Kyle enter. They are approached by SPIN. Spin is 24, spiky hair, tattooed with multiple piercings.

SPIN

Hey guys! What took you so long?
The new guys were getting antsy. We
were about start the party without
you!

Kyle cuts his eyes at Spin. Spin ducks his head in a dog-like submissive gesture.

SPIN (CONT'D)

(timidly)

Not really. You know we wouldn't do
that. Right, Kyle?

Kyle smiles and puts his arm around Spin. They walk across the room followed closely by Bambi.

KYLE

Spin. Spin. Spin. We've know each
other, what, six months now? I know
you'd never be that stupid.

Kyle and Spin stop walking. Spin's mood lightens.

KYLE (CONT'D)

(jokingly)

Besides, you know that if you did,
I'd rip off your head and use it as
a hood ornament.

Spin once again looks pale. From somewhere, the sound of WHIMPERING can be heard. Kyle stops and looks forward, a cruel grin spreads across his face.

KYLE (CONT'D)

But... you're right. I have made
you all wait too long.

In front of Kyle, tied to a chair, is a YOUNG WOMAN. She is gagged, but obviously trying to scream. Her eyes dart around frantically. As the camera PULLS BACK, the cause of her dismay is clear. Standing around her are three WEREWOLVES!

CU on Babmi. Her eyes are now YELLOW and her teeth appear to be GROWING.

CU on Spin. His appearance is likewise.

CU on Kyle. He is also changing, his face getting HAIRIER.
His lips pull back in a snarl.

KYLE (CONT'D)
(coldly)
Let's party.

The girl's eyes grow wider as the werewolves around her draw closer.

Kyle MORPHS into a werewolf and leaps at the camera as we:

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - EARLY EVENING

Mike, Vi, and Tamsin enter from upstairs. They are dressed for a night out. Frank, Billie, and Lon are at the counter. A stack of books sit by Lon. As Mike, Vi, and Tamsin reach the door, they pause.

MIKE
(to Tamsin)
I'm still not sure about this.

Tamsin turns to him.

TAMSIN
Trust me. You need to do this. Just remember, you're no longer a lowly, insecure schoolboy who's badly in need of a tan. You're Mike Czajak, powerful warlock and link to the Powers That Be.

In a motherly fashion, Tamsin adjusts Mike's collar and smooths his shirt on his shoulders.

MIKE
(with a cheeky grin)
You forgot gorgeous, charming, well-endowed sex-god.

Tamsin smiles at Mike and gives him a wink.

TAMSIN
(slapping his cheek
lightly)
That's my boy.

VI
Come on, you guys. We're supposed to pick Tyler and Callie up on the way.

Vi turns to the counter.

VI (CONT'D)
(to Frank)
You sure you don't need us?

FRANK

(shaking his head)

We don't have anything solid to go on yet.

(waving his hand)

You kids go on and enjoy yourselves. Leave the research to us old geezers.

Lon looks up from his book.

LON

(indignant)

I'm 33!

Frank and Billie laugh as Mike, Vi, and Tamsin exit. Lon scoffs and stands. He grabs a few books off the counter.

LON (CONT'D)

(annoyed)

Fine. If you need me, I'll be downstairs.

Lon walks to the kitchen door and exits. Frank shakes his head, still chuckling.

BILLIE

How do you put up with that guy?

FRANK

(shrugging)

He's a genius.

(sighing)

But I'll admit, sometimes he really makes me long for the good ole Initiative where people just followed orders.

BILLIE

(seriously)

Do you?

Frank narrows his eyes. Getting Billie's meaning, Frank sighs and shrugs again.

FRANK

I guess. Once in a while.

(beat)

In the Initiative, I always had... a mission. You know? Here... well, someday I'm just not so sure.

BILLIE

I know what you mean.

Billie leans in closer to Frank.

BILLIE (CONT'D)
That's actually part of the reason
for my visit. I didn't come just to
catch up.

Frank gives Billie a questioning look.

BILLIE (CONT'D)
The Initiative's been reformed.

Franks give a surprised look.

BILLIE (CONT'D)
They want you back Frank.
(beat)
We want you back.

Frank's face goes serious. For a moment, he is at a loss for words. He clenches his jaw.

FRANK
(shaking his head)
I don't know.

Frank stands and walks a few steps. He turns back to face Billie.

FRANK (CONT'D)
When The Initiative closed up shop,
they dropped me like a hot potato.
Dropped us both, if you remember.

Billie nods.

FRANK (CONT'D)
If it weren't for the Watcher
Program, I'm not sure what would
have happened to an old ex-spy like
me.
(chuckle)
Can you see me working at the local
S-Mart? Housewares?
(beat)
As much as they bug the crap out of
me, I owe 'em. Big time.

Billie nods her head and gives Frank a bittersweet smile.

BILLIE
A debt I think you've already
repaid. Just think about it. Will
you?

FRANK
 (nodding)
 We better get back to work.

Frank sits back down on his bar stool and picks up a book. He thumbs through the pages, but his expression is now uneasy as we:

CUT TO:

EXT. ROUNDHOUSE - NIGHT

Establishing shot of the club. Rock music plays loudly.

CUT TO:

INT. ROUNDHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Mike, Tamsin, Vi, Tyler, and Callie are dancing. Tyler and Callie seem to be having a particularly good time.

The song comes to an end. The camera PANS following the girls as they walk to a table and sit. It then CONTINUES on Tyler and Mike as they belly up to the bar.

MIKE
 (smirking)
 You two are looking cozy. And unless I'm mistaken, aren't those the same cloths you were wearing when you two took off last night?!

Tyler blushes.

MIKE (CONT'D)
 You slut! Dirty... unwashed slut.

TYLER
 (shrugging)
 We had some things to talk through and then we uh...

MIKE
 (lasciviously)
 Yeah?

TYLER
 (with an embarrassed grin)
 ...we watched a Star Trek marathon.

Mike grabs Tyler and turns him to face him.

MIKE
 (seriously)
 Marry this woman! Now!

Mike begins to laugh. As Tyler rolls his eyes, we PAN back to the table where the girls are sitting. Tamsin and Callie face each other, while Vi, resting her chin on her fist, gazes off longingly.

TAMSIN
 (to Callie)
 Looks like things are going well
 with Tyler.

CALLIE
 Yeah.
 (smiling)
 He's a great guy.

TAMSIN
 He certainly is. And he thinks the
 world of you.
 (beat; seriously)
 Break his heart again, and I'll
 snap you like a twig.
 (lightly)
 Alright, darling?

Callie frowns as the guys rejoin them, drinks in hand. Tamsin is once again her jovial self.

TYLER
 Here we are. Libation for the
 ladies.

Tyler and Mike sit and pass out the drinks. Vi continues to stare off into space.

The camera PANS left to follow her gaze. Behind the bar stands RICK serving drinks. He looks up and catches Vi's eye. He smiles and gives her a wink.

Vi jumps, knocking an empty bottle over in the process. Mike looks to the bar then back to Vi. He smiles.

MIKE
 (to Vi)
 Why don't you go over and talk to
 him?

VI
 (rolling her eyes)
 I thought he was more your type.

MIKE
 (shrugging)
 I'll admit, it was touch and go for
 a while there.

Mike turns to nod in Rick's direction. Vi turns to look back.
 The camera takes a long shot of Rick behind the bar.

MIKE (CONT'D)
 Nice use of hair product. Tight
 little bod. The man obviously works
 out. And his clothes, casually cool
 without being too trendy.
 (nodding)
 Definite queer potential.

VI
 (looking back to Mike
 skeptically)
 So what changed your mind? The way
 he walks? The way he talks?

MIKE
 (chuckling)
 More like the way he almost got
 whiplash trying to check out that
 brunette's fake rack.
 (beat)
 Dude's a total hetero.

VI
 (hopefully)
 You sure?

MIKE
 Trust me, babe. He's a breeder.
 (nodding toward Rick; with
 a wink)
 So go get bred, Red.

Vi chuckles excitedly. She gives Mike a quick peck on the
 cheek and gets up and walks over to the bar.

TYLER
 (to Mike)
 That was uncharacteristically nice
 of you.

MIKE
 (shrugging)
 What the hell. I figured one of us
 deserved the chance to lick the
 sweat off our hunky barman's
 chiseled abs.

Tyler wrinkles up his nose.

MIKE (CONT'D)
A chance that doesn't involve vast
amounts of alcohol and an awkward
morning after, that is.

Callie and Tamsin chuckle as Tyler rolls his eyes.

Kyle, Bambi, and Spin enter and sit at a vacant table a few feet away. Tamsin notices.

TAMSIN
(to Mike; nodding toward
Kyle)
Speaking of hunky.

Now it's Mike who rolls his eyes.

TYLER
That the guy from Sunnydale?

Mike nods and hangs his head. At his table, Kyle notices Mike.

KYLE
Hey, Mike!

Mike picks his head up and nods to Kyle.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Come join us, man!

Tamsin reaches across the table and pats Mike on the arm.

TAMSIN
Go play nicely.

Mike flashes her an uncertain grin. He stands and walks over to Kyle's table.

The camera PANS to Vi at the bar talking to Rick. Rick smiles as Vi nervously rambles. A DRUNK MAN seated next to Vi watches the two in a liquor-induced stupor.

VI
...so then I traveled around Europe
with some of my girlfriends.
(beat)
Girl friends that is. I'm not a
lesbian, not that I have anything
against lesbians. I like
lesbians... but not as much as I
like guys. I love guys.
(MORE)

VI (CONT'D)

Wait, that makes me sound like a slut. I'm not a slut! Does that makes me sound like a prude?

(beat)

I ramble when I get nervous.

Rick laughs lightly. He reaches over the bar and places his hands on top of Vi's. She instantly stops talking.

RICK

Relax. I don't think you're a slut or a prude.

(beat)

Or a lesbian.

They both laugh.

RICK (CONT'D)

I think you're a very nice person, Vi Clark.

(beat)

And I'd like it if we hung out sometime.

VI

(excitedly)

Really?

RICK

Yeah. Ever since I met you guys a few weeks ago, I've been thinking about you.

Vi turns away slightly and blushes. In full-on flirt mode, she smiles and twirls her hair with her finger.

RICK (CONT'D)

I see you in here almost every night dancing and having so much fun and I think to myself, "yeah."

Vi flutters her eyes, eating up Rick's compliments.

RICK (CONT'D)

And your boyfriend seems really cool too.

Vi quickly turns back to Rick, her face full of surprise.

VI

Wha-- Huh!?

RICK

Mike.

(beat)

You know the blond guy you're
always in here with?

VI

Oh! Yeah, but--

RICK

This is great! This place keeps me
so busy I haven't really made many
friends since I moved to town.

Vi nods, looking dumbfounded.

RICK (CONT'D)

All I get to meet is the riffraff
that comes in here.

(to the drunk man)

No offence.

The man's only response is a large BURP.

RICK (CONT'D)

(to Vi)

So how about a drink for my new
buddy? On the house.

Vi's face drops. She quickly puts on a fake smile.

VI

(through her teeth)

Sure... buddy.

Rick turns to get her a drink. Vi looks dejected.

DRUNK MAN

(staring blankly at Vi)

You're pretty.

Annoyed, Vi reaches over and pushes the drunk man off his
stool. Rick turns around just in time to see the man hit the
floor. Rick cocks his eyebrow, looking from the man to Vi
questioningly. Vi gives an innocent shrug as we:

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - NIGHT

Lon enters from the kitchen, file in his hand. Frank and
Billie look up.

FRANK
 (to Lon)
 Done sulking?

LON
 (annoyed)
 I wasn't sulking. I was working.

FRANK
 To be fair, it's hard to tell the
 difference with you sometimes.

Lon is about to argue the point, but realizes that Frank is right. He shrugs and nods agreeingly.

LON
 There's been another attack.

Frank perks up. Lon hands him the file. Frank opens it. Billie leans in to see.

LON (CONT'D)
 A jogger in the park stumbled
 across the remains at five o'clock
 p.m. Time of death was placed at
 around noon. Study of the crime
 scene revealed no sign of struggle,
 so the victim was probably killed
 elsewhere and then dumped.

BILLIE
 Got any idea what we're dealing
 with yet?

LON
 A few theories, but nothing
 concrete as of yet. I'll know more
 once the analysis I'm running is
 complete.

FRANK
 (nodding)
 So back to the books then?

LON
 Back to the books.

The three each pick up another book off the counter as we:

CUT TO:

INT. ROUNDHOUSE - NIGHT

The camera PANS back to Callie, Tamsin, and Tyler at their table. They are watching Mike as he is talking to Kyle and his friends. Vi approaches the table and takes her seat.

TAMSIN

(to Vi)

How did things go with our handsome server?

VI

(sarcastically)

Great! Say hello to his new best friend.

Callie and Tamsin sigh sympathetically.

VI (CONT'D)

Seems Rick thinks I'd be fun to pal around with. Like a kid sister.

(beat)

Bastard!

(beat)

Oh! And he thought Mike was my boyfriend!

This catches Tyler's attention.

TYLER

(chuckle)

What? Is the guy blind?

VI

No. He's just... slow. Not "shortbus" slow obviously. He's just a little... oblivious.

TYLER

And the understatement of the year award goes to Miss Vi Clark! Give it up, everyone!

Tyler claps his hands and then laughs even harder at his supposed humor. The girls groan and ignore him.

TAMSIN

It's probably for the best then, dear.

VI

(fake sobbing)

But he's pretty! He's so pretty!

Tyler is still laughing. Tamsin smiles sympathetically and pats Vi on the arm.

TAMSIN

There, there.

VI

Well, I thought I'd give you guys the heads up 'cause his shift ends in a few minutes and he's gonna join us.

Tyler is laughing hysterically. Callie gives Tyler an annoyed look.

CALLIE

(to Tamsin)

Why is it again that I'm dating him?

Tyler continues to laugh as the camera PANS to Kyle's table.

Kyle and Mike are engaged in conversation as Spin and Bambi watch.

KYLE

...turns out they were twins!

Everyone at the table breaks out in loud laughter. The laughter dies down.

MIKE

Look at us. Who'd have thought way back in high school that we'd ever be sitting together and actually having a good time.

(beat)

Guess Tamsin was right.

KYLE

How's that?

Mike glance over to Tamsin at her table. Vi appears to be introducing Rick to everyone.

MIKE

She said I should give you a chance. That people change.

Kyle gives Mike a smile.

KYLE

I certainly have.

Bambi leans into Kyle's arms.

BAMBI
Can we go, Kyle? It's all loud and
noisy here.

PAN back to the gang's table where Rick seems quite happy to be in the company of the gang.

RICK
(to Tamsin)
Your accent is so cool. Say
something British like "brolly" or
"knickers."

Tamsin shoots an annoyed glance at Tyler who is trying unsuccessfully to keep his laughter in check.

PAN back to Mike and Kyle's table.

KYLE
Hey, Mike. We're gonna split. You
wanna come with? We're gonna go
chill back at this little cabin
we're renting.

Mike thinks for a second.

MIKE
Sure. Why not? Wait, my friends--

KYLE
(with a grin)
Ask 'em to come along. The more the
merrier.

Mike smiles and stands. He walks over to where the gang is sitting.

In the BG Mike talks to the group. In the FG, Kyle turns to Bambi and Spin and gives them a menacing grin as we:

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. HEAVEN'S GATE - CABIN - LATER

Mike and his gang stand with Kyle and his posse on the front porch. The porch light is on, but the interior appears to be dark. Kyle fumbles for the key to the door.

TAMSIN
What a charming little cabin.

KYLE

Yeah. It's pretty sweet. Plus, out here, we don't have to worry about partying too loud.

Kyle unlocks the door and pushes it open, gesturing for his guest to enter.

The gang enters into the blackness.

CUT TO:

INT. HEAVEN'S GATE - CABIN - CONTINUOUS

The cabin is in complete darkness. The gang talk indistinctly.

MIKE

Where's the light, dude?

There is a metallic clang.

TYLER

What was that?

VI

What is this?

The light cuts on. Vi, Mike, Tamsin, Rick, Tyler, and Callie are standing inside a large metal cage in the center of the room. Kyle, flanked by Bambi and Spin, stands in front of it. The gang looks around, not sure what is going on.

From the sides of the room, the three other werewolves approach the cage. The gang looks around in fear.

KYLE

(smiling to Mike)

So. You guys ready to party?

Spin and Bambi lean in, also smiling as we:

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. HEAVEN'S GATE - CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Things are as we left off. Our team and their friends are locked in a cage surrounded by werewolves.

Rick looks around wildly.

RICK
What's going on here!

Vi turns to Rick.

VI
You'll thank me for this in the morning.

Vi suddenly gives Rick an UPPER-CUT to the face. He falls to the floor, unconscious.

VI (CONT'D)
(under her breath)
If there is a morning.

Spin frowns, moving closer to the cage.

SPIN
Damn! I like it better when they squirm.

Mike glares at Kyle.

MIKE
What the Hell is going on here!

Kyle takes a step closer.

KYLE
(mater-of-factlly)
We're werewolves.
(beat)
Doofus.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - CONTINUOUS

Lon stands talking to Frank and Billie.

FRANK
Werewolves?

Lon nods and throws a file up on the counter.

LON

The test are conclusive. The teeth mark, the hair samples found on the last body.

Frank and Billie look skeptical.

BILLIE

(annoyed)

Wait a minute! What about all that stuff you said earlier about the full moon lunar cycle and attacks during the day?

LON

(shaking his head)

I can't explain the inconsistencies.

Billie glares at Lon and then turns to Frank. Frank shrugs. Billie huffs, clearly annoyed by the turn of events.

BILLIE

(to Frank)

Great! Thanks to the Professor here, we've not only wasted the entire day, there's another innocent person dead. And we're no closer to killing these God damn monsters!

(beat; sarcastically)

Tight ship you're running here, Frank.

Lon is flabbergasted. Frank looks embarrassed.

BILLIE (CONT'D)

I'm going to go take a shower.

Billie storms up the stairs. Frank turns to Lon, he is not happy.

LON

I'm sorry! But contrary to popular belief, I don't actually know everything! At this moment, I only know what is responsible for these attacks. I haven't the foggiest idea how they were implemented!

Frank continues to glare at Lon as we:

CUT TO:

INT. HEAVEN'S GATE - CABIN - NIGHT

As before, the gang is in the cage, Rick unconscious on the floor. Kyle stands before them talking.

KYLE

After it was over, I felt different. Like a little piece of this thing was still inside me.

MIKE

Wait! I remember that field trip! My first year at Sunnydale! We went to the zoo and right after that, the school mascot disappeared and old Principle Flutie retired.

(beat)

He got beaten up or something.

KYLE

(suppressing a smile)

No. Not "beaten" up.

Tamsin has a questioning look on her face.

TAMSIN

That doesn't explain you being a werewolf, or how you're able to control it.

Kyle cocks his eyebrow and smiles at Tamsin.

KYLE

I'm not sure what impresses me more- They fact that you asked such an insightful question or that none of this seems to surprise you. Any of you. Well, except for the muscly guy on the floor.

(beat)

To answer your question, I got bit about a year ago. I thought it was just a wild dog. Went though rabies shots and everything. It was a real bitch. No pun intended.

(beat)

And then I changed.

The gang look enthralled my Kyle's story.

KYLE (CONT'D)

It was amazing! I felt free, alive for the first time in years.

(MORE)

KYLE (CONT'D)

And then I realized that I could control it, turn whenever I wanted to. I guess it was some carry over from being possessed by that Primal demon back in high school.

(beat)

But the best part? Those I turned could do it to. The only downside is that it takes them a few weeks to get the hang of it. Disorients them.

(gesturing to the three werewolves in the back of the room)

Like the new over recruits here. But it's worth it. It bonds them to me. Makes us family.

Callie rolls her eyes and takes a step forward.

CALLIE

(annoyed)

If you're done with the obligatory megalomaniacal explanatory soliloquy, I'd really like to know what you plan to do with us.

KYLE

(smiling at Callie)

I like you. I might save you for desert.

Mike steps up to the front of the cage.

MIKE

Back off! We're not on the menu! Try eating me and I'll make sure you choke! And believe me, you won't be the first guy to gag on a piece of the Mike-ster.

(beat)

And that's not funny right now.

Tyler leans forward.

TYLER

(to Mike)

That's never funny.

Mike turns and gives Tyler a wry smile.

KYLE

Oh. You misunderstand. These guys...

(MORE)

KYLE (CONT'D)
(indicating the rest of
Mike's gang)
...are the party favors, but you,
Mikey, you're the guest of honor.

Mike looks bewildered.

MIKE
What do you mean?

KYLE
You might think that you've
changed, but you haven't. I sensed
it. Inside you're still lonely,
still an outsider. That's what drew
me to the diner, to you.

Mike doesn't know what to say.

KYLE (CONT'D)
It's what drew me to all of them.
(indicating his pack)
The need to fit in, to belong, to
be loved.

Bambi approaches, sliding her arm around Kyle's waist.

BAMBI
It's incredible. Once you're one of
us, you'll never be alone again.

KYLE
And since we're old friends, I'm
going to give you something I
didn't give any of these guys. A
choice.
(beat)
You've got ten minutes.

Mike turns back to the rest of the gang, an anxious look on
his face.

Tamsin slyly reaches into her pocket and pulls out her cell
phone. Moving it behind her back as we:

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - NIGHT

Frank and Lon once again looking at books. Frank looks up and
eyes Lon, clearly pondering something heavy. The diner phone
rings. Frank crosses over to it and picks up the receiver.

FRANK
 (into the phone)
 Frank's Diner.
 (beat)
 Mr. Walker! I've been expecting
 your call. How's--

A beat and a look of concern crosses Frank's face.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 I see. No. I haven't--
 (long beat)
 Sure. I'll let you know if I hear
 anything.

Frank hangs up the phone. He stands there quietly for a moment. Sensing that something is wrong, Lon moves closer.

LON
 Is something wrong?

Frank's jaw is set in an annoyed fashion. He turns to face Lon.

FRANK
 That was Mr. Walker. Tommy's dad.
 Seems Tommy wasn't on the bus when
 it reached L.A.

Suddenly Frank slams his fist on the counter causing Lon to jump in surprise.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 Damn it! Ungrateful little bastard!
 He must have jumped ship somewhere
 between here and there! I knew I
 shouldn't have trusted him!

Lon gives Frank a compassionate look.

LON
 I'm sure he's alright. He did
 managed to survive the rough
 streets of Hell's Gate after all.

Frank is in no mood to be cheered up.

FRANK
 Barely.
 (shrugging)
 And what do I care anyway? He
 played me like a chump.

Frank picks up a rag and quietly starts to wipe down the counter.

LON
(tentatively)
Frank?

FRANK
(gruffly)
What?

LON
I realize that this is not a good time, but we need to discuss what we plan to do with these werewolves once we find them.

Frank stops his cleaning and looks at Lon, his face hard.

FRANK
(flatly)
Kill 'em.

Frank resumes his cleaning. Lon is appalled.

LON
We can't just kill them! They're human beings!

Frank's clearly had enough. He throws his cleaning rag across the room and glares at Lon.

FRANK
They're monsters! Just like Billie said! And in case you've forgotten, we kill monsters!

LON
It's not that black and white!

FRANK
It is for me!
(beat; scoff)
I've worked with you Watchers for too long. Started going soft. But not anymore! From here on out, we do things my way!

LON
I'll not allow you to turn this team into some Initiative.. clone!

FRANK

Won't let me?! Ha! That's rich!
 (beat; coolly)
 Well, you don't have to worry your
 stuffy British ass about that. Why
 settle for some cheap knock-off
 when I can have the real thing.

Lon looks warily at Frank.

LON

What do you mean?

FRANK

Seems The Initiative's been
 reformed and they want me back.
 Doesn't seem like such a bad deal
 now.

Frank and Lon stare at each other across the counter for a beat. Lon's cell phone rings. He pulls it out and glances at the screen before turning it on and placing it to his ear.

LON

Tamsin, this really isn't a good--
 (beat)
 Bloody phone, all I hear are beeps.

Lon moves to hang up the phone, but Frank grabs his arm, stopping him. Lon glares at Frank.

FRANK

Wait! Put it on speaker.

Grudgingly, Lon complies. We hear a series of beeps, three short, three long, and three short.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Morse code.

The series repeats. A look of realization crosses Frank's face.

FRANK (CONT'D)

That's an SOS!
 (beat)
 Wait!

Another set of beeps begins. Frank listens attentively.

FRANK (CONT'D)

W... E... R... E... W... O....
 L....

LON
Werewolves!

Frank runs toward the kitchen door, Lon hot on his heels as we:

CUT TO:

INT. HEAVEN'S GATE - CABIN - CONTINUOUS

CU on Tamsin's hand behind her back, tapping out the sequence on her phone with her thumb.

She glances at Kyle who is talking with Bambi across the room.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMAND CENTRAL - SHORTLY LATER

Frank and Lon run into the room heading for one of the room's computers. Frank starts hammering on the keys.

LON
(urgently)
Hurry!

FRANK
I'm working on it!

A map comes up on the computer screen. In the corner of the screen flash the words, "GPS Localization Active." Cross hairs move on the screen. The two men watch anxiously as we:

CUT TO:

INT. HEAVEN'S GATE - CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Kyle cocks his head and looks at Tamsin. He walks over to the cage. With a quick movement, he thrust his arm into the cage and plucks the cell phone from her grasp. He holds it up in the air. The three werewolves around the cage growl.

KYLE
You weren't calling for help were you?

TAMSIN
(shrugging innocently)
My brother get's worried if I don't check in.

KYLE
How sweet.

He slams the phone to the floor. It shatters into a million pieces as we:

CUT TO:

INT. COMMAND CENTRAL - CONTINUOUS

The cross hairs stop and begin to flash.

LON
We've lost the signal!

FRANK
It's alright! We've got the location!

CUT TO:

INT. COMMAND CENTRAL - WEAPON'S LOCKER

Lon and Frank pull out various weapons.

FRANK
They've got Tamsin which means they probably have Tyler, Vi, and Mike also.
(coldly)
Still think they're human?

Lon frowns and turns away. CU on Frank's hand as he grabs an open box of silver bullets.

CUT TO:

INT. HEAVEN'S GATE - CABIN - SHORTLY LATER

Kyle approaches the cage.

KYLE
Time's up. Made up your mind, Mikey-boy?

Mike looks at his friends and then back to Kyle. Reluctantly, he nods.

MIKE
I'll join you. Wolf me up.

Vi, Tyler, Tamsin, and Callie all wear shocked expressions.

Kyle smiles at him. He approaches the cage. He motions for Mike to approach the bars.

Mike turns back to his friends.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Sorry guys.

Turning back to face Kyle, he approaches the bars.

Reaching through the bars, Kyle tenderly grasps Mike's head.

KYLE

Soon you'll be one of us.

Kyle's eyes turn yellow and his teeth start to grow. Spin and Bambi follow suit. They begin to shed their clothing.

KYLE (CONT'D)

A creature of mystery and magic.

Mike reaches through the bars and places his hands on Kyle's head, pulling him closer.

MIKE

That sounds great...

Kyle's shirt splits open, his nose lengthens, inching closer to Mike's neck.

MIKE (CONT'D)

...except for one thing.

Kyle pulls back, his transforming face wearing a questioning look.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Creature of magic... already there.

Suddenly Mike's hands let loose a BURST OF ENERGY, throwing Kyle across the room. Kyle plows into the transformed Spin and Bambi, all of them falling to the floor.

Kyle stands up. His tattered clothes fall off of him as he roars angrily in full-on werewolf mode.

KYLE

Kill them! Kill them all!

All the beast converge on the cage. Their paws reach in, grabbing at the captives as we:

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. HEAVEN'S GATE - CABIN

As before.

The gang squishes together as much as possible to avoid the grasping hands, panicked looks on their faces. Mike attempts to hold their attackers off by shooting ENERGY out of his fingers.

The werewolves continue their assault. Mike seems to be weakening, the ENERGY BOLTS he zaps them with have less of an affect.

Tamsin, Tyler, and Callie PUNCH and SLAP at the grasping paws while Vi PUNCHES, KICKS and BLOCKS the blows as she tries to protect Rick.

Rick starts to wake up.

RICK
(groggily)
What's going on?

Vi glances down at him and HITS him on the head, once again knocking him unconscious.

Mike is exhausted. He stumbles forward.

And it's over. Kyle GRABS Mike by the throat and pulls him into the bars, hard.

KYLE
You could have been a god, witch.
Now you're just dinner.

Kyle opens his mouth wide and is about to take a bite out of Mike when the door EXPLODES in. Spin, Bambi, and Kyle whirl around to see Frank, flanked by Lon and Billie, pointing his sawed-off shotgun at them.

The other three werewolves in the back of the room back up, growling lowly.

SPIN
You just made a big mistake!

He takes a step forward. BANG! Frank casually shoots Spin in the shoulder. He hits the floor, whimpering, grabbing at his wound.

KYLE
 (shocked)
 What the--

FRANK
 (with a sneer)
 Silver bullets. I suggest you step
 away from that cage before you
 start looking like OJ's alibi.

Everyone, werewolves included, gives Frank a confused look.
 Frank rolls his eyes.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 (annoyed)
 Full of holes! Come on! Work with
 me, people!

Lon steps up beside Frank. He raises his hands to show he is
 no threat.

LON
 (calmly; to Kyle)
 We don't wish to harm you. We only
 want our friends.

Kyle reverts to human. Now standing naked before the group,
 he squints his eyes at Lon, not believing what he is hearing.

Tamsin takes a quick look at Kyle's physic then leans in
 close to Mike.

TAMSIN
 Mr. Ed, indeed.

Lon takes a step closer to Kyle, his hands still up.

LON
 None of this is your fault. You
 can't help being what you are. But
 if you surrender, we are prepared
 to send all of you to a treatment
 facility which specializes in
 conditions such as yours.

Frank looks to Lon.

FRANK
 (annoyed)
 Condition? You make it sound like
 they have psoriasis like David
 Crosby!

Lon turns to Frank. He is not backing down.

LON

Unless years of drug and alcohol abuse cause itchy skin, I believe you word you're looking for is "cirrhosis"! And with proper guidance, there's no reason that these people can't once again be productive members of society!

Tyler steps up to the bars of the cage.

TYLER

Guys! Can we not argue in front of the pack of blood-thirsty werewolves?!

MIKE

(to Kyle)

I'd do what the scary man with the boom stick says.

Kyle looks hard at Mike, he growls softly.

MIKE (CONT'D)

It'll be okay. Lon says there's a treatment program, then there is. He might not know a good time if it bit him in the ass...

Lon gives an offended look.

MIKE (CONT'D)

...but he's a good-hearted, honest man. He'll take care of you guys.

Lon's face softens, surprised by Mike's kind words.

Kyle looks to his pack and then back to Mike. He slowly opens the cage door. Mike smiles lightly at Kyle.

The hostages quickly exit the cage, Vi dragging the unconscious Rick. Mike pauses beside Kyle.

MIKE (CONT'D)

You don't know me. I have changed. I have friends. I'm not alone. I don't know what sad, lonely bastard your animal senses tuned in to... but it wasn't me.

Lon looks down, a contemplative looks crosses his face.

Mike turns away and continues toward the door as Tamsin, Callie, Tyler, and Vi, still dragging Rick, exit the building.

Mike stops, turning back to face Kyle.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Oh, and by the way, you're still a dick.

Mike exits the cabin.

Frank motions with the barrel of his gun for Kyle and his gang to get into the cage. Growling, the werewolves grudgingly comply. Once inside, Kyle pulls the door closed.

FRANK

(glancing to Lon)

Go outside and see if they need a hand. We'll get this lot squared away.

LON

(to Kyle; assuredly)

This is only temporary. We'll arrange for transportation in the morning. Everything is going to be fine.

Lon turns walks outside. Billie and Frank keep their guns trained on the caged werewolves.

KYLE

Your friend's a piece of work.

(beat)

Go ahead, send us away. Let 'em do their best. All the treatment in the world isn't going to turn us into lap dogs.

Kyle MORPHS back into a werewolf.

KYLE (CONT'D)

We'll always be wild.

Frank's eyes narrow. His jaw sets.

FRANK

I know.

Suddenly, Frank FIRES his gun, shooting Kyle in the chest. He falls to the cage floor gasping. The other werewolves go crazy, grabbing the cage bars trying to escape.

Rapidly cocking his gun and firing, Frank mows down the remaining werewolves. He stands there in silence, staring at the beasts on the floor.

Lon runs back into the cabin, a look of horror on his face.

LON

My God! What have you done!?

Frank looks coolly at Lon.

FRANK

What I had to.

A gleam comes to Billie's eyes. Numb, Lon turns and walks back out of the cabin. Billie approaches Frank. She puts an arm around him.

BILLIE

Ignore the Watcher. You did the right thing. They were monsters. You can't reform monsters.

As if on cue, the dead werewolves begin to revert back to their human forms. Frank glances at the dead, naked bodies in the cage. Kyle... Bambi... Spin... a YOUNG WOMAN presumably one of the other three werewolves... a MAN in his mid 20's... and TOMMY!

CU on Tommy. His eyes are open staring vacantly at the ceiling, his jaw slack, a bullet hole in his left temple.

The color drains out of Frank's face. He clenches his jaw. His breathing becomes rapid and shallow. He stumbles.

FRANK

(mumbling)

No. No. No.

Billie looks at him, confused by his response.

BILLIE

Frank?

Frank can't tear his eyes away from Tommy's lifeless body. Billie touches him. Pulling away from her quickly, he turns and vomits on the floor as we:

FADE TO:

EXT. ROUNDHOUSE - NIGHT

"Violet Hill" by Cold Play plays. Vi and Mike are carrying Rick, Vi holding his top half, Mike holding his legs.

At the door of the now closed club, Mike drops Rick's legs. He reaches both of his hands into Rick's front pockets and fumbles around. He appears to be taking too long, digging in too deeply, and enjoying himself far too much. Vi gives Mike a stern look. He pulls his hands out of Rick's pockets holding a pair of keys in his right hand and gives Vi an innocent smile.

FADE TO:

EXT. CALLIE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Tyler and Callie are standing on her front porch. Callie unlocks her door and turns to Tyler. They both lean in and kiss. After several seconds, they part.

Tyler turns to leave, but Callie puts a hand on his arm. She turns and enters the house. Tyler smiles lightly to himself and follows her. He shuts the door behind himself.

FADE TO:

INT. TAMSIN AND LON'S FLAT - CONTINUOUS

The room is lit by a small table lamp. Lon sits on the couch, a forlorn look on his face.

Tamsin enters carrying two cups of tea. She crosses the room and stands in front of Lon. He looks up and takes one of the cups, giving her a small appreciative smile. He takes a small sip and sets the cup on the coffee table in front of him.

Tamsin sets her mug down also and sits down beside her brother. There is a beat and then she takes her brother in her arms, giving him a big hug.

FADE TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - CONTINUOUS

All the lights are out except for the light over the bar. There sits Frank, a half-empty bottle of whiskey in front of him, an almost empty glass in his hand. Frank wears a hard expression as he quickly downs the glass's contents. He grabs the bottle and refills it. He sits, staring remorsefully at the full glass for a second. Frank picks it up and takes a gulp. The music ends as we:

FADE TO:

INT. CALLIE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

The morning sun streams in through the window casting a light on Tyler and Callie who are asleep in the bed, spooning. What portion of them that isn't covered by the sheets is naked.

Tyler stirs waking Callie up. She turns to him.

CALLIE
Hey, you.

TYLER
Hey.

Callie leans in to kiss Tyler, but he pulls away.

TYLER (CONT'D)
No chance! I didn't brush my teeth last night. My mouth must smell like something crawled in there and died.

CALLIE
You could always use my toothbrush.

Tyler pulls a grossed-out face.

CALLIE (CONT'D)
What?

TYLER
(sheepishly)
Germs.

Callie laughs.

CALLIE
Dude, in case you've forgotten...

She lifts up the covers so that Tyler sees their naked bodies.

CALLIE (CONT'D)
...you've had germier things of mine in your mouth.

She lowers the sheets back down over them.

CALLIE (CONT'D)
Forget I said that.

Tyler laughs and gives a shrug.

CALLIE (CONT'D)
 Fine. We'll get you one of your
 own.

She quickly leans in and kisses Tyler. She pulls away. This time it is Callie who is wearing the grossed-out face.

CALLIE (CONT'D)
 Today.

TYLER
 My own toothbrush.
 (beat)
 That sounds serious.

Callie wrinkles her nose.

CALLIE
 Serious? They're like two bucks. I
 think we can swing that.

She winks at him. They smile warmly at each other as we:

CUT TO:

EXT. ROUNDHOUSE - MORNING

Establishing shot of the club.

CUT TO:

INT. ROUNDHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Rick is sweeping. He has a black eye. There is a knock at the door. Glancing over, he sees Vi looking in the window. Rick smiles to himself and walks over to the door. He unlocks it. Vi enters.

RICK
 Hey.

VI
 Hey. Just wanted to check in on you
 after last night.

RICK
 What the hell happened?

VI
 Somebody must have spiked your
 drink. You passed out.

Rick pulls a questioning look.

RICK
Hmmm. You didn't hit me? I could
have sworn you hit me.

Vi shakes her head innocently.

RICK (CONT'D)
(indicating his eye)
So, how'd I get this shiner?

VI
(convincingly)
That must have happened when you
fell. You hit the floor pretty
hard. Me and Mike brought you back
here. I remember you saying you had
an apartment in the back.

Rick nods thoughtfully.

RICK
That makes a lot more sense than
the bits and pieces I remember.

VI
(squinting her eyes)
What do you think you remember?

RICK
(chuckling)
Being locked in a cage surrounded
by big, mean dogs.
(beat)
You hitting me.
(beat)
And I think your boyfriend felt me
up.

Rick and Vi look at each other for a second and then both
break out into a laugh.

VI
(smiling shyly)
You know, Mike's not my boyfriend.

Rick smiles, equally shyly, at Vi.

RICK
Good.

The two continue to smile at each other as we:

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - MORNING

Tamsin and Lon enter. Frank is cleaning the counter with a rag. Seeing Frank, the two approach slowly.

LON
 (curtly)
 I'm surprised to see you're still here. I'd have thought you'd be off playing solider with your little friend by now.

Frank stops cleaning. He looks up from his work. Instead of the hard look that the two expect, his face looks worn and haggard. Lon and Tamsin are dumbstruck at his appearance.

FRANK
 (quietly)
 Bill's gone. I told her to leave.

There is an awkward silence for a beat.

LON
 (warily)
 Does that mean that you're staying on then? Because if it does we've got some things to--

FRANK
 Look! I'm sorry! Okay!? You were right and I was wrong! Is that what you want to hear?! Is that good enough for you?!

Lon and Tamsin look startled by Frank's words. Lon ponders for a second.

LON
 (coolly)
 Considering what you did, I rather greatly doubt it.
 (beat; softly)
 But it's a start.

Frank nods to him.

LON (CONT'D)
 I'll be downstairs.

Lon walks behind the counter heading toward the kitchen.

LON (CONT'D)
 Coming Tamsin?

TAMSIN
(nodding to Lon)
I'll catch you up.

Lon exits into the kitchen.

Frank picks up his rag and resumes cleaning. Tamsin eyes him.

Tamsin stands and moves around to stand beside Frank. She puts her hand on his left shoulder.

Frank stops. He hangs his head and puts both hands on the counter as if he is bracing himself.

After a beat, Frank raises his right hand and places it on top of Tamsin's. There is a pause, and then Frank slowly turns toward Tamsin, a single tear streams down his face.

Tamsin pulls him into a tight hug as we:

CUT TO:

EXT. FRANK'S DINER - CONTINUOUS

Through the large front window we can see Frank and Tamsin hugging. She rubs his back comfortingly. His shoulders shaking as he sobs, his cries drowned out by the sounds of small town life.

The camera PULLS BACK slowly. A MAN walks past, paying no notice to the happenings inside. A car drives by in the opposite direction as we:

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE