

Hell's Gate

Season One - Episode Twelve

"Brotherly Love"

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

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TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - MIDDAY

FRANK stands behind the bar, wiping its surface with a damp rag. LON sits on his usual stool looking at a manila folder, studying it's contents with a furrowed brow.

Frank looks up as the bell over the door CHIMES. In walk CALLIE, VI, MIKE, TYLER, and TAMSIN. They are dressed formally as if they have just returned from either a wedding or a funeral. Their dark clothing and somber attitude would suggest the latter.

Tyler looks to the bar, catching Frank's eye. Frank gives him a supportive nod. The young people move to a booth and sit down.

TYLER

(huffing)

I can't believe he's gone. It's just so--

MIKE

(flatly)

Weird.

Everyone shoots Mike a look. Tyler gives him a hard punch in the arm.

TYLER

(annoyed)

I was going to go with "sudden" there.

Mike rubs his arm gingerly.

MIKE

Hey, the guy takes a late-night swim, fully clothed, and gets stung by a jellyfish. Sorry if the word "weird" comes to mind!

Tamsin shakes her head.

TAMSIN

It's tragic. So rarely are jellyfish stings fatal.

TYLER

They said he must have been allergic.

Frank approaches the table carrying a TRAY FULL OF MUGS. The gang looks up.

FRANK

Thought you kids might could use
some coffee.

The gang nods appreciatively as Frank sets the cups down on the table. He turns and walks away as everyone grabs a mug. No one drinks. Instead, they all look quietly at their individual mugs for a moment. Vi breaks the silence.

VI

Do they know why he was there? At
the beach?

TYLER

(shaking his head)
Total mystery.

CALLIE

No telling with Chad. Remember that
time he went on that weekend
bender, hooked up with that skanky
chick from the bar, and woke up in
Saskatchewan?

Tyler gives a small, wistfully chuckle.

TYLER

Chad was one of a kind.

An annoyed look crosses Mike's face.

MIKE

(to Tyler)
That's it?

Tyler shrugs, confused as to what Mike is referring to.

MIKE (CONT'D)

(annoyed)
I mention the peculiarness of the
man's midnight dip in the Pacific
and get a goose-egg on my arm the
size of a soft-ball. She mentions
his fondness for loose women and
binge drinking and nothin'.

TYLER

She's prettier than you.

Mike crosses his arms and gives Tyler a hard look indicating he thinks otherwise.

Callie's mouth drops open at Mike's arrogance. But seconds later it drops open even further as Tyler shrugs and nods agreeingly.

TYLER (CONT'D)
Well, she's nicer than you.

Now its Mike's turn to agree.

CALLIE
(offended)
If you two want to be alone, the ugly nice girl can leave.

Tyler moves to comfort Callie as we PAN back to the bar where Frank is watching the gang. He turns to Lon who is still looking at the case folder and nods toward the table.

FRANK
(quietly)
This something we need to get involved in?

Lon looks up from his reading.

LON
(also quietly)
Well... the coroner's report would seem to support the lab's findings- Death by acute onset anaphylaxis due to probable jellyfish toxicity.

Lon pushes the folder over to Frank pointing to the top page. Frank picks it up and eyes it for a second. He looks back to Lon, his eyebrow cocked.

FRANK
You're using your "doubtful" voice. What 'cha got?

Lon shifts in his seat.

LON
Nothing really. Just some random thoughts.

FRANK
Such as?

Lon leans in closer.

LON
There was no water in the boy's lungs.

Frank looks as if he is about to ask a question, but Lon cuts him off.

LON (CONT'D)

(in full-on lecture mode)

Which means that he must have died instantly, therefore preventing him from aspirating seawater. No jellyfish is capable of that, allergic or not. Not even the would's most toxic, the Chironex fleckeri, or "Sea Wasp" as it is more commonly known, is capable of causing instantaneous death.

(beat)

And all of this is moot anyway because jellyfish aren't even indigenous to this area.

Frank stares blankly at Lon as he continues.

LON (CONT'D)

I believe it to be much more likely that our Mr. Warchuck fell victim to foul play and was then dumped in the ocean as a cover.

Frank cocks his eyebrow, amused.

FRANK

Those are your "random" thoughts?

Lon gives an embarrassed smirk.

LON

Yes, well, the local authorities seem content enough to chalk the whole matter up to a random fluke, perhaps some exotic specimen washed in by last week's storm.

FRANK

(nodding)

Keep on it, just in case.

Lon nods as the young people get up from their booth and head toward Tyler's room. As they get close to the bar, they pause briefly. All of them, except Tyler and Callie, have pained looks on their faces.

TYLER

(to Frank)

In Chad's honor, we're going to go watch an episode of "Battlestar Galactica" featuring the oft scantily clad Tricia Helfer.

They continue on their way. Mike rolls his eyes.

MIKE

(sarcastically)

Great. Sci-fi and half-naked women. Two of my favorite things.

Frank and Lon chuckle. Frank nods to Vi.

FRANK

Flip the sign, would ya? Got some work to do.

Vi nods and moves quickly to the door, flipping the sign to "closed". She then follows the group as they exit into Tyler's room. Lon takes the folder off the counter and closes it.

LON

I'm going to run some more test on the toxin sample Detective Jamison provided for us.

(beat)

By the way, you never said how your evening with the comely constable went.

Frank blushes slightly, obviously embarrassed.

FRANK

Didn't you just say you had some test to do?

Lon stifles a smile.

LON

Yes. But it will have to wait for a bit. I've got the computer tied up running portal simulations.

FRANK

Still trying to track down the source of those anomalies?

Lon nods and downs the rest of his coffee.

LON

I'm using a new algorithm. It should allow us to trace them back to the source so that we can hopefully shut it down.

He points to his empty cup. Frank grabs the carafe from the machine. It's empty. He reaches under the counter and pulls out a can. He opens it. Empty.

FRANK

Sorry, Lonny-boy. All out of java.

LON

(deadpan)

How is a man expected to work under such harsh conditions?

Frank chuckles.

FRANK

I think there's a can on the top shelf in the kitchen.

Lon nods. Frank grabs the empty pot and turns to the small sink to fill it with water. Lon stands and walks behind the bar, exiting into the kitchen.

The bell over the door CHIMES. Frank cocks his eyebrow curiously.

He turns to see a YOUNG MAN (30) enter. He is attractive in a scruffy way, wearing a cheap suit and shoes that look like they've seen better days. He approaches the bar.

YOUNG MAN

(in a thick Cockney accent)

'Scuse me, mate. You know where I might find a gentl'man goes by the name of Lon Travers?

Lon exits the kitchen staring intently at the can of coffee he is holding.

LON

All I could find was this decaffeinated that expired in... 1997?

He looks up. Startled by the young man's presence, he drops the can. Recovering his composure, he address the young man.

LON (CONT'D)
(to the man; flatly)
Simon.

SIMON
Hello, bruv.

Frank looks from Lon to the man, SIMON TRAVERS, and back again.

Lon stares coolly. Simon gives him a cheeky grin as we:

BLACKOUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - AFTERNOON

Tamsin, Mike, and Vi are sitting at a table with Simon. The three funeral go-ers have changed back into their normal attire. Frank leans on a nearby booth listening to the conversation.

Lon sits at the bar eyeing his brother neutrally while back at the table, Simon is in the middle of an exciting story.

SIMON

(leaning in to the group)
 So there I was... five hundred feet
 off the ground hanging upsidedown
 from the side of this ancient
 pyramid, when it hits me-- the
 nausea, the cramps. Now, I know a
 repulsion spell when I feel one--
 (nodding toward the door)
 --like the one on your closed sign
 there... so I feel around for an
 opening and "Bob's you're uncle"!
 Two weeks later, I'm in Berlin
 selling a map to the Fountain of
 bloody Youth at auction for four-
 hundred-thousand quid!

Everyone at the table "oohs and ahhs" at Simon. At the bar, Lon rolls his eyes.

SIMON (CONT'D)

'Course, I lost it all a week later
 at the tables in Cabo.
 (shrugging)
 Easy come, easy go.

MIKE

Wow, dude! You're just like Indiana
 Jones!
 (beat)
 You know, young, hot "Raiders"
 Indy, not wrinkled, Medicare
 "Crystal Skull" Indy.

Simon gives Mike a playful pat on the arm. When he does, the sleeve of his coat inches up, exposing an odd tattoo on the inside of his wrist. It looks like a triangle sitting on top of a square with a circle inside it. It catches Mike's eye. Noticing his tattoo exposed, Simon quickly pull his cuff back down.

Tamsin scoots closer and slides her arm around her brother. Lon continues to look annoyed.

TAMSIN

Simon's always been the adventurer of the family.

SIMON

(wistfully)

Adventurer? Adventurer. Like the sound of that. So much nicer than "screw up", "black sheep",

(chuckle)

"ungrateful little bastard".

Tamsin chuckles lightly and snuggles in closer to her brother.

TAMSIN

Oh, you never let what Father thought bother you.

SIMON

Didn't have to. Lon was bothered enough for the both of us.

Simon looks to Lon and gives him a wink. Lon clenches his jaw.

TAMSIN

And speaking of Father, he'd be appalled with your diction. It's dreadful!

SIMON

Well, I couldn't keep me street cred sounding all posh now, could I?

(beat)

Besides the thought of the old man rolling over in his grave every time I open me mouth gives me thrills.

Tamsin gasps in mock surprise and slaps her brother playfully on the arm. Simon gives Tamsin a warm, cheeky grin in return. At the bar, Lon looks even more annoyed.

Tyler enters from his room behind the stairs. He is now dressed in his normal attire. He approaches the group, his head hung low.

TYLER

I'm off to... you know.

Mike, Tamsin, Vi, and Frank give him a sympathetic look.

VI

I can't believe they're making you clean out his desk. His memorial service was only this morning!

TYLER

I volunteered. I didn't want them to just throw his stuff out. Thought I'd send it home to his family.

MIKE

Why weren't they at the service?

TYLER

(shrugging)

Guess they'll have their own service for him back in Boston. I think it's just his mom and little brother. Didn't really talk much about them.

(beat)

Well... I better go.

As Tyler turns to leave, Mike stands.

MIKE

You want me to come with?

Tyler turns back to Mike.

TYLER

Thanks. But you can't. You need clearance to get into R & D. Besides, I kind of want to do this on my own.

Understanding, Mike nods and sits back down. Tyler gives the table a small nod and turns back to the door. The gang all utter a small goodbye as Tyler exits the diner.

SIMON

Poor, kid. That's a rough bit of luck.

Everyone nods. Frank moves to in front of the table and claps his hands together.

FRANK

I hate to break up the party, but some of us have work to do.

Frank turns to move toward the kitchen. No one at the table moves. He turns back.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 (indicating to Mike and Vi)
 I meant you two.
 (to Vi)
 You've got training...
 (to Mike)
 ...and you haven't logged any orb time all week.

Mike and Vi proceed to put on pitiful faces and whine like children.

SIMON
 'Sokay, kiddies. Uncle Simon's gonna be here when you get back.

The two perk up. With cheerier attitudes they stand and join Frank as he moves toward the kitchen. Simon watches Vi as she exits.

Noticing her brother's appraisal of Vi, Tamsin slaps him on the arm. Lon continues to study his brother.

TAMSIN
 Don't you get any ideas! You dirty ole sod!

Simon gives an innocent chuckle.

SIMON
 (innocently)
 What? I was just thinking how I can't believe that little slip of a thing's a Slayer.

TAMSIN
 (unconvinced)
 Sure you were. Just remember, she could break you in half.

SIMON
 (smiling)
 Oh, but what a way to go.

The two laugh. Lon stands and moves to the table where his younger siblings are seated. Lon gives Simon a stern look. Simon notices his brother's expression. He turns to Tamsin.

SIMON (CONT'D)
Tamsin, would you be a love and
make us some tea? Been ages since I
had a proper cuppa.

TAMSIN
Of course, brother dear.

She touches him lightly on the arm as she stands.

SIMON
(jokingly)
And don't over-steep it like you
always do.

TAMSIN
Do not!

Tamsin laughs lightly as she moves behind Lon. She puts her
hands on his shoulders as she leans in close.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)
(to Lon; firmly)
Be nice.

She pats him on the shoulders, turns toward the kitchen, and
walks across the room. She exits into the kitchen.

Simon's smile leaves his face. He leans in closer to Lon.

SIMON
Alright, bruv, let's hear it.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRANK'S DINER - CONTINUOUS

ANGLE ON Simon and Lon through the window as they continue
their conversation. A figure peers in the window. A cloak
obscures its face. It raises a clawed hand, resting it on the
side of the building. Whatever it is, it's clearly not human.

SIMON
(filtered; through window)
You've been sitting over there
stewing all afternoon.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - CONTINUOUS

SIMON

I'd think you were scared of me airing the Travers family's dirty laundry out in front of your mates... if you had any mates.

Lon clenches his jaw.

LON

(coolly)

Pardon me for not wanting to cause a scene.

SIMON

Don't make a scene. Just like dear ole dad aren't you? Well...

(Simon gives Lon a knowing look)

...almost.

Lon flinches, not understanding Simon's comment.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Truth is, you'll never be "dad". Least if those rumors when we was back at school are true.

Lon is clearly more agitated, but manages to keep his cool.

LON

(firmly)

What are you doing here, Simon?

CUT TO:

EXT. FRANK'S DINER - CONTINUOUS

The cloaked FIGURE continues watching. It's raspy breath audible.

SIMON

(filtered; through window)

What? A bloke can't just drop in to visit his family?

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - CONTINUOUS

Lon glares angrily at Simon.

LON

You didn't "drop in" when your sister's husband died! You didn't "drop in" for your own father's funeral! You never "drop in" unless you want something!

SIMON

(defensively)

I was out of the country both them times! Tamsin understands!

LON

I don't understand! How she puts up with your antics is beyond me. Flunking out of the Watcher's Academy, gallivanting all over the world doing who knows what with God knows whom!

CUT TO:

EXT. FRANK'S DINER - CONTINUOUS

The figure continues to watch the interaction between the men. CU on Simon through the window.

SIMON

(filtered; through window)

I know! And I'm sorry!

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - CONTINUOUS

Lon looks at Simon, unsure he just heard what Simon just said.

SIMON

(sincerely)

I'm sorry.

(beat)

Look, Lon. I don't wanna fight. I know I've been a screw up. But I'm here to tell ya' them days is behind me. I want to settle down, with my family around.

Lon sees the sincerity in his younger brother's eyes. His own face softens.

LON

(softly)

What's happened?

Simon takes a deep breath and looks down at the table, avoiding his brother's gaze.

SIMON

A few weeks ago, I was down in the Congo trying to track down this gem for a client of mine. I needed an interpreter, someone who could read the ancient text, so I hooked up with this bird called Alexa. Sweet young thing, just married, baby on the way.

(beat)

We was twenty feet under ground, when the earthquake hit. The whole cave fell in on us.

(beat)

She was crushed. I made out without even a scratch.

Simon raises his head to look at Lon, tears in his eyes.

SIMON (CONT'D)

There she is lyin' there and I think, "Why her? Why not me?" I'm the one who's wasted his life. She was just an innocent girl trying to save some money for her family. Now she's dead 'cause of me.

Lon scoots closer to his brother and slides a comforting arm over his shoulders.

LON

If I allow you to stay, you promise no more schemes?

SIMON

(nodding lightly)

Yeah. I'm done.

Simon dries up his tears as Tamsin enters from the kitchen carrying a tea set. Seeing Lon and Simon's close proximity, she freezes.

TAMSIN

(anxiously)

What's wrong.

Lon and Simon look to her.

LON

Nothing. Simon's going to be staying with us for a while.

Tamsin gives Lon a bemused look and then smiles. Her expression beaming with joy. She sets the service on the table.

TAMSIN

I don't know what I missed, but I must say I'm happy with the outcome.

SIMON

Don't just stand there woman. There are thirsty men here.

Tamsin smirks as she joins her brothers at the table.

TAMSIN

I'll be mother then, shall I?

The men nod as Tamsin takes the kettle and begins to pour the tea into cups. Simon eyes the dark liquid.

SIMON

What did I tell ya? Black as bloody road tar.

Tamsin gives him a pretend scornful look as Simon take a sip of his brew.

SIMON (CONT'D)

And taste like Heaven.

Her look turns into a warm smile as the three Travers siblings celebrate a family moment.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRANK'S DINER - CONTINUOUS

The figure, still shrouded in it's cloak, has clearly seen enough, and moves on.

FADE TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - DUSK

CU in the tea service as Tamsin puts the empty cups back on it. Simon, Tamsin, and Lon stand and move from around the table. Tamsin gives Simon a big hug. After several seconds, they part and Simon turns to face Lon. They look awkwardly at each other for a beat trying to decide if they should hug. The best they can manage a firm handshake and pat on the arm.

SIMON
I'll see you lot after I get me
things from the hotel.

Simon moves toward the door. He pauses in the door, turning
back to the two.

SIMON (CONT'D)
(to Lon)
Thanks.

Lon nods. Tamsin slides her arm around his waist giving him
an affectionate hug.

Simon walks out of the diner.

LON
I hope I'm doing the right thing.

TAMSIN
Everyone deserves a second chance.
Besides, he's family.

Lon gives his sister a kiss on the forehead. He looks at the
door, a concerned look on his face as we:

CUT TO:

EXT. FRANK'S DINER - CONTINUOUS

Simon walks away from the diner, a smile on his face.

Suddenly, the cloaked figure comes from behind and GRABS him.
A clawed hand moves over his mouth as we.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. MACROWARE - CHAD'S CUBICLE - DUSK

CU on a "Battlestar Galactica" poster as it is being rolled up. The camera PULLS BACK to show Tyler standing in the middle of the once messy cubicle, poster in hand. The cubical is empty, but the stack of Sci-Fi posters and cartoons are evidence that was not the case earlier.

Two cardboard boxes sit on the desk filled with various items. One is full of folders, files, and other work-related items. On its side is written "WORK" in black marker. The other box clearly contains Chad's personal belonging is labeled "PERSONAL".

CORRINE enters carrying a piece of paper in her hand.

CORRINE

I heard you were here.

Tyler looks up, startled by Corrine's presence. But his face shows that he is glad to see her.

TYLER

Hey, Corrine.

Tyler puts the poster in the "PERSONAL" box and leans back against the desk. Corrine approaches and leans on the desk next to him.

CORRINE

How you holding up?

TYLER

(shrugging)

Okay, I guess. Not sure how I feel.

Corrine nods.

TYLER (CONT'D)

He was my friend, but I really didn't know him. You know?

Corrine nods again.

CORRINE

Despite his obnoxious excess of personality, he really was a private person.

Tyler nods.

CORRINE (CONT'D)
From what I hear.

Tyler again nods.

CORRINE (CONT'D)
By the way, I did as you asked and
checked his personal file. Here's
his family's address in Boston.

Corrine hands the piece of paper to Tyler. He glances at it. The two stand in quiet for a moment. Corrine pats Tyler on the leg.

CORRINE (CONT'D)
I better get back to work. Jon
needs those figures on his desk by
morning.

She moves to the entrance of the cubicle and pauses.

CORRINE (CONT'D)
If you need anything. I'll be
upstairs.

Tyler gives her a bittersweet smile and nods. Corrine exits.

Tyler once again turns his attention to the work at hand. He pulls open the top draw of the desk. Inside are a few official looking folders. Tyler removes them, quickly scans the contents and puts them in the "WORK" box.

Looking back into the drawer, something shiny catches his eye. A SILVER FLASH DRIVE reflects the overhead florescent light into his face. He picks it up and studies it. The object's silver surface betrays no evidence of its contents.

He looks to the "WORK" box and then to the "PERSONAL" box. Unsure which it belongs in, he cocks his eyebrow.

TYLER
Hmmm.

Tyler turns to the computer which is sitting on the desk. He sits in front of it and plugs the drive in to the computer's USB port. He looks at the monitor.

On the screen, a box pops up- "Password".

Close up on Tyler's face. His brow furrows as we:

CUT TO:

INT. LOCATION UNKNOWN - NIGHT

CU of Simon sitting in a chair. The camera pulls back to reveal that Simon is TIED to the chair.

Before him in the dimly lit room, stands the cloaked figure. It throws off it's covering to reveal itself to be a demon. This is LYPZIM. He is relatively short in stature, but heavily muscled. His slick skin is a sickly, jaundiced yellow which sets off his glowing red eyes. Thick, bony plating covers his chest like armor.

Simon doesn't seem surprised to see the beast.

SIMON
(nervously)
Lypzim! Buddy!

LYPZIM
(firmly)
Do not make pleasantries with me,
Mr. Travers. You know why I have
come.

Simon gives a quick nervous smile.

SIMON
It wasn't my fault, see? There was
this cave-in. I couldn't get the
gem.

LYPZIM
(coolly)
Yes. I heard of the unfortunate
death of your guide. Very sad
affair.

Lypzim takes a step closer to Simon.

LYPZIM (CONT'D)
Regardless, we share the
chakracurum.

The demon holds up his arm to show that he has a tattoo identical to the one on Simon's wrist.

LYPZIM (CONT'D)
Your life is forfeit. Your soul is
mine.

Simon struggles against his bonds.

SIMON

Wait! Wait! Wait! We can make a deal!

LYPZIM

You have nothing I want, except your soul. Such as it is.

SIMON

You don't want my soul. It's dirty. Filthy, actually. Probably give you the trots for a week.

Lypzim draws still closer. Simon grows more alarmed. His frantic expression shows that his mind is clearly working over-time to think up a plan.

SIMON (CONT'D)

(desperately)

Wait! Wait! I can get you another soul! A better soul!

Lypzim grabs Simon by the shoulders, picking him up, chair and all. The creature brings his frantic victim closer to his face.

SIMON (CONT'D)

A.. a... a Slayer!

An expression of regret immediately flickers across Simon's face. Lypzim drops Simon. The chair hits the floor, shattering. Now free, Simon sits up, rubbing his wrist.

LYPZIM

(intrigued)

A Slayer?

Simon looks away from the demon.

SIMON

No. I was just saying...

LYPZIM

Yes. I sensed something powerful earlier this evening.

SIMON

Probably just some random...

LYPZIM

It was a Slayer.

The color drains out of Simon's face.

LYPZIM (CONT'D)
 You will deliver this Slayer to me
 tonight, or I will come for you.

Lypzim turns away from Simon. Simon pulls himself off the ground.

SIMON
 (timidly)
 I can't let you kill her. She's
 just a girl.

Lypzim turns back to face Simon. His eye glowing more intensely.

LYPZIM
 (forcefully)
 You will bring her, Simon. Or when
 next we meet, I will eat your soul,
 dirty or not.

Lypzim again turns away from Simon and walks away, vanishing into the darkness. CU on Simon's sad face as we:

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - TYLER'S ROOM - NIGHT

CU on Chad's flash drive stuck in the side of a laptop. The sound of typing can be heard followed by a loud annoying "BEEP".

CU on a laptop screen- "Invalid Password".

Tyler moans. He's obviously been at this for a while. He sits on his bed with the laptop before him.

He types in another password. Another BEEP.

Mike enters.

MIKE
 What the hell is going on in here?
 Smoke detector on the fritz?

Tyler give Mike a questioning look and then a look of understanding comes to his face.

TYLER
 Oh, no. It's this damn computer.

To demonstrate, Tyler types in something and the computer BEEPS. Mike nods.

MIKE

Dude. Why don't you just turn the volume down?

TYLER

Hey! Who's the computer expert here?

A moment passes and then Tyler reaches down presses the "Mute". Mike suppresses a smile.

Mike plops down on the bed beside his friend.

MIKE

So what's the deal?

Tyler points to the flash drive.

TYLER

Chad's flash drive. I've tried three different decryption methods but I still can't access the data on it.

MIKE

No hablo geek, dude.

Tyler cuts his eyes at Mike and then smiles lightly.

TYLER

There's a password.

MIKE

Ah.

Tyler turns back to the PC and types again.

TYLER

Anyway, none of the standard programs worked, so I've resorted to just typing in random words.

MIKE

It's Chad. How hard can it be? Let me see that.

Mike roughly scoots Tyler over and grabs the laptop. Tyler looks mad for a half second, but then decides to sit back to watch the show.

MIKE (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Favorite childhood pet? No.

(beat)

(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)
Favorite food? Maybe...
(shakes his head)
No.
(beat)
Favorite babe.

Mike smiles and looks to Tyler.

MIKE (CONT'D)
What's the name of that show you
made us watch today? The overly
dramatic one where all the robots
are hot babes.

Tyler squints his eyes.

TYLER
You mean "Battlestar Galactica"?

Mike shakes his head dismissively.

MIKE
Yeah, whatever, dude. Who's the
chick on it?

TYLER
Tricia Helfer.

MIKE
(shaking his head)
No. Chad was a Sci-fi geek, no
offense. The character's name.

TYLER
Six. No! Caprica Six. She was his
favorite.

Mike turns back to the computer and types. The screen on the laptop changes to read- "Access Granted". He turns back to Tyler.

MIKE
(proudly)
There you go.

Tyler looks from Mike to the laptop, a look of wonder on his face as we:

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - MOMENTS LATER

Mike exits from Tyler's room. He walks past Tamsin and Vi who are sitting in a booth talking.

Continuing on Mike, he walks to the bar where are Frank and Lon. Frank is behind the bar while Lon sits in his usual place reading his paper. Mike plops down on the stool next to Lon as Frank leans across the bar.

FRANK

(to Lon)

So Tamsin tells me Simon's going to be staying with you for a spell.

Lon looks up, and nods. Frank cocks his eyebrow.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You don't seem nearly as excited about it as she does.

He nods toward Vi and Tamsin's table. As if on cue, the two girls burst out laughing. Lon shrugs.

LON

He's not exactly... he doesn't actually... we don't really get on.

Frank suppresses a smile. Lon scoots closer to avoid being overheard.

LON (CONT'D)

He's irresponsible and selfish. His dabblings in the occult could be described as, at the very least, dangerous. And he's never done anything for anyone else unless it in someway profited himself.

FRANK

You sure you're not blowing this out of proportion? I mean, brothers fight. Especially when they're so different. He's a free spirit, and you're...

Frank pauses to find the right word. After a couple of beats, he gives up.

FRANK (CONT'D)

...not. I remember when me and my brother were younger we used to have some knock down drag out--

LON

(annoyed)

The last time I saw Simon was at our mother's funeral.

(beat)

(MORE)

LON (CONT'D)

He left town shortly after. We then discovered that he'd not only pawned our good silver, he'd also stolen a Routhawk demon egg, which mysteriously found it's way onto the black market.

(beat)

Five people were seriously injured before that creature could be subdued.

Frank frowns and nods. Mike leans forward to speak.

MIKE

I've seen this before. He's the middle child, right?

Lon nods, intrigued.

MIKE (CONT'D)

The middle child has to be a screw-up in order to steal attention away from the over-achieving oldest sibling and the cute, lovable youngest.

Lon looks impressed.

LON

I didn't know you studied Psychology.

MIKE

(shaking his head)

Didn't. Studied reruns of 70's sitcoms. It's the classic "Jan Brady" syndrome. Now what you need to do is get hit in the nose with a football--

Lon gives Mike an annoyed look and turns back to Frank.

FRANK

He sounds like a handful. Why risk him staying then?

Lon looks down for a moment. When he looks back up, his face is sad.

LON

He's my brother, and he needs me.

Frank nods. Seeing Lon's sincerity, Mike reaches over and places his hand on Lon's shoulder, giving him a light supportive smile.

The diner door opens and Simon enters. In his hand is a single suitcase. Everyone looks to him.

SIMON

I'm here!

Tamsin and Vi rise from their table and walk over to Simon.

Mike pats Lon on the back as the older man rises from his seat. Lon walks over to the group.

LON

Is that all of your belongings?

SIMON

Actually, I've got this trunk back at the hotel. Huge thing. Was wondering if I could get someone to help me shift it.

LON

(nodding)

Of course. I'll go back with you--

SIMON

I was actually thinking more along the lines of someone with Slayer strength.

Simon looks to Vi and the back to Lon.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Come on. You're not exactly the Hulk now, are ya, bruv?

Lon frowns slightly. Seeing Lon's reaction, Vi speaks up.

VI

(to Lon)

I don't mind. With the Roundhouse closed for repairs and Sarah's post-Succubus agoraphobia, I haven't been anywhere for days except for class. Be nice to get out and do something. Even if I am just a glorified pack mule.

SIMON

That's the spirit, love. And if you're good, afterwards we'll give you a sugar cube, maybe a nice apple.

Vi, Tamsin, and Simon laugh. Lon chuckles a little.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. HEAVEN'S GATE HOTEL ROOM- NIGHT

The door opens and Simon and Vi enter the modest room.

SIMON

Thanks! I really appreciate the help.

VI

Sure!

SIMON

There it is.

Simon point to the large trunk on the floor. Vi crosses over in front of him to pick it up. A curious look crosses her face.

VI

This isn't heavy. Practically feels empty. And I would have pegged Lon as the weakling of the family. Wait until I tell him--

But she is cut off by Simon who, from behind, SLIDES A RAG OVER HER MOUTH! Vi gasps, goes limp and drops the trunk. She passes out and falls to the floor.

Simon throws down the rag and moves to the trunk.

SIMON

(to Vi)

I'm sorry, kid.

He opens the trunk and bends down to Vi.

SIMON (CONT'D)

But it's either you or me.

He grabs the unconscious girl under the arms and lifts her up. He lowers her down into the trunk.

ANGLE UP FROM INSIDE THE TRUNK: Simon is looking down at Vi.

As he closes the lid we:

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - TYLER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Tyler is still studying his laptop as he goes through the contents of Chad's flash drive. Mike enters carrying a plate with a cheeseburger and fries on it.

Tyler looks up.

MIKE

Hey, dude. Frank thought you might like something to eat.

TYLER

God. What time is it?

He looks at his watch.

MIKE

'bout ten. And I've told you, call me "Mike". Leave my formal title for the adoring masses.

Tyler laughs lightly, rubs his eyes, and stretches.

TYLER

Didn't realize I'd been at it for so long.

He reaches for the plate of food and begins to eat the burger.

MIKE

Find anything?

Mouth full, Tyler nods. He swallows.

TYLER

Porn. Lots of porn. Dirty, filthy, possibly illegal in three or four states porn.

Mike dives for the computer.

MIKE

Ooh! Lemme see!

Tyler pushes him back.

TYLER

I deleted it.

Mike crosses his arms and puts on a pretend pout.

MIKE
 Spoil sport.

Tyler smirks and looks back to the computer. He clicks on another folder.

TYLER
 Buck up, buddy. You might get a chance to see some after all. There are some video files here...

Tyler selects one and clicks it. CU on the screen as the video file opens. In the video's window is a boy of about 10. This is KEITH. He is pale and bald.

CHAD (V.O.)
 Hey, pal!

The boy looks excited.

KEITH
 Chad! Wow! I can see you and everything!

Tyler and Mike exchange an unsure look and then return their attention back to the computer screen.

CHAD (V.O.)
 Yeah. Is this cool or what? Now we can talk whenever you want.
 (beat)
 So how ya feeling?

KEITH
 Oh, okay. I'm tired a lot, but at least I'm not puking anymore. The doctor said I might could play baseball next year... maybe.
 (beat; upbeat)
 If I do, will you come to my games?

CHAD (V.O.)
 I don't know, Keith. It's a long way from California to Boston, but I'll do my best.

KEITH
 Awesome!

Keith looks to the side for a beat and the back at the camera.

KEITH (CONT'D)
Mom wants to talk to you.

Chad's MOM, a middle-aged woman, steps into frame. Even on the small screen, her haggard appearance is easily seen. She turns to Keith.

MOM
Keith. Why don't you go watch TV
for a minute.

KEITH
(waiving at the screen)
Bye, Chad! I love you!

CHAD (V.O.)
Right back at 'cha kid.

Keith nods and exits out of frame.

CHAD (CONT'D)
Hey, Ma.

MOM
Hey, baby. Thanks for the computer,
but it's too much. You shouldn't
have spent all that money.

CHAD (V.O.)
It's okay, Ma. Built it myself,
barely cost me anything.

Chad's mom, sighs. She looks away from the camera for a beat.

MOM
(reluctantly)
Chad... I really hate to ask again,
but the hospital needs more
money... and we're barely getting
by as it is, even with the double
shifts at work...

CHAD (V.O.)
How much do you need, Ma?

MOM
Fifteen hundred.

CHAD (V.O.)
I'll send you a check.

The worry lines in her forehead lessen. She smiles lightly and nods.

CHAD (CONT'D)
How is Keith? Really.

Chad's mom shrugs.

MOM
He has good days and bad days, but
the doctors are hopeful that this
last bone marrow transplant will
work...

For a moment, his mom looks like she is about to break down
and cry, but she barely manages to hold it back.

MOM (CONT'D)
I need to go, Chad. Thanks for the
money. I need to go.

She hunts for a way to turn the camera off before she can no
longer hide her tears.

MOM (CONT'D)
(to herself; hurriedly)
How do you...

The image freezes as the video ends.

Tyler and Mike look to one another, their faces conveying
their surprise. They are both at a loss for words. Tyler
looks back at the frozen image of Chad's mom.

CU on the frozen image as we:

FADE TO:

INT. LOCATION UNKNOWN - NIGHT

The image of Chad's mom fades into that of Vi. She blinks her
eyes as she wakes. The camera PULLS BACK to reveal that she
is chained to a stone alter in the same dimly lit room Simon
was in earlier. Realizing her predicament, she looks around
frantically, struggling with her bonds.

A movement catches her eye. Simon steps into the light. Vi
looks relieved.

VI
Simon! Thank God you're okay!
Someone must have jumped us...

She quits talking as another figure steps into the light.
It's Lypzim. An unsure look crosses Vi's face.

VI (CONT'D)
(warily)
Simon? What's going on here?

Simon wears a guilty look.

SIMON
I didn't mean for...

He turns away.

LYPZIM
What your friend is too cowardly to
tell you is that he has so kindly
volunteered your life to me in
exchange for his own.

Vi is clearly not happy. She comes up off of the stone alter
as far as the chains allow. Simon takes a quick step back.

VI
(to Simon; angrily)
Why you...

In her rage, she tries to think up something insulting to
say.

VI (CONT'D)
Bad... person!

This is clearly less than what Simon expected to hear. He
gives a slight, nervous grin despite himself. This annoys Vi
even more.

VI (CONT'D)
(annoyed)
Sorry if that's the best I could
come up with at the moment, but I'm
a little busy thinking about this
whole "chained to a big-ass rock"
thing!

SIMON
(emphatically)
About that Vi, I'm sorry. I'm
really really sorry.

The rage instantly fades from Vi's face.

VI
(lightly)
Oh, I didn't realize. You're really
"really" sorry? It's okay then. We
can still be friends.

SIMON
 (hopefully)
 Really?

Vi again comes off the alter.

VI
 Chained to a big-ass rock!

Simon frowns and steps back.

VI (CONT'D)
 I am SO gonna kick your ass. And I
 imagine your brother and sister
 aren't going to be too thrilled
 with you either.

SIMON
 But they won't know, see? I'll
 tell'em we was ambushed on our way
 to the hotel.

Vi gives Simon a disappointed look.

VI
 How could you?

SIMON
 (sincerely)
 I'm truly sorry, love. But I didn't
 have a choice.

VI
 Don't give me that bull. There's
 always a choice!

SIMON
 But I don't wanna die!

VI
 Not exactly high on my "to do" list
 either, bucko.

LYPZIM
 Enough of this!
 (to Simon)
 Prepare the Slayer for the
 sacrifice.

CU on Vi looking nervous as we:

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - NIGHT

Mike exits Tyler's room. He walks over to the bar where sit Tamsin and Lon. Frank stands behind it.

FRANK
How's Tyler?

MIKE
He just found out that Chad was not only the pervert we all knew and occasionally tolerated, he was also a saint supporting his poor mother and kid brother with leukemia. So, peachy.

Mike sits beside Tamsin.

FRANK
Just goes to show. You never really know anyone.

Lon gives Tamsin a small smile.

LON
After today, I believe you might be right.

She smiles back warmly in return.

TAMSIN
Where is Simon, by the way? He and Vi should have been back by now.

MIKE
(to Lon)
Ya know? I still can't believe you guys are brothers. I mean, he's all hot with the scruff and the hair and that rockin' tattoo on his wrist. And you're all... well...

Mike gestures to Lon's appearance. Lon frowns.

MIKE (CONT'D)
You're hot too! Just in a lukewarm... kind of way.

Lon frowns more. Mike attempts to back peddle as Frank and Tamsin look amused.

MIKE (CONT'D)
 (sincerely)
 No. I didn't mean that. I think
 you're really--

Lon cuts him off.

LON
 Shh! Wrist tattoo? What did it look
 like?

This takes Mike by surprise.

MIKE
 Huh?

LON
 (insistently)
 You said he had a tattoo on his
 wrist. What did it look like?

Mike furrows his brow, unsure at the line of questioning.

MIKE
 Um. I don't know. Kind of a
 triangle box thingy.

Lon grabs a napkin from the dispenser and hands it and a pen
 to Mike.

LON
 Here. Show me.

Mike reluctantly takes the objects but decides it's easier to
 play along. He quickly sketches out the shape of the tattoo
 and then slides the napkin and pen back over to Lon.

TAMSIN
 What's the big deal? Lot's of
 people have tattoos now. I myself
 have one...

Frank and Mike cock eyebrows in her direction.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)
 ...which neither of you shall ever
 see.

Lon studies the drawing. He frowns. They all know that look.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)
 What wrong?

LON

I'd have to consult my books to be certain, but I'd say it's a chakracurum, the mark of a blood contract.

MIKE

Care to clue in the members of the studio audience?

LON

A blood contract is a pack between a demon and a human. The chakracurum binds them together until the agreement is fulfilled or one of them dies, at which time the mark disappears.

MIKE

So your brother made a deal with a demon?

LON

Made and still has or there's be no mark.

FRANK

What happens if a human breaks the contract?

The color drains out of Tamsin's face.

TAMSIN

The demon comes to collect.

Worried looks all around as we:

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. COMMAND CENTRAL - NIGHT

Frank, Lon, and Tamsin, cell phone at ear, stand near Mike who is at the orb. His hands grip the sphere tightly, his eyes glowing. Tamsin sighs heavily and closes her phone.

TAMSIN

I still can't reach her.

LON

(annoyed)

I should have known better than to trust him.

TAMSIN

We don't know what's happened!

LON

You always take his side!

TAMSIN

I do not!

Frank has had enough.

FRANK

Shut up! Both of you! You can work out your sibling issues later. Right now, finding Vi and Simon is the priority.

Tamsin and Lon look ashamed for a beat.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(looking toward Mike;
urging)

Come on Mike.

The three move closer to Mike.

The camera SPINS around Mike. The real world falls away until we are left with only Mike, the cave, and the orb. KAT stands before him.

MIKE

(pleading)

Come on, Kat!

KAT

I can't, Mike. I'm not allowed to interfere. The Powers get very pissy about things like that.

MIKE

But it's Vi! By the time I get everything together for a locating spell, it could be too late!

Kat grimaces then a look of determination comes to her face.

KAT

Okay. But this isn't going to be pleasant... for either of us.

Mike nods. Kat approaches him and takes a breath.

KAT (CONT'D)

Ready?

Mike again nods. Kat places her hands on the sphere along side of Mike's.

Grainy images flash in the air between them, floating above the sphere. The first is an image of Frank. The multiple voices of the POWERS THAT BE boom loudly.

THE POWERS THAT BE (V.O.)

One will kill you.

The image changes to an alleyway. Frank squares off with ZORG, the KENJI DEMON. Frank takes the demon's wrist spear to his shoulder and screams out pain. Mike and Kat both jerk as if they were stabbed. In unison, they throw their heads back and scream.

The image changes to Tamsin.

THE POWERS THAT BE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

One will die for you.

The floating image now shows the deserted sawmill. Tamsin is being held off the ground by her throat by the CHOKVA demon king. She gasps for breath. Mike and Kat both struggle to breathe.

The image flickers and changes to Lon.

THE POWERS THAT BE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

One will hate you.

The image changes again. In a basement, Lon is strapped to a chair as HESTER the vampire slices open his scalp. He muffles a scream. Mike and Kat's heads begin bleeding as the struggle to keep from screaming.

Finally, the images changes to show Vi.

THE POWERS THAT BE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 One will love you.

The image shows a warehouse. Vi is strapped to a stone altar. She struggles against her bonds as a demon and Simon hold her right arm down.

The camera SPINS rapidly around Mike and Kat until we are back in reality.

Lon, Tamsin, and Frank watch Mike intently.

The orb's glow dims and Mike removes his hands. He opens his mouth to speak, but his legs give out and he collapses. Frank manages to catch him before he hits the ground.

Tamsin and Lon lean in close.

MIKE
 (weakly)
 I know where she is. There's not
 much time.

Frank throws Mike's arm over his shoulder. Lon takes the other one. The two men drag him to the door followed closely by Tamsin as we:

CUT TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Establishing shot of the warehouse.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Lypzim holds the struggling Vi's wrist down as Simon sprinkles powder on it. Simon then sprinkles it on his own tattoo.

He holds his wrist close to hers.

LYPZIM
 The incantation!

Simon's lip quivers.

LYPZIM (CONT'D)
 Say it!

SIMON
 (reluctantly)
 Etoway estuta hanna, yoway estoja.

CU on Vi and Simon's wrist. Simon's tattoo begins to GLOW. The tattoo vanishes. Vi's wrist begins to GLOW. As the glow fades, we see that the tattoo has moved to her wrist.

Lypzim releases Vi's arm. She comes up off the table as far as she can. She's clearly not going out without a fight.

LYPZIM

It is done. She and I now share the chakracurum. The sacrifice may begin.

Vi looks to Simon.

VI

Simon! Think about what you're doing! Help me!

SIMON

I... can't.

Simon backs away, sitting down on the floor against the wall. Lypzim once again draws closer to Vi. This time he has a large dagger in his hand.

LYPZIM

(to Simon)

Of course you can't.

He leans in close to Vi.

LYPZIM (CONT'D)

You couldn't help poor Alexa.

CU on Simon. His brow furrows as a spark of anger appears.

LYPZIM (CONT'D)

Except to her death, of course.

Simon clenches his jaw.

LYPZIM (CONT'D)

You can't even help yourself. Just a two-bit mystical grifter. You're pathetic for even a human.

SIMON

Stop!

LYPZIM

(amused)

Don't tell me you've suddenly developed a conscience and a backbone.

Lypzim laughs and turns back to Vi.

SIMON

I said stop!

LYPZIM

I no longer find this amusing,
Simon. I--

He turns to face Simon, but instead is greeted with a metal folding chair TO THE FACE. Lypzim barely moves. He cocks his head to the side, causing his neck to make a loud POP.

Simon's eyes go wide. Lypzim BACKHANDS him. Simon flies across the room, hitting the wall with a THUD. Stunned, he slides to the floor, his lip split open and bleeding freely. Lypzim turns back to Vi.

LYPZIM (CONT'D)

Now. Where were we?

He raises the dagger.

Suddenly the door flies open. Frank, Lon, and Tamsin rush into the room. Frank levels his gun at Lypzim and discharges it into the beast's chest with a BOOM. Lypzim rocks back with the blow, dropping his dagger, but seems no worse for wear. He moves toward the gang.

Tamsin raises a crossbow and fires. The arrow flies true and strikes the demon in the chest, but bounces off, clattering to the floor.

Lon raises a sword and charges. Lypzim grabs the sword by its blade and intercepts the blow. With a TWIST he throws Lon to the floor.

Simon manages to pick himself off the floor.

Tamsin raises her crossbow and HITS the demon across the face. He BACKHANDS her, knocking her to the floor.

Simon rushes over to Vi and begins to undo her chains.

Frank's deliveries another BLAST to Lypzim's face. This time there is damage. One of the creature's red eyes is now missing, black blood oozing from its socket. Lypzim howls with rage. He leaps at Frank, grabbing him by the neck.

Frank's eyes bug out as he struggles to breathe. He grabs at Lypzim's arm. Suddenly it's Lypzim's eyes that go wide. He releases his grip on Frank and falls to the ground.

Standing behind where the demon was standing moments earlier is Vi, the sacrificial dagger in her hand.

CU on the demon's wrist, the tattoo fades.

Vi looks to her own wrist as her tattoo also vanishes.

VI

Good. That saves me some expensive surgery.

She drops the dagger to the ground and helps Frank steady himself. Lon and Tamsin are also righting themselves. The gang regroups, joined by Simon. Seeing the state of Simon, Tamsin moves to comfort him.

TAMSIN

Simon! You're face! Are you alright?

SIMON

I'm fine.

VI

Fine my ass!

Vi crosses over to him and PUNCHES Simon in the face, knocking him to the ground.

VI (CONT'D)

Now I'm going to kill you!

Tamsin looks to Vi, shocked by her actions.

TAMSIN

What's going on?!

VI

Your brother offered me up to that demon to pay off his debt! They had a... Chaka Khan.

LON

(quietly)
Chakracurum.

VI

(annoyed)
Not the time to play spell check.

As the news sinks in, everyone's face reads a different emotion. Simon, ashamed, picks himself off the ground. Vi is still clearly mad. Frank seems annoyed. Tamsin can't believe what she's just heard. Lon expression is melancholy.

LON
 (coolly)
 It goes without saying that you'll
 not be saying with us.

SIMON
 (bitterly)
 Yeah, but you just had to say it,
 didn't ya?

Simon turns to Tamsin.

SIMON (CONT'D)
 Tams. Please let me explain. It
 wasn't my fault.

TAMSIN
 (softly)
 Say it's not true.

Simon looks away, averting looking at her.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)
 (firmly)
 Say it's not true!

Simon gives no response.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)
 (softly)
 You can come with us back to the
 diner and collect your things.
 (beat)
 After that, you have to leave.

She turns and walks out of the room. Simon looks as if
 someone punched him. He is absolutely gutted.

CU on Simon's stunned face as we:

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - TYLER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Mike is laying on Tyler's bed, a cold rag on his forehead.
 Tyler hovers close by. Mike removes the rag and attempts to
 sit up. Tyler rushes over.

TYLER
 Whoa! Slowly.

Tyler takes Mike's arm and helps him sit.

TYLER (CONT'D)
How you feeling?

MIKE
(rubbing his head)
Better. Now instead of feeling like
a train is actually sitting on my
head, I just feel like one hit me.
(small chuckle)
Ow. Ow. Ow.

TYLER
How bout a drink?

MIKE
I could go for a large rum & coke,
lose the coke.

Tyler laughs lightly.

TYLER
You got it.

He turns to head to the room's kitchenette.

MIKE
Hey Tyler?

TYLER
(turning back around)
Yeah?

MIKE
In case something happens to me,
you know I love you like a brother,
right?

A confused look crosses Tyler's face.

TYLER
Nothing's going to happen to you--

MIKE
(insistently)
Just tell me you know.

Tyler nods.

TYLER
Yeah, man. I know.

An awkward pause passes between the two young men.

TYLER (CONT'D)
I'll get you that drink.

Tyler quickly moves to the kitchenette to fetch Mike's drink. Mike lays back down on the bed. A contemplative look crosses his face as we:

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - NIGHT

Frank, Vi, Tamsin, Lon, and Simon stand near the door. Simon has his suitcase. He looks distressed, but accepting of his fate.

SIMON
I really did want to make a new start. I'm tired of living like this. I can change. Just give me a second chance.

Vi rolls her eyes and walks away.

LON
(coolly)
You could have come to us for help, but instead, you aligned yourself with that demon and almost cost Vi her life.

Simon hangs his head.

LON (CONT'D)
I gave you your second chance and you threw it back in my face.

SIMON
(with a sneer)
Failed you again. You must be loving this. Right as usual.

Lon shakes his head sadly.

LON
On the contrary, Simon. Never more in my life have I wished that I were wrong.

A tear threatens to come to Lon's eye. Simon looks desperately to Tamsin.

SIMON
Come on, Tams. You forgive me. Right?

TAMSIN

'Spouse I'm partly to blame. I shouldn't have been so forgiving of your ways all these years. I was a bit jealous, I suppose. Allowed myself to live vicariously through you.

(beat)

But no, Simon. You intentionally put people I love in harms way, and that is the one thing I can not forgive.

Tamsin puts her hand lovingly on his arm and gives him a bittersweet smile.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)

So you've got to go now.

A tear runs down her cheek. Simon is shell-shocked.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)

Go live your wonderful adventures. But I'll no longer wish I were a part of them.

Simon turns and walks to the door. He pauses and gives is siblings a quick, final look, and then exits. Lon and Tamsin stand in the same spot where they stood just a few hours earlier so full of hope for the future. Now, there is only sadness. As before, Tamsin slides her arm around her brother's waist.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)

Do you think we'll see him again.

The two watch through the glass window as Simon vanishes into the night.

LON

One day, perhaps.

Lon looks down to his sister.

LON (CONT'D)

After all, he is family.

Tamsin looks up to her brother. They share a small smile.

"Cancer" by My Chemical Romance starts to play. The camera holds on Lon and Tamsin as we:

FADE TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - TYLER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Mike lays on Tyler's bed sleeping. Tyler grabs a throw blanket and drapes it over his friend. He picks up his laptop and then goes to sit in a chair.

CU on Mike's face. His eyes crack open. A pensive look crosses his face. He closes his eyes again as we:

FADE TO:

INT. COMMAND CENTRAL - TRAINING ROOM - NIGHT

Vi is busy working out her aggression by beating the hell out of an unlucky punching bag which is serving as a Simon substitute.

FADE TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - NIGHT

In the FG, behind the bar is Frank. Lon sits at the counter looking exhausted. In the BG Tamsin sits at a table, still staring out into the night.

Frank reaches under the bar and pulls out a bottle of liquor and shows it to Lon. Lon nods. Frank pours them both a shot. They quickly down them. The music fades out, as on their grimacing expressions we:

FADE TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - TYLER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Tyler is still looking at the laptop with Chad's flash drive attached. His face screws up as something catches his attention.

CU on a blocks of text. "MacroWare" "Special Projects" "suspicious code" "hidden agenda"

Tyler looks up from the screen, his face full of confusion.

FADE TO:

INT. COMMAND CENTRAL - NIGHT

The camera PANS around the empty control room. CU on a computer screen- "Portal Simulation- 99% complete" The counter on the screen flips to 100% and then the image is replaced by a map of the town.

On the map the locations of the random portals appear. A line connects the dots forming a spiraling circle leading to its center. The center location lights up.

The computer zooms in to the location. The bottom of the computer screen reads in flashing text- "Probable source of anomalous portal activity, MacroWare Corporate Headquarters."

BLACKOUT.

END OF EPISODE