

Hell's Gate

Season Two - Episode Four

"Growing Pains"

Written By
Tyler Moody

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

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TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - DAY

It's morning in the diner. FRANK cleans the grill as FLETCHER reads a newspaper at the counter. TAMSIN sits at a booth, JAMIE on the table in his carrier. And VI stands next to the booth, tickling Jamie.

VI

Aww, whosa cute little baby? Is it Jamie? Hmm? Yes!

Fletcher rolls his eyes.

VI (CONT'D)

(tickling Jamie)

How'd his doctor visit go?

TAMSIN

Oh, mommy's angel is in perfect health. I was worried he wasn't eating enough, but the doctor said he was actually a little too big.

(to Jamie)

You're just a big ol' ball of jelly, aren't you?

Vi giggles and picks Jamie up.

VI

Ooh, he is a heavy one!

She bounces Jamie lightly in her hands.

VI (CONT'D)

Hey, I think his shirt is a little tight.

TAMSIN

That can't be right, I just bought it a few days ago.

VI

He's a fast little grower.

FOOTSTEPS on the stairs and MIKE and RANDOM HOOKUP #47 enter the diner.

MIKE
Hey, guys.

Everyone awkwardly greets Mike and the guy.

MIKE (CONT'D)
(re: hookup)
This is Bruce.

FRANK
(too eager)
How ya doin', Bruce? Enjoy your
stay? Get you some breakfast?

BRUCE
Uh...no thanks. I have to be going.
I've got class.

FRANK
Oh. Well, you know, stop by any
time.

Bruce smiles, leaves. Mike gives everyone in the room, Frank especially, a look.

FRANK (CONT'D)
What?

MIKE
Was that necessary?

FRANK
I was being polite.

MIKE
You were being a bellhop.

FRANK
I prefer to think of the men you
bring home as patrons of Frank's B
'n' B. That way I don't get too
attached before they disappear.

MIKE
Dude, whatever. I have to get to
class too.

He leaves in a huff.

FLETCHER
Well, that was interesting.

More FOOTSTEPS on the stairs.

TYLER (O.S.)
 Just calm down. Corr--
 (beat)
 Corrine!

TYLER appears, trying to button his shirt with one hand while on the phone.

TYLER (CONT'D)
 Take a couple deep breaths. Get a glass of water. Yes, Canton is an asshole. I know that.

Frank raises an eyebrow at Tyler. Tyler points to the phone, mouths, "Massive freakout."

TYLER (CONT'D)
 You'll be fine. Just ignore him.

Vi takes pity on Tyler, crosses the diner and buttons his shirt for him, smiling. Tyler mouths "Thanks."

TYLER (CONT'D)
 Look, I'll be there in half an hour, we can talk more then. Okay?
 (beat)
 Don't get mad at me! I -- I --

He hangs up.

TYLER (CONT'D)
 Jeez.

FRANK
 There's one powder keg of crazy that's about to go boom.

TYLER
 You don't understand. She's... having problems with work. All day and all night she's getting it from the chairman of the board.

FLETCHER
 (pervert)
 Oh, really?

TYLER
 (gross)
 I-- jeez, dude, not even a little bit. He's this crazy old guy, he won't stop riding her-- dammit.

Frank chuckles.

TYLER (CONT'D)

She's under a lot of pressure.
Guys, I gotta go, I think she might
kill someone.

He waves bye to everyone as he exits the diner.

In his carrier, Jamie YAWNS.

TAMSIN

He's sleepy. Frank, is that room
upstairs still cleared out?

FRANK

Yep. I set up a crib in there too,
so you can just lay him down.
Couple baby monitors, so you can
listen in on him down here.

TAMSIN

Aww, thanks.

She picks up Jamie.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)

Come on, big boy. Time for a nap.

She takes Jamie upstairs. Vi grins at Frank.

FRANK

What?

VI

You know a lot about raising
babies?

FRANK

Hey, I would have been a great
father. If I had ever found the
right woman. Or figured out
diapers.

FLETCHER

I think it's cute you have a heart.

Frank's cheeks blush red. He puts on his "hard" face.

FRANK

I will fire your ass. I am not
attached to you, either.

Fletcher and Vi smirk as we:

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - UPSTAIRS ROOM - DAY

The room is amazingly clean despite the fact that its primary function is obviously not that of a nursery. Shelves filled with books, dictionaries and encyclopedias line the walls.

A crib and mobile are set up in the center. One of a pair of baby monitors hangs on the crib rail. Tamsin enters the room, gently places Jamie down on the blankets.

TAMSIN

Here you go, baby, just go to sleep.

She spins the mobile. Jamie watches the spaceships go round, fascinated.

Smiling, Tamsin turns on the baby monitors and takes the receiver, going back downstairs. She CLOSES THE DOOR behind her.

We PAN AROUND THE ROOM, slowly coming back to Jamie in the crib. As we CLOSE ON him, he seems to SWELL AND STRETCH before us, GROWING. His shirt TEARS from the stress.

And he GIGGLES.

BLACKOUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. MACROWARE OFFICES - DAY

As Tyler enters the computer company's offices, he is accosted by CORRINE.

CORRINE

Tyler! Thank God you're here!

TYLER

Well, while I believe God was responsible in a general sense I don't think He put me here directly. But I guess I don't mind if you give Him the credit.

Corrine pays even less no-attention than usual.

CORRINE

I just got out of a meeting with the board. Another one. That damn Canton--

TYLER

(singing softly)

"The man they call Jayne..."

CORRINE

What?

TYLER

I was-- nothing-- it's like a song from a-- so, Canton, jeez, he's terrible.

CORRINE

He seem intent on destroying everything that Jon stood for.

TYLER

Well that's... that's heartbreaking.

CORRINE

Sometimes, when I'm sitting across the table from that man...

She trails off. They've been walking through the office this whole time, and now they're at TYLER'S OFFICE.

CUT TO:

INT. TYLER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Formerly Jon Bates' office suite, Tyler's desk is positioned near the door. On the other side of the room is a door leading to Corrine's inner office.

Tyler sits down at his desk as Corrine leans against it.

CORRINE
(continuing)
...I just want to reach over there
and squeeze his neck till it pops.

Tyler slowly, almost imperceptibly, raises his shoulders to his chin, covering his neck.

CORRINE (CONT'D)
(matter of fact)
I could do it, you know. I have
that kind of strength. Take about
five seconds.

TYLER
I generally discourage all forms
of, you know, murder.

Corrine SIGHS, the fatigue showing in her face.

CORRINE
It's-- I don't know. Too much.

She reaches into her pocket and takes out a BOTTLE OF PILLS. Unscrewing the cap, she pops couple in her mouth and dry-swallows them. Tyler looks on, concerned as we:

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - UPSTAIRS ROOM - DAY

Baby Jamie lays in his crib, COOING SOFTLY, being a good boy. Tamsin enters the room, poking her head around the edge of the door. When she sees her son is awake, she bounces inside.

TAMSIN
Hey, baby. How's mommy's big boy?

She picks him up out of his crib, kissing him on the nose.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)
What's that?

She moves her hand off his side, spotting the rip in his shirt.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)
Now how did you do that?

But before she investigates further, she SNIFFS THE AIR.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)
Ooh, someone needs a change.

She moves to the changing table and goes through the motions of changing the infant.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)
Almost done, baby.

A KNOCK on the door. Fletcher pokes his head in.

FLETCHER
Can I come in?

TAMSIN
If you can stand the smell!

He smiles and enters the room. His faces scrunches up.

FLETCHER
Oh, you weren't kidding.

TAMSIN
Jamie is a bit intense when it comes to... smelling like a monster.

Fletcher takes in the scene, Tamsin lovingly re-diapering Jamie. He smiles.

FLETCHER
Nothing more beautiful than a mother with her baby.

Tamsin smiles at him, despite herself. But Fletcher isn't done.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)
Except Emilie de Ravin. God Almighty, that woman. Blonde, brunette, I don't care, she is just the tops.

Tamsin rolls her eyes. She lays Jamie back down in the crib and hunts through his bag for new clothes.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)
Wasn't he wearing something already?

TAMSIN

Oh, yeah, but he ripped his little shirt. He needs another.

Fletcher frowns and leans over Jamie, examining him closely.

FLETCHER

He looks...bigger than he did downstairs. I mean, not just -- taller, too.

Tamsin finally finds cute enough clothes and comes back, picking Jamie up.

TAMSIN

Don't be silly. He has always been this exact size, and this is the size he always will be, forever.

FLETCHER

Well, that attitude certainly won't come back to cause you any disappointment later in life.

TAMSIN

How could he possibly have gotten bigger? He's been laying up there the whole time, not rolling around in a puddle of Miracle-Gro.

She tries to put on Jamie's shirt, first gently tucking his arms through the holes. But when she tries to put his head in, the shirt isn't big enough. Or his head is too big. Either way, she can't get the material around him.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)

That's weird. This is a new shirt.

FLETCHER

Maybe you washed it wrong and it shrank?

TAMSIN

No, I haven't washed it yet, someone knitted it for me...

The two look down at Jamie, who sits in his crib, shirt halfway on, smiling back at them. They exchange a serious look as we:

CUT TO:

INT. MACROWARE OFFICES - BOARDROOM - DAY

Several GREY-HAIRED BOARD MEMBERS sit around the long table. At the head of the table is MAXWELL CANTON (55), a distinguished, albeit conceded looking man. He perpetually looks smug, and now he gives Corrine, one of the only females in the room, a condescending look.

MAXWELL

Miss DuBois. Since you took over as president of MacroWare, stock prices have plunged.

CORRINE

I think that probably had more to do with the death of the CEO than--

MAXWELL

Your sarcasm, while distinguishing, is not appreciated. Now, what are we going to do about this situation?

Corrine clenches her jaw.

CORRINE

Well frankly, I don't feel that purchasing plants in Columbia is the strategic course of action.

(beat)

I recommend scaling back, focusing on smaller software development. I thought we'd start with a more efficient word processor; after Microsoft's recent trouble it seemed like a smart move.

Canton waves his hand. Business is not his actual purpose here.

MAXWELL

Scaling back? Yes, yes. Speaking of scaling back, let's talk for a moment about your assistant, er--

He checks the notes in front of him.

MAXWELL (CONT'D)

-- Tyler McMann.

CORRINE

(firmly)

McGann.

MAXWELL

Yes, of course. He seems relatively inexperienced for such a sensitive position.

Corrine cocks an eyebrow.

CORRINE

What are you implying?

MAXWELL

Are you... attracted to this boy?

Corrine squeezes her eyes shut, bites her bottom lip, supremely frustrated as we:

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - COMMAND CENTRAL - DAY

Fletcher, Tamsin, and Jamie are in the high-tech cavern that serves as the team's base of operations. Jamie lies on a medical bed, electrodes and wires attached to him. He looks very confused.

Fletcher sits in front of a computer which is monitoring the readings from Jamie's wires. Behind him, Tamsin paces worriedly. She bites her fingernail.

TAMSIN

What's happening?

FLETCHER

I don't have enough information yet.

TAMSIN

(impatiently)

Well, hurry up.

He looks at her over his shoulder, confused. Not what he was expecting.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)

I'm too nervous to be pithy!

FLETCHER

That one wasn't so bad under the circumstances.

(beat)

Maybe we should call the other.

TAMSIN

What's the point? We're the smart ones.

Fletcher nods as in the little bed, Jamie begins to CRY. Tamsin rushes over, picks him up, kisses the top of his head.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)

Shh, shh, baby, it's okay, mommy's here. Mommy's here. Everything will be okay.

Fletcher turns in his chair.

FLETCHER

If you could just put him down, please. You're interfering with the computer.

Tamsin gives him the fiercest Mamma Bear Stare in recorded history.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

(emasculated)

Well. I'll just. Go back to this.

He turns back to the computer monitor, resting his chin in his hand. Tamsin gently rubs Jamie's head, as he slowly STOPS CRYING.

CUT TO:

INT. MACROWARE OFFICES - COPY ROOM - DAY

Tyler stands at the copy machine, waiting patiently as his document collates. Corrine passes by the door, almost visibly fuming. She reaches into her pocket for her pill bottle. Tyler looks up and sees her.

TYLER

Corrine!

He chases after her.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Corrine Corrine Corrine.

CORRINE

What?

TYLER

How'd the meeting go?

CORRINE
 They asked me if I wanted to...
 (pained expression)
 ..."bone" you.

Tyler looks at her blank faced for a moment, the comment sending his brain into overload.

TYLER
 Well, me and Callie already decided
 no threesomes, so...

CORRINE
 Shut up and I won't kill you.

Tyler stops talking, but he doesn't stop following Corrine. They reach TYLER'S OFFICE.

CUT TO:

INT. TYLER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Corrine walk though the outer office without a pause and into her inner office. Tyler enters without being invited in.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRINE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Corrine sits down behind her desk. Tyler sits in a chair in front of her.

For a long, long beat, Corrine stares at Tyler.

CORRINE
 What?

TYLER
 You look tense.

CORRINE
 Well, thanks for that deduction,
 Mr. Holmes.

TYLER
 (sighs)
 People have made this mistake
 before. I know I am just as mind-
 bendingly sexy as Robert Downey,
 Jr., but it's still me. Tyler.

Corrine turns away from him, looking out her big window.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Look, Corrine, I think you need to go out and relax.

CORRINE

Out? Out? All I do that's "out" is stake vampires, hunt snot demons, and get thrown in dumpsters by rock monsters.

TYLER

(beat)

I know what I'm about to propose is gonna seem weird. Hear me out: D'you wanna have dinner with me?

Corrine frowns as we:

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - COMMAND CENTRAL - DAY

Tamsin holds Jamie in the corner. The baby is now free of any wiring. Fletcher scrolls down on the computer screen, squinting, analyzing closely.

FLETCHER

You're not going to like this.

TAMSIN

My baby just got hooked up to a devil-hunting machine. I already don't like it.

FLETCHER

Point.

(re: the computer)

The tests would indicate something I've never seen before.

TAMSIN

What's that?

FLETCHER

According to this, Jamie's cells are rapidly degenerating. The excision of his telomeres alone --
(off Tamsin's look)
He's aging too fast. Incredibly fast. It's...exponential.

TAMSIN

What do you mean?

FLETCHER
Unless something's done...
(beat)
...he'll grow up, grow old, and die
in just a few days.

And we rapidly PUSH IN on Jamie, watching Fletcher from
Tamsin's arms. He GIGGLES.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. BURGER KING - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

Cars pull into the parking lot of the drive through restaurant.

CUT TO:

INT. BURGER KING - CONTINUOUS

Corrine and Tyler sit at a table in the middle of the restaurant, drinks on the table. Corrine looks out of place in her business suit.

CORRINE

This is a little bit weird.

Tyler looks around.

TYLER

Yeah, I forgot Chuckie's was closed.

Corrine shakes her head.

CORRINE

No.

She motions at herself and Tyler. Tyler gets her meaning.

TYLER

We're just two friends hanging out.
We've done it before.

CORRINE

What are we doing here? I have work
I need to do.

TYLER

You're overworked as it is. You're
going to take an hour and a half,
relax, eat some good food, and
chill out.

Corrine taps her foot impatiently.

TYLER (CONT'D)

I'm just trying to be helpful.

Corrine rolls her eyes as we:

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - UPSTAIRS ROOM - NIGHT

Jamie sits in his crib, playing happily with some toys. He appears to be a one year old. Fletcher and Tamsin pace back and forth in the room, whispering to each other.

TAMSIN

What are we going to do?

FLETCHER

I have no idea! Babies aren't my thing! The internal geography unique to women terrifies me to the point of incoherence.

TAMSIN

All that, but you sure do spend a lot of time trying to get us into bed!

FLETCHER

I like the outsides!

Tamsin leans her head back against the wall.

TAMSIN

What could cause something like this? Maybe a demon or a spirit or something breathed juice on him and now he grows fast.

FLETCHER

That's unlikely. I've never read of any demon that causes rapid aging. For one thing, it's just too noticeable, the creature would never survive from an evolutionary standpoint.

TAMSIN

Well, something has to be causing this! It doesn't just...happen!

FLETCHER

It could be like that Benjamin Button guy. Only, you know, backwards.

TAMSIN

(frustrated)

"Benjamin Button" backwards is real life! This is like "Big," without the annoying male lead.

(thinks for a beat)

Well, actually, you've got that part down pretty well, huh?

FLETCHER

(beat)

You could have just said it was a bad idea.

CUT TO:

INT. BURGER KING - NIGHT

As before.

CORRINE

I didn't ask for this job, you know.

TYLER

I know.

CORRINE

I didn't want to work at a company run by an imaginary friend created by a demon from another dimension.

Tyler smirks lightly

CORRINE (CONT'D)

I was a poor foster kid and computers were the next big thing. I figured it was a gravy train, so I hopped on board.

Tyler says nothing, merely nods.

CORRINE (CONT'D)

Ten years at that company. For what? A couple of dates and some pretty awesome sex with a magical demon-construct?

Tyler closes his eyes and takes a long drink of his beer.

CORRINE (CONT'D)

Which, that was fine, sure. But now? This? Dealing with those people ever day?

(MORE)

CORRINE (CONT'D)
I just can't do it. How did they
get put in charge, anyway?

TYLER
Investing in the company stocks.

CORRINE
You know, no one has ever been able
to give me a good reason for the
stock market in the first place.

She SIGHS.

CORRINE (CONT'D)
(beat)
Where's our damn food?

Tyler sighs as we:

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - UPSTAIRS ROOM - NIGHT

Fletcher scribbles on a legal pad, crossing things out and adding new notations as he thinks of possible explanations. Tamsin sits in a chair next to the crib. Jamie looks bigger already, about three.

TAMSIN
Have you thought of anything?

FLETCHER
Nothing. I can't seem to put two
thoughts together.

He tosses his pen down.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)
It's maddening.

TAMSIN
You're telling me.

FLETCHER
Sorry. I've ruled out demons and
curses, though. Temporal anomalies,
although I suppose that since this
isn't an episode of Star Trek I
shouldn't be surprised.

JAMIE
Momma?

Tamsin and Fletcher freeze. Their eyes widening.

In his crib, Jamie looks around at the room. His eyes focus on Tamsin.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Momma.

Slowly, they turn to face him.

FLETCHER

(drawn out)

Oh my God.

Tamsin picks Jamie up.

TAMSIN

Baby? Did you just talk?

JAMIE

(pointing out the window)

Bird! Bird, momma.

TAMSIN

(to herself)

So, yes.

(to Jamie)

Yes, baby, bird!

She bounces Jamie, pretending to be happy and normal, but she gives Fletcher a concerned look.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)

You just sit here, honey.

She puts Jamie back in the crib.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)

Mommy will be right back.

FLETCHER

(whispering)

This is worse than I thought.

TAMSIN

A mother is supposed to enjoy her baby's first words! This is not enjoyment! This is frankly terror.

FLETCHER

Can I... try something?

TAMSIN

What?

FLETCHER
An experiment.

Off Tamsin's look:

CUT TO:

INT. BURGER KING - NIGHT

Corrine is viciously ripping into her burger. Tyler watches, uncomfortable.

TYLER
You wanna take it easy, there?

CORRINE
I'm transferring. Taking my aggression out on the burger instead of committing a murder.

TYLER
I actually read somewhere that that kind of behavior isn't healthy. Habit forming.

Corrine glares at Tyler.

TYLER (CONT'D)
Then, again, that Whopper is a real bitch.

She goes back to tearing.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - UPSTAIRS ROOM -NIGHT

Jamie's crib is littered with children's books, the cardboard-covered kind with puppies and gold foil spines. Fletcher sits, carefully observing.

TAMSIN
What are you doing?

FLETCHER
Shh.

Jamie holds one of the books open across his ever-growing lap. He spends some time randomly flipping through the pages, giggling at the silly pictures.

TAMSIN
(whispering)
How is this going to help?

FLETCHER

(whispering)

I have a theory, and I want to see
if it's accurate.

TAMSIN

Is this a theory about the cause of
this?

FLETCHER

It's very much about correlation.

TAMSIN

That doesn't make any sense.

FLETCHER

It does to me.

TAMSIN

Well then.

Jamie tosses his book aside and picks up another one. With some difficulty -- the cover is quite thick -- he opens it. Fletcher watches intently. Jamie turns a few pages forward, then stops. He flips back to the beginning.

ON JAMIE'S EYES.

They flicker across the page in the familiar one-two-three pattern anyone who's ever watched someone read could easily recognize.

BACK TO SCENE.

Fletcher jumps right out of his chair, knocking it over.

FLETCHER

Oh! Wow! God!

Tamsin, on the verge of panic, grabs him.

TAMSIN

What?! What the hell is it?!

FLETCHER

It's -- look at his eyes.

Tamsin looks. Clueless.

TAMSIN

Okay.

FLETCHER

He's reading the book.

She watches closer. Her eyes widen in realization.

TAMSIN
That's impossible.

FLETCHER
We're a ways beyond that now.

Tamsin goes to the crib, looks in at Jamie.

TAMSIN
Uh... Jamie, sweetie?

JAMIE
Momma.

She can't think of any words. Even if she did, what would he say back?

JAMIE (CONT'D)
(pointing to the book)
Doggy runs, momma.

TAMSIN
Y-- yeah, baby.
(to Fletcher)
He can understand it?

FLETCHER
Do you know what this means?

TAMSIN
My baby is a genius!

FLETCHER
Your baby's intelligence is
developing at a rate far surpassing
his physical growth! His mind moves
faster than his body.
(beat)
Oh! Yes!

TAMSIN
What? What-what?

FLETCHER
I figured it out! I'm the smartest
person in the world!
(looks at Jamie)
For the moment.

TAMSIN
Explain. Now.

FLETCHER

Okay. You say Jamie's father is from another dimension?

Tamsin's face falls, the memory of James too much.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

I've read the logs, and when James came here, he was suffering from a rapid cellular degeneration. Now, I think that what happened is, he passed it into you through...

(fumbles for words)

...his...uh...

(trying to be delicate)

...penis.

Swing and a miss.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

While he was baking, Jamie was protected from the effects by your treacherous inner workings.

Tamsin rolls her eyes.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

You could say, your body acted as a filter, keeping him stable. But now that he's out here, he's simply following in his father's footsteps.

TAMSIN

That's brilliant.

FLETCHER

I do try.

(beat)

There is a problem, though.

TAMSIN

What?

FLETCHER

I have absolutely no idea how to stop it.

Tamsin grips the edge of Jamie's crib so hard her knuckles turn white.

CUT TO:

INT. BURGER KING - NIGHT

Empty food wrappers cover the table in front of Tyler and Corrine.

CORRINE

Well, thanks for the "dinner",
Tyler. I appreciate the thought,
even if it wasn't exactly
successful.

TYLER

No problem. Maybe tomorrow will be
better.

CORRINE

(unconvinced)
Maybe.

They stand up, shrugging on their coats.

TYLER

You need a ride home?

CORRINE

Just a lift back to the office,
thanks.

They walk through the restaraunt.

EXT. BURGER KING - NIGHT

Tyler and Corrine cross the parking lot, towards Tyler's car.
He's digging in his pants pockets.

TYLER

Can't find my keys...

Corrine looks around, cold and nervous.

CORRINE

I have a bad feeling.

TYLER

Don't worry, I didn't lock them in
the car. Not again. God, Callie
laughed her ass off for an hour.
Well. Half an hour. Then she got
pissed, because it was really hot
and it had been like three weeks
and she wanted to go to her
apartment, if you know what I mean,
but eventually a guy came by who
could pick locks.

(MORE)

TYLER (CONT'D)
(beat)
Which made me nervous.

CORRINE
(suddenly)
Shut up.

Corrine narrows her eyes, surveying the parking lot.

TYLER
Well, sorry for sharing. Jeez.

Suddenly, there's a ROAR, loud and long. Corrine turns around, fists raised. A pack of THREE APE-LIKE DEMONS stand behind her, beating their hands against their chests, GROWLING. The lead demon slowly advances on her.

TYLER (CONT'D)
Perfect.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. BURGER KING - NIGHT

The demons stare down Corrine and Tyler.

CORRINE

Okay, you take the one on the left.

TYLER

Mmhmm. That's definitely something
I'm qualified to do.

The pair of them back up until they're against the car.

CORRINE

How do you kill a gorilla demon?

TYLER

Well, how do you kill a gorilla?

CORRINE

With a big, big gun.

TYLER

Mine's in my other car.

CORRINE

You could call Frank.

One of the demons, the Leader, POUNCES, springing up with his hands and feet, landing just inches away from Corrine and Tyler. It GROWLS, exposing rows of jagged teeth.

TYLER

Don't think that's a realistic
option.

The Leader swats its fist at Tyler, TOSSING HIM BACK through the parking lot. The Second and Third Demon rush Corrine. Their tree-trunk arms are powerful, but slow, and she's able to duck and dodge under them, landing quick flurries of punches and kicks to their midsections, using her speed as an advantage.

Tyler scoots away from the Leader, flailing ineffectually with his feet. The Leader advances, drool dripping from his mouth. Tyler digs in his pockets, throwing loose change, his cellphone, a pen, whatever he can find at the demon.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Oh, here are my keys.

He rolls under one of the demon's swings and manages to stand up. Tyler then sprints to the car, jumping in and starting it up.

TYLER (CONT'D)
Corrine! Get in!

But she can't make it in time. She is too busy dodging the grasping hands of the ape demons. Tyler puts the car in reverse, backs up out of the parking lot.

CORRINE
Thanks a lot!

She's fighting just to survive now. When one of the apes slaps down at her, she jumps onto its hand, generating a CRY OF PAIN. Using the hand as a base, she jumps up, slipping around the back of the Second Demon, until her hands are around its neck.

CORRINE (CONT'D)
Non sequitur addiction pun!

With a mighty yank, she SNAPS the demon's thick neck. It falls down, dead, and she goes with it, rolling to the side at the last second. But she's fallen right into the Third Demon's hands, and it raises her up, preparing to tear her apart like she's made of toothpicks.

But then, a heroic HORN BLAST covers the demon's shrieks, and Tyler's car barrels into it from the side! The demon splays out on the pavement, hurt. But the Lead demon pulls it up and they make a strategic retreat, HOWLING at the moon as they flee. Corrine pulls herself up off the pavement.

Tyler jumps out of the car and rushes over to Corrine.

TYLER
You okay?

CORRINE
Yes, Bo.

TYLER
(confused)
Uh...did you...hit your head?
'Cause I'm not --

CORRINE
It's a Dukes of Hazzard thing, with
the car and the horn.

TYLER
 (getting it)
 Oh!
 (beat)
 Hey, you made a joke!
 (beat)
 Never pegged you as a "Dukes" fan.

CORRINE
 I did have a life before--

She pauses as she looks down at one of the demons.

CORRINE'S POV

Around his neck the demon wears a strange NECKLACE, with a green gem in the middle.

BACK TO SCENE.

Corrine bends down and yanks the necklace off the demon's neck.

CORRINE (CONT'D)
 This is interesting. Never seen a demon wear jewelry.

TYLER
 It is shiny.

CORRINE
 I think I'll keep it. As a trophy.

She's all smiles and good cheer now, pocketing the necklace.

TYLER
 Nice. And for my trophy, this large dent in the hood of my car.

CORRINE
 Atta boy.

TYLER
 It's good to see you not murderous. You know, for a change.

CORRINE
 You know, Tyler, I think tonight might not have been such a bad idea after all.

Corrine smiles as we:

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - UPSTAIRS ROOM - NIGHT

As before.

FLETCHER

Why don't you just put Jamie to bed, and I'll try to think of a way to stop this tonight and come back in the morning?

TAMSIN

Sure. Good idea.

Fletcher puts a hand on her shoulder. He lingers for a beat, wanting to say something more, but he doesn't. Instead he nods at her and leaves the room.

Tamsin lays Jamie down in the crib, which he almost doesn't fit in any more, and tucks the blanket up to his chin. She leans down and kisses his forehead.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)

Good night, baby. Mommy will be right downstairs, okay?

She turns on the baby monitor.

JAMIE

Night night momma.

Tamsin bites her bottom lip, to keep herself from crying, and turns out the lights, closing the door behind her.

CUT TO:

EXT. MACROWARE OFFICES - NIGHT

Tyler's car pulls into the parking lot and stops beside Corrine's. Corrine gets out and walks over to Tyler's side of the car. He rolls down the window.

CORRINE

Thanks for the ride. And for the night.

TYLER

(shrugs)

Hey. No problem. I'm just happy you had a good time.

Before either of them can say anything else, Corrine's cell phone RINGS. She takes it out of her purse, flips it open, answers it.

CORRINE

Hello?
 (beat)
 Maxwell.

She makes a sour face. Tyler shakes his head.

CORRINE (CONT'D)

Oh, sure. No, I'd love to come in
 early. No problem at all. Okay.
 Tomorrow. Bye.

She hangs up and throws the phone back in the purse.

CORRINE (CONT'D)

(walking away)
 Insufferable, stupid, horrible
 little man...

TYLER

(weakly)
 Well...drive safe.

Tyler frowns, watching Corrine stomp to her car as we:

FADE TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Vi walks through the hallway, hair wet, dressed in a towel.
 It's morning, and she's just taken a shower. In case you're
 bad at context clues.

A LOUD SHUFFLING NOISE from one of the upstairs rooms makes
 her stop. She slowly turns to the door, pressing her ear
 against it.

VI

Hello?

She hears the NOISE again. So she nervously turns the door
 knob and steps inside the room.

VI (CONT'D)

Hello?

Fully in the room now, she sees a NAKED TEENAGE JAMIE, trying
 to cover himself with his baby blanket. His crib is broken,
 and he lies on the floor, surrounded by hundreds of opened
 books.

Vi SCREAMS.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - DAY

Tamsin is asleep, sitting lengthwise along one of the booths, her back propped against the window, sleeping the sleep of the thoroughly exhausted. HEAVY, QUICK FOOTSTEPS on the stairs wake her up. Vi emerges, scared and upset.

VI

Tamsin!

TAMSIN

(groggy)

What?

VI

There's a boy walking around naked upstairs!

TAMSIN

Vi, sweetie, I can't control what Mike's guests do.

VI

No no no, he looked too young to be one of Mike's... friends. He's in the room you put Jamie, and--

Tamsin hears "Jamie," and instantly springs up the stairs, gone before Vi can finish her sentence.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - UPSTAIRS ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Tamsin bursts through the door, sees Jamie trying to cover himself with the tiny blanket.

JAMIE

Uh... hi, mom.

TAMSIN

Oh my God.

Vi watches dumbfounded as the boy's mother's leg's give out from shock. Tamsin falls to the floor as we:

CUT TO:

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

Tamsin is digging through Tyler's clothes. Jamie is already dressed in too-large sweatpants. Vi stands by the door looking at the boy in disbelief.

JAMIE

...so I think I must be suffering
from some sort of accelerated
growth phenomenon.

VI

How did you-

JAMIE

I read the books in my room.

VI

Which books?

JAMIE

(matter-of-fact)

All of them.

She fishes out a relatively clean "Battlestar Galactica" t-shirt pulls and hands it to the boy. He pulls it on over his head.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

How do I look?

TAMSIN

(overcome)

My baby's all grown up!

She hugs him.

JAMIE

(jeez)

Mom.

Seeing the touching scene, Vi rushes over and hugs the two. Jamie turns and hugs Vi tightly. He smiles for a beat. His smile gets bigger. Suddenly, a confused look comes to his face. He pulls away.

TAMSIN

What's wrong, dear.

JAMIE

(worried)

I think I'm growing again.

He looks down. Tamsin and Vi follow his gaze to the front of his sweatpants. Their eyes, now wide with surprise, quickly look away from the tell-tale bulge as we:

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - LATER

The diner is empty right now, save for Jamie and SIMON, sitting across from each other at a table. They sit there awkwardly, Simon tapping his fingers on the top of the table.

Vi and Tamsin watch the two from across the room near the door to Tyler's room.

VI

You sure this is a good idea?

TAMSIN

No. But he was very frightened by his... um... I thought an explanation of that would be better coming from a man.

(beat)

And with Frank who knows where with Billie, Fletcher busy in the lab, Tyler at work, and Mike... well... off being Mike.

Vi nods understanding completely.

Back at Simon and Jamie's table, Simon finally breaks the ice.

SIMON

So. You're my nephew.

JAMIE

So. You're my uncle.

SIMON

Gotta admit, I wasn't fully prepared for dealing with a grown-up version of you so quickly.

JAMIE

I'm sorry for the inconvenience.

Another awkward, silent moment.

SIMON

Your mum... she... ah... wanted me to give you a talk.

JAMIE

About what?

SIMON

Well, you're a teenager now... sort of.

(MORE)

SIMON (CONT'D)

And so, there are certain things that you need to know... about the world, and how it works, and how people work. Which is to say, how people work in a gender-oriented fashion.

Jamie frowns.

JAMIE

I don't understand.

SIMON

(grunts)

Okay. Look. There comes a time in every young man's life when he will have... urges. Towards women.

(quickly)

Or men! Nothing wrong with that. I don't judge. Uh... but if you do, best not tell Mike.

JAMIE

(more confused)

What's going on?

SIMON

(to himself)

You learned to talk in sixteen hours! Why am I explaining this!

JAMIE

Explaining what? I am very confused.

Simon give the boy a soft smile.

SIMON

Poor lad. Must feel like Frosty the Snow Man.

JAMIE

Who? Men aren't made of snow.

SIMON

No, no, no-- after this talk, you and I are going to watch some movies.

(beat; thinks)

Actually, movies might help. Movies, and HBO. And come to think of it, got a few issues of "Penthouse" in the car boot.

He looks around, sneaky.

SIMON (CONT'D)
Don't tell your mother.

Jamie GULPS as we:

CUT TO:

INT. CORRINE OFFICE - DAY

An irritable Corrine sits behind her desk. A light knock at the door, and Tyler enters carrying a tray with two cups of coffee on it.

TYLER
Didn't go well?

CORRINE
Another board meeting, another
chance to be belittled by Maxwell
Canton.
(beat)
It did not go well.

TYLER
I'm sorry.

CORRINE
Not your fault.
(beat)
I don't know if I can do this much
longer, Tyler.

Tyler sits one of the mugs of coffee before Corrine and, without being asked, sits down in the chair across the desk from her, taking the other mug for himself.

CORRINE (CONT'D)
I'm good at what I do.

TYLER
I know.

CORRINE
I'm quick and smart. I'm one of the
best.

TYLER
Yes.

CORRINE
I should have my own TV show.

TYLER

I'm sorry, what are we talking about? Your job here, or your slaying?

CORRINE

What?

TYLER

It's hard to tell from the way you're describing it. It's like the same thing.

CORRINE

They're not.

TYLER

Well, I know that.

CORRINE

So do I.

TYLER

No, you say that, but you don't act like it.

Corrine looks at Tyler curiously, not sure where his point is leading.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Corrine, you can't possibly hope to have a full-time job like this one, with Canton hounding you all the time, and hope to be a Slayer too. There just aren't enough hours in the day.

(beat)

You're going to have to pick one or the other.

Corrine sighs. Realizing Tyler is right, she gives him a light smirk.

CORRINE

You know so much, tell me what to do.

Corrine is half joking, half serious, a fact that Tyler picks up on. He takes a deep breath.

TYLER

Well, you know... you're a good boss, the best ever.

(MORE)

TYLER (CONT'D)

Despite what Maxwell Canton says,
you're doing a great job here. And
I think you deserve a normal
life....

(beat)

On the other hand the way you took
care of those demons last night was
incredible. You're an awesome
Slayer, Corrine. You could even
teach Vi a lot, and she's been
doing it for years.

CORRINE

But I owe Jon--

TYLER

(shaking his head)

Real or not, all Jon ever wanted
was for you to be happy. He'd have
stood by you no matter what you
chose.

(beat)

And I'll stand by you too.

She smiles warmly at him for a beat and then looks away,
pondering the decision before her.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - LATER

Jamie sits across from Simon, a horrified look on his face.

JAMIE

Is that possible?!

SIMON

It's natural! Nature!

JAMIE

Why would anyone ever do that?
That's... ugh.

SIMON

It's how you were created, is what
it is.

(with a sly smile)

And as to the why--

JAMIE

That's-- no. It doesn't make sense.

Simon laughs.

SIMON

We all been where you are, kid.
It's the truth, whether you imagine
it or not. I remember when my dad
told me about it, I threw up for an
hour--

A contemplative look comes to Jamie's face

JAMIE

Simon?

SIMON

Yeah?

Jamie pauses, bites his bottom lip. How to say it?

JAMIE

I read these stories, I hear you
talk. Everyone's talking about
their dads.

(beat; sighs)

Where's my dad?

Simon's face falls. He reaches across the table and puts a
supportive hand on Jamie's hand as we:

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - COMMAND CENTRAL - DAY

Fletcher, unshaved and unwashed, sits in front of a computer,
pages of notes in front of him. He takes a drink of coffee
from a mug. Tamsin enters and stands over his shoulder.

TAMSIN

How's it going?

FLETCHER

It's... well.

TAMSIN

Well, what?

FLETCHER

I think I've figured out a way to
do this right. I mean, a way to fix
Jamie. Stabilize him.

TAMSIN

(excited)

Really?

FLETCHER

Yeah. But we're going to need help.
And...

He can't say it.

TAMSIN

What? What and?

FLETCHER

If we don't do this exactly,
exactly right...

(right to her face)

It will kill him.

Off Tamsin's horrified expression we:

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - COMMAND CENTRAL

Fletcher, Vi, Tamsin, and Jamie have now been joined by Mike and Frank. Frank looks stern but observant of the current situation. Mike just looks pissed. They stand around the sphere. Fletcher is in front of them, a professor in front of his students.

FLETCHER

Okay, everybody, pay close attention. This is important.

MIKE

(annoyed)

Seems something like this was important enough to for us to have heard about it yesterday.

FLETCHER

Pipe down, this is life-and-death here.

(quickly, re: Jamie)

I mean, life and... another thing. Pumpkins. Delicious, tasty pumpkins.

Tamsin sighs impatiently.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

Right, okay. As we all know, Jamie is currently in a state of dimensional, temporal, and physical flux.

MIKE

What, now?

FLETCHER

(beat)

Mike, go play.

Mike frowns.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

Anyway, the sphere, here, is a conduit between dimensions and, in some cases, time. And since it clearly exists in the physical world, we're three for three.

(MORE)

FLETCHER (CONT'D)
Tic-tac-toe. That's an American
phrase, isn't it?

Vi and Frank nod, amused.

TAMSIN
What does the Sphere have to do
with fixing Jamie, though?

FLETCHER
We can use the Sphere's power to
orient and fix Jamie's personal DTP
coordinates.

VI
(looking around)
None of us have any idea what that
means.

JAMIE
The sphere will make me all better.

FLETCHER
Well, yeah, but my way sounded a
lot cooler.

FRANK
What does he have to do to get this
magical cure?

FLETCHER
Simple.
(to Jamie)
You just have to touch it.

Jamie looks at the sphere innocently while the others,
realizing the sphere's deadly nature, exchange nervous
glances.

CUT TO:

INT. MACROWARE OFFICES - MAXWELL CANTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Maxwell Canton sits behind his desk, wearing reading glasses
as he checks over a report. Someone KNOCKS on the door.

MAXWELL
Yes.

Corrine enters.

MAXWELL (CONT'D)
Ah. Corrine. Do come in.

CORRINE
 (formal)
 Thank you.

MAXWELL
 Was there something you wanted to
 talk about?

CORRINE
 Yes. Actually... it's very
 important.

MAXWELL
 (motioning)
 Well, sit down and share.

She nods, sits. Nervously straightens her skirt. Canton looks
 up for the first time, peers at her over his glasses.

MAXWELL (CONT'D)
 I am busy, Corrine.

CORRINE
 Right. It's about my job here.

MAXWELL
 (annoyed)
 All right.

CORRINE
 In all honesty, my attention has
 been...
 (trailing off)
 ...divided...

Something's caught her eye.

CORRINE'S POV

She stares directly at Maxwell's tie clip. The centerpiece is
 a GREEN JEWEL.

BACK TO SCENE

CORRINE (CONT'D)
 Um...

She digs in her pocket, hiding her activities with the desk.
 She looks down. In her hand is the green jewel she took from
 the demon the previous night.

MAXWELL
 (impatiently)
 Yes?

Off Corrine's startled face we:

CUT TO:

INT. TYLER'S OFFICE - DAY

Tyler sits, doing work. CALLIE approaches, leaning against his desk.

CALLIE
Good morning, lover!

Tyler looks up, startled.

TYLER
Oh! Callie! It's you.

CALLIE
(mock suspicion)
Yes. It is. How many other lovers
do you have, mister?

TYLER
Well, you know, it's so hard to
keep track. I have baby mommas all
over the world.

She punches him on the arm. He flinches.

CALLIE
You're a dick!

TYLER
You love me.

CALLIE
Well. Yeah.

She kisses his cheek.

CALLIE (CONT'D)
So how did your night with Corrine
go?

TYLER
I don't know. I think it helped.
She's meeting with Canton right
now. I think she might be
resigning.

Callie and Tyler share a look as we:

CUT TO:

INT. MACROWARE OFFICES - MAXWELL CANTON'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

As before. Corrine looks from Canton to the jewel in her hand.

CORRINE
I'm sorry, Max, but I have to ask
you a question.

MAXWELL
(snapping)
What? What is it?

CORRINE
(coolly)
Are you a demon?

Canton sighs and gently places his pen down on the desk. Then he removes his glasses, tucking them into his shirt pocket.

MAXWELL
Yes. Yes, Corrine, I am. As are
several other members of the board.

CORRINE
The funny thing is, I'm not
surprised at all.

MAXWELL
Your blasé attitude towards this
revelation is striking, I will
confess.

CORRINE
That's because I kill bastards like
you for a living. It's how I got
this.

She tosses the jewel onto the desk. Canton looks down at it, then back up at her.

MAXWELL
(amazed)
You killed Howard?

CORRINE
Howard? Cortez? Damn. I liked him.
Well, I didn't know it was him at
the time.

MAXWELL
(beat; realizing)
Ah. He was in his Tulac form.

CORRINE
Giant green gorillas.

MAXWELL
How alliterative. Pardon me for asking, but how did you manage to kill him?

Corrine flexes her fingers.

CORRINE
Every heard of a Slayer?

MAXWELL
(with a smirk)
Ah. Of course.
(business)
So, is this the part where we have a trite fight scene?

CORRINE
That is my typical workday schedule.

He stands up, loosening his tie.

MAXWELL
Excellent.

He gives Corrine a cool smile as we:

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - COMMAND CENTRAL - DAY

Mike, Jamie, and Fletcher stand very close to the Sphere. Fletcher lectures the others.

FLETCHER
Alright, here's what we do. We're going to use Mike like a surge protector. We'll plug Jamie into him--

MIKE
He's a little young for me, but give him a few years and maybe--

Tamsin's warning glare keeps Mike from finishing his line.

Simon also eyes Mike sternly as he continues. He grabs one of Jamie's hands and one of Mike's hands, and locks them together.

FLETCHER

--and then we'll plug Mike into the Sphere. Mike, you can use the Sphere's power, redirect it into Jamie, which will, theoretically, fix him.

TAMSIN

Theoretically?

FLETCHER

Well, love, it's not like I've ever experimented with a child halfway from another dimension, a homosexual warlock, and a magical reality warping orb of power.

(beat)

I didn't have access to those types of materials at uni.

FRANK

Can we just get on with this?

FLETCHER

(sarcastically)

Thank you for your help.

(to Mike)

Any time you like.

Mike sighs, looks at Jamie.

MIKE

You ready, kid?

JAMIE

(scared)

I guess.

Mike spreads his free hand gingerly, reaching out. It SINKS INTO the Sphere, and the white energy that accompanies Sphere activity FLARES UP.

MIKE

Might wanna shut your eyes, people.

This is gonna get bright and loud.

He digs DEEPER into the Sphere, and the lights FLARE UP, FILLING THE SCREEN AS WE:

CUT TO:

INT. MACROWARE OFFICES - CANTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Mid-fight. Corrine THROWS Canton through his own desk. He ROLLS BACK with surprising speed and stands up, dusting himself off.

CORRINE

Done yet?

MAXWELL

You are very talkative.

CORRINE

It's kind of a Slayer thing. We fight, we banter.

He LUNGES FORWARD, tackling Corrine. He elbows her in the head, but it does absolutely nothing to her. She squirts out from under him and KNEES him. But he catches her leg, SWEEPING her into a chair. Then he drags her upright, arm behind her back, trapped. Canton SLAMS her into the large glass picture window.

CORRINE (CONT'D)

Nice view.

MAXWELL

I have told you already...

He grabs the back of her head and SLAMS it into the glass.

MAXWELL (CONT'D)

That your sarcasm...

He does it AGAIN.

MAXWELL (CONT'D)

Will not...

And one final time, causing the glass to CRACK.

MAXWELL (CONT'D)

Be tolerated!

Just as he pulls her back for another, a STAPLER hits him in the back of the head. He loses his concentration and turns.

Standing in the doorway are Tyler and Callie, armed with office supplies.

TYLER

Well well well. Looks like we got here just in the nick of time.

(MORE)

TYLER (CONT'D)
 (to Callie)
 What does that make us?

CALLIE
 Big damn heroes.

TYLER
 Ain't we just.
 (whispers)
 I love you so damn much.

Canton drops Corrine, who slumps to the ground.

MAXWELL
 Insipid paper-pushers!

He advances on them slowly, and the couple chuck staplers, pencil cups, a snow globe, keyboards, whatever they have, right at him. Everything just bounces off.

TYLER
 We didn't think this through.

CALLIE
 When do we ever?

But before they can be torn apart:

CORRINE (O.S.)
 Hey. Canton!

She appears behind Canton, clasping her hands around his head.

CORRINE (CONT'D)
 Consider this my resignation!

And she SNAPS HIS NECK.

Tyler and Callie blink.

CALLIE
 Dude.

TYLER
 That was awesome.

Corrine smiles.

CORRINE
 Yeah. It was.

Off her beaming face we:

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - COMMAND CENTRAL - DAY

Everyone sits around a computer, crowding Fletcher. Jamie sits separate, still a teenager, hooked up to the same wires as he was not fifteen hours and fifteen years before.

TAMSIN

How is he?

FLETCHER

Well, according to this...he's fine.

TAMSIN

Fine?

FLETCHER

Perfectly, completely fine. Not aging any more-- well, aging at the normal rate. He'll probably outlive us all. Assuming he isn't eaten by a dragon.

JAMIE

Uh... is there a significant possibility of that happening?

Frank LAUGHS. He starts pulling wires off Jamie.

FRANK

Come with me. We'll get something to eat, I'll explain everything you need to know about life.

JAMIE

I... I think Uncle Simon did that already.

FRANK

Eww! Eww. No. Different things. Hey, Vi, you want to play the monsters?

Vi follows them OUT, excited.

VI

I'll do my scary voice.

Mike hears this and chases after them.

MIKE

No, no, no. Your scary voice is terrible. I have to show you how to do it right.

And then, Tamsin and Fletcher are alone. Fletcher stands, cleaning up the work station.

TAMSIN

So, he's really healed?

FLETCHER

Yep. All better. That Sphere is pretty juiced, isn't it?

But Tamsin doesn't want to talk about the Sphere.

TAMSIN

You figured it out.

She stands up, and he turns to her.

FLETCHER

(shrugs)

You needed my help.

Tamsin smiles at him, warm and happy.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

What?

Instead of answering, she leans in and KISSES HIS CHEEK softly.

With a smile, she turns and leaves.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

(stunned)

Sweet.

"The Swimming Song" by Loudon Wainright III plays as we:

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - DAY

The entire gang is gathered in the diner. Tyler, Callie, and Corrine enter.

FRANK

Hey, guys!

TYLER

Hey, Frank! Get out the good beers!
Let's celebrate!

FRANK

Vi, go get the booze.

VI

Work, work, work.

Vi bounces to the back.

FRANK

What're we celebrating?

CALLIE

Corrine's unemployed now!

FRANK

Oh.

(beat)

Good?

The three join the others at the bar.

CORRINE

Good. It's been kind of a weird
day.

MIKE

You don't have to tell us.

CORRINE

But everything's better now. I'm
sorry for being such a bitch to you
guys lately.

Vi comes out, a tray of beers in her hand. And a soda for
Jamie.

VI

Don't worry about it, we'll pretend
you've been on your period for the
past six months.

JAMIE

What's a period?

Fletcher LAUGHS and ruffles Jamie's hair.

TAMSIN

Guess Simon missed that part. I'll
tell you later, sweetheart.

Everyone drinks, happy and content. For once, everybody wins.
Then:

TYLER

Wait a minute. Who's the kid?

On his questioning face we:

BLACKOUT.

END OF EPISODE