

# Hero

"Heaven on the Horizon, Part I"

by  
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## TEASER

**FADE IN:**

EXT. SPECTRAL PLANE - PARK ENTRANCE

Black, white and in-betweens. This is what makes up the Spectral Plane. The shades of grey don't stop at just the buildings and roads - the people are, too.

The young, the old (more of those), the beautiful and the not so much all mill around, an eclectic mix of characters. People of all races and all ages are represented.

Amongst them:

LINDSEY (O.S)  
(enraged)  
Stop it! Just stop it! Now!

Slowly, we PAN around until the staggering, intoxicated form of our main character comes in to view, leaning up against a dullish faded park fence with his right arm.

His other one hangs at his side, a bottle clasped in it firmly.

LINDSEY McDONALD, in all his non-glory, looks drunk out of his mind and is using his bottle to bat a passing member of the deceased.

A woman, in her mid-to-late thirties, with a Californian accent, with what would be vibrant red hair in the real world is stood next to him; a concerned look adorns her face. This is KELLY.

He flings his arm out again, this time hitting her in the nose. She gasps, bringing her hand up to pinch her nose tightly as a few drips of dark liquid splatter on the pavement beneath her.

LINDSEY (cont'd)  
I said: Leave. Me. Alone.  
(takes another swig)  
I can hadnel my drink pwerfectly well. I don't need you to watch over me.

At this point, it's clear he's getting on Kelly's nerves, but she stays strong, determination in her eyes as she lets go of her nose.

Sniffing up whatever blood may be left in it, she grabs Lindsey's arm forcefully and wrenches the bottle from his fingers.

By this point, people are watching. They are silent, though, and it's clear that is what they'd like Kelly and Lindsey to be.

KELLY

(whispers)

Lindsey, no. No more drink. How many times have I told you? I don't even know how you manage to get drunk, or where you get the bottles from.

LINDSEY

(yells)

They just -

KELLY

(quiet; stern)

Lindsey!

He takes the hint. Obviously he's sober enough to know when she really means something. Lowering his voice, he continues.

LINDSEY

They just seem ta turn up Kelly. Every few days, a crate of them just appears - poof! - at the end of my bed; always when I'm out, or 'sleep. Dunno who they're from, though.

Kelly nods along to it, smiling, though isn't really paying attention as she puts his arm over her shoulder to support him.

KELLY

(as if talking to a child)

Really, Lindsey? That's interesting. Now, why don't you tell me on the way back to my place? What do you say?

He nods and she smiles, letting out a deep breath of relief as she brushes some hair from her face then begins to take a few steps forward, moving Lindsey slowly along with her.

Suddenly, everything begins to change in to COLOUR. It spreads across the scene like a wave, covering everything and illuminating it; Kelly's fiery red hair, Lindsey's auburn stubble and everything else.

Everyone suddenly seems to fill with excitement and whispers spread like wildfire as more and more people seem to arrive, moving on to the scene. Excitement is rife, but Kelly doesn't seem very elated.

Heading towards one of the exits, she finds her path suddenly blocked by a group of excited younger people, all giggling and clapping.

Rolling her eyes at them, she complains:

KELLY

Hey, think you could move, kids?  
This guy isn't in too good shape  
and -

But she is cut off as they all rush forward, suddenly their elation hitting new levels, and push past her with force, paying her no attention at all. Stunned and annoyed, Kelly turns, scowling, to see:

The near-naked form of a young athletic American, a Californian tilt to his voice, stood on top of the black cloak, wearing just underpants, and he doesn't look too pleased about it.

ANGEL OF DEATH

(under his breath; looks  
up)

You guys up there are so dead.

This is the one and only ANGEL OF DEATH. The girls in amongst the young group that pushed past Kelly all seem rather impressed, their cheeks reddening and quiet giggles emerging.

The Angel shivers, rubbing his hands together, as the breeze hits him and looks around.

ANGEL OF DEATH (cont'd)

(laughs; mutters)

And funnily enough, so are you.

(off their blank looks)

Hello everyone.

Everyone is silent again. Kelly smirks, entranced by the scene so she doesn't notice Lindsey finally notice the Angel; he looks angry.

ANGEL OF DEATH (cont'd)

Well, anyway, I know, I know, isn't  
this a nice view for you all, but  
I'm afraid the show's over now.

The crowd remains silent and waiting, gazing, totally entranced.

He picks up his heavy cloak and throws it over his shoulders, wrapping around himself grandly.

ANGEL OF DEATH (cont'd)  
 Same every day of every week of  
 every month of every year, aren't  
 you? Always blank. One day I'm sure  
 I'll get a proper reaction out of  
 you.

Silence continues.

LINDSEY  
 (shouts)  
 Are you gonna send someone up to  
 the Big Cheesey or what?!

He mockingly raises his hands up in the air as people scowl  
 at him, most especially the Angel, then stumbles and Kelly  
 has to hold him up again, only just managing to catch him.

KELLY  
 Lindsey, let's go.

LINDSEY  
 No, Kimmy!

KELLY  
 It's Kelly.

LINDSEY  
 Sorry Kandy!

KELLY  
 It's -  
 (cuts herself off)  
 Doesn't matter. Lindsey, we need to  
 go now.

LINDSEY  
 Sorry, didn't mean to bweak up the  
 whole shebang-a-bang but I need to  
 ask this guy a question. Just one  
 question!  
 (points to the Angel;  
 (stumbles forward)  
 It's been over fwee years and I  
 still haven't been pickeded for the  
 team, bozo! I feel like the fat one  
 in gym class.

There is a loud 'hmmph' and we follow Lindsey's gaze until it  
 meets with a particularly stocky teenager.

LINDSEY (cont'd)  
 I shwould say sorry but I deally  
 don't give a ramn about yoooo.  
 You're fat, I'm dead.

ANGEL OF DEATH  
 Isn't life just a bitch of a  
 mistress?

LINDSEY  
 Infactly my point!

Everyone continues to glare at Lindsey then the Angel Of Death turns to several more deceased occupants of this realm. Kelly goes to reach for Lindsey again, but he brushes her off, pushing his way forward.

Moving through the youth group, he ends up right at the front, watching the Angel while still swaying from side to side a bit.

ANGEL OF DEATH  
 People, people, let's calm  
 ourselves. I may be a big celebrity  
 and all, but I'm nowhere near as  
 famous as Neo over here.

(beat)  
 You know, he has a part in averting  
 the apocalypse. Of course, he also  
 had a part in starting it, but I'm  
 guessing he doesn't like to talk  
 about that. It did get him killed,  
 after all, and -

Lindsey SURGES at him, infuriated, but the Angel Of Death swiftly moves out of the way and Lindsey ends up tripping. He hits the floor painfully and his face changes, agonised, as some of the crowd LAUGH.

Struggling to stand up again, he eventually manages it and, angry at the ridicule, stalks over to Eunice.

LINDSEY  
 (through gritted teeth)  
 Name's Lindsey, not Neo.  
 (brushes his clothes off)  
 What's yours?

ANGEL OF DEATH  
 Eunice.

LINDSEY  
 Isn't Eunice a bit of a girly name?

EUNICE  
 Compared to little lady Lindsey,  
 it's butch as hell.

LINDSEY  
 Hell isn't thwat butch. Believe me!

EUNICE  
Of course it isn't.  
(beat; smirks)  
I believe that you spent a while in  
hell, didn't you, Mr. McDonald?

It looks as if Lindsey is containing himself as his cheeks get a little redder and he clenches his fists, trying his hardest.

Snapping his fingers, the Angel makes several people from the crowd VANISH suddenly - including the large teenager and several of the girls whom pushed forward - then he goes to do it again.

Lindsey stops him, grabbing his hand. Rather surprised, Eunice turns to him and is about to say something when Kelly rushes forward, grabs Lindsey's arm and pulls him back off of Eunice.

KELLY  
Sorry.

EUNICE  
It's OK. Not your fault.

LINDSEY  
(shouts)  
Hello - it's not mine either! I  
just need to ask you somefing! One  
little somefing.

EUNICE  
A really vital question? Yeah, I  
know, buddy - but what I also know  
is that the question is redundant  
because you aren't going anywhere  
other than this place. Yet.

Then, he pauses for a moment - he said too much. Looking to his feet, he looks to Kelly and gives her a small smile before turning his attention back to Lindsey.

So sit tight and stay sober,  
Captain America.

He clicks his fingers and he's gone. No special effects this time.

Kelly is left smiling at his smile for just a moment, then a more quizzical one comes over her as she realises something.

Everything reverts to the calm yet eerie silence that was there before. Everyone's smiling again and Lindsey looks displeased, yet thoughtful again. The colour FADES from the scene, greyscale back.

LINDSEY  
(shouts)  
Did he -

Kelly winces, the shouting far too close to her ear. Lindsey notices this and returns to his normal voice again, before continuing.

LINDSEY (cont'd)  
Did he just say ...

He trails off, both thinking the same thing.

KELLY  
He said yet.

LILAH (O.S)  
That he did.

LINDSEY  
(groans)  
You have got to be kidding me!

He whirls around, Kelly doing the same as she follows his gaze, to see LILAH MORGAN, looking as good as ever, a dazzling smile on her face. Lindsey's jaw literally drops, his drunkenness still present.

LINDSEY (cont'd)  
Oh craphole.

KELLY  
Uh, Lindsey, who's that?

Lilah offers out her hand to Kelly.

LILAH  
Hello. I'm Lilah Morgan.

Rather tentatively, Kelly reaches out and shakes the hand, a curious look on her face as she notices Lindsey and Lilah are the ones holding eye contact. His expression is blank, her smile wide as:

BLACK OUT:

**END OF TEASER**

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. SPECTRAL PLANE - PARK ENTRANCE

Time has passed. Few people are left, milling around. Lindsey and Lilah are sat on a park bench just outside the park, Kelly stood in front of them with her arms folded.

Lilah's clothes are the only colour in the scene. Now that Eunice has gone, everything is back to greyscale.

KELLY

The vibe here is telling me you two have things you need to work through. Alone.

(to Lindsey)

I'll be at my apartment if you need me.

LINDSEY

I'll come with you.

LILAH

Your friend is going specifically so we can talk, Lindsey. Believe me, we do have a lot to talk about and I will force you eventually, so I would take the offer.

LINDSEY

You're not me, though. You're evil.

He stands to his feet, but falters. He's dizzy.

LILAH

I'm not evil and, besides, you won't be getting very far away from me. You're hung over, old friend.

KELLY

I'll see you later, Lindsey.

Kelly rubs Lindsey's shoulder supportively. She gives a little wave to Lilah and then begins to head away.

LILAH

(to herself)

I doubt it.

The comment stops Kelly in her tracks for a second. She turns and gives Lilah a quizzical look but the other woman simply diverts her gaze. Kelly heads off, pensive.

Lindsey and Lilah are left. The air is tense - both sit uncomfortably - Lindsey doesn't want to be there. He sits down again, his body facing away from Lilah.

LINDSEY  
Go on. Explain what you want.

LILAH  
Take a guess.

Lindsey doesn't reply. He simply points at himself.

LILAH (cont'd)  
What a clever little boy. You worked that out all on your own.

LINDSEY  
(unamused)  
Don't talk to me like a child.

LILAH  
(scoffs)  
Says the irresponsible drunkard who was staggering around not so long ago.

LINDSEY  
I wondered how long it would be before the Ms. Congeniality act dropped. What was that, half a minute maybe?

LILAH  
(snaps)  
Shut up.

Lindsey grins as the cracks show in Lilah's façade. He turns his body to face her, now interested.

LINDSEY  
Someone's a little tetchy.

LILAH  
Give me a break. I've been through just as much as you, but you're the one that's coming out of it much better off.  
(beat)  
And who do you think has been leaving you that alcohol? And who magically sobered you up just then?

LINDSEY  
(indifferent)  
You did?

LILAH  
You are quite the master detective today.

There is no comeback. An awkward silence settles in as both look to the floor, not sure what to say next. Lindsey sighs and gives in, confronting the issue.

LINDSEY

So why are you here?

LILAH

I have to ask you something. Before that, you need a few things explained.

(exhales)

You aren't dead.

Lindsey does a double-take at her words, shocked. Lilah nods at his shock, a smile spreading on her face. She watches as he goes to say something but stops himself, stunned.

LINDSEY

I ... you're ... it can't ...

He is lost for words. Lilah takes his hand, rolling her eyes at his dramatization: he's in awe.

LILAH

So what! You're not dead. Who is these days? Get over it. I saw Elvis and Cher on Sunset Boulevard last week.

LINDSEY

Cher isn't dead, is she?

LILAH

No, not really, but a few of us are starting a petition.

She chuckles at the last comment and looks expectantly to Lindsey, waiting for him to do the same, but he's distant, staring absently at the floor.

LINDSEY

(sighs)

It's an amazing opportunity, but I don't want to go back to Wolfram and Hart. I swore I wouldn't align myself with that place again. It got me killed, after all.

LILAH

I'm not under contract with Wolfram & Hart anymore. I now work for the Powers That Be.

Lindsey's eyes bulge at the statement. He doesn't believe her but her mock-shock as she playfully punches his arm makes him re-think. He looks knocked for six, unsure of what to say.

LILAH (cont'd)  
It's true. I'm an official agent  
under their ruling.

LINDSEY  
Since when did they have those?  
(raises eyebrow)  
And why would they want you?

LILAH  
(sarcastic)  
You sure do know how to make a girl  
feel special, don't you?  
(beat)  
It's a new system. There's quite a  
number of us and we all act out on  
the Powers' behalf. It has its  
perks.

Her face falls after that though and she looks to the floor,  
scuffing her foot on the pavement.

LINDSEY  
And, by that look, its cons.

LILAH  
Everything comes with a catch. This  
one is just a big one. A big,  
white, scary one that hurts. A lot.  
(cuts him off)  
Don't ask. It's too long a story  
and too far in the past. We have  
more important things to be  
worrying about, like the fact the  
Powers are offering you the chance  
to not be dead anymore.

LINDSEY  
I can't believe it.

LILAH  
They noticed the changes you have  
been through and they think you  
deserve a second lease on life.  
Your old one ended far too  
suddenly, in their opinion.

Lindsey looks up to the grey sky, taking in her comment with  
appreciation, and Lilah follows his gaze. He is looking at  
nothing in particular. Gradually, a smile appears ...

LINDSEY  
That's pretty damn cool.

He squeezes Lilah's hand gleefully and:

EXT. SPECTRAL PLANE - STREETS

Kelly moves along the street, a few books pressed up against her chest behind her folded arms. Her heels CLICK and CLACK as her pace increases. She isn't scared - she's nervous.

She suddenly becomes aware of CRYING.

The cries come from the alleyway across the street. She looks at it cautiously, wondering, then steps off of the curb:

EXT. SPECTRAL PLANE - ALLEYWAY

Kelly appears at the entrance to the alley, peering in to the dimness ahead. The crying is emanating from the back, near a dumpster, and is LOUDER now that she is closer.

KELLY  
(huffs)  
Damn inquisitiveness.

She flicks her hair over her shoulder and walks forward. Coming to the dumpster, she slowly cranes her neck around to see:

BOY  
Aaah!

His SHRIEKS start up Kelly's SCREAMS and the two jump away from each other, the boy pressing his back up against the wall of the alley.

Kelly stands dazed. She pants for breath.

KELLY  
Didn't your father ever tell you  
not to scare nice women in  
alleyways?

BOY  
My father's gone.

Kelly is caught off-guard. She can't reply.

BOY (cont'd)  
And so is my mother. We all came  
here together, but they were taken.  
My sister's still here, but I keep  
losing her.

He releases his grip on the wall as Kelly sets the books down on top of the dumpster and bends down to his height. She strokes his hair and gives him a comforting smile.

KELLY

Don't worry, sweetie. I'm sure you'll be selected next, then you can join them. That's how it works around here. They don't split up families for long.

(wrinkles nose; playful)

I say we get out of this yucky alley. What do you think, honey?

He nods, returning her smile. Kelly takes his hand in her own. She goes to walk but is pulled back as he grips her hand tightly. His gaze is focused intently elsewhere.

Kelly follows it to see TOAD. Blonde hair, blue eyes, he is oddly dressed in oversized silver robes.

He mouths something to her. She can't make it out.

KELLY (cont'd)

(to boy)

Who's that?

BOY

That's Toadie. He's trying to warn you.

KELLY

Why? What's happening?

The boy doesn't answer. The redhead looks alarmed and moves towards Toad as the little boy releases her hand. He rushes to Toad's side and lets him whisper something in his ear.

BOY

He says that he likes your red hair and that it's pretty. He also says that he is sorry for your hair, as well.

There is a MEOW - the small sound makes Kelly jump and she turns around, only just seeing a cat's tail disappear around the corner. She looks back to see Toad has disappeared.

KELLY

Where did your friend ... Toadie, where did Toadie go?

The boy shrugs and Kelly sighs, utterly confused, as:

EXT. SPECTRAL PLANE - PARK

The scene is still in greyscale. Lindsey strolls along the main path, pensively, with his hand in his pocket: an open beer pokes out of it. Lilah walks by his side.

LINDSEY

So they're gonna make me corporeal again?

LILAH

You'll be alive and kicking.

(glint in her eye)

Literally. There will be kicking, much kicking, involved - and punches and throws and backflips -

LINDSEY

(interrupts)

Backflips?

LILAH

(dismissive)

And the odd super-charged evil world-destroying demi-god with legions of followers all intent on your death.

Lindsey's eyes widen in alarm as he considers the situation. Lilah cracks up, playfully punching him in the arm.

LILAH (cont'd)

I'm kidding, though you will have to face some pretty big stuff. The poster-boy for the Powers That Be doesn't get off easily.

(off his look)

They're investing a lot in you. You weren't supposed to die in the first place and now they have to go through the hassle of bringing you back. For the side of good, no less!

LINDSEY

It wasn't going to be the side of evil, obviously. They're the Powers That Be!

LILAH

The Powers are all about balance, Lindsey, not picking the best players for their side. In this instance, they have though.

(winks)

They got you, after all.

Lindsey looks touched by her comment and clasps her shoulder. She stops, looking at it in disdain. She raises an eyebrow at Lindsey and he quickly removes it.

LINDSEY

I just wanted to say thank you.

LILAH

That's fine -

(grins)

- just don't touch me. My last experience of that was quite enough.

LINDSEY

(licks lips)

Have you seen your ass? It's peachy. How could a guy resist?

Lilah gasps, surprised. She shakes her head at his blunt audacity, stifling a laugh from escaping.

Lindsey then gestures to a bench nearby. They stroll over to it and both sit down. As they do, COLOUR takes over again. Lindsey draws out his bottle and takes a swig from it.

LINDSEY

That jackass is back.

LILAH

Ah, Eunice. The two of you don't get on?

LINDSEY

I've been blaming him for my elongated stay here for about ... ever.

Lilah nods in agreement, understanding.

In the distance she sees Kelly approaching and subtly waves her hand. Kelly freezes in place, halfway through a step.

LILAH

Anyone would. You've been here for more than your fair share of time, it's just that a lot of things have needed ... sorting in the supernatural world.

LINDSEY

Sorting?

LILAH

You can't know. For now. I'll say there's been a lot of trouble in the past couple of years. That's why they've picked now to mould you into the new Champion.

LINDSEY

The new Champion?

(beat)

Does that mean that -

LILAH  
 (interrupts)  
 Again, you can't know. For now.

LINDSEY  
 I'll soon find out anyway.  
 Bizarrely, I'm kind of looking  
 forward to seeing L.A. again.

LILAH  
 As much as I regret saying this,  
 since there are a few showdowns I  
 would've loved to see, you aren't  
 going to Los Angeles. That place  
 has enough protectors for now.  
 (beams)  
 You're going to San Diego!

Lindsey's face falls. He is not nearly as impressed as Lilah expects him to be. She rolls her eyes as if to say 'typical' and gives Lindsey a questioning look.

LINDSEY  
 It's just ... I guess ... there was  
 stuff I wanted to do, that's all. I  
 thought I might get a few more  
 fights in L.A.  
 (stands)  
 Speaking of fights, I kinda want to  
 get to that selection.

He goes to turn around but Lilah grabs him forcefully to avoid him seeing Kelly. He goes along with it, unaware.

LILAH  
 How is that speaking of fights?

LINDSEY  
 That Eunice needs to be shown that,  
 when I'm not drunk, he isn't so  
 high and mighty.

LILAH  
 We have to go, though. Right now.  
 The teleportation they granted me  
 for today has time limits on it.  
 The clock's ticking.

LINDSEY  
 Where are we going?

LILAH  
 Disneyland for the dearly departed.

Lindsey rolls his eyes. He then turns and Lilah is too slow to stop him. His eyes settle on Kelly but he doesn't seem too phased, just smirking as he turns back to Lilah.

LILAH (cont'd)  
You knew she was there?

LINDSEY  
Of course. Can she ...?

He trails off, though what he's asking is clear to Lilah. She shakes her head, it is met by a downhearted frown.

LILAH  
(gently)  
No, Lindsey. I'm sorry. Only the two of us are allowed to go.

LINDSEY  
I understand. Like when you win tickets on the radio for a concert -

LILAH  
(continues)  
- and you have two best friends but only one spare ticket, so you end up giving them both away.

He takes Lilah's hand and prepares for whatever teleportation she is using. She pauses though, gazing up at him.

LILAH (cont'd)  
I'm glad I got you.  
(tongue-in-cheek)  
Mainly because it gives me the chance to teleport for the day. Usually agents like me aren't allowed.

Lindsey rolls his eyes at the comment and prepares himself again, closing his eyes in anticipation. Lilah looks curiously at him - he opens one eye, sees her expression.

He raises a questioning eyebrow and she gestures to Kelly, still frozen in the distance.

LILAH (cont'd)  
No goodbyes?

LINDSEY  
(shrugs; determined)  
No point. I'll be coming back.

The look on Lilah's face says otherwise as an oblivious Lindsey stares at the sky. She bites her bottom lip and then they disappear in a SWIRL of GOLDEN LIGHTS:

INT. REINSTER'S - PARKING LOT - MIDDAY

Lindsey and Lilah are stood outside, staring at the Western-cum-cocktail bar that looks ancient, with its dusty, dark exterior. Modern elements creep in here and there.

Hills of lush green spread in the distance, animals grazing on them as the sun towers high above all, at its pinnacle point. The entire scene looks beautifully serene.

Lilah grins, knowing how impressive the sight is. Lindsey stands open-mouthed, totally surprised.

LILAH

Grand, is it not?

LINDSEY

Very. I haven't seen anything like this since Istanbul. Brilliant.

(puzzled)

Now explain to me again exactly what it is and why we're here?

LILAH

It's a bar, cowboy. A hangout for all the people just like me.

LINDSEY

Ruthless, independent, cruel, calculated, over-bearing business sluts who cheated their way out of the afterlife?

LILAH

(mock-appreciation)

Again with the flattery! How privileged I am to know you!

(smiles)

Joking aside, this place is for agents.

LINDSEY

007 style, eh?

LILAH

We're agents for the Powers That Be, not a bunch of Lara Bonds and James Crofts. No gadgets. We're dead.

(starts to walk forward)

Now, if you'll follow me.

Lilah makes her way towards the front entrance and Lindsey follows, still staring up in awe at the structure towering above him:

EXT. SPECTRAL PLANE - PARK.

Everything is back in to its spectrum of greys, black and white. Kelly at last unfreezes. She finishes her step and double-takes, confused, at the change.

She jogs up to the bench and looks behind it, checking there is no-one there. She sits down on it and furrows her brow, wondering where they have gone.

The COLOUR then fades from the scene.

KELLY  
(alarmed)  
The selection!

She groans and stamps her foot, furious, before flopping back on to the bench, frowning. She seems genuinely annoyed and rakes a hand through her hair, frustrated, then:

INT. SPECTRAL PLANE - KELLY'S APARTMENT

A key turns in a lock - then, a second later, a CLICK. The door opens and Kelly enters, looking as low as before. Throwing the books down on to the armchair a few feet away, she SIGHS.

SANJHI (O.S)  
Kelly!

Kelly almost jumps out of her skin - she SCREAMS! Still stunned, she turns around, her breathing heavy and is met with the sight of SANJHI.

The tough-looking Anglo-Indian man is leant against the wall, grinning at her reaction. He scratches the large scar on his forehead, shaking his head as he chuckles.

KELLY  
Don't do that again.

SANJHI  
Sorry, love.

KELLY  
(laughs)  
You're not sorry!

She picks a cushion up off of the chair and throws it at him. He catches it and throws it to the side, smug - she pokes her tongue out and he rolls his eyes at her childishness.

SANJHI  
I'm not sorry for that.  
(beat)  
I am sorry for the reason I'm here.

KELLY

And what would that be?

SANJHI

Some new force has decided to make its presence known on the this plane and is doing so in a most unsavoury way.

KELLY

What's happening?

SANJHI

No-one is sure, but I thought that you should be warned. People have been disappearing, and not through order of the Angel either.

Kelly scratches her nose, thoughtful.

KELLY

What can I do if it turns up, though? What kind of force is it?

SANJHI

We don't know. It's never been seen here before, but there are reports that some boy has been warning of it.

KELLY

The spirit of a seer?

SANJHI

I don't have a clue. All I know is that this thing is dangerous, and we have to be all the more careful now, or ...

He trails off, allowing Kelly to fill in the rest of the sentence herself. She wrings her hands together anxiously as their nervous gazes meet and:

BLACK OUT:

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. REINSTER'S - BAR AREA - MIDDAY

Smoky. Western. Traditional, yet with flair. Ancient, yet with modern elements. All these influences come together to form the bar area of Reinster's, which is full with agents.

Demons, mortals, witches and all the rest mill about, moving between each other, some sat at the actual bar while others sit in booths and more stand, talking or smoking.

Lindsey and Lilah enter through the double-doors on the other side and the former takes in the view, rather amazed. The place is small, but everyone is crammed in, packed tightly.

LILAH

(opens arms wide)

Welcome to my home sweet abnormal home.

KEIRNAEN (O.S)

Ah look, the lass, she's back at last.

The pair both turn to see Eunice, knocking a drink back, and KEIRNAEN - mid-thirties, with a stubble, Irish, kindly - sat at the bar.

LILAH

Hello boys.

Eunice raises his glass in acknowledgement and Keirnaen stands up and embraces Lilah warmly, kissing her cheek. They break apart and he nods to Lindsey.

KEIRNAEN

You didn't mention you'd be bringing back some company with you, love.

(offers hand)

And who do I have the joy of meeting on this fine night?

LINDSEY

(shakes his hand)

My name's -

EUNICE

Lindsey.

LILAH

You two have met?

Lindsey and Eunice share a look. A beat passes. They look away from each other; Lindsey looks to his feet and Eunice takes another swig of his drink.

KEIRNAEN

(laughs)

Guess so, eh? The name's Keirnaen.  
Pleasure to meet ya, Lindsey.

LINDSEY

You, too. So everyone in here's an agent?

LILAH

Yeah. All the underlings.

Eunice puts down his drink and the bar and stands up, coming closer to the other three.

EUNICE

With one exception. I'm not an agent.

LILAH

No, you're an idiot.

KEIRNAEN

Now, let's be end the tension and get Lindsey here sat down with a drink in his hand. I'm sure he deserves it.

(to Lilah)

And you, too. Now care to explain why you didn't mention you had a new charge?

(to Eunice)

And why you didn't mention you'd had another one of your run-ins?

LILAH/EUNICE

I did.

KEIRNAEN

Oh ... ah yes, you did. I remember now.

(to Lilah)

So this is your former friend and rival, the infamously popular Lindsey McDonald?

(to Eunice)

And this is the pompous, arrogant eejit you had a tussle with earlier?

He wryly smiles, the comparison tickling him. Lindsey meets his smile with his own and Keirnaen winks before:

INT. REINSTER'S - BAR AREA - LATER

Lilah, Keirnaen, Eunice and Lindsey are now sat in one of the booths, positioned in the corner. Several bottles and cans are now strewn across the table.

Lindsey takes a sip of one of them and screws his face up a little, not liking its taste. Swallowing it down, he exhales.

LILAH

I forgot to mention: the beer here isn't exactly real-world beer. It's a mystical concoction.

LINDSEY

And not a very nice one at that.

EUNICE

We can't get drunk anyway.  
(off Lindsey's surprise)  
Why do you think I'm still sober?  
Most of the stuff on this table  
I've drank.

LINDSEY

I assumed you were permanently smashed. That's the impression you give off.

EUNICE

Suddenly we don't seem so different.

The tension is rife as they stare each other down, both eyes narrowing in challenge. Keirnaen rolls his eyes and pushes them apart forcefully as they begin to lean in.

KEIRNAEN

Shut your gobs, the both of ya. I won't be having that at my table.

LILAH

He's right. Playtime's over, boys.

LINDSEY

What can I say, I've got an evil hand. Makes me do things.

He waves his fingers to illustrate, then laces them together and cracks his knuckles out in front of him.

LINDSEY

(sly)  
No control whatsoever.

KEIRNAEN

(points)

Your friend's here, Lilah.

They follow his finger. DEVANTE, an aging black man dressed in silver robes, pushes his way through the riotous crowd, bothered by their rowdiness.

LILAH

He's not my friend, Keirnaen. We made an acquaintance. That's all it is.

Devante finally reaches the table, horrified at a tear in his robes. He brushes himself off then straightens up, trying not to look too dismayed by the chaos of the bar.

DEVANTE

(smiles)

Lilah, dear -

(loses smile)

- and others. I must admit my visit isn't social, it's strictly business.

EUNICE

(sarcastic)

No way. Never have guessed that one.

Devante turns his nose up at Eunice, his eyes narrowing on the man, before turning to Lilah. The smile returns.

LILAH

What is it, Devante?

DEVANTE

The Crossings.

The small group fall silent, the word striking a chord with everyone except Lindsey. Keirnaen stands up and begins to slide out past the others, .

KEIRNAEN

I'll get us some drinks, eh? Same again for everyone?

(off their nods)

That's okay. I'll be right back.

Devante stops him with, clamping his shoulder. The raised eyebrow from Keirnaen makes him quickly remove his hand. Keirnaen smirks, the other man's fear humorous.

DEVANTE

I'll have a chauvignon blanc.

KEIRNAEN

(beat)  
Beer, then.

He pushes through the bustling crowd, and leaves Devante puzzled -- ignores the mistake and turns back to the table. He ignores Eunice and Lindsey, focused on Lilah.

DEVANTE

The Crossings are prepared for you  
and your charge to enter, Lilah.  
You must be prompt. Shall we leave  
now?

LINDSEY

Right now?

LILAH

But Keirnaen just went to get us  
drinks, and you let him.

DEVANTE

It was just something to busy him  
for the time being. Besides, it  
seems these men have drunk lots  
already, what's a few more?

Lindsey glances back to Lilah, his dislike of Devante clear, but Lilah stands and he grudgingly follows. Devante clasps his hands together, pleased.

DEVANTE

Then that's that.

He links arms with the two of them and both appear uncomfortable. Eunice swills what is left in his glass before downing it. Devante looks revolted at the action.

DEVANTE

Goodbye, Eunice.

Eunice ignores him and picks up another glass and downs what is left in that. Lilah and Lindsey look longingly at the table as Devante turns and drags them away.

EUNICE

(bitter)  
So long, asshole.

He looks up to see Keirnaen approaching the table, carefully balancing as many beers as he can. The Angel Of Death cracks a smirk at the comical act then:

INT. HALLS OF EDEN - CORRIDOR

Pillars either side. Two grand doors. The corridor continues endlessly on one side, the towering doors on the other. The area is grand and hugely ornate.

There are only a few people dotted around, all dressed in robes of silver, nowhere near as full as Reinster's. Lindsey and Lilah are amongst them, staring at the doors.

They open, GRINDING slowly, and Devante emerges. Lindsey moves to see what is inside but Devante blocks his view and then the doors close. He scowls, brooding.

DEVANTE

They are almost ready.

LILAH

How will we know exactly, though?

DEVANTE

They will let you know when the time is right. I would stay with you but I have another matter to deal with.

LILAH

Okay. Goodbye.

She kisses him on both cheeks. He blushes and Lindsey makes a gagging motion from behind him. Lilah restrains a laugh and Devante looks confused.

He frowns and pulls back, nervous.

DEVANTE

Goodbye, Lilah.

(to Lindsey)

And good luck to you. You will need it, Lindsey, I am sure.

LILAH

The Crossings aren't that petrifying.

DEVANTE

I do not mean The Crossings.

Leaving the other two perplexed, he then disappears in a SWIRL of GOLDEN LIGHTS. Lindsey looks to Lilah, his raised eyebrow asks her to explain the comment.

She looks clueless. Brushes it off casually.

LILAH

That's just how he is. There's never much joy and cheer from him.

(MORE)

LILAH (cont'd)

In fact, there's never much cheer from any of the higher agents up here.

LINDSEY

Tall ones get silver robes?

LILAH

Not higher in that way. They are chosen specifically through their connections, their dedication, their passion and their achievements. Like the B-List celebrities rising above the C-List.

LINDSEY

And the A-List?

LILAH

The Powers That Be, themselves, of course.

Lindsey nods then looks around again, clearly in awe of the stunning surrounds. Lilah nods, recognising his appreciation.

LILAH

Fantastic, isn't it? First time I saw I thought I was back in the White Room. Again. It's a work of art.

LINDSEY

But what is this place? It doesn't seem to end. Anywhere.

LILAH

They're known as the Halls Of Eden, a higher plane of sorts where The Crossings reside. The only ones who have direct access to this area are the higher agents, such as Devante.

Something out of frame makes her smile. Lindsey follows her gaze to a child. White-blond hair, bright blue eyes and a wide smile. He looks adorable.

Sitting cross-legged in oversized robes, he's bouncing a ball in between his legs. It's Toad.

LILAH

And Toad over there.

LINDSEY

(sceptical)

That's a higher agent? Him?

LILAH

He doesn't really go on missions but, yeah, he's a higher agent. The fact he's a seer and has been here longer than most others balances it out.

LINDSEY

How about we get a reading?

LILAH

No tinglies yet, so I assume we've got time. Let's go.

She leads him over. Toad bounces the ball - it goes out of reach, but Lindsey quickly crouches and scoops it up.

LINDSEY

Is this yours?

Toad giggles and nods, reaching out for his ball. Lindsey chucks it to him and he catches it. Lindsey looks on the catch with affection and Lilah watches him, impressed.

LINDSEY (cont'd)

(to Lilah)

So why's he called Toad?

LILAH

He has a birthmark on his arm which is shaped like a cane toad.

LINDSEY

And no-one knows his real name?

LILAH

Nobody. He's been around longer than anyone else. That's another thing that earns status: how long you've been an agent. They're big on the cosmic pension.

LINDSEY

But you said it was a new system.

LILAH

It is, but with alternate dimensions and time travel and all, we've been around about a millennia. On my first day, my age tripled.

Lindsey pays no attention to the last bit, mesmerised by Toad playing with his ball. He bounces it and catches it, then bounces it again more powerfully and it jumps away.

Lindsey catches it just before it hits Lilah. He goes to throw it back but it vanishes in a SWIRL of GOLDEN LIGHTS. Re-appears in Toad's hand in the same way.

TOAD  
(gurgles)  
Ball! My ball ... ballie!

Lindsey looks touched and moves closer, bending down again to speak to him. The boy suddenly freezes up, going stiff, and his eyes ROLL. The adult pulls back, shocked.

LINDSEY  
(worried)  
Lilah, what -

LILAH  
He's having a vision. Semi-skimmed eyes, straight as a plank, all the right signs for his type of seer. A Gy'Nak seer.

TOAD  
(BOOMING; chilling)  
She will die. You may love her - but she will die. Big grey room. Barking dog. Dead girl. Lemon drops. I see it now. Death! Disaster! Oh, the grey! It is not right - who are you really? I am not myself. I am not myself!

Toad suddenly loses his stiffness and goes back to his usual self, eyes and all back to normal, laughing again. As if nothing had happened -- stands up, toddles away.

TOAD  
Sleepy.

He waves goodbye, twiddling his tiny fingers, then the familiar teleportation occurs and he is gone.

LINDSEY  
What was he talking about, Lilah?  
Someone I love is going to die?  
(concerned)  
Eve? Or Karen? Or -

LILAH  
(interrupts)  
The visions Gy'Nak seers have are erratic. They can be seeing the future, past or present and not know which. Everyone dies. When he said loved, he was probably just talking about your mother.

LINDSEY

(sharp)

I didn't love my mother.

Lilah abruptly swoons and stumbles forward, clutching her forehead, but Lindsey is there to catch her. She composes herself and catches her breath.

LILAH

I'm thinking that means it's time.

Lindsey's mind is wandering, still on what Toad said as:

INT. HALLS OF EDEN - SACRED DOMAIN

Lindsey and Lilah are stood in silence - they look like teenagers having been caught making out - huge grins as they hang their heads, looking to the floor.

PAN AROUND: THE CROSSINGS come into frame.

Frankly - a large wall. Covered in ancient runes and inscriptions, faces of heroes past carved in alongside infamous scenes, all glowing in unison.

The First Slayer in the desert. Battles with Turok-Han. The Salem Witch Trials. A war between werewolves and demons. All are depicted upon the wall. It is colossal.

From the huge wall steps an ANNOUNCER, removing himself from the actual stone. The gap is soon filled by more stone, rushing into place.

LINDSEY

(aside; to Lilah)

What Toad said - could it be true?

LILAH

(aside; to Lindsey)

Do you really think this is the time? You are appearing before The Powers That Be here. I've explained to you the deal with Toad's visions. It does not matter right now. What does matter is that you pay attention.

They continue to talk to one another, their voices lowered, trying not to raise the announcer's suspicions. He reads the scroll, eyes scanning very slowly.

LINDSEY

It's a wall, Lilah. A wall!

LILAH

That wall could doom you to an eternity of suffering in the fieriest depths of hell unless you shut up.

LINDSEY

I don't care. It's got at least one perk: I'll be as far away from L.A. as possible. That's what I want.

LILAH

You said earlier you were looking forward to returning there.

LINDSEY

I changed my mind. I don't want to be anywhere near that place anymore.

LILAH

Don't want to be anywhere near Eve?

Caught off-guard, Lindsey blinks. Stunned. He goes to speak - the announcer steps forward and raises his hand, magic forcing Lilah and Lindsey to turn to him.

ANNOUNCER

(loudly)

Lindsey McDonald, you have been called before The Crossings to-

LINDSEY

(interrupts)

Sorry, man, but this is important.  
(to Lilah)  
Is she alive?

ANNOUNCER

It is court rule that the subject should not speak until asked to.

The announcer glares at Lindsey then lowers his hand and both Lindsey and Lilah are relieved. Lilah cricks her neck - Lindsey shakes out his whole body - she grimaces.

ANNOUNCER (cont'd)

The Powers That Be are about to begin their discussion with you.

At this point, The Crossings suddenly seems to merge back into something seemly resembling a normal stone wall for a few seconds.

BAM! The entire wall tumbles to the ground spectacularly, rocks collapsing and faces splitting. Lindsey looks alarmed and moves to help. Lilah stops him.

It ... re-builds itself! Climbing higher in the air than before, the wall becomes a taller, thinner construction with none of the scenes or figures present anymore.

Figures start to PUSH forward through the rock, their imprints made. They glow faintly, each very different. There are six, all different species, some combinations.

The announcer dematerialises in a SWIRL of SILVER LIGHTS and materialises at Lilah's side in the same manner. He takes her by the arm, pulling her towards him roughly.

ANNOUNCER (cont'd)

It is time. Leave.

Lilah nods nervously and the announcer and her disappear in the SWIRL of SILVER LIGHTS and reappear at the doors. He opens them and she mouths encouragement to Lindsey.

The announcer pushes her out of view and shuts the doors carefully behind her. Lindsey shifts awkwardly.

THE CROSSINGS

Thank you for considering our offer, Lindsey McDonald, we know that ... that ... considering our offer, we know that great things ... great things ... lie ahead but ... great things lie ... but you shall not disappoint for you have been chosen.

(loud)

Chosen is what you are ... you shall forever be ... forever chosen, yes ... darkness surely is in your future as well, though, and she ... as well, though, and she shall bring great darkness with her. Not whom you expect ... will not be her ... wrong, Mr. McDonald, wrong is what you are ... what you are.

(louder)

So, has your decision been made? ... The decision of which could ... decision of ... change your life, Mr. McDonald ... your very soul ... everything will be different ... the world awaits ... very soul, everything will be different ... the afterlife was not your destiny, the karaoke singer was ... karaoke singer was not supposed to.

CLOSE ON: Lindsey's bemused face. He blinks.

LINDSEY

Huh?

INT. REINSTER'S - PARKING LOT

Lilah and Keirnaen stand outside, shivering. Wind picks up and wraps around them in a cold chill. Thick fog has spread all over the parking lot, shrouding it.

Lilah rubs her hands together, trying to warm them.

KEIRNAEN

Why are we out here again?

LILAH

We're waiting for Lindsey.

KEIRNAEN

Ah, I see.

(beat)

Could we, maybe, not do that?

LILAH

Isn't it always cold in Ireland?

KEIRNAEN

It's not our fault you Yanks have  
satellites directin' the sun  
towards you all bloody year long.

Lilah smiles, shaking her head at the absurd idea, before Keirnaen wraps his arms around her, standing tall above her. He strokes her hair tenderly and her smile widens.

ANGLE ON: A dark figure approaching.

Lilah and Keirnaen watch intently and - Lindsey emerges from the fog. He looks quite pleased with himself.

KEIRNAEN (cont'd)

How'd it go, boy?

His schoolboy grin answers the question. He shoves his hands in his pockets, shivering at the cold, and chatters his teeth.

LILAH

And our next move?

LINDSEY

Martie MacDowell. She's a seer.  
Gy'Nak, just like Toad. I thought  
you said they were the unreliable  
ones?

KEIRNAEN

Not Martie. She's real good, always gets dead on. You're in good hands, lad.

LILAH

Why is he in her hands, though?

Lilah mulls it over, forehead creasing as becomes increasingly confused. She can't think of anything. Lindsey pipes up, hunching his shoulders

LINDSEY

She's supposed to help me with my clairaudience. Help me have my first bout of "whispers", or whatever they're calling them. They told me it was like:

(mimics)

Book ... pages of a book ... turning the pages ... whispering ... the whispers come ... tell you ... whispers will tell you all you need to know.

(indifferent)

Or something like that.

LILAH

They made you a link to the Powers That Be? Surely that can't be right.

Keirnaen pats him on the back, a pleased expression on his face, while Lilah still looks perplexed.

KEIRNAEN

I say good on ya. They really got faith in you, handing out an ability like that. Big responsibility, mind.

LINDSEY

I'll be fine. It's not like I haven't been a link to the Powers before.

LILAH

Yeah, a faux link. Pretending to be an Irish mystic doesn't count.

KEIRNAEN

Irish, eh?

(eager)

Go on. Try an' do the accent.

Lilah shoots him a "you're not helping" glare and he falls silent, looking to the clouded sky innocently.

LINDSEY

You know where Martie's apartment is, right? Because we have to go there.

Lilah nervously laughs, raising her shoulders to shrug coyly, and Keirnaen rolls his eyes at her.

KEIRNAEN

I know. Eunice went missing one day, thought he'd gone off on one so I went to find him, found him there. Not even drunk, just havin' a chat.

LILAH

Let's go then.

LILAH (cont'd)

Oh, but we can't really take your spectral self on to the physical plane, might not survive it so soon. You have a solid form, but that isn't how it works.

Keirnaen and Lilah both turn to one another, about to voice some ideas, but Lindsey raises a hand from his pocket to hush them. They look intrigued - he looks smug.

LILAH (cont'd)

Did I not say?

(grins)

I'm a real boy again.

Lilah gasps, ecstatic, and Keirnaen draws Lindsey into a manly hug again, patting him on the back firmly. Lindsey looks more pleased than ever before as:

BLACK OUT:

**END OF ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE**

FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK - CORRIDOR - AFTERNOON

Keirnaen, Lilah and Lindsey are stood outside a door near the end of the hall, furthest away from the stairs. Lilah POUNDS loudly on it, before turning back to her men.

LILAH

About this Martie thing, care to explain in more detail? I received no notice of them making you Magic 8 Boy. And now we're involving other people. It gives me the impression they aren't too keen on me.

LINDSEY

I'm sure they are. Don't worry.

(beat)

One thing they may have just forgotten to remind you of, though, is that it isn't actually San Diego.

LILAH

(groans)

Where is it?

LINDSEY

San Francisco. Sorry.

Lilah turns and growls in frustration, pounding on the door again. Lindsey and Keirnaen exchange knowing looks as she vents and Keirnaen begins to back down the hall.

KEIRNAEN

Well, I've got to be off now. A few leprechauns in the Sahara misbehaving with fate again and I'm the one to sort 'em out.

(waves)

I'll be seeing ya later. Be safe.

With that, he reaches the end of the corridor going backwards, turns and heads down the stairs out of frame. Lilah bangs again, starting to get angry.

She turns to him and stifles the laughter with her glare, then cracks a smirk herself. It is an affectionate moment between the two old friends as their eyes meet.

LINDSEY

I can't believe it's been over five years since I last saw you. I suppose I did miss you.

LILAH

(touched)

Thank you. I missed you, too. We had a good little camaraderie going, I thought, up until you pinched my ass and hightailed it out of L.A.

LINDSEY

I had to. It was a point in my life where I needed to find myself again.

(opens arms wide)

And now here I am again. Finding myself in a whole new light. I'm gonna be saving innocents and defeating evil.

LINDSEY (cont'd)

Like Phoebe Halliwell.

LILAH

Without the big bajumbas.

LINDSEY

If only God had tried harder, eh?

Lilah misses his joke, though, as her rage reaches boiling point and she swings around raises her clenched fist, ferocious determination in her eyes.

She is stopped by the door swinging open to reveal:

MARTIE MacDOWELL, a woman of the older generation dressed warmly in a thick cardigan and bohemian and colours. She looks like an old-age hippy - an angry one.

She sternly watches the two, her eyes narrowed down on Lilah. The agent shifts uncomfortably under her glower, her furious edge suddenly taken off. Martie sighs.

MARTIE

Hello, Lilah.

They stare one another down, then finally Martie steps aside and motions for them to enter, and:

INT. MARTIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - SAME

Untidy and cluttered, the room is full. Books, artefacts and a number of other items lie scattered. On top of a broken piano sit bowls overflowing with sweets.

MARTIE (O.S)

I was wondering when you'd arrive.

Martie enters, Lindsey and Lilah follow behind her.

LILAH

Yet you still didn't think that  
could be us at the door?

MARTIE

Of course I didn't think that. I  
knew it, dear. Being a seer has its  
props. I was in an important  
meeting.

The elder woman crosses over to a bookshelf. Extracting one from a shelf roundabout the middle, she checks the spine then nods.

Lindsey looks around in bemusement at the room, carefully watching where he steps. Lilah manages to hold herself brilliantly, walking with ease through the mess.

LILAH

Come on. We don't have all day, and  
I expect Martie doesn't either.

She leads him over to Martie, who stands in front of a large crystal ball. The seer is speaking in hushed tones. A dead language rolls off her tongue effortlessly.

As she mumbles the ancient words, Lindsey and Lilah move to opposite sides of her to watch the spectacle develop before them.

Suddenly, the crystal ball GLOWS then EXPANDS.

It becomes larger and larger - a wind picks up around them - Lindsey looks around, alarmed, but Lilah indicates nothing's wrong - Martie remains focused, still chanting.

The items in the room start to move, the wind increasing in its strength, and Lindsey worries. Again Lilah shakes her head. A book suddenly is thrown across the room.

Lindsey appears worried as the bookcases start to shake, threatening to topple, then:

INT. MARTIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Martie is grinning from ear-to-ear.

Lindsey and Lilah are by her side. Lindsey is staring, open-mouthed, at the huge sphere of glowing light dancing gently in front of him. He is entranced.

MARTIE

Call me when you're done.

She begins to exit. Lindsey breaks from his fixed gaze and rushes to stand in front of her. Lilah watches on, a pang of jealousy briefly there, as he halts Martie.

LINDSEY  
And how will I know when I'm done?

MARTIE  
(knowingly)  
Honey, you'll know. Believe me.

Without letting him get another word in, she leaves and Lilah follows reluctantly, clearly not her decision. Lindsey exhales assertively as she closes the door.

He stands in the centre of the room, uncertain, then moves back to the sphere. He watches it, intrigued, but nothing happens. It continues to dip and rise gracefully.

LINDSEY  
(calls out)  
Is there a switch?

He gets no reply from outside - but the sphere replies by suddenly BRIGHTENING, forcing Lindsey to cover his eyes. It is a blinding light. He adjusts, squinting to look.

LINDSEY  
Huh, voice-activated. Nice.

As he finishes his sentence, the light in the orb fades and colours begin to appear, slowly forming in to shapes. They get sharper and sharper until clear images show!

CLOSE ON: Crystal ball, enlarged.

As the image finally forms completely and we see:

INT. MANSION - FRONT ENTRANCE - AFTERNOON

INSERT OVER: "Neco Lamia" Academy, Scotland

Two young girls stand nervously excited, suitcases in each hand. Gigantic double doors tower high behind them, meeting at the top with the astonishing arched ceiling.

One furrows her brow, confused. The other is visibly shaking, wracked with nerves. They are talking (silently) to DANIEL "OZ" OSBOURNE and FAITH LEHANE, both of whom are smiling.

Faith gestures for the girls to follow her and:

EXT. STREETS - EARLY MORNING

INSERT OVER: Boston, N. America

DAWN SUMMERS, in all her drunken glory, stumbles along the sidewalk, clinging to the wall for support. She looks absolutely smashed, her eyes dilated and her nose sore.

She brushes her sweat-drenched hair out of her eyes and lurches forward, holding back sick. She looks terrible.

Out of nowhere, a VAMPIRE appears, baring fangs. Her mouth opens to scream in terror:

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

INSERT OVER: Rockhampton, Australia

Wearing a leather jacket and tie-die tank top, DEVON MacLEISH takes careful steps, stake in one hand and cross in the other, towards a stack of crates in the corner.

He is so focused he doesn't notice the eight-foot tall demon walking up behind him. Grabbing him roughly, it turns him around and roars in to his face.

Devon crinkles his nose and clearly mouths 'eugh' as:

INT. MARTIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Lindsey stares on in amazement at the crystal ball.

LINDSEY

Whoa.

He leans in closer, watching with fascination:

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK - CORRIDOR. SAME.

Lilah and Martie lean on opposite walls in the hall, facing one another. Lilah is stood nearest the apartment, looking at the door anxiously.

SMASH! She rushes to the door quickly. BANG! She reaches for the handle, then sees that Martie's hand is gripping tightly around her own. They return to their places.

MARTIE

When he calls. Not before.

LILAH

So what is he doing in there?

MARTIE

(rolls eyes)

He's seeing how the world has changed, how the heroes and the evil in this world have changed. It is all preparing him for his gift, his power, the clairaudience that he will use to save lives. He needs to know how to interpret it and how to use resources and many other things.

LILAH

That ball's going to help him?

MARTIE

It isn't a ball. It's an insight.  
It'll help him, believe me.

(laughs)

Oh, I do find it amusing how the Powers That Be have abused you agents. They tell you nothing and send you to people like me, people with experience. They expect us to do the work for you and fool you into thinking you're doing it.

LILAH

(defensive)

That isn't true. We all contribute.

MARTIE

There's another amusing thing. You're one of few who actually think that. Some agents aren't quite as pleased with the system as you appear to be.

Lilah thinks on her comment, curious, and folds her arms across her chest. She looks out of the window, out on the real world and the bustling city below:

INT. MARTIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM. SAME.

Things soar around the room wildly, CRASHING and BANGING more frantically as time passes and a stronger wind picks up. Things tumble and slide everywhere.

Floating aimlessly in the centre of the room is Lindsey, his eyes GLOWING and his body writhing in ecstasy. He MOANS in pleasure as the items continue to whiz past.

The wind picks a spellbook up and it heads directly for Lindsey - closer - closer - inches from his face, the spellbook hits a BARRIER and bounces away from him.

LINDSEY

(shouting)

Oh god!

(blissful)

Oh god, oh god, oh god, oh god!

He COLLAPSES to the ground with an audible THUMP.

The wind ceases and everything drops to the floor, a few books and pens falling on Lindsey. He goes to sit - only for a heavy-bound volume to fall straight into his gut.

He GASPS, winded, and falls back, suddenly hit by:

'WHISPERS' - "Kelly! Stay away ..." The sound of a RIPPLE running through air. Screaming. A dying breath. "She will not break through again." "Lilah, you were Corrith!"

He rolls over, out of breath, and spreads himself out wide on the floor. He PANTS, totally exhausted.

LINDSEY  
(pants)  
I'm done.

Martie re-enters, hastily followed by Lilah who quickly moves past the older woman and rushes to Lindsey's side. She helps him to his feet and he rests on her body.

She contains her struggle though her facial expression shows his weight doesn't exactly match hers. She looks strained. Martie suppresses a laugh, tickled.

MARTIE  
We should focus on what just happened.

LILAH  
(strained)  
Yes, yes, of course ... now what did just happen, again?

MARTIE  
Isn't it obvious?  
(off their blankness)  
Guess not. Lindsey just received his very first bout of "whispers".

LINDSEY  
(ecstatic)  
You mean I do that every single time?

His face lights up at the thought of it, delighted.

MARTIE  
(deadpan)  
No. You don't.

His face falls again - then Lilah finally buckles and lets go. He is caught by surprise. Letting out a thunderous shout as he does, he topples forwards:

EXT. SPECTRAL PLANE - KELLY'S APARTMENT

Kelly sits, a dull spectrum of greys, looking over her shoulder. She has her legs pulled up tight to her chest as she sits on the sofa, biting her nails nervously.

Anxiously, she looks to the grandfather clock in the corner, as the seconds tick away on its ancient form. TICK, TOCK.

As she rocks back and forth, closing her eyes and taking a deep breath, a shadow is cast across her. Her SCREAM penetrates through the air chillingly:

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK - CORRIDOR - AFTERNOON

Lilah and Lindsey are stood next to the window, staring out on the beautiful afternoon - of SAN FRANCISCO. They look on the city, interested, and Lindsey seems content.

His full attention is on the city below, spreading out for miles with Golden Gate Bridge in the distance. Lilah studies his face, watching his eyes full with wonder.

LILAH

What happened to you in that room?  
Why are you in such a great mood?

LINDSEY

I'm not sure. It showed me ... it made me see exactly what I have to be. A hero. A helper. A new person.  
(sighs)  
I didn't see everything, though.

LILAH

(beat)  
Let it go, Lindsey. You have a new life now. It's a chance to start afresh. You don't need Eve, you don't need Angel, you don't even need me. I won't be around much.  
(smiles)  
It's all about you. Embrace that.

Lindsey digests the words thoughtfully. Lilah watches him, waiting for a reply. He nods and her smile returns. He agrees with her, nodding more ardently.

LINDSEY

You've changed. A lot. You're different now. Nicer. Getting away from Wolfram and Hart casts an almost human light on you.  
(playful)  
Note the almost.

LILAH

Believe me, that almost is all that is saving me from going insane. Yesterday, I said thank you - I don't know what's wrong with me. I'm crazy.

CRASH! She jumps into Lindsey's embrace away from the direction of the noise. The other end of the wall. Their startled eyes meet and then they turn to see what it was.

A HUGE SHADOW falls over them and they stare up, wide-eyed. Lilah looks visibly shaken, lip quivering.

Lindsey pushes Lilah behind him and she clings to his back, terrified. Lindsey gulps - controlling his fear - and pushes Lilah away from him, into the window.

LINDSEY  
(under his breath)  
Go. Now. Run around him.

LILAH  
Lindsey, you don't understand!  
That's Corrith! The unbeatable. The  
real destroyer. The footman of  
Lucifer.

LINDSEY  
(shrugs)  
Whatever. Just leave.  
(realises)  
Wait, Corrith? You really need out  
of here! Now! My whispers, they  
said -

At that moment, a blaze of fire rushes into the wall next to the two of them. Lilah SCREAMS and cowers behind Lindsey again. They continue to watch whatever is there.

Lindsey drags her round to his side. She is frozen on the spot, petrified. Taking a deep breath, she runs as fast as she can forward, tears streaming down her cheeks.

As she runs she passes the huge beast, easily eight feet tall, entirely composed of pale stone. He appears as a whitewashed version of The Beast. His eyes glow SILVER.

LINDSEY  
Been way too long since I had a  
decent brawl.

The monster ROARS, astonishingly loudly, and Lindsey covers his ears. This is CORRITH.

Flames still linger on his tongue, all inside his mouth, which expand as he breathes deeply, his nostrils flaring.

CORRITH  
I am Corrith - the destroyer of all  
that is pious and sacrosanct! All  
whom have damned me will suffer!

LINDSEY  
(casual)  
Howdy.

Corrith cocks his head to one side, puzzled by Lindsey. Lindsey launches forward and, grabbing the demon by his arm, manages to swing him towards the wall.

Shocked, Lindsey looks down at his arms.

LINDSEY

No work-out, double the strength. I should be dead more often.

CORRITH (O.S)

That can be arranged.

The demon stands to his feet instantly and lunges forward at Lindsey. Our hero headbutts him, halting his movement, and sweeps at his legs in quick succession.

Corrith stumbles back, unprepared for the resistance. Lindsey takes a breath. Corrith is quicker to recover and rushes forward, throwing the hero out of the window.

It SHATTERS and he starts to fall to the ground below.

He is stopped as Corrith grabs hold of his trouser leg and YANKS him back inside, throwing him against the wall powerfully. He flops to the floor, groaning in pain.

LINDSEY'S POV: Corrith towers over him, his hoofed foot raises his hoof high in the air and he brings it crashing down - only for it to be CAUGHT in Lindsey's hands.

Corrith topples over and crashes through the wall and Lindsey jumps in after him then drags the huge demonic being back into the corridor.

LINDSEY

(unconvincing)

Not so tough.

CORRITH

I am still adjusting. These changes, the way that ... he is different. I have never felt this before. Light.

Lindsey pays no mind to his words and dives at the beast again, fists flying and temper raging. But he is starting to tire. Corrith is not, and catches him easily.

Holding the hero by the scruff of his shirt, he lifts him high into the air - and then throws him like a rag doll, tossing him down the corridor as far as he can.

Lindsey body hits the opposite wall and drops agonizingly. He CRIES out, agonised. A pool spreads around his head, the fresh wound pumping out blood.

His eyes close gently as he drifts out of consciousness.

LINDSEY

I'll be back.  
(coughs)  
I always am.

Corrith turns his nose up at him, disgusted by his pettiness, and then motions to teleport away before:

INT. REINSTER'S - BAR AREA. AFTERNOON.

The doors fling open and Lilah steps into frame. Her hair is dishevelled as she claws her hands through it raggedly and her clothes are torn.

Eunice and several other agents turn from their conversation as she pushes past them. Her eyes roll around inside her head and neck lulls from side to side.

Eunice reaches her and she falls into his arms, limp and weak. She BARKS at him! Confused, he tries to stand her up but she HOWLS, attracting attention from the drinkers.

EUNICE

Lilah, what's the matter?

LILAH

Corrith ... Corrith is here ... He did this! He didn't touch me but he did this! I can't cope, Eunice, I just can't ...

She slips from his hold as he turns pale, the name striking a chord with him, and she falls to her knees. She starts to cry.

LILAH

I don't know what he did! I don't know! Now, all I can think about is ... Oh, Lindsey! He's going to kill him ... Lindsey is going to be eaten by Corrith!

Others come forward as they hear her ramblings. Murmurs break out amongst the crowd. Devante pushes through, emerging from nowhere, and bends down at Lilah's side.

DEVANTE

(to Eunice)  
What's the matter with her?

EUNICE

She's lamenting. About Corrith.

Devante pauses, thinking of what to say. His jaw tightens and she runs his tongue along his teeth, musing, as Eunice pulls Lilah up on her feet. She SNARLS violently.

DEVANTE

(to Eunice)

I was actually here to see you. Now that we have to deal with Lilah, it must wait.

(to Lilah)

Lilah, my friend, are you okay? What happened with Corrith? Where is he?

LILAH

(crazed)

He's gonna kill him, rip him to shreds and then I'll have to go. I'll have to go and see him and his body ... he'll have no eyes, no legs and no tongue ... no tongue at all!

(screams)

He is here! Corrith is here!

More murmurs break out. Everyone in the bar is watching the scene. Eunice looks on them nervously and Devante looks disgusted with them, supporting Lilah's other side.

Lilah starts to go limp again but both men quickly props her up. Devante looks extremely frustrated as they turn one way or the other, all blocked by patrons.

The murmurs from them increase, the noise level rising as Lilah looks around. She blinks, disorientated, then sees Toad in the crowd. He reaches out and mumbles something.

She pushes away from those holding her up and walks over to him, bending down. Toad has bloodshot eyes, tearful.

TOAD

(whispers)

Cassius ...

Lilah looks like she recognises the name. Eunice and Devante watch her, bemused - they cannot see Toad.

DEVANTE

Let's get her out of here.

They grab hold of her again, ignoring her struggles as she reaches out to touch Toad's hand. They pull her through the crowd of confused punters:

INT. REINSTER'S - PARKING LOT - LATER

The fog is still covering most of the parking lot with the sky only slightly less cloudy. The sun is hidden.

Lilah is sat on a bench around the side of Reinster's, staring curiously at the floor, while Eunice and Devante talk in hushed tones a few feet away from her.

EUNICE

She said he had a dead body with him. He killed someone, not just one of us either, but an innocent.

DEVANTE

It doesn't matter, Eunice. We -

EUNICE

(interrupts)

It doesn't matter? It does matter!

Lilah swoons and TOPPLES off the bench, bursting into an abrupt fit of giggles as soon as she hits the floor. Eunice and Devante stay where they are, watching her.

EUNICE

What's happening?

DEVANTE

Corrith. It appears he has somehow gained the ability to affect the gene which all we agents possess, the one thing that puts us between the dead and alive. Very few people except the most senior higher agents can do this. Angels Of Death can, so you should be able to, but even then it is a just-in-case mechanism.

Eunice nods and then heads over to Lilah, Devante follows. They descend to their knees on either side of her as she rolls around, still in fits of odd giggles.

DEVANTE

Tap in to her soul.

EUNICE

What?

DEVANTE

You are the Angel Of Death now. Just do it. It should come easily to you.

Lilah lashes out at him, her giggles rising to a cackle before stopping altogether, and her open-palm connects with Devante's jaw. He pins her arms down forcefully.

EUNICE

But I've never done that before to the deceased, let alone a physical form, and it's not exactly in the guidelines. Am I even -

DEVANTE

(interrupts; cold)  
Since when have you followed rules?

Eunice falls silent, gritting his teeth. He puts his hand over Lilah's chest sharply. She squirms, still pinned down by Devante, as a GREY MIST appears.

Her eyes roll into the back of her head and she goes totally limp again, her body loosened.

DEVANTE

Now that wasn't so hard. Hold her for me, she'll struggle when I'm finished.

EUNICE

(uneasy)  
Finished what?

The Angel Of Death moves his hand away, tentatively, then puts his hands on Lilah's arms in Devante's place as Devante puts his hand over the mist.

Devante chooses to ignore the question. He summons a tiny BALL of GOLDEN LIGHT and, slowly, it begins to circle the grey mist, fading more with each cycle.

The ball disappears at last and the mist is left PURE WHITE, as natural. Eunice looks amazed at the change.

DEVANTE

Now get out of here. Go and alert the others of the developments. Tell them that Corrith is back, he has a physical form and that he is killing.

The Angel Of Death disappears as he did before, simple and quick, and Devante is left with Lilah in his arms. She starts to SHAKE intensely - her body spasms.

Devante tries to steady her. Her breath quickens, getting faster as faster as she gasps for air ... then returns completely to normal. She looks around, confused.

LILAH  
Devante? Where am I?  
(distressed)  
Where's Lindsey?

DEVANTE  
Don't worry. It'll all be okay.

He pulls her close, resting her head on his shoulder, hiding his doubtful expression. He clearly doesn't have that much faith in his words, sighing to himself as:

FADE OUT:

**END OF ACT THREE**

**ACT FOUR**

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK - CORRIDOR - EVENING

Lindsey lies in a pool of blood, battered and beaten. Abruptly a HEAVY THUD results in Eunice appearing in another heap. He pushes himself up - his hands are coated in blood.

He sees he landed in the pool. He GROANS as he wipes it off on his own clothes and looks around, waiting, only for no-one to appear. He sighs, cursing under her breath.

As he descends to his knees and puts his hand on Lindsey's chest, Martie emerges from her apartment. Her eyes bulge.

MARTIE

(shocked)

Eunice! What ... what happened?

EUNICE

Why don't you tell me?

MARTIE

I don't understand.

EUNICE

Did you know this would happen, Martie?

MARTIE

No, I ... I ...

She lets her sentence hang, watching the GREY MIST appear and grow. Eunice looks down to it, irritated, and scowls.

EUNICE

This is only the second time I've tapped in to a soul, and there's not time to take him to one of the higher agents.

MARTIE

I have some salves in my apartment which would work. We could use those.

EUNICE

(rude)

So you didn't know but you were conveniently prepared to handle it?

MARTIE

Eunice, I have -

EUNICE

(through gritted teeth)

Save it. Help me carry him.

The Angel Of Death moves round to Lindsey's head and lifts it up off the ground, hooking his arms under his armpits, while Martie remains silent and takes his feet.

They lift him carefully into the air before:

EXT. REINSTER'S - PARKING LOT - SAME

Lilah, supported by Devante, has one arm over his shoulder as they slowly make their way back towards the bar. Several other people are milling about.

Lilah is distant as Devante takes each step at a time. They come to a streetlamp, one of few in the parking lot, and Lilah pulls away from Devante and leans up against it.

Both seem grim, staring unhappily at the floor. Lilah turns away, scraping her foot along the concrete and back again.

LILAH

He's never killed anyone before,  
Devante. This time, it just seems  
to have got a thousand times worst.  
Why?

(confused)

It wasn't even in the newsletter  
this time. Why? They've gotten  
pretty good at predicting it, ever  
since ...

She sighs, her mind drifting elsewhere as she leaves the end of the sentence. Devante leans against the other side of the lamp-post, crossing his arms.

DEVANTE

I wish I knew why.

LILAH

(bellows)  
But you do!

The higher agent looks shocked for a second, losing his prim exterior in an instant. He moves away from the post and turns around to face Lilah's back.

DEVANTE

What? Preposterous!

His cool is gone, only worsened as Lilah turns round. Her body is held in a different way, strong and regal.

Her hair FLOATS statically around her face. Her face is darker, more menacing. She glowers at him. Her eyes are glowing SILVER - like Corrith.

Devante is speechless. Lilah cocks her head to the side, just as Corrith did before, and that thin smile appears.

LILAH  
 (Corrith's voice)  
 Imprudent man.

She JABS her hand at his chest. He SOARS through the air, landing painfully on a car. Others stare on, stunned.

LILAH  
 (same)  
 How could you do this?

DEVANTE  
 (very anxious)  
 I ... we ... we didn't know that  
 ...

LILAH  
 (same)  
 You nothing! We both know that this outcome was unnecessary. You have no right to claim that you were oblivious.

Lilah races towards the car, lightning speed, stopping abruptly before impact. With that, she places her hand under the car and begins to lift it into the air

Devante YELLS out, absolutely terrified.

Lilah holds the car high above her head. Stunned silence from onlookers. Keirnaen takes a step forward. Lilah's head SNAPS towards him. He halts, in fear.

She does not even turn back, simply removes her hand from under the car and it falls with a great CRASH, the sound making the other agents wince. Some begin to flee.

Lilah turns up her nose at them, before turning back to look at Devante. He is trying to cradle his back with his hands, looking to be in great agony. She SNEERS, unimpressed.

DEVANTE  
 (pathetic)  
 Please ... Ca-ca ... Cassi-

LILAH  
 (same; infuriated)  
 No! Don't you dare speak that name!  
 You have no right to do so!

With that, she LAUNCHES on to the bonnet at rapid speed yet again, towering over Devante. As she stoops down to Devante's level, Keirnaen begins to move in the background.

Lilah looks at him sharply and he stops again.

LILAH  
 (same)  
 Stop trying to interfere.

She FLINGS out her hand and he goes hurtles back towards the group of remaining agents, knocking them to the floor.

Lilah turns her attention back to Devante, even angrier. She CLENCHES her hand around his throat and raises him high again, standing to her feet. She holds him there: a trophy.

Then, she HURLS him across the parking lot. He SMASHES in to the lamp-post, the force denting it, and CRACKING RIBS sound out. An involuntary YELP escapes from his mouth.

Lilah jumps off of the car at normal speed and begins to stroll over, her eyes focused on her victim as:

Keirnaen comes out of nowhere, tackling her to the ground, and pins her with all his force. Then, he raises his hand and delivers a powerful RIGHT HOOK to her jaw line.

KEIRNAEN  
 Bloody Americans. Never can keep  
 hold of yer own soul.

He proceeds to punch Lilah's face with pure brutality. Devante does not move from the foot of the post.

KEIRNAEN  
 (to Devante)  
 Well get out of here then, ya  
 eejit! This thing's gonna bite me  
 head clean off soon!

Devante nods, unable to speak, and DISAPPEARS in a SWIRL of GOLDEN LIGHT from the car bonnet.

KEIRNAEN  
 Don't see why he didn't do that  
 when he was getting the crap beaten  
 out o' him.

Keirnaen takes a breath, looks down at Lilah (or what looks likes her) then continues thumping her until -

LILAH  
 (same)  
 Such insolence!

Keirnaen ROCKETS, landing on one of the benches. It cracks beneath his weight and he falls through, agonized and sore. Several agents rush over to him as Lilah stands again.

LILAH  
 (same)  
 You will regret your part in this.  
 (MORE)

LILAH (cont'd)

What I have done here tonight is a mere morsel of what I can do in my new form.

(smirks)

Thanks, by the way.

The agents and Keirnaen look puzzled at the comment. Lilah scoffs, dismissing their looks casually.

LILAH

(same)

I can destroy any soul with supernatural affiliation. That means spirits, agents ... even heroes. My army will kill the rest. I am more powerful than any other.

KEIRNAEN

(wry grin)

Aren't they all?

LILAH

(same)

I apologise that my physical manifestation cannot be present here, as well. It's otherwise engaged right now.

KEIRNAEN

And who said demons can't multi-task?

LILAH

(same)

I was going to save you all for the big event, but I don't think you deserve it.

She strides forward angrily - then collapses. She lifts her head. The punches have settled: her face is bruised and cut.

LILAH

(weak)

Keirnaen?

She looks around, confused, and then:

EXT. SPECTRAL PLANE - ALLEYWAY

Kelly is running down the alleyway, the sound of HEAVY FOOTSTEPS behind her, clutching her side. She is in agony.

She trips on a crack in the concrete and tumbles forward, landing with a CRACK - she groans out, clutching her arm. A stray cast sniffs around her, curious at her presence.

The heavy footsteps stop as a shadow falls over her. She twists over and looks to see Corrith there again, looking as menacing as ever. The cat MEOWS and pads away.

There is nothing then - Corrith SMASHES his cloven foot down next to Kelly, creating a dent in the concrete. She tries to remain calm, but her eyes shine with fear.

KELLY

You don't scare me.

CORRITH

Hush, moronic girl.

He begins to wander away and she takes the opportunity to try to stand. Her expression is pained. Suddenly, Corrith's head SNAPS around and she stops.

Resting back down to support herself on her arm, she surveys around the alley for possible exits. There is only the one.

CORRITH

Not scared?

Kelly remains silent as Corrith continues to walk away. He stops abruptly. Her eyes open wide as the demon picks the cat up by its back. She knows what is coming next.

The cat MEOWS - Corrith ignores it - Kelly tries to look away, but Corrith clicks his fingers and her head is forced into place, eyes held open by some invisible force.

There is another purr from the cat's mouth as it paws at the air, sensing the danger. Corrith puts his hand around his throat and Kelly bites her bottom lip, holding back tears.

Corrith wraps his other hand around. The MEOWS become strained, warbled, as its limbs flail desperately.

He begins to twist his hands and SHRIEKS emerge from the feline as Kelly is forced to watch, tears falling from her eyes. The screeching reaches a climax and then fades.

The cat is dropped to the floor, dead. Kelly flinches as it lands, but puts on her brave face yet again.

KELLY

Nothing shocks me anymore, you bast-

CORRITH

Do not speak. Your voice, it bores me. I cannot handle your language. It is wrong, incorrect, mistaken. You humans truly have no -

He cuts off, clutching his forehead in pain. Kelly's eyes widen. He looks up, posture different, and seems confused.

CORRITH  
 (Lilah's voice)  
 Where the hell am I?

Kelly watches speechlessly. He groans in agony again, then reverts back. He is dazed - stumbles forward. Kelly takes the chance to stand and run, her limp clear:

EXT. SPECTRAL PLANE - STREETS

Kelly turns the corner and hobble-runs (leg still hurt) as fast as she can. Reaching the end of the road she turns and:

SANJHI (O.S)  
 Kelly!

The redhead turns to see the speaker. Behind her, Sanjhi approaches her two little kids, the boy from before and a little GIRL younger than him. They both look excited.

Kelly hobbles closer and pulls him into an embrace quickly, overjoyed to see him. He awkwardly pats her back, not sure how to react. She pulls back, smiles to the children.

SANJHI  
 (re: boy and girl)  
 They happened across me in the street and the buggers haven't left me alone ever since. You know I'm not good with children.

KELLY  
 I've met the boy before. He's sweet, though he did run away from me.

A PANG of pain hits Kelly, she stumbles forward to Sanjhi's arms. The children's attention is caught.

GIRL  
 You okay?

SANJHI  
 (sees her wounds)  
 That thing attacked you? That son of a -

INT. MARTIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Eunice is stood near Lindsey, who is sat down, leant back across the piano. Sounds of Martie RUMMAGING, moving jars and pots and pans, are heard.

EUNICE  
 (calls out)  
 Found it yet?

MARTIE (O.S)

I have well over one thousand  
different herbal concoctions in  
this room and not one of them has  
been touched in years!

EUNICE

(sarcastic)

That's great.

(beat; calls out)

Found it yet?

There is no reply. Eunice shakes his head then turns to  
Lindsey. He seems upset by the condition he is in.

TOAD (O.S)

Bad.

EUNICE

What did you say, Ma-

His sentence is cut off halfway through as he sees Toad, his  
finger pointing accusingly straight at Eunice.

EUNICE

What did you say?

TOAD

You're a bad, bad man. You hurt the  
hero. It's all your fault.

EUNICE

Nothing. I did nothing.

TOAD

Yes, you did. Just hasn't mattered  
yet. He's in big trouble, 'cause of  
you.

Eunice looks over his shoulder at Lindsey, checking on him.  
He turns back to see Toad has disappeared.

Martie emerges from a room off to the side, itching her arm.  
In her other hand she holds a small jar full of blue paste.

MARTIE

Got it.

(uncomfortable)

You can go. I know you blame me for  
this and with good reason, I  
suppose, but -

EUNICE

It's fine. Lindsey's what matters  
now.

(sighs)

(MORE)

EUNICE (cont'd)  
 God, I sound like I'm his  
 boyfriend.

Martie pops open the jar. She takes a dollop of the blue paste and hands the jar to Eunice, who does the same.

They both apply it to the grey mist, which is partially solid. Seconds later, it glows an EVEN BRIGHTER WHITE than Lilah's and they both look away, squinting their eyes.

It shoots back in to Lindsey and he starts to writhe - they turn quickly, the light gone now - Eunice grabs his arms and holds him still. Moments later he goes limp again, out cold.

Eunice releases him and takes a step back, next to Martie.

EUNICE  
 Time to let Charlie in to the  
 Chocolate Factory. We're off to San  
 Francisco now.

MARTIE  
 Are you going to tell him?

EUNICE  
 How can I? The world would probably  
 end up losing itself another hero.  
 Lord knows it doesn't need that.  
 Besides, it might still work out.

MARTIE  
 (downcast)  
 It might. But I can't say I'm not  
 worried. Do you think that he'll be  
 able to work it out?

EUNICE  
 (beat)  
 I don't know. I really don't.

They ponder that together, watching Lindsey, before:

EXT. ALLEY - EVENING

INSERT OVER - San Francisco

Lindsey and Eunice come CRASHING down, landing in a fresh heap of garbage to one side of the alley. Untangling themselves, Lindsey looks a little worse for wear.

He is buckled over. Beads of sweat run down his face. He appears flushed. Eunice watches him anxiously.

EUNICE  
 Combined with that head trip,  
 you've had your soul removed,  
 dragon dribble wiped over it and  
 your guts beaten to pulp.

LINDSEY  
I'll walk it off.

EUNICE  
(smirks)  
Always playing the hero.

LINDSEY  
Full-time job, Grim. Not that you'd  
have any idea about one of those.

Eunice raises his eyebrows, offended, questioning Lindsey.

LINDSEY  
You get off your ass once, maybe  
twice, a day to skip down to the  
spectral side of town. That, to me,  
seems easy.

EUNICE  
It isn't picked randomly. I can  
take two hundred spirits or just  
one. There's an order and a reason  
for that order.  
(beat)  
Sometimes it doesn't go to plan but  
-  
(off Lindsey's cough)  
You're gonna hurl.

Lindsey COUGHS again, covering his mouth. He lurches to the  
other side of the alleyway - Eunice looks away, grimacing.  
Lindsey straightens up, though, shaking his head.

EUNICE  
You decent?

LINDSEY  
(wipes mouth)  
Yeah, man. I'm fine.

EUNICE  
Good, 'cause the giddiness I had  
from soul-sucking is starting to  
wear off.  
(looks at hands)  
Too bad this blue gunk isn't.

The blue paste that he and Martie used is still stuck in his  
fingernails. He tries to pick it out.

LINDSEY  
Shouldn't I be off now?

EUNICE  
Off where?

LINDSEY

The library. The whole reason we're  
in San Francisco. For my research.

(annoyed)

I can't see why they couldn't just  
platter it up and present it to me.  
It'd make this whole gig much  
easier.

He then turns and heads off down the alley towards the exit  
out on to the streets of San Francisco.

EUNICE

(calls out)

Lindsey, wait! I can't let you go.

Lindsey stops up ahead and turns around, smiling.

LINDSEY

(melodramatic)

Look, I know we've grown so close  
in our time together, Eunie-Wunie,  
but I have work to do! I'll write,  
I swear!

Lindsey bursts into laughter, his own joke making him  
chuckle. Eunice isn't impressed - he just rolls his eyes.

EUNICE

Look, no jokes. This is serious.  
You aren't going to find at the  
library what I'm pretty sure you  
need.

LINDSEY

A hug? Warm cup of cocoa? Eve?  
Eunice, I know that I'm not gonna -

EUNICE

(interrupts)

Information, or at least the big  
stuff. That won't be there. And if  
it is, it'll be in the most obscure  
book possible and I'm positive you  
won't find it. The big bosses are  
clutching at straws, believe me.

(exhales)

I think you need to know exactly  
how Corrith came about, Lindsey.

There is no comeback this time as Lindsey stares at Eunice,  
intrigued by his offer. Eunice stares back seriously as:

BLACK OUT:

**END OF ACT FOUR**

**ACT FIVE**

FADE IN:

EXT. ALLEY - EVENING

EUNICE (V.O)

I think you need to know exactly  
how Corrith came about, Lindsey.

Lindsey and Eunice are in the same positions as before,  
staring at each other. Both look deadly serious.

LINDSEY

Well, then. Cliff-notes version?

EUNICE

Sure.

Eunice starts to pace, moving from one side of the alley to  
the other while Lindsey watches, impatiently tapping his  
foot. He blows his cheeks out, sighing.

EUNICE

I'll just tell it to you straight.

LINDSEY

Are you sure you can do that? You  
seem far too camp to -

EUNICE

(interrupts)

Lindsey, this is serious. You  
haven't been told everything that  
you should have. A lot of people  
have been keeping secrets from you.

LINDSEY

People - including you?

Eunice's expression gives Lindsey the answer he expects as he  
turns away and groans, frustrated by the situation.

LINDSEY

I'm all ears, Grim.

There is a pause and then Eunice turns back and gestures to  
some cardboard boxes further down the alley to sit on.  
Lindsey nods and they head towards them before:

INT. REINSTER'S - MAIN BAR - SAME

Lilah is led down in one of booths, the ruined table having  
been shoved to the floor. The rest of the room is just like  
this, everything in total disarray.

There are no other patrons - the bartender stands behind the bar, nervously drumming his fingers - Keirnaen is sat by Lilah's side. He strokes her hair out of her eyes.

KEIRNAEN

Ah, lass, look at what you've gone and got yerself in to.

(re: destruction)

Look at what we've all got ourselves in to, for the matter of fact. I don't know how it happened, but Corrith came back and he came back big time. Now we're all suffering.

Lilah opens her eyes but doesn't bother to lift her head.

LILAH

We're repenting, not suffering.

KEIRNAEN

Don't beat yerself up.

LILAH

Oh, I won't. I don't have the time. I spend it beating everyone else up.

KEIRNAEN

It wasn't yer fault. I'm sure Devante is just fine, and you know I am.

Lilah pushes herself up in to a sitting position next to Keirnaen. He smiles and takes her hand, his thumb circles her palm tenderly, and she lays her head on his shoulder.

LILAH

But it was my fault.

KEIRNAEN

You were possessed! How's it that you find that to be yer fault?

LILAH

Corrith must have targeted me for a reason. I must be the most susceptible agent to evil.

KEIRNAEN

Fair cop.

LILAH

(insulted)

What? You're joking, right?

KEIRNAEN

Look, we've all done bad things.  
Yer bad things are just ... more  
bad. You worked for Wolfram & Hart  
for enough years and did enough  
damage there to secure yerself a  
place in the deepest depths of  
hell. You could be sat next to  
Lucifer, his right-hand woman.

(sensitive)

You are the most susceptible to  
evil up here because you are evil.  
Or, at least, you were for a long  
time. That's hard to escape from.  
I'm just making sure ya know that  
the fact you're even up here is  
astonishing.

LILAH

I suppose it is.

The words sink in and she smiles, mood lifted. She turns to  
give Keirnaen a kiss on the cheek - then HURTLES forward,  
knocking him to the ground. She whizzes past.

Flying forward, she WHAMS in to the bartender and he sprawls  
to the floor, bringing down the glass shelves and alcohol  
behind him. SMASH! Smash ... smash ... He GROANS.

KEIRNAEN

Holy crap.

The Irishman rushes to his feet and over to the pair. Both  
are unconscious and bleeding. He slings the bartender over  
his shoulder, then reaches for Lilah -

- but she JERKS away from him, still unconscious. Her body  
starts to SHAKE even more violently and she GURGLES, a  
mixture of blood and spit coughed from her throat.

Keirnaen reaches for her again, but her leg flies out and  
connects. He trips backwards, steadying himself on the bar.  
Lilah suddenly surges bolt upright.

Keirnaen takes a careful step then recoils, terrified, as  
Lilah's eyes open - they're SILVER! She cocks her head to the  
side and a smirk creeps onto her face at his fear:

EXT. ALLEY - SAME

Eunice and Lindsey are midway through conversation, still sat  
on the cardboard boxes in the alleyway.

LINDSEY

So you're saying the Powers That Be made a deal with Lucifer because they saw the balance between good and evil was tipping in favour of good? And this deal worked against them?

(baffled)

Obviously! If they were winning, why did they just give that all up?

EUNICE

Because the Powers are about balance. If there is no balance, things go out of control. Of course, they like the good guys to be one step ahead, but two steps and everything goes wrong. I'm talking worlds melding, thousands dying, a lot of other really ... bad-sounding stuff.

LINDSEY

(probing)

So I'm here to keep the balance?

EUNICE

(rolls eyes)

Stop asking. None of us are going to tell you what you want to hear.

Lindsey 'tch's and leans back on the boxes, folding his arms and stretching his legs out in front of him comfortably. He thinks for a moment, pondering something.

LINDSEY

So the balance would be restored, as long as Lucifer got one wish? He wasn't allowed to tip the balance back - so what did he do?

EUNICE

He infiltrated the Powers That Be. He had six watchmen, each one tremendously powerful in their specific areas, but some of them broke away. I believe one of them was in Los Angeles a few years ago, going by the name The Beast. That was Marcusus.

(beat)

Come the end of the revolt, when demons overthrew the rule of Lucifer, only his most trusted watchman, Corrith, was left at his side.

(MORE)

EUNICE (cont'd)

As his one wish, Lucifer implanted Corriith into the Powers That Be. He could only appear once a year but for the few days that he was there the Powers That Be were forced to freeze themselves off. They couldn't have him taking a part in decision-making.

He stands again and starts to pace, looking to the sky above. Lindsey watches him closely, stifling a grin as Eunice tugs at his hair - frustrated by what he is saying.

EUNICE

In one of these periods, where the Powers That Be were disconnected from the world ... oh, you're not going to like this ... your old buddy, Angel, made them change their minds.

Eunice pauses in his pace, awaiting Lindsey's reaction. There is nothing. The ex-lawyer sits there, the tension building as Eunice hangs on - then he shrugs.

Lindsey repeats the motion when Eunice's eyes bulge and laughs at the Angel Of Death's expectation.

LINDSEY

I'm cool with it. It's like Lilah said, I have to forget about him and forget about Los Angeles and forget about everything I had there.

(takes breath)

It's about me now. New day, new chapter, new life. I'm not sure how I'll cope, but I am sure that I have to try.

Eunice seems impressed with Lindsey's relaxed attitude and comes to sit back next to him. Lindsey swings his legs round to face him and shuffles closer.

LINDSEY

You gonna continue or what?

EUNICE

I'm just surprised. Very surprised.

(sighs)

Now back to the issue at hand. Angel joined the Circle of the Black Thorn during one of these little blackouts and, though it did turn out to be part of a greater plan, the Powers decided that no more slip-ups like that could happen.

(MORE)

EUNICE (cont'd)

So they invented the agent system, the kinks of which are still being worked out, and passed the curse on to us. The underdogs.

LINDSEY

(sarcastic)

How compassionate of them.

EUNICE

Now, every year, Corrith comes back to bite us in the ass. Higher agents are partially immune to his effects, another reason why people strive to be one, but agents get screwed over. It's not uncommon to see them unable to stand up, doubled over in pain, screaming with agony ... Lilah, Keirnaen, they've both been affected. Lilah particularly badly in her first week as an agent. Shocked the hell outta her. She wanted to die again.

(beat)

Some get it mildly. It can tickle. Keirnaen last time ended up in a fit of laughter. Admittedly, he'd had a few drinks, but the effect varies every year for every agent.

LINDSEY

(frowns)

Why wasn't I told this before? It's not exactly going to help me kill him, but it'd certainly help me understand him.

EUNICE

There were ... reasons.

He looks to his feet and Lindsey's brow furrows deeper, as he wonders what the other man is thinking about. He puts a hand on his shoulder and rubs it awkwardly.

LINDSEY

You okay?

EUNICE

Yeah. I'm fine.

(grave)

Corrith is much more dangerous this time round. He could easily wipe the agents out and that would practically mean wiping the Powers That Be out - we're the ones that keep them going. Sure, we get no recognition. No mention. No credit of any kind. But it's what we do.

LINDSEY  
Why's Corrith worse this time?

EUNICE  
(dismissive)  
I don't know.  
(beat)  
Just remember that he can't come onto the mortal plane. He can create portals here, and I'm guessing he will when things get worse, but he can't ever step foot here. The Powers That Be made sure of it. He's shifting between planes already, making his presence known, particularly in the spectral one. I'll have to check it out.

Lindsey goes to object to this, remembering earlier events, but stops himself when he sees Eunice suddenly looking unsure. He hesitantly goes to say something.

EUNICE  
(bites lip)  
And know that, this time, he's got a whole range of abilities - I'm not sure how, but he's got his physical form back and he can teleport ... and ... and he learnt ... damn.

He buries his head in his hands, distressed. Lindsey looks surprised by the sudden upset and places his palm on his back comfortingly. Rubs his back.

Bending down by his side, he gives him a supportive nod.

LINDSEY  
I'll sort this out. Don't worry.

His determined look tells it all - he pats Eunice's back again, pulls him into a hug (manly, of course) as he wipes falling tears away from his face:

EXT. STREETS - LATER

Lindsey hurries round the corner, his pace a gentle jog, and the worry vanishes from his face as he sees what he wanted to: ST. JONAH'S LIBRARY.

In a bad state of repair, it looks practically run-down but people pass in and out of it frequently. Lindsey heads towards it, increasing his pace again.

He prepares to cross the road, looking both ways, takes a step and - BAM! He falls to the floor.

A BRUNETTE lies by his side, books strewn between them and over them. Her gorgeous locks flow down to her elbow; she's pretty and Lindsey checks her out as she stands.

She sees him and looks disgusted, GRUNTING as she grudgingly bends down to pick up her books. The smile vanishes from Lindsey's face and he sighs.

BRUNETTE

Next time, Mr. Fantastic, watch  
where you're going, not my breasts.

An unsympathetic scowl adorns her face as she picks up a few of the books. Lindsey jumps to his feet energetically and then bends down to help her pick them up.

LINDSEY

I wasn't actually watching your ...

He trails off as he sees the books laid out.

ANGLE ON: the books. Demonic encyclopaedias, volumes on time-travelling and ancient civilisation, a Latin and Greek translation dictionary.

Seeing Lindsey staring at them, the brunette hurriedly scoops them into her arms, pressing them close to her chest protectively. Lindsey offers his hand to shake.

She turns her nose up at it and pushes past him onto the sidewalk, beginning to walk away.

LINDSEY

See you then!

BRUNETTE

(scowls)  
Goodbye.

She sharply turns on her heel, hurries down the street and jumps in to a waiting cab. It ZOOMS off, away from Lindsey. He shrugs and goes to cross the road again:

INT. ST. JONAH'S LIBRARY - LATER

Lindsey is sat at a table. It is covered from almost corner to corner with books, some open, some bookmarked. Lindsey looks tired as he casually flips through another one.

Sighing as he doesn't find what he wants, he pushes out his chair and makes his way over to one of the many bookshelves, scanning again. Spotting something, he seems surprised.

He draws out the book: on its spine and on the front are nothing but the two simple letters L.M. Intrigued, he goes to open it but is interrupted by -

KEIRNAEN (O.S)

Lindsey!

Lindsey turns around to see Keirnaen hastily coming towards him, red in the face. He pants, worn out.

LINDSEY

You okay, Keirnaen?

KEIRNAEN

It's Lilah. She's in trouble.

(corrects)

No, she is trouble. Something's happened, something big. Really big. I had to leave that poor bloke there.

LINDSEY

Who? What guy? Is he not safe alone with Lilah?

KEIRNAEN

It's not really Lilah. It's something wearing Lilah, using her body like an outfit. It ain't half scary, Lindsey.

Lindsey is fully-focused on Keirnaen as his fingers lazily open the book and, all of a sudden:

An EXPLOSION OF LIGHT floods from the book, illuminating the entire room. It brightens and engulfs Lindsey and Keirnaen, both of whom CRY out, their cries fading as:

INT. SPECTRAL PLANE - APARTMENT BLOCK ROOF

Lindsey's eyelids flutter - he SNORTS, as if waking up from a sleep - Keirnaen lies by his side. The hero opens his eyes and stretches, rising to his feet drowsily.

He falters forward, reaching out for support on a large vent and the railing nearby. Looking over the edge of the railing, he realises they are in the Spectral Plane.

KEIRNAEN (O.S)

Lindsey.

Keirnaen stumbles towards him, looking hugely disorientated. Lindsey almost falls himself but clings to the railing, pushing himself up to a standing position.

KEIRNAEN

What happened?

LINDSEY

The book must've been spelled. It opened and brought us here, to where Kelly is, to the Spectral Plane.

Lindsey then gestures out to what lies beyond the railing and Keirnaen moves forward to stand next to him, carefully grabbing hold of the support as well.

LINDSEY

Though it's a very different one to how I left it only a few hours ago.

They see: buildings wrecked, trees uprooted, the streets bare save for a few crying spirits, no longer drifting peacefully. All is still grey, despite the fire burning.

One of the buildings nearby is alight, another in the distant is already half-burnt, flames still raging. DISTANT SCREAMS make Lindsey flinch, lump in his throat.

The sky is dark, ominous clouds rolling overhead. Lightning and thunder CRACKS and BOOMS, again, in the distance - the sound is barely above a murmur.

The two men stare out on the devastation, overwhelmed:

INT. MARTIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Martie sits on the piano stool, dejected. She sniffs, her eyes red from tears, and pulls out a handkerchief to blow her nose. She does so and puts it away again.

The door KNOCKS loudly. She JUMPS, caught by surprise.

MARTIE

Coming!

Hurriedly, she wipes her nose and smoothes her clothes down then crosses over to the door, putting on a wide smile. It disappears as soon as she sees who knocked.

Devante, wounds and bruises clear, fronts the group of a dozen agents. Eunice is stood with them uncomfortably.

DEVANTE

Martie, it appears we have something to discuss. May we come in?

They wait expectantly. Martie wipes her nose again, haggard and weary, and heads inside, indicating for them to follow:

INT. REINSTER'S - BAR AREA - SAME

TIGHT ON: Lilah is on the floor, writhing in some medium between pain and ecstasy. Her sensual moans are punctuated with horrific screams every few moments.

She spreads her hands out above her, weaving them through splintered wood and metal, shattered glass mixed in. She picks handfuls up, throws them - they shower down on her.

She enjoys the sensation, GIGGLING.

Her giggles turn to SHRIEKS. One after another. One after another. In agony beyond belief - she giggles one last time -- falls totally silent.

WIDEN - to reveal: Reinster's has been destroyed!

The ruins lay strewn around her. Glass, wood and metal, even plastic and fabric, all lay strewn in a mass of crooked shapes and patterns. The fog has mostly cleared.

Few elements of the bar remain recognisable.

The bar itself lies half-destroyed far from its original place, several booths only partially ruined, everything else destroyed.

A small space around Lilah lies totally CLEAR, devoid of anything. It is a perfect circle. She stands in it and looks down to see - a pentagram glows in the centre.

LILAH

A ritual ... the ritual ...  
 (Corrith's voice)  
 It must be done. It must be  
 completed. I create chaos, you  
 command the supporters of chaos.  
 Raise them!

Her eyes become SILVER again and she spreads out her hands. The palms of them face downwards, resting over two opposite points of the pentagram. Glows brighter.

She closes her coloured eyes and begins to chant, her voice low but powerful. The words are spoken harshly. Her face is riddled with concentration.

LILAH

Em mord kahn falla los. Em anyo  
 kahn patri nis. Em vala kahn marco  
 seres.

She lowers to her knees, eyes still closed tight and hands still outspread. The pentagram glows even brighter.

LILAH

(Corrith's voice)

Em anyo hanzo marco nis. Em vala  
juk falla los. Em mord kahn patri  
reto.

(shouts)

Kalahn fires patri mord! Kalahn  
fires!

The pentagram reaches its pinnacle brightness, the glow a vibrant silver. A gentle SILVER DUST is blown up from the pentagram, glittering amongst the fog.

The wind picks up as Lilah begins to rotate her hands ever so slightly, turning her body in the opposite direction as she does.

She increases her speed and the wind strengthens.

It BLOWS the dust towards the now-exposed hills in the distance. It travels quickly, soon carried over the crest and away.

LILAH

(same; whispers)

Patri ... mord ...

Then she falls forward, unconscious, unaware of the remaining dust disappearing over the hills. There is total silence.

A COUGH - the body of the bartender is nearby.

He is on his last breath, eyes flitting open and shut, as a dull MARCHING fills the air. Something is approaching from the distance. He looks to the hills, wondering.

His vision BLURS and he makes one last stab at speech, managing no more than a moan, before his head lulls and:

BLACK OUT:

**END OF ACT FIVE**

**ACT SIX**

FADE IN:

EXT. REINSTER'S - RUINS - EARLY MORNING

It is still dark. But not dark enough to conceal the wreckage that has been caused. The whole of Reinster's is devastated. Lilah is led amongst the disaster site.

Materials of all kinds are strewn across the large area, dangerous for Lilah's bare feet. She is led, unconscious, in the middle of a perfect circle of clear earth.

With the bartender's body just a few feet away, she is led on top of the pentagram. Her hair is bright blonde, bordering on white, matching her attire.

A long, simple white dress flows around her gracefully, a stark contrast to the surface she lies on. She is smiling peacefully.

An owl HOOTS! Her eyes open, dazed, the smile going from her face as she rubs them. She seems confused by the sights around her, oblivious to what happened.

LILAH

What ... I ... what happened here?

She stands to her feet, noting the circle around her, and then looks up to see the landscape behind Reinster's, blocked previously. It is beautiful.

There are fields, lots of them, stretching up to touch the edges of hills in the distance, the sun only just hidden behind them. She turns back to the wreckage.

LILAH

How did this ...? Why?

There is a moment before she realises.

LILAH

(alarmed)

I did this.

She is frozen in surprise for a moment, then lifts up the edges of her dress and sees a gap in the mess of materials. She places her foot - then GASPS.

INT. MARTIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM. LATER.

DEVANTE and EUNICE are stood either side of the room; Devante with the higher agents, Eunice with the normal ones. Bottles SMASH off-screen.

Devante flinches, hearing the noise. Martie SIGHS at the mess she's probably created. The others watch the door, waiting for her to emerge.

Eunice looks rigid, thinking hard - Devante watches him, curious. Everyone else is at some medium between anxiety and casualness, the full range shown.

Martie enters, blowing the hair out of her eyes.

Sorry, I dropped something.  
Actually, I dropped a great deal of  
somethings and now they're -

EUNICE  
(interrupts; harsh)  
Do we really care?

Martie brushes her hair behind her ear, hurt by the words, but does not react. Eunice SCOFFS at her compliance and looks at the ceiling, rolling his eyes.

DEVANTE  
You were making conversation. We  
understand, Martie, but I don't  
think anyone's in the mood for  
chitchat.

The agents show their annoyance as the higher agents remain respectfully silent.

DEVANTE  
(to Eunice)  
And either you be constructive in  
the conversation or you leave.

EUNICE  
I can't leave! Believe me, I wish I  
could, but none of us can leave  
until things are back to the way  
they were.

DEVANTE  
We can't change history.

EUNICE  
That's total crap, Devante, you  
know the Powers That Be can.

DEVANTE  
But that's not us, Eunice!

MARTIE  
And that's the reason this whole  
thing started, isn't it?

Her words silence the room - everyone turns to look at her, Devante looking incensed with her outburst - his mouth moves but no words emerge as he struggles to reply.

Eunice does not try very hard to conceal his smirk, seeing the older man's reaction, and others cannot help but do the same. Devante inhales deeply, calming himself.

DEVANTE

What did you say?

MARTIE

I hate repeating myself, so I won't. Besides, my words did not elude your ears, judging by your reaction.

DEVANTE

The question was more a proposition for you to correct yourself than an actual question, my friend. I hoped you would realise that.

MARTIE

(strong)

I did.

Devante narrows his eyes at Martie and she simply does the same, confidently, unnerving him. Eunice stands between them, in awe of the turnaround.

EUNICE

Talk about role reversal. A moment ago one was bumbling and the other shoving the stick up his rear a little further, now ...

Without taking her eyes off of Devante, Martie replies:

MARTIE

I have never before in my life and never intend to. It should serve you well to recall that in the future.

(smiles)

As for Devante inserting a stick in his rear, it's entirely up to him what he does in his leisure time.

EUNICE

(tongue-in-cheek)

Sorry, ma'am.

MARTIE

I need no title. The issue here is that someone else did and the result was the beast Corrith merging with that poor fool Cassi-

DEVANTE

(interrupts)

No agent is allowed to speak that word, I have deemed it so.

MARTIE

I'm not an agent.

Again she trumps him and Devante does not look pleased. He limps back to the higher agents and they move forward, crowding him. Martie looks unimpressed by the fuss.

EUNICE

We need to focus on planning. How are we going to separate Corrith and Cas-

DEVANTE

As I said before, I allow no agent to speak that word.

EUNICE

I'm not an agent either. I have my own little division. Task force: me.

Devante is angered at his authority being usurped yet again, but restrains his irritation.

DEVANTE

How are we going to separate Corrith from our agent? It was our ritual that got him that way, maybe a reversal?

EUNICE

No, because we didn't use the original ritual. We used a revised version that Martie created.

MARTIE

You -

(off their looks)

We used the adjustments I suggested. If we hadn't, there may have been serious ramifications for us all.

HIGHER AGENT

(angry)

And the fact three of those whom took part in the spell have been eliminated by the hybrid means nothing, right? And many more that had nothing to do with it.

AGENT #1

It's not three, it's four.

AGENT #2

No, it's five. Janice isn't here.

Eunice looks surprised by the numbers, his usually animated face becoming sombre as he hangs his head. Many of the others do the same.

Devante breaks the silence, CLAPPING his hands together:

DEVANTE

All the same, they would not want us to stand here and mourn for them, they would want us to reverse the damage. Mourn later. Our main objective now is sorting out our foe.

Suddenly - a SHUDDER passes through everyone in the room, save Martie, and Devante's face fills with alarm. Another shudder soon follows.

DEVANTE

Now so more than ever, it seems.

MARTIE

What's going on?

DEVANTE

It's tearing through realities, ripping through dimensions. It's tampering with the fabric of the universe here. Not to sound too melodramatic, but this could spell the end of the world.

EUNICE

Then the only way we're going to stop him is by using our original plan.

Silence. Tension. The three main figures in the room - Martie, Eunice and Devante - look to one another and their expressions show how unenthusiastic they each are.

MARTIE  
 (reluctant)  
 Lindsey.

EUNICE  
 It seems sensible.

DEVANTE  
 And it was the thought we originally had. This was all designed to be a test for Lindsey, to see if he really can do what is expected of him.

EUNICE  
 After getting some recognition, of course. We can't deny that was our main intention here - we all wanted to prove the Powers That Be, to get some elevated status and to get a place in the history books. Famous or infamous, it is what we all wanted.

Another shudder hits the room - most just brush it off, but Devante winces and touches a hand tenderly to his wounds. They ache. Martie stabilises him.

EUNICE  
 When this is over, we're all in the firing line. And we need to remember that. But, for now, it's all about surviving through it.

DEVANTE  
 The challenge was originally set for Lindsey. Corrith was supposed to come back with a physical form, they would fight and Lindsey would win.

MARTIE  
 But then we amped the spell up to involve a sacrifice.

EUNICE  
 And realised too late that Corrith would the abilities of Cassius, as well as who knows what else that we haven't seen yet. He's already shown some form of possession, hasn't he?

Devante nods uncomfortably, the subject a tetchy one. The HIGHER AGENT (from before) steps forward to stand next to him. He is younger than the others, more attractive.

HIGHER AGENT

Shouldn't some of us go and see what's causing these disturbances?

MARTIE

It seems fair to assume that it is Corrith. Devante said only moments ago that he could feel it was him.

EUNICE

No, I agree with him. We need to learn of the circumstances, the consequences. We need to actually see this happening.

DEVANTE

We'll go now then.

MARTIE

You won't. You're hurt already. I won't allow you to take the risk and put yourself in even greater danger.

(mutters)

Even if you do deserve it right now.

She guides Devante to sit down on a particularly large pile of books not far away. He balances himself on them reluctantly, sulking. Eunice rolls his eyes.

EUNICE

I'll lead.

The higher agents instantly OBJECT, one opinion not able to be made out, they talk simultaneously - Martie hushes them, snapping vehemently. They fall totally silent.

MARTIE

The Spectral Plane and Reinster's will surely be affected and Eunice has great experience with them both. They are the places Corrith will target because right now there is where his targets are. He wants revenge. It was agents that combined him with Corrith, so that is who he has a vendetta against.

HIGHER AGENT

But -

She looks down her nose at him and he falls silent, usurped by her glower -- steps back, moving to the crowd of higher agents. Martie nods. He nods back respectfully.

MARTIE

We just need to hope now that, when the time comes, Lindsey can win this fight.

EUNICE

He is supposed to be the new Champion, isn't he? I'm sure he can handle it.

They all nod, agreeing emphatically. Mumbles and murmurs of agreement spread outwards. They seem confident. Positive. But Eunice hangs his head.

The cheer stops. They all know - not a single person is actually sure of whether or not they'll survive. Eunice blows out his cheeks, disillusioned, and then:

EXT. REINSTER'S - RUINS - SAME

Lilah is as we left her -- tries to force her foot down on to the ground. It will not. Keeping her dress lifted, she attempts with the other foot then finds herself FLOATING.

As if there is some invisible surface, she begins to walk across the area. She SMILES involuntarily, the feeling it gives her one of happiness.

LILAH

What ... how did this happen?

She begins to DANCE across the surface, taken over by the urge to do so, then shakes her hair around her and LAUGHS, getting in to the mood.

Shaking her hair for the second time, she realises its colour and stops, almost going off-balance, and just stares at it, open-mouthed.

LILAH

(taken aback)

I'm blonde?!

CRACK - she looks down to her feet to see that there is a GLOWING SILVER CRACK in the invisible surface. As if it is glass -- spreads rapidly. Starts to creep nearer.

Lilah lets go of her hair and runs - but the crack catches up with her and there is a momentary suspension.

She stands there, breath held, then with an almighty SHATTERING, her feet land in a mass of broken glass, near a part of the bar.

Holding back tears, Lilah bites her tongue and tries to climb upon the bar. She fails and slides off. The glass behind her CRUNCHES. She turns slowly, in much pain.

CORRITH is stood across from her. Neither smiling nor grimacing, his face is neutral in its tarnished white. His entire body has a darker grey tinge to it.

Lilah takes a step forward, then goes to take another is stopped by an invisible barrier. Her blank expression, mesmerised almost, registers slight confusion.

She blinks, just staring at him, silently.

CORRITH

Hello ...

His voice is emotionless, void of anything. Lilah's breaths quicken as her dress gently rises and falls in the wind, swaying. They both are deadly still.

Then, Corrith cocks his head to the side, puzzled, and:

CORRITH

... me?

They simply stare at one another, entranced, as the sun RISES just above the hills, casting a gentle glow. As it rises, there is the distant sound of heavy MARCHING.

Neither turns to look at it. Their eyes remain transfixed on one another as an ARMY rises in the distance. Beasts of all kinds, they all march to the peak - then stop.

They stand there, none able to be made out clearly, in silence. Lilah's eyes flash SILVER again, a wicked smirk sneaking upon her delicate features:

**FADE TO BLACK.**

**END OF ACT SIX**

**END OF EPISODE**