

Hero

"Rewind"

by

Jordan Hyman and Michael Jay

TEASER

INT. BEDROOM - LINDSEY'S LOFT - NIGHT

LINDSEY is lying in his bed in full clothing and heavy night sweats. He rolls back and forth with shaking eyelids and strong exhales.

The window leads to a world that is San Francisco at night covered in rain. The California pollution reflects the city's lights giving off a sepia color. A metropolitan version of Dorothy's Kansas.

The wind of the storm is causing the loft's loose siding to tap on the window just almost rhythmically. Tap tap. Tap. Tap tap. Tap. If there is any word that defines Lindsey's environment it's: discomfort.

Lindsey rolls to one side and seems to be reaching out to some invisible hand while moaning a hidden cry.

FADE IN:

INT. EMPTY SPACE - NIGHT

What looks like some mix between a warehouse and a basement houses perhaps twenty to thirty robed figures. They are all holding small wooden chalices and singing in a deep, unrecognizable tone.

They circle a large symbol taking up the floor. Its marking is unfamiliar though quite obviously occult. They then stop to turn toward the symbol.

One robed doesn't realize it's time and knocks into another one.

ROBED FIGURE # 1

Dammit, Roy! For crying out loud!

ROBED FIGURE # 2

Don't make such a big deal out of it!

ROBED FIGURE # 1

Do you realize how important this spell is? Do you realize how important this spell is!

ROBED FIGURE # 2

You do this every time. Can't you just--

ROBED FIGURE # 1

You were the one who stepped on my foot!

Others shush him and he takes a cue. Simultaneously, each man pours the content of his chalice into the marking, causing the marking to emanate smoke.

ROBED FIGURE # 1 (CONT'D)

There! It's done! The preparation's complete. You happy now?

CUT TO:

INT. KATHRYN'S OFFICE - WOLFRAM & HART SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT

KATHRYN HALLOW works frantically organizing her desk. The small but strong desk lamp lights up her frustration.

HOLLAND MANNERS stands at her office door, peeking in. Kathryn looks up and gasps.

KATHRYN

Oh..um...Hey. Mr. Manners, I, uh, didn't see you there. I'm a mess right now I'm sorry. Uh, what do you need?

HOLLAND

Oh, when I have a minute to myself, I enjoy watching my employees work. It's just something I do.

(beat)

You're an interesting one, you know that? You are the only Wolfram & Hart demonologist that organizes her office in laterals and not in quadrants.

KATHRYN

I-I'm not sure what that means.

HOLLAND

Just that you're special.

Holland's soft eyes widen with an idea.

HOLLAND (CONT'D)

Here, I have something for you.

Holland steps outside the office for moment to pick up a box he set outside the door. It's full of files, disks, tapes, and the like. He sets it on Kathryn's desk.

KATHRYN

Oh. A record. Yay.

HOLLAND

Now, there's no need for that type of attitude.

(beat)

This, is in fact, Kathryn Hallow's first true investment in Wolfram & Hart. The one described in these files is a major project, and a project that I am putting your hands.

Kathryn picks up file from the box and flips through it. Many pictures of Lindsey McDonald, from his suit & tie at W&H to his tattoo days.

KATHRYN

What type of demon is he?

HOLLAND

Homosapien by default.

KATHRYN

Mr. Manners, I don't mean any disrespect, but I'm a demonologist, I...this kind of thing really isn't in my field.

HOLLAND

Trust me, Ms. Hallow, you are more than qualified for this assignment. I don't mistake about these things.

Beat.

KATHRYN

What do you want me to do?

HOLLAND

He's just been, well, selected as an exclusive tool for the Powers that Be. And he's lonely. He needs a friend.

KATHRYN

(almost whisper)

Of course.

HOLLAND

Now, this will require --

KATHRYN

I won't do it.

After a beat, Holland wears that face of an intimate disappointment.

HOLLAND

Kathryn...

(beat)

I've just handed over something to you that shows I have a great trust in you. A great trust in your abilities. I expect a little more gratitude.

Holland rests a hand on Kathryn's cheek.

HOLLAND (CONT'D)

You were such a miracle to your parents when you were born. And they...were nothing but ecstatic to know you were going to take their place someday. And I know you will be everything they hoped you to be. You have to drop this self-doubt.

Holland drops his hand and leans in close to Kathryn with dead, metallic eyes.

HOLLAND (CONT'D)

It will bring you nothing but bad things. I can assure you of that.

Kathryn's eyes are wandering off to someplace hidden in her head. It ends with a slight swallow. She knows that she can't argue.

Holland's mouth widens with a smile of pure satisfaction. He knows that she has agreed. Holland's arms open to give Kathryn a soft hug.

HOLLAND (CONT'D)

You know, it still amazes me that you organize in laterals. Your potential sometimes...overwhelms me.

Holland walks out of Kathryn's office with a joyous bounce. Kathryn turns toward the window to see the outside world storming angrily.

We slowly from Kathryn's uncertain face to her desk, where a folder is wide open. The folder's title makes its contents quite clear:

'Lindsey MacDonald'

BLACK OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. BEDROOM - LINDSEY'S LOFT - NIGHT

The rain still falls and Lindsey still lies restlessly. We hear a strong warm breath emerge from him. His eyes open.

He rolls out of bed rubbing his face. The siding is still tapping away on the window. He takes a moment to look out the window to the storm, then leaves.

INT. KITCHEN - LINDSEY'S LOFT - NIGHT

Lindsey pulls out a glass of water takes it to the tap. He begins to fill it up. Lindsey's nose begins to flare, as if he smells something odd. Then...

A SHARP ringing is heard. Lindsey's grip around the glass shatters it. He grabs at his ears, shot. A low singing follows the ringing, much like the singing of robed men.

The singing slowly morphs into high pitched screams of torture, and Lindsey begins to scream with it.

LINDSEY
Shut up! Shut up!

The screams then turn into a harmonic feedback whistling, surrounding by a cluster of words. The crowds of speaking and the harmonic whistling are debilitating.

When the whistling drowns out all other noises, Lindsey knocks himself onto the kitchen floor. All of a sudden these screaming 'whispers' wind out and silence approaches.

Lindsey's face rests on the cold floor. The faucet is still running.

EXT. ENTRANCE - WOLFRAM & HART SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT

Kathryn exits the building in her business wear and her umbrella. Rain taps on the umbrella excessively, and she hurries out to the parking lot.

Slowly our view exits from Kathryn and moves upward.

LAWYER (O.S.)
Something tells me we can't trust
her.

CUT TO

INT. OFFICE - WOLFRAM & HART SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT

Holland stands lookout out the window at Kathryn walking in the rain. He's talking to a lawyer off-screen.

HOLLAND
 That bird on your shoulder?
 (beat)
 Oh, nonsense!

LAWYER (O.C.)
 She's too loose. She'll do
 something outside of plans.

HOLLAND
 Oh, I plan on it. That's the way
 it goes. But it'll be in our
 favor at the end. And she'll be
 looked up to. You know, in fact,
 someday I believe you might be
 working for her...
 (beat)
 ...Mr. Park.

We slowly turn and see the lawyer Holland is talking to.
 Standing there is GAVIN PARK, looking younger and sturdier
 than ever.

GAVIN
 Don't get your hopes up.

INT. LINDSEY'S HOME-NIGHT

Lindsey is sitting in the dark with his hand hanging over
 the side of the chair holding a glass of rum by the rim. He
 seems to be waiting for something...

The door at the end of the hallway opens wide, leaking in
 bright light, and revealing LILAH.

LINDSEY
 (without looking)
 Pretty modest entrance for the
 golden retriever of the Powers
 that Be.

LILAH
 Pretty modest living area for
 their epic hero.
 (beat)
 You rang?

LINDSEY
 I had one of those 'whispers'
 last night.

LILAH
 Awww....you want to tell me about
 it?

LINDSEY

I need help.

(stands up)

God, I hate saying those words to you. Look, I just want you to tell the Big Guys to send an expert or four my way. I can't do this alone.

LILAH

They know.

LINDSEY

(beat; puzzled)

They know?

LILAH

Yep. They're omniscient. Hence 'Powers'. You wanna know what they do? They 'be'. That's pretty much the Powers in a nutshell.

Lindsey begins pacing, realizing he's not going to get much out of Lilah.

LILAH (CONT'D)

Look, it's not that they don't want to help. They just have a problem with interfering.

LINDSEY

They didn't seem to have a problem interfering when they stuck me back-

LILAH

Yeah. I feel your pain. Too much, in fact. Silence is golden. And while you're busy griping and being irritated with me for not cutting to the point, maybe it's time we cut to the point. And are you gonna sip that rum or are you just holding it to seem dramatic?

Lindsey sips the rum, spiting Lilah.

LILAH (CONT'D)

Why do you want people helping you, Lindsey? You'd end up throwing them away anyway. I mean, there's a point where you gotta accept who you are, hun. You're a Loner. You fight alone, you are alone.

(beat)

(MORE)

LILAH (CONT'D)
That and you just piss people
off.

Lilah walks over to a small cabinet next to the bed where she finds a glass and the bottle of rum. She's pours herself a single.

LILAH (CONT'D)
That's you way you wanted it
right? That's the way it was at
good ol' double U and H, didn't
want to be on the side of it, but
couldn't fight against it. You're
too petty to be evil and too
petty to be good. All justice is
poetic, Lindsey.
(holds up her glass)
You got ice?

Lindsey shoots her off with a look. Lilah doesn't give it a second thought and continues rambling.

LILAH (CONT'D)
Plus, it's kind of sexy, don't
cha think? Rugged man alone in
his crappy apartment who goes out
and fights evil not because he
wants to but because he has
crappy luck. Just like in the
comics.

LINDSEY
(frustrated)
Are you done?

LILAH
(smirking)
I was done a long time ago,
partner. I was just waiting for
you to interrupt.

LINDSEY
They've killed, Lilah. And
they're gonna do it again.

Lilah studies him.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)
(forcing it)
Could you, um, help me out....

Lilah stares for more.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)
(with every last inch of
his will power)
....please?

LILAH

See, that's all you needed to do.
Up There to San Francisco isn't
the shortest trip in the world,
you know.

LINDSEY

So? What should I do?

LILAH

Well, have you tried researching?
At the library, maybe?

LINDSEY

That's all you have to say!?

LILAH

Yeah, sounds simple, I know. But
have you even tried it?

Lindsey thinks. Lilah begins to walk through

LILAH (CONT'D)

Well that's pretty much all I've
got. Thanks for the
enlightenment. Bye now.

LINDSEY

(screaming in game
announcer-type voice)
NO, THANK YOU!

Lilah jumps a bit in place. Lindsey laughs, a little
darkly. Lilah says at. Lindsey drowns off his laugh with a
sip of the rum.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

You've got any words of wisdom
from the beyond?

LILAH

(blah, blah, blah)
When one door closes, another
opens. If at first you don't
succeed and, Lindsey, take
a shower.

The shuts loudly without a beat from the end of Lilah's
sentence.

EXT. ST. JONAH'S LIBRARY - MORNING

The rain has dried up and has been replaced with a strong
morning sun. It peeks right over the roof of St. Jonah's,
shining light on Lindsey's shadow as he makes his way to
the front doors.

INT. ST. JONAH'S LIBRARY - MORNING

The not-so-modest library lends itself to a more modest keeping. The bacteria of bookdust fills the air.

Kathryn, in less business attire and dressed more comfortably, stands at the information desk in frustration, letting it all out to a LIBRARIAN, not so affected by her rantings.

KATHRYN

Look, I called here three hours ago and it abundantly clear, Incan Demonology Volume III, Second Edition. I come here, and what do you have for me? Incan Demonology Volume II.

LIBRARIAN

Miss, we have volume three as well.

KATHRYN

You have the first printing. I need the second printing. The second edition has an entire section missing from the first.

LIBRARIAN

Well, I'm sorry, but you're just going to have to make due with the first printing.

KATHRYN

Look, lady, you're a librarian. You don't know what it's like where the world will end if you can gather right resources.

Beat. The Librarian start Kathryn in the eye and raises a finger to her lips.

LIBRARIAN

Shhhhhh!

KATHRYN

Oh damn you!

Kathryn swings around to see Lindsey looking right at her. Lindsey smiles in recognition.

LINDSEY

You!

Kathryn's face drops, in a recognition that brings a sad reality.

You..... KATHRYN

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. ST. JONAH'S LIBRARY - MORNING

Back where we left off. Kathryn and Lindsey stare at one another in mutual recognition. Lindsey smiles as he starts to put it together.

LINDSEY
You know me?

KATHRYN
Of course I...I mean not know you. Just as the jerk who bumped into me the other day.

Lindsey's smile drops. That was unexpected.

LINDSEY
(off guard)
Well I don't like to go by 'Jerk' anymore. It's an old family name.

KATHRYN
(icily)
I'm impressed.

LINDSEY
Come again?

KATHRYN
You're managing to maintain eye contact this time.

Lindsey rubs the back of his neck nervously. This is going so well.

LINDSEY
(extends his hand)
Lindsey McDonald.

Kathryn's eyes briefly light up at the name. She recovers and looks down at his hand. Yeah right. Lindsey sheepishly withdraws. Knowing he's not getting anywhere, he steps pass her to the reception desk.

Kathryn shuffles through her stack of books to the file she received earlier.

LIBRARIAN
How may I help you, sir?

LINDSEY
Well I'm looking for books on...
(unsure)
...ancient languages. Like Egyptian or Incan maybe.

The librarian raises an eyebrow. Lindsey flashes a smile.

LIBRARIAN
 (wise ass)
 There's no such thing as 'Incan'
 language, sir.

ANGLE ON the folder and Lindsey's name front and center.
 Kathryn rolls her eyes and sighs.

KATHRYN
 (sighs; to herself)
 Wonderful.
 (turns around; to
 Lindsey)
 Kathryn Hallow.

Lindsey turns around smiling again. He extends his hand
 once more and this time Kathryn accepts it.

LINDSEY
 (smiling again)
 Nice to meet you.
 (beat)
 Without the double leg takedown
 this time.

Kathryn blinks once, puzzled. Lindsey smiles again
 faintly, his attempt at charm going down in flames.

KATHRYN
 So are you doing research in
 ancient cultures, Lindsey?

LINDSEY
 Umm...yeah. Not really sure
 where to start though.

KATHRYN
 Well, for starters...
 (to the librarian)
 ...there is such a thing as Incan
 language. It's actually called
 Quecha.

The librarian frowns.

LINDSEY
 So...what were you doing research
 for?

KATHRYN
 What? Oh, well it's a project
 for a master's course I'm taking.

CUT TO:

INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM - WOLFRAM AND HART - SAME TIME

A computer tech sits at a terminal wearing a set of headphones. Gavin and Holland stand over his shoulder. A nearby speaker emits the ongoing conversation in the library.

KATHRYN

(filtered through
speaker)

I'm something of a geek when it
comes to stuff like that.

LINDSEY

(filtered through
speaker)

You don't look anything like a
geek to me.

CUT TO:

INT. ST. JONAH'S LIBRARY - SAME TIME

Kathryn is a little more relaxed now. Leaning back with her elbows resting on the desk. Lindsey stands with his hands in his pocket, still a bit nervous.

KATHRYN

You haven't seen me with my
glasses on.

(beat)

So what interests you in the
culture?

LINDSEY

(off guard)

Oh, well, it's for a...big
brother program. We're supposed
to learn a new language with our
kids. Spanish is pretty much the
native language these days, so I
figured I'd try something
different.

KATHRYN

Pretty daunting task for a kid.
Quecha has about two dozen
different dialects.

LINDSEY

(sheepish)

Oh.

That foot is tasting mighty good.

LIBRARIAN

(agitated)

Is there anything else I can help you with, ma'am?

KATHRYN

(wry)

If you could just point me in the direction of a computer catalog terminal. I have a feeling I'll get more help out of that.

The librarian's brow furrows in anger. Lindsey smiles.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - MORNING

ANGLE ON the sun bearing down on the city. Waves of heat blur the shot a little. PAN DOWN to Lindsey and Kathryn walking through the alley, both of them carrying several thick books. Sweat beads off of their foreheads. Kathryn wipes her brow with her forearm.

LINDSEY

All this for a master's course?
A bit much, don't you think?

KATHRYN

Says the guy teaching a little kid a dead language. Besides, I like to be thorough.

LINDSEY

Right. Well, listen Kat-

KATHRYN

(sharp)

Kathryn.

Lindsey looks a little stunned at the outburst.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

Sorry, I don't like being called that. It's...a thing. With nicknames. I don't like them.

LINDSEY

Sorry, I can relate. Not particularly fond of being called Jerk too often either.

(beat)

Real scorcher today.

KATHRYN

Couldn't even tell it was pouring earlier now.

LINDSEY
 Day like this, nothing beats a
 nice, long-
 (looks ahead)
 -fight.

KATHRYN
 What?

She follows Lindsey's eyes to the end of the alley. A huge lumbering DEMON is slowly approaching them. Its green skin is heavily muscled and its fiery, pupil-less red eyes stares them down.

Lindsey hands his stack of books off to Kathryn and rolls up his sleeves.

LINDSEY
 Pretty big for a purse snatcher.
 (beat)
 I'll be right back.

He charges into battle. The demon plants its hoofed foot, waiting for the attack.

KATHRYN
 (calling out)
 That's a Laseter demon. You're
 not going to beat it head on.

ANGLE ON Lindsey running towards the camera with Kathryn in the background. He steps dead in his tracks and turns around. How did she know that?

LINDSEY
 What?

WHAM!

The demon smacks Lindsey face first into the nearby wall. He stumbles off and connects with a spinning backfist. Barely fazed, the demon kicks him in the gut, doubling him over and dropping him to his knees.

It kicks at his face, but Lindsey leans back to dodge and uppercuts the demon right between the legs. He smiles, proud of his tactics. Then he looks up and the smile drops.

The demon still looks unfazed. It picks him up by his neck and hurls him into the side of a nearby dumpster.

ANGLE ON Kathryn wincing in sympathy pain.

KATHRYN
 The genitalia is located behind
 the ears.

Lindsey, now on his knees, looks up at her and shoots a thumbs up.

LINDSEY

Thanks.

The demon bears down on Lindsey as he gets to his feet and throws a punch. It's easily caught. He throws another punch, also caught. The demon pulls him into a tight bear hug.

Sweat pours off Lindsey's body. He slides his arms out of the grip and palm slaps both sides of the demon's head, right on the ears.

The demon howls in pain and immediately drops him. Lindsey takes in air in ragged gasps as the demon backs off, holding its head.

He gets back to his feet and lands a roundhouse kick on the right ear. The demon howls again and responds with a massive uppercut that sends Lindsey hurtling into the brick wall.

He slumps to the ground, spitting out a mouth full of blood. The demon, now looking more pissed off, stalks towards him slowly. Lindsey stands up, a grim expression on his face.

Out of nowhere, a bright flash of light streaks between them. The demon screams and starts wildly swinging its fists, catching nothing but air.

Lindsey looks around for the source, finally catching Kathryn lowering her hand. He turns his attention back to the demon, timing the swings and connecting with a front kick to the chin.

The demon stumbles back, then barrels right into Lindsey, hoisting him up over his shoulder.

Lindsey snakes his arm around the neck of the demon as they fall into a pile of trash. He arches his hips forward and throws his upper body back repeatedly until a loud SNAP is heard.

The demon growls, then goes silent. Lindsey pushes the massive carcass off of him. Kathryn drops her books and rushes up to him.

KATHRYN

You okay?

Lindsey gets to his feet, still looking a little out of it.

LINDSEY

Yeah, I'm fine.

He lurches forward and Kathryn catches him before he falls. Her cell phone falls from its hip holster in the commotion.

KATHRYN

Sure you are.

Lindsey shrugs her off and leans against the wall, regaining his senses. Kathryn bends down to pick up her phone.

ANGLE ON the phone, particularly a small bug on the back of it. Kathryn's hand comes into frame, rips the bug off, and drops it.

LINDSEY (O.S.)

How long you known about demons?

PAN DOWN to the bug on the ground. Kathryn steps on it as she turns to face Lindsey.

ON SCENE

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

And what was that-
(motions with his hands)
-flash thing?

KATHRYN

A solar flare spell. Laseter demons have sensitive eyes. A bright enough light can flash burn them.

LINDSEY

Magic. Demon knowledge. Can you sing too?

KATHRYN

(snide)
You're welcome.

She turns and starts walking towards her fallen books. Lindsey rushes past her and starts picking up the books.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

Now you try to be chivalrous?

Lindsey shoots her a glare. Kathryn looks at her cell phone again and the bug materializes into place again.

LINDSEY

I'm sorry. I guess that wasn't me fighting The Hulk just a minute ago.

He continues to pick the books, albeit with a bit more frustration in his movements. He finishes and stands up with a heap of literature in his arms.

KATHRYN
Yeah, typical man. So quick to use your fists to solve a problem.

LINDSEY
Hence the reason I was at the library trying to do some research.

KATHRYN
You really think I bought that Big Brother program story?

LINDSEY
You know what?

He drops the books back on the ground.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)
I don't need this anymore.

Kathryn kneels down to pick up her books while Lindsey stalks away.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)
See you around.
(beat)
Kat.

He looks up at the sky, as if addressing the Powers.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)
(muttering)
Thanks for the help.

Kathryn pauses as her eyes fall on her assignment folder. The gaze lingers for a moment. She blows a stray strand of hair out of her face.

ANGLE ON Lindsey's back as he walks away from her.

KATHRYN (O.S.)
Wait!

He doesn't stop walking. Kathryn scrambles to her feet and catches up to him.

Lindsey doesn't break stride or look in her direction.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)
You're right. We got off on the wrong foot.

Lindsey doesn't respond, he continues to walk, picking up his pace.

Kathryn speeds up to match him, struggling with the stack of books she's carrying.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)
How about we start over?

Still no response.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)
Can I at least give you a ride home?

That gets Lindsey to stop walking. He pauses, looking up at the blaring sun in the sky.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)
You're soaked in sweat. You have been since you got to the library. So you obviously walked at least part of the way here.

Lindsey lets out an exaggerated sigh.

LINDSEY
Where'd you park?

CUT TO:

INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM - WOLFRAM AND HART - SAME TIME

Holland and Gavin listen in, the former with a smile planted on his face.

HOLLAND
Good girl.

Off his satisfied expression, we:

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. KATHRYN'S CAR - DAY

Kathryn drives with Lindsey in the passenger seat, completely disconnected from her.

KATHRYN

You really oughtta put your seat belt on. These hills can be dangerous.

Beat.

LINDSEY

Yeah, because I sure wouldn't want to die.

KATHRYN

What's that supposed to mean?

LINDSEY

It means I don't need a seat belt.

Kathryn stops the car.

KATHRYN

This is it?

LINDSEY

(subdued)
Yeah.

Lindsey opens the door of the vehicle and steps out without the smallest hint of a uniform manner. He begins to walk away without even looking.

KATHRYN

Wait!

Lindsey turns.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

I can...
(beat)
...help.

CUT TO:

INT. LINDSEY'S PENTHOUSE - DAY

Kathryn carries an armful of books following Lindsey's subdued motions.

KATHRYN

So you have visions...but you can only hear them.

LINDSEY
 Clairaudience. Future disasters
 in FM.

KATHRYN
 Well, it's not completely unheard
 of.

Lindsey turns to Kathryn with a dull face.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)
 No pun intended, of course. I was
 actually reading this document
 once. There was this tribe in
 South America that believed if
 the world is measured in
 distance, as in space, then it
 should be measured in time as
 well. You know, we might not see
 China, but we know it's there,
 it's just far away. Well, this
 tribe believed just because it
 hadn't happened yet, doesn't mean
 it doesn't exist. So one child of
 the tribe was gifted with the
 "clairaudience", and no one there
 saw it as a psychic ability. They
 just thought his hearing was so
 good, he could hear as far away
 as the future.

LINDSEY
 (nodding)
 Wow.
 (beat)
 I did not care about a single
 thing you just said.

Kathryn's face curls back, taking offense.

KATHRYN
 I'm sorry. I thought it applied.

LINDSEY
 No, it really doesn't.
 (beat)
 You want to see what applies?

Lindsey reaches into his desk and removes two pieces of
 paper and hands them to Kathryn.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)
 That's me trying to write down
 last night's whispers.

Kathryn scrolls down the paper. We see what it holds.

It's absolute chaos written in ink. A scattered culmination of sentence fragments. Lots of speaking about "blood" and "gods". But mostly it's looks like the stream of consciousness that comes from a Satan-worshipping paranoid schizophrenic.

Kathryn is a little shocked to see this, knowing it came from Lindsey's head. She takes the pages and sits down at the desk they came from. Lindsey walks off to fix himself a drink.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)
(pessimistic)
You still think you can help me?

Kathryn nods slowly.

KATHRYN
Yes.

Lindsey turns back surprised, not expecting that answer.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)
I took three years of
cryptanalysis. You may not
realize it, Lindsey, but this is
written in a psychic code.

Kathryn now has Lindsey's full attention.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)
Give me a few hours and I think I
could work it out for you. I
think I can make this sense.

Beat.

LINDSEY
Well, you're hired. I hope you
don't mind not getting paid.

KATHRYN
Don't worry.

Kathryn gets a smile from Lindsey.

LINDSEY
Gosh, we met three hours ago, and
you're already decoding psychic
messages for me.

Kathryn smiles back.

KATHRYN
Maybe we should take things
slower then?

Lindsey returns to being serious.

LINDSEY

Well, if there's one thing I could understand clearly from what I heard, it's that we don't have much time.

KATHRYN

Understood.

FADE TO:

INT. NEWS PROGRAM

The newscaster speaks from a backdrop of displaying the odd weather from San Francisco.

NEWSCASTER

The west seems to be affected by the fears of extreme weather. New age scientists have just held a convention at the Metreon Hotel connecting what San Francisco has been experiencing for the past two weeks with global warming. Geologists have also confirmed the possibility of an Earthquake approaching. Many have already taken to evacuating the city, others plan to wait it out. One thing's for certain, it's a parade for the street corner fanatics.

We slowly zoom from the television to realize we are watching this in Lindsey's living room.

INT. LINDSEY'S HOME -NIGHT

Kathryn's hair frightens cattle as she fuels her studies with caffeine. She was watching the program from distance.

KATHRYN

It's connected.

Lindsey's head turns.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

The weather. I've lived in San Francisco for quite some time, and I have to tell you, the weather is always the same here. Every single day of every season. It's a trademark of the city really. I'm not used to the storms or the heat or any of it.

(MORE)

HOLLAND

She need to develop an intimacy with the project in order to sabotage him. By disconnecting us from their sessions, she is connecting herself more and thus gaining more control of the project. It's common sense. I knew that she was going to remove the tap. In fact, I was planning on it.

GAVIN

I don't mean any disrespect, Mr. Manners. But you say that about everything. Every random unexpected thing that occurs you tell everyone you expected.

Beat.

HOLLAND

I knew you were going to say that.

GAVIN

Okay then, sir. Why Kathryn?

HOLLAND

Family ties.

GAVIN

No kidding?

HOLLAND

You really have to do your research, Mr. Park. Her parents both had contracts with Wolfram & Hart. We eliminated these contracts and Ms. Hallow knew she had to fulfill them. Years later. Brilliant woman, Ms. Hallow.

GAVIN

Perhaps I should run by records?

HOLLAND

Perhaps you should.

(beat)

But I know you won't. You're far too arrogant.

INT. KATHRYN'S CAR - NIGHT

Kathryn drives, speeding. Lindsey is paying close attention and navigating with directions on Kathryn's cell phone.

KATHRYN

Lindsey, I think we're lost. You got us lost.

LINDSEY

Well, gee, I'm sorry. You can't really mapquest "convergence of elements."

Beat.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

Wait! Wait! It's here! this is exactly where it's pointing.

EXT. KATHRYN'S CAR - NIGHT

The car is stopped. We slowly back from it's roof to establish where we're pointing.

There is a large parking lot and a large segmented building. As we continue you move back. We see everything. The J.C. Penny's. The Dilliard's. The Sears. The Galleria.

INT. KATHRYN'S CAR - NIGHT

Kathryn and Lindsey's jaws drop and stare in awe as the realize he convergence of elements in which the Cal'Uan Marjii practice their invocations is none other than The Mall.

INT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Lindsey and Kathryn step out of the car at the mall.

LINDSEY

Wait a minute. We parked at the Dilliard's. That says J.C. Penny.

KATHRYN

Well, this is my car, and seeing that I just parked it here means I parked it at J.C. Penny, right?

LINDSEY

I don't think so.

Beat.

KATHRYN

Yeah, me neither. It's a remapping.

LINDSEY

Huh?

KATHRYN

A sort of non-static stasis
field.

LINDSEY

Isn't that kind of an oxymoron?

KATHRYN

No, we have one of these at Wol--
(beat)
..where I grew up.

LINDSEY

You grew up in a strange place.

KATHRYN

What I'm trying to say is,
whoever is using this mall
doesn't want people shopping at
it.

LINDSEY

Yeah, I was gettin' kind of a
Dawn of the Dead vibe here.

Kathryn sighs.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

Well, let's go in.

INT. JC PENNY'S - NIGHT

They enter through pulling open automatic doors. The
florescent lights are shining and blinding. The mall looks
open. Lindsey grabs at his eyes.

LINDSEY

Agh!

KATHRYN

What's wrong?

LINDSEY

Perfume smell!

Lindsey rubs out his eyes then looks beyond at the
shoppers.

Shoppers, bystanders, as you'd see at any mall. Except dead
still. Some of them frozen within movement.

Lindsey walks to a frozen blonde high school girl talking
on the phone. He takes it.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

Can you download blueprints?

KATHRYN

You got it.

LINDSEY

Go outside. I'm going to call you. And you're going to direct me to the basement.

Kathryn steps out.

EXT. MALL - NIGHT

Kathryn realizes she has stepped out of the JC Penny to find she has stepped out of the Sears.

KATHRYN

Something tells me this gonna take a while.

INT. SECOND FLOOR - MALL - NIGHT

Lindsey walks around on the second floor of the mall near a fountain. He looks at the frozen folks and then tries the cell phone.

KATHRYN

(filtered through phone)
You see escalators?

LINDSEY

Yeah, but they're not movin'.

KATHRYN

(filtered through phone)
Walk down.

Lindsey walks down the still stairs.

INT. CENTER OF MALL - NIGHT

Lindsey is on the bottom step when he realizes he's in the center of the mall.

LINDSEY

What the--?!

KATHRYN (FROM PHONE)

Your location is all over the place, Lindsey

LINDSEY

You can see my location?

KATHRYN (FROM PHONE)

Yeah. It's a good phone.

(beat)

Okay.

(MORE)

KATHRYN (FROM PHONE) (CONT'D)
 Walk to one of the exit doors.
 They'll take you to one of the
 backroom hallways.

Lindsey walks into one of the exit doors.

INT. LOCKER HALLWAY - MALL - NIGHT

Lindsey walks out of a restroom door into one of the locker
 hallways.

LINDSEY
 Gah!

KATHRYN (FROM PHONE)
 It's okay. I think we can work
 our way around this.

LINDSEY
 How do you go about that?

KATHRYN
 (filtered through phone)
 Cryptanalysis, remember? There's
 a code.

Lindsey begins to walk out of the locker hallway and sees
 the food court.

INT. FOOD COURT - MALL - NIGHT

Everybody eating away at fast foods, but all completely
 still and frozen.

KATHRYN (FROM PHONE)
 Okay, I think I got one. Do you
 see a Tower Records across from
 you?

Lindsey eyes the Tower Records

LINDSEY
 Yeah. Hey, they're having a
 clearance sale.

KATHRYN (FROM PHONE)
 The back room in that store
 should lead you to the back
 corridors.

Lindsey walks to the Tower Records.

INT. BACK CORRIDOR - MALL - NIGHT

The bright concrete back hallways stretch wide and endless.
 Lindsey walks through a door and find himself there.

LINDSEY
You're a wizard.

KATHRYN (FROM PHONE)
My abracadabras are running low.
Keep walking to your left.

Lindsey follows Kathryn's instructions without asking questions.

LINDSEY
How long do I go on for?

KATHRYN (FROM PHONE)
A while.

LINDSEY
Until I have no energy left to
battle cultists?

KATHRYN (FROM PHONE)
I've got faith.

LINDSEY
Really? Did you download that to
your cell phone too?

KATHRYN (FROM PHONE)
There's a door to your left. It
says Wicked Wax. Open that and
you should be in the basement.

Lindsey takes a deep breath in and out. He enters the door.

EXT. BASEMENT - MALL - NIGHT

Lindsey walks in. He stands at the top of a metal
staircase. He looks over the banister to see....

...HUNDREDS of chanting cultists. Filling a cavernous pit
and the bottom of the mall.

KATHRYN (FROM PHONE)
Lindsey? Lindsey?

LINDSEY
Okay. I'm in the basement.

Beat.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)
Now, how do I get out?

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. BASEMENT - MALL - NIGHT

Lindsey stares at the ritual taking place before him, unsure of what to do. As he watches, the chanting increasing in volume.

PULL BACK from the basement and we ZOOM THROUGH the entire mall. Everyone is frozen in place. We end up:

EXT. MALL - NIGHT

Kathryn has her cell on her ear as she types on her laptop. ANGLE ON the laptop as the bug on the phone lands on the keyboard, sizzling.

ANGLE ON Kathryn's confused face slowly turning into a grin:

CUT TO:

INT. SURVEILLIANCE ROOM - WOLFRAM AND HART - SAME TIME

The loud sound of static fill the room. The technician frantically adjusts knobs and sliders, trying to regain the sound.

Gavin and Holland stand over him, both of them getting angrier by the second.

CUT TO:

EXT. MALL - NIGHT

Kathryn dials a number and puts the phone to her ear, only to get static. She pulls the phone away from her ear and looks at it curiously.

Her eyes fall to the laptop monitor, completely blank. She types a few commands and nothing happens. She presses the power button and still doesn't get anything.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT - MALL - NIGHT

Lindsey creeps around the banister, still amazed at the large cavern before him. He steps on a rusted piece of wood that loudly ECHOES through the room.

All of the cultists stop chanting and turn to the source of the sound.

The entire room shimmers and the cavern slowly fades away, revealing a normal looking storage basement.

Lindsey, crouched down to avoid detection, looks around at the new room, unsure of what's happening. He pulls out his cell phone, which is vibrating and flashing, indicating an incoming call.

In the background, we hear the chanting begin again.

CUT TO:

INT. FOOD COURT - MALL - SAME TIME

Kathryn is racing through the mall, one hand holding her phone to her ear. All of the mall patrons are walking around normally.

KATHRYN

Lindsey?

LINDSEY

(filtered through phone;
whispering)

Yeah.

KATHRYN

Thank God. I think the ritual is affecting the surrounding area. That's why the stores keep moving around.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT - MALL - SAME TIME

Lindsey looks around at the room as it shimmers back to the cavern look.

LINDSEY

(wry)

You don't say?

CUT TO:

INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM - WOLFRAM AND HART - SAME TIME

Holland and Gavin are standing in the doorway, having what appears to be a heated conversation that we can't hear.

The technician is on his hands and knees checking all the connection manually. Kathryn's voice crackles through the speakers.

KATHRYN

(filtered through
speaker)

-it tigh-. 'm on...ay.

Holland and Gavin reenter the room as the tech gets back in his chair and adjusts more knobs and sliders, trying to restore the sound fully.

CUT TO:

INT. FOOD COURT - MALL - SAME TIME

Kathryn reattaches the phone to her hip and plows right into a civilian.

KATHRYN
I'm so sorry, I wasn't watching
where I was-

She stops as she looks at the man she ran into. He's frozen in place, as is everyone else around her.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)
-going.

Realizing what happened, she takes off running around a corner out of the food court.

She ends up at the opposite end of the food court again.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)
Damn it.

INT. BASEMENT - MALL - NIGHT

Lindsey is holding his position, trying to think of what to do.

A hand appears on his shoulder, startling him and getting him to turn around with his fists raised.

A frightened Kathryn backs off. Lindsey visibly relaxes when he sees her.

LINDSEY
(whispering)
What took you so long?

KATHRYN
(whispering)
Had to take about fifty left
turns. Felt like I was in a
NASCAR race.

She pulls out her cell and looks for the bug. Nowhere to be found. She puts it away and looks around the room, disoriented by the look of it.

LINDSEY
I'd kill for the Wolfram and Hart
task squad right about now.

KATHRYN

Those morons? I've seen chimps
with better aim.

Lindsey's head snaps in her direction at that. Kathryn
closes her eyes, busted. She slowly turns to meet
Lindsey's eyes as he stares a hole right through her.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

I was going to tell you, I swear.

LINDSEY

Before or after you sent me in
here to get me killed?

KATHRYN

I'm down here with you, aren't I?

LINDSEY

Yeah, and now I'm wondering
whether I should throw you to
them-

(motions to the
cultists)

-and be done with all this.

KATHRYN

Please, just let me explain.
Holland assigned me to you, but
he didn't go into detail about-

Lindsey raises his hand to cut her off.

LINDSEY

(incredulous)

Holland. Holland Manners.

Kathryn nods.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

He's dead.

KATHRYN

Standard Wolfram and Hart
contract. When they ask you to
sign away your immortal soul,
they mean it.

LINDSEY

(furious)

Why didn't you just let me die in
the alley?

His voice is drowned out as a howling WIND sweeps through
the basement. The cultists chant louder to be heard over
the wind.

Lindsey's attention returns to the wind. A large orange LIGHT appears in the center of the room, no bigger than a soccer ball.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)
 (pointing his finger)
 Soon as I take care of that, you
 and me are getting into this.

He takes off for the stairs.

KATHRYN
 (calling out)
 Just let me explain!

LINDSEY
 Not now!

The orange light pulses as it increases in size. Some of the cultists turn and smile at one another, removing their hoods. They're a bunch of teenagers.

Lindsey bounds down the stairs to the floor level, searching for some sort of weapon.

ANGLE ON the light as it continues to pulse. Several streaks of energy fire out of it.

We follow one of the streaks as it impales a cultist right through the heart. The stricken cultist turns to another with wide shocked eyes, his body convulsing as the light disintegrates him from the inside out. The streak retracts to its source, which continues to grow.

We PAN AROUND the room as streaks connect with other cultists as they flee in terror.

Lindsey watches from a safe distance at the base of the stairs. One of the cultists runs towards him.

A streak hits him in the back, the impact smashing him into the wall right next to Lindsey. Their eyes meet as the young man's body dissipates.

CULTIST
 (pained)
 Save m-

He never finishes, his body crumbling under the energy. We ZOOM UP to Kathryn still on the balcony.

KATHRYN
 Lindsey, watch out for those
 lights!

Lindsey looks up at her and rolls his eyes.

LINDSEY
Got any other insight?

A low GROWL cuts off her response. Both of them turn to the light. It's no longer pulsing with energy, but the growling continues.

Kathryn stops one of the escaping kids, a young girl.

KATHRYN
Tell me about the ritual.

GIRL
We thought we had it right. We just changed one thing.

KATHRYN
What thing?

GIRL
It called for the bones of a baby and, well, eww. So we used chicken wing bones.

KATHRYN
Are you serious?!?

GIRL
(pouting)
That way we weren't hurting anything!

Kathryn lets the girl go and joins Lindsey at the bottom of the stairs.

KATHRYN
We've got a big problem here.

LINDSEY
You don't say.

KATHRYN
Well I-

Lindsey raises his hand to cut her off.

LINDSEY
Save it. I've read fortune cookies with better advice. How do I kill it?

KATHRYN
I don't even know what it is.

The ball starts to uncurl, revealing a long set of orange, ooze covered limbs. The DEMON reaches its full height of seven feet.

LINDSEY
Diagnosis?

KATHRYN
I got nothing.

LINDSEY
Can't beat the direct approach.

He walks towards the demon, cracking his knuckles.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)
(to the demon)
Try not to make me look bad in
front of the chick.

The demon ROARS and smacks Lindsey in the face, knocking him into a pile of pallets. He lands hard, the pallets splintering all around him.

The demon stalks towards him, passing under one of the overhead lights.

From Lindsey's perspective, it looks bigger than it did before. He blinks to clear his eyes.

The demon drops a hammer fist that Lindsey barely dodges.

He rolls behind the demon and kicks it in the back, knocking it off balance. It stumbles and takes a swipe at Lindsey, who hops back to avoid it.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)
(to Kathryn)
Do that light thing again!

Kathryn slowly chants to herself and holds up her hand.

A bright flash of light envelopes the warehouse. Lindsey turns back to the demon as it GROWS to ten feet in height.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)
Thought so.

He runs out of frame. Kathryn watches him go, utterly confused. She turns back to the demon just as it sees her.

She holds up her hand again.

LINDSEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(yelling)
Don't do that trick again!

The demon roars as it dashes towards Kathryn, who SCREAMS and runs up the stairs. She trips and falls on the second step.

CUT TO Lindsey in another part of the basement, running his finger down a list on a FUSE BOX.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

There we go.

He throws 5 switches and the entire room goes BLACK. The only light coming from dim emergency lights scattered across the ceiling.

BACK TO the demon. It's shrinking as it runs, down to three feet as it reaches Kathryn.

Out of nowhere, Lindsey flies into frame, tackling it to the ground. He raise a jagged piece of wood and STABS the demon through the head. A splatter of orange goo splashes all over his face.

Lindsey walks over to Kathryn, wiping his face clean.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

Now...where were we?

Kathryn smiles faintly.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

Lindsey and Kathryn sit in her car in the parking lot, the former with his head bowed, deep in thought.

KATHRYN

I think that's everything.

LINDSEY

There's just no getting away from that company.

KATHRYN

If it's any consolation, you're the first employee to ever walk out and not get hunted down.

LINDSEY

Doesn't really matter. I ended up dying anyway.

(beat)

Don't suppose you know what they want with me, do you?

KATHRYN

(shaking her head)

No clue. Sorry.

LINDSEY
 (sighs)
 Need to sleep on this.

KATHRYN
 Yeah. Same here. Probably need
 to head over to the office.

LINDSEY
 Been a bit of a long day, don't
 you think you should get some
 rest?

KATHRYN
 That's why I'm heading over.

Lindsey looks at her in confusion, then in the backseat of
 the car. We follow his gaze to see a stack of pillows and
 a couple of blankets.

LINDSEY
 Oh.
 (beat)
 Well, sweet dreams...I guess.

He opens the door and steps out of the car, lingering for a
 minute before he closes it.

His hand on the roof of the car, he contemplates something
 before frowning and ducking his head back into the window.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)
 Listen, I'm sure the couch is
 comfortable and all, but..
 (beat)
 ...well I've got a spare bed.

We PUSH IN on Kathryn and:

CUT TO:

INT. SPARE ROOM - LINDSEY'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Kathryn steps out of the bathroom, draped in a towel. She
 sits on the queen size bed and opens a large duffel bag
 resting there.

An overhead shot reveals the contents of the duffel bag:
 shampoo, lotion, a change of clothes, basic overnight
 materials. We slowly zoom in on her cell phone.

Kathryn removes the phone from the bag, her body out of
 focus as we see the bug still attached. It blurs out of
 focus as Kathryn's face comes in clear, a doubtful
 expression on her face.

CUT TO:

INT. LINDSEY'S ROOM - LINDSEY'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Lindsey lies on his back in bed. He seems to be waiting for something. The room is blanketed in total silence.

After a beat, he smiles to himself, seemingly satisfied before rolling over and closing his eyes.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

END OF SHOW