

(Name of Show)

("Title of Episode")

by

(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by

(Names of Subsequent Writers,  
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by

(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)  
Address  
Phone Number

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. DOCKS - WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Dim lights. Muffled sounds. The warehouse is not the biggest in the lot. All have thick grey walls and barred windows.

The moon is barely visible - covered by the thickest of clouds up above -- the sky is dark and unpleasant. Ready to break into storm at any moment.

Light rain is dashed across the entire scene, puddles beginning to form. Eerie quiet fills the air. The only sound is gentle pitter-patter, rain meeting concrete:

INT. WAREHOUSE - CORRIDORS (CONTINUOUS) - SAME

CRASH! A heavy-set iron door hurtles open, rebounding off the wall and heading to close again. It is pushed back open as KATHRYN appears, panting hard as she runs.

Hair matted with sweat. Face stained with blood. Her nose looks out of place. She SPITS, exasperated.

There is a WAIL - cradled in one arm, she holds a baby!

She runs down the corridor. With fierce grit in her eyes. Sounds of GUNSHOTS ringing out behind her. They ricochet off the walls. Metallic clangs reverberate.

THUG (O.S)

Go and get Booth, man! We ain't got  
much time left now!

One bullet flies directly next to Kathryn and she JUMPS, flustered, but keeps the baby steady.

KATHRYN

Crap!

Turns a corner. Two more shots behind her. She doesn't glance back, entirely focused - a man appears, raises his gun - Kathryn races on, focused.

BANG! He stumbles back in to the wall, falling to his knees. Blood seeps from his stomach wound. He falls flat onto his face, groaning in agony. Passes out.

Kathryn smirks coyly, pleased with her shot. She lowers her gun again and pants, struggling, as the baby continues to cry even louder.

She strokes its hair, trying to soothe it.

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS in the distance. She takes one last deep breath before setting off again, turning another corner. Muted shouts and cries. Kathryn ignores them.

While running - she wipes blood from her lip with the butt of her gun, confident enough. Suddenly - a SHOT hits her shoulder and she GASPS, faltering forward.

Stumbling, she trips and falls to her knees, the baby dropping briefly. She just manages to catch it. Her shoulder bleeds out over her full black outfit.

KATHRYN  
(examines wound)  
Not good, not good.

THUG (O.S)  
Don't know 'bout that, looks pretty  
good to me.

She whirls around, alarmed, and lifts her gun in a single motion. The baby's wailing stops - she glances at it briefly to check on it, then back to the thug.

KATHRYN  
Stay away.

THUG  
What're you gonna do? Shoot me?  
(grins)  
'Cause I already done that to you,  
girl. And no-one likes a copycat.

He takes a step forward. Kathryn waves her gun at him.

She isn't kidding. Rising to her feet, she winces at the pain, rolling her shoulder, but holds back a moan.

KATHRYN  
(firm)  
I said: stay away.

He ignores her - one step - she fires TWICE. Both bullets hit his leg. He YELPS in pain, raging as he clenches his fists. He wasn't expecting that.

He limps forward, snarling vilely, while saying:

THUG  
You'll regret that you -

Another shot interrupts. Hits his shoulder. He cries out in pain and falls against the wall, glaring up at Kathryn as he slumps down.

KATHRYN

(hard)

I told you to stay away, dumbass.

He slides down further, too weak (or not bothered) to reply, averting his gaze. Kathryn rolls her eyes.

She flinches again at her wound and shifts the baby in her arms before continuing on. No sound behind her now. Walking at a slower pace, she turns the corner to see:

Her salvation: the exit. She smiles - then her view is blocked by a GUARD, stepping out with his gun.

He looks around, checking for what made the noise. Sees Kathryn. Rushes back in the office. A second later - an ALARM BELL rings, loudly spreading through the complex.

He re-emerges, raising his considerably larger gun.

GUARD

Didn't expect I'd meet you. Usually I never get to fight anyone.

KATHRYN

(through pain)

Guess today's your lucky day.

GUARD

Not really. You seen my opponent?

KATHRYN

It's me. Hard to miss that one.

GUARD

Then you'll know she's injured, is holding a baby and only has a handgun. Probably low on ammo, too.

(shrugs)

Hardly gonna be a decent brawl.

KATHRYN

(sarcastic)

Oh, you're such a charmer.

She raises her gun at him but he cocks his and prepares to shoot, moving towards our heroine and the baby. It begins WAILING again and Kathryn heaves a sigh.

She pulls the trigger to shoot. Nothing happens. Out of bullets. Cursing, she backs away - the guard rushes forward, gun aimed - she freezes up, caught.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

Don't shoot us! The baby...

She trails off, shifting the baby back in her arms. Turns to keep it away from the line of fire. The guard sniggers, amused by her fear.

GUARD

The baby's the one I want. I'm not gonna hurt it. We've got to make the trade, after all.

Kathryn breathes a sigh of relief, pleased. The guard aims his gun at her chest. She realises that she isn't safe like the baby. There is no time to move.

His finger goes to close on the trigger than - BAM!

A metal pole wallops him round the head and he falls instantly. Kathryn watches in surprise.

LINDSEY (O.S)

Just in time.

LINDSEY drops down from the ceiling, clothed similarly. She looks up: there's a hole in the ceiling. Back down to the guard, to the pole then to Lindsey again.

She whimpers a chuckle, too pained to laugh.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

Tired?

KATHRYN

Aren't you?

LINDSEY

No time for tired. We gotta get outta here. Really, really fast.

He brushes his hand over the baby's cheek fondly then grabs Kathryn's arm and pulls her towards the exit. Kathryn is bemused by his urgency, struggling free.

KATHRYN

Why?

She pulls her arm away and he turns to her, his lips spreading into a brilliant smirk as:

EXT. DOCKS - LATER

The warehouse EXPLODES!

Fire, sparks, the collapse. Metal burns and soars through the air in all directions. An elderly dock worker watches in awe, eyes wide and hands trembling.

Well away - Kathryn and Lindsey watch, the sleeping baby cradled in Lindsey's arms. He stares at it affectionately, while Kathryn marvels at the inferno.

KATHRYN

It's amazing.

Lindsey doesn't look up.

LINDSEY

(re: baby)

Yeah, it is. How can something so little be so quiet.

KATHRYN

Yeah.

(beat)

Quiet?

Kathryn turns - it dawns on her what he is talking about. She smiles, impressed, and moves to his side.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

Her name's Sarah-Jane. Only five months old. Beautiful, isn't she?

LINDSEY

Yeah, she is.

(amazed)

How could someone want to sell this? Or buy it, for that matter? What kind of monster would you be?

KATHRYN

A corporate one. In South Africa. Using his own private shipping channel, he was trading the baby with those goons.

(off his impressed look)

Working at Wolfram and Hart does have its perks. You get the details.

Lindsey shows his distaste at the mention of the word, turns away from her and starts to rock the baby. She scoffs and rolls her eyes.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

You're going to have to get used to it one day, you know, because I don't plan on quitting anytime soon.

Lindsey sighs. Gives in reluctantly.

LINDSEY

Would those details you mentioned include an address for her parents?

KATHRYN

They weren't in the report. No mention of any family or carer was. In your whispers, perhaps?

LINDSEY

Nada. We got it all. Docking boats, stupid men, crying baby, you throwing out barbs and a big explosion. Five for five. Nothing else in them.

KATHRYN

(sighs)  
Police station again.

LINDSEY

They'll figure out what to do. I'll never admit to faith in any police force, but the guys here seem to have some idea of what to do.

Kathryn nods. The baby stirs in Lindsey's arms and she coos at it, Lindsey watching her in surprise.

She looks up - meets his gaze - hands brush together - she pulls away quickly and folds her arms over her chest. He busies himself with shifting the baby.

KATHRYN

Then, maybe, Carla's? That new coffee shop. It looks ... nice.

LINDSEY

Shouldn't we get your wound treated first? Seems pretty bad.

Kathryn cranes her neck to see it - as if she'd forgotten it was there - but shakes her head.

KATHRYN

Please, coffee first. I'll take anaesthetic and aspirin afterwards.

LINDSEY

No mixing, remember. I'd prefer you out of rehab. Brings up too many memories.

KATHRYN

(moans)  
Memories. How rarely fun those are.

Kathryn watches the flames pensively. Lindsey tickles Sarah-Jane's chin playfully as she stirs, her eyes fluttering open. He smooths her hair back.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

Time to go. We can't have anyone  
thinking we're the cause of this.

On cue - SIRENS wail in the distance.

Lindsey follows Kathryn's lead as she heads off between two sets of crates, the baby just beginning to cry as they disappear into the darkness.

The dock worker is left, watching the warehouse as it burns to the ground, all in ruins. The sirens grow louder:

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Lindsey and Kathryn stroll along the street, the baby cradled restfully in Lindsey's arms. They look pensive, minds distant from one another.

Kathryn SIGHS, brushes her hair behind her ear.

LINDSEY

Problem?

KATHRYN

Yes and no.

LINDSEY

I'm all ears.

KATHRYN

(downcast)

I just... I've been thinking ...

(sighs)

The comment you made about memories, it made me realise how little I actually know about you.

LINDSEY

It's been a hectic week. Not like we had hours spare to recollect.

KATHRYN

Exactly my point. We've been living together and fighting evil together for a week now and -- go away!

She looks in distaste upon a beggar as he grabs the cuff of Lindsey's shirt and tugs at it desperately.

Lindsey balances the baby, rustles in his pocket and hands the man a few dollars. Kathryn watches in shock. Lindsey takes note of it as the beggar scurries off.

LINDSEY

Why the look?

KATHRYN

I didn't think you were the sort of person that gave to beggars.

LINDSEY

What do you mean?

KATHRYN

I mean, I didn't realise you were that gullible.

(MORE)

KATHRYN (CONT'D)  
 You must know they're all drug  
 addicts and alcoholics.

LINDSEY  
 (shrugs)  
 It's their choice what they do with  
 their life. And their choice what  
 they do with my money.

They start to walk again. Kathryn grapples with his answer,  
 brow furrowing as she thinks it over.

KATHRYN  
 You could give money to charity and  
 help them get off the streets, but  
 instead you fuel their habits.

LINDSEY  
 Of those three or four dollars I  
 just gave that guy, maybe forty  
 cent will go to food. For me,  
 that's enough.

KATHRYN  
 (heated)  
 That's ridiculous! I can't believe  
 you actually think that.

They round a corner as Sarah-Jane squirms in Lindsey's arms.  
 Lindsey coos to the child, stroking her hair. His lips quirk  
 into a smile as he looks back to Kathryn.

LINDSEY  
 I guess there are a few things we  
 need to learn about one another,  
 then. That's one down.

KATHRYN  
 (mutters)  
 Yeah, one beggar. You just gave him  
 the money to kill himself.

Lindsey hears her and his smile fades. Her comments are  
 beginning to get to him. He looks distant for a moment,  
 thoughtful, then decides on how to word his reply:

LINDSEY  
 Not everyone is a beggar through  
 choice, Kathryn.

Then, silence.

She realises what he means.

KATHRYN  
 Oh, Lindsey, I -

LINDSEY  
(interrupts)  
Doesn't matter. You weren't to  
know.

There is an awkward silence again. Kathryn musters up a weak smile, trying to think of something to say. She wrings her hands together, suddenly unsure.

Lindsey waits - and waits - then just shrugs and turns to her with a wide grin again, easing the mood.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)  
But now you do. That's two things  
in one night. I think it's about  
time you told me a little  
something.

KATHRYN  
We're here.

LINDSEY  
(raises eyebrow)  
Huh?

Kathryn points behind Lindsey and he follows her finger to see that they are stood outside of the police station. The wind starts to pick up around them.

Lindsey turns to shield Sarah-Jane as Kathryn folds her arms across her chest, pulling her top tight around her. She covers her shoulder wound. Lindsey sees this.

LINDSEY  
You want my jacket?

KATHRYN  
I'm fine...

At that moment a gust of wind blows at her and she gasps, shivering wildly. Lindsey laughs and she can't help but follow him, nodding afterwards.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)  
Okay. Sure. I guess I wouldn't mind  
wearing your jacket. It is a little  
chilly out here.

Lindsey passes the baby to her and she takes it awkwardly, their body angles odd so as to hold the baby away from the wind.

Lindsey shrugs the leather jacket off and hands it to Kathryn as she hands back the baby, again awkwardly. They laugh again. Kathryn quickly puts the jacket on.

LINDSEY  
That better?

KATHRYN  
Much.

LINDSEY  
I'll see you back at the penthouse,  
then. Don't get killed.

KATHRYN  
(rolls eyes)  
I'll try not to.

Lindsey starts up the steps and she watches him, the smile lingering on her face. As he reaches the top, she SHOUTS out, something unable to be made out.

He turns, confused. She shakes her head, embarrassed at herself, as her cheeks flush crimson.

LINDSEY  
Something you wanted to say?

KATHRYN  
I... we didn't get any ...

She searches for the word. Her mind is blank.

LINDSEY  
Coffee?  
(off her nod)  
Tomorrow. It's a date.

She nods again and he turns and heads inside the police station, letting an officer pass as he does. Kathryn watches him until he is totally out of sight.

Sighing, she turns and starts to make her way down the street again, oblivious to the fact the police officer behind her is following her ... or is she?

The look on her face reveals she knows what he is doing. Her pupils are to the side, focused on something just in the corner of her eye. She looks steely.

Finally, she whirls around, raising her fists defensively to protect herself. The police officer jumps backwards. He looks genuinely surprised at her.

OFFICER  
Excuse me, miss.

He sidesteps her and continues on along the road, hurrying now, leaving Kathryn pensive as she lowers her fists. She is stood outside an alleyway now.

She can see the street on the other side, cars whizzing along as bright lights illuminate bars and restaurants. A stark contrast to the barren street she is on.

ALECTO (O.S)  
 (whispers)  
 Silly girl...

Kathryn whirls around. There is no-one behind her. She looks into the alleyway, most of it illuminated. No-one there either.

MEGAGAERA (O.S)  
 (whispers)  
 ... and her silly boy. They let us out, they let us out.

Kathryn looks around again, hand outstretched to touch the wall as she makes her way into the alley.

KATHRYN  
 Who is that?

She continues along the wall, eyes wide. She looks scared now. One of the dumpsters in the alleyway SOARS through the air, landing and spilling rubbish all over.

Kathryn gasps, unsure of what to do.

TISIPHONE (O.S)  
 (whispers)  
 Your parents, your parents.

KATHRYN  
 My parents? How is this - I - mom,  
 is that you?

Unaware, her hand continues to move along the way, right up until the figure of TISIPHONE can be seen. She is grinning wildly, eyes alight in the dim light.

Kathryn runs her hand along the woman's exposed breasts, then pauses. She realises what they are. SCREAMS. Tisiphone CACKLES loudly, launching forward.

She knocks Kathryn to the ground, pouncing on her greedily. Her naked body is covered in a thin layer of metallic paint, vines entwined in her hair.

Kathryn SCREAMS again, desperately trying to bat her away, then sees two more figures approaching in the dark as:

INT. WOLFRAM & HART - LOBBY - SAME

Brunette, pink streaks, punk outfit, bubblegum in mouth. The young woman behind the desk, AMY, does not look like your usual assistant.

She drums her fingers quietly along to heavy-metal, earphones plugged in, behind the front desk. HOLLAND MANNERS watches her from across the lobby.

Behind him stumbles GAVIN PARK, looking rather worse for wear. His tie is awry. His jacket is slung over his arm, his shirt is untucked.

Holland does not even turn around, but his lips curl in disgust as he sniffs the air: Gavin smells bad.

HOLLAND

Next time you decide to turn up late for work, at least do it for a good reason. Such as taking a shower.

GAVIN

It's been a long day.

HOLLAND

One filled with alcohol and women of a questionable kind cavorting in cages, I assume.

Gavin does not reply. Holland rolls his eyes at him and then turns and heads towards his office, pausing at the door before he speaks.

HOLLAND (CONT'D)

Keep an eye on the new girl.

Gavin nods in agreement and Holland opens the door and moves into his office. As soon as he is out of sight, Gavin hurriedly readjusts his clothes.

He straightens his tie and yanks it up to his neck then slides his jacket on. He pulls a can of deodorant out of his pocket -- sprays the air around himself.

Amy looks up from her work, slides the earphones off.

AMY

Hey, dude, you got any of that goin' spare?

GAVIN

(re: deodorant)  
This?

AMY

(sarcastic)  
No, the stick up your ass... of course it's the can! I smell. Bad.

Gavin makes his way over and gingerly places it down on the counter. She snatches it up, stands and lifts her shirt, revealing a modest sports bra shamelessly.

Surprised, Gavin looks flustered for a second, then averts his eyes. She sprays under both of her armpits furiously, then slams the deodorant back down.

AMY (CONT'D)  
Thanks, Buttercup.

Gavin seems confused for a moment - and goes to question her, but she cuts him off with a flippant wave of her hand. She POPS her bubblegum again.

AMY (CONT'D)  
Chill. I give people nicknames.  
It's my thing. Yours is Buttercup.

She slumps back into her chair, picks the headphones up again and puts them over her head, resuming whatever work she is doing on the computer.

Gavin puts the deodorant back in his pocket, turns to leave and then remembers his task - he leans against the counter awkwardly.

Amy pauses in her typing and looks up again. She takes her gum out of her mouth and rolls it in her fingers as she pulls away one earphone again.

AMY  
Why'd you lie to him?

GAVIN  
Excuse me.

AMY  
To Old Boy? When you came in, why did you lie to him?

Gavin stutters, neglecting to answer as he straightens out his clothes again, busying his hands. Amy tch's at him and leans forward, resting her chin in her hand.

AMY  
You came in makin' a bad impression on purpose. I'm just wonderin' why.

She stands again and spies a trash can next to one of the pillars, squints a little, aims and then throws her gum perfectly. It lands inside the wastebasket easily.

Gavin turns to her, impressed.

AMY (CONT'D)

I play a little 'ball now and then,  
picked up a few skills. Never know  
when things like that come in  
handy.

(cracks knuckles)

Now you gonna dish or am I gonna  
have to make you?

Gavin's mouth gapes. He doesn't know what to say. Amy sustains the act for a moment, then breaks down into hoarse laughter. Gavin breathes a sigh of relief.

GAVIN

I just thought I'd rile his  
feathers, see what he is really  
made of. It turns out he doesn't  
really care.

AMY

Oh, I think he does.

Their eyes meet, his questioning hers, and she gestures ever so slightly to the side with her head. Gavin waits a few moments to remain subtle, then looks to see:

Holland staring at them both intently. His piercing eyes examine the situation from behind the glass of his office, focused entirely on Gavin.

Gavin quickly looks back to Amy, ignorant, as:

EXT. POLICE STATION - ENTRANCE - LATER

Kathryn is sat on the front steps, arms wrapped tight around herself. She shivers, noticeably cold. She has a large gash running down her cheek.

Wrinkling her nose, she goes to sneeze and quickly pulls out a tissue. Lindsey appears on the steps behind her, starts to make his way down.

LINDSEY

This is a pleasant surprise. I  
thought you were heading home.

Kathryn turns and SNEEZES! The tissue is still in her hand and her sneeze directs itself right at Lindsey's shoes. He grimaces, she looks up apologetically.

KATHRYN

(meek)  
Nope. I'm here.

LINDSEY

You alright?

KATHRYN

I think I might have a cold. I've been expecting it.

LINDSEY

Why's that?

KATHRYN

My body seems incredibly resilient to follow my mind in this new life of mine. Fighting crime on cold November nights isn't its idea of fun.

LINDSEY

Nor mine.

KATHRYN

(scoffs)

Then why do it.

LINDSEY

I have to. Sure, being a hero is fun and all, but it doesn't do wonders for any semblance of social life I wish to have.

KATHRYN

(tongue-in-cheek)

Funny. You never struck me as social.

She starts to rise to her feet. He takes her hands and helps her up, taking the tissue to quickly wipe off his feet. She rolls her eyes at him.

LINDSEY

I seem to strike a lot of people as a lot of different things. I guess I change a lot... have changed a lot.

He throws the tissue carelessly behind him. Kathryn raises her eyebrows, surprised by the casual movement.

KATHRYN

(re: tissue)

You're going to leave that there?

She bends down and picks the tissue up, showing her distaste in her expression, then shoves it into her pocket. Lindsey shrugs dismissively.

LINDSEY

Litter isn't my problem.

KATHRYN

And kidnapping isn't mine, but I help you out when you need it.

LINDSEY

I sense we have a few more long conversations to get through. If we're gonna work together, we might as well like each other.

KATHRYN

(beat)

I like you.

She takes his hand and they start to make their way down the steps as Lindsey's lips curl up into the slightest of smiles, pleased.

That disappears as he notices the gash on her face, turns her cheek so he can see it better in the light

LINDSEY

Where did you get that?

KATHRYN

Get what?

She touches a hand to her cheek and is surprised when she feels the gash. She brings her hand round and stares at her bloodied fingers, bemused:

INT. WOLFRAM & HART - HOLLAND'S OFFICE - SAME

Holland is sat at his desk, impatiently tapping his pen on the papers in front of him. He seems irritated. Gavin sits opposite him, slouching in the chair.

HOLLAND

Now tell me, what is going on here?

GAVIN

I don't understand, sir.

HOLLAND

You are trying to irk me. I know that, and I dare say that so far you are doing a damn fine job.

Gavin is silent. He crosses his arms across his chest as he slides himself upwards, sitting properly.

HOLLAND (CONT'D)

I saw your transformation earlier. These walls are glass for a reason. We may build our success on lies here but within the company now everything is laid bare.

(MORE)

HOLLAND (CONT'D)

(sighs)

I am starting to get the sense you  
are not too fond of me.

GAVIN

I do not dislike you. My feelings  
are more of disappointment,  
actually.

Before Holland can reply, the door bursts open and in rushes  
Amy, torn clothes loose around her.

She looks - fearful? No. Excited. A wide grin adorns her face  
as she flings her hand out to point outside.

AMY

Crazy psycho mofos in the hall.  
(squeals)  
Kick-ass!

Holland and Gavin both move to the window, gasping as they  
see what has just ravaged the young woman.

The three ERINYES stand in the lobby: ALECTO, tall with  
golden hair falling to her waist, MEGAGAERA, exotic with jet  
black hair, and of course Tisiphone.

The strawberry blonde of her cropped hair, stiffened into a  
bizarre style, is now clear in this light. The three look  
absolutely stunning, yet otherworldly.

Holland and Gavin look to one another, dumbfounded. They look  
back to the lobby. Alecto turns and meets their gaze, eyes  
narrowing.

She unleashes an almighty SCREECH! Her fellow Erinyes join in  
and the screech reaches a crescendo as their faces morph.

Their eyes vanish and blood drips from their eye sockets,  
huge bat-like wings unfurl on either side of their body,  
grotesque symbols appear on their breasts.

They flap their wings and begin to fly into the air, then all  
three SPEED forward, heading straight for Gavin and Holland:

INT. PENTHOUSE - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - LATER

Kathryn is sprawled on the sofa, a thick duvet covering her,  
fast asleep and totally unaware of Lindsey stood over her.  
His tired eyes look on her affectionately.

She stirs, scratching her gash restlessly, and he snaps out  
of his daze.

He starts on his way towards the corridor when - THUMP! His  
legs give way and he crumples to the ground, awkwardly  
landing. He chokes out an agonised groan.

'WHISPERS' -- A bellowing foghorn. A child giggling wildly.  
"Silly girl..." Glass shattering. An excruciating screeching.  
"Sisters!"

Lindsey's head lulls, semi-conscious.

Kathryn continues to stir on the sofa. She rolls over and yawns then her eyes flutter open as:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. WOLFRAM &amp; HART - LOBBY - MORNING

The glass is being cleared by a team of dwarfish demons, squabbling over who gets to clean. Amy, leant against the front desk, watches them curiously.

Gavin is leant against it next to her. Amy pulls a packet of gum out of her pocket and puts another one into her mouth, offering Gavin one. He declines.

Holland marches out of his office, a severe expression on his face. Amy quickly slips behind her desk, beginning to randomly type on the keyboard.

HOLLAND

Gavin, have you escorted my assistant to the infirmary yet?

GAVIN

No, sir.

(clears throat)

I'd prefer it if you called me Mr. Park. That is my professional name.

HOLLAND

If you wish. Now go.

Amy stands up from behind the desk and moves to stand by Gavin, who then starts to lead her away. She remembers something and runs back to grab a jacket.

HOLLAND (CONT'D)

I'm sure you won't need that.

AMY

Just in case, sir. I heard stories 'bout this place, don't wanna be caught out by nothin'.

Gavin looks between her and Holland, the point lost on him. Holland meets his gaze with a stern glare, indicating for him to go on. Gavin starts to walk away.

As he and Amy reach the bottom of the stairs, he turns to look at Holland. The man has not moved from his spot, his head hung in thought. Amy turns, too.

AMY (CONT'D)

What's up with him?

GAVIN

The Erinyes are bringers of justice. Female personifications of vengeance.

(MORE)

GAVIN (CONT'D)  
 Immortals ones, I might add.  
 Holland hasn't exactly been a saint  
 all his life, and Wolfram and Hart  
 is a company built on all that the  
 Erinyes are opposed to.

AMY  
 So Old Boy thinks they gonna bring  
 this place down?

Gavin nods then turns and starts to make his way up the  
 steps, leaving Amy at the bottom. She thinks on this for a  
 second, then laughs and grins broadly.

AMY (CONT'D)  
 Dude, that's whack! That ain't  
 never gonna happen.

Gavin does not glance back at her, but smiles nonetheless,  
 while she starts jumping up the stairs two at a time:

INT. PENTHOUSE - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - SAME

Kathryn and Lindsey stand in the kitchen. Both look  
 exhausted. Kathryn holds a mug of coffee, Lindsey a glass  
 filled with a brown-green liquid.

Kathryn looks at it with disgust. Obviously it doesn't appeal  
 to her - or him. Lindsey similarly eyes the drink in his  
 hand.

KATHRYN  
 What is that?

LINDSEY  
 They left it for me.

KATHRYN  
 They?

LINDSEY  
 (points up)  
 They.

KATHRYN  
 (gets it)  
 Oh. I see.  
 (beat)  
 So what is it?

Lindsey shrugs, unsure, and lifts it up to examine it in the  
 light just drifting in through the blinds. Kathryn's  
 grimaces, averting her eyes.

LINDSEY  
 C'mon, a little bit of demon spew  
 never hurt anyone.

He goes to drink some, lifting the glass to his lips, but fumbles and the glass drops to the floor, SMASHING and spreading out everywhere.

Kathryn is shocked, recoils quickly away and up onto the counter. Her bare legs avoid being splashed, but Lindsey's pyjamas do not. The gunk covers them.

KATHRYN

Ew... that's disgusting.

LINDSEY

At least we know it isn't acid.

Kathryn sets her mug down and jumps off the counter.

KATHRYN

I'll help clear that up.

LINDSEY

No need.

She looks at him curiously and is about to raise a question when suddenly she gets her answer: the whole floor ABSORBS the gunk! It vanishes from sight.

That on Lindsey's feet and pyjamas remains, but the floor is left spotless. POP! Lindsey smiles. Kathryn questions him with her eyes.

He swings open the door of the fridge to reveal a brand new glass, full to the brim with the disgusting liquid.

Kathryn is stunned -- she isn't sure what to say.

KATHRYN

That's... I'm impressed.

LINDSEY

One of the many perks this job has.  
(gestures around)  
A penthouse with a brilliant view  
that cleans up after itself. And a  
beautiful woman to boot.

KATHRYN

Guess it's your lucky year.

LINDSEY

Well now, I guess it is.

He reaches into the fridge and draws out the drink, placing it on the counter, then shuts the door again.

Kathryn restrains a laugh as he waddles across the room, trying to keep as much of his feet off the floor, and makes his way to the sink.

Behind it there is a rack of hand-towels. He takes one and then lifts one of his feet in the air, cleaning off the gunk. Kathryn moves and picks up her coffee again.

KATHRYN

So, worked out what your whispers were about yet?

LINDSEY

I'm still not sure if they were even whispers. Just felt like a dream.

He switches feet, starting to clean off the other one. Kathryn takes a sip of her coffee - it's too hot - she winces and places it back down, licking her lips.

KATHRYN

'Dreams are today's answers to tomorrow's questions' - Edgar Cayce.

LINDSEY

You're a very odd woman.

Lindsey finishes up cleaning his feet off. He places them both down firmly again and throws the towel back onto the rack.

He turns to meet Kathryn's disapproving eye and rolls his eyes, picking it up and crossing over to place it in the washbasket. She smiles, victorious.

Lindsey folds his arms and leans against the fridge.

A beat - silence.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

I like silence with you.

KATHRYN

(smirks)

Evidently you also love to break it.

LINDSEY

But, seriously, I do.

KATHRYN

Me, too. It's comfortable... nice. Really nice, if I may say so myself.

Lindsey nods then, suddenly, grabs the glass and starts to down the drink. Kathryn shudders and averts her eyes as the sound of his gulps fills the air and:

INT. WOLFRAM & HART - INFIRMARY - SAME

Amy is led uncomfortably in one of the beds in the infirmary. A multitude of beings - demon, vampire and otherwise - surround her.

Amy is sour-faced, sat there in her girl-boxers and the jacket she brought (covering her bra). She glares resentfully at Gavin, talking to a male orderly.

He nods and then dismisses the orderly, who makes his way over to another patient. Gavin approaches the bed. Amy HUFFS loudly.

AMY

Man, this ain't cool. Not at all. They don't even have spare change of clothes for a girl.

GAVIN

This place, Wolfram and Hart, it isn't exactly up with the times. Females are treated differently.

AMY

This ain't what I signed up for. They said it was all about equal opportunities here.

GAVIN

It appears they lied. I'm afraid the San Francisco branch hasn't quite caught up with many of the others.

Amy looks around, only now noticing that all the other patients on the ward are male. As are all the orderlies. Even more self-conscious, she turns away.

AMY

Bet they think this is funny. Well it ain't. It's wrong, yo.

GAVIN

They took your clothes for analysis.

AMY

What they expectin' to find?

GAVIN

They're searching for something, anything. The Erinyes are dangerous.

AMY

Good thing they sleep half the day.  
Gives you big shots time to figure  
out what to do.

GAVIN

We were supposed to receive them in  
a cage. A special one, forged  
thousands of years ago specifically  
for them. It is said to be the only  
thing that could hold them.

AMY

But they must've got out, 'cause  
they're roamin' around here now.

GAVIN

They were let out back then. A  
young fool happened across them and  
was overcome with lust. He set them  
free.

AMY

And that happened again? I'm  
surprised you didn't have security  
keepin' 'em locked up.

BOOTH (O.S)

They did.

Amy and Gavin both turn to see BOOTH, a haggard young soldier  
dripping with blood. He has been savaged and has severe burns  
covering his muscular body.

BOOTH (CONT'D)

They had me.

Amy's eyes bulge in shock while Gavin remains calm, then  
suddenly Booth collapses to the floor. Gavin rushes to his  
aid when:

INT. PENTHOUSE - KATHRYN'S BEDROOM - LATER

Early afternoon light floods in from outside. Kathryn  
switches on an alarm clock on her bedside table to reveal the  
time. 13:21.

KATHRYN

There we go.

LINDSEY

(sarcastic)

That's made all the difference.

WIDEN to reveal: those two items are all that has been  
unpacked in the room. The rest is in various boxes of  
different shapes and sizes.

Lindsey stands in the doorway, leather jacket back on. He looks ready to head out. Kathryn turns to face him and puts her hands on her hips, mock-authoritarian.

Lindsey smiles at her then raises his hand to give a little wave, jingling the keys in his hand as he does.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

I'll see you later. I've got me a case to solve.

KATHRYN

You sure you don't want me to come?

LINDSEY

You stay here and unpack. Last night was more than enough action for you this week.

(re: gash)

Still no clue on how you got that?

Kathryn shakes her head and Lindsey shoves his hands in his pockets, exhaling, a little disappointed.

LINDSEY

The world needs me. Bye.

KATHRYN

See you later. I'll make dinner.

Kathryn returns to her work as Lindsey thinks on that last comment, clearly pleased with it. As he walks away, the skin of Kathryn's cheek turns SILVER:

EXT. DOCKS - LATE AFTERNOON

The docks is now full of activity, hustling and bustling. Workers move to and fro, some lugging crates, some in forklifts, some barking orders.

A jeep pulls up in the middle of all the chaos. The engine switches off and out jumps Lindsey. He clicks a button and the car BEEPS, locking all doors.

He slides on a pair of shades and surveys the area.

Looking around, he does a double-take as he sees something amongst the crowds that stands out: Gavin Park. His expression becomes grim.

He starts to cross over towards Gavin, happily chattily to one of the dock workers. As Lindsey gets closer, Gavin spots him out of the corner of his eye.

There is a moment where both freeze - then Gavin turns and starts to FLEE! Lindsey gives chase, pushing past people as he rushes after his foe.

A forklift threatens to drive in his way, the driver focused on manoeuvring it carefully. Lindsey leaps into the air, landing on the crate with ease.

The driver CRIES OUT, stopping the machine dead in its tracks. Lindsey jumps down on the other side, waves to the driver cheekily. He continues to run.

Gavin is further away now, almost lost in the people. Lindsey pushes harder, forcing himself to speed up, and ELBOWS an old man out of the way.

The man's nose breaks with a CRACK, but Lindsey ignores it, pushing himself harder. The gap is closing between them as Gavin starts to tire, panting breathlessly.

Lindsey jumps the pram of a baby, grabbing the mother's shopping bag as he does. Her SHOUTS are lost in the din as he carries on. The gap closes even more.

Gavin glances back, swears under his breath as he spots Lindsey. Lindsey smirks confidently at his fear.

He raises the shopping bag and starts to swing it around his fist, the heavy items wound up in the plastic as he increases the speed.

He prepares to launch it when - BLAM!

A FISH hits him square in the jaw. He crumples.

Gavin looks back over his shoulder and watches in utter amazement as Amy steps out in front of Lindsey, dressed again. She winks at him, grinning proudly.

He rushes back to stand next to her as Lindsey raises his other hand to his forehead, groaning in pain.

GAVIN

What are you doing here?

AMY

If you saw me, I was supposed to say that I was coming here on my lunch break, but, seriously, I hate fish. So I'm basically here to spy on you 'cause Holland don't trust you.

GAVIN

Well thank you for spying, then.  
(looks down to Lindsey)  
That must be the first time I've ever seen someone thwarted by a fish.

AMY  
(laughs)  
Told you I had good aim, dawg.

Lindsey GROANS again and the two look down to him - but he's not there! The fish THWACKS against the back of Gavin's head and he stumbles forward.

Amy whirls around and switches into action mode. She raises her fists but Lindsey just rolls his eyes. He swings the fish around to SMACK her cheek painfully.

She falters backwards into Gavin's arms and the two of them glare at Lindsey, anger vivid in their eyes. He matches their expressions easily, similarly angry.

LINDSEY  
Why are you here?

GAVIN  
Why are you here?

The two men stare each other down, Amy clenching Gavin's hands tight in her own, as:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. WOLFRAM &amp; HART - INFIRMARY - LATE AFTERNOON

The infirmary is not nearly as full as earlier, many of the patients now dispersed. The male orderly is attending to one of the remaining ones in the corner.

Booth is led in one of the beds, connected to two drips. One contains the usual clear fluid, the other a fluorescent pink one. He looks incredibly miserable.

His eyes light up as Megaera strolls into the room, however. Her exotic body sidles up to the side of his bed, taking her time to give everyone a good view.

Reaching his side, she takes his hand, which he gives without a word, and slowly starts to lick his fingers. One by one. He smiles, now in ecstasy.

She pauses, sliding his hand down from her mouth to rest upon her neck. He licks his lips.

MEGAERA

Why so unhappy before?

Booth is dumbstruck. He just stares at her perfect body, totally in awe. Megaera frowns at his silence.

MEGAERA (CONT'D)

Answer me.

BOOTH

I... I let you escape.

MEGAERA

But why did that make you unhappy?

She slides his hand down further to rest upon her breast, then curls his fingers round to cup it. His lip quivers, so overwhelmed with sheer pleasure.

MEGAERA (CONT'D)

Does that mean this makes you unhappy?

BOOTH

(breathless)

No. It makes me very happy.

She grins and glances over to see that everyone else remaining in the infirmary now has their eyes on her. This is her cue. She looks to Booth's blankets.

MEGAERA

Shall I see how happy?

He almost feints at the suggestion, nodding weakly, gradually growing to emphatically. Her grin widens and she slides her hand under the blankets.

She looks to him again, as if for permission, and his nodding continues. Her head follows her hand under the covers. The male orderly is the corner looks concerned.

Booth starts to GROAN, relishing in the delight as Megaera's head is seen moving up and down, bobbing continually - then, all of a sudden, her WINGS unfurl!

Still for a moment, then the movement continues.

Booth HOWLS in pain, screaming and crying. The male orderly is frozen to the spot. Blood spurts out from under the blankets, coating the walls and floor.

Megaera does not cease in her attack, more blood pouring out and drenching the bedsheets. It pours over to cover the floor. Her screams of ecstasy ring out.

Her fellow Erinyes - Alecto and Tisiphone - appear in the doorway to the infirmary. They do not smile on the scene, however.

ALECTO

Megaera! Leave him be!

But Megaera does not stop. If anything, the movement beneath the covers becomes more wild and erratic. Her wings start to flap, as she wrenches move into the sky.

His screams finally die out as he collapses, the top half of his body splitting from the bottom half as Megaera flies riotously around the room, laughing.

She drops the lower half onto the male orderly's head. He SHRIEKS and backs against the wall, breaking down into tears. Her laughter crescendos.

She finally descends to the ground and her wings fold up again, disappearing as her face returns to normal and her body does, too. Her fellows look furious.

She flippantly gestures to them and strolls back to them, the blood slowly dripping off her body, as if it is resistant. She looks delighted with her work.

ALECTO (CONT'D)

You had no right to do such a thing.

MEGAERA

I bear a grudge. You know that. It is in my nature.

ALECTO

He was the one that set us free. He did not deserve such a fate as that you dealt him.

MEGAERA

He felt displeasure at our freedom. I could not let him live for that.

TISIPHONE

Of course he did, he is mortal. It is to be expected that he should feel guilt for setting free such powerful beings as us. They are afraid of power. They neglect to harness it.

Megaera's pleasure dissipates instantly and she looks away, thoughtful. Alecto and Tisiphone stare at her, concentrated on her eyes.

A beat - she relents reluctantly.

MEGAERA

(begrudgingly)  
My apologies, sisters.

ALECTO

Good. Now let's go. We have someone to introduce ourselves to.

She turns to Tisiphone and the strawberry blonde giggles sensually, running a hand through her hair. Megaera joins in, soon followed by Alecto.

Their giggles ascend into LAUGHTER, then into CACKLES before they become SCREAMS and finally the familiar SCREECHING begins, all three delighting in it:

INT. PENTHOUSE - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - SAME

The front door SLAMS shut and in runs Lindsey, red in the cheeks. He slings his jacket down on the sofa, unaware of Kathryn sitting there.

LINDSEY

(calls out)  
Kathryn! Kathryn!

He moves into the kitchen and opens the fridge to find another of those disgusting drinks, this time a sickly yellow colour. He starts to glug it down.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

Kathryn! I saw Gavin down at the docks. Kathryn! Where are you?

There is a murmur. Barely even that. It sounds like a strangled word, unable to be said. Lindsey listens for it, finishing the drink, then spots Kathryn's head.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)  
 (confused)  
 Kathryn?

He starts to move round the sofa, wrenching an antique sword from the wall display in the process, and comes to stand in front of Kathryn. He gapes, his jaw drops.

He drops the sword with a CLATTER to the floor, himself dropping to sit on the coffee table. He, confused, leans in closer to look at Kathryn.

Her body is naked, covered in the same metallic silver varnish as the Erinyes. Her eyes are shut.

Lindsey does not realise that the three Erinyes are behind him, watching curiously. Tisiphone cocks her head, intrigued, while Megaera gazes out of the window.

Alecto steps forward silently. Lindsey hears her, his ears pricking up. He stands and spins around, picking up the sword on the way, in one fluid motion.

Alecto claps her hands lightly together, mocking him.

LINDSEY  
 What are you? What have you done to her... to Kathryn?

ALECTO  
 She is no longer Kathryn. She is our sister. She is Kastratus.

LINDSEY  
 Castrated?  
 (looks to her; smiles)  
 Doesn't look like it to me.

Alecto's eyes close at exactly the same time those of Tisiphone and Megaera do. Lindsey watches them inquisitively, lowering his sword.

When they open again, Alecto looks down on him with all respect gone, face now pinched in revulsion.

ALECTO  
 It appears I was wrong about you.  
 (beat)  
 You see, Lindsey McDonald, we are thousands of years old. Millions even. We are not even sure, that is how long our minds and bodies have roamed this earth.

(MORE)

ALECTO (CONT'D)

Over time we have evolved into our current form, and we have picked up many abilities along the way. Abilities that the men that walk this earth cannot comprehend.

LINDSEY

What do you mean?

ALECTO

One such ability is something men can comprehend. At least, they try to. We can, in common terms, read minds.

MEGAERA

But it is so much more than that. Their past thoughts, their emotions, their histories. That is how we know everything about Kastratus. She freed us. Her inquisitive nature, her eye for a fine antique... Our power lured her without her knowing. Then we knew everything. She must become our sister. With her, we can rule. Only with her can we truly conquer.

TISIPHONE

All the thoughts, they come to us in one beautiful package, wrapped up with ribbon and lace and the stripped intestines of oneself.

LINDSEY

Gee, thanks for the beautiful imagery there. Didn't realise you two spoke as well. I was starting to think this was a one-bitch show.

TISIPHONE

We have no leader. We are equal.

LINDSEY

Then why does Blondie do all the talking?

Without a word, Alecto slowly floats backwards, flapping her wings slightly to allow her to do, and Tisiphone moves forwards to take her position.

Megaera leaves the window to be by Alecto's side.

TISIPHONE

What a terrible son you are.

This catches Lindsey's attention.

TISIPHONE (CONT'D)

So long he spent, so long  
desperately striving for you to  
have a better life. You hated him  
for it. He did not deserve to be  
hated. The fact you could repulses  
me to my very core.

LINDSEY

Stop it.

Megaera floats forward to stand by Tisiphone's side. Lindsey brandishes the sword at them both. They dismiss it like a plaything.

MEGAERA

You made up stories... so many of  
them. You told the vampire one,  
that vampire; he did not need to  
know, but you told him. Your father  
was not weak. You were weak. You  
could not face the real villain in  
your family.

LINDSEY

(grits teeth)  
Stop it.

Alecto makes her way to the other side of Tisiphone, wrapping her hand in her hair and twiddling it between her fingers delicately.

ALECTO

Your mother, you would not accept  
it, would you? You would not accept  
just how she really was. You could  
not.

(disgusted)

How can you live with yourself? You  
abandoned him. His soul is without  
rest. He loved you and you have  
left him hanging in limbo for -

LINDSEY

(angry)  
Stop it!  
(beat)

STOP IT!

They laugh at his anger. This pushes him over the edge. He lunges forward with the sword, blade pointed right at Megaera's stomach. It pierces it - with no result.

Lindsey drives forward, the blade ripping right through her stomach and emerging the other side. She does not even blink. In fact, she YAWNS, as do her sisters.

LINDSEY

Wha- how?

MEGAERA

(indifferent)

We are the Erinyes. This is how we are. Indestructible.

ALECTO

(whispers)

Perfect.

Alecto breaks from the line and casually makes her way to stand behind Lindsey. He tries to keep his eye on all three, but struggles.

She licks her finger and runs it down his neck. His eyes close instantly in total bliss. He groans. Then it starts to SIZZLE. His skin burns, peeling away.

He cries out in agony and kicks out behind him but Alecto leaps into the air and lands behind her fellows and behind the coffee table. Tisiphone smiles at her.

Lindsey stumbles backwards, desperately clawing at his neck, then Tisiphone leans forward and takes Kathryn's hand. She rises slowly - and opens her eyes.

LINDSEY

No! Kathryn!

He tries to move forward but the pain surges through him and he collapses onto the sofa, as Tisiphone leans in and kisses Kathryn (Kastratus) on the lips.

As soon as they break apart, the four of them SCREECH louder than ever before and all open their wings. Their eyes vanish, replaced by blood, as before.

Lindsey is horrified as they turn away from him. He reaches out his hand for Kastratus, but she is unaware of it as she FLIES through the window first.

Alecto follows, then Tisiphone, leaving Megaera alone with Lindsey. She flies to the window, blowing Lindsey a kiss before she continues out into the city:

EXT. DOCKS - SAME

Amy and Gavin are sat outside one of the dockside cafés, her with a beer can and he with a glass of wine. She slouches down in her seat, taking a swig of beer.

AMY

So why you here? Holland didn't to explain that part to me.

GAVIN

Trying to find out what possibly could have broken the cage. We know there was a fire, but that wouldn't have been enough.

Amy nods, thinking on this. Gavin sips his wine and swills it around his mouth before swallowing.

AMY

What about this Booth guy? How does he fit into all of this?

GAVIN

He was the other party's trader. He worked for Wolfram and Hart a few years, switched over to working for a South African businessman after that.

AMY

I don't understand what got in the way. If the two traders were there and the two things bein' traded were there, then what went wrong?

GAVIN

We're Wolfram and Hart. We don't like helping other people get what they want. So there were several bombs planted in the warehouse, due to go off as soon as our man got out.

(sips wine)

Of course, when we learned Booth was the trader, we knew we had to retract the bombs. His Wolfram and Hart contract was still active and if we killed our own, the paperwork would just be too complicated.

(beat)

So we sent in a squad to do it. One to guard the place, four more to get the bombs. Something went wrong, someone interfered. All those men are dead now. Booth is the only survivor from the explosion.

AMY

And Charlie's Bitches. Don't go forgettin' they got out, as well.

Gavin mumbles agreement with the comment as Amy takes another large swig of her beer, drinking greedily.

GAVIN

Now I - we? - need to find out what else was in that warehouse.

AMY

My old man works on the docks. We can go and ask him. He'll know.

GAVIN

You do know that you're just about the best secretary I have ever encountered, right?

AMY

(twinkle in her eye)  
I do now.

She stands and prepares to leave, downing the rest of the beer. Gavin slowly sips his wine and - again! - swills it around his mouth.

Amy shakes her head in amazement as his formal attitude and taps her foot impatiently in jest, putting her hands on her hips.

Gavin stifles a laugh through a mouth full of wine then swallows that and downs the rest of the glass, standing and taking her head to set off as:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. WOLFRAM &amp; HART - HOLLAND'S OFFICE - EVENING

Holland sits behind his desk, hand to his ear as he cradles the phone. He looks agitated.

HOLLAND

I know, I know, but it just felt like there was never a good enough reason to call you.

ADRIENNE

(filtered; through phone)  
You don't need a reason to call me. Just hearing my voice should be reason enough.

HOLLAND

It used to be but after the Wolfgang '97 event, it just felt a little forced. I know that it seems like a poor excuse, but -

ADRIENNE

(filtered; through phone)  
(interrupts)  
But nothing, Holland. There is no excuse. Still, I think we could work something out. What was this proposition you had in mind for me?

Gavin and Amy rush in through the door, laughing excitedly. They stop instantly as they see him. He meets their eyes with a fierce stare.

ADRIENNE (CONT'D)

(filtered; through phone)  
Holland?

HOLLAND

Sorry, Adrienne. Something has come up. Expect a call later on tonight.

Before she can reply, he hangs up and stands instantly, looking upon Gavin and Amy with great irritation. Clearly that was a call he didn't want to end.

He opens his arms wide as if to hug them. Amy looks to Gavin with enquiring eyes. She looks creeped out. He shrugs, no more knowledgeable than her.

A beat - Holland remains with arms outstretched.

Amy takes a nervous step back. Puts on a fake smile.

Holland scoffs at her reaction, lowers his arms. Amy steps forward again, the smile continuing.

AMY  
(awkward)  
I'm gonna go...

She turns on her heel and heads for the door, opening it hurriedly and disappearing. Gavin watches her go, smiling to himself at her awkwardness.

AMY (O.S)  
(calls out)  
And get coffee! Forget to say that.

Gavin's smile widens as he shuts the door then faces Holland again. The elder man looks upon him sternly.

HOLLAND  
Fire her.

GAVIN  
No. You were trying to make her uncomfortable. It wasn't fair.

HOLLAND  
Fire her.

GAVIN  
No.

HOLLAND  
If she cannot deal with her own boss wanting a hug, how can she possibly deal with the more bizarre happenings we have around here?

GAVIN  
(emphatic)  
No.

HOLLAND  
Are you drunk?

GAVIN  
She's brilliant, sir. Absolutely brilliant. She solved the mystery. She thinks I'm in here right now telling you that I worked it all out, but I can't.  
(throws hands in air)  
I can't lie. It wasn't me.

He crosses over to the chairs and rests himself down in one. Holland does not face him for a second, staring at the spot where he was, then does so slowly.

HOLLAND

So what did you work out?

GAVIN

Not me, her. That's what I just said.

HOLLAND

Mr. Park, she's a secretary. Plain and simple. I am giving you credit for this because you are not a secretary. That's simply the way things work around here.

GAVIN

There were artefacts. European artefacts, most of them from Greece. That was how the Erinyes were freed. Something from their homeland negated the hold which the cage had on them.

There is a loud CRASH from the lobby cutting Holland off as he prepares to reply. The door then swings open and Kastratus steps into frame.

Her luxurious legs elegantly move their way to stand in the centre of the room, where she is soon flanked by her sisters.

Their bodies are always touching in some way: hands clasped, fingers running through hair, legs entwined.

Gavin rises out of the chair while Holland remains resolute, smile even widening as the four Erinyes fan out in front of him, their hands laced together.

HOLLAND

Welcome ladies.

LINDSEY (O.S)

Knock knock.

Lindsey stands in the threshold, salt shaker in one hand and broadsword in the other. He jiggles the shaker in his hand cheekily. Holland's smile fades to a frown.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

Is this a private party, or can anyone join?

HOLLAND

It seems to be rapidly turning into some kind of free-for-all, so you may as well enter. Nice to see you again.

Gavin clears his throat and raises his hand as a meek introduction. Lindsey nods in response.

GAVIN

I don't believe we've met before.  
I've heard a lot about you.

LINDSEY

I don't believe I give a crap. I've  
heard jack all about you.

Gavin awkwardly tries to find the words to reply, but fails. Lindsey smirks at him smugly. Gavin straightens out his jacket, unhappy with his lack of a comeback.

Holland looks between the two of them, appreciating the banter, then to the Erinyes. To Kastratus particularly.

HOLLAND

Miss Hallow?

TISIPHONE

Kastratus is how you must address  
her now. She is one of us.

HOLLAND

My apologies. I should have asked  
to be introduced. My manners  
escaped me.

MEGAERA

(bored)  
Stimulation level, zero.

Lindsey has a thought. His eyes light up.

LINDSEY

You like to be stimulated?

Megaera licks her lips as he starts to move towards her, dropping the sword to the floor. Amy appears in the doorway behind him.

Lindsey looks ready for a kiss as he similarly licks his lips, presses his body right up against Megaera's own and then leans down to plant one on her lips.

As he does so, he brings his arm around and swiftly lifts it up to sprinkle salt over her head. She screams in agony, instantly transforming into her other form.

GAVIN

Just what do you think you're  
doing?

AMY

Dude, you crazy! You do realise these chicks are more dangerous like that, right?

Lindsey ignores her and pushes Megaera to the floor, sprinkling more salt on her while he does, then takes the lid off and throws it at the others.

Kastratus and Alecto shriek in pain, transforming into their more dangerous forms as well, wings spreading wide. The office is becoming gradually more crowded.

Tisiphone, avoiding the salt, glowers at Lindsey with fury in her eyes. Her fists are clenched, her teeth are bared and her knuckles are going white.

Alecto, now livid, launches herself onto Lindsey's back while Megaera crawls her way to Amy and Kastratus focuses on Gavin, who trips backwards clumsily.

Tisiphone scratches at Lindsey's face while Alecto wraps her legs around his waist, clawing at his chest violently with her elongated nails.

He tries to shrug her off. She resists him.

ALECTO

How did you know?

TISIPHONE

How could you know?

Lindsey pours the remaining salt into his hand, then blows it directly into Tisiphone's face. She COUGHS through it before transforming into the hideous beast.

Megaera tries to grab at Amy's leg but the secretary kicks her off repeatedly. The sensual Erinye finally clutches hold and slides herself up it.

Running her entire body up the leg and then right up to Amy's head, straight down the middle, Megaera haughtily looks upon her. Amy throws the hot coffee in her face.

Megaera SCREAMS and falls to her knees, her face scalded horrifically. She gingerly touches her bleeding eyesockets, aggravated further. Amy beams happily!

Lindsey headbutts Alecto in the nose and she falls off his back to the floor with a heavy THUD, he delivers a swift roundhouse kick to Tisiphone's stomach.

Kastratus continues to stalk towards Gavin, licking her lips greedily. However, as he slides onto Holland's desk (knocking various items off), she pauses.

Her eyes droop for a second, tired, then she forces them open again. The same happens to Alecto as she rests on the floor, Megaera the same.

Tisiphone is the only one remaining strong, lunging forward at Lindsey again. He shakes the last bit of salt at her - and the same effects start to show!

GAVIN

What exactly is happening?

The four Erinyes collapse to the floor, absolutely spent. Amy steps over Megaera and hands Holland his coffee, before moving to stand by Gavin.

HOLLAND

You're witnessing the genius that is Lindsey McDonald at work.

LINDSEY

I can't take all the credit. I had help from... some higher sources.

AMY

I ain't gettin' it. You tryin' to tell me that major-ass demon girlies like that get beat by salt?  
(pumps fist)  
This place gets more confusin' by the minute. I love it.

GAVIN

Greek salt?

AMY

So that was what was let free from one of the artefacts?

GAVIN

Then the fire set it alight and that burned through the cage, which was also made of ancient Greek salt.

HOLLAND

It was spelled so that it could only be broken by itself. How intriguing.

LINDSEY

Well, aren't y'all a bunch of geniuses? I'm impressed. I didn't know diddly-squat of the story until then, so I guess I'm all clued up now. Thanks.

He ambles over to his broadsword and picks it up, resting it on his shoulder.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)  
 (re: sword)  
 Just for show.  
 (beat)  
 Well, almost.

He starts to move forward and worry flashes into Amy's eyes. She grabs Gavin's hand and he reciprocates, holding hers, while Holland laughs at their fear.

Lindsey raises the sword into the air and Amy's grasp tightens around Gavin's hand, nails digging in.

HOLLAND  
 Don't be afraid. That is not the look of a killer he has. It is the look of a lover.

With that, Lindsey PLUNGES the broadsword down into Kastratus' stomach. She starts to JERK wildly, body suddenly out of control.

Lindsey watches calmly while Amy stares in a mixture of disgust and awe and Gavin and Holland both seem captivated by the spasms.

Her silver skin begins to SHED off of her body. Amy turns away, grossed out, and Gavin strokes her hair to soothe her. Holland glares at him, he stops instantly.

At last, the final area of skin falls off and Kathryn is left, normal again. Nude, but normal. Lindsey quickly covers her in his jacket again.

HOLLAND  
 Don't you think you should leave her here with us?

LINDSEY  
 Why? It's not like she works here.

Holland nods seriously. Lindsey descends to his knees to pick Kathryn up and Holland allows his lips to form a knowing smirk.

Amy, turning back finally, sees this and wonders to herself what it could mean, turning her attention to the floor as she thinks:

INT. PENTHOUSE - KATHRYN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

The light of sunrise filters in through the hastily-closed blinds, not very well done. Kathryn is now sat up in bed, with Lindsey resting on the side of it.

KATHRYN

Did you actually say that?

LINDSEY

I think I had him convinced.

KATHRYN

I'm not so sure. I mean, why would you randomly just turn up at Wolfram and Hart looking for me?

LINDSEY

Because where else do evil Greek creatures go for their big hoedown?

KATHRYN

Just be more careful next time. I'm going to have to explain this in my report now.

LINDSEY

C'mon, it'll be easy. They still think you don't even know about the supernatural side of my life, don't they?

Kathryn indicates they don't with her gestures as she then slides out of bed, slipping past Lindsey, and crosses over to the door.

She takes her dressing gown off the hook on the back of the door and slips it on, wrapping it tight around herself. As Lindsey talks, she opens the blinds.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

More difficult might be explaining how I managed to get you home stark naked.

KATHRYN

(laughs)

How did that happen exactly?

LINDSEY

Let's just say the police are currently on the lookout for a masked vigilante with a broadsword and a salt shaker.

KATHRYN

Masked?

LINDSEY

Found a pair of old tights in the dumpster. It's surprising what resources the city itself can give you.

KATHRYN

If only everyone used them, like  
that man we...

She trails off and the mood becomes awkward. Both search for something to say to keep up the conversation, but end up falling into broad smiles.

LINDSEY

Don't worry. I don't mind talking  
about it, if you want to.

KATHRYN

First, I want to know how you and  
Lilah reconciled so quickly. I  
thought you still hated her.

LINDSEY

(serious)  
I do. I asked Keirnaen to help me.

KATHRYN

Oh.  
(sits down on bed)  
That's a shame.

They sit there in silence, but this time there is no awkwardness. It is poignant. He is clearly deep in thought, eyes distant and expression blank.

She tenderly reaches her hand across the bed, still facing away from him, and takes it into her own then:

INT. PENTHOUSE - HALLWAY - SAME

Outside the door, KEIRNAEN stands, tears rolling swiftly down his face. He tries to silence his sobs, covering his mouth.

While he continues to cry, he transforms from his normal form, gradually morphing as things move out of proportion, and ends up as LILAH MORGAN.

She wipes the tears from her eyes, biting her bottom lip to make them stop. They continue and she bites harder -- draws blood.

One drop falls towards the floor, followed by several tears. She disappears in a SWIRL of GOLDEN LIGHTS just as Lindsey swings open the door from Kathryn's bedroom.

He looks up and down the corridor, glancing down briefly as he goes to shut the door. The water-soiled blood catches his eye and he SLAMS the door shut:

INT. WOLFRAM & HART - HOLLAND'S OFFICE - SAME

Booth is sat across from Holland, pieced back together rather haphazardly. One of his legs is on an angle and he is wearing some rather questionable robes.

There are papers in between them. Holland reads through them while Booth waits, glancing to the side to see Amy and Gavin laughing on the other side of the glass.

He smiles at their camaraderie.

HOLLAND

(doesn't even look up)  
I wouldn't smile if I were you.  
That behaviour is not to be  
encouraged around here -

He looks up from the papers, signing them once, then pushes them closer to Booth and hands him the pen. Booth takes it and starts to sign instantly.

HOLLAND (CONT'D)

- especially for someone re-joining  
such as yourself. You're in a  
delicate position now, so be wary  
of anything that could distract  
you.

BOOTH

Yes, sir. I'm just glad I didn't  
sign off on my contract before...  
the accident.

HOLLAND

(grins)  
Those Erinyes were certainly  
dangerous. I'm just glad they were  
incapacitated before they could  
truly harness their great power  
against the firm. That would've  
been a disaster.

Booth finishes signing and the papers DISAPPEAR. He seems shocked for a second then it registers and he raises his head again, twiddling his fingers.

HOLLAND (CONT'D)

How brilliant it was to know that  
they were weakened defensively in  
their strongest offensive form. It  
tired them so quickly, while the  
salt rendered them unable to  
transform back. Now, I think, they  
make for a rather striking display.

He gestures out of the window and Booth cranes his head to see that, in the centre of the lobby, there is a statue comprised of the three Erinyes.

They are coated in hardened salt, covering their bodies, but have been transformed back into their original female forms. No wings.

Their bodies have been forced into intertwining positions, rather erotic to say the least, and several male employees are staring at it longingly.

Booth smirks, clearly pleased with the display, while Holland's eyes are on something else entirely:

Gavin is now leaning over the front desk, flirting heavily with his eyes to Amy, while talking on the phone to someone else.

Holland's eyes narrow and he presses the button to listen in on the call. There is a loud BEEP.

PHONE OPERATOR  
(filtered; through phone)  
Access denied. Private phone call.

Holland's rage increases as Booth turns back and looks nervously between the machine and his new boss:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT FOUR

END OF EPISODE