

Fate  
2x03 "Regress"

by

Roonblah

Disclaimer:

No profit is being made from this work  
No copyright infringement intended.

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. CLASSY VAULT - DAY

Sleek dark marble tiles lead down toward blacker deposit boxes of various sizes. The deposit boxes have small LED lights on them, indicating GREEN or YELLOW.

Mystic RUNES and SYMBOLS spanning a multitude of different languages and cultures have been carved or embossed across the walls, ceiling and floor of the immense vault.

DAWN  
(flat singing)  
Feelings. Oh woh woh. Feelings.

DAWN SUMMERS stands in front of a small table, sorting through a PILE OF TAGGED KNICK-KNACKS - all shapes, sizes and types.

She holds one object up and stares at it.

DAWN  
(still sort of singing)  
I'm feeling really...

She lets out an exaggerated sigh and looks around the massive, empty room around her. Definitely feeling the isolation.

With another hrumph, she dumps the object in front of her and yanks a PEN AND CLIPBOARD out from behind the metal tray. The pen sports a fluffy Troll on the end of it.

She looks at the tag on the object and scans the sheets of paper on the clipboard with her finger until she finds it.

DAWN  
Keeper.

She heads toward the nearest deposit box with a YELLOW light and uses a small master KEY, hanging by a CHAIN around her neck to open it.

She places the object inside and shuts the door.

She grabs another object from her unsorted pile - THE KEY FROM THE SEASON PREMIERE.

Dawn grimaces at it.

DAWN  
Definitely a loser.

She tosses it onto the metal tray along with the other objects.

She considers the rest of the objects in her unsorted pile, and not seeing anything that deserves attention, grabs the metal tray.

She heads around the table and toward the back of the vault. She reaches an large, sleek graphite door and, balancing the tray in one hand, keys four numbers onto a keypad beside it.

CORRIDOR

She steps out into a fairly harmless looking corridor, with a single goods elevator in the centre of it.

A JANITOR in a overall, cap and fairly bulky earphones scuffles around the corridor with a loud floor buffer.

Dawn squeezes past him, smiling sheepishly at the intrusion.

She passes a sign with arrows pointing in opposite directions. One points to PARKING, the other to THE BASEMENT.

BASEMENT, FURNACE ROOM

It's a room without much light, but well kept. A series of pipes lead around the room from the LARGE FURNACE and out through the ceiling, which is dotted with crudely painted SYMBOLS and RUNES, looking decidedly out of place.

A STEEL TABLE with wheels and brake and a BAR STOOL stands near some shelving. A few POTTERY URNS stand upon the shelves, with a blackened flame-retardant MITT. There is also a pottery JAR shaped like a cupcake. A couple of FIRE EXTINGUISHERS are there too.

Dawn lays the metal tray on the table. She grabs the mitt and plonks it on the table beside the tray.

With practised routine, she grabs each urn and liberally sprinkles its powdery contents over the objects on the altar.

DAWN

(flat; kinda bored)

Incende.

The objects BURST INTO TINY PURPLE FLAMES, though Dawn doesn't seem to fully appreciate the feat as they burn.

She reaches over to the cupcake-shaped jar and pulls out a half-empty bag of MARSHMALLOWS.

She munches on one as she hops onto the bar stool and watches the flames consume the objects. A routine.

She's mid-chew when she hears something that sounds like a BREATH.

Dawn freezes, mouth full of mallow. She chomps very slowly as she peers around the room.

She stares into the dark corners, barely breathing.

The flames make the shadows move.

But nothing else.

Finally letting her breath out, she smiles and stands, placing her packet of marshmallows on the table. She takes the brake off of the table and starts to push it toward the furnace.

THE TABLE SHUDDERS. Dawn stops, gripping the edge of the table until her hands turn white.

She YELPS as her hands cause the table to shudder again.

The bag of mallows FALL to the floor, scattering little pink blocks on soot.

DAWN

Ow. Ow. Ow. Ow.

She grabs her head and squeezes her eyes shut--

Her eyes SNAP OPEN at the sound of CHILDREN LAUGHING.

EXT. THE PARK - DAY

Dawn stands in the middle of a manicured park. The day is sunny with beautiful blue skies. There is a breeze in the air, ruffling her hair.

JOGGERS, FAMILIES and COLLEGE KIDS continue their activities around her, blissfully unaware of what has just happened.

DAWN

Oh. Crap.

FADE OUT.

ACT 1

FADE IN:

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

Samuel is dressed in casual clothes. He sits on the side of the bed, seemingly lost in thought.

His eyes flick to the side.

The window.

The light from outside seems to glow, getting brighter.

Samuel squeezes his watery eyes shut and looks away.

His ear twitches. He jerks as though hearing something loud.

Muffled LAUGHTER comes from somewhere out in the hallway.

He stares out the door. Down at the end of the hall, two nurses lean close, whispering and smiling.

Samuel shakes his head.

He lays his hands on his knees. Flexes his fingers. Closes them over his knees again.

His hands start to bounce as he moves his knees. He's a mass of nervous energy.

He taps his feet on the ground, working up a steady rhythm.

DOCTOR ELIZABETH KARVAN enters the room, looking at a clipboard.

KARVAN

Still a little twitchy, I take it?

Samuel startles and forces every limb to still so that he looks uncomfortably stiff.

She regards his pose with amusement.

He takes a calming breath and forces himself to relax.

SAMUEL

I don't feel the urge to throw anyone across the room.

KARVAN

Which I'm sure Jason will be glad to hear.

SAMUEL

Providing I ever see him again. I believe he is avoiding me. Like everyone else.

Karvan places the clipboard on a nearby table and grabs her STETHOSCOPE. She places it above his heart.

KARVAN

(laughing)

That would seem to be the case. Breathe in.

He takes a deep breath.

KARVAN

Breathe out. And again, breathe in. Breathe out.

She leans back and casually loops her stethoscope around her neck as she grabs the blood pressure cuff. He holds out his arm as she wraps it around.

SAMUEL

Do we have a verdict?

KARVAN

Guilt, awkwardness and some lingering fear of their own mortality. But they'll come around. They're young and stupid

Samuel stares at her.

The blood pressure monitor chugs away, increasing the pressure on the cuff.

Karvan smiles.

KARVAN

Strong heartbeat. Good blood pressure. No need for a cane anymore. I'd say you're as healthy as a man half your age.

SAMUEL

So no more tests?

Karvan unhooks the cuff and places it back where she got it.

KARVAN

No more tests. At least not on you.

SAMUEL

Who else are you testing?

KARVAN

That demon blood you were given  
has amazing regenerative  
properties.

(gushing)

It's going to open so many doors.

Samuel grimaces at the reminder.

KARVAN

(cont.)

Of course, I'd be easier to do  
that if I had a lead researcher.

SAMUEL

No success with a replacement?

Karvan moves back, motioning to Samuel that he is free to  
get off the examination bed. Samuel HOPS onto the floor, a  
spring chicken.

They walk together.

KARVAN

While Miss Burkle did set a high  
bar for future applicants, it's  
Hughly's new security measures  
that's holding up the process.

HALLWAY

The hallway is littered with individuals in WORKER UNIFORMS.  
They are REPAIRING the damage to the windows and doors caused  
by Illyria. Samuel takes all the damage in.

SAMUEL

He hired an army?

KARVAN

Not quite. The CIA would be proud  
of how thoroughly he is checking  
everyone's backgrounds. He's even  
hiring a telepath to be the  
building's receptionist.

Samuel nods.

They reach the end of the hallway and face the elevator.  
Samuel looks up and down the hallway - not really sure where  
to go from here.

KARVAN

Hughly is expecting you.

She points at the elevator.

SAMUEL

Oh. Thank you.

KARVAN

Top floor.

TOP FLOOR

Samuel steps out of the elevator and looks around.

It's a corridor with just ONE DOOR in the centre of it.

HUGHLY'S OFFICE

HUGHLY stands with an ASSISTANT, looking over some files, blocking Samuel's view of the office.

He acknowledges Samuel with a small smile.

ASSISTANT

Your decision on the Los Angeles office, Mister Brown?

Back to business.

HUGHLY

I don't think there is a need for retrenchments. Not yet. Things aren't quite that dire.

(considers)

Let's do a complete personnel and process audit. See if we can shuffle things around. Maybe find some hidden gems.

ASSISTANT

Of course, sir. Anything else?

HUGHLY

No, that's all for the moment. Thank you.

The assistant nods and leaves. Hughly ushers Samuel in.

THE OFFICE

It seems less an office than a COMMAND CENTRE for a large intelligence operation. Multiple SCREENS adorn the stark white walls featuring CLOCKS with multiple time-zones, stocks and currencies, and electronic maps.

Despite this, the room is not overly large. The rest of the room is hidden behind a CLOSED BLACK DOOR with a security KEYPAD beside it.

The room heavily features a black and white theme.

Hughly's desk is a minimalist white island amongst this information super-hub. Hughly motions for Samuel to sit at one of the chairs opposite.

HUGHLY

Would you like some tea, Mister Zabuto?

SAMUEL

No thank you. I'm more eager to find myself something productive to do.

HUGHLY

Ah yes. You're in the clear. That must be a relief.

SAMUEL

Well, it was a relief two weeks ago.

HUGHLY

But now you are fed up of being the guinea pig. I thought you would be.

Samuel smiles.

HUGHLY

I have a proposition for you. It would keep you here, rather than off looking for keys, but your expertise in... otherworldness would be appreciated. I am, I confess, at a loss.

SAMUEL

You've done an admirable job so far.

HUGHLY

Guesswork and calling in a lot of favours. It took a godking to make me realise that I cannot juggle this world and...

SAMUEL

Mine.

(off Hughly's nod)

I will be happy to help in any way I can.

Hughly nods, letting out a deep breath. A great burden has been relieved.

HUGHLY

Thank you.

SAMUEL

Where at the others?

HUGHLY

Miss Summers is currently archiving or destroying the keys we've procured so far. Jason and Miss Payne are in Los Angeles dealing with a potential problem.

SAMUEL

Dangerous?

HUGHLY

Only on Jason's expense account. Finally. Something safe and normal.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS WILSHIRE, GOVERNOR SUITE, DEVON'S ROOM - DAY

DEVON stares at her reflection in a mirror. She is wearing a very elegant dress, hair, make-up the whole nine yards. Her consternation is caused by the scars still visible on her neck, despite a thick and obvious layer of foundation.

Frustrated, she pushes her chair back and gets up, heading toward the bed. A SILK SHAWL is draped across the untouched covers. She takes it and drapes it around her neck.

Behind her, a door opens.

DEVON

You'd have been better off with Dawn.

JASON leans against the door frame, looking dapper in a suit. He holds a SMALL BOX under his arm.

JASON

You worry too much. We've done this before. Relax.

She finally turns toward him as he approaches.

DEVON

The last time we played dress-up, it was a disaster. Your memory is clearly still broken. What-- what are you doing?

She tries to retreat as he pulls the shawl from her. Ignoring her discomfort and lame attempts to grab it back before he tosses it on the floor behind him, he opens the box and also casually tosses it aside once he brings out a SATIN CHOKER LINED WITH JEWELS.

JASON

(quiet)  
I remember just fine.

His fingers brush along the scars as he fastens the choker for her, effectively hiding them. He lets his hand linger on her neck and shoulder.

She breaks contact, moving away like a frightened deer.

JASON

I'm sorry.

DEVON

It's fine. It's pretty.

She touches the choker, reassuring herself that it is hiding the scars.

Jason takes another step closer.

JASON

No. I'm sorry I forgot you.

Devon is stuck in the moment. He watches her, waiting, dreading.

DEVON

She was very good. Nadya. She was very good at making people forget.

JASON

But not you. So maybe I was just bad at being... good people.

DEVON

That's not how it works.

He walks toward her, slowly like he were approaching a wounded animal.

JASON

I forgot you. I forgot us. What I did was unforgivable.

DEVON

(a little angry)

Jason, there was nothing you could do. I get it. I'm not angry. So stop trying to make me make you feel bad.

He raises his eyebrows at her show of emotion. She takes a deep breath to smooth over her feelings.

DEVON

Look Jason, it's okay. We didn't pinky-swear to be together forever. You didn't betray me. Maybe you need to look after yourself before worrying about me.

She turns away again, retrieving the tossed shawl.

JASON

Yeah, but the problem is sometimes  
you look at me like I betrayed you.

She hasn't noticed how close he has gotten. She turns to  
face him. He's right there.

JASON

(cont.)

And I did. I only loved her  
because of my memories. And those  
memories didn't happen with her.

(low whisper)

They happened with you.

She takes stock of what that means. She can't quite hide her  
surprise.

He leans down.

Their lips almost meet.

There's a KNOCK at the door.

DRIVER (OS)

Sir. The car is ready.

Devon slips around Jason, scurrying away.

DEVON

We should go before someone else  
gets what we want.

JASON

Someone already did.

EXT. THE PARK - DAY

Dawn walks along a path in a daze.

Families play in the sunshine. Joggers race past her.

Lovers make out on a bench. Dawn's eyes linger on them for a  
moment longer than they should.

She's looking at every one and every thing. Except right in  
front of her.

A BROWN LABRADOR RETRIEVER almost knocks her down with its  
enthusiasm to climb all over her.

She's overwhelmed by the attention at first, but soon gets  
into the swing of things, playfully patting the dog.

MALE (O.S.)

Deckard! Down boy! Down!

Dawn regards the dog and voice owner.

And immediately likes what she sees.

YATES PORTER, early 20s, athletically sporty with a boyish charm, runs up to her, holding a dogs lead.

He claps the dog on the shoulder to gets its attention.

YATES

I'm so sorry. He's an addict for sweet things.

DAWN

("pardon?")

Uhm.

YATES

You haven't had any Gummi Bears or Marshmallows lately? They're his favourites.

DAWN

Oh.

(to the dog)

Sorry. I left them somewhere... else.

Dawn looks around again. Yates leashes the dog.

YATES

Are you okay? You seem lost.

DAWN

Me? Lost? It only appears that way because I can't find any landmarks, street names or a big giant atlas with an arrow telling me where I am.

Yates smiles, clearly charmed and amused.

YATES

You're in Texas.

DAWN

Good! That's great! I'm on the same planet.

He raises his eyebrowS.

DAWN

You know, metaphorically. I'm a drama major.

YATES

(joking)

Oh. That explains everything. And does the drama major object to iced coffee and cookies when we reach the park entrance?

Now it's her turn to raise her eyebrows.

YATES

The cookies are for Deckard. He craves the sugar rush.

His sweetly boyish smile seems to be winning Dawn over.

DAWN

Okay. For Deckard. On the condition that you tell me where in the world I am. Really. Not kidding. I want GPS coordinates if you have them.

(bites her lip)

I'm still in Houston, right?

Yates laughs at this strange, crazy girl.

FADE OUT.

ACT 2

FADE IN:

EXT. MOOCALICIOUS CAFE - DAY

Dawn and Yates walk beside each other on a fairly quiet street, each holding a take-out cup of iced coffee. Deckard trails behind on his lead.

DAWN

I knew I shouldn't have told you I was from California. We're not that bad.

YATES

True. LA has a good... basketball team.

DAWN

I think you doth mock my kind.

YATES

That would be a mistake and I'm not stupid.

She regards him curiously.

YATES

I have a feeling there's no one else quite like you.

She smiles widely.

DAWN

That's smooth.

YATES

I've been practicing it in my head for about twenty minutes now.

DAWN

And it shows. I was quite taken. Charmed even.

YATES

Charmed enough to repeat this fortuitous encounter? Say, tomorrow night. Eight o' clock.

Dawn is elated. For a moment, it's a real possibility.

Then reality sets in.

YATES

Oh I know that look.

DAWN

I'm sorry. Look, it's not you-

YATES

Ow. Crash and burn.

DAWN

No really. Believe me, I would love to spend a normal evening with a normal boy on a normal date.

He scrubs his hand through his hair, a bit disappointed, but not taking it too personally.

YATES

(with a sad smile)

But you're actually a secret agent and I'm the lovable civilian you're too afraid to endanger.

DAWN

That actually sounds cool. Way cooler than the truth.

YATES

Which is?

DAWN

My life is nine levels of crazy right now. I do a lot of travelling. I mean, a lot of travelling. I just don't know if I could start something without knowing if I could ever follow through. Even though I really want to.

YATES

Just my luck. I meet my the girl of my dreams and she's too thoughtful to stand me up.

DAWN

(almost choking)

Girl of your dreams?

YATES

Yeah. My secret-agent, travelling, drama major with marshmallow on her lip.

Dawn grabs her mouth, mortified.

DAWN

I have marshmallow mouth?

Yates swings his backpack around and searches the pouch for a pen and paper. He scribbles quickly and holds the piece of paper out to her.

YATES

My number. Just in case you ever know where you'll be for more than an hour at a time. I think I can put together something better than normal on short notice. In fact, I'll guarantee it.

Dawn bites her lip and thoroughly regards the piece of paper. Finally, her fingers concede. She reaches for the note-

Their fingers touch.

Dawn is fixated by the lingering contact between their hands. Yates seems similarly transfixed. It's natural electricity.

With a BARK, Deckard turns tail and runs free, his lead trailing behind him.

YATES

(laughing)

Deckard! Your timing sucks.

He turns back to Dawn, all smiles on his face-

She's gone.

He stares at the empty road ahead of him.

INT. FURNACE ROOM - DAY

Samuel kneels at the scattered marshmallows. The table has haphazardly rolled against the furnace doors. The magical fire has burned the contents of the tray into a smoking pile of ash.

Hughly looks over video footage on his TABLET.

HUGHLY

She came in here alone. No one else has been in here until you arrived. There is no other way out of this room.

He peers up from his tablet, thinking.

HUGHLY

I'm going to put cameras in every corner of this building.

Samuel stands.

SAMUEL

There wasn't a struggle.

HUGHLY

Are you sure?

SAMUEL

The soot only shows one set of footprints. They end here.

Hughly stares at the floor, trying to see the evidence for himself. It looks like a normal blackened floor.

HUGHLY

Are you saying she just disappeared?

SAMUEL

That is what the evidence suggests.

HUGHLY

Do you think she has travelled to another world?

Samuel shrugs. His ear twitches as he senses something.

SAMUEL

Do you hear that?

Hughly shakes his head, but there is a definite hiss in the air that grows louder.

SAMUEL

Watch out!

He moves faster than he has ever done before and pushes Hughly out of the way as a huge SURGE OF GREEN ENERGY flashes through the room.

Dawn stands in the aftermath. Her hand clutching a piece of paper.

Samuel and Hughly look at her from their vantage point on the floor.

DAWN

That. Was. Awesome.

She notices Samuel and Hughly.

DAWN

I might have a date! One day.

She finally really looks at them.

DAWN

What are you doing down there?

INT. AUCTION HOUSE, SHOWROOM - DAY

It's a bustling auction showroom, filled with Los Angeles' elite - both human and demonic. They mingle without much fuss.

The guests look at various AUCTION ITEMS on display. Various WAITRONS service the party with trays of champagne and finger food.

Devon and Jason are in a corner of the room, leaning against the wall and looking rather intimate. They each hold a full glass of champagne, trying to blend.

A BUTLER enters with a BELL. He RINGS it a few times.

The crowd begin moving toward a CURTAINED ARCHWAY leading into room with rows of seats.

Jason gives a self-satisfied smirk.

DEVON

What?

JASON

No one has given our ugly-ass bong key a second look. It's in the bag.

Devon winces.

DEVON

I wish you hadn't said that.

JASON

Oh, come on. Not even your luck can screw this up.

WOMAN'S VOICE (OS)

Well if it isn't my always-absent partner.

Jason frowns in confusion as he turns around and faces--

GWEN RAIDON (late 20s) a knock-out in a slinky red dress, with a matching clutch purse.

GWEN

Welcome home Mister Mandrake.

Jason's confusion quickly turns to terror, when she reaches forward and grabs him.

JASON

Wait. No-

Gwen lays the mother of all smooches on him.

Devon stares, unreadable.

Jason's arms comically flail at his side.

Not feeling the love, Gwen finally pulls away. She's not entirely impressed by his performance.

Jason jumps away and starts patting his chest, cheeks, anywhere Gwen touched.

GWEN

I never took you for the type  
that was all talk and no action,  
Mandrake.

Jason hasn't been listening, he's astounded by the fact that-

JASON

I'm not dead.

GWEN

Yeah, I'm earthed. Nice to see  
you too, partner.

She glances over Devon at that, looking for a reaction. Devon isn't biting.

Jason is finally waking up to what has just happened. His full attention is now on Devon.

JASON

She's not my partner.

(to Gwen)

You're not my partner.

(to Devon)

She's my proxy. You know, for my  
other clients while we're busy  
with... our stuff.

GWEN

(conversational to  
Devon)

Actually I'd like to think of us  
potentially something. See, Jason  
and I go way back. Don't we  
Mandrake?

Jason is desperately trying to dig himself out of a hole.

JASON

(to Devon)

We weren't like that. She can't  
touch people.

(realises)

I mean, she couldn't. Sure there  
was some unresolved sexual tension,  
but come on, I flirted with  
everyone. Well, not everyone, and  
besides I don't do that anymore.  
I'm a changed man. I-

Gwen turns to Devon.

GWEN

Isn't he adorable when he isn't  
in control of the situation?

Devon can't help it. She smiles too.

Jason has the distinct air of someone who has been played  
and knows it.

Gwen switches from playful vixen to business lady.

GWEN

Are you here for the mirror?  
Because I can tell you right now,  
you're not going to get it.

JASON

Mirror?

GWEN

The Cloutier Mirrors. Like you  
don't know.

JASON

Do I look like an Evil Queen? No,  
I don't even know what the hell  
they are.

GWEN

That much is obvious or you  
wouldn't have sold the three you  
had to me five years ago.

JASON

So why would I want this one?

GWEN

Rumour has it that this is the  
one that tells the future. A lot  
of people could find a use for that.

JASON

I got enough trouble in the  
present thanks.

She eyes the people still heading into the auction room.

GWEN

If I get this one, I'll have five  
out of seven. And trust me, I'm  
getting this.

JASON

Yeah okay.

He turns to Devon, and gives her a nod toward the door. They  
start to walk. Gwen falls in line between them.

GWEN

I can't believe you don't know anything about the mirrors. Your parents were obsessed with them.

Jason falters in his step.

GWEN

Actually, they were the only people who've ever come close to finding the Mirror of Truth. I mean, that's what they were hunting before they died.

This time Jason actually does stop. Devon puts her hand in his.

JASON

What? Why?

GWEN

Because the future changes. But the truth is always the truth. Ooh look. There are some seats up front. Come on.

She moves into the auction room. Jason follows.

Devon hangs back.

Jason pauses.

JASON

What?

Devon shakes her head.

GWEN (OS)

Geeze, Mandrake. Waste time much?

Gwen grabs him and pulls him away from Devon. He reaches out his hand toward her. Devon shakes her head and motions for him to go on.

Jason is confused. Devon just gives him a small smile and waves her hand at him to.

He lets Gwen lead him away.

Devon reaches up to touch the choker as she starts studying the room, giving particular attention to the exits.

INT. HUGHLY'S OFFICE - DAY

Hughly leads Samuel and Dawn into the control hub. Dawn takes a moment to be impressed.

SAMUEL

And you are quite sure you were still in the city?

DAWN

Yeah. I figured out the direction from the Coffee Shop. Besides, Yates is too hot to lie.

Both men raise an eyebrow at that. Dawn realises she isn't in the best of company for that kind of discussion. Hughly heads over to the BLACK DOOR.

DAWN

I mean, why would he lie when he just met me?

Samuel shakes his head. The security keypad BEEPS as Hughly enters his code.

SAMUEL

Still. This is troubling.

DAWN

Or really cool. Who cares about getting a driver's license when I just ZZZZIP?

The door swings open and Hughly steps through it. Dawn and Samuel do the same, on autopilot as they talk.

SAMUEL

While I am sure the world will thank you for keeping your driving skills off the road-

DAWN

Hey!

SAMUEL

- There are too many unknowns. It takes a witch years of honing their skill and power before they can move...

Samuel looks up and stops. They are now within the centre of--

#### RESEARCH AREA

The research area is a shelter from the modern world. It is a gargantuan library spanning two floors. It's where the rest of this building's floor has gone. The room is the complete opposite of Hughly's office, featuring rich wood shelving and stairs, and comfortable, stylish fabric chairs, sofas and coffee tables facing a large fire-place. OLD BOOKS dot the tables here and there.

There are other rooms leading off from the main area.

Dawn actually takes a step back into Hughly's office, comparing the two areas.

HUGHLY

I admit, this is a bit much, but it reminds me of home.

SAMUEL

It is magnificent.

Hughly smiles, a little proud.

Samuel walks over to the nearest table and picks up a book.

SAMUEL

Maeve's Compendium of the Hidden Fae Doors. This is very rare.

HUGHLY

This is everything I have manage to collect that has something to do with otherworldness.

Again, he smiles, pleased.

DAWN (OS)

What's this?

She stands in front of a portable notes board with a MASSIVE MAP of the world attached to it. There are RED FLAGS pinned all over Asia.

Hughly looks a little sad.

HUGHLY

Private project. Hasn't yielded much success yet.

Dawn turns away and looks up at the rest of the books.

DAWN

(doubtful)

Do you really think you'll find something about me in here?

SAMUEL

No.

DAWN

Then I don't get it.

SAMUEL

There are only two things that have triggered your powers before. Keys designed specifically for you. And blood.

(MORE)

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

Since I see neither, this could be a new threat against you. One we had better identify.

DAWN

Or I just have a new kickass super-power that I haven't got the hang of yet. It saved my ass when Illyria came after me. I don't see how this can be a bad thing.

SAMUEL

Many things that look good on the surface are simply hiding a darker danger.

DAWN

Okay, before we drown in the glass-half-empty, this could be what Nadya kind-of warned me about.

Hughly and Samuel look at her blankly.

DAWN

She called it Regeneration. Her original Key, the one like me, started to renew itself after its energy was used to create a human prison for a God. Monks made me create myself and change everyone's perceptions and memories. I'm guessing that takes a lot out of Gal-Key. And now, I'm finally becoming... Me.

SAMUEL

(darkly serious)

Then if I were you, Dawn, I'd want to know just who the real me actually is.

He tilts his head as though LISTENING to something.

The air sounds like it is... CRINKLING.

An ELECTRIC GREEN LIGHT SPARKS within Dawn's EYES.

She DISAPPEARS.

Samuel looks off-camera.

A CRASH and SEVERAL BOOK-WEIGHTED BOOMS sounds from the other side of the area.

I 'm okay!

DAWN (OS)

FADE OUT.

ACT 3

INT. AUCTION ROOM - DAY

The auction is in full swing. The DEMON AUCTIONEER also has an air of sophistication and charm.

AUCTIONEER  
And sold! To Chulak of the Masfo  
Clan.

The crowd cordially clap as a spiky-haired ORANGE DEMON gives a small victory fist to the air.

A DEMON AUCTIONEER ASSISTANT in a low-cut dress showing off her blue, speckled skin holds something that looks like a GOLD PLATE. She hands it to another more conservatively dressed ASSISTANT, who moves off.

Jason slumps in his chair. Bored stiff.

Gwen is sitting up straight, watching the proceedings with her full attention.

Jason chances a glance at--

SHOWROOM/AUCTION ROOM ARCHWAY

Devon leans against the curtain of the archway, lost in thought.

Jason smiles at her, but by all visible accounts, it looks like she hasn't noticed.

AUCTIONEER (OS)  
And now, a rather interesting piece.

He returns his glazed expression to the auctioneer, slumping even further into his seat.

Devon smiles at him, amused by his antics.

The assistant holds a GILDED MIRROR aloft. The gilding has a blue ice tinge around the actually mirror.

AUCTION ROOM

Gwen straightens and takes a swipe at Jason's stomach, forcing him to sit up straight too.

AUCTIONEER

A rare find. One of the Seven  
Mirrors of Cloutier. The last  
available I imagine, unless  
someone finds the Seventh Mirror  
or the owners of the other six  
meet an abrupt end.

The auctioneer laughs as though it were a joke, but more  
than a few shared laughs sound almost sinister.

Gwen stiffens noticeably, as does a rather ROTUND RED DEMON  
sitting a few seats across Gwen. They look at each other  
suspiciously.

AUCTIONEER

Le miroir de la vérité - the  
Mirror of Truth - has been missing  
for centuries. Perhaps the owner  
of this mirror will have better  
luck at tracing its whereabouts.

There are excited murmurs in the room.

The assistant lays it on the Auctioneers Block.

AUCTIONEER

(with a large smile)

I have already foreseen that the  
fight is going to come down to  
Miss Raidon and Mister Gagenswach.

Gwen openly scowls at the red demon, who does the same in  
kind.

GWEN

(under her breath to  
Jason)

Fat bastard must have the Mirror  
of Paths.

AUCTIONEER

Yes, ladies and gentlemen. The  
Mirror of Future Sight. Shall we  
start the bidding at three million?

Even Jason's eyebrows rise at that.

Gwen merely squeezes her purse.

Jason leans toward Gwen.

JASON

Uhm. Do you want me to spot you?

Gwen glares at him before returning her focus where it's  
needed.

ARCHWAY

Devon watches as a few hands are raised in the bidding war. A shoulder bumps into her.

SCOTTISH MALE VOICE (OS)

Oops. I'm sorry my dear.

Devon turns to face ALISTER, previously seen briefly in episode 2x02. He is a dapper Scottish fellow of later years who nurtures a fine crystal glass of whiskey. He stands beside her and watches the show.

DEVON

It's okay.

She turns her attention back to the bidding.

ALISTER

Awfully boring these things, don't you think?

DEVON

I suppose.

Alister leans toward her conspiratorially.

ALISTER

Truth to be told, I only come to ogle the outfits. People don't dress up like this anymore. You should have seen the parties my family used to throw.

DEVON

Mine too.

Alister studies her for a moment.

ALISTER

Say. We haven't met before, have we?

Devon shakes her head.

DEVON

No. Sorry.

ALISTER

You're a dead ringer for someone I used to know. Threw great parties too.

He throws back his whiskey.

ALISTER

I suppose you only miss someone once their gone.

Devon turns to the man. He seems sad.

ALISTER

Take my advice, young lady. Don't squander the moments. You lose them, and before you know it, you're sitting on a mountain of regrets.

Seeing her empathy, he smiles.

ALISTER

Oh don't mind me. I'm an old man. What do we know anyway?

Alister winks kindly. She genuinely smiles at him. Something about him puts her at ease.

ALISTER

Ah. Looks like this round is over.

He nods over at the auction.

AUCTIONEER

Sold. To Mister Gagenswach.

Gwen looks like she's eating bullets.

Jason folds his arms.

JASON

Told you I could have spotted you.

INT. RESEARCH AREA - DAY

Dawn is lazily draped over a chair, a book held loosely in her lap.

She has a BRUISE on her face that she didn't have before.

She stares at a pile of old books on the table in front of her.

Samuel abruptly dumps another batch of books on top of them.

She stares at him as though he has become her personal tormentor.

He ignores her, taking a seat in front of another tower of books.

Dawn straightens.

SAMUEL

No.

DAWN

What? I didn't say anything!

SAMUEL

No. You may not phone your new boyfriend, watch a movie, or ride a pony while I sit here and do all the "boring stuff".

DAWN

(grumps)

But you like the boring stuff. Or you did.

SAMUEL

So did you before you became a superhero.

DAWN

Confident, young women can change.

SAMUEL

So can I.

DAWN

Even at your age?

He stops reading and glares at her. Oops.

DAWN

Oh I mean, you're spry.

(considers)

Actually you're a lot more spry. Where's your cane?

Samuel sighs.

SAMUEL

It only took you a fortnight to notice.

DAWN

Ooh. Nice side effect of the healing mojo! Kinda make up for you that drinking demon blood. If you can ignore that part. Though... I'm guessing since you were juiced on vampire-wannabe ecstasy, it was okay. Wins all around.

SAMUEL

Shut up Dawn.

He ignores as he reads.

DAWN

(under her breath)

Definitely more grumpy.

INT. AUCTION ROOM - DAY

Jason is staring dead ahead, eyes glazed and unblinking. The toll of boredom a heavy burden to bear.

AUCTIONEER  
Sold! To the mysterious caped  
crusader.

A MYSTERIOUS FIGURE in a sheet-like hood that extends down into a cape waves his hands at the crowd.

Not even that raises Jason's attention.

Finally, the Auctioneer's assistant brings forth the BONG KEY. Jason is relieved.

No one else appears interested in it. In fact, conversations between uninterested parties are springing up all over the room.

AUCTIONEER  
And now we have a rather strange  
oddity. No one does what it does,  
but it will set all dogs within a  
three block radius barking. Shall  
we start the bidding at ten  
thousand?

JASON  
Bargain.

He signals the auctioneer.

AUCTIONEER  
Ten thousand to Mister Mandrake.

After a small pause.

AUCTIONEER  
Eleven thousand to Miss Raidon.

Jason signals again.

AUCTIONEER  
Twelve.

JASON  
(harsh whisper)  
What are you doing?

Gwen signals. All smiles.

GWEN  
Just making things interesting.

Jason signals again.

JASON

Well cut it out!

Gwen signals once more.

GWEN

I thought you liked a good challenge.

Their signalling war continues.

ARCHWAY

Devon watches their interaction. Both are focused on each other, signalling while ignoring the Auctioneer.

Alister is still beside her with another drink, watching the new bidding war with amusement. His BODYGUARD has joined them and hovers to the side.

Devon looks away, toward one of the exits, down hallway ending in a T-Junction. Two SERVANTS wait at the end of the hallway.

Devon's eyes catch the slightest reflection of steel before a rusted, bloodied SWORD is rammed through one of the servants. He falls to the ground, BLOOD GURGLING from his mouth.

The other yells and tries to run away down the other junction, but receives massive head trauma from a MACE instead.

Devon braces herself.

DEVON

Jason. You jinxed us!

Someone near the back finally notices what has happened and SCREAMS-

The auction comes to an abrupt halt.

AUCTION ROOM

Jason and Gwen stand together.

A group of SIX SCAVENGER-LIKE DEMONS rush in through all of the entrances. Each holds a crude weapon that seems caked with what could be blood or rust. Their clothes are a mismatch of whatever they heck they have pilfered from others. There are old blood stains on most of the outfits.

One demon points at the bong key.

CRASHER DEMON

That belongs to us.

The demon glares around the room.

CRASHER DEMON  
Everything belongs to us.

It licks its lips as its companions start to work themselves up, weapons literally surging in their hands.

CRASHER DEMON  
(to everyone)  
Your barter is over. Forever.

FADE OUT.

ACT 4

INT. AUCTION ROOM - DAY

The demons charge into the room, swiping at every patron in their immediate path.

JASON

Oh come on!

Jason and Gwen, near the front, are not in immediate danger yet. He retrieves the Bong Key from the block while the auctioneer and his assistants scramble for a place to hide.

GWEN (OS)

Help me with this.

Jason's eyes bug out when he sees her trying to unzip her dress.

JASON

Not really the time.

GWEN

Shut up and help. It's stuck.  
Unless you feel like being  
skewered today.

He shoves the bong key under his arm and helps her pull the zipper down her back. She pulls the dress open a little at the back.

GWEN

Now see the black box?

He looks down her back back and sees-

L.I.S.A

A small, electronic localized ionic sensory activator.

She opens her purse and pulls out a rubberised box. She holds it open.

GWEN

Be careful. I've spent a lot of  
time and money on that, so don't  
do anything stupid.

He moves his hand toward it.

GWEN

And don't touch my skin.

Carefully, Jason grips the corner of the box.

Another scream brings his attention back to the demons, making their way ever nearer.

GWEN  
Move it Mandrake!

He pulls the box away from her skin.

She spins around and gently wraps the box around it. She places the box securely between her breasts and zips up her dress.

GWEN  
Now I'm ready.

ELECTRICITY SPARKS between her FINGERS.

Jason heads toward the nearest wall and pulls down a mace. He now has a weapon in one hand and a useless bong key in the other.

With a long-suffering sigh, he moves toward the battle.

SHOWROOM

Devon leads Alister and his bodyguard into the room. The guard has a small, discreet HAND-GUN ready.

Devon glances at it.

DEVON  
That's too small. You'd be better trying to to bludgeon their heads in with it.

Alister is a little taken aback by her calm assessment of the situation, but she's too busy to notice.

She takes a long sword from one of the displays and gives it to Alister.

DEVON  
Go through the dining room and kitchens. There should be a back way out.

She turns to go back.

Alister grabs her arm.

ALISTER  
But dear, where are you going?

DEVON  
Don't worry about me. I can take care of myself.

AUCTION ROOM

Jason and Gwen make quite the double team.

He fights the lead demon, who is quite determined to take the key from him.

Gwen is giddily electrocuting another by trapping its head between her hands.

Devon runs into the room. A demon with a sharp, metal spike heads straight for her.

She flings her hand up, face deep in concentration-

Nothing happens.

The demon chuckles.

DEVON

Oh sh-

He moves his hand in a perfect mimicry of hers-

SHOWROOM

She sails into the room, only stopping when she CRASHES into a table.

The demon follows through the archway.

She tries to scramble away, pulling herself backwards with desperate hands. She's completely vulnerable and knows it.

The demon is laughing as it nears. Such jolly sport.

It swings its spike down, intending to bludgeon her-

CLANG

Its weapon meets steel.

Alister stares defiantly into the demon's eyes. It is not impressed and gives him a toothy grin.

A smile cut short by another hefty BLADE THAT THRUSTS THROUGH ITS CHEST.

The bodyguard drags it to the ground as he pulls his blade free, and thoroughly begins to work it over.

Alister holds a hand out for Devon.

ALISTER

It's all right now, my dear.

She shakily takes his hand.

## AUCTION ROOM

The bodies of three dead demons litter the auction room. A couple of patrons are equally dead.

Many of the survivors have managed to escape.

Jason and Gwen stand in the centre of the room, chairs flung away from them, as they battle the two remaining demons.

Gwen looks like she's really enjoying herself. She doesn't have a scratch on her. The demon she is thwarting is doing its utmost to stay out of her reach.

Jason is contending with the leader of the crew who keeps trying to get the bong key. Jason seems to have taken a few hits to his designer tux and face.

JASON

(pained)

It looks like I'm winning. Why don't you give up and I'll let you walk away?

The demon laughs. He grabs his companion, pulling him away from Gwen, and throws him at Jason.

The impact loosens the key from his grip. The lead demon takes the bong key and starts to walk away, sniffing in the direction of his dead comrades.

The demon tackling Jason backs off and runs after the lead demon.

Gwen stares at Jason as he lifts himself from the ground.

GWEN

You know, for the right price, I can steal it back for you.

JASON

(in between breaths)

I don't want to keep it. I want to destroy it.

GWEN

Oh. Well that's easier.

She leans very close to him. Her hand moves toward his MACE, hovers below it, not quite touching.

The hairs on Jason's neck raise as Gwen whispers in his ear.

GWEN

(hushed)

Let go.

He opens his hand.

The mace drops into hers.

Electricity sparks along its metal surface.

She turns and THROWS it in an arc.

The mace spins-

AN ARC of electricity trails behind it from her outstretched hand.

The MACE CONNECTS-

Jason has to look away and close his eyes as the light becomes too bright, and the view a little too sickening.

Gwen keeps pouring her power forward.

GWEN

Ooh. Nice and crispy.

Jason cocks an eye open.

The demons are charred caricatures of their former selves.

The bong key is a melted blob in the demon's hand.

GWEN

To your satisfaction?

JASON

(yucked out)

Yeah. I think that'll do.

Gwen is revved up.

GWEN

Damn, I forgot how much fun it was to just unleash a little hell's fury.

Jason nods mutely, taken in the carnage.

Gwen turns and sees something that changes her mood abruptly.

Mister Gagenswach, moving his bulbous bulk out from his hiding place, hurriedly leaves with the mirror he won.

Gwen glares at him. He notices and uses the mirror to tip an imaginary hat at her.

GWEN

Oh that bastard.

INT. HUGHLY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Dawn and Samuel leave the research room. Both have a couple of books under their arms.

Samuel closes the door behind him.

SAMUEL

Now I want you to remember those meditation exercises I gave you last year. I think your teleporting might be related to your emotional state. It's just a theory, but we should work with it.

DAWN

I know.

SAMUEL

Now, tomorrow-

MATURE FEMALE VOICE

Samuel?

The voice has an exotic, well-travelled accent.

Samuel freezes. Dawn stares between him and--

ABIGAIL, African, early fifties, a distinguished and classy woman.

SAMUEL

Abigail? Wh- How? How did you find me?

Abigail laughs, a rich, comforting sound.

ABIGAIL

You act as though you have been hiding. It wasn't so hard. Someone left me a message.

Samuel seems to have forgotten that Dawn is there.

SAMUEL

I didn't even think anyone knew you existed.

ABIGAIL

Didn't think or dared to hope?

SAMUEL

(abashed)

Of course not. But... why are you here?

Abigail steps forward.

ABIGAIL

Someone said my husband was dying. I had to know.

DAWN  
(bouncing)  
Husband! Oh my gosh.  
(off Samuel's look)  
Oh my gosh, I have somewhere else  
to be.

She makes toward the hasty retreat.

Abigail steps forward and touches Dawn's arm.

ABIGAIL  
No please. Stay. I like meeting  
the people in Samuel's life,  
though he often tries to hide  
them away. You are slayer?

Dawn falters, looking to Samuel for guidance. He gives none.

DAWN  
No. Just the sister of one.

ABIGAIL  
Oh. What a comfort it must be  
knowing that there are so many  
more now.  
(off Dawn's uncertainty)  
I occasionally offer my services  
to The Watcher's Council.

SAMUEL  
Abigail is a leading voice on  
obscure deities and the practices  
of their worshippers. I believe  
you know of her work in regards  
to uncovering the nature of the  
beast, Glorificus.

Abigail nods to him.

ABIGAIL  
Nasty god, from what I gleaned. I  
was actually just in South America  
doing similar research, which is  
why it took so long for the  
message to reach me. I... feared  
the worse, but you seem, well.

SAMUEL  
I am. Thank you.

They smile at each other. It's... cute. Dawn thinks so too.

DAWN  
Look, I'm going to-

Dawn DISAPPEARS.

Abigail startles.

SAMUEL  
Uh. She does that.

It's not long before he hears a CLANG behind him.

Abigail and Samuel wait in silence. Baffled, Samuel looks behind and only sees Hughly's desk.

SAMUEL  
Dawn? Are you alright?

There's a WHEEZING sound in reply, followed by a pained SQUEAK.

SAMUEL  
Dawn!

Samuel rushes around the desk, Abigail with him. They both freeze at what they see.

ABIGAIL  
Oh my Gods.

Dawn lies on the ground. Her body IMPALED by the stem of Hughly's chair, even though the chair is intact and is not broken. It seems as though she teleported herself INTO THE BOTTOM OF THE CHAIR.

BLOOD pools beneath her.

Samuel grabs the phone on Hughly's desk and starts tapping the numbers while Abigail falls beside Dawn and tries to put her hands somewhere, anywhere, to staunch the flow of blood.

Samuel slams the phone harder, dialling again.

SAMUEL  
Come on. Come on!

INT. SHOWROOM - NIGHT

Jason is looking around the room, confused and more than a little concerned.

Gwen enters through the archway.

GWEN  
You find your gal pal yet? I can't see her anywhere.

JASON  
No.

GWEN  
Maybe she ditched early.

JASON  
(shaking his head  
adamantly)  
She wouldn't.

Gwen's trained eye sees something beneath one of tables.

GWEN  
Ooh sparkly.

She retrieves the object.

Jason almost grabs her arm.

She hurriedly backs out of the way.

GWEN  
You got a death wish?

JASON  
That's Devon's.

Gwen unfurls her hand.

It's the choker he gave Devon earlier. It's TORN.

SERIES OF SHOTS (SILENT):

--Jason overturns a table, looking beneath it.

--Jason checking the auction room, while DEMONS IN WHITE  
SUITS carry the dead away.

--Jason running into the industrial-sized kitchen.

--Jason running outside, gazing up and down the empty streets.

Gwen watches him, unable to help, all levity gone.

INT. HUGHLY'S OFFICE (SILENT)

FROM ABOVE

Abigail holds Dawn's hand, talking her through it. Her blood  
is spreading across the stark, white floor.

Samuel stands beside them, yelling at something across the  
room.

DOCTOR KARVAN and a NURSE rush into frame, pushing past  
Samuel.

Dawn is staring at nothing. Her eyes still hold a trickle of  
green electricity.

OFF HER EYES

FADE OUT.

END SHOW