

ANGEL

"Lights Out"

by

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TEASER

FADE IN:

1

EXT. LA SKYLINE. SUNRISE.

1

Time lapse photography as we watch the sun try to rise, but finds itself struggling to be seen behind thick clouds, to the strains of Mungo Jerry's 'In The Summertime.'

We take a flying tour of the city, but the wrecked buildings, broken windows, hastily-made barricades and raging fires soon tell us that things haven't improved inside the city limits.

We push in on one street as three police cruisers race into frame, sirens wailing, screeching to a halt sideways on to block off one end of the road.

The car doors open and six COPS leap out, dressed in bulky flak jackets and sporting shotguns. They take up positions, aiming off screen as they rest against the car bonnets.

Looking down past them, we can't see anything moving in the distance - the streets are ghostly quiet, but the abandoned cars and general wreckage strewn around tells us we're in the heart of No Man's Land.

The SERGEANT in charge of the squad grabs his radio.

SERGEANT

Control, this is unit 1412, we're in position, over.

RADIO

Copy that, 1412.

The sergeant puts the radio away and squats down next to HIGGINS, one of the younger cops.

SERGEANT

(loads shotgun)

Alright, son, here's the plan. We stay here until whatever we're supposed to be holding off shows up, and then... we hold it off.

HIGGINS

Got it. Sarge?

SERGEANT

Yeah?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HIGGINS

What the heck is going on? There's all sorts of crazy stories going round the precinct, like we're in the middle of a war zone or something...

SERGEANT

Truthfully, I have no idea. I just know what they choose to tell me, and back it up with what I see with my own two eyes. And speaking of which...

The sergeant looks up as we hear marching feet approach.

Looking back down the previously empty street, we can see a horde of people marching sloppily towards us. There is the distant clink of armour and gruff, heckling voices.

SERGEANT (cont'd)

You know the drill! We're not to let them get past us. Backup is on its way, till then we're the last line of defence. Take aim and fire when they're in range. We may be usin' rubber bullets, but shoot to knock the wind out of these goons!

The approaching mass of bodies draws ever closer - we get brief flashes of what they are, glimpsed between buildings and piles of debris, and we see it's another squad of the demon soldiers unleashed on the city.

They march to within firing range, and from a shouted command from the Sergeant, his squad OPENS FIRE - a fusillade of shotgun blasts that fail to slow down the advancing soldiers.

A second and third round of fire does nothing, before arrows, spears, rocks and flaming bottles start to hurtle towards the cars, and as windows shatter and the ground around them starts to fill with smoke and flames, the sergeant barks the order to pull back.

Still firing shots as they hurry away, the cops are quickly routed by the demons. With a chorus of cheers, the army gleefully set about overturning the police cars and smashing them to fragments.

We pull back and upwards, finding ourselves looking through a window in a building with a view of the street below us. A figure steps into frame - it's ANGEL, watching the demons.

We switch to watch his troubled expression as he carries on observing the rampaging demons, knowing that there's too many of them to tackle if he stepped outside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Manners' words echo round his mind as we close in.

MANNERS

It's simple, my boy. To reverse this, to take away the Failsafe armies and restore your beloved Los Angeles to its former glory, you only need to do one thing. Admit that you've lost.

As we pull away from Angel, Manner's speech still reverberating all around us, we:

BLACK OUT

END OF TEASER

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

2 INT. WOLFRAM & HART - SCIENCE DIVISION. DAWN. 2

We walk into the science lab that was previously Fred's domain, but it is filled with unfamiliar faces now it's back in enemy hands. A handful of white-coated lab techs mill around, but the focus of the room is behind a glass screen set into one wall.

An unconscious NINA is there, gagged and bound at the wrists and ankles and strapped down to a reclined leather chair, almost like a captive dental patient. Several large, complex looking machines are gathered around her.

After a few moments, her eyes flutter, and we push in closer, through the glass and inside her section of the lab. There's no-one in there with her, but that doesn't stop her looking terrified as she realises where she is.

She struggles against the restraints but she's down tight - she stretches and pulls for a few moments before slumping back, still woozy from the knockout gas.

A shadow falls across her, and she looks towards it.

We see DR. BENJAMIN SERRANO, early fifties, balding and wearing a pair of glasses that reflect the room's overhead lighting back down on us. He grins.

SERRANO

Ah, awake at last, are we?

Nina glares back at him, starting to struggle to be free again.

SERRANO (cont'd)

Spirited, I see. Good. You can fight all you want, but you're not going anywhere unless we want you to, Miss Ash. So I suggest you calm down...

Serrano holds a SYRINGE before us and squirts a spray of red fluid from it.

SERRANO (cont'd)

Otherwise I'll give you something to make you calm down. Do we understand each other?

Nina, trying to kill him stone dead with her stare, closes her eyes and nods, settling back down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Satisfied, Serrano steps away, and we pull back to watch him at work inside his lab. A young, floppy-haired intern passes him a clipboard, and he checks a few items off on it before handing it back and leaning down to Nina again.

SERRANO (cont'd)
 You're probably wondering why
 you're here. Well, truth be told,
 so am I, but that's one of the
 beautiful things about working for
 Wolfram & Hart. Opportunities
 really do just fall into your lap!
 But enough from me. Time to get you
 up to speed.

Serrano takes the back of Nina's chair and swivels it round so she's facing a blank video screen. He steps forward and clicks it on, and it starts to cut between various CCTV cameras across the city, showing the scope of the devastation.

Nina looks suitably freaked out by the hellish visuals.

SERRANO (cont'd)
 Now, your next question would most
 likely be 'How did this happen?'
 and I can answer that in one word.

He leans up close and whispers in her ear.

SERRANO (cont'd)
 Angel...

Serrano leans back, and we hold on Nina's shellshocked expression for a moment, before we cut to:

3 INT. TAYLOR'S BASE - CORRIDOR. DAWN. 3

SPIKE and ILLYRIA are marching down one of the corridors in Taylor's underground headquarters when the leader himself, TAYLOR, calls out to them from off screen.

TAYLOR (O.S.)
 Hey! And where do you two think
 you're going?

Spike pauses and turns round, looking aggravated.

SPIKE
 Out!
 (beat; sarcastic)
 Dad.

He starts up again, but Taylor jogs into frame after them and with a sigh, Spike stops again.

(CONTINUED)

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SPIKE (cont'd)

I'm sorry, did I miss the staff meeting where I have to report in to you with my comings and goings?

TAYLOR

I can't let you just walk out of here whenever you want, you could compromise the entire base!

SPIKE

Oh, right, because if I see any demons, I'm naturally likely to shoot a flare into the skies and shout 'This way!', what with me being an evil bloodsucking freak and all that.

Spike turns to leave again but Taylor lays a hand on his arm. Spike whips round and tenses up, but manages to control his anger and just shrugs the hand off.

SPIKE (cont'd)

We're going to look for Angel.

ILLYRIA

Our companion is still missing. We fear for his safety.

SPIKE

Well, she fears for his safety. I just don't want his death on my conscience in case he comes back to haunt me.

TAYLOR

(confused)

What?

SPIKE

Never mind. Point is, we're going, so, t-t-f-n.

Taylor seethes as the duo march away from him. He calls out again as they near a large access door leading back up to the surface.

TAYLOR

You're just gonna get your dumb ass staked if you go out there alone!

SPIKE

Better that than rotting down here, listening to your sanctimonious speeches all bleedin' day!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ILLYRIA

We shall return if we are
unsuccessful.

SPIKE

Speak for yourself, luv, whether we
find Major Frown or not, I don't
plan on coming back down here.

With a last glare towards Taylor, Spike opens the door and he
and Illyria disappear up a stairway.

Taylor watches them go, then retrieves a walkie-talkie from
his belt and speaks into it.

TAYLOR

It's me. They just left. Keep an
eye on 'em, don't let them see you.
I just want to make sure they've
gone.

He thumbs it off, and with one last look after the departing
duo turns and walks back down the corridor.

4

INT. GARAGE. DAWN.

4

We're looking at a rusted old iron shutter over a back door
inside a dark garage, the carcass of an old car filling most
of the space.

With a few determined THUDS, the shutter finally rattles
upwards as Spike and Illyria step out, making their way
through the gloom.

ILLYRIA

Where is this place?

SPIKE

An old garage, more commonly known
as a 'lock-up,' Blue. Just the kind
of place to hide the entrance to a
secret hideout.

Spike gets to the door and spots sunlight peeping in beneath
it. He motions towards Illyria.

SPIKE (cont'd)

Do me a favour? Opening this door
would leave me a little hot under
the collar, so why don't you take a
look outside, and I'll wait here
till I can make a dash for cover.

Illyria readies herself to wrench the door up as Spike
locates an old blanket and covers himself with it.

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CONTINUED:

ILLYRIA

Why are we moving around in sunlight? Is it not dangerous for your kind?

SPIKE

Yes, very. But another five minutes cooped up down there and I was in danger of dropping a barney, or 'going postal' as you Yanks like to say. Besides, Angel's more likely to stay in one place so he'll be easier to find. In theory, anyway.

ILLYRIA

Are you ready?

SPIKE

Sitting in the dark with a smelly blanket over me head? Like a day at the bloody seaside. Just hurry up, alright?

Illyria lifts the door up - and sure enough, the garage is filled with the dawn sunlight. There isn't much, but it'd still be enough to flame grill Spike, who ducks behind the car as Illyria strides into the open.

5

EXT. CITY STREET. DAWN.

5

Looking around for signs of life, Illyria sees nothing but desolation. The streets are filled with either bodies, rubble or scattered belongings, the city eerily quiet save for the distant sounds of helicopters and police sirens.

Walking with difficulty over the stonework below, she scans for any hostiles in the area but sees nothing.

Waving Spike out, he darts out from the garage and safely behind the cover afforded by a building's shadow, tossing away the blanket as it starts to smoulder.

ILLYRIA

There are none of the human insects here. Their trails are still in the air, but... they have run in fear.

(closes her eyes; smiles)

It's a delicious smell, one I had thought forgotten to my senses...

Spike nudges her to snap her out of her reverie and points towards an open fire door in a building nearby.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPIKE

Plenty of time for reminiscing about the good old days of bloodshed and mayhem, right now, we'd better find Angel before he gets himself into any more mischief.

Spike walks off screen. Illyria pauses a moment to savour the scents of panic and fear in the air, then follows.

6

INT. EMPTY BUILDING - STAIRCASE. DAWN.

6

Illyria enters the stairwell and looks up as she hears Spike's footsteps overhead.

He leans over the railings and shouts down to her.

SPIKE

Come on, we haven't got all bloody day!

She catches him up as they climb.

ILLYRIA

What do you plan to find in this shell?

SPIKE

A better viewpoint. One good thing I've noticed about LA, plenty of high buildings to go play lookout from. And these two ol' blue eyes of mine can spot a frown at a thousand yards, so we should have more luck tracking him down in the harsh light of day.

ILLYRIA

If Angel still exists.

SPIKE

Oh, trust me, one thing you can always be sure of, that bugger's going to be around to confound me for a long time yet.

7

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE. DAWN.

7

We pan across the hastily-exited sitting room of a typical downtown home, moments before the door is BARGED open and Angel hurtles inside. Checking round for any signs of the occupants, he heads for the nearest phone.

Relieved to find a dial tone, he types in a number.

8 INT. W&H - SCIENCE DIVISION. DAWN. 8

Sitting alone on a table next to her wallet and keys, Nina's phone starts to vibrate - the ringtone is the tune to 'Angel' by Aerosmith.

We pull back as an uncertain looking lab tech looks around, not sure if he should answer it or not, His hand starts to reach out for it when Serrano appears, grabbing the tech's wrist to stop him.

SERRANO

It's probably him. Let it ring. We want him to know she's gone missing.

The tech nods and steps back, leaving the phone to ring. In the background, we can see Nina struggle as another tech draws out a blood sample from her arm.

9 INT. ABANDONED HOUSE. DAWN. 9

Angel sags and replaces the receiver. He sits down on the sofa, his brooding look firmly in place as he considers his next move.

ANGEL

(mutters)
Where are you...

10 EXT. ROOFTOP. DAWN. 10

Spike is standing out on the roof, keeping to the shade, finishing the sentence Angel started.

SPIKE

... you daft git?

Spike scans the skyline, eyes narrowed.

SPIKE (cont'd)

Typical. The entire bloody city to go and hide in, and he has to pick somewhere I can't find...

Spike draws in a breath to shout out, but Illyria clamps a hand over his mouth, suddenly on edge.

ILLYRIA

Danger. There is trouble near.

SPIKE

(through her hand)
Mmf. Nrrf mmf drf mffrff?!?

Illyria removes her hand as Spike glares at her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPIKE (cont'd)
I said, 'now what's the matter?'

Illyria doesn't answer, but moves her head, listening. Her eyes suddenly widen and she takes a step back. Spike looks up and sees what she'd seen.

SPIKE (cont'd)
Run!!

They both dive for cover as SMASH! A huge ball of flaming wreckage crashes onto the rooftop, missing them by inches.

As Spike picks himself up, we hear the distant sounds of laughing and jeering.

Looking out from the rooftop, we can just make out a gang of demons around a home-made catapult, jumping up and down and yelling abuse at our two heroes.

Back with Spike as he dusts himself down.

ILLYRIA
We should-

SPIKE
(interrupts)
Get off the roof, yes, thank you, Sherlock.

They both disappear back through the door leading down from the roof, leaving the burning ball behind.

11 INT. EMPTY BUILDING - STAIRCASE. DAWN.

11

Spike sits down and runs a hand through his hair. Illyria stands over him, still on the lookout.

ILLYRIA
Our search is fruitless. There are too many of our enemies to allow us to devote our efforts efficiently.

SPIKE
One step ahead of you there. I say we see if we can get to the root of the problem next.

ILLYRIA
Wolfram & Hart?

SPIKE
Bingo. We may not be able to get within a square mile of the bloody place, but it's a start.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPIKE (cont'd)

I'll bet any money our fearless leader's on his way there now, because if there's any way of stopping this, that's where we're going to find it. I find it hard to believe that even a place as downright evil as Wolfram & Hart would let this city get skinned alive without a way to turn the clock back!

Spike stands and heads down the stairs.

12

EXT. OUTSIDE LA CITY LIMITS. DAWN.

12

We pan across a hastily-built military HQ, with a line of tanks keeping a watchful eye on the besieged city. Squads of marines jog past as we take in the assembled emergency services - police, fire and ambulance workers - and also pick up the trail of people evacuating the city.

There are several news crews covering the action, and we draw in to the closest, a two-person crew of Asian cameraman FUKUDA and brunette reporter DEBRA.

DEBRA

Okay, ready to do the link again?
On me in five, four...

(beat; flashes smile)

Here at the scene of the incredible police, military and National Guard co-ordinated blockade of downtown Los Angeles, it's hard to get a real sense of the scale of this operation. At last check, an area of almost five square miles of the city was off limits, with the overnight eruption of violence and riots now sticking to one, centralised area.

Debra walks over to the tired-looking MAJOR TANNEBAUM.

DEBRA (cont'd)

With me is Major Anthony Tannebaum, Major, what can you tell us about the situation inside LA so far?

TANNEBAUM

Well, as you can see we've set up a perimeter and we're doing what we can to steadily move inwards and close that down, while making sure the citizens trying to leave the city get out quick as they can.

We cut from the Major's grim expression to:

13 INT. ABANDONED HOUSE. DAWN.

13

Angel sits watching the news report on the TV.

TANNEBAUM

In a few hours' time, we're going to cut the power to the affected area as part of our action against these rioters. Details are still sketchy about exactly what it is we're dealing with here - terrorists, some kind of Doomsday cult, a massive gathering of street gangs, nobody seems to be able to give reliable reports. All we do know is that they're extremely dangerous, and if you're not already on your way out of the city, then get a move on!

DEBRA

Thank you, Major. Moving back to the camp, police chiefs are-

Angel switches the set off. With a determined look, he picks up his sword and strides towards us, and we cut to:

14 EXT. WOLFRAM & HART. MORNING.

14

We're looking up at the imposing building as Spike and Illyria stride into frame. The complex is a few streets away, but even at this distance we can see the demonic activity is concentrated around the law firm's offices.

The duo pause, covered behind an abandoned news kiosk, as Spike studies the lay of the land.

ILLYRIA

We are unwise to come here. If we are seen, we will-

SPIKE

I'll be extra careful, just for you. Will that shut you up? You sound like bleedin' Wes sometimes, always sitting and thinking instead of doing..

ILLYRIA

(beat)

Wesley is dead.

Spike sighs - he shouldn't have mentioned his name.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPIKE

Yes. And Gunn, and Cordelia, and a large chunk of Fred. But we're still going, so that's what matters.

ILLYRIA

Do you think we will find anything?

SPIKE

Honestly? Not a clue. But I'd bet my arse that they've got some kind of mystical orb thingy in there that'll switch all this back to normal.

ILLYRIA

And Angel?

SPIKE

He's on his way here.

(smirks)

I can tell. This kind of 'Charge Of The Light Brigade' malarkey is right up his alley.

They start to make their way forward, keeping close to cover as we hear a voice talk over the scene.

KIRSTEN (V.O.)

Angel's been spotted, James. He's on his way here.

We cut from Spike and Illyria up to:

15

INT. W&H - KITRIDGE'S OFFICE. MORNING.

15

JAMES KITRIDGE is behind his desk, looking out across the city, with his PA KIRSTEN standing nearby.

KITRIDGE

Good. Make sure nobody tries to stop him. Any sign of the others?

KIRSTEN

Not yet. We'll keep looking. Do you want me to let them through if they do show up?

KITRIDGE

Eventually. Angel's got to pick one of them to go if he wants to make this deal to stick, so we may as well not kill them. Yet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As Kirsten smiles and leaves the office, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

16 EXT. WOLFRAM & HART. MORNING.

16

We fade up to a view of a small security booth not far from the main Wolfram & Hart building, with a burly demon security guard in an ill-fitting suit flicking through a newspaper.

He doesn't spot Spike sneaking up on him until the vampire is able to reach out, tap him on the shoulder and then dart away.

With a shout, the guard chases after him, round a corner, out of sight. A beat, then we hear the sound of a heavy PUNCH and a body falling to the floor.

Looking round the corner, we see Spike dragging the unconscious guard away as Illyria rubs her knuckles.

ILLYRIA

His face was like stone. This shell is not as strong or as resilient as my natural form.

SPIKE

Yeah, well, you're stuck with it, so shut it. Right, that's obstacle one out of the way, now we just need to get started on obstacle two.

ILLYRIA

What is obstacle two?

SPIKE

(points off screen)
That big bugger.

We turn to look - and see a huge demon, another of those 'more muscle and fangs than organs' deals, guarding the front door of Wolfram & Hart.

Back with Spike, he considers his options for a moment and then grins and starts to march forward. Illyria watches him, head cocked to one side, curious.

Spike walks boldly towards the hulking demon, which turns to face him as he approaches. Spike has vamped out and is trying to swagger like he used to.

SPIKE (cont'd)

Wotcha, mate, how's tricks?

The demon blinks once but stays silent.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPIKE (cont'd)
 Been out half the night tryin' to
 find that Angel git! Heard
 anything?

A blink, more silence. Undeterred, Spike ploughs on.

SPIKE (cont'd)
 Right! So. Anyway. I'm just gonna
 pop inside and check in, sooner I
 can have a quick kip and get back
 out there, the better! This early
 morning sun don't exactly suit me,
 if you know what I mean!

A long beat, then with a GRUNT, the demon takes two ponderous steps to the side, allowing Spike to walk straight in through the door. He looks surprised for a brief second and then nods to the demon.

SPIKE (cont'd)
 Ta.

Back with Illyria, she watches Spike walk casually inside the main building, before the demon steps back.

17 INT. WOLFRAM & HART. FOYER. MORNING. 17

We're looking into the lobby of the building as a few early bird office workers walk past, then we spot Spike, staying hidden behind potted plants and displays.

He reaches a junction and pauses, unsure where to turn.

SPIKE
 Never did learn my way round this
 bloody place..

He chooses left and walks down it, off screen.

18 INT. W&H - SCIENCE DIVISION. MORNING. 18

Serrano studies several piles of computer printouts as Kitridge walks down into the main lab, casting a glance towards the captive Nina.

KITRIDGE
 That her? She's prettier in person.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SERRANO

(without looking up)

Don't let that fool you, Mr. Kitridge, underneath that skin of hers lies a primal, bestial force that would tear your head off and use it as a piñata before you could yell 'Help! Security!'

Serrano moves the printouts away and turns to Kitridge.

SERRANO (cont'd)

She is, in a word, magnificent. As werewolves go, she's young, but her physique is on par with some of the finest specimens I've had the pleasure of hunting.

KITRIDGE

Hunting?

SERRANO

Oh, yes, didn't Mr. Manners tell you? Used to be a big game hunter in my youth, before I finally decided to finish my medical degree. With Wolfram & Hart's backing, I've been able to combine both pursuits with great success. They pay me to hunt creatures, then they pay me to cut them open and find out how they work.

KITRIDGE

(moving on)

Fascinating. So, about our plan for the-

SERRANO

The test subject will be ready as planned. I'll be finished with her in a few hours, then she's all yours.

Serrano turns to study Nina again, who is now tranquilised and dozing in her chair.

SERRANO (cont'd)

Do you really think he'll come?

KITRIDGE

According to his files, Angel will never leave a man, or woman, behind.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KITRIDGE(cont'd)

The lengths he went to for the Slayer over in Sunnydale alone would prove that, but there have been several other instances where he's gladly risked his own neck to save another's life. The conduit, Ms. Chase, he was especially fond of her. He seems to have a taste for that kind of girl.

SERRANO

Ah, the noble hero gene. Don't worry, Mr. Kitridge. You'll have your bait on schedule, and in one piece.

(beat; grins)

Well, mostly.

Kitridge stares back at the increasingly creepy doctor for a moment, before turning and walking smartly out.

19

INT. W&H - CORRIDOR. MORNING.

19

Spike pads along one of the building's long corridors, before stopping and throwing his arms up in frustration.

SPIKE

Now where am I?

He whips round as he hears voices behind him, and in one smooth movement dives through a nearby doorway as two chatting suits round the corner and walk past us.

With Spike, listening from the other side of the door inside a dark and empty office, as he overhears the suits' conversation.

SUIT #1

Yeah, so I hear they're keeping her down in the science labs.

SUIT #2

What, with that creepy new professor guy? Ugh, he gives me the creeps.

SUIT #1

Well, if it means we can finally leave the building again without worrying about ending up as some demon's appetiser, then I'll be there, cleaning his scalpels myself!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUIT #2

He's braver than me, I know I
wouldn't want a full-grown werewolf
sitting in my office!

The laugh, and that fades as they move away. Spike emerges from behind the door cautiously, looking puzzled until the penny drops.

SPIKE

Werewolf. Nina. Arse!

He heads round a corner, off screen.

20

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE. MORNING.

20

Angel peeks out of the house he was occupying, checks that the coast is clear and then strolls outside, glad of the long morning shadows to keep him covered.

He takes two steps when BLAM! A shotgun blast shatters part of the porch by his head, and he ducks reflexively.

Looking down the road, he spots a battered looking stationwagon cruising towards him, a wired-looking MOTHER at the wheel and her HUSBAND leaning out of the window, brandishing a K-Mart special shotgun at our hero.

HUSBAND

Get away from my house, you filthy animal!

ANGEL

No, it's okay, I was just-

BANG! Another shot misses him by inches.

ANGEL (cont'd)

(angry)

Hey! Would you listen to me?

MOTHER

Get him, Bernie! Kill him dead!

Knowing he can't justify attacking these people defending their house, Angel is forced to turn tail and run, and we stay on the front of the house as the stationwagon parks and the parents get out, followed by two small children.

The husband hugs his wife protectively.

HUSBAND

Don't worry, Mandy, ain't none of those pillagin' scum getting their hands on my house!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The family watch the retreating Angel run away.

21 EXT. STREET. MORNING. 21

Angel jogs into frame and stops, checking behind him to make sure no-one's in pursuit. Catching his breath, he looks around, his eyes drifting upwards towards a billboard overhead.

Looking at it, we see it's a huge poster for Wolfram & Hart, with a grinning executive next to the slogan 'Whatever your situation... we're here to help.'

On Angel as he sighs heavily, eyes down. When he looks back up, we know he's realised he can't put this off a moment longer. He looks back to the poster.

ANGEL
 Alright, Manners, you wanted to deal... so let's deal.

He strides off screen, full of purpose at last.

22 INT. W & H - CORRIDOR OUTSIDE SCIENCE DIVISION. MORNING. 22

Spike is hid behind a corner, the double security doors leading into the science labs at the far end of the corridor we're looking down, two guards either side.

He takes a moment to compose himself, and then takes a breath and rounds the corner, heading straight for them.

They don't flinch as he approaches, and he comes to a halt a few feet away.

SPIKE
 Mornin', gents. Just doing a routine sweep of the premises, got to check the labs next, so if you don't mind?

The guards exchange a look, then one steps forward, hand outstretched.

GUARD
 (blankly)
 I.D.

SPIKE
 What, mine?
 (scoffs)
 Do you know who I am?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUARD

Without any I.D. you're a trespasser, so show me a card, or we'll have to-

SMACK! Spike punches the guard across the jaw and he staggers backward, and as the other leaps to the attack Spike fells him with a headbutt and a knee to the stomach. He straightens himself out as the two guards slump to the floor.

SPIKE

Get rough? Somehow, I doubt that.

Spike retrieves a keycard from one of the guards and swipes it to open the lab doors. Checking round again, he slips inside.

We stay on the corridor and pull back as the doors close - and we see a HOODED FIGURE has been watching Spike's little scene. He speaks into a walkie-talkie.

HOODED FIGURE

He's in the lab, repeat, Spike has gained access to the lab. Moving to intercept, over.

The figure heads towards the doors.

23

INT. W&H - SCIENCE DIVISION. MORNING.

23

Ducking behind a desk and starting to work his way round the lab, Spike scans the room and spots Serrano. Recognition crosses his features for a moment, but he keeps moving, pausing when he spots Nina in her chair.

A lab tech is standing over her, surgical mask on and a small, sharp-looking device in her hands, which buzzes as she leans in towards Nina's face.

Spike realises he has to do something, and with a ROAR upends the desk he was hiding behind. Game face on, he strides into the lab, throwing one young male tech out of his way as the lab descends into confusion, women shrieking and techs scattering in terror.

Only Serrano stands firm, calmly staring Spike down as he marches up to him and ROARS in his face again. Serrano doesn't blink.

SERRANO

May I help you?

Spike is thrown by his coolness, but only for a moment.

SPIKE

Yeah, I'm here for the girl.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SERRANO

Oh? And why is that?

SPIKE

Why? Because I'm hungry, you white-coated, four-eyed git! Now are you going to get out of my way, or am I gonna have to-

HOODED FIGURE (O.S.)

Get rough?

Spike whips round - the Figure who was watching him stands at the top of the stairs leading into the lab. He draws back his hood - revealing a blue-skinned and tough-looking DEMON. He gestures towards Nina.

DEMON

Go ahead, Spike. Try and take her.

Spike looks from the demon, to Nina, then back.

SPIKE

Don't mind if I do.

Spike takes two steps towards Nina when WHAM! A bolt of blue energy streaks from the demon's hand and slams into him, knocking him off his feet and blasting him clean through the lab's wall.

24 INT. WOLFRAM & HART - CORRIDOR. MORNING.

24

In a shower of plaster and bricks, Spike smashes through the wall, bouncing across the floor.

He shakes his head groggily as the Hooded Demon calmly steps through the gaping hole in the wall to face him.

DEMON

I'm still waiting for you to try!

Spike HISSES, tenses and springs towards the Demon, who hits him with another bolt of energy in mid-air.

25 EXT. WOLFRAM & HART. MORNING.

25

Illyria stays out of sight as a demon patrol marches past, keeping an eye on Wolfram & Hart, before she hears the sound of breaking glass and looks up.

Spike has been thrown through a mid-storey window and is hurtling towards the ground, arms flailing.

Illyria watches him fall, and as we hear an off camera THUD she dashes over to him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Spike doesn't even know what day it is as Illyria picks him up off the floor. He reels, trying to balance.

SPIKE

Wait... wait a minute! I can take
him... there's only one of him!

An off screen shout of 'That's them! Get 'em!' makes Illyria look round, and with an urgent grunt she drags Spike away, the two breaking into a run. Seconds later, another squad of demon soldiers jogs past us in pursuit.

26

EXT. CITY STREET. MORNING.

26

Angel is approaching the building when he sees Spike and Illyria some distance away, making their retreat.

ANGEL

Spike?
(calls out)
Spike! Illyria! Over here! This wa-

Angel looks up as a shadow falls across him.

Looking down on him from the side of a building wall is a huge GARGOYLE DEMON, its claws gripping the bricks as it SNARLS at Angel down below.

Angel backs up slowly, eyes locked on the creature.

It watches him for another beat, then with a hideous SHRIEK leaps free of the building and right into the camera, forcing a:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

27 EXT. MALL CAR PARK. AFTERNOON.

27

We fade up on Taylor with two of his crew, both women and all armed with a variety of weaponry. They're prowling past a now deserted shopping centre, several burning wrecks of cars littering the parking area.

One of the girls spots something moving and nudges Taylor, and with a nod the trio split up and fan out, heading towards a row of parked coaches.

We track towards one of the coaches, hearing rustling noises coming from behind it, and as Taylor pads into frame we see his shotgun is loaded with stakes. He crouches down to look beneath the coach's chassis.

From his eye view, we see a pair of human feet.

Taylor straightens and steps back, loading his gun loudly to attract attention. The rustling stops.

TAYLOR

Alright, come on out from behind there. We've got you covered.

Emerging slowly from behind the coach, arms raised, is the grubby form of CONNOR, looking around as the two girls close in.

CONNOR

I'm, uh, not evil, you can lower your guns and stuff.

TAYLOR

Why don't we wait till I decide that? Been stabbed by a changeling demon before now, means I'm kinda wary of random kids out in the middle of nowhere. Who are you?

CONNOR

My name's Connor, I got split up from my family last night. We were driving home from a restaurant when we were attacked by something, I don't know for sure what it was. I jumped out of the car to fight it, but when I got back my mom and dad were gone.

TAYLOR

What were you doing back there?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Connor shows he has a half-eaten candy bar in one hand.

CONNOR

I was hungry. There wasn't anybody around, and a bunch of these cars still had shopping in them, so I-

TAYLOR

So you helped yourself. Huh.

Taylor lowers his gun, as do the two girls.

TAYLOR (cont'd)

Great human trait, greed. Really separates us from the bacteria.

CONNOR

Who are you guys? Uh, guy and girls, I mean. Are you with my dad?

TAYLOR

(suspicious)

Thought you said you lost your dad?

CONNOR

Huh? Oh, no, my real dad. Angel.

As Taylor raises a curious eyebrow, we cut to:

28

INT. SCHOOL CLASSROOM. AFTERNOON.

28

Panting for breath, Spike squeezes himself through a partly open window. Illyria chooses to just KICK the door leading from the street outside open, stepping inside. Spike throws an incredulous look at her.

SPIKE

Oh, that's right, nice and quiet! Blimey, Blue, even I'd have found us by now!

ILLYRIA

Running is not in my nature. I only retreated when I sensed you were wounded.

SPIKE

Right, was it the fifty-foot fall that alerted you to that one?

(rubs chest; winces)

Remind me not to take you out in daylight again, the sunlight seems to make you more... well, you than usual.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Spike crouches low as a pack of figures race past outside, standing again when the coast is clear.

Illyria is walking round the classroom, staring up at the colourful wall displays.

ILLYRIA

This is... a classroom. This is where the human worm babies come to fill their heads with new information.

Spike starts checking the classes cabinets and cupboards for anything to bandage a nasty gash on his arm.

SPIKE

These days I hear it's all about 'Yu-Gi-Oh' cards and which one of the Bratz you like best... ah! Here we go...

He finds a roll of clingfilm with some art supplies and sets about wrapping it round his arm. Illyria regards him curiously.

ILLYRIA

Will this shiny material aid your recovery?

SPIKE

No, the fact that I'm one of the living dead will aid my recovery. This just stops me having to worry about getting blood all down myself.

Illyria sits at one of the desks as Spike continues to look around, flicking through an exercise book.

ILLYRIA

Math... they were studying the art of mathematics.

(beat)

I know much of this subject, and yet I did not learn it in my lifetime.

SPIKE

That'll be Fred's head talking, then, Twiggy was quite the swot when it came to schooling. Sort of how she ended up with us, in a roundabout kind of way.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SPIKE(cont'd)

If she hadn't been so good at advanced astro-physics, or whatever it was, she'd never have been chucked into Pilea and Angel would never have found her. Funny, when you think about it.

Illyria picks up a pen as Spike grabs a pole used for closing the windows and breaks it in half, making two handy spears.

We close on her as she starts to write across the exercise book. Simple numbers at first, and then rapidly complex equations and mathematical symbols, quickly scribbling out a long and fiendish calculation that stretches across both pages and starts to spill onto the surface of the desk.

She stops and throws the pen away suddenly, looking down at her hands as if scared of what they might do next.

SPIKE (O.S.) (cont'd)

Right, we're armed again, let's get back out there.

Spike walks into frame, noticing her expression.

SPIKE (cont'd)

You alright? Look like you just saw your own reflection.

ILLYRIA

I... I wish to leave this place.

SPIKE

Me too, luv, never had much stomach for schooling when I was a lad. Too many memories of difficult poetry lessons. Let's go.

He heads out, and Illyria follows, still looking shaken.

29

EXT. CITY STREET. AFTERNOON.

29

Eyes watchful for anything hostile, Taylor, the two girls and Connor walk along, down a noticeably silent city street, full of abandoned cars and signs of mayhem.

TAYLOR

So this Angel guy's your dad, huh? Been hearing quite a lot of people talk about him past few days.

CONNOR

Do you know him?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAYLOR

Not personally. Heard lots, never sure what was fact and what was fiction. When someone who's apparently a 'champion of Good' winds up running the local Wolfram & Hart branch, well... let's just say your opinions tend to shift a bit.

CONNOR

That's my dad, alright. Always getting into some kind of mess.

TAYLOR

Had two of his cronies come lookin' for him last night too, sent 'em on their way this morning.

CONNOR

Who?

TAYLOR

British guy with the Billy Idol look. Chip on his shoulder the size of Mount Rushmore.

CONNOR

(nods; grins)
Spike.

TAYLOR

And this weird chick with blue hair and some kind of catsuit outfit on...

CONNOR

And Illyria. There wasn't anybody else? A tall, black guy or another English guy with dark hair and glasses? Or a guy with green skin?

TAYLOR

Nope. The hell kind of organisation does this Angel guy run, anyway?

CONNOR

I've been asking that a lot myself...

They carry on walking, heading off screen.

30

INT. TAYLOR'S BASE. AFTERNOON.

30

Taylor leads Connor into the operations room of his underground HQ, leaving Connor to look around.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAYLOR

Here we go, kid. It ain't much, but it'll keep you warm.

CONNOR

Pretty cool! How long have you guys been down here?

TAYLOR

Depends. I'm an old hand but some of the newer recruits only opened their eyes a few weeks or months ago. It's a lot to take in, not all of them want to accept that the monsters in the closet can actually drag you away, despite what Daddy used to say.

Taylor grins knowingly at SONIA, who blushes and ignores him as she walks over.

SONIA

Hey! You new?

CONNOR

Uh, yeah, kinda. I'm looking for-

TAYLOR

He's another Angel groupie.

SONIA

We seem to be getting a lot of those! You showed up just at the right time, fella, the mayor's about to pull the plug on the city so we'll be one of the only places with power 'till all this gets sorted out!

Somebody calls Sonia's name and she bounds off screen with a smile. Connor looks sideways at her as she goes.

CONNOR

Is she always that cheerful?

TAYLOR

My guess is it's some kind of survival reflex. One day, she'll wake up in a bad mood, and then look out!

Someone calls out to Taylor and he walks away, leaving Connor to nose around again. He walks up to a map on the wall and studies it, noticing the lines drawn in a rough circle, centering on Wolfram & Hart's offices.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He rubs his chin thoughtfully, an idea forming.

Connor looks round - nobody's paying him much attention. He spots a rifle unattended on a table a few feet away, and with another careful look round snatches it up, sneaking back towards the door.

He steals back out through the door he entered, and quickly leaves the base behind.

31

EXT. CITY STREET. AFTERNOON.

31

Clouds have filled the sky, and Spike is able to walk freely down the street as he and Illyria head back towards the Hyperion.

The street is littered with dead demons, signs of last night's titanic battle.

ILLYRIA

The air still reeks of the stench of fallen enemies. Their blood should fill my senses with pleasure, but...

SPIKE

But instead you're just aware of how bad day-old demon corpses smell. Am I right?

Illyria's silence confirms her answer. Spike smirks but then narrows his eyes, spotting someone ahead.

Sitting on the steps outside the hotel is Connor, who smiles and hops up as he sees the duo approach.

CONNOR

Hi! I was wondering when you two would get here.

SPIKE

Connor?

CONNOR

Oh, you remember, good.

SPIKE

Uh, yeah, we-

ILLYRIA

Wesley broke the spell. He returned to us the memories Angel had asked to be hidden.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONNOR
 (puzzled)
 Right...

There is a long beat as nobody seems sure what to say.

CONNOR (cont'd)
 So where is Angel?

SPIKE
 Very good question, mate. Why don't
 we get indoors and see what we can
 do to answer that?

CONNOR
 Will it be safe? I mean, with all-

ILLYRIA
 The demons will not come here. Too
 much death surrounds this place,
 they will be afraid of it. There is
 also much magical protection in
 place.
 (turns to others)
 But they will not be afraid for
 long.

SPIKE
 You know me, Blue, I'm not much of
 a one for the speeches. That's
 Angel's department.

As the clouds overhead rumble with thunder, the trio head up
 the steps and into the safety of the hotel.

32

INT. HYPERION - LOBBY. AFTERNOON.

32

The interior of the abandoned hotel is dark, and Spike flicks
 the lights on as the trio head inside. Spike throws his
 jacket across the counter as Illyria saunters into the centre
 of the lobby, looking around the place curiously. Back on
 familiar ground at last, Connor heads straight for Angel's
 old office.

SPIKE
 So what's the story with you then,
 Son Of Sulk? You'll have to refresh
 my memory, I never really knew you
 in the first place so you're going
 to have to start from scratch.

CONNOR
 Not much to tell. Two vampires for
 parents, stolen by-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPIKE

Hang on, two vampire parents? Since when could that happen?

CONNOR

I dunno, probably another one of those prophecies I hear so much about.

SPIKE

Blimey, that's a new one. So... if your dad was Angel, then who was...?

CONNOR

Darla. She died when I was born. Actually, she died so I could be born, at least that's what Angel always told me.

SPIKE

Darla?!?

ILLYRIA

That name is not familiar to me.

SPIKE

You didn't spend the better part of a hundred years following her and Bright Eyes round Europe... Darla? Strewth. I spend a few years in Sunnydale, and suddenly the whole world's gone to bleedin' pot...

CONNOR

You remember Holtz?

SPIKE

Vampire hunter. Mean bugger. Hated Angel, or rather Angelus. Small matter of killing his whole family. All got a bit blown out of proportion, if you ask me.

CONNOR

He kidnapped me and raised me in a hell dimension, Qourtoth. Know it?

ILLYRIA

I once called it part of my domain.
(looks Connor up and down)
It is no place for a mewling infant.

CONNOR

Well, mewling or not, made me what I am today.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CONNOR(cont'd)

A pretty confused kid with three sets of parents and borderline superpowers.

Spike studies Connor carefully for a moment, finding a crumpled pack of cigarettes deep inside his jacket and lighting one. Illyria is still pacing around.

ILLYRIA

My shell spent much time here..

SPIKE

(not listening)

Alright then, squirt. Questionable parentage aside, I'm assuming you're one of the good guys. Right?

CONNOR

Looks that way.

SPIKE

Perfect. Well, so far we can't find Angel. He's out there somewhere, probably tried and failed to get into Wolfram & Hart like I did, but chances are he'll end up back here eventually. So we have two options. We sit tight and wait for him, or split up and go looking again. Three of us can cover the city faster.

CONNOR

I'm happy with either. Going out there isn't exactly top of my list of 'Safe Things To Do,' but sitting in here and waiting would drive me nuts.

(looks around)

Too many bad memories in here.

Illyria cocks her head to one side, sensing something.

ILLYRIA

Spike, there is-

He holds up a hand to silence her, and she blinks for a moment, never having been told to keep quiet before.

SPIKE

I'm fine with that. We'll head out of here and take one block each, keep sweeping round. I'll see if I can find some radios or something.

ILLYRIA

Spike! You dare to ignore me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SPIKE

(annoyed)

Oi! Keep it down, Queenie, some of us are trying to think! You're not the Lord and Master of this world, remember?

ILLYRIA

Something is wrong. There is a-

To finish her sentence, there is a loud HUM, then all the hotel lights click off, plunging the room into near darkness. There is a long beat.

SPIKE

Oh, arseholes!!

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

33 INT. HYPERION - LOBBY. AFTERNOON.

33

The team have dug out some candles and flashlights to light up the dim interior of the hotel as best they can, and also dusted some weapons off.

SPIKE

I'll say one thing for Angel, at least he kept this place well stocked! I could tool up an army with the amount of silverware he left stashed around this place.

(beat)

Not that the three of us counts as an army, but still...

ILLYRIA

I can sense creatures approaching. The darkness in the city means they will be more bold now.

SPIKE

That makes two of us, then! Right, here's the plan. I'll take 52nd Street, Illyria, you head down 14th and Connor, you take 33rd. Stay out of sight, no sense getting into a fight all by yourself. First one to find Angel doubles back to here and waits for the rest to show up. Got it?

ILLYRIA

Understood.

CONNOR

Yeah, got it.

Spike and Illyria head up the steps to the front door, but Connor hangs back, eyes closed, mentally preparing himself. Spike notices and waves Illyria on.

SPIKE

You sure you're up for this?

CONNOR

Yeah, I'm sure. It's been a while since I got my hands dirty, is all. I spent most of the first eight years of my life hiding from things twice the size of me, so in theory, this should be a cinch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPIKE
 You've got your dad's optimism,
 I'll say that much!

Spike pats Connor on the shoulder as they exit.

34 EXT. OUTSIDE HYPERION. AFTERNOON.

34

As the trio make their way outside, the city devoid of street lighting as the early evening starts to roll in, Spike calls Connor over.

SPIKE
 Oh, one last thing. They've got
 Nina hostage over at Wolfram & Hart
 too.

CONNOR
 Who?

SPIKE
 Angel's sort of girlfriend. If you
 see him, make sure he knows that,
 if he's in a mood somewhere, that
 ought to shake him out of it.

CONNOR
 My dad has a girlfriend?

Spike and Illyria exit stage left and right, and with another breath, Connor grips his axe tightly and walks towards the camera, forcing a cut to:

35 INT. WOLFRAM & HART - KITRIDGE'S OFFICE. AFTERNOON.

35

The Wolfram & Hart building naturally has its own power, but the view from Kitridge's office shows us that no other building for several miles is lit up.

Kitridge is signing a stack of papers as Manners strolls into his office. The door is still closed, natch.

MANNERS
 Hello, James. As I'm sure you've
 noticed by now, the authorities
 have turned off the power inside
 the 'war zone,' as the media are
 calling it.

KITRIDGE
 I did. Probably means they'll be
 sending in Special Forces teams to
 try and clean up the 'rioters' that
 are still on the loose.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MANNERS

You know, it'll almost be a shame to see all this go back to normal when Angel finally accepts that he can't beat us. This has been the most entertainment I've seen for years!

KITRIDGE

Well, the bait is ready and the trap is set. It'll actually be easier to get our message to Angel now that power across the rest of the city has gone down, so we should thank them for that!

Manners nods and grins as Kitridge thumbs his intercom.

KIRSTEN (O.S.)

Yes, James?

KITRIDGE

Kirsten, put a call down to Dr. Serrano. Tell him to send Miss Ash over to my office, we're ready now.

Kitridge turns off the intercom and settles back.

KITRIDGE (cont'd)

So how am I doing so far?

MANNERS

Oh, very well. The Senior Partners couldn't be happier with your performance. I know we threw you in at the deep end somewhat...

(grins)

But that's the way this company works, after all.

Manners looks back out of the window as Kitridge works.

36

EXT. STREET - RESIDENTIAL DISTRICT. AFTERNOON

36

Illyria paces slowly along the same rows of houses we saw Angel taking refuge in earlier, closing her eyes from time to time as though tracing a scent.

She hears movement to her left, inside a small park, and freezes, blue eyes scanning the bushes and trees.

37

EXT. SMALL PARK. AFTERNOON.

37

She steps over the small fence and into the park itself, the ground crunching beneath her feet as she stalks forward, alert.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ILLYRIA

Angel?

She hears a soft WHIMPER and spins round. Whatever the sound is, it's coming from behind an uprooted tree a few feet away. She walks over, tensed and ready.

As she rounds the tree, we see a small CHILD, a girl no older than seven wearing broken glasses, her long hair not covering the ugly red scratches on her arms and face.

Illyria kneels down and looks at her, not sure of how to treat an injured child.

ILLYRIA (cont'd)

Little one? Who did this to you?

The child sniffs and tries to sit up, obviously in pain. She blinks as she takes in the odd sight of Illyria.

CHILD

(sniffs; through tears)

A man... a nasty man with his face
full of sharp teeth...

Illyria tenses, aware that the attacker could be nearby. When she looks back, the child has shuffled closer.

CHILD (cont'd)

Please... take me home.

ILLYRIA

I... I don't know-

CRASH! Illyria leaps to her feet as something tears through the trees next to her.

A huge, seven foot tall DEMON WARRIOR bursts into view, veiny, muscular arms ending in long, hooked claws. It bellows at Illyria, who stands her ground.

She raises one hand, and with a faint smile, beckons the demon to attack. It pauses for a beat, then LEAPS towards her.

38 EXT. STREET - BUSINESS DISTRICT. AFTERNOON.

38

As something off screen lets out an unearthly HOWL, Connor walks into frame, looking more than a little edgy.

We follow him past several high rise buildings, the once busy centre of the city's business district.

Connor pauses and wrinkles his nose, smelling something unpleasant. Intrigued, he turns and follows his nose.

39

INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICES - CAR PARK. AFTERNOON.

39

Connor pads down the ramp leading into the basement level car park of a tall newspaper office block, squinting against the gloom now the lights are out.

He soon finds the source of the smell - the body of the gargoyle we saw attacking Angel earlier lies in the middle of the floor, a trail of blood leading in from outside. A sword is buried deep in the demon's neck, and Connor leans over to study it.

A figure emerges from the shadows behind him, and Connor straightens with a smile.

CONNOR

Did it take you long to drag it all the way over here?

ANGEL

(stepping forward)

Not that long. It's not as heavy as it looks, and the smell keeps things away. That's why it's here, I wanted to make sure I had some kind of base. Plus, you know, I figured we'd run into each other sooner or later and I wanted to make a start on dinner.

Connor turns and sees Angel, who manages a smile.

CONNOR

Hi.

ANGEL

Hey. Not that I'm not glad to see you, but what are you doing here?

CONNOR

Looking for you. Spike and Illyria are out there too, and if I didn't know better from what you told me, I'd swear Spike was actually kind of worried.

Angel walks forward to stand by Connor.

ANGEL

Now that I find hard to believe.

CONNOR

(off gargoyle)

So, how'd you take this thing out? It looks kinda...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Connor reaches an arm out to touch the sword wedged into the demon, but Angel's hand whips out to grab him.

ANGEL

Woah! No, don't touch that. It's a perlow gargoyle demon, you have to leave that stuck in there or it'll wake up again. And believe me, after the last time it woke up and tried to fly away, I want it staying right where it is.

CONNOR

Sorry.

ANGEL

That's okay.

Angel walks away, over to a makeshift shelter made out of some old packing crates and an abandoned desk and chairs. Connor follows, placing his axe on the desk.

ANGEL (cont'd)

So, Spike and Illyria? What happened to Gunn?

CONNOR

I don't know, I didn't see him. I did bump into this other guy, though, called himself Taylor. Seemed to be some kind of vigilante.

ANGEL

Never heard of him.

CONNOR

He'd heard of you, seems like you're a bit of a household name round here!

A long beat. Angel still isn't sure how to talk to Connor especially since his memories were restored.

ANGEL

So...

CONNOR

(laughs)
I was waiting for that!

ANGEL

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CONNOR

You, trying to start a conversation like nothing was wrong. Here we are, hiding out inside an empty building, with a dead monster keeping the demons away, and you're still trying to act like everything's okay!

ANGEL

Oh.
(beat)
Is that bad?

CONNOR

No, it's kind of endearing, actually. I guess I'm the same, must take after you for that.

Connor sits down next to Angel, yawning.

ANGEL

How'd you end up out here? Where are your parents?

CONNOR

I don't know, we got split up last night when something attacked us. Looked like some kind of demon, I'm still a little fuzzy on all the different types out there. I bumped into that Taylor guy, then Spike, we stopped off at this hotel-

ANGEL

The Hyperion?

CONNOR

Yeah, that was it. The place was empty, looked like no-one had been there for a while. I was supposed to head back there if I found you. Which, obviously, I have, so...

ANGEL

(shakes head)
I can't go back there yet.

CONNOR

Why not? What, you'd rather stay here with your new air freshener there?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ANGEL

There's still something I have to do. I have to go back to Wolfram & Hart and finish this.

CONNOR

Uh, probably not a great idea. Spike managed to get inside, but not for long. Said he found they were keeping somebody there, but he got thrown out before he could grab her.

Angel suddenly pales as he realises who that could be. He opens his mouth to speak, but before he can we hear a loud HUMMING from outside.

Angel frowns and stands, walking up the ramp and out into the street with Connor grabbing the axe and following.

As far as we can see, everything with a reflective surface - TV screens in houses or shops, windows, video billboards etc. - is playing the same image - the suave face of Kitridge. He straightens his tie and speaks.

KITRIDGE

Hello, Angel. I know you can hear me, because, to be honest, I'd be surprised if people in China couldn't hear me at the moment!

40 INT. W&H - KITRIDGE'S OFFICE. AFTERNOON.

40

Kitridge is talking into a sheet of glass held up by two security officers, with a tall, smartly-suited man standing behind the glass, his hand outstretched and a stream of purple energy flowing from it.

Behind him, we can see Nina, still gagged and bound, pressed down into one of the office chairs by the heavy hand of another guard.

KITRIDGE

You've had plenty of time to think over our offer, Angel, so now we're going to add a little incentive.

Kitridge motions towards Nina, and the guards tilt the glass so she comes into frame as well.

41 EXT. CITY STREET. AFTERNOON.

41

Angel and Connor watch on as the struggling Nina comes into view. Angel stiffens, his anger building.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KITRIDGE

As you can see, we've decided to bring another element to this little morality play of ours. You have one hour to get back to our offices and make your final decision, or the next time you see Miss Ash here, she'll be being torn limb from limb by as many hungry demons as we can squeeze onto the rooftop here. And you'll get to watch. One hour, Angel.

The image fades, and everything returns to normal. Angel's gaze remains locked on the video board he was watching as Connor tries to rouse him.

CONNOR

Angel? Who was that? What 'decision' did he mean? Angel?
(beat)
Dad?

Angel turns at that, and after a pause grits his teeth and turns back round.

CONNOR (cont'd)

That was Nina, wasn't it? Is she, like, your girlfriend or something?

ANGEL

Something like that.

CONNOR

So we're going to get Spike and Illyria and go get her back, right?

ANGEL

(shakes head)
Wrong.

Angel turns back round and grabs the axe off Connor with one swift move.

CONNOR

Hey!

ANGEL

Go back to the Hyperion and wait for Spike and Illyria to come back. And then wait for me to come back.

CONNOR

Where are you going?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANGEL

(beat)

To get her back.

He strides away. Connor takes a few steps after him, but soon thinks better of it, and with a last glance after his father runs off screen, back towards the hotel.

We stay on Angel as he marches down the street, heading back to Wolfram & Hart.

Out of the corner of the screen, we can see several demons and creatures lurking, watching Angel but not approaching, as though they've been ordered not to go near him.

MANNERS (V.O.)

He'll be on his way now, I expect.

KITRIDGE (V.O.)

Without a doubt. But he's not coming here to negotiate.

MANNERS (V.O.)

Oh?

KITRIDGE (V.O.)

He'll do everything in his power to get the girl out of here first. He'd never admit to it, but Angel knows he's some kind of hero. He'll go a lot further yet before his pride allows him to admit defeat.

MANNERS (V.O.)

Even with a chunk of this city in flames and swarming with demons?

KITRIDGE (V.O.)

Casualties of war. Collateral damage. Angel knows the deal in that respect. He's fighting for the good of the whole planet here, or so he likes to think.

MANNERS (V.O.)

So what do you plan to do to finally convince him, if you think he's just going to march out of here with that girl?

KITRIDGE (V.O.)

That, sir, is for me to know and you to find out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

As Angel walks on down the street, we pan round him in a lazy circle to pick out the Wolfram & Hart building several blocks away, its lights the only sign of power for miles around as the evening starts to roll in.

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW