

ANGEL

"Adjustment"

by

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TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. WOLFRAM & HART. LOBBY. EVENING. 1

The late shift are powering down for the evening in the Wolfram & Hart lobby. A night-watchman dozes behind the reception desk, and all is quiet.

Until with a terrific SMASH, the bulky demon we last saw guarding the outside of the building hurtles through the front doors, sending them scattering away from the frame and spraying tinted glass across the lobby.

ANGEL strides boldly into the lobby, axe in hand, glass crunching beneath his feet as he passes the very dead body of the guard demon.

The watchman has leapt to his feet and is rushing towards Angel, taser ready, but Angel's too quick and lashes out, knocking the man to the ground. He squats down and lifts the guard's head up by his shirt collar.

ANGEL

Hi. I'm here to make a withdrawal.

He drops the guard back down and starts towards the lifts, pausing as we hear the sound of several pairs of running feet.

With a chorus of safeties clicking off, Angel looks up to see a ring of machine gun-toting security guards circling him around the second floor balcony.

Angel turns to face them, raising his arms.

ANGEL (cont'd)

Sorry, do I need to make an appointment first now?

The guards OPEN FIRE, and Angel darts to the side as bullets tear up the panels around him.

2 INT. W&H - KITRIDGE'S OFFICE. EVENING. 2

KITRIDGE looks up as we hear the distant sound of gunfire. KIRSTEN opens his door, a little panicky.

KIRSTEN

Uh, James? He's here.

KITRIDGE

So I can hear. Are the security measures in place?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kirsten turns to listen outside - and we hear the sounds of a fight raging, with yells and shouts in between bursts of gunfire. She turns back.

KIRSTEN

I don't think they're holding up
all that well...

KITRIDGE

It's all right. He'll head for the
science division, the same as Spike
did. We have countermeasures ready.

Kitridge leans back in his chair, perfectly calm.

KITRIDGE (cont'd)

Angel isn't leaving with that girl.
Not in one piece, anyway.

Kirsten looks nervously back outside.

KIRSTEN

So... should I-

KITRIDGE

Get to safety, Kirsten. You know
the access codes, take the private
elevator to the top and wait for
the all clear. You know the drills.

She nods and heads out, closing the door. We stay with
Kitridge as HOLLAND MANNERS strides out of the shadows.

MANNERS

You seem remarkably relaxed, James!
Angel's busy tearing this building
apart from the ground up, aren't
you at least going to get to
somewhere safe yourself?

KITRIDGE

I don't need to. Angel's only
interested in the girl. And
besides, I have plenty of back-up
plans to ensure they don't get back
out.

Manners looks round as we hear more distant sounds of
violence - Angel is still hard at work.

MANNERS

Far be it from me to question your
judgement, James.

There's a beat. Kitridge nods, as if expecting more.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KITRIDGE

And...?

MANNERS

That's all. I wasn't about to add
'but... don't you think you should
get out of here?' because I can
tell you know exactly what you're
doing.

KITRIDGE

Simple matter of personality study.

MANNERS

(walking away)

I'll tell that to the families of
those security guards, then.

Kitridge chuckles as Manners wanders back into the shadows.
We stay on Kitridge for a beat, before a cut to:

3

INT. WOLFRAM & HART - STAIRCASE.

3

Leaving a trail of battered security guards behind him, and
already cut and bloodied Angel marches up the stairs,
straight towards the camera, and as he walks into us, we:

BLACK OUT:**END OF TEASER**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

4 INT. W&H - SCIENCE DIVISION. EVENING. 4

A LAB TECH, the only one in the otherwise empty lab, hurries across the room, urgently looking around. He spots a figure sitting in a darkened part of the lab and taps him on the shoulder.

SERRANO turns to face us, the sinister doctor looking even more like a B-movie villain in this dim light.

SERRANO
Yes? What is it?

LAB TECH
Uh, it's a message from Mr. Kitridge, sir. He says, uh... 'he's here.'

Serrano's brow creases as he ponders something, then a broad and creepy smile cracks across his face.

SERRANO
Excellent timing. Call Kitridge back, tell him the situation is under control and will be carried out as per his instructions.

The tech nods and heads off, leaving Serrano in the silent lab. He wanders past an open door leading into a room resembling a hospital operating room, and we get a brief glimpse of the unconscious NINA strapped down to a table before Serrano kicks the door shut, and it seals with an electronic BEEP. He crosses the room and reaches a large, locked metal cabinet.

Unfastening it and opening it, we see a huge, well-crafted hunter's rifle, and several clips of various types of ammunition. Selecting one, he takes the gun and bullets down, loading the weapon with a happy grin.

5 INT. W&H - CORRIDOR. EVENING. 5

Angel marches onwards. A large Demon steps out of a doorway as he passes, but without breaking stride, Angel punches out and slams the demon back into the doorframe, sending it sliding down to the floor.

An alarm bell starts to sound overhead, and Angel allows himself a small grin.

As he turns into a new corridor, anxious-looking suits start to emerge from the doorways around him, giving Angel a wide berth as he walks by.

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CONTINUED:

An automated announcement starts to sound:

ANNOUNCEMENT

Ladies, gentlemen and all non-human employees, we have an internal security situation, please make your way to the nearest safety point in an orderly manner, and we will contain the danger as soon as possible.

Angel passes a security camera that buzzes as it zooms in on him. He pauses, looks up at it, then SMASHES it with one blow from his axe.

Still as determined as ever, he strides on.

6 INT. W&H - OUTSIDE SCIENCE DIVISION. EVENING. 6

The lab doors hiss open and Serrano steps out, carrying the bulky hunter's rifle in both hands. The crowd of security guards outside boggle as he walks past them.

GUARD #1

Uh, doctor? Doctor!

SERRANO

(irritated)

Not now, you minimum-wage simpleton!

GUARD #2

We're to keep the science division secured and keep all employees inside it, sir! CEO's orders.

Serrano pauses and turns round, loading the rifle with a loud CLICK that makes the guards take one step back. Serrano coolly regards them all before continuing.

SERRANO

Tell Mr. Kitridge that I've gone hunting, as per his instructions.

He turns and walks away. One of the guards steps after him but another holds his colleague back with a shake of his head. They don't want to get in the crossfire.

7 INT. W&H - SCIENCE DIVISION - EXAM ROOM. EVENING. 7

Nina comes to, the muffled sounds of the alarms rousing her. She looks around groggily, sitting up off the table and pulling an IV out of her arm with a grimace.

As she rubs her sore arm, she looks up and notices the sirens at last, a soft grin crossing her face.

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CONTINUED:

NINA

Angel...

We cut from her hopeful look to:

8

INT. W&H - OPEN FLOOR. EVENING.

8

Angel walks down a set of steps and into a large, open-plan office floor, not far from the science division at last now. He's looking like he's been in a few fights but the fire is still in his eyes.

The alarms fall silent suddenly, and Angel pauses.

He looks round, sensing something coming his way, but he can't tell where from.

And then, he ducks as a huge SWORD swings at him, missing his neck by inches.

Angel takes a few steps back to see the first of two huge WARRIOR DEMONS, wearing mis-matched armour and each standing over six feet tall.

ANGEL

Oh, hey guys, don't worry, I won't be here long.

Angel dodges two more sword swings from the first warrior, before pulling a neat sidestep and sinking his axe into its neck.

ANGEL (cont'd)

And I'd be done a lot quicker if you people stopped sending things to get in my way!

He rolls as the second demon SLAMS its sword down into the floor, trying to lift up the first warrior's sword but dropping the heavy weapon back down.

Angel takes a kick to the chest and falls to the ground, leaping up and then to the side as the demon throws its sword towards him, smashing a man-sized hole into the wall next to him.

From a darkened section of the mezzanine balcony overhead, Serrano watches the fight with interest, judging Angel's moves and planning his attack.

Back with the fight, and Angel grunts as he wrenches his axe free of the fallen demon's neck, just managing to block several attacks from the second demon, already armed with two more swords.

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CONTINUED:

Angel is knocked back and stumbles to the ground, and looks up as the demon looms over him, swords raised, ready to take him out - before it suddenly stiffens.

Angel scrambles backwards as the demon pitches face first onto the floor, an bullet wound in the back of its head.

Angel looks up and sees Serrano step into the light.

ANGEL (cont'd)

Don't tell me... you wanted to kill me yourself?

SERRANO

Very astute, Angel. I'm sure you would have bested that... thing eventually, but I'm a busy man, and I just got tired of sitting around while you procrastinated down there.

Angel stands and grabs his axe, dusting himself down and managing to look offended.

ANGEL

'Procrastinating'? I thought I was doing okay...

BANG! With super quick reflexes, Serrano has fired again, and Angel staggers back as a bullet grazes his thigh.

He glares up at Serrano as the Doctor calmly reloads.

ANGEL (cont'd)

Alright, soon as I'm done here, you're next.

SERRANO

You have two options, vampire. Your beloved is still tucked up in my lab, and by my reckoning, you've now got...

(checks watch)

... twelve minutes left before she's executed on the rooftop. If you stop to fight me, chances are you won't make it to her before my men bundle her into the elevator. But if you run now, you'll just make it.

(aims gun at Angel)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SERRANO(cont'd)

So if you think you're fast enough to dodge me and get out of here with her, you're welcome to try, but I'll warn you now, these are wooden-tipped .45 calibre hollow point bullets, and if I get one of these through your heart, your girlfriend will be taking you home in a doggie bag.

(beat; grins)

No pun intended.

Angel hesitates, weighing up his options. He sighs.

ANGEL

Well, until I think up a better plan...

He takes a step forward, and Serrano starts to squeeze the rifle's trigger, but Angel THROWS his axe towards the Doctor, forcing him to dodge and sending the shot wide.

As Serrano curses and reloads, he looks up to see that Angel is long gone. He grins and hurries along the balcony.

9

INT. W&H - SCIENCE DIVISION - EXAM ROOM. EVENING.

9

Nina is on her feet now, dressed in a hospital gown and barefooted as she tries to force the now sealed door open. The handle rattles but won't give, and she huffs and looks around for another way out.

She starts tipping over cabinets and equipment, looking for some kind of air vent she can climb out of, when something heavy SLAMS against the locked door, and she freezes, nervous.

We close up on the door as there is another SLAM, then a series of beeps as someone tries to enter a code to open the door.

There is a pause, another set of beeps, and then an annoyed GRUNT before the lock explodes into the room in a shower of sparks.

Nina looks round and takes cover behind a pile of still beeping heart monitors as the door creaks slowly open.

Angel steps through the smoke and into the room, his axe buried deep into the lock, which is still sparking.

ANGEL

Nina? Nina!!

NINA

Angel!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She leaps up and runs over to him, throwing her arms round him. He winces as he hugs back lightly, trying not to give away how much pain he's in.

NINA (cont'd)

Oh, God, I was so scared, I thought they were going to cut me open or something, and I-

(beat)

Angel?

ANGEL

Yeah?

NINA

Uh... you might want to turn round.

Angel releases her and slowly turns round..

... and facing him in the rest of the lab is a team of four feral looking HORNED DEMONS, the group of security guards we saw earlier slumped unconscious outside the lab's entrance.

Angel gently nudges Nina out of the way and steps forward. With his eyes on the demons, he puts one hand on the axe handle, still stuck in the door, and pulls.

Nothing.

He pulls again, and turns to put his weight behind it, but it's no good - that axe isn't going anywhere.

Rolling his neck to loosen up, he shrugs and steps back into the lab itself.

ANGEL

Okay, let's do this the medieval way.

As Angel steps up, we cut to:

10 INT. KITRIDGE'S OFFICE. EVENING.

10

Kitridge is watching Angel's progress on a set of CCTV monitors set into one wall of his office, casually sipping a coffee as Angel starts trading blows with the demons.

On another monitor, we see Serrano watching the fight as well, positioned further back down the corridor.

MANNERS (O.S.)

He's got as far as the girl, I see...

KITRIDGE

That's only half way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He steps away from the screens as we pick up Manners, watching them with equal interest.

KITRIDGE (cont'd)

Now he has to get back out with her. He'll be slower, more vulnerable. Sooner or later he'll realise he can't do it, and he'll have no choice but to give up.

MANNERS

You're underestimating him, James. That's a classic error when it comes to Angel, one that Lindsey made a few times too many.

KITRIDGE

With all due respect, sir, I'm not Lindsey McDonald. I'm not going to make his mistakes all over again. I know what I'm doing.

MANNERS

I'm sure you do, James.

With a grin that suggests he knows more than he's telling, Manners walks off camera.

11 INT. W&H - SCIENCE DIVISION. EVENING.

11

And we're straight back into the battle as Angel grabs anything not nailed down in his struggle against the three wolf-like demons.

Nina grabs jars of anything that looks toxic and throws it at them, with Angel wrenching a fire axe free from the wall and using that to hit back.

Two of the demons are soon down, and as the last lunges at him, Angel dodges, grabs it by the scruff of its neck and drives it headfirst into one of the arrays of computer consoles, leaping back as the demon writhes, sparks flying as it toasts.

Angel leans over, exhausted, as Nina grabs her clothes from inside a locker and quickly gets dressed. She helps Angel up once she's done, Angel looking ready to drop by now. Nina smiles warmly.

ANGEL

What?

NINA

Just looking at you. Mister Hero, all beaten up and still looking good...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGEL
 (manages a grin)
 It's a gift. Why don't we-

ZING! A bullet ricochets off the counter before them, and Angel looks up to see Serrano at the end of the corridor, looking in on them both with his rifle raised. He gives a cheery wave, and Angel grits his teeth.

ANGEL (cont'd)
 Go!

He shoves Nina out of the way as two more shots fly past them, and the two head up a staircase leading to another exit, Angel barging the door open.

12 INT. W&H - CORRIDOR. EVENING. 12

Nina pauses, noticing the Spike-shaped hole we saw the vampire get blasted through earlier, before Angel grabs her wrist and drags her on.

Moments later, Serrano leaps through the door after them, hastily reloading his rifle as he carries on running.

We pick up Angel and Nina as they dash on, startled employees still scattering as they see the duo approach.

NINA
 Who was that?

ANGEL
 The guy with the gun? No idea. I think he's new.

NINA
 How do you know?

ANGEL
 I know I didn't hire him... come on, this way!

Angel veers off towards a fire exit and shoves the door open, he and Nina disappearing through it as Serrano rounds the corner in hot pursuit.

13 INT. W&H - STAIRCASE. EVENING. 13

Angel and Nina rattle down the staircase, Angel glancing up to see Serrano taking aim from two floors above them.

Angel ducks back as a shot misses him by an inch, and takes two steps at a time to catch up to Nina.

14 INT. W&H - BASEMENT CAR PARK. EVENING.

14

Nina bursts through a door and out into the company car park, swiftly followed by Angel who races towards his old section of executive cars.

NINA

Now what?

ANGEL

Uh...

Angel roots frantically through his pockets, finding a set of car keys and aiming the alarm zapper at each car in turn, trying to find which one it works for.

The windscreen of one car SHATTERS as Serrano fires again, and Nina yelps and ducks down.

We catch Serrano grimace as he reloads, keeping one eye on the escaping Angel. He snaps the rifle shut and clicks it, striding on.

Back with Angel, whose head snap round as he hears the tell-tale BLIP of an alarm switching off, and he and Nina bound over to an old black Mustang convertible.

15 INT. CONVERTIBLE. EVENING.

15

The duo dive inside as Angel starts the car and pulls away, turning towards the exit. Nina SHOUTS as she sees Serrano standing in the road before the, rifle raised, and the windscreen blows out as he fires.

Angel pits his foot down, and despite one of Serrano's bullets slicing through his arm, keeps accelerating until the doctor is forced to dive out of the way.

Nina keeps her head down as Serrano recovers and shoots again, taking out the rear window as Angel rounds a corner and heads up the exit ramp.

He laughs and pats Nina on the shoulder.

ANGEL

Hey! We made it! We-

16 INT. W&H - BASEMENT CAR PARK. EVENING.

16

Just as the car hits the top of the ramp and rejoins the street, it passes through a buzzing electrical barrier, and there is a WHITE FLASH of light as the car sails a few feet through the air and bounces down on the street.

17 INT. CONVERTIBLE. EVENING.

17

Angel, startled, struggles to regain control of the car, but swerves to avoid a few blockades and burned out cars, accelerating away from Wolfram & Hart.

He laughs again, relieved, and puts one hand on Nina's shoulder as she sits up in her seat, looking dazed.

ANGEL
Are you okay?

NINA
Angel?

ANGEL
Yeah, I'm right here.

NINA
Where?

Angel frowns and looks across at Nina - and we see that her eyes have become a distant, milky white, as though the colour has faded from her irises. She reaches out towards Angel, hands grasping at thin air until Angel takes one of her hands.

ANGEL
Nina, what is it? What's wrong?

NINA
Angel... I can't see! I can't see!

We take in Angel's panicked expression before we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

18 INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICES - CAR PARK. NIGHT.

18

Angel and Nina are sitting opposite each other in his lair beneath the newspaper building, a stolen workmen's lantern casting a little light over the scene and the night sky glittering outside past the silent news vans and hand-made barricades.

Neither speaks for a few moments. Nina stares unseeing towards the fire, while Angel just looks at her, as if trying to work out what he should say.

NINA

So! How've you been?

ANGEL

Nina, I-

NINA

No, Angel, don't. Please. Just try and talk to me, okay? Don't sit there and brood or try to figure out what to do, or how to help. Not yet. Just... just talk to me.

ANGEL

(beat)

Alright.

NINA

So how have you been?

ANGEL

(beat; grins)

I missed you.

NINA

(smiles)

Me too.

ANGEL

Things have been kinda... hectic around here since you left.

NINA

Hey, you told me to go! Were you that worried things wouldn't work out?

Angel looks around wistfully at what we can see of the ransacked city outside.

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CONTINUED:

NINA (cont'd)

Okay, no silences. Because silence means brooding, and that leads to frown lines.

Angel manages a bitter laugh.

NINA (cont'd)

So are you going to tell me what happened?

ANGEL

It's a long story.

NINA

I'm not going anywhere. And I wouldn't get very far if I tried!

Angel takes a deep breath and stands, pacing around her.

ANGEL

Well, first I spent a while infiltrating a very secretive and extremely dangerous criminal organisation known as the Circle Of The Black Thorn. I had to do a lot of things I wish I hadn't to get in, but they're done with now.

NINA

Sounds heavy. What'd you do, kill somebody or something?

ANGEL

(beat)

Something like that. After I'd convinced the others that I wasn't actually turning over to the dark side, despite what they thought-

NINA

Heh, I can picture you in a Darth Vader suit already.

(in mock Darth Vader voice)

Spike... I am your father!

Angel wishes he could share her optimism, but the smiles just aren't coming as he continues.

ANGEL

So we each took out one of the members. All in one night. Gunn, Spike, Illyria, and...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NINA
What about Wes?

ANGEL
He didn't make it. He took on a powerful warlock, Cyrus Vail, and Vail killed him.

NINA
Oh, no...

ANGEL
Illyria took care of Vail after that, but when we came back to meet up by the old hotel, Gunn was already in bad shape, so we...

He trails off, rubbing his eyes.

NINA
Gunn didn't make it either, did he?
(beat)
Poor guy. I liked him, he was always real nice to me.

A long beat as Angel frowns, lost in thought.

NINA (cont'd)
Hey! Sigh or something, I don't know where you are else.

ANGEL
Sorry, I was-
(beat)
Nina, we need to-

NINA
No, Angel, don't. Look, I know I seem to be taking this whole 'going blind' thing remarkably well, but don't get too fooled. Making jokes is what you'd call a defence mechanism. Otherwise, I'm just gonna start...

She starts to tremble, and Angel has his arms round her in a moment as she starts to sob. She buries her face in his arm and cries, and he gently strokes her head with his other hand.

ANGEL
(determined)
I'll find something to help. I won't let them do this to you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

As we pull away from the two of them, the light from the lantern just holding off the darkness outside, we dissolve back to:

19

INT. THE HYPERION - LOBBY. NIGHT.

19

CONNOR stands before SPIKE and ILLYRIA. Spike, seated on the desk, smokes while Illyria paces around the body of the demon we saw attacking her in the park. She looks in bad shape, but she's still in one piece. Connor's eyes keep flicking nervously to the body as he talks.

CONNOR

So he's holed up underneath the Metro's offices. He said he didn't come back here because he thought it'd be too dangerous, and, uh...

SPIKE

And what?

CONNOR

(hesitant)

He said he didn't think even you'd be crazy enough to come back here.

SPIKE

Well, that's me to a 'T', mate. Always going one step beyond.

ILLYRIA

We must bring him here. We need his strength if we are to continue fighting.

CONNOR

Oh, wait, he won't be there.

SPIKE

Where's he off to this time, then?

Connor pauses, and Spike groans as the penny drops.

SPIKE (cont'd)

He went back for Nina, didn't he?

CONNOR

(nods)

Said I should come here and wait for him to come back.

Spike hops down from the desktop and scoops up his jacket. Illyria regards him curiously.

ILLYRIA

Where are you going?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPIKE

If Angel was barmy enough to try and break into there after what I came up against, then he's most likely in severe need by now of some-

ANGEL (O.S.)

Help?

Spike looks up - and Angel has stepped through the hotel doors, leading Nina by one hand.

SPIKE

Blimey, the prodigal son returns!

ANGEL

Now, Spike, don't make a scene, I'd hate to think you actually missed me..

Angel smirks as he walks past Spike, who stutters as he tries to come up with a retort.

Angel walks up to Connor and hugs him warmly, passing Nina over to him as Illyria steps up to him.

ILLYRIA

You live!

ANGEL

Uh, technically, no. But I'm still in one piece, which is what I guess you meant, so thanks for the concern.

Angel notices the dead demon.

ANGEL (cont'd)

What the hell is that thing doing in my ho- in here?

ILLYRIA

It was threatening an infant. So I silenced it.

ANGEL

Oh. Great. Could you, uh, move it somewhere a bit more silent?

Illyria drags the body away by one of its feet as Spike marches over, not looking too pleased.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SPIKE

Nice of you to drop by at last!
 Been having fun playing with your
 demon friends out there, have you?
 We've spent days sneaking round
 this dump trying to find you, and
 there you were all this time,
 sitting pretty in the basement of
 some bloody hack newspaper?

ANGEL

(to Connor)

You told him about the 'crazy to
 come back here' part, right?

CONNOR

Sure did.

ANGEL

Good.

(to Spike)

Spike, I'm amazed this place is
 still standing. In case you hadn't
 noticed, there's still that dead
 dragon out in the alleyway, so I
 figured the hotel would just be
 rubble by now.

SPIKE

This place? No way. Solid as a
 rock.

Spike slams his fist against a pillar to prove his point, but
 something shifts overhead and deposits a handful of dust down
 onto him.

Angel stands as Spike dusts himself down.

ANGEL

Good to hear...

NINA

Angel? You there?

ANGEL

Yeah, I'm here.

Angel kneels before Nina as Spike joins him.

SPIKE

What happened to her?

NINA

I have a name, Spike!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SPIKE

Right, sorry, luv. Should've remembered, being the bosses' bit of stuff does get you certain privileges...

Spike glances at Angel, expecting a retort, and is surprised to get nothing.

SPIKE (cont'd)

No comeback? Blimey, this must be serious...

ANGEL

As we were leaving Wolfram & Hart, we passed some kind of magical barrier. It didn't affect me, but blinded Nina. We need to fix it.

SPIKE

Er, I'd love to, but we do have the slightly more pressing problem of this part of the city barricaded off from the outside world and several thousand demons still galloping around outside!

ANGEL

(getting irritated)

I'm aware of the situation, Spike.

SPIKE

Well? What are we going to do about it, then?

ILLYRIA

We should contact that other group. They may be of some use.

SPIKE

What, that Taylor joker? No bloody way, I wouldn't trust him as far as I could throw this hotel.

CONNOR

Why not? He seemed pretty switched on, and he said there's a group of about twenty of them hiding out a few miles from here.

NINA

Hey, beats sitting here in the dark.

A beat. No-one is sure how to react to Nina until she sighs and throws her hands up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

NINA (cont'd)

Okay, being ironic! Jeez, you vampires always come with a sense of humour transplant or what?

ANGEL

Spike, I want you to stay here and watch Nina.

Angel walks over to the dusty weapons cabinet and wrenches the doors open. Illyria watches him, suddenly seeming more eager.

ILLYRIA

Are we to fight once more?

ANGEL

'We' aren't doing anything, I'm going back out there. There are plenty of healers and mystics who'll have found demons taking over downtown a good reason to stay here, so I'm going to hit each one until they find me a cure, and then I'm coming back.

Angel fetches a handy-looking sword from the cabinet and starts to walk away.

SPIKE

Hold on just a minute, Geronimo, you're not seriously going back out there by yourself, are you? I wouldn't want to risk that, and I'd like to think of myself as being that bit tougher than you, having come back from the dead twice already...

ANGEL

(beat; irritated)

So have I!

SPIKE

Ah. Er...

ANGEL

We don't have time for this. Connor?

CONNOR

Yeah?

ANGEL

Can I trust you to watch Nina?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

CONNOR

No problem.

NINA

Hey, don't be gone long, soldier boy.

Nina reaches out a hand and Angel pauses to take it, before walking up the steps towards the front door.

Illyria looks from Angel to Spike, confused.

ILLYRIA

Angel is leaving! Yet you do not follow him?

SPIKE

No, why would I?

ILLYRIA

You always follow him into battle. It is your path.

SPIKE

(offended)

Oi! I don't follow anybody, Blue, don't go and mistake a sense of, of, duty for me being anybody's lapdog! I just go where the fight takes me, nobody-

ANGEL

Spike?

Spike and Illyria look up to Angel, just about to step through the doors.

ANGEL (cont'd)

Shut up.

And with that, he's gone. Spike scowls.

SPIKE

(mutters)

Wanker...

Spike heads back for the desk and lights up a cigarette again as Illyria leans over Nina, curious.

ILLYRIA

What happened to your eyes?

NINA

Beats me. Something went 'flash!' and that was the last thing I saw.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

Nina waves a hand experimentally in front of her eyes.

NINA (cont'd)

It's weird... I've got a light blur
and a dark blur, but that's it.

ILLYRIA

Her strength puzzles me. I have
known many proud warriors to fall
on their swords after an injury
such as this. When the ability to
fight is lost, many give up, their
reason for existence lost.

NINA

Well, ah, hate to break this to
you, 'Ria, but I'm not exactly a
'proud warrior.' I'm just an art
student, but that's not something
I'm about to lose just because of
Wolfram & Hart, you know? And I
know that Angel's gonna come
walking back through that door soon
enough, and this'll all be over and
done with.

ILLYRIA

(to Spike)

She is strong. She too will fight
well alongside us.

Spike frowns at Illyria as he brings Nina a mug of coffee,
guiding it carefully into her hands.

SPIKE

You've got a bit of a one-track
mind, haven't you?

(to Nina)

Here. I'm not a great coffee maker,
but it's hot and sweet which always
seems to do the trick.

NINA

Thanks.

She sips, not realising everyone is watching her.

NINA (cont'd)

You know something, Spike?

SPIKE

What?

NINA

You're a lot less unpleasant when
Angel's not around.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

NINA(cont'd)

If I didn't know better, I'd swear
you two had some kind of 'thing'
going on...

SPIKE

'Thing'? What 'thing' exactly?

Connor stifles a laugh, and Spike glares at him.

SPIKE (cont'd)

What?!?

CONNOR

I, uh, need to go do, a, uh, thing.

He gets up and walks away, his laughter soon echoing around
the lobby. Nina smirks as Illyria looks at Spike.

ILLYRIA

I do not understand. Are they
mocking you?

SPIKE

You know what? I think they are.
(sighs)

This is going to be another one of
those years, I can tell...

He turns and stomps away, leaving Illyria with the still-
grinning Nina.

BLACK OUT:**END OF ACT TWO**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

20

INT. DEMON HIDEOUT. NIGHT.

20

SLAM! We see a plump, terrified looking demon called GURG shoved back against a wall, Angel's forearm pressed tightly against his throat.

GURG

Aah! Easy, easy!

ANGEL

We're still not getting anywhere, are we, Gurg? I asked you a question!

GURG

And I'm telling you, I still don't know what could have caused the blindness, I don't work for-

Angel raises his sword and Gurg whimpers.

GURG (cont'd)

Okay, okay! I'll tell you what I can...

ANGEL

(lowers sword)

Good.

Angel lets Gurg go, and he flops into a chair, gasping. We see now we're inside a run down hideout, old furniture and a few ornaments dotted around the room.

GURG

They're right about you, you know.

ANGEL

Who is?

GURG

People. What they say about you. They all talk about this fire you get in your eyes when you get really into something.

ANGEL

Gurg, I didn't come here for a character analysis, I came for the cure! Now are you gonna talk, or am I gonna have to get rough?

(beat; thinks)

Or rougher?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GURG

Relax, hero, I'm all roughed up for the night.

Angel watches Gurg carefully as the demon locates a crumpled pack of cigarettes and lights one.

GURG (cont'd)

Smoke?

ANGEL

Fire doesn't agree with me. Look, Gurg, if you're not-

GURG

It's a defence mechanism. Built into the structure of the Wolfram & Hart building itself. It has different effects depending on what it's set to. There's a bunch of them in and around the place, they're designed to stop a mass exodus of employees with sensitive information, or to disable any escaping clients until they can be retrieved.

ANGEL

How do you know so much about it?

GURG

Helped design some of the spells.

ANGEL

(folds arms)

So much for you not knowing anything about it, huh?

GURG

So I lied. I'm a demon!

Angel frowns as Gurg carries on smoking.

ANGEL

So how do I reverse the effects?

GURG

Tricky. Powerful counterspell, you see, these failsafes were designed to be very resistant to any magics taking them away. Not much point making a system to stop people if any warlock worth his horns can just conjure it away again!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANGEL

Full marks for dedication.

He slams the sword, point first, down into the tabletop, making Gurg leap backwards in alarm.

ANGEL (cont'd)

Now tell me how to break the spell!

GURG

It's not that simple, vampire! No amount of you stomping in here and threatening to scowl me to death can get around that. These are interlinked magics, woven tightly together. You want to break one, you've got to bust them all at once, and that requires some serious mojo.

ANGEL

Can you do that?

GURG

Me? No.

ANGEL

Oh. Well, I guess that's all I'll be needing from you then.

Angel reaches forward and grabs Gurg by the throat, vamping out. Gurg yelps and flaps his hands urgently.

GURG

Wait, wait! I can tell you where to find someone who can!

ANGEL

(beat)

I'm listening..

As Gurg breathes a sigh of relief, we cut back to:

21

INT. HYPERION - ANGEL'S ROOM. NIGHT.

21

Nina sits on the bed in Angel's old room at the hotel, an array of candles lighting the room. She moves her head towards the door as Connor comes in, carrying a tray with a plate of steaming hot food. He sets it down on the table and pulls up a chair alongside the bed.

CONNOR

Hey. I brought you up some food, the kitchen downstairs was still pretty well stocked.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NINA

Cooking too? Are you sure you're
Angel's kid?

CONNOR

Yeah, I get asked that a lot.

Connor holds the plate out for Nina and puts a fork in one hand. It's a heap of pasta, which she manages to guide unsteadily towards her mouth.

She misses a patch, dribbling sauce down her chin, and Connor is ready with a tissue to wipe it away.

NINA

Look at me. My sister's kids eat
better than this, and they're so
little they can understand Yu-Gi-
Oh!

CONNOR

It's cool, just a little sauce.

Nina sighs heavily and puts the plate down, suddenly looking very sad indeed as the weight of her condition breaks through her defences.

CONNOR (cont'd)

Nina? Are you alright?

NINA

Oh, Connor... I've gone blind! I'm
trying to stay cool, you know? I
mean, I only managed to get a
proper handle on being a werewolf a
few months ago, and I think I put
on a pretty brave face for that,
but this..

CONNOR

Angel's out there. He'll find
something that can help and come
back. We both know that, right?

NINA

Yeah... yeah, I know.

(smiles)

That thought's about the only thing
stopping me degenerating into a big
soppy mess at the moment. If I let
my body absorb the fact that I
can't see for a second, that's it,
I'm gone. You gonna stick around
and keep an eye on me till your dad
gets back?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CONNOR
Yeah, of course I am.

NINA
Thanks. You're a sweet kid, Connor.
You take after Angel.

CONNOR
Yeah, I get that a lot as well.

He smiles and watches carefully as Nina attempts another mouthful of pasta.

22 INT. HYPERION - LOBBY. NIGHT.

22

We pan across the reception counter, along a line of various axes, swords, knives and other weapons, reaching an empty space at the end as Spike lays a handful of stakes down.

Illyria watches him as he continues raiding the Hyperion's cupboards and cabinets, chuckling to himself each time he finds a new cache of weapons.

SPIKE
What was Angel planning to do with all these weapons?

ILLYRIA
I do not...
(beat; cocks head to side)
He wanted to be prepared. He always wanted at least one safe house in the city that could restock his weaponry if he lost it in battle.

Spike raises an eyebrow as Illyria blinks, as though she doesn't know why she just spoke.

SPIKE
That's Fred talking, innit. She knew all about this place, she lived here for a few years.

ILLYRIA
Her memories keep washing across my visions, filling this place with unfamiliar faces and creatures...

Illyria walks towards a raised platform at the far end of the lobby, tracing her fingers over its surface.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ILLYRIA (cont'd)

I see a tall, elegant black woman standing here, radiating energy, disguised as love but actually something dark and old, something foreign to this world.

SPIKE

Wouldn't know. When you lot were living it up in this place, I was living in a hole in the ground in Sunnydale. Before Sunnydale became a hole in the ground, anyway!

(proudly)

I did that, you know.

ILLYRIA

(surprised)

You destroyed an entire city?

SPIKE

No, I...

(thinks)

Actually, yeah, I suppose I did.

Spike grins and goes back to rooting through the cupboards, finding a dusty old crossbow.

ILLYRIA

Why do you assemble this arsenal?

SPIKE

That's easy, pet. We're going hunting again and my knuckles are getting sore from all the bloody punching!

ILLYRIA

We are to leave the boy and the blind girl here?

SPIKE

They'll be safe. Didn't you feel that tingle as you walked in? All sorts of protection spells cast on this place. Fading, but still potent enough to stop anything with more teeth than us put together skulking inside, looking for an appetiser.

ILLYRIA

Good. There is still much for us to kill outside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SPIKE

Ah, a woman after my own heart!

Spike hands Illyria a gleaming sword with a dragon motif etched into the blade. She holds it up, admiring it as best she can in the dim torchlight.

ILLYRIA

A fine weapon. I can smell the blood of many a foe that has fallen by it.

SPIKE

Oh, you know how to say all the right things to a bloke, don't you? Come on, Blue, let's go chop some monsters up before tea. I don't want to be sat here doing nothing while Angel's out there doing... whatever it is he does.

Spike slings the crossbow over his shoulder and selects a sword from the selection, loading some stakes into his jacket pocket. He heads up the steps towards the door with Illyria behind him.

KITRIDGE (V.O.)

The other one's on the move again.
What's his name? Spike?

We cut from the Hotel over to:

23

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

23

Kitridge is on the phone in his office, a case file of glossy surveillance photos spread across his desk.

KITRIDGE

Yeah, him, the blonde one. Anyway, Angel's in a different part of the city, but from what I can tell he's shaking down a bunch of local demons. He's probably looking for a way to break the jinx that hit them as they escaped.

(beat; listens)

Exactly my point. So try to anticipate who he'll approach next and silence them. Report back in an hour.

He hangs up as Kirsten enters the office and takes a seat opposite him, crossing her long legs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIRSTEN

Lab reports are back from Dr. Serrano's analysis of the girl.

KITRIDGE

And is she what we're looking for?

Kirsten hands him some more folders, which he opens and starts to leaf through.

KIRSTEN

She's ideal. Young, healthy and pretty fertile too. If we impregnated her now, the results would be very positive.

KITRIDGE

Excellent. I always did want kids. Good work, let Serrano know. Did we locate where Angel took the girl?

KIRSTEN

We did, but...

KITRIDGE

But what?

KIRSTEN

He took her back to the Hyperion. That's a long-standing no-fly zone for our forces, Angel's been using it since before we-

KITRIDGE

Kirsten, this is starting to sound an awful lot like an excuse, and you know how much I hate those.

KIRSTEN

Yes, I know, but the thing is-

KITRIDGE

It is very important for your future that you don't finish that sentence.

KIRSTEN

The Hyperion's protected, James. Almost as much as this building is. We think it's some kind of deal Angel worked out with the Higher Powers, maybe it's always been that way, but for whatever reason we've never been able to attack him directly in there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KITRIDGE

Well then! Looks like it's time we figured out a way to do that, then. Assemble an extraction time, I'll brief them in five minutes.

Kirsten nods, stands and exits. Kitridge is alone for a moment before Manners walks into frame from off screen.

MANNERS

That's an ancient taboo you're breaking there, James! One of the old rules laid down around here was that each side gets a place they can call their own. We got this, Angel ended up with the old hotel. It means-

KITRIDGE

It means it's about time the rules started changing. Did you ever stop to think why we've been locking antlers with Angel for so many years, sir? It's because we keep playing the game the way we're meant to. We keep allowing ourselves to get straitjacketed by outdated guidelines, codes of conduct, rules above all else. We're a law firm, and I think we've lost sight of what doors that opens to us.

Manners raises a curious eyebrow and motions for Kitridge to continue.

MANNERS

Go on. What did you have in mind?

KITRIDGE

One word. Loopholes.

MANNERS

Loopholes?

KITRIDGE

Ways to get around the obstacles stopping us. We want Angel on our side. I've realised that much. If we just wanted to destroy him, we'd have done it by now, one way or another, so the aim is to make him embrace his dark side, put on the breathing mask and cloak and pick out a red lightsaber.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MANNERS

I'm sorry?

KITRIDGE

'Star Wars' metaphor. Never mind.

MANNERS

Be that as it may, James, it's a task your predecessors singularly failed to achieve. While I have every confidence in you and your ability, I can't quite see what you're getting at here.

KITRIDGE

It's all in motion, sir. You just leave everything to me.

Manners nods, smiles and walks off screen, leaving Kitridge to return to his study of the photos.

24

EXT. LA - STREET. NIGHT.

24

Spike and Illyria walk down another empty, wrecked street, weapons ready as they scout for trouble. Distant shouts and screams echo round the abandoned city centre as they walk on.

SPIKE

Well, this is turning out to be a great big bloody waste of time, isn't it? Where've all the monsters gone? Couldn't move for them before...

ILLYRIA

The city falls silent again, but this time it is not human hearts that beat at its centre. Another breed has made this place its home.

Spike eyes her oddly.

SPIKE

I'm really going to have to start teaching you how humans speak. You always sound like you've walked off the set of 'Clash Of The Titans'!

ILLYRIA

Titans?

SPIKE

Don't get excited, luv, it's only a film. Fred used to like it, actually, she always said-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ILLYRIA

Demons!

SPIKE

Huh? No, she used to like it when that little old guy who was in 'Rocky' and 'Batman' used to say-

DEMON (O.S.)

Dinner!!

SPIKE

No, no, no, it was...

Spike looks up at last and sees what Illyria has her sword raised defensively towards.

A pack of fierce looking DEMONS are facing off against the duo. They're heavily outnumbered, and Spike gulps nervously as yet more demons crowd in around them.

SPIKE (cont'd)

Oh, bugger...

BLACK OUT:**END OF ACT THREE**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

25 EXT. LA - STREET. NIGHT.

25

Spike and Illyria back away from the crowd of demons advancing on them, Spike glancing over his shoulder and seeing several more lapping round behind them.

SPIKE

Right. Okay. Change of plan.
Hunting's out the window. We're
switching to 'run away.'

ILLYRIA

No! We shall stand and fight!

SPIKE

We'll stand and fight and get torn
apart, in that order!

ILLYRIA

We faced a hundred times this many
foes when we challenged the Senior
Partners, did we not?

SPIKE

Yes, but we lost. We ran away and
hid. Are you following my logic
yet?

ILLYRIA

Bah, your 'logic' is another name
for cowardice! I shall not fall
before I have tasted the blood of
these pitiful excuses for demons!

Incensed, Illyria YELLS a battlecry and charges towards the closest demon. It roars back, and raises its claws to strike at her, but before her sword falls the demon suddenly goes limp. With a loud gulping noise, it stiffens and sinks to the floor.

Spike looks on, surprised.

SPIKE

Blimey, that was good! I didn't
even see you touch him!

ILLYRIA

I... I didn't...

TAYLOR (O.S.)

Get 'em!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

With a CHEER, we pull back to pick up TAYLOR's motley crew of vigilantes as they emerge from all around - out of buildings, behind fences and cars - and surround the demons, opening up with a hail of home-made crossbow bolts that fell half the creatures in one volley.

Spike and Illyria look on, not sure what to do as Taylor's second wave of men lay into the remaining demons with axes, swords and hatchets, quickly despatching them.

Within moments, all the demons lie dead, and Taylor marches over to Spike, SONIA by his side.

TAYLOR (cont'd)

Thanks, we needed somebody to draw them all out into the open at once.

SPIKE

You what?!?

ILLYRIA

You used us.

TAYLOR

Yeah.

(smirks)

Thanks.

SPIKE

Why, you little smartarse-

SONIA

Spike! Don't.

Sonia steps between her boss and Spike, who glares across at the cool Taylor before taking a step back.

SPIKE

You're going to get your head used as a bowling ball if you pull another stunt like that, mate! It's no good for a man's morale when a, a... a human like you keeps jumping into his fights!

TAYLOR

You want to make something of it, vampire? My boys and I still got plenty of fight left in us yet.

SPIKE

Yeah, maybe I-

SONIA

Spike! Back off. Taylor? Don't be such an ass.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The two men stare each other down, before a loud SCREECH off camera makes everyone turn round.

ILLYRIA

More are coming. They are drawn by the scent of death.

SPIKE

In other words, it's not safe here. Let's go.

(to Taylor)

Unless Cassius Clay here fancies taking on what will probably be twice as many demons this time round?

TAYLOR

(beat)

You got somewhere we can re-arm?

SPIKE

Yeah. Follow me. Dunno why I should help you after all the grief you've put us through, but still..

Spike and Illyria turn and walk away, and after signalling to his men, Taylor follows.

26

INT. EMPTY BAR. NIGHT.

26

Angel walks cautiously into frame into what used to be a sports bar, but what is now a pile of rubble, wrecked furniture and scattered sports memorabilia.

He scans the interior, looking for someone, spinning round when he hears a scuffling sound from behind him.

ANGEL

Alright, come on out. I know you're back there.

VOICE (O.S.)

No!

ANGEL

I- huh?

VOICE (O.S.)

I said I'm not coming out! You're going to do what everyone else does, aren't you?

ANGEL

No, I... well, that depends what everyone else does.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGEL(cont'd)

Why don't you come out? Look, I
promise I'm not gonna kill you.

As we watch, the voice's owner carefully hobbles into view - another DEMON, this one skinny and battered looking, walking on two crutches as he manoeuvres across the debris.

As he walks into the light, we see that many parts of his green-skinned body are missing - fingers, toes, half one arm and half of one leg, an eye, a chunk of his ear - and he glares back at Angel with his one good eye.

DEMON

Come to take part of me, have you?
Need something to heal you? Well?

ANGEL

(taken aback by the sight)
I, uh...

DEMON

Ach. They always come to me.

The demon makes his way over to one of the smashed booths and sits down, sighing heavily.

DEMON (cont'd)

They know my body can fix them.

Angel sits down opposite him in the booth, laying his sword down as a sign of peace.

ANGEL

I just got sent here, they said
you'd be able to give me something
to help heal my friend.

DEMON

Maybe. Depends if I still have the
right part left. What's wrong with
them?

ANGEL

Her. She's been blinded. We hit a
magical trap barrier and it blinded
her. I don't think it's permanent
if I can get rid of it soon.

DEMON

Blind? Ooh, no, no no. That would
mean you'd have to take this.

The demon points to its sole, yellow eye.

DEMON (cont'd)

And I'm not about to give it up
without a fight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANGEL

I don't want to have to do that.
But...

DEMON

You want to know how it works, eh?

Angel nods, and the demon settles back in his chair.

DEMON (cont'd)

I'm an aubkabob demon. My various body parts have incredible healing powers, both for mystical and physical injuries. Lost a finger? Take one of mine, boil it up, add a few spices and serve. Yours'll grow back in a jiffy. Mine comes back eventually, just not right away. Ever since my race was discovered, we've been used as walking first aid kits for whatever demon overlord with clumsy troops needs to keep fixing its troops up.

ANGEL

How would it work with the eye?

DEMON

Take one eye. Slice it open, pour the fluids inside on eyes, sight will regenerate. Simple. Only-

ANGEL

Only you don't want to give me your last eye. Won't you grow one back?

DEMON

In theory. But those fiends out there just keep coming and taking from me, they give me no time to heal, to restore what I've lost. No matter to them, plenty more where I came from.

ANGEL

Can I find another one like you?

DEMON

If you're lucky. I escaped, they're probably looking for me. The others all kept secure.

Angel leans back, his brow furrowed as he tries to think up a new plan. The demon studies him for a moment, then sighs again, reaching under the table for a knife.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Angel sees the blade glint and starts to sit up, but before he can react, the demon PLUNGES the knife into its eye socket. Mercifully off camera, there is a wet POP as he prises his eye loose, handing it to a shocked Angel.

DEMON (cont'd)

Can see your feelings. No pun intended. Whoever you need this for, you care about them a great deal.

ANGEL

Are you sure? Can you-

DEMON

It'll come back. Be quick, it won't stay fresh for long. Got no issue with using part of myself to heal someone who deserves it.

Angel stands, nods his thanks, realises the demon can't see it and then hurries off screen, carefully cradling the loose eyeball in one hand.

We stay on the demon for a beat, before there is a sound like two wet balloons rubbing together, and with another POP his previously missing left eye appears. He blinks.

DEMON (cont'd)

Aah. Good.
(snorts a laugh)
Stupid vampire.

With a grin, the demon stands and hobbles away.

27

INT. HYPERION. LOBBY.

27

Connor is looking over the weapons on display, trying a mace out with a few practice swings as Spike, Illyria and then Taylor and his crew head into the lobby.

CONNOR

Oh, hey, I was just-
(sees Taylor)
Oh, hey there, what are you-
(sees Sonia)
Doing... here...

There's a beat as Sonia and Connor make eye contact. Connor blushes and smiles, and Sonia coyly smiles back, stepping over with a hand held out.

SONIA

Uh, hello again...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONNOR

Connor. You're, uh, out on patrol with Taylor and his, er, guys?

SONIA

Huh? Oh, yeah. Just one of the boys!

(laughs; then)

But, uh, still very much a girl. Yup.

CONNOR

So I can see...

TAYLOR

When you two are quite finished...

Sonia steps back as Taylor nods a welcome to Connor and shuffles off his backpack. His men do the same, about ten of them in total, spreading out to cover the whole lobby.

SPIKE

(sarcastic)

Make yourselves at home!

TAYLOR

Don't mind if I do. This your base?

SPIKE

Base?

(beat; grins)

Guess so. Welcome to... Spike Investigations!

Taylor chuckles and Spike glares at him.

SPIKE (cont'd)

What?

TAYLOR

'Spike Investigations'? That's a pretty stupid name.

SPIKE

Oh yeah? What're your Band of bloody Brothers called then? The Natural Disasters? Dead Men Walking?

TAYLOR

We're the-

SONIA

(interrupts; proudly)

The Underworld Task Force!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Spike scoffs and walks off, and a deflated Sonia pouts and looks to Taylor, who just shakes his head.

TAYLOR

Okay, our name sucks too. We didn't pick it, though. Next time we get a meeting with the guys holding the purse strings, I'm gonna get us a new, better one.

Sonia walks over to Connor as Spike heads into Angel's old office, throwing his jacket office.

SONIA

So! You, uh, live here too?

CONNOR

Sort of. I used to a year ago, we've just kind of settled back in here while all this goes on.

SONIA

Yeah, it's getting pretty mad out there. We lost two guys today, I don't know how much longer we can hold off until help arrives.

TAYLOR

Ain't gonna be no help.

CONNOR

Huh?

TAYLOR

Got a hack into police radio past city limits. We've been sectioned off while they mobilise the army. Knowing the US military, they'll probably carpet bomb the city centre and then roll the tanks in.

CONNOR

Doesn't anyone know we're here?

SONIA

We have to stay kind of below the radar. Security reasons.

CONNOR

Well, can't we get a message out? Tell them there's people here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TAYLOR

Don't know how fast a runner you
are, kid, but I don't know anybody
quick enough or crazy enough to get
past those things before they-

CONNOR

Angel!

Angel hurries down the steps, the hand holding the eyeball
pressed against his chest.

ANGEL

Nina? Where is she?
(takes in Taylor's men)
Who are all these guys?

TAYLOR

We're-

SPIKE

A royal pain in the behind.

ANGEL

(distracted)
Explain it to me later. I've gotta
go. Nina?

CONNOR

Your old room.

He passes Connor his sword and dashes up the staircase. Spike
blinks, then turns to address the room.

SPIKE

Did anyone else notice that he had
an eyeball in his hand?

28 INT. HYPERION - ANGEL'S ROOM. NIGHT.

28

Nina looks up as Angel enters, and he quickly sits on the bed
beside her. She smiles, her hands reaching out for his face
and finding it.

NINA

Hey, you.

ANGEL

Hey. I've got something that should
break the spell.

NINA

Cool, what?

ANGEL

Uh...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He looks down at the unappealing-looking eyeball.

ANGEL (cont'd)
Never mind. I'm going to pour
something on your eye in a second,
okay? Don't move.

NINA
Go for it.

Angel uses one nail to slice the eyeball open, and carefully drops the viscous fluid inside onto Nina's eyes. She blinks, wrinkling her nose up.

NINA (cont'd)
Ow! That stings...

ANGEL
Almost done... there.

Nina blinks a few times, shaking her head to clear the last few drops away. Angel waits, looking anxious.

ANGEL (cont'd)
Well?

NINA
Uh...
(beat; sighs)
I'm sorry, honey, no good.

ANGEL
(face drops)
What?

NINA
Still the same as it was.
(dabs eyes)
And now much wetter.

ANGEL
I don't understand, he said-

NINA
Hey! Don't worry. I know you tried.
We'll just find something else,
okay?

Angel looks away, guilt riding across his face. Nina starts to lose it, trembling as she reaches out for Angel but can't find him.

NINA (cont'd)
Angel? Don't go! Angel!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He turns back and grabs her, and they embrace. She tries not to cry but a few tears slip out.

NINA (cont'd)

Don't go silent on me, ya big lug!
We'll get through this. We've made
it through whatever happened to
this city, what's the worst that
could happen? We'll find something
else.

Angel's look says it all - he knows now the only thing that will break the spell.

29

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

29

Kitridge reclines in his leather chair, one eye on his phone. Manners looks out through the windows behind.

MANNERS

You're still convinced he'll give
in?

KITRIDGE

He'll call. He'll have found out by
now that the aubkabob demon we led
him to was a fake, and he'll know
that the only way his girlfriend
will get her sight back is if he
accepts that we beat him at last.

MANNERS

And then?

KITRIDGE

And then, he's one step closer to
becoming ours for good.

We close in on the phone on his desk, before we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW