

ANGEL

"Dead"

by

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TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. LA - STREET. NIGHT. 1

A dark alleyway. FOOTSTEPS sound as a pair of feet and the accompanying shadow walk down the street, before pausing at the entrance to an alleyway. The walker turns and disappears down into the alley.

2 EXT. LA - ALLEY. NIGHT. 2

The figure is now seen to be a young man in his late teens, and as he passes through a patch of light thrown across the alley, he's revealed as CONNOR.

He pauses, glancing up and down the alley, as though he's waiting for someone. Nobody's around, and Connor pulls his jacket tight around him, his breath misting in the cold evening air.

A shadowy figure drops silently down from a fire escape overhead and into the alley behind Connor, but they've only taken a few steps when Connor tenses up, his keenly-developed senses picking up on the intruder.

He grins, slowly turning round just a little.

The intruder closes right up, and reaches a hand out to grab Connor's shoulder...

And Connor spins round snatching the wrist out of the air. He smiles and shakes his head.

CONNOR

Sorry, got to try harder than that!

SONIA sighs, and rolls her eyes with a smile as Connor releases her hand and she steps back. She's dressed mainly in black, but her long blonde hair is worn loosely round her shoulders.

SONIA

That was creepy. How the hell did you hear me? I didn't make a sound!

CONNOR

I've had... practice. At least when it comes to things sneaking up on me. Long story.

The duo start to walk back towards the city street.

SONIA

So! Been here long?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONNOR

No, just got here, like you asked.
I made sure nobody saw me sneaking
out, doubled back to shake any
tails too.

SONIA

Not even Angel?

CONNOR

He's in Cleveland, somebody sent
him this old scroll or something a
few days ago, and he said it had
something to do with Buffy, so he
took a flight out to go see her. I
think he'll be back just now, but
not until the morning.

SONIA

(cheeky grin)

So... just us, then, huh?

CONNOR

Looks that way, yeah.

SONIA

Cool!

Sonia beams back at Connor, as we cut to:

3

EXT. LA - STREET. NIGHT.

3

Sonia grabs Connor's hand and starts to jog towards the
bright lights of the city centre, laughing. It's an
infectiously bubbly laugh, and Connor can't help but smile
back at her.

CONNOR

What's so funny?

SONIA

Oh, you know! Youthful rebellion.
Reminds me of sneaking out and
going partying with my girlfriends
when I was younger!

CONNOR

Where are we headed?

SONIA

Wherever the mood takes us! Come
on!

As the duo race away from us, we crane upwards to take in a
wider shot of the city, it's lights glaring as we dissolve
to:

4 EXT. LA - STREET/HYPERION. LATER. 4

Connor and Sonia are walking away from a street burger vendor, chowing down on their hot dogs and still chatting, and we pick up their conversation.

CONNOR

So then, next thing I know, I've put an axe in this demon's skull! It was like my body just took over and told me what to do, I was just along for the ride.

SONIA

Wow. I mean, how do you get your head round something like that? Suddenly finding out you're, like, a superhero, or something!

CONNOR

Well, I wouldn't say that, just-

SONIA

Uh-oh, time to split. We're almost back at your place.

CONNOR

(disappointed)
Oh, yeah... Well, I had fun tonight. Thanks, Sonia.

SONIA

No problem. Let's do this again real-

They both whip round as a SCREAM echoes up the street towards them. They share a look, then Sonia grins and they race off screen.

5 EXT. PARKING LOT. NIGHT. 5

A young WOMAN is cowering on the floor as a spiky DEMON lumbers up to her. She's already cut and scratched, and raises a hand defensively as the Demon looms over her.

The Demon ROARS - and is cut-off mid-roar as Connor BARGES it to the ground.

Sonia helps the woman to her feet as Connor starts fighting with the Demon, but it's pretty tough, shrugging off his blows and tossing him to one side.

The Demon jumps to its feet and advances on Sonia and the woman, Sonia standing protectively before her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SONIA
Alright, freak, time to-

SMACK! The Demon swats her to the floor without breaking stride. The terrified woman SCREAMS again as it reaches out a claw for her...

SONIA (O.S.) (cont'd)
Hey!

The Demon spins round - and is staring straight down the barrel of Sonia's gun.

Without a word, she FIRES four times into its head, and the Demon judders, collapsing to the ground with a sigh.

Connor picks himself up and hurries over, looking from the dead Demon to Sonia and back, startled.

SONIA (cont'd)
(holsters gun)
Yeah, I know. Tougher than I look.

As she steps forward to help the woman back up, we push in on Connor's expression of surprise before we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

6 INT. HYPERION - CONNOR'S ROOM. MORNING. 6

We fade in on Connor's neatly-kept room, with a rumple of bedclothes and one arm showing us where Connor is sleeping. With a GROAN, he slowly sits up, blinking with bleary eyes and looking round.

As Connor yawns and then grimaces and presses one hand to his head, there is a female GROAN from the other side of the room, and Sonia sits up from beneath a pile of coats and shirts, scratching her head.

There's a moment as their eyes meet.

CONNOR

Uh... hi.

SONIA

Hi.

CONNOR

So... what the hell happened last night? I remember you shooting that demon, then you got all excited, and-

SONIA

(rubs eyes)

And I took you round a few of my favourite bars, and then...

There's a beat as they both freeze, check under their bedclothes and sigh as they realise they're still clothed. They look up again and chuckle.

CONNOR

Well, that's one potentially embarrassing thing we avoided!

SONIA

Yeah, not sure how we'd explain that to your dad!

There's a KNOCK at the door, and Sonia dives out of sight beneath the coats and shirts.

CONNOR

Uh... hello?

NINA (O.S.)

Connor? You up yet? Angel still isn't back, so I went ahead and made us some breakfast.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONNOR

Oh, okay, I'll be, er, down in a minute.

He waits as Nina's footsteps fade away, and Sonia peeks back out again.

SONIA

I should probably get going, Taylor's probably already sent people out looking for me. I've missed about three check-ins already!

CONNOR

Um, yeah, sure.

She stands, hands wrapping her hair in a loose ponytail. She realises Connor is watching her and grins at him. He blushes and gets up, grabbing a shirt and pulling it on.

CONNOR

So, uh, you want to grab something to eat? I don't think Nina would mind that you're here, she's pretty cool about stuff like that.

NINA (O.S.)

About stuff like what?

Connor and Sonia whip round - and NINA is standing in the now-open doorway, arms folded and a wry grin on her face.

CONNOR

Nina! How did-

NINA

(taps nose)

Sense of smell. What's the matter? You afraid I'm gonna tell Angel?

CONNOR

Well, we, uh-

SONIA

It was my fault, we went out and took out a demon last night, then we got a bit carried away, and-

NINA

(sniffs)

Plenty of beers, with a few vodka and coke chasers! I just hope neither of you got carded, you're not twenty-one yet, are you, honey?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Connor slumps, defeated, and Sonia lets out a quick giggle as she makes her way across the room.

NINA (cont'd)
Come on, breakfast's ready. And my
cooking kicks ass, now I can
actually see what I'm doing again...

The girls exit, leaving Connor alone. He looks round the room for a moment, then as a smile starts to creep across his face, he stands and follows them out.

7

INT. HYPERION - LOBBY. MORNING.

7

Nina and Sonia walk down into the lobby of the hotel, where Nina has set up a makeshift dining table across the reception desk.

NINA
You wait here, I'll go get
everything. I got carried away and
made up eggs, bacon, sausages - I
wasn't sure what anybody wanted, so
I made everything!

Nina pats Sonia on the arm as she heads away, then pauses and turns back round. Sonia pauses, wondering why Nina looks so concerned all of a sudden.

NINA (cont'd)
Are you feeling alright, Sonia?
Your arm... well, it was ice cold.

Sonia presses a hand to her forearm, frowns, then presses another to her head.

SONIA
Huh, that's odd... I mean, I've got a
headache hanging round the back of
my skull, but other than that, I
don't feel too bad...

Connor heads into the lobby and picks up on Sonia's concerned look.

CONNOR
What's up?

SONIA
Oh, nothing, I just feel a little,
well... cold.

NINA (O.S.)
Let me see what I can do about
that!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Nina walks back into frame with three plates loaded with a man-sized cooked breakfast each. Sonia's eyes light up and she grabs a fork, greedily wolfing down a rasher of bacon as a bemused Connor watches.

CONNOR

Anybody's think Taylor didn't let you eat properly!

SONIA

He has some pretty out there ideas about rationing and survivalism. I tend to sneak home for a good meal whenever I can! As long as he doesn't-

She's interrupted by her pager BEEPING. With a guilty look, she checks the number and looks to Nina.

SONIA (cont'd)

Um, can I use the phone? I think I'm in trouble.

NINA

Sure, go for it.

As Sonia disappears into Angel's office, Nina watches Connor eat for a moment before Connor blinks and looks back up at her.

CONNOR

What?

NINA

So!

CONNOR

(wary)
Uh-oh...

NINA

Don't worry, I'm not gonna ask for details. I can tell you two had a good night, so that's between you two. Just glad to see you with someone, you know? I was kinda thinking you might be feeling a bit weird about me staying here.

CONNOR

What? No. I mean, what you and Angel do isn't any of my business, but you make him happy, so that's fine by me.

(beat)

But not too happy, else...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NINA
(sighs)
Yeah, I know.

A beat as they carry on eating, before Connor glances toward the office then leans forward, speaking quietly.

CONNOR
There was one thing about last night that was kind of weird, though.

NINA
What?

CONNOR
We found this demon attacking someone not far from here, and we ran over to help, and Sonia, she just pulled this gun, and-

SONIA (O.S.)
Hoo boy...

Connor leans back quickly as Sonia enters the scene and sits back down.

SONIA (cont'd)
I'm in trouble. I'd better go.

NINA
You got enough time to stay and finish breakfast?

SONIA
Yeah, I think I'll...

Sonia trails off, staring blankly down at her plate for a moment. She looks a little spaced out, and then shakes her head and blinks.

SONIA (cont'd)
I'm suddenly not that hungry... uh, sorry, but you two are gonna have to finish this. I've gotta split.

She hops down off the stool as Nina throws a puzzled look at Connor.

Sonia heads up the steps to the front door.

SONIA (cont'd)
(to Connor)
So, I'll see you soon, right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CONNOR

Yeah, hope so.

With a last smile, she turns and leaves. Connor turns back to Nina, now sharing her puzzled expression.

NINA

Something wrong with my cooking?

CONNOR

No, it's great, which makes that all the more weird. She didn't stop eating last night, I think she's got the metabolism of a hummingbird!

Nina frowns, then shrugs and carries on eating.

CONNOR (cont'd)

Oh, did Angel get chance to speak to mom and dad before he left? He said he was going to so he could explain about me staying here, you know, to make sure they were cool about it.

NINA

Yeah, Angel went to see them, explained what was going on, and they wanted you to stay here so Angel can help you understand your powers better. Advantage for him being he's gone through it all with you once already! They said any time you want to swing by, you can, but they're cool about you being here.

Connor nods, satisfied, and finishes his breakfast. He throws one last glance towards the door before we cut to:

8

INT. SONIA'S PARENTS' HOUSE - BATHROOM. MORNING.

8

Sonia combs her hair, a towel wrapped round her and still wet from the shower. She finds a knot and tugs at it, trying to pull it clear.

She freezes, and slowly moves her hand away - and she's pulled out a clump of her hair. Looking down at it with wide eyes, she leans forward and starts checking the rest of her scalp in the mirror - and more hairs are starting to come away.

She steps back, starting to get pretty freaked out, and dashes back into her room.

9 INT. BEDROOM. MORNING.

9

Sonia's room is a modestly furnished and fairly girly place, but the affluence of her parents stands out in the quality of the décor.

Sonia sits down on the bed and carries on picking at her hair, more and more strands falling away as she looks on in horror.

She's hyperventilating, and presses a hand against her chest to steady herself.

A beat, before she registers more surprise, and starts moving her hand across her chest as though searching for a heartbeat.

Now very freaked out, she reaches for the bedside phone and quickly dials in a number.

10 INT. HYPERION - LOBBY. MORNING.

10

Connor steps into frame to answer the phone.

CONNOR

Hello?

SONIA

(filtered; through phone)

Connor? Connor, can you come over? Something... something weird's going on, and I don't know what to do!

CONNOR

Hey, slow down. What's the matter? Are you okay?

SONIA

No, I'm not okay! Look, it's too weird to explain, you've just gotta come over, okay? Bring Nina if you want, I just... I can't call Taylor, I don't want him to find out where I was all night!

CONNOR

Okay, okay, we'll be right over.

Connor hangs up and glances across to Nina.

NINA

What is it?

CONNOR

Sonia's in trouble. Come on, we'd better head over.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NINA

Now? But don't you want to wait for-

CONNOR

Angel'll be back later, I can't wait that long!

(beat)

Alright, you stay here, I'll go. I'll call you when I get there.

NINA

Alright, Connor, watch yourself. Call me if you need any help.

Connor scoops up his jacket and races towards the doors.

11

INT. SONIA'S ROOM. MORNING.

11

Sonia, dressed now but still with damp, messy hair, looks at her reflection, her breathing heavy as she fights off the panic.

She notices something else and leans forward.

Close up on the mirror, and she's breathing directly onto the mirror, looking for something - the mirror should be misting up from her breath, but nothing is happening.

She takes a step back and cups her hands over her mouth, breathing in and out deeply, then takes her hands away, closes her eyes and holds her breath.

After a few beats, she opens her eyes - and realises she isn't breathing. More to the point, she doesn't have to.

Which, of course, just makes her panic all the more, pacing urgently up and down her room.

She's startled by her mother calling her from downstairs.

SONIA'S MOM (O.S.)

Sonia? Your friend Connor from work is here to see you!

SONIA

Okay, mom, send him up!

Connor's footsteps clatter up the stairs before he bursts into the room, heading straight for her.

CONNOR

What is it? What's wrong? You sounded really freaked on the phone, and I-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She doesn't answer, she just grabs his hand and holds it against her chest. Connor doesn't know where to look.

CONNOR (cont'd)
Uh... Sonia? Is this-

SONIA
Ssh! Listen.

Connor shuts up. After a beat, he looks back at her.

CONNOR
I can't hear anything...

SONIA
Nothing? Like, oh, I don't know,
maybe a heartbeat?

Connor frowns and checks again, then pulls his hand back and steps away from her. Sonia's wringing her hands now.

CONNOR
What the- when did that stop?

SONIA
I don't know! I felt weird when we woke up, and I thought I was just hungover, because, you know, we did drink a lot last night, but when I got back here, first my hair started falling out, and then I can't find a pulse, and then... I'm not breathing either!

CONNOR
You're not?

Sonia shakes her head. Connor rubs his chin thoughtfully.

CONNOR (cont'd)
Have you called Taylor?

SONIA
No. That's why I called you, we need to find out what's happened here without him working out I was out with you all night! He'd... he'd kick me out.

CONNOR
Of the UTF? No, he wouldn't do that... would he?

SONIA
I, uh... sneak off a lot. To fight stuff. It's kind of a danger thing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CONNOR

Yeah, I got that last night, what
with your Trinity move shooting
that demon point blank...

Sonia sits on the bed, holding a weary hand to her head.

SONIA

What're we gonna do?

CONNOR

We'll figure it out. Stay cool.

Connor hesitates, then lays an arm gently round her. Sonia
leans closer in to him, looking lost.

12 INT. DARKENED ROOM.

12

A small DOLL is held in frame, next to a flickering candle,
by a scarred man's hand.

MALE VOICE

Let the will slip away... and let her
come to me.

And from that, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

13 INT. SONIA'S ROOM. MORNING.

13

Sonia is at her computer now, rapidly typing away as Connor paces behind her. She pauses and turns to him.

SONIA
Connor? Can you not do that,
please?

CONNOR
Sorry, I... it helps me think.

SONIA
(sighs)
It's okay. Just getting
increasingly strung out over here,
that's all.

CONNOR
What have you found?

SONIA
Well...

Connor leans in for a closer look as the screen comes into view - several busy-looking windows are open.

SONIA (cont'd)
I've used my back door into
Taylor's files to see if I can find
anyone locally who may be able to
help. I mean, LA's full of mystics,
shamans, warlocks, wiccans and other
mystical beings like that, chances
are there's one of them near here
who could help figure out what's
happening to me.

CONNOR
You can do that? Get into his
system?

SONIA
Course! Having my daddy buy me such
an expensive PC was a good head
start, but a few old friends who
are retired hackers showed me some
basic stuff, decryption software,
wireless devices to crack into
phone lines, that kind of thing,
and then I learnt the rest myself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONNOR
I'm impressed!

SONIA
I'll be more impressed if I can
find...
(beat; reads off screen)
Aha! There.

She points - she's opened an address book and has scrolled to the name 'Roland, Corrin R.' and a sub-heading that reads 'Necromancer.'

CONNOR
(raised eyebrow)
A necromancer?

SONIA
Best thing I can find. He's
downtown, we can catch a bus and be
there in about half an hour. You
coming?

CONNOR
Hadn't you better at least report
in before we head off? I mean,
Taylor doesn't need to know
anything was wrong, but the longer
you're gone, more chance he'll
contact Angel, and then we're
busted.

SONIA
Okay... good point. Go wait
downstairs, I'll call him.

Connor straightens up and leaves the room as Sonia takes a deep breath and reaches into her jacket for a bulky-looking walkie-talkie. She thumbs the transmit switch.

SONIA (cont'd)
Base, this is Bombshell, come back.

A beat, before a crackle of static and the reply:

TAYLOR
(filtered; through
handset)
Base here, Sonia, where the heck
are you? I've got two teams
sweeping the city looking for you!

SONIA
(cringes)
Um... would you believe I overslept?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TAYLOR

(beat)

Not really, no. Where are you?

SONIA

Still at home. I had a bad migraine, and I tried to sleep it off, and forgot to check in.

TAYLOR

For twelve hours?!?

SONIA

It was a really, really bad one.

She bites her lip, hoping Taylor will buy the excuse.

TAYLOR

(sighs)

Alright, whatever. Come in soon as you feel you can, we've got plenty to do today. Base out.

Sonia sighs and tucks the handset back into her jacket.

SONIA

He so did not buy that for a second..

She runs her hands through her hair, and tries to gather her thoughts, then reaches under her bed and pulls out a sports bag.

Heading over to her wardrobe, she opens it and pops a hidden switch, and a panel slides up to reveal a variety of weapons - guns, tasers, stakes and the like.

She selects a few items and throws them in the bag, before zipping it up, throwing it over one shoulder and heading back downstairs.

14 INT. RENTAL CAR. DAY.

14

In a car with black-tinted windows, ANGEL drives through the late morning traffic, looking thoughtful from his recent encounter with Buffy.

15 EXT. FREEWAY. DAY.

15

Angel's car passes a 'Welcome to Los Angeles' sign and starts in towards the city centre.

SPIKE (V.O.)

Absolutely no bloody way!

16 INT. OFFICE. DAY.

16

Sunblinds down, this is a large office, a stripped down version of the original Angel Investigations, with one desk, one chair and not much else.

Stomping across the scene comes SPIKE, phone handset in one hand and the rest of it in the other, in the middle of a stressful looking call.

SPIKE

No, I don't care how many you think I owe you, I'm not doing it!

(beat; listens)

Oh yeah? Well try this on, you prat, stuff your job, and stuff you!

He angrily SLAMS the phone down and THROWS it across the office. Hands on hips, he seethes for a moment.

ILLYRIA (O.S.)

Are we still without a mission?

ILLYRIA, sat on top of the room's only desk, watches the frustrated Spike, puzzled as to his reaction.

SPIKE

'Fraid so, pet. The only people who'll offer us anything are low lives and even lower lives. Right now, I think we'd struggle to get carpet stains as regular clients..

ILLYRIA

(looks down)

But our carpets are still clean!

SPIKE

It was a figure of...

(beat; shakes head)

Never mind.

Spike flops down in the chair, hand on his chin. Illyria hops down off the desk and walks up to him.

ILLYRIA

So why do you sit there? Are we to rot, languishing in this hollowed out block of stone and steel, waiting for somebody to take pity on us and bring us a worthy mission?

SPIKE

Since you put it that way... yes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ILLYRIA

I will not live like this! I, who have lived in palaces constructed entirely from the bones and organs of my enemies, reduced to begging for table scraps from those...

(spits the words)

Powers That Be.

SPIKE

I'm starting to think of them more as Powers That Be A Bloody Nuisance, myself! Angel must have had it easy all these years, nobody wants to trust us anymore! Half the town knows we were involved with Wolfram & Hart, and the other half is still working for them!

ILLYRIA

And what do you plan to do? Sit here and fill the air with smoke from those tiny sticks you burn?

Spike eyes her as he taps a cigarette out of its pack.

SPIKE

It helps me think. Your equivalent seems to be marching up and down and issuing eloquently-worded threats to no-one in particular!

Illyria heads for the window, opening the blinds a fraction so she can peer out.

ILLYRIA

So many lost souls... searching for someone to help, and then rejecting their very saviours!

SPIKE

Human nature. We'd rather suffer in silence than cry for help these days.

ILLYRIA

(in Fred's voice)

No more helping the helpless, I guess...

Spike sits bolt upright at the sound of her voice, and Illyria steps away from the window, as though surprised by hearing that voice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SPIKE
(cautiously)
Fred?

ILLYRIA
(hisses)
She is dead! You dare to insinuate
that she lives?

Illyria LUNGES at Spike, wrapping both hands round his throat and lifting him off the ground. Spike struggles against her, but her iron grip is too strong.

ILLYRIA (cont'd)
(furious)
I own this body now! No other! Do
not address me by that... by that
dead being's name again!

She drops him to the floor, and Spike lands heavily, coughing. Illyria turns and walks away.

SPIKE
Wait... wait! Where are you going?

ILLYRIA
Outside. Where I know you cannot
follow. I wish to be alone.

She opens the back door to the office, and Spike jumps back as sunlight falls across half the room.

Framed in the doorway for a moment, Illyria throws one last glance at him and is gone.

Spike mutters as the door closes.

SPIKE
One of these days...

He grunts his displeasure and scoops the phone up off the floor, dialling another number in after a beat.

17 INT. INDOOR MARKETPLACE. DAY.

17

Connor and Sonia push through a drape and into a noisy, dimly lit and smoky indoor market. Various stalls, decked with colourful shades of canvas and flags, are surrounded by humans and demons of all shapes and sizes.

Connor cautiously eyes up some of the larger demons here, who eye him back and GROWL.

CONNOR
You're sure this is the place?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SONIA

This is it. Our man's in here somewhere, we just need to find him.

Sonia stops by a stand of exotic-looking jewellery, manned by a pale-skinned GIRL with red, plaited hair.

SONIA (cont'd)

Hi, we're looking for Corrin Roland?

GIRL

Back wall. Can't miss it - follow your nose.

Sonia nods, gestures to Connor and sets off. He catches up to her as they head for the back wall.

CONNOR

So... you do this sort of thing a lot? Head off by yourself?

SONIA

Yeah, pretty much. That's how me and Taylor first got introduced. We met over a sulac demon a year ago. I was having delusions of grandeur, thinking I could be the next Batgirl or whatever, and he was just settling down as head of the UTF.

CONNOR

So he asked you to join?

SONIA

Yeah, it was either that or he'd have just got me arrested. He said I 'showed potential,' and offered me a job. I still live with my folks, though, that's like my cover. Taylor says he likes to keep somebody 'on the surface' or something.

CONNOR

(smirks)

Sounds like you're a regular secret agent!

SONIA

Yeah, cool, huh? Maybe one day, Jennifer Garner and I can-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VOICE (O.S.)

And there he is at last!

They both freeze and look round.

Looking down at them from a small balcony, set above a plain entrance, is ROLAND, the necromancer. He's a tall, imposing black man, wearing a shawl of muted colours and dotted with silver glyphs and symbols. He grins a broad, toothy smile and holds his hands out towards them.

ROLAND

I wondered when the vampire's child would walk through my doors, and now this day has come!

SONIA

Are you Corrin Roland?

ROLAND

I am he. You must be the junior warrior I have heard of. Come in, I'm ready for your questions.

Roland disappears back through another entrance, and after an exchange of glances Connor and Sonia head through the main doorway.

18 INT. ROLAND'S HOME. DAY.

18

Inside is a small room, lined with uneven wooden planks and filled with french dressers that display all manner of unusual-looking items - lots of things in jars.

Connor and Sonia take a moment to look around, curious.

Roland emerges through a beaded curtain and smiles again as Connor wrinkles his nose up.

CONNOR

(quietly)

That girl was right about the smell...

ROLAND

Welcome! I had forseen your arrival, I am expecting you.

SONIA

Forseen how?

ROLAND

The souls of the dead are connected to this planet, it's timestream past, present and future.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROLAND(cont'd)

The strong ones are able to perceive all things after their passing, and one such as I may communicate with them, and learn from what they have seen.

SONIA

So... you know why we're here.

ROLAND

Indeed.

He strides up to Sonia and holds out a hand. She cautiously places her hand in his, which dwarfs hers, and with two fingers presses her wrist, checking her pulse.

ROLAND (cont'd)

As I suspected. You are in grave danger, young girl, it will take powerful magics to save you.

SONIA

Save me? What from? All I know is-

ROLAND

That you appear to be dead? No beating of your heart? No need for breath? Cold, clammy skin? A general feeling of... fatigue?

SONIA

Well... yeah.

CONNOR

Look, if somebody's done this to her, put some kind of spell on her, or whatever, just point us to the guy and we'll do the rest, thanks.

ROLAND

As you wish, son of the dead.

CONNOR

(beat)

What did you call me?

ROLAND

The offspring of two vampires, creatures of the undead, one with a soul and one without, conceived when one was briefly human, a major event indeed! You are a fascinating being, Connor.

CONNOR

(suspicious)

How did you know my name?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ROLAND

The spirits talk. I listen. They
have much to say about you.

CONNOR

They do? So what do they...
(beat; shakes head)
Never mind. Tell us where to find
whoever did this to her.

Roland holds his hands over a small cauldron on a table in the centre of the room, and after murmuring an incantation steps back as a plume of grey smoke POPS from out of it. He stares at it, as though reading a hidden message, before turning back to the duo.

ROLAND

I hope you have money to travel!

SONIA

Why?

ROLAND

The one you seek, who has placed
this enchantment on the girl,
resides in the homeland of lost
souls.

CONNOR

Iowa?

ROLAND

Close. New Orleans!

SONIA

Oh, great! How are we supposed to
get out there?

CONNOR

(takes over)

Let me worry about that. Next
question - what's happening to her?
Is somebody trying to suck the life
out of her, or-

ROLAND

That's pretty much correct.
Somebody has enlisted the aid of
ancient voodoo magics to place a
hex on young Sonia, a hex that if
left unchecked will drain her
lifeforce, and then her will, in
short order.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SONIA
(freaked)
So... what does that mean?

ROLAND
It means, that unless you can find
the source and break the hex in the
next twenty-four hours... you will be
irrevocably turned into one of the
walking dead.

We push in on Sonia's shocked expression.

SONIA
(beat)
I'm gonna turn into a zombie?!?

And from Sonia's shocked look, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

19 EXT. SPIKE'S OFFICE/STREET. AFTERNOON. 19

Angel's car pulls to a stop outside Spike's office block, and Angel steps out, shaded from the sun by the shadow of a tall building opposite. He checks an address on a scarp of paper, looks round then heads up to the office proper.

20 INT. SPIKE'S OFFICE. NEXT. 20

Looking out from inside the office, Angel TAPS lightly at the door, peering in through the glass panel.

ANGEL

Spike? Illyria? Are you guys here?

He tries the handle - and it's not locked. Angel cautiously steps inside, still looking round.

ANGEL (cont'd)

Spike? Hello? Is anyone-

SPIKE (O.S.)

For the last time, you scaly bugger, we're not babysitting any more of your eggs! Not after the last time-

Spike walks into the office from a back room and freezes as he sees Angel. After a beat, he speaks into the phone.

SPIKE (cont'd)

I'll call you back.

He hangs up and drops the phone on the desk.

SPIKE

(folds arms)

What do you want?

ANGEL

I just came by to-

SPIKE

To what? To try and beg for forgiveness?

ANGEL

No, I just-

SPIKE

(steps forward)

To see if you could worm your way out of what you did?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGEL

Actually, I-

SPIKE

Or maybe, you thought you'd come and rub our noses in it? Yeah, I bet that's it, you wanted to see how bad we're doing without you, didn't you!

ANGEL

(patiently)

Spike?

SPIKE

What?

Angel PUNCHES him, and Spike reels back, shocked.

ANGEL

Will you shut up and let me speak?

Spike rears back to punch him, but Angel holds a hand up and he pauses.

ANGEL (cont'd)

Sorry! I just needed you to stop with all that accusatory crap for a second. I just came here to talk.

SPIKE

Oh yeah, What about?

ANGEL

Everything.

As Spike frowns, looking Angel up and down, we cut to:

21

INT. GREYHOUND BUS. DAY.

21

Connor and Sonia are riding on a crowded Greyhound, the Arizona landscape scrolling past outside. Connor is looking out through the windows, but we pull back a little and pick up Sonia, her mouth hanging open, staring blankly at the back of the seat in front of her.

Connor notices and nudges her, and she jumps, blinking and looking round as if just waking up.

CONNOR

You alright? You zoned out on me!

SONIA

I did? Sorry..
(holds head)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SONIA(cont'd)

It's like it's taking more effort
to concentrate on anything!

CONNOR

Well, this ride isn't helping, for
what it's worth. We're coming up
short on in-flight entertainment!
Here, try some music.

Connor hands her his personal stereo, and she tunes it to a
radio station and puts the headphones on.

We get a brief burst of 'Zombie' by The Cranberries before
she yanks the 'phones off and shoves the stereo back at
Connor.

SONIA

You know what? I think I'm just
gonna try and get some sleep or
something. Wake me when we get
there, okay?

She shuffles round in her seat and wraps her jacket round
her, closing her eyes. We push in on her for a beat.

Her eyes suddenly SNAP open, and she sits up, turning slowly
to look at Connor.

He's slouched back in his seat, facing away from her. She
reaches a hand slowly out to him and starts to turn him
round..

And she SHRIEKS as she sees his throat is a bloody mess, and
Connor is very dead.

Sonia raises her hands, and sees they're covered with blood -
his blood! As she realises she's killed him, she starts to
CRY out, before:

Sonia's eyes SNAP open again, and she sits up.

Everything's as it was, and as she looks to Connor, he's
quietly reading a magazine.

Sweating and nervous, she throws her jacket off her.

CONNOR

What? What is it?

SONIA

Nothing, nothing... bad dreams.

Connor tucks the magazine away as Sonia rubs her eyes.

CONNOR

I think we'll be there in a few
hours, just relax 'till then.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SONIA

How'd you pay for two tickets at such short notice, anyway?

CONNOR

Got Angel to thank for that. From day one at Wolfram & Hart, he told me he started putting a little money aside, little bits of expenses, stuff like that. I think he always knew it was gonna end there one day, and he wanted to make sure was ready for whatever happened afterwards!

SONIA

So he built up his own personal stash? Smart thinking! How much did-

Sonia is suddenly wracked with a coughing fit, and Connor puts one hand on her back as she doubles over, wheezing.

CONNOR

It'll be okay. Roland gave us that thing to help find whoever did this to you, right?

Connor fishes out what looks like a small pendulum, shaped like a human hand, and holds it up to the light.

CONNOR (cont'd)

He gave us an idea of where to look within a few blocks, so we'll use this, find the guy, kick his ass and be home by the morning.

She throws him a hopeful smile.

22

INT. SPIKE'S OFFICE. DAY.

22

Spike paces around, throwing the occasional glare down at Angel, who is seated, watching him.

SPIKE

So that's it? You just waltz in here like the bleedin' Queen Mum, give me some half-arsed apology and expect it to all come up smelling of roses?

ANGEL

I'm just trying to be honest, Spike. I owe you that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPIKE

Owe me? Owe me?

(laughs)

Oh, that's a good one, that is!
What makes you think I give a
monkeys what you have to say about
anything any more? You sold us out,
Angel! We were all fighting, giving
our blood, sweat and tears, and
even our lives to try and keep this
city together. Even when we were on
the run, even when we were losing,
we never gave up, not for one
second, and after one swift half
with Wolfram & Hart, you just make
all that go away?

ANGEL

(scowls)

I don't need you to understand what
I did. I just want you to accept
that I had to make that call.

SPIKE

Is that what they died for? Eh?
Gunn? Wes? Fred So you could bow
down before the Senior Partners and
say 'sorry, sir, I promise not to
do it ever again'?

ANGEL

(cold)

It wasn't like that.

SPIKE

Oh? Really? Well, here's news flash
for you - I don't care. You
betrayed everything we'd sacrificed
over the past year, and you may as
well have turned round and spat on
the graves of the good people we
lost along the way when you did it.

Angel doesn't hear the office door open behind him.

SPIKE (cont'd)

But, me, I'm a believer in karma. I
always think that you get what you
deserve. You signed away the
Shanshu, and at the time it seemed
like this great big injustice, like
the mighty hero would never get his
reward. Well, guess what, bright
eyes. You're never getting that
reward now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ILLYRIA (O.S.)
 (furious)
 You... traitorous worm!

Angel is suddenly thrown through the air as Illyria PUNCHES him and hurls him across the office. Spike cackles as Angel SLAMS into the wall and then the floor.

Illyria marches over, dragging the dazed Angel to his feet and hissing into his face.

ILLYRIA (cont'd)
 You show your face before me again?
 After you tried to give me away to
 your new masters? Me?

ANGEL
 I didn't... I knew you'd...

ILLYRIA
 Enough!

She lifts him and THROWS him bodily through the office window. With a terrific SMASH, Angel sails out into the street outside.

23 EXT. SPIKE'S OFFICE/STREET. DAY.

23

Mercifully shaded from the sun, Angel CRASHES into the roof of his car, groaning as he slides to the ground.

SPIKE
 You... helmet! What did you do that for? Did you just decide you didn't like that window anymore? Who's gonna pay for that?

ILLYRIA
 It is irrelevant. The real problem has been taken care of.

Illyria stomps away, leaving Spike to lean out through the window frame and call down to Angel.

SPIKE
 (smirks)
 You heard the girl. I think it's probably for the best if you don't call round here again.

He leans back and walks away, leaving a cut and bloodied Angel to pick himself up again.

24 EXT. NEW ORLEANS - STREET. NIGHT.

24

Connor leads Sonia by the hand through the crowded streets of downtown New Orleans, the always-lively city buzzing with activity.

Sonia seems to be having difficulty walking, her legs stiff and occasionally dragging behind her. Connor tries to fight through the packed street but gives up and gets the two of them to rest outside a café.

CONNOR

Sonia, look, we're getting nowhere like this, you can barely walk! Why don't we find somewhere for you to sit this out, and I'll go find this guy, and-

SONIA

(slurring her words)
Screw that! You think I'm letting you go running off and maybe getting killed? Then who's gonna help me?

CONNOR

(beat)
Alright. Let's try a different way.

SONIA

What do you- hey!

Connor grabs her and hefts her up onto his back, and she locks her arms and legs round him, piggyback style. After a moment to catch his breath he's back again, barging through the crowds.

Sonia holds out the small pendulum, watching the movements of the hand. She points as it moves again.

SONIA (cont'd)

Left! Down that street!

Connor turns and heads up another road, and we crane upwards and dissolve from the scene to:

25 EXT. NEW ORLEANS - STREETS. LATER.

25

Tired and sweating now, Connor pauses for breath and leans against a wall, and Sonia slides off his back to sit in a heap on the floor. Breathless, he turns to her as she stares intently at the pendulum.

CONNOR

How are we doing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SONIA

We're... we're getting close... it
isn't... isn't moving... so much...

CONNOR

Hey... hey!

Connor SLAPS her lightly on the cheek, and she looks up at him as he takes her head between his hands.

CONNOR (cont'd)

Stay with me, okay? Fight
whatever's attacking you, I need
you focused or we're just gonna get
lost!

She nods, the movement seeming to be a great effort, and within moments he's hoisted her up onto his back again and started walking. We dissolve from them to:

26

EXT. NEW ORLEANS - SHANTY TOWN. NIGHT.

26

A sprawling collection of rickety shacks and precariously-perched buildings, towers and balconies, overlooking the black, glittering sea and full of life in the form of smoke plumes, lights and people milling around. There is a hum of background conversation.

Connor and Sonia head into the scene, pausing at the edge of the town as Connor takes the pendulum.

CONNOR

This must be the place...

The pendulum's hand is pointing dead ahead, and Connor turns to Sonia, looking alarmed as she leans against a wall and then starts to slide down it.

Her skin has gone from pale to a deathly grey as he helps her back up, and she looks like she's been sedated as he tries to carry her along.

Connor paces carefully forward, moving silently and springing from shadow to shadow to avoid being spotted.

With occasional glances down at the pendulum to keep his bearings, he starts to make his way towards a larger shack, roughly in the centre of the community.

As he approaches, he hears VOICES heading towards him and ducks out of sight as two people walk past. Sonia stirs as they do, reaching out to point at one of them.

SONIA

That's... he was my...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONNOR

What? Do you know one of those
guys?

SONIA

(nods)

Ex... boyfriend...

Connor's look darkens as the pieces start to fall into place. Laying Sonia gently out of sight on the ground, he crouches and hurries up to an open window on the shack, listening in.

27

INT. LARGE SHACK. NIGHT.

27

Inside are the two people who passed us - a young white male and an older, crooked black woman, who is wrapped up in shawls and uses a stick as she crosses the cluttered floor of the room.

The white male helps her up onto a large seat, acting respectfully around her.

OLD WOMAN

(thick accent)

De time is upon us, where is your
intended?

MAN

She's... I don't know. I sent some
people to get her from Los Angeles,
but she wasn't there.

OLD WOMAN

Hrmm... you think she come here?
Looking for you?

MAN

Maybe, I don't know. Will... will
this change anything? I mean, will
the spell still...

The Old Woman mutters and shifts in her seat, reaching out to pick up a selection of odd-looking herbs from a nearby desk surface.

OLD WOMAN

De magic I give you is strong, but
not dat strong. We need de girl, but
she just die, and ain't nobody can
bring her back den. You find her
quick, before de time drain away.

MAN

I will.

He bows and starts to leave the shack.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Connor ducks back from the window, looking as concerned as ever as he heads back over to Sonia.

It takes him a few tense moments to get her eyelids to flutter to life again this time.

CONNOR
(whispers)
Sonia? Sonia!

SONIA
(weakly)
Yeah...

CONNOR
I think I've found the guy, he's got some voodoo mama to help him with the spell. I'm gonna go in there, see if I can find something to-

VOICE (O.S.)
Who the hell are you?

Connor jumps up - and three burly men are looking down on him. They fan out, cutting him off as he backs up.

CONNOR
Uh, me? Nobody special, my friend here's sick and I just needed-

MAN
Sonia?

Connor blinks - someone else is joining the scene, the same Man Sonia pointed out a moment earlier.

He looks from Sonia to Connor, and then back, his face twisting with anger.

MAN (cont'd)
That's her! Get them!!

The three men DIVE for Connor, and despite his moves he can't hold them off.

They quickly pin him to the floor as two more men appear, scooping the near-comatose Sonia off the floor and taking her away.

Connor reaches out a hand for her.

CONNOR
Sonia! No! Sonia!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CRACK! As a punch connects with his jaw and takes Connor out of the fight, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

28 INT. LARGE SHACK. NIGHT.

28

Connor comes round, a trickle of dried blood running across his forehead from that last punch.

He tries to sit up but finds he's been securely bound by several loops of thick rope, and his struggles to escape get him nowhere.

He looks around - the inside of the shack is full of the kinds of voodoo paraphernalia you'd expect - large pentagrams painted in blood, a table covered with dead roosters and other animals, candles and most importantly, Sonia on top of a stone table in the centre of the room.

She looks dead, but as she stirs slightly we know she's not gone yet! The Man we saw earlier walks over and tenderly strokes the side of her face.

CONNOR

Get off her!

The Man turns and strides up to Connor, KICKING him once in the gut before squatting down before him.

MAN

Sorry, did you say something? I couldn't hear over all that wheezing noise you're making.

Connor gasps, winded, and glares back up at the Man.

CONNOR

Who... are you?

MAN

Me? Nobody. Just another number in the black book, another chapter in the diary, another page in the photo album. But her?

He stands and walks back over to Sonia.

MAN (cont'd)

She's the real deal See, me and Sonia, we go way back. Four years ago, when we were both still at school, she was one of the sprint team's lead runners, and I was the only kid on the football team who could throw a ball endzone to endzone and hit the target every time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONNOR

(pushes himself upright)

So what's this all about, you want another chance to break some old records?

MAN

(quickly angry)

Don't you talk back to me, you little punk! I could gut you and hang you from your toes before you can say-

OLD WOMAN (O.S.)

Peter! Now is not de time.

The Man, or PETER as we now know him, hesitates then takes a step back as the old woman hobbles into frame, two silver pots in one hand.

She hands them to Peter, and he puts them either side of Sonia, who tries to focus and look up at him.

SONIA

Pe... ter?

PETER

(smiles)

Yeah, honey, it's me. I always said we were gonna get back together one day, and you just didn't know when! You just lie there and relax, this'll all be over soon, and we can get back to LA and pick up where we left off.

Peter heads back over to the old woman, and Connor takes the chance to look round for a way out.

Spotting a row of exposed nails on a nearby packing crate, he carefully shuffles along and starts rubbing the rope around his wrists on them.

The old woman lifts up a large, dusty spellbook and walks over to Sonia, taking out a bone rattle and shaking it as she moves it over Sonia's body.

OLD WOMAN

Samedi, keeper of de keys to the afterworld, lord of your domain of de dead and protector of dere poor, damned souls, take dis vessel for your powers and fill it all up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The woman takes one of the silver bowls - and we see it's filled with blood - and dabs two fingers in it, using them to draw mystical symbols on Sonia's exposed skin.

Seeing that he needs to slow the ceremony down, Connor whistles and calls out to Peter.

CONNOR

Hey... hey! You! Peter, was it?

PETER

(turns)

Yes?

CONNOR

So what's the story here? How'd you two break up? I don't know Sonia too well, we never covered her exes or any stuff like that. I mean, I figure you two must have had something pretty major if you're prepared to turn your old girlfriend into a fricken zombie to get her back!

Peter stiffens for a moment, incensed, but with a grin shakes his head and paces over to Connor.

PETER

Nice try. Get me worked up, make a break for it, huh? You're too late, hero. In the next few minutes, the spell will mature and she'll be mine again. You see, you're probably too stupid to grasp the concept of having a soulmate, but that's what me and Sonia are. She just never saw it, that's why she thought she had to break up with me, she-

CONNOR

She thought she had to break up with you? And I suppose you reckon she'd be perfectly fine with the idea of being a George Romero extra for the rest of her life, just because you wanted her back?

PETER

(beat)

We all have to make a few sacrifices.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CONNOR

Yeah, I see. Just one thing that I still need to say, though.

Connor leans forward, and so does Peter.

PETER

And what's that?

CONNOR

(quietly)

Dude... your knots suck.

POW! Connor's now freed hands whip round, slamming the bundles of rope off the side of Peter's head and knocking him to the ground with a crash.

Connor is up and heading for Sonia in a second, but the old voodoo mama just raises a hand and shouts a phrase in African, and Connor freezes, pinned to the spot.

His hands go to his throat, and he's gagging as the woman continues chanting, her eyes locked on him.

Connor's fading away, his struggles weakening...

When with a ROAR, Sonia throws herself up off the table, bowling the mama to the floor and breaking the spell.

Connor is released, but only gets a moment before Peter dives at him, and the two SLAM into the stone table, spilling the bowls of blood as they fight.

The old woman struggles to heave Sonia's dead weight off her, Sonia having used the last of her energy.

Peter gets the edge, pinning Connor down and landing three solid punches before Connor throws him off again.

Dazed, Connor staggers to his feet - his eyes fall on the desk near the stone table, and as he stumbles towards it he spies the voodoo doll we saw earlier.

He can't get any closer, as Peter lifts up a heavy iron candelabra and WHACKS it off Connor's back, dropping him.

Peter, catching his breath, stands over the downed Connor victoriously.

PETER

See that? See that? That's true love, man! I'd die for this girl, and she'd die for me! She just needed to realise what she was missing!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

The old woman drags Sonia to her feet and prepares to shove her back onto the table, when Sonia's eyes suddenly flick open.

She bares her teeth and HISSES, an unnatural sound, and before the mama can react, Sonia LUNGES forward and BITES into her exposed arm.

The mama SHOUTS in pain and staggers backwards, and Sonia collapses to the floor again.

Peter hasn't noticed any of this, as he's too busy positioning himself over the stunned Connor to deliver the killing blow with the candelabra.

PETER (cont'd)

I'm not gonna let anything get in
my way this time, you hear me?
Nothing!

Crawling along with Sonia's eye view, she claws her way across the floor towards Peter, closing in on his ankle.

Peter raises the candelabra to strike - and then HOWLS in pain and staggers backwards.

Sonia has clamped her teeth firmly onto his ankle, blood dripping from the wound as Peter hops, frantically trying to pull her away from him.

Connor recovers and slowly gets up, eyes widening as he sees the feral Sonia biting Peter.

Quickly coming to his senses, he snatches up the voodoo doll from the table and holds it over a large oil burner nearby, turning back to Peter.

CONNOR

Sorry, man, but I think you're
about to find out that true love's
kinda overrated.

As Peter shouts again, Connor dips the doll into the burner - and it bursts into flames.

Sonia releases Peter, who falls to the floor, howling in agony and clutching his wounded ankle. She shakes her head and tries to stand, woozy but clearly already starting to return to her normal.

Connor helps her up.

SONIA

Connor? What did... where am I?
(touches lips)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

SONIA(cont'd)

Oh, God, why is there blood in my mouth?

CONNOR

You got knocked down, hit your face pretty hard, you'll be fine. Come on, I think we'd better get out of here, before-

OLD WOMAN (O.S.)

Nobody leaves! 'Specially no interferin' children like you!!

Connor and Sonia slowly and reluctantly turn round to see the voodoo mama back on her feet, her long, grey hair billowing out behind her and one hand raised as she starts to literally conjure up a storm!

Connor senses what's coming and is already starting to move towards the exit.

CONNOR

Uh-oh... get down!!

He DIVES down, dragging Sonia with him, as the mama conjures up a lightning FLASH that misses the duo by inches, but hits the mama's chair instead, which promptly erupts into flames.

Connor drags Sonia up and races for the door, ducking down as the mama fires again.

In a slow-mo action shot, Connor throws one arm up in defence as the rows of shelves of spell ingredients SHATTER in a shower of sparks and broken glass.

29 EXT. NEW ORLEANS - SHANTY TOWN. NIGHT.

29

As licks of flame start to creep out of the shack's windows, Connor and Sonia race out of frame, alarm bells starting to ring as the rest of the town's dwellers leave their homes and rush towards the blaze.

We fade out, and come back up on:

30 INT. NEW ORLEANS - BUS STATION. MORNING.

30

Still looking worn out and bruised, Connor walks away from the cafeteria section with two armfuls of wrapped food and drinks.

He finds Sonia, shivering despite the heat and layers of clothing, sitting by a window overlooking a nearby forest.

She gratefully snatches the food off him and starts devouring it as Connor sits down, wincing with pain. He grins as he watches her eat and slurp her drink, waiting for a pause so he can speak.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONNOR

So...

SONIA

Yeah... look, just talk, I've gotta eat. My body's got too many meals to make up for for me to stop!

CONNOR

Okay. So who was Peter, anyway?

SONIA

Huh! Jerk I dated for, like, two weeks in high school. He started getting all crazy on me so I had to let the guy go. He stalked me for a few months until he eventually got transferred. I think I heard someone say he'd ended up here, but I guess now we know what he was doing with his time!

CONNOR

Looks that way! I get the feeling we won't be seeing him around for a while, though.

(beat)

How are you feeling?

SONIA

Hungry. And cold.

(beat; smiles)

But glad you were there.

CONNOR

Hey, what was I going to do, let him turn you into his own personal slave?

SONIA

I know plenty of men who'd have jumped at the chance!

CONNOR

Well, I'm not 'plenty of men.'

SONIA

Yeah, I'm starting to see that...

A beat as Connor watches her eat, then a Greyhound bus pulls into the station and he stands, helping her up.

Sonia stuffs the rest of her food into her bag as they join the queue for the bus, its display reading 'Los Angeles - Non Stop.'

31 INT. GREYHOUND BUS. DAY.

31

Settled in for the journey, Sonia shuffles up to Connor and rests her head on his shoulder.

SONIA

Listen, I'm just gonna doze all the way back to LA, alright?

(grins)

Don't get any ideas.

CONNOR

Who, me? Perfect gentleman. Learned it from my dad.

Sonia smirks up at him again, then closes her eyes and beds down. Connor watches her for a beat, then turns to look out through the window.

Sonia reaches out with one hand and takes one of his, and as they lock their fingers together, Connor looks pretty darn satisfied indeed.

We pull away from the happy couple and walk further down the bus, towards the rear, where we can just make out one figure, a young, punkish-looking girl with black, spikey shoulder-length hair and big shades.

Anyone who was in Cleveland last year would recognise her - this is SKYE, and it seems she's also bound for Los Angeles as well. She lifts up a copy of 'SFX' magazine, before we hear the engine start, and we cut to:

32 INT. LARGE SHACK. DAY.

32

Back inside the voodoo mama's shack, the fire damage now under control. Peter is laid out on the stone table now, and we pick up the mama, a bandage wrapped round her arm as she mutters more incantations.

She's painting more of those symbols on his exposed arms and face with her fingers, dipped in a pot of blood, and as she finishes up she stands back and examines her creation proudly.

OLD WOMAN

And now... rise up!

Peter's eyes slowly open, but there's something not right about his gaze as he stiffly sits bolt upright. The old woman rubs her hands together and grins.

OLD WOMAN (cont'd)

Now, foolish child, it's time you learned a little respect!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We push in close on Peter's blank, emotionless gaze as the mama's voodoo magic starts to take hold of him, before we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW