

ANGEL

"Another Day In LA"

by
Lee A. Chrimes

(c) 2004 Monster Zero Productions

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. GREYHOUND BUS. NIGHT.

1

CONNOR and SONIA are fast asleep on the bus, Sonia leaning her head on Connor's shoulder, his jacket lain across them both. The bus hits a pothole and BOUNCES, waking up several passengers, including Connor.

He looks around and blinks as he comes to, then glances down at the still fast asleep Sonia and grins. He peers out through the bus window but it's dark outside, just the odd light scrolling past.

Sonia stirs and sits up, her hair sticking up. Connor manages not to chuckle at it as she yawns and looks over to him with a tired but happy smile.

SONIA

Hey.

CONNOR

Good evening. You get to sleep okay?

SONIA

Yeah, out like a light soon as my head hits the pillow! Although in this case, the pillow was your shoulder, which was also surprisingly comfortable... Can I borrow your arm for when I can't sleep?

CONNOR

I'm sure we can come to an arrangement!

She grins again and reaches up to get her bag down from the overhead luggage rack, rooting noisily through it.

CONNOR (cont'd)

What are you looking for?

SONIA

The rest of that food we got earlier, I'm starving!

CONNOR

(raises eyebrow)

You just woke up!

Sonia throws him a look, as if to say 'and?'

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As Sonia starts retrieving some greasy wrapped food, we walk back up towards the rear of the bus to see SKYE, a teenage girl with black plaited hair, a punky look to her outfit and a cell phone in one hand as she makes a call.

After a few beats, she makes an irritated click with her tongue and fishes out an address book from her jacket pocket, checking the number and dialling again.

2 INT. HYPERION - LOBBY. NIGHT. 2

The phone on the reception desk is ringing, but there's nobody there to answer it. A shower can be heard running upstairs, and as the phone rings on the main lobby doors open to reveal ANGEL, back from his trip to Cleveland.

He hears the phone and dashes over.

ANGEL
Angel Investigations, we help the-
(beat)
Hello?

3 INT. GREYHOUND BUS. NIGHT. 3

Skye is tucking her phone away, looking less than happy.

4 INT. HYPERION - LOBBY. NIGHT. 4

Angel shrugs and puts the phone back down as NINA appears at the balcony overhead, wet from the shower.

NINA
Oh, hi, Angel! Did I just hear the
phone ringing?

ANGEL
Yeah, they'd already hung up.

NINA
How was Cleveland?

ANGEL
Dark. And it didn't smell great,
either. I'll tell you about it
later.

NINA
Did you give Buffy that scroll
thing that got posted here?

ANGEL
Yeah, I did. It's up to her what
she makes of it now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NINA

Okay. Well, just let me finish up
and I'll be right down!

She disappears back into the bathroom as Angel looks round the lobby. Something occurs to him.

ANGEL

(calls back upstairs)
Is Connor here?

NINA (O.S.)

Uh, not yet, he and Sonia had to go
run an, er... errand, they should be
back any minute.

ANGEL

Oh, okay.
(looks round lobby)
I was kind of hoping for a bigger
welcome...

We cut away from Angel to:

5

INT. BUS STATION. NIGHT.

5

The Greyhound pulls to a stop with a HISS of air brakes, and the doors swing open to let the passengers off.

Connor and Sonia disembark, bags slung over their shoulders, chatting.

CONNOR

So I'm gonna head back to the Hotel
now, I think Dad'll be home by now.

SONIA

Yeah, I'd better get back to
Taylor, he's probably started
putting dragnets in the river
looking for me by now!

CONNOR

So...

SONIA

Yeah...

An awkward beat. Then, with a last smile, the two turn and walk their separate ways. As they leave the frame, Skye steps into view, looking up and down the bus station's interior.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SKYE

(mutters)

'Go to LA, find Angel,' she says,
'he'll be able to help,' she says.
Yeah, right...

With a last glance around the station, she hefts her bag up onto her shoulders and heads away.

But she doesn't see the SHADOWY FIGURE watching her from a dark corner of the station, who surreptitiously lifts a walkie-talkie from his pocket and speaks into it.

SHADOWY FIGURE

It's me. Tell Mr. Kitridge that
she's here.

He clicks the handset off again and watches Skye walk away for a beat, before we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

6 EXT. STREET/HYPERION. NIGHT.

6

Connor heads into frame and up towards the front steps of the hotel. He sees Nina sitting out there and sits down beside her.

CONNOR

Hey.

NINA

Hi, honey. Good trip?

CONNOR

Yeah, we sorted everything out.

NINA

So what was it? Is Sonia okay now?

CONNOR

Oh, yeah, just some crazy ex-boyfriend using voodoo to turn her into his zombie slave girl.

NINA

(raises eyebrow)

Huh.

(beat)

So did she thank the hero of the day with a kiss at all?

CONNOR

(sighs)

Uh... no, no she didn't.

NINA

There'll be other times. I can tell she likes you, Connor, you just need to hang in there.

CONNOR

Yeah, well... we'll see. Is Dad back?

NINA

Yeah, he's inside. I was just getting some air and taking a look around. I mean, I know I wasn't blind for very long, but-

CONNOR

But even this place looks better afterwards, right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She smiles at him, and with a nod he gets up and heads indoors. Nina stays on the steps, soaking in the view.

7 INT. HYPERION - LOBBY. NIGHT.

7

Connor walks into the lobby and drops his bag down on the counter as Angel heads down the stairs, looking happy to see his son again.

ANGEL

Hey, Connor!

CONNOR

Hi. Sorry for running off without saying anything, I know you-

ANGEL

Don't worry about it. Nina told me you and Sonia had to go take care of something?

CONNOR

Yeah. It's... well, you know. Taken care of.

An unspoken moment as the two boys look at each other - Angel knows there's more to this story but is glad just to have Connor back for now.

CONNOR (cont'd)

How was Buffy?

Angel is about to answer when Nina walks back inside.

ANGEL

(evasive)

Uh, well, she was, you know... fine.

CONNOR

'Fine'? Is that it?

Angel tries to indicate that Nina's walked back in, and now really isn't the time to discuss his dad's ex, but Connor doesn't pick up on it.

CONNOR (cont'd)

I mean, come on, Dad, you two go way back, seeing her again after all this time must have been-

NINA

Yeah, Angel, how was that? You kinda avoided the subject earlier...

Angel looks like he's hoping the ground will open up as Nina steps past Connor. She winks at him to play along.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGEL

She- I mean, we didn't- I didn't
get time to- hadn't we better
unpack your things, Connor?

NINA

(grins)

You are so easy to wind up!

She walks past Angel, patting him on the shoulder. He sighs heavily and looks back to Connor.

CONNOR

We'll talk later.

ANGEL

(relieved)

Yeah, later is good.

We leave Angel out on the balcony and cut to:

8

INT. BAR. NIGHT.

8

As The Tea Party's "Temptation" plays, we pan across the busy downtown bar and pick up Skye, alone at the counter as she leafs through a small map of the city.

A shadow falls across her, but she doesn't look up.

SKYE

Whoever you are, I'm busy, so this
can wait.

MS. COLLINS (O.S.)

Oh, I don't think it can, sweetie.

Skye freezes and slowly looks up - standing over her is one of her old teachers from Cleveland High, Ms. Collins.

SKYE

(cold)

You again. Haven't you got tired of
trying to convert me yet?

Ms. Collins smiles and absently buffs her hair as Skye's look darkens and she goes back to her papers.

MS. COLLINS

He won't help you, you know. Buffy
may have sent you all the way out
here to find him, but what do you
think is going to happen when you
walk through his doors? That he'll
welcome you with open arms, let you
into his little Fang Gang or
whatever you want to call them?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MS. COLLINS(cont'd)

You're evil, Skye. You're a killer. There's a demon inside you, just like every other beast and fiend lurking out of sight, waiting in the shadows. That's where you belong.

SKYE

(hisses)

Leave me alone!!

As far as the rest of the bar is concerned, Skye's shouting at empty air - they can't see Collins next to her. Skye realises this, and with a few furtive glances round hunches back down, trying not to attract any more attention to herself.

Ms. Collins leans in close and whispers into her ear.

MS. COLLINS

Talking to yourself, now, too? That's one of the first signs of going crazy, you know. So is having conversations with dead people!

SKYE

(controlling her anger)

I don't want to hear it. Whatever lies you're trying to cram into my head, it's not gonna work. I'm a Slayer, and my job in this world is to wipe out everything that works for you. And one day...

(glares at Collins)

... one day I'm gonna get a chance to wrap my hands round your neck, and then I'll shut you up for good.

MS. COLLINS

(unfazed)

Very dramatic, Skye, if I was corporeal I admit I'd be mildly concerned. Thing is, Miss Underwood - that is what you're calling yourself now, isn't it? Trying to change your surname so nobody can trace you back to your family? Did you really think I wouldn't be able to find them and have them killed if I wanted to?

Skye closes her eyes, not wanting to hear this. A tear rolls down her cheek as she turns back to Ms. Collins.

SKYE

(stern)

I want you... to get out of my face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Ms. Collins smirks but doesn't look like she's going.

BARTENDER (O.S.)
Hey, kid, listen...

Skye looks up at the bartender, but when she looks back, Ms. Collins has vanished. Skye throws a few glances round, then sighs and turns back to the barkeep.

SKYE
What?

BARTENDER
It's like this. I'm cool with you being here even though you're not twenty-one, long as you stay on the Cokes, but my boss? He's gonna be here any minute and he'll freak if he sees a minor in here. So sorry, but...

SKYE
But you're kicking me out.

The bartender nods and makes a 'sorry, kid' shrug at her. Skye scoops up her bag, stuffs the papers into it and hops off the bar stool. A few clients watch her exit.

9

INT. FANTHORPE'S ORPHANAGE. NIGHT.

9

Inside the brightly-coloured classroom is a small group of kids, chattering and playing quietly.

Sat apart from them in one corner is JOE, a brown-haired six-year-old boy who doesn't seem to be concerned at his isolation. He's staring intently down at a pad of paper in front of him, a mound of crayons piled beside him.

Watching them are SANDRA and ANNIE, the two women who run the nursery. Sandra is middle-aged and tall with blonde hair, while Annie is short, fat and pretty unpleasant.

SANDRA
That can't be normal. All he ever does is just stare at those papers!

ANNIE
That's what you get with these foster kids. Never know where they've been brought up, or what kinds of nonsense has been filling their heads while they've been shunted from one home to the next. We need to keep an eye on that one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SANDRA

Oh, I wouldn't say that, he seems harmless enough-

ANNIE

At first! They always do. Then those are the ones who grow up into troublemakers and firestarters! I've seen it a hundred times.

Joe pauses for thought, looking round the room.

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

He'll bring nothing but trouble on himself.

Something is happening on the paper - writing and drawing is starting to appear on it, without Joe touching it at all! He glances across at the pile of crayons, picks out a red one, and holds it tightly in one hand - and the drawing on the page changes to red!

Joe smiles as he watches the colours and lines dance on the paper, none of the other kids being near enough to see what's going on.

10

EXT. LA STREET. NIGHT.

10

Jacket pulled tight against the chill wind, Skye walks down a quiet and lonely street, a sheet of paper in one hand as she follows its directions.

She stops at the end of the street, looking down two identical roads and then down at her map - she's lost.

With a grunt of annoyance, she flips the map over her shoulder and starts walking.

She doesn't see the three people tailing her, sneaking through the shadows and closing in on her.

Skye walks on but then slows down and stops, turning slowly round to look behind her. She's sensed something, she just isn't sure what.

After a beat, she starts walking again, but we see two dark shadows dash across the frame, and she freezes, spinning on the spot, fists up and ready.

SKYE

Okay, come on out! I've had a really long fricken day, and I just wanna get this over with so I can find this stupid hotel, and-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VAMPIRE #1 (O.S.)

Man, you're full of fire, ain't ya,
little sister?

From out of the shadows step three VAMPIRES, long, straggly hair, sneering with vamped-out grins as they size up their next meal.

VAMPIRE #2

I like the ones who put up a fight.
They taste like salsa!

VAMPIRE #3

(beat; to Vamp #2)
Say what?

Vampire #2 shrugs, and then as one the trio converge on Skye. She grins as she takes a step back, then with one quick swing draws a stake, holding it up and ready.

The vampires all pause, glancing at each other.

SKYE

That's right! I'm a Slayer. Who
knew?

VAMPIRE #1

(shrugs)
We see a lot of 'em around.

VAMPIRE #2

(proudly)
I killed one last month!

VAMPIRE #1

So looks like you get to be Number
Two, hot stuff! You ready to play?

SKYE

Ask me that again when I'm cleaning
your ashes off my stake.

The first two Vamps leap to the attack, but Skye's ready, and with two rapid kicks knocks them both to the ground.

Vamp #3 charges in, but Skye backhands him, and as he staggers back she stuns him with an uppercut and stakes him in one fluid motion.

She spins round as he dusts to face the other two. They exchange worried looks, then turn tail and run.

With an exasperated sigh, Skye gathers up her bag and takes off in pursuit.

11 EXT. LA - GAS STATION. NIGHT.

11

The two vampires dash across the gas station forecourt with Skye in pursuit, one slowing down as he passes a civilian filling up his car.

Vamp #2 knocks the man down with one punch and snatches the fuel nozzle out of his hands, reaching into his pocket for a lighter.

VAMPIRE #1
What the hell are you doing?

VAMPIRE #2
Seeing how hot this little tamale
likes it!

Flicking on the Zippo, he sprays fuel from the nozzle and combines the two to make a huge, very erratic gout of flame. He cackles as he swings the makeshift flamethrower towards the incoming Skye.

Skye YELPS and dives to the floor, the heat from the flames singeing her as she rolls out of the way.

VAMPIRE #2 (cont'd)
(laughing)
Flame grilled Slayer, man! Come on!

The gas station attendant runs for cover as Skye races round the forecourt, trying to dodge the arm of fire sweeping lazily after her.

She spots a rack full of sets of discount golf clubs and grabs one, aiming up above the vampire's head.

VAMPIRE #2 (cont'd)
Sports ain't gonna save you now,
little girl!

Skye just smirks, rears back and THROWS the golf club up towards the station's roof.

The vampires watch it fly above them - until it hits one of the large lights overhead which EXPLODES in a shower of sparks.

Live electrical cables spill down from the roof, landing squarely on Vamp #2, who shudders and ROARS as the electricity surges through him. He drops his lighter and the fuel hose, and the flames die down.

Skye strolls casually over and stakes Vamp #2's quivering body, before spinning the stake in her hand and standing before the now-shocked Vamp #1.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SKYE
Pretty enlightening, huh?

Skye grins - and VAMPS OUT! Vamp #1 takes another step back as Skye reveals her true nature.

VAAMPIRE #1
B-but... you're a- you've-

SKYE
Yeah, I know. Vampire and a Slayer.
Go figure.

She LUNGES forward and stakes him, and he dusts with one last groan. Skye wipes her stake clean and tucks it back into her jacket.

SKYE (cont'd)
I think I'm gonna like this town..

She claps her hands together to clean them and starts to walk back towards the city centre.

She freezes as two black vans SCREECH to a stop either end of the forecourt, and their doors open to reveal TAYLOR and five of his squad, armed and not looking in the mood for polite conversation.

SKYE (cont'd)
Uh-oh...

She starts backing up as Taylor cocks his stake-shotgun and aims it at her.

SKYE (cont'd)
(off gun)
I should probably warn you, that
won't-

TAYLOR
Can it, vampire. You say one more
word that isn't either 'I,' 'Give,'
or 'Up,' and you're history.

Skye takes a step back, hands raised. Her eyes flick down to the golf clubs just next to her.

Taylor's men encircle her and close in, weapons ready.

SKYE
So I probably shouldn't say..

In a flash, she's hooked her foot round one of the golf bag's straps, flipped it into the air and KICKED it towards Taylor, who can't move before it thwacks into him, sending him to the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SKYE (cont'd)

... fore!!

She breaks for it as Taylor's men OPEN FIRE, shotgun bullets and crossbow bolts thudding into the gas station wall behind her as she sprints for cover.

One of Taylor's men helps him up - and he looks mad. He points after the escaping Skye.

TAYLOR

Get her!

They all race after her, and from that we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

12 EXT. LA - ALLEY. NIGHT. 12

Skye dashes into frame, scrabbling down an alleyway and racing towards us, only to see a high wire fence blocking off the end of the alley.

She skids to a halt and looks behind her - Taylor's men are just entering the alley, closing fast.

She looks back up at the fence, then hunches down and LEAPS into the air - jumping far higher than your average girl would be able to.

She's just swinging one leg over the top of the fence when the first of her pursuers reach it, and she drops neatly to the floor and turns to grin at them.

SKYE

Sorry, guys, but I've gotta go find me an Angel!

She races away as Taylor arrives at the fence, breaking out a pair of wire cutters and attacking the fence.

13 EXT. LA - STREET. NIGHT. 13

Breathless, Skye races down another uncaring city street, throwing looks over her shoulder every few steps.

As a result, she doesn't look where she's going and barrels straight into SPIKE, who drops his two brown paper grocery bags with a startled shout.

SPIKE

Watch where you're goin,' luv!

He huffs and stoops to pick up his groceries, not having looked properly at Skye yet as she stands back up.

SPIKE (cont'd)

(mutters)

Bloody kids tearing up and down the streets... like living in a cartoon!

He stands up and looks across - and makes eye contact with Skye at last. She looks back. Spike is lost for words, his mouth opening and closing like a fish.

SPIKE (cont'd)

I... you... er...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SKYE

(frantic)

Please, you've got to help me!
These guys, they're after me, and-

SPIKE

Alright, calm down. Who's after
you?

SKYE

I don't know, these two teams of
guys, they just jumped out of these
vans after I'd dusted those two vam-
(catches herself)
Uh, I mean, after I'd just fought
off those two muggers, and then-

TAYLOR (O.S.)

There!!

Skye looks round, fearful, and steps back so Spike is between
her and Taylor's men.

SKYE

Help me!

SPIKE

Don't worry, pet, that's what I'm
here for.

Spike raises an eyebrow as an out-of-breath Taylor huffs into
frame, rolling his eyes as he sees Spike.

TAYLOR

Oh, great. You.

SPIKE

Feeling's mutual, mate! What's the
ruckus with you and the bird, then?

TAYLOR

The what?

SPIKE

The girl..

Spike indicates Skye, still tensed like a coiled spring and
ready to fight or flee.

TAYLOR

Vampire. I know you like to stick
to your own kind, but we caught her
about to try and burn down a gas
station, so she's our game now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SKYE
(offended)
Burn down a- hey, now wait a
minute!

SPIKE
(to Skye)
You're a vampire?

She nods, and he turns back to Taylor.

SPIKE (cont'd)
I've got a better idea. Why don't
you and the Banana Splits here turn
round and march back to your little
hidey hole, and let me take care of
this.

Taylor grits his teeth, but then one of his men, listening to
an earpiece, whispers something to Taylor, and he nods back
to him.

TAYLOR
Alright, freak, you're in luck,
we're needed across town. Do what
you want with her, just don't
expect any sympathy if she sets
fire to your ass and uses you for
charcoal.

SPIKE
(wry grin)
Oh, I think I can handle myself.

With a last disgruntled look, Taylor turns and leads his men
away, and Spike turns back to Skye.

SKYE
Thank you, I-

Spike holds up a hand for her to stop talking.

SPIKE
Stop right there. Not another word
till we get back to my offices, all
right? Then you can explain to me
why that wannabe Stallone was so
interested in you!

Spike starts off in the opposite direction, and after a
moment's hesitation Skye follows.

14 INT. SPIKE'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

14

Spike unlocks and opens the office door, holding it open for Skye. He drops the grocery bags down on the table and flicks a few lights on.

SPIKE
It's only a little place, but we're
hoping to expand when we-

He turns on the last light - and jumps a mile as ILLYRIA is revealed, sitting silently at Spike's desk.

SPIKE (cont'd)
Yow!
(beat; scowls)
Why are you lurking in the dark?

ILLYRIA
(quietly)
Trying not to remember.

Illyria notices Skye, who is captivated by the demon's appearance. Illyria stands and strides over to her.

ILLYRIA (cont'd)
What is this?

SPIKE
She's-

SKYE
I'm Skye. Skye Ca- Skye Underwood.
And you?

Illyria looks her up and down a moment before turning back to Spike.

ILLYRIA
We do not need a stray under our
roof.

SPIKE
She's not a stray, Blue, she's a
client! She was being chased by
Taylor and his goons, I managed a
heroic rescue.

SKYE
What, by standing in the way so I
nearly ran you over?

SPIKE
(beat)
Something like that, yeah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SKYE

Sorry. I'm just a bit... kinda strung out, still. Haven't had any action like tonight for weeks now, so when the juices get going again, it's just like 'whooh!' Instant high!

Spike eyes Skye as she visibly starts to relax, dropping her bag on the floor and taking the only other chair in the room. Illyria paces off screen.

SKYE (cont'd)

So, you said you run, like, a detective firm here?

SPIKE

Yep. Spike Investigations. I'm Spike.

SKYE

Nice place. How's business?

SPIKE

Honestly? You're the first worthy cause we've had through that door since we set up shop a few weeks ago.

SKYE

I'm honoured! So can I request your help in something then?

SPIKE

That's why I'm here.

SKYE

It's pretty simple, really, I probably could have done it myself if that Taylor guy hadn't shown up right after those vampires did, but I'm looking for the Hyperion.

Spike frowns at the mention of the place.

SPIKE

And why, exactly, do you want to go there? Nothing in there but-

SKYE

Angel?

SPIKE

(scowls)

Yeah. Backstabbing, double crossing little lap dog that he is.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SKYE

Did I miss something? Buffy told me-

SPIKE

(and now interested
again!)

Buffy? You spoke to her? How is
she?

SKYE

(eyes him)

Uh... she's fine, I guess, she didn't
kill me when we fought, but I don't
think we're gonna have a sleepover
any time soon... do you and Buffy
know each other?

Spike grins smugly and fishes out a cigarette.

SPIKE

You could say that.

SKYE

(sees through his act)

Oh. Old girlfriend?

Spike freezes, his poker face rumbled. He nods once and
lights the cigarette.

SKYE (cont'd)

Cool. She's a nice girl. You know,
for someone who impaled me on a
fricken tree to see if it'd kill me
or not, anyway...

SPIKE

She did what?

SKYE

Oh, man, it's a long story. Take me
to this Angel guy and I'll tell you
on the way, Buffy said he was the
guy I should see.

SPIKE

That prat won't be able to give you
anything I can't, trust me. If
you're in town for help, then I'm
your man.

SKYE

Really? 'Cause, no offence, but you
seem kinda...

SPIKE

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SKYE

Unprofessional. Reckless. And irresponsible. And jealous, too.

SPIKE

Yeah, well... let's just say Angel and I had a disagreement, now he has his business and I've got mine, and never the twain shall meet.

Skye YAWNS and stretches out like a lazy kitten.

SPIKE (cont'd)

Look, you're obviously bushwhacked, so let me put you up for the night, and if you still really want to, we can go see Angel tomorrow. There's a spare room upstairs you can crash in.

SKYE

Okay, cool. Thanks.

Skye stands, gathers her bag and heads up a staircase at the rear of the office. Spike stays in thought for a second until Illyria steps back into frame.

ILLYRIA

Is the child staying here?

SPIKE

She's not a child, she's a client. And clients pay. You may not be the materialistic type, but I am, and we've barely got enough left in the kitty to keep the plaster up at the moment. We need all the clients we can get!

ILLYRIA

There is something strange about her. Some kind of power I found familiar, but could not place.

SPIKE

We'll find this out in the morning. Right now, I'm going to put these bits of shopping away and go to bed for as much of tomorrow as I can get away with.

Spike picks up his grocery bags and heads off screen. Illyria pauses, looking thoughtful, before she follows.

15 INT. SPIKE'S ROOM. MORNING.

15

Spike is fast asleep in bed as a loud KNOCKING sound is heard. His eyes spring open and he sits up, looking round and scratching the back of his head.

The KNOCKING continues, and with a few muttered words Spike swings out of bed, pulls on a pair of jeans and heads for the door.

SPIKE
 Alright, alright! Bloody hell, if
 you're trying to raise the dead,
 you've-

He opens the door, and is greeted by the smiling HARMONY.

SPIKE (cont'd)
 ... managed.
 (beat)
 Harmony?

HARMONY
 Hi, honey! Just woke up?

SPIKE
 I- you- what?

HARMONY
 I know, I should've called first or
 something, but I figured I should-

Harmony SQUEAKS as Spike grabs her round the throat and SLAMS her against the bedroom wall.

HARMONY (cont'd)
 ... just swing by?

SPIKE
 You evil little harpy! You sold us
 out! You're as bad as bloody Angel!

HARMONY
 I was only- huh?

SPIKE
 Just so you know, I hold you and
 him personally responsible for Wes
 and Gunn getting killed, so you've
 got about five seconds to stammer a
 few last words before I stake-

HARMONY
 (quickly)
 I'll pay you if you help me!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

That does the trick. Spike releases her and steps back. Harmony coughs and rubs her sore neck.

HARMONY (cont'd)
Geez, aggressive much?

SPIKE
Don't push it, Harm. Tell me what you came here for before I ask Illyria to eject you from the premises. And believe me, she's not very happy with you either.

HARMONY
I'm trying to track someone down.

SPIKE
For Wolfram & Hart? Why would we want to help them?

HARMONY
No, silly, I'm freelance now, like you. Angel fired me, remember? I mean, I know that technically, yes, I did sleep with Marcus and kind of give away your big plan and all, but, you know, you're still here, so it all worked out for the best! Right?

Harmony takes in Spike's dark look, clears her throat and carries on talking quickly.

HARMONY (cont'd)
I'm looking for a little boy. My employers are paying me a heck of a lot of cash to find this kid of theirs, and if you help me out, I'm sure we can come to some kind of arrangement!

SPIKE
Never had you figured for the mercenary type, Harm!

HARMONY
(smiles brightly)
Oh, I'm just full of surprises! So are you in?

SPIKE
Keep talking. Who is this urchin and why do they want to pay so much?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Harmony reaches into her shoulder bag for a manilla envelope, which she hands to Spike.

HARMONY

He's been in one of LA's orphanages for a few months now, but they never knew his last name so he's been hard to track down. His family want him back because he's the last in his line and the heir to a multi, multi million dollar fortune one day.

Spike opens the envelope. Inside are photocopies of several old family photos of the boy in question - and it's Joe, the boy we saw in the orphanage earlier.

SPIKE

So what's the catch?

HARMONY

(innocently)

Catch? What catch? Why would there be a catch? This is catchless! A catch-free deal of a lifetime!

SPIKE

Pull the other one, Harm, it's got bells on.

He tosses the envelope back at her. Harmony's face drops.

HARMONY

So... you're not interested?

SPIKE

(beat; sighs)

Much as I'd like to say no... we need the money. So go wait downstairs for me to get dressed, and we'll sort this out.

Harmony smiles merrily and turns to leave.

SPIKE (cont'd)

Oh, and don't let Illyria see you, I'd hate for her to beat you to death with your own arms before I had a chance to explain everything.

Spike SLAMS his door closed in her face, forcing a:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

16 INT. SPIKE'S OFFICE. DAY.

16

Harmony is nosing round the office as Spike and Skye come down the stairs. She smiles brightly again, but it bounces right off Spike. Harmony spots Skye and raises a suspicious eyebrow

HARMONY

And who's this?

SKYE

Why does everybody keep saying that?

SPIKE

Skye, this is Harmony. She's an old acquaintance. I'll handle her, you take a seat.

(to Harmony)

She's our current client, someone we should actually be helping instead of letting you distract us.

HARMONY

Right! I'd better get down to business then, huh?

Harmony opens her bag and takes out a notepad, laying it on Spike's desk and flicking through it.

HARMONY (cont'd)

I've checked out every foster home I can in this area, there's only two left. This one's quite close to your offices, so I thought I'd come see if you wanted to help!

SKYE

Help with what?

SPIKE

Harmony wants us to help her find some abandoned orphan from a local car home, so she can make a big fat profit out of it.

HARMONY

Hey! So do you, mister!

SPIKE

(beat)

Anyway, if it's alright with you, we were going to take this job.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPIKE(cont'd)

It won't take too long, so I can get more chances to talk you out of going to see Angel.

SKYE

Spike, I'm not sure I-

ILLYRIA (O.S.)

What is that wench doing here?!?

Illyria storms into frame, heading straight for Harmony. She jumps up, terrified, but Spike gets in front of her and holds Illyria back - just.

SPIKE

Calm down! Harmony's brought us a job offer! Remember? Jobs equal money?

Illyria looks from Spike to Harmony, then with a grunt steps back.

ILLYRIA

I do not trust her.

SPIKE

You don't need to, I'm the boss round here. It's a simple snatch and grab, nothing too fancy.
(to Harmony)
Right?

HARMONY

Absolutely!

She beams at Illyria, who remains unimpressed.

ILLYRIA

Very well. But I will carve my name in her chest with her own spine if she shows any signs of duplicity.

Illyria walks out of the office, and a bemused Harmony looks after her.

HARMONY

She hasn't changed much, huh?

SPIKE

Harm? Just keep quiet.

Spike shrugs on his jacket as Skye walks over to him.

SKYE

So... you need a hand?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SPIKE

Suit yourself, you can stay here
'til we get back if you like.

SKYE

No, it's cool, I'll come along.
(eyes Harmony)
You know, just in case.

Spike nods, and as Skye grabs her jacket we cut to:

17

EXT. FANTHORPE'S ORPHANAGE. DAY.

17

Squinting up at the cloudy sky overhead, Spike joins Skye and Illyria - who's concealed beneath a thick overcoat - as they stand outside the orphanage. Harmony closes the door to her car and locks it before joining them.

The building itself is an old fashioned, Gothic design, full of pointed roofs and thick window frames.

SKYE

Looks like the set of a Tim Burton movie!

HARMONY

It's the last one on the list, if he's not in here, then he's not here!

SPIKE

Whatever, let's get indoors before the sun comes back out and they find three neat piles of ash on their doorstep.

HARMONY

(blinks)
Three?

SKYE

I'm a vampire, but the sun wouldn't-

HARMONY

Oh! Uh, congratulations!

Skye raises an eyebrow at Harmony before Spike ushers them all down the path leading to the front doors.

SPIKE

Right, here's the plan. Illyria, you keep quiet.

ILLYRIA

For once, I agree with you. Human infants unnerve me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPIKE

Harmony and I are going to pose as prospective parents to get our hands on the urchin if he's here, so Skye, you're our backup. If anything goes wrong, you get in and steal the kid.

SKYE

Sure, I- what?

SPIKE

Is that a problem? We're not exactly selling him into slavery, we're getting him back to his mum and dad! All I'm saying is, if diplomatic methods fail, we switch to more direct tactics.

SKYE

(beat; sighs)

Okay, whatever.

Spike knocks at the orphanage's door as Illyria and Skye head round the side of the building, out of view.

The door opens and Annie greets them, looking about as friendly as a basket full of hornets.

ANNIE

Can I help you?

SPIKE

Yes, we're-

HARMONY

(holds up business card)

Wolfram & Hart, attorneys at law, the relatives of one of the children in your custody here have asked us to find him and bring him home!

ANNIE

(studies card)

I see. You'd better come in then.

She heads off as Spike hangs back to whisper to Harmony.

SPIKE

I thought you said-

HARMONY

So I stole a few business cards, big deal! We're in, aren't we?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She marches off, and an exasperated Spike follows.

18

EXT. FANTHORPE'S ORPHANAGE - WEST WING. DAY.

18

Skye tucks herself in underneath an overhanging canopy as Illyria shrugs off the overcoat and stretches. She notices Skye looking curiously at her.

ILLYRIA

Is there something you wish to ask?

SKYE

Huh? Oh, no, just wondering... well, actually, yeah - what are you?

ILLYRIA

I am Illyria.

SKYE

Yeah, I got that part, seeing as that's what people have been calling you all day. What I mean is, what are you? Demon? Ghost? Marilyn Manson groupie?

ILLYRIA

I am an Old One, trapped inside this human shell.

SKYE

Oh, so that isn't your real body?

Illyria lifts her hands and studies them.

ILLYRIA

This form is... my true nature is beyond your comprehension. They have neutered my magics to allow me to live on in this body.

SKYE

Magics? Cool! What could you do?

ILLYRIA

Many things. Destroy a being just by willing it so, travel great distances in the blink of an eye, even-

SKYE

Travel? Hmm...

(thinks)

Listen, I've got an idea, something that's been bugging me. Can you still do any of that magic stuff?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ILLYRIA

I... I have not attempted it, not since Wesley-

SKYE

Yeah, yeah, neutered, got it. But have you tried at all?

Illyria looks down at Skye, then cocks her head to one side as she considers this. She looks to her left and raises one hand into the air, bringing it slowly down as though cutting through something.

Nothing happens, but this time Illyria closes her eyes and tries again.

There is a ripple of blue light, leaving a trail through the air. She opens her eyes and it vanishes, but she turns to Skye and sees her grinning happily.

SKYE (cont'd)

Sweet!

ILLYRIA

I-I didn't know I could still...

SKYE

Okay, here's my idea. Something about this whole deal's smelt wrong since that blonde airhead walked into the office, so while we were on our way over I took the liberty of looking through her bag, and I found this.

Skye holds up Harmony's notepad, and a page that has an address and the label 'Training Institute - for the boy.'

ILLYRIA

'Training institute'?

SKYE

That's what I thought. I don't think we're taking this kid back to his parents at all, and I think you and me should go check this place out before Spike gets the kid.

ILLYRIA

How are we to travel? This address is many miles away, we do not have time-

SKYE

Uh, hello? 'Travel great distances,' that's what you said!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SKYE(cont'd)

Come on, Illy, open up one of those blue portal things and let's book! We can be there and back in no time. Whaddya say? I didn't know how I was gonna do this until you told me you could do magic, so let's get to it!

Illyria looks down at her hands again, then clenches her fists. Determined, she looks back up and traces a finger down through the air, this time opening a solid-looking portal in the air.

She glances back at Skye, who grins and walks past her, straight through it. After a beat, Illyria follows, and the portal closes up after them.

19

INT. ORPHANAGE - PLAY ROOM. DAY.

19

Annie leads Spike and Harmony into the bright play room where we met Joe earlier, and there he is again, writing on a pad of paper in the corner.

ANNIE

Do you have anything other than his first name? I mean, what kinds of identification do you-

Harmony hands Annie a photo - a family portrait that is clearly of Joe. Annie looks from it to the boy and back.

ANNIE (cont'd)

Ah. Well. In that case, it looks like you've found who you're looking for! I'll go get the necessary paperwork.

HARMONY

Thank you!

Annie hurries away, and a beaming Harmony turns to Spike.

HARMONY (cont'd)

See? Told you this would be easy!

SPIKE

This still feels too easy. Most of the jobs I went on with Angel involved something going wrong.

HARMONY

Look around, Spike. No more Angel. You're your own man, now! Head honcho! And I gotta say...

(nuzzles closer)

... it's kind of a turn on...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Spike eyes her, then grins.

SPIKE

Really?

HARMONY

Oh yeah! Guys in positions of power have always done that to me, usually makes me want to start coming up with my own positions..

A beat as the two stare intensely at each other, before Annie clears her throat off screen and Harmony turns back round, her professional smile firmly in place.

ANNIE

Here's all the usual forms, I'll need you to fill these out so we can start the proceedings.

HARMONY

That's fine. My clients are eager to recover little Joey, so they'll want to get this moving quick as they can!

Annie throws Harmony a disinterested smile and heads into the play room, as Spike starts to groom himself behind Harmony's back, smoothing his hair down.

20

EXT. INSTITUTE. DAY.

20

With a CRACK like thunder, Illyria's portal opens, and Skye and Illyria step out. Illyria immediately sinks to her knees, exhausted, as Skye looks round.

They're across the street from a secure-looking building, with high wire fences and a 'Private Property' sign.

SKYE

Oh, yeah, 'cause this doesn't look suspicious at all...
(sees Illyria)
Hey, are you okay?

ILLYRIA

(breathless)
I am... I'm...

SKYE

That took a lot out of you, huh?
Okay, look. You stay here, I'll go check this place out.

ILLYRIA

But... alone?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SKYE

Sure! I know I'm in town for help,
but that doesn't mean I can't take
care of myself!

Skye turns and heads towards the building, hunched low and trying to stay hidden, as Illyria finds some nearby trees and sits with her back against them.

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

21 INT. FANTHORPE'S ORPHANAGE. DAY. 21

Annie walks over with Joe in her arms, and she hands him to Spike, who awkwardly cradles the young boy. Annie turns to Harmony, who presents the completed forms.

HARMONY

Here you go! All signed and sealed.

ANNIE

Right, well... these all appear to be in order. Just out of interest, er... who are Joe's family? He arrived here without any records, so we never kne-

HARMONY

Oh, don't you worry about that! Just rest assured that they're wealthy and influential, and that Joe's going to the best possible home!

Annie nods, still curious, as she watches Spike, who doesn't look like he knows what to do with Joe.

Harmony steps over and takes the drawing pad from Joe's hand, flipping the pages and studying it.

HARMONY (cont'd)

Wow, did you do these all by yourself, Joey?

Joe nods, and Spike tries to look at the pages, but all he can see is pages of coloured scribbles.

HARMONY

(smiles)

Your parents are going to be very pleased with you when they see this, you're growing up just how they hoped you would!

Spike throws Harmony a look - what is she talking about?

22 EXT. INSTITUTE - ROOF. DAY. 22

Skye hauls herself up onto the rooftop of the building, disturbing a cluster of birds who flap away noisily.

Crouched down, she looks round and scampers forward, able to pass through the stray patches of sunlight across the rooftop before she reaches a skylight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She leans over and peers down into the room below.

23 INT. INSTITUTE - CLASSROOM. DAY.

23

Inside the high-walled room are rows of desks and larger tables, surrounded by boys and girls of various ages, all pre-teens. Some are sat before beakers full of fluids, some whiteboards, and others human-sized dummies.

As Skye presses closer against the glass to see more, two of the dummies are lifted into the air - and the two children staring at them appear to be moving them with their minds!

More demonstrations carry on - pens moving by themselves to write on the whiteboards, fluids heating up and billowing steam out and then cooling quickly back down again - and three lab-coated lab assistants start moving across the room, making notes on the results.

A horrified Skye leans away from the glass as she realises what's going on, but as she stands, she scrapes one boot against the skylight.

The assistants inside look up to the skylight and catch a glimpse of Skye as she moves away. One rushes over to an intercom built into the wall.

LAB ASSISTANT

Attention, security breach! We've got an intruder on the roof!

We quickly cut up to:

24 EXT. INSTITUTE - ROOF. DAY.

24

Skye is heading towards a fire escape to leave the roof when an ALARM sounds. She looks round, panicked, and hears the sound of running feet heading towards the access door a few feet away.

SKYE

Shoot! Time to split...

She races towards the ladder as the door is kicked open, and three armed SECURITY GUARDS spill out onto the roof.

Spotting her, they open fire with submachineguns, bullets kicking up dust across the roof as they trace after her.

Skye LEAPS towards the ladder, grabbing it with one hand and sliding down out of view.

The guards race after her, but by the time they've reached the ladder, Skye is already clambering over the tall fence round the perimeter of the building.

25 EXT. INSTITUTE. DAY.

25

Skye rushes back to Illyria, now standing and looking with concern towards the building as lights flick on and more guards' shouts can be heard.

ILLYRIA
Were you discovered?

SKYE
Looks that way, doesn't it? Come on, Illy, let's get out of here, stat!

Illyria concentrates and tries to open a portal again - but nothing happens. She frowns and tries again, getting a grief flare of blue light, but that's it.

Skye looks round urgently as a squad of guards leaves the front of the Institute, heading straight for them.

SKYE (cont'd)
Illyria...

ILLYRIA
I am trying! Do not bother me with your childish prattle while I am concentrating!

Illyria tries a third time - and it sticks, opening up a portal like a tiny storm before them. Skye dives in, and Illyria follows, ducking as bullets start to zing past.

26 EXT. FANTHORPE'S OPRHANAGE. DAY.

26

Spike and Harmony are just stepping out of the front doors as Illyria and Skye fall back out through the portal, out of sight of Spike.

Spike leans round the corner and spots them as they pick themselves up.

SPIKE
Come on, you two, what are you playing at? We've got the little monster, let's get out of here!

Spike heads towards Harmony's waiting car. Skye starts to follow but a breathless Illyria grabs her arm.

ILLYRIA
Why... do we not... tell Spike... now?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SKYE

Because, as Captain Jack once said,
we must wait for the opportune
moment. When we get back to Spike's
place, we're in friendly territory
and get home field advantage.
Capish?

Illyria doesn't look in any state to understand as she scoops
up the overcoat to hide her body armour and follows Skye back
to the car.

27

INT. SPIKE'S OFFICE. DAY.

27

Joe is sitting quietly at Spike's desk as Harmony talks on
the office phone. Skye and Illyria are sat quietly on the
other side of the office, waiting for their chance.

HARMONY

Okay, so we'll be at that address,
waiting for you guys to show up and
pick him up!

(beat; smiles)

Super. Okay, buh-bye!

Harmony hands up, claps her hands excitedly and throws her
arm around Spike. Skye raises an eyebrow and Spike coughs
once and struggles free of her grip.

SPIKE

So... what happens now?

HARMONY

Oh, well, Joey's parents are coming
to pick him up, then they're gonna
ship him out of here and back to
his home, while I pick up my pay
and pay you guys your share for
helping me!

SPIKE

Sounds good, hows about we-

SKYE

See, there's one thing I don't get.

Harmony's smile fades as Skye strolls over. The two girls are
about the same height, but Skye seems to have the advantage
as she stares Harmony down.

SKYE (cont'd)

This 'home' we're packing this kid
off to. It wouldn't happen to be on
Tyrell Street, would it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARMONY

Uh... yeah, so? What does that have to do with anything?

SKYE

Hmm. Well, thing is, Illy and I went to check that out while you two were inside.

SPIKE

You did what? How-

ILLYRIA

That is not important. What matters is what we found.

HARMONY

(evasive)

Listen, I don't know what you think you're talking about, but-

SKYE

And you know what we found there? Instead of a big, luxurious family home, like you've been telling us? There was just this big old building, boarded up nice and tight, and when I took a look inside all I found were all these classrooms, full of kids like Joe over there, all going through some kinds of tests or something..

Skye starts to advance on Harmony, who backs away.

HARMONY

(nervous)

I-I don't know-

SKYE

Joe's not a normal kid, is he? What is it? Is he psychic or something? I saw things moving around by themselves in that place, is that what he can do?

SPIKE

(looking off screen)

Uh, Skye...

SKYE

(not listening)

So what's the deal? Did he escape? Does that place snatch up kids like him soon as they start to show 'potential,' or whatever?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SKYE(cont'd)

Are you gonna lock him up and make him do god-knows-what for you, all so you can line your pockets and go shopping in the local branch of 'Fashion Slut'?

SPIKE

Skye!

SKYE

What?!?

She looks round - and Joe is levitating the phone about six inches off Spike's desk. He looks completely nonplussed about it, as though it was the most normal thing in the world.

He glances round the room, realises everyone is watching him, and gently lowers the phone back down with a smile.

ILLYRIA

The child is telekinetic?

HARMONY

I was gonna tell you guys, honest, I just-

SKYE

(angry)

Ah, give it a rest, you two-faced bimbo! You were gonna walk out of here without saying a word, we all know it.

Skye steps forward again, now backed up by an equally-angry looking Spike and Illyria, and Harmony backs into one of the office walls.

HARMONY

Alright, listen, I can see you guys are upset, but you have no idea about who I work for, they'd-

She turns as a car SCREECHES to a halt outside, then grins smugly and turns back to Skye.

HARMONY (cont'd)

Well, how about that. Daddy's home.

In a flash, the office door is KICKED open and two huge, black-suited bodyguards walk in, followed by a thin, well-dressed man, REEVES. He stands in the doorway and looks round the office with distaste.

REEVES

You vampires... no appreciation for modern décor!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Harmony quickly lunges forward to grab Joe, but Illyria is quicker, throwing a mighty punch that sends Harmony flying across the room, clattering into one of the bodyguards.

The guards draw stakes and step forward, but Reeves holds his hands up to stop them.

REEVES (cont'd)

Enough! There will be no violence before one of my charges before he is ready.

Spike, Skye and Illyria take up positions between Reeves and Joe, who watches the scene curiously.

SPIKE

That's far enough, mate. I don't know who you mugs are or what you want with the kid, but he's not leaving this office unless I say so.

REEVES

Mr... Spike, is it? Young Joseph is an exceptionally gifted boy. His mind possesses an awesome level of telekinetic powers that will only grow and improve under the correct supervision. Without them, he may spiral out of control and be unable to control his... talents.

SPIKE

Not hearing a reason to change my mind so far...

REEVES

His parents were very canny, they tried to hide him under an assumed name inside the foster home system, but as you can see, my resources were able to get past this little obstacle. What makes you think you three nonhumans can stop me now?

SPIKE

(smirks)

Little things called 'balls,' matey. You ought to check you've still got any after we're finished with you.

The bodyguards step forward again, but again Reeves stops them. He walks up to Spike and retrieves a chequebook from his pocket.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

REEVES

I can see you're a businessman.
Let's come to an agreement. How
about you hand the boy back to my
care for the sum of... one million
dollars?

Spike coughs once in surprise but quickly recovers.

SPIKE

No deal.

REEVES

Ten million?

SPIKE

(beat)

Look...

REEVES

One hundred million dollars, and
that is my final offer.

Spike looks round - down at Joe, innocently listening in,
then to Skye, who throws Spike a pleading look, then back to
Joe. Spike closes his eyes and turns back to Reeves.

SPIKE

In the face of that much cash, I'm
going to have to say...

He pauses. Reeves smiles wickedly.

SPIKE (cont'd)

... get stuffed.

CRACK! Spike floors Reeves with one punch, and as the
bodyguards finally rush into the fight, Skye and Illyria are
ready, fighting them to the ground in short order.

Illyria snaps the neck of her opponent as Skye disables hers,
snapping his arm across her knee and chopping him in the
neck.

The girls step back as Spike walks over to Harmony, who is
looking pretty frantic by this point.

HARMONY

Y-you... you can't... I mean, they... you
dumbass! Do you have any idea what
you've done?

SPIKE

Saved the day, looked like.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

HARMONY

They'll be after me now! They'll think I set this up! Spike, they're gonna kill me!

Spike pauses as Harmony lays her hands gently against his chest and throws her puppy dog eyes up at him.

HARMONY (cont'd)

Spike... you wouldn't let anything happen to me, would you?

SPIKE

Well, I...

HARMONY

Good.

She **SHOVES** him to the floor, and as Illyria and Skye step forward, Harmony pulls a small blue crystal out from her jacket, throwing it onto the ground before the girls.

A rippling field of clear energy springs up, slowing Illyria down to a crawl as she tries to push through it.

Unseen by Harmony, Skye has dived to the side and is unaffected.

Harmony places one stiletto-heeled boot on Spike's chest and puts her weight on it, and Spike **SNARLS**.

HARMONY (cont'd)

Glad to hear it, sweetie. Oh, and don't move too fast, this heel's got a wooden tip and I'd hate it to go through your heart while you're down there!

Spike seethes - she's got him pinned, and he can't move.

SPIKE

So what do you want?

HARMONY

Money. Lots of it. Mr. Reeves' firm were prepared to pay me a heckuva lot of cash for bringing little Joey to them, and what they did with him after that was none of my business! All I care about is getting enough cash together to be on my way again. I've got things to do, Spike, places to go, people to see! You know how it is.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

HARMONY(cont'd)

You're probably gonna stay here in LA for the rest of your sad little life, wishing and hoping that one day, somebody'll take pity on your little 'I'll never be as good as Angel, but by golly, I'm gonna try my hardest' schtick and either stake you or screw you.

SPIKE

The second you move...

HARMONY

Oh, what, you'll kill me? Wise up, lover, I've got enough contacts to have this place burned down with you three rejects chained to the walls before you've got time to scream how sorry you are to me! If I don't check in with them in the next hour, they'll come looking, and believe me, they won't like to hear that you killed me!

Harmony puts her hands on her hips and locates Joe, still sat at Spike's desk, looking on with wide eyes.

HARMONY (cont'd)

So what I'm gonna do is take the rugrat out of here, make sure I drain every last drop of money out of you and then say goodbye at last to this crummy city! But before I do, I just wanna say-

Harmony stiffens suddenly - and then with a SHRIEK, she DUSTS, exploding away to reveal Skye, stake in hand.

SKYE

Oh, God, will you just shut up!

Spike blinks, trying to take it all in, as Skye leans down and plucks the wooden tip of Harmony's heel out of his chest. He winces as she helps him up, just as the energy field containing Illyria drops, and she stumbles forward.

ILLYRIA

(looks round)

Where is the blonde one?

SKYE

She was out of tune.

SPIKE

What just happened?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

SKYE

She missed me with that forcefield thing, so while she was mid-rant, I just snuck up on her and bam! The ol' stake-in-the-back trick. End of story. Nooch.

The penny drops, and Spike looks from the stake to Skye.

SPIKE

You're a-

SKYE

Slayer, yeah. Sorry. Shoulda mentioned that before now, huh? I'll explain everything later, but to be fair, we did get kinda busy, what with you almost getting duped by your ex and all... You think she really meant any of that stuff about the contacts and the backup? Only, I kinda had her pegged as someone who bluffs. A lot.

Spike flops down into the chair by his desk, stunned. He glances across and sees Joe, staring quietly back at him. Spike rubs his eyes wearily.

SPIKE

Oh, no...

ILLYRIA

It appears the child is now in our care.

SKYE

Cool! I always wanted a psychic baby brother.

Skye pops Joe lightly on the nose, and as he giggles Spike stands again, watching the two of them.

SPIKE

So it looks like you're sticking around, then?

SKYE

Guess so. I figure, if this Angel guy's as bad as you say, what have I got to lose from hanging with you guys, right?

Spike looks at Illyria, who nods. Spike grins and holds out his hand to Skye.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

SPIKE
Welcome to Spike Investigations,
pet!

Skye smiles and shakes his hand.

28

INT. WOLFRAM & HART - KITRIDGE'S OFFICE. DAY.

28

KITRIDGE is at his desk when his phone rings. He flicks it onto speakerphone.

KITRIDGE
Go ahead.

WATKINS
(filtered; through
speakerphone)
Sir, we've just had confirmation,
that new Slayer you wanted us to
keep an eye on has made contact
with Spike, not Angel.

KITRIDGE
(grins)
Perfect. Just how I wanted. Keep an
eye on her, Watkins, Kitridge out.

Kitridge flicks off the phone, then reclines back in his chair as HOLLAND MANNERS walks into frame.

MANNERS
Sounds like everything's working
out so far, James!

KITRIDGE
Absolutely one hundred percent,
sir. I made sure Skye, the latest
Slayer in town, met Spike before
Angel, and now I've got all three
of our targets in one location.

MANNERS
And now?

KITRIDGE
And now... I make them an offer.

As Kitridge and Manners share a conspiratorial grin, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW