

ANGEL

"Double Bluff"

by

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TEASER

SLOW FADE IN:

1 EXT. LONDON - TWILIGHT 1

TITLE OVER - London, 1846

It's just another day in ol' London. Two drunks are expelled from The Winchester, a rowdy-looking pub, passing two cooing Prostitutes, who fall quiet as a pair of Policemen stroll by.

As the police leave the scene, ANGELUS strolls into frame, a wry smile on his face. He has a nasty cut above his right eye, and wears some smart clothes suitable for the era. He stares at something off screen.

A wealthy-looking DUKE steps up and into the Winchester, flanked by two burly bodyguards.

Angelus smirks, and follows the men inside.

2 INT. THE WINCHESTER. NIGHT. 2

The Pub is thriving, but not merry. Sporadic fights litter the floor, the odd thrown bottle or broken chair smashing all around us.

The Duke strolls past the bar, nodding his head once to the Bartender, who returns the nod and goes back to waving his shotgun at the rowdy punters.

Angelus takes in the carnage for a moment with a smile. He'd love to get involved, especially when he sees a pretty young thing slumped in the corner, gently rocking back and forth as she cries her little heart out.

He makes to step forward, but an EASTEND THUG gets in his way. Brandishing a knife, he displays serious cajones.

EASTEND THUG

Where'd ya think you're going, Guv?

ANGELUS

Oh, I have an appointment with The Duke.

EASTEND THUG

I don't think you do, somehow. I think you've got a more pressing appointment with my blade in your belly! Hand over your cash, fancy pants.

Angelus sighs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Then he lashes out - one PUNCH sends the thug reeling against the wall. He drops the knife.

Angelus scoops it up and drives it into the thug's chest. The thug HOWLS as Angelus digs the knife in deeper.

The thug pales, then stiffens, and Angelus pushes his dead body to the floor with an off screen THUD. Angelus still holds the knife, and takes a moment to check no-one is watching..

... and then he licks the knife clean of blood.

3

INT. THE WINCHESTER - PRIVATE ROOM. NIGHT.

3

In the centre of this small room is a table where the Duke is laying out playing cards. He doesn't look up as Angelus enters, the bodyguards sizing him up.

DUKE

Good evening, friend. If you've made it this far then you must be here for only one thing.

ANGELUS

That I am, sir.

DUKE

So I take it you play Blackjack?

ANGELUS

I have been known to split a deck or two.

DUKE

Indeed.

Angelus takes a seat as the Duke's practiced hands split the deck and flip a hand of cards to each man.

DUKE

I'll be bank.

ANGELUS

What rules do ye play by?

DUKE

Three games. First to win two games wins.

ANGELUS

What's the bounty?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUKE

Services rendered. I have many favours that require men of a certain character to accomplish them... and you look like the sort who I could find useful.

Angelus smiles and checks his cards.

DUKE

Are you in?

ANGELUS

Surely you don't have to ask, sir!

DUKE

Very well. You start.

Angelus lifts up his cards. He studies them for a moment. He has a five of diamonds and an ace of clubs.

ANGELUS

Twist me.

The Duke passes Angelus a card. He eyes it.

ANGELUS

Twist.

Another card.

ANGELUS

Twist.

Another card. A grin creeps across Angelus' face.

ANGELUS

Isn't that a kick?

He shows the Duke his cards.

ANGELUS

Best believe that is a five-card trick.

The Duke scowls, snatches the cards and puts them back into the deck, then proceeds to shuffle them.

DUKE

Well played, my friend. Now, you are the banker.

ANGELUS

Been called worse in my time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The Duke studies his cards and maintains his stoic expression as Angelus eyes his cards. King of Hearts and Jack of Hearts. He smiles.

ANGELUS
Mighty fine hand. Stick!

The Duke puts his cards on the table. He has a Queen of Spades and an Ace of Diamonds.

DUKE
Blackjack.

Angelus stares at the table for a moment. All of a sudden, he starts laughing. Its an un-nerving laugh, and behind his cool facade, the Duke becomes seriously creeped out.

DUKE
What, pray tell, is so funny?

ANGELUS
Not much. Just that the game was best two out of three... and there happens to be three of you. What are the odds?

The Bodyguard nearest Angelus senses trouble brewing a lays a heavy hand on Angelus' shoulder - but the vampire snaps his elbow into the man's gut, who doubles over.

The Second Bodyguard swings his sword at Angelus, but he shifts the first man round to soak up the blade, grabbing the other sword and driving it into the bodyguard's chest. He sinks to his knees with a groan.

Angelus, flushed, smoothes his hair back down and turns to the Duke, who is backing away, terrified.

Angelus grins - and then throws the second sword through the air.

It IMPALES the Duke, who slumps to the floor, looking with shock from the blade in his stomach, to Angelus, and back.

Angelus pauses long enough to scoop up some stray cash sitting on the card table, then with a mock salute to the fallen Duke, he exits the room and shuts the door.

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

4 INT. SPIKE'S OFFICE. DAY.

4

SPIKE strolls into the office, absently reading through a newspaper as he sips from a plain black mug. SKYE is also in the office, but she's sitting at Spike's desk and playing a game on a Playstation console hooked up to an old TV set.

Spike double takes as he sees the set up and steps back to examine it as Skye, concentrating on the game, mutters a few curses as she struggles with the controls.

SPIKE

Skye?

SKYE

Ssh! Not now...

SPIKE

Right.

(beat)

Hang on!

Spike reaches over and flicks the TV off. Skye blinks, slowly lowers the controller and fixes Spike with a murderous stare.

SKYE

You have no idea what you just did..

SPIKE

Er, sorry to burst your little bubble of comfort, pet, but this is my office, and you're sitting at my desk, playing on a games console I didn't buy! Where did all that come from?

Skye looks at the TV and console, then back at Spike, trying to look innocent.

SKYE

Um... I bought it?

SPIKE

With what money? Thought you didn't have enough to pay any rent, that's why you've been here for nothing for the past few weeks?

SKYE

(beat; thinks)

I found some?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Spike sighs and shakes his head as he throws the paper onto the desk and motions with his thumb for Skye to move. She gets up and perches on the other, bare desk in the office as Spike puts his feet up, shoving the TV and console out of the way.

SPIKE

Look, just don't tell me you nicked it, or I'll-

SKYE

Alright, I'm sorry. You remember that couple we helped out a few days back? Attacked by the vampire pack just past that new Starbucks' place?

SPIKE

Hard not to, you shoved me out of the way so you could kill 'em all first...

SKYE

Well... the husband kind of gave me some cash to say thanks, and...

SPIKE

And don't tell me. You pocketed it instead of spreading the wealth.

Skye nods sheepishly. Spike stares at her for a moment, then starts to laugh.

SPIKE

Oh, your face is a real picture! Forget about it, Skye. I'd have done the same.

SKYE

(brightens up)
You would?

SPIKE

Yeah. Difference is, I wouldn't have told anyone.

Spike sips from his mug and holds one outstretched palm towards Skye.

SPIKE

So hand over the rest. Consider it your first rent payment.

Skye pulls a face but fishes out her wallet, taking out a bundle of green dollars and handing them to Spike, who shoves them in his jeans pocket.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ILLYRIA stalks into the room, not looking at either vampire as she heads for the window. Skye watches her, but Spike doesn't look up.

SKYE

How come *she* doesn't have to pay rent?

SPIKE

Would you like to ask her?

SKYE

(beat)

Point taken.

Skye hops off the desk and walks over to Illyria, who is leaning with one arm against the window frame, looking outside with a faraway expression.

SKYE

What's up, Blue? You missed your usual insult at us when you came down. You feeling alright? 'Cause, you know, if you were looking a little pale, it'd be kind of hard to tell...

ILLYRIA

I feel...

(shakes head)

It does not concern you. You would not understand.

SKYE

You wanna go out and kill things?

ILLYRIA

I have no interest in that today.

Skye raises an eyebrow and glances at Spike, who shrugs.

SKYE

Now that doesn't sound like you at *all!* Something on your mind?

Illyria turns to face Skye, looking like she's searching for the words for a moment, then looking down and shaking her head again.

ILLYRIA

Perhaps we will talk about it later.

Skye picks up on what isn't said - something's getting to Illyria, but she doesn't know how to express it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

She reaches out and lays a hand gently on Illyria's arm - and Illyria doesn't swat it away, as you'd expect. Even Spike notices this, but sits up and clears his throat to break the moment.

SPIKE

Sorry to interrupt that touching Kodak moment you two ladies were having, but...

(holds up paper)

We've got a job.

As Spike tosses the paper towards Skye, we cut to:

5

INT. HYPERION - LOBBY. DAY.

5

ANGEL catches the paper from the air and starts to read through it as CONNOR walks into frame.

CONNOR

Spotted it on the way over, thought you might wanna go take a look.

ANGEL

(reads)

'Orthodox Jew Indoor Badminton Tournament'?

CONNOR

(flips paper over)

Not that, *this*. 'Wild animal attacks on the increase in town outside Pasadena.' I wouldn't normally have spotted it, but something about it just suggested 'demon.'

ANGEL

It did? What part?

CONNOR

Uh, right there, when the guy they interviewed says-

(bad yokel accent)

'An' I swear, I dun saw the monster right there afore me, like a gorram demon or sumpin'!'

Angel raises an eyebrow at Connor's bad impression, and Connor just rolls his eyes and heads for Angel's office.

6

INT. HYPERION - ANGEL'S OFFICE. DAY.

6

Angel follows Connor in, still reading the paper.

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CONTINUED:

ANGEL

It says there've been several attacks over the past few months, but this last week or two they've been on the rise, with people going missing from the town, and in some instances bodies showing up, with bite marks and signs of some kind of wild animal attack.

CONNOR

Yeah, I know. Pretty cool, huh?

ANGEL

I wouldn't say, 'cool,' but I would say-

The office phone RINGS. Angel sits down and answers.

ANGEL

Hello?

7 INT. SPIKE'S OFFICE. DAY.

7

Spike is at his desk, feet up as he talks to Angel.

SPIKE

Alright, traitor, how's tricks?

ANGEL

(filtered; through phone)
Spike? What do you want?

SPIKE

You've probably seen that piece in the paper about the wild animal attacks in Pasadena. Well, I spotted it too, and I'm just calling you to tell you not to bother lugging that gargantuan cranium of yours down there to check it out - my fearless team is on the case.

ANGEL

(bemused)
So what, are you warning me off?

SPIKE

Bloody right, I am! It's a cutthroat world out there, mate, gotta stay one step ahead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGEL

Spike, don't you think calling me and telling me what you're going to do next kind of takes away the element of surprise?

SPIKE

(beat)
Naff off.

Spike SLAMS the phone down, not looking too happy.

SPIKE

(mutters)
Git...

Skye enters the office, a greasy fast food restaurant bag in her hands. She shoves fries into her mouth as she heads over.

SKYE

So what'd he say?

SPIKE

Doesn't matter. Important thing is, it's our job now, so let's get moving.

SKYE

(glances at window)
But it's still light out, hadn't we better wait till later?

Spike stands and grabs his leather jacket from the back of a chair.

SPIKE

We'll be alright. That car with the tinted windows I borrowed from Wolfram & Hart'll get us there in one piece, then you can do some recon till me and Blue can sneak in and join you.

SKYE

And by 'borrowed,' you mean-

SPIKE

Stolen, yes.
(smirks)
It was one of Angel's favourites, how could I resist? Do me a favour, go and get Illyria, pet.

Skye nods and heads for the staircase.

8 INT. SPIKE'S OFFICES - UPPER FLOOR. DAY. 8

Skye walks up to Illyria's room, rapping her knuckles against the door.

SKYE

Illyria? Get your stuff together,
we're moving out.

(beat)

Illyria? You in there?

9 INT. ILLYRIA'S ROOM. DAY. 9

We pan across the sparsely furnished room - and pick up a tall mirror, all by itself in the middle of the room. With Skye's knocking continuing from outside, there's a beat before Illyria steps into frame - but she's assumed the form of FRED, dressed in typical Fred-esque clothes.

Fred stares at herself in the mirror, turning from side to side, examining herself carefully.

Skye knocks again, and Fred turns to the door.

FRED

Just a minute!

Illyria looks back at the mirror, wide-eyed, surprised by her own response, then with a shake of her head MORPHS back into her normal, blue-haired guise.

10 INT. SPIKE'S OFFICES - UPPER FLOOR. DAY. 10

Illyria yanks the door open as Skye is mid-knock. Skye blinks at the stern-looking Illyria then steps back.

SKYE

Sorry, didn't mean to disturb you.
We've got to ship out quick, we
need to drive out to Pasadena.

ILLYRIA

What is the situation?

SKYE

I dunno, demons or something. Guess
we'll find out when we get there!

Skye walks off screen, and with a last, almost guilty look over her shoulder at the mirror, Illyria closes the door and follows Skye off screen.

11 EXT. LONDON - STREET. NIGHT. 11

Angelus steps out of The Winchester, a little disheveled from his fight, but pauses to smooth his clothes and hair down before walking back along the street.

The camera rises as he walks below us, off screen, back up to the first floor of the pub and towards the window:

12 INT. THE WINCHESTER - PRIVATE ROOM. NIGHT. 12

And we're back inside the scene of the card game, the Duke and his two bodyguards still very dead, sprawled across the floor.

We push in closer on the Duke, sword embedded in his chest, and when we're up close to his face - his eyes FLICK OPEN.

Pull back to take in the whole room as the Duke leaps to his feet with a YELL, throwing his fists around as though still fighting some imaginary opponent.

After a few moments, he calms down - and then realises the sword is no longer in his chest. He pats himself down, checking for injuries, then slowly turns round.

And there on the floor is the still dead body of the Duke, eyes shut.

The Duke, or rather the Duke's Ghost, wilts a little, lost for words.

DUKE'S GHOST
(long beat)

Oh...

13 INT. HYPERION - LOBBY. DAY. 13

Angel is heading back upstairs as Connor calls out to him from the middle of the lobby.

CONNOR
So that's it? You're just gonna let him go?

ANGEL
Spike's gone solo before, Connor, there'll be no talking him down. Best thing to do is just leave him to it.

CONNOR
So what are we gonna do instead?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGEL
 (beat; smiles)
 Take a day off.

Connor grins back as Angel turns down one of the corridors.

14 INT. BASEMENT CAR PARK. DAY. 14

Spike, Skye and Illyria walk across a quiet sub-level car park, Spike jangling the car keys in one hand.

SKYE
 I still don't see why we have to
 leave the car so far away..

SPIKE
 (tetchy)
 When we're making enough money to
 rent our own parking spot, then
 we'll see, alright? Besides, this
 is the safest way to get to the car
 when the sun's up.

Spike deactivates the alarm and nods towards the girls.

SPIKE
 Hop in. I'll drive.

15 INT. SPIKE'S CAR. DAY. 15

Skye and Illyria shuffle across the back seat - the interior of the car is pretty luxurious, with soft leather seats and plenty of gadgets and extras.

Spike gets in and starts the engine.

SPIKE
 Right, simple plan. We drive out
 there, then me and Illyria'll wait
 outside the town limits while you
 go in and scope the place out. When
 it's safer for me to move around,
 we'll head in and meet you.

ILLYRIA
 (to Skye)
 I still do not understand how you
 can walk in the sunlight, yet your
 body is that of a vampire.

SKYE
 (shrugs)
 Me either. Neat, huh?

Spike starts to leave the garage, the bright sunlight outside safely filtered through the tinted glass.

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CONTINUED:

SPIKE
 We've got one pit stop to make
 first, though.
 (turns to Illyria)
 We need to do something about your
 look, your Highness!

Illyria throws a puzzled look at Spike, as we cut to:

16

INT. DISCOUNT CLOTHES STORE. DAY.

16

Illyria, a long, plain coat wrapped round her, stares at her reflection. Her hair is pulled back in a long ponytail, and she wears a pair of large, dark sunglasses, making her look almost normal for a change.

ILLYRIA
 I resemble a bad jester I ate once...

SPIKE
 Stop complaining. We need to be
 subtle here, and having you stroll
 around like a Marilyn Manson
 groupie won't help us get on the
 good side of the locals!

SKYE
 I think she looks kinda cool.
 Understated, you know.

SPIKE
 (not listening)
 Yeah, anyway, so this is the deal.
 If your majesty doesn't think she
 can handle dressing like one of the
 common people, then you're more
 than welcome to stay home...

Illyria looks back at her reflection, then cocks her head to one side - and SMILES very briefly.

ILLYRIA
 This will suffice.

SPIKE
 Oh, I'm so glad. Skye, pay the man,
 would you?

SKYE
 But... you took all my money!

SPIKE
 (feigned innocence)
 Did I?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPIKE(cont'd)

Or did I just take all your illicit
prize money, which should still
have left you enough to buy Illyria
some new duds?

SKYE

(beat; scowls)

Buffy warned me about this.

SPIKE

(grins)

Hate to let a girl down!

As Skye heads towards the counter, we cut to:

17

EXT. HOSANNA TOWN LIMITS. DAY.

17

Hosanna is a quiet desert town, a settlement with more dirt
tracks than tarmac roads, and an assortment of buildings in
all shapes and sizes spread out across a few square miles of
the scorched landscape.

There's plenty of movement with cars and trucks rolling up
and down the roads, but our attention is drawn instead to a
set of caves tunneled into the mountain ridge overlooking the
town.

We push closer into the gloom of these red rocks until the
town is almost out of sight - and as we do, a pair of baleful
red EYES peer out of the gloom at us - and soon another pair
join them. And another.

And another.

And another still, as we:

BLACK OUT:**END OF ACT ONE**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

18 EXT. HOSANNA TOWN LIMITS. LATE AFTERNOON.

18

The sun is setting overhead but still enough to keep Spike in the car as he rolls it to a stop just by the 'Welcome To Hosanna' sign.

Skye gets out, shades on and squinting around at the town spread out before her. She leaves the door open so Spike can shout out to her.

SKYE

Is this it? What a dump! Place looks like a fricken Amish community gone bad...

SPIKE

You're not here to pass judgement, luv, you're here to find out what you can about those attacks! If you get a location, we can go check tonight and hopefully clean the place out, then in the morning we bring in the bodies and accept the thanks and cash of the townsfolk.

SKYE

And that's the plan?

SPIKE

That's the plan. Scoot.

Spike starts the car and drives off, kicking up a cloud of dust that Skye coughs through, before scanning the streets. Her gaze settles on the nearest bar and she heads across the quiet road to it.

19 INT. HOSANNA - ACKLEY'S TAVERN. AFTERNOON.

19

Skye pushes open the door and steps into the bar - and is met by deathly silence. Probably because her black, plaited hair and punky look doesn't fit in too well with the largely Hispanic male clientele in here, all of them staring suspiciously at her as she looks round.

Sensing that she needs to make a good impression, Skye boldly strides across the room and straight up to the bar, where the barman looks down his nose at her.

SKYE

Tequila.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BARMAN

Heh, and why should I serve a *poco mocos* like yourself, eh?

Skye just lowers her shades enough to throw the barman her best deadpan look, and with a shrug and a chuckle, he pours her a shot and pops it on the bar before her.

Skye blinks and looks back up at him.

SKYE

What, I don't get my salt and lemon?

The barman raises an eyebrow - then gets her a salt shaker and a slice of lemon.

Skye dutifully licks the salt, knocks the shot back and sucks on the lemon - then drops the glass back on the counter. Without even so much as a shudder.

SKYE

Right. Who wants to help me find some of these *chupacabras* that're causing you boys so much trouble?

A beat - and then a group laugh from the assembled males, the barman shaking his head and chuckling as he pours her another shot, and Skye grins as she knows she's won the crowd over.

As the bar gets back to life around her, we dissolve to:

20 EXT. HOSANNA TOWN LIMITS. NIGHT. 20

Spike's car is parked up off a dirt track. The crunch of footsteps through sand can be heard approaching it.

21 INT. SPIKE'S CAR. NIGHT. 21

Spike is fast asleep, snoring in the front seat, while Illyria sits in the back with her head bowed, apparently asleep too.

The scene is rudely broken by Skye pounding her fist on the window, and Spike splutters back to alertness.

SPIKE

Wh- what? Whu? Whussamatter?

SKYE (O.S.)

Spike, you dumbass, let me in!

Spike rubs his eyes and opens the passenger door, and Skye slides into the car. She's giggling and red-cheeked, and Spike sniffs the air, his brow creasing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPIKE

Where the bloody hell have you been? Since when does it take five hours to ask a few questions?

SKYE

Jose and the boys just wanted me to stay for a coupla rounds, so I said 'yeah,' okay...'

SPIKE

(sniffs again)
Tequila?

SKYE

(nods)
Yesh. Lots and lots and lots of tequila. You know, if I was all human, I think I oughta be dead by now...

SPIKE

Skye! You can fart around and act like an Essex girl later, what did you find out?

SKYE

Huh? Oh, yeah, the munsters.

SPIKE

'Munsters'?

SKYE

(giggles)
Yeh, it'sh what my dad used to call 'em. Anyway.
(beat)
Anyway.

SPIKE

Skye...

SKYE

Ssh! I'm concentrating... yeah, the boys said most of the attacks are in places off this trail that leads up to the mountains. They think whatever's up there is hiding out in the rocks, like a little bunny... but, but, an *evil* bunny, like in that film you made me watch-

SPIKE

Yes, yes, and?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SKYE

And?

(blinks)

Oh yeah, and, they told me where the attacks took place and then they said they'd pay us for each munster we kill.

SPIKE

Sounds good to me! Why don't you do us all a favour and sober up, then we can go and earn our keep.

SKYE

Spike? How come you don't get as drunk as I do? Like when you drank that whole bottle of Jim Beam the other night?

SPIKE

When you've been undead as long as I have, pet, your body gets a bit better at holding its drink.

Spike starts the car as a still giggling Skye fumbles with her seatbelt.

Neither of them have noticed Illyria, her head still down, in the backset. We push in closer on her, and see that her eyes are squeezed tightly shut, and her lips are moving, talking silently to herself.

A whispering voice can be heard, very distant, but it seems to be answering whatever Illyria is saying.

The voice rises in volume until we can make out:

WHISPERING VOICE

Yes, yes, I was getting to that... So there I was, dead...

22

EXT. LONDON - STREET. NIGHT.

22

The Duke's Ghost staggers out of the Winchester, dazed. People walk by but can't see him, despite his attempts to jump around, shout and wave his arms at them.

He starts to walk down the city street towards us, his hands wrapped round his head as he tries to come to terms with things.

DUKE'S GHOST (V.O.)

Dead. And nothing I could do about it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUKE'S GHOST(cont'd)

All I knew was that the poker game with that Angelus fellow had gone wrong, so all I could hope was that I could find him again and make him pay for what he'd done to me!

The Duke's Ghost passes an archway beneath a road bridge and turns into it, seemingly drawn by some invisible scent.

DUKE'S GHOST (V.O.)

But I found that I could sense where he'd been, where his path had taken those murderous feet of his. I was connected to things I never knew existed, and now I was going to find that villain and make him pay, and then I-

SPIKE (V.O.)

Blue?

23 INT. SPIKE'S CAR. NIGHT.

23

Illyria sits bolt upright with a GASP as we SMASH CUT back to Spike's car. Spike is peering back at her.

SPIKE

Are you alright, luv? You look a little spooked.

ILLYRIA

(frowns; shakes head)

It is nothing. This heat is starting to affect me.

SPIKE

Yeah, well, you and me both. I just hope Skye's booze up with the lads back in town put us on the right track, otherwise this could be a very long night...

Skye snorts with laughter.

SPIKE

What?

SKYE

Huh? Oh, nothing. Just thinkin'...
(chuckles again; Scottish accent)
'That's no ordinary rabbit!'

Spike mutters as Skye bursts into laughter again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPIKE

I bet Angel never has days like
this...

24 INT. LA - ART GALLERY. NIGHT.

24

NINA is standing in the large foyer of one of the city's art galleries, scanning the crowds until she sees Angel, who is making his way over.

She smiles and waves, and he embraces her when he arrives. Nina kisses him, looking pleased as punch.

NINA

You made it!

ANGEL

Yeah, you know, I may not be the boss any more, but I can still send the office home and take a day off now and then!

NINA

The 'office'? You mean Connor.

ANGEL

Uh... yeah. He's out with Sonia somewhere.

NINA

Oh, really? Quite the cute couple now, aren't they?

ANGEL

I don't know, he doesn't tell me much, you know. I mean, I'm only his dad after all, I rank a few places below his friends on stuff like that.

NINA

Well, now that I've got you here, let's go take our seats.

ANGEL

(less-than-convincing
enthusiasm)

Okay, let's do that.

Nina starts to lead Angel towards an open set of glass doors heading outside, then pauses, turning back to raise an eyebrow at Angel.

ANGEL

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NINA

Now come on, honey, you said you wanted to come see this show.

ANGEL

I do! I do, it's just that, I...

NINA

Know nothing about art, I know.

ANGEL

Hey, I know art!
(beat; quietly)
I draw...

NINA

(pecks him on the cheek)
And you're great at it too. But this is different. Come on, stop acting like you're nearly two hundred!

Nina bounces off, leading Angel by the hand - and he still looks less than thrilled to be there.

25

EXT. HOSANNA - MOUNTAIN TRAIL. NIGHT.

25

Aided by torchlight, Spike's team make their way along a dirt track that weaves up into the mountains. Skye is still a little woozy, but manages to keep up as Spike stops at the entrance to one of the many nearby caves.

SPIKE

This looks as good a place as any to start... Alright, Blue, you go first.

Spike winks at Skye, expecting a retort from Illyria, but instead she breezes past him and into the gloom. Spike blinks and looks at Skye, who shrugs.

SKYE

I dunno, maybe she couldn't think of a comeback?

Spike motions for Skye to go on, then with a last look round outside, he follows the girls inside.

26

INT. HOSANNA - CAVES. NIGHT.

26

Spike and Skye's torchlights peer through the blackness, but the main focus is Illyria - her whole body seems to be giving off a dim blue neon glow, lighting up the cavern around her.

Skye catches her up, looking impressed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SKYE

Hey, that's pretty cool, 'Ria!
How'd you do that?

ILLYRIA

(looking at arms)

I do not know. It must be another
facet of the bond between me and
this shell.

SPIKE

Facet or not, we still can't see a
bloody thing down here...

(sniffs)

Your nasal radar picking anything
up, Skye?

SKYE

No... which is weird. It's almost
like something's blocking out any
scents, to make sure nobody comes
looking!

Spike nods and heads forwards.

SPIKE

Which is why that's exactly what
we're going to do.

The girls follow Spike as he heads off screen.

SKYE

Not a lot of thought goes into your
plans, does it?

27

INT. CAVES - CAVERN. NIGHT.

27

The tunnel leads out into a larger area, connected to several
other tunnels. Spike and Skye shine their flashlights round,
demonstrating that the cavern is pretty big. Skye whistles.

SKYE

Cosy.

SPIKE

Either that, or a good hiding
place... Blue, you take that path.
I'll go down here, Skye, you take
the last one.

SKYE

Check.

The trio split up, each taking a different path leading
around the cavern - we stay with Skye, and she enters a new
tunnel as she passes its entrance.

28 INT. CAVES - TUNNEL. NIGHT. 28

Skye presses one hand to the cold rocks, eyes scanning the gloom ahead, but she pauses when her fingers find something in the walls.

She steps back and shines her torch on it - there are several narrow furrows dug into the rock. Puzzled, Skye pokes a finger into one of them, finds something inside and scoops it out.

She holds it up to her flashlight as she studies it - it's a BULLET.

29 INT. CAVES - CAVERN. NIGHT. 29

Illyria, meanwhile, is nearer the bottom of the cavern, but the whispering voice has rejoined her again. She moves her head round as if trying to locate the voices.

ILLYRIA

Why do you speak to me? What is it
you wish me to know?

(beat; listens)

I do not want to hear your pathetic
story! Leave me!

Looking angry, she stomps towards us, out of frame.

30 INT. CAVES - ROOM. NIGHT. 30

Back with Spike, his tunnel leads into another open space, a low-ceilinged room carved out of the rock, full of flat slabs and what look like shallow graves.

SPIKE

'Ello, 'ello, looks like we found
the freezer compartment!

Spike carefully heads over to one of the pits in the dirt of the cave floor and shines his light across it - there's definitely the outline of a BODY in there.

Spike sets his flashlight down and leans forward, scooping dirt off the body to get a closer look.

31 INT. CAVES - TUNNEL. NIGHT. 31

Skye is finding more evidence as she looks - bullets, shell casings, even abandoned weapons. She stands, looking round the tunnel, sensing something.

SKYE

Something put up a hell of a fight
down here...

32 INT. CAVES - ROOM. NIGHT.

32

Spike uncovers a grey piece of dead flesh at last, and with a satisfied grin yanks the rest of the body up and into view - and his jaw drops!

It's not a human body he's holding - it's very definitely a demon. Large lower jaw, plenty of teeth, elongated skull, and most significantly three neat bullet holes in its chest, roughly where a human heart would be.

SPIKE

What the...

He carefully lays the body back down and stands up - not noticing two figures in the darkness behind him.

Bemused, he reaches into his jacket for a cigarette - and as the figures start to move in, he twigs at last that they're behind him.

Spike spins round - but they're too quick, and with a YELL he's knocked to the ground, out of frame, by his two unseen attackers.

33 INT. CAVES - CAVERN. NIGHT.

33

Illyria's head snaps round, hearing Spike's shout of alarm echo round the cavern. She quickly makes her way towards the source of the sound.

34 INT. CAVES - ROOM. NIGHT.

34

Skye is first in, seeing two thin, dark-skinned DEMONS pinning Spike to the floor and snarling.

SKYE

Hey!

One turns round - and SMACK! It gets a boot to the face. Skye quickly throws the second demon off Spike and helps him up, and the two whirl round, ready to face them.

But the demons have stopped, crouching low on their haunches a few feet away. They glance at each other and then at Spike.

One looks down at the exposed grave and cocks its head to one side, before starting to make a high-pitched WHINE.

Spike grimaces as the demon kneels down at the side of the grave, its body slumping forlornly. The second demon goes to its companion's side, and then throws a gentle arm around it.

Spike and Skye look at each other, perplexed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The first demon looks back over to them and makes a series of clicks and sniffs, bobbing its head as though trying to communicate.

SPIKE

Uh... sorry, luv, I don't speak cave demon.

ILLYRIA (O.S.)

They said 'this is where they keep their dead.'

Spike looks up as Illyria walks into frame, kneeling by the grave. The two demons do not react to her presence - sensing, perhaps, that she's a demon too.

SPIKE

Oh, you can understand them, I take it?

ILLYRIA

I can still recognise countless demonic dialects. These two are frightened, they thought you were with the men from the place of tall metal and stone.

SKYE

Tall metal and... oh, they mean the town, right? Hosanna?

SPIKE

Why would that make them scared? Haven't these buggers been killing the townies off?

ILLYRIA

No.

(looks at Spike)

The humans have been hunting them.

Off Spike's surprised expression, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

35 INT. LA - ART GALLERY. NIGHT.

35

Outside, sitting in part of a long row of tiered chairs, are Angel and Nina. They're watching some kind of art performance on an open air stage before them - a large video screen plays rapidly flashing images, while two skinny men, one dressed in grey and one in blue, dance oddly across the stage.

Angel shifts uncomfortably in his seat - not looking at all happy. Nina sighs and pats him on the knee.

NINA
(whispers)
What is it, Angel?

ANGEL
(whispers back)
Huh? Nothing, nothing, I'm good.
Just that... this seat's kinda small.

NINA
(grins)
Well, you're kinda big! What do you
think of the show?

ANGEL
Uh, it's very...

The dancers start to jump from spot to spot, while a tinny recording of the Last Post starts to play.

ANGEL
... unusual.

NINA
It's the Civil War. That guys the
'Feds, the other the Unionists,
they're depicting the major battles
of the war through the dances!
Isn't it clever?

ANGEL
(looking round)
Yeah... real clever.

Nina can tell Angel isn't getting into the show, and doesn't look too happy about it. Angel sees her dark expression and sighs.

ANGEL
I'm sorry, Nina, I'm doing my best,
it's just-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NINA

You're just not an 'art' person, I know. Listen, Angel, I paid for these tickets so I'm gonna stay and watch the whole thing, but you can please yourself. Stay, don't stay, it's up to you, but don't put a downer on *my* night out, okay?

Nina turns away from him a little - the cold shoulder, in full effect. Angel knows he's messed up but he can't go anywhere for now, so he reclines back in his chair and tries to survive the rest of the show.

36

INT. CAVES - MAIN CAVERN. NIGHT.

36

Spike, Skye and Illyria are led by the first two demons into another tall cavern, lined by flaming torches and peppered with small tunnels up the walls.

As they look round, the heads of dozens more of the demons start to peer out at them, glittering red eyes watching them carefully from the darkness.

SPIKE

Either of you two getting a slightly bad feeling about all this?

SKYE

Me? Nah. I'm just concentrating on not freaking out and running away. I don't think they'd like that, somehow.

The trio are led to a stop before a makeshift table, fashioned out of what looks like half an old car. Two demons stand behind it, their skin much paler than their fellows, and bow respectfully to Illyria.

Illyria smiles regally, pleased at this long overdue mark of respect, and nods her head slightly back at them.

OLD DEMON #1

(subtitled)

Our apologies for the attack on your servants, my Lord. We believed them to be more of the human devils, come to hunt us once again.

ILLYRIA

(subtitled)

There is no need to apologise. They are merely warriors, they know what is expected of them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OLD DEMON #2
 (subtitled)
 Have you come to aid us?

ILLYRIA
 We may be able to help you. Tell me
 more of this 'hunt' of which you
 speak.

OLD DEMON #1
 The devils ride up from the town,
 every few months...

As the Old Demon carries on talking in his odd language of
 clicks and sniffs, we dissolve to:

37 EXT. HOSANNA - MOUNTAN TRAIL. DAY. 37

Whooping and cheering, a pack of townsfolk make their way up
 the path towards the cave entrance. Two men in their thirties
 lead the small group, all of whom are armed. The rest of the
 group appears to be nervous-looking teenage boys, who follow
 the leaders into the cave.

OLD DEMON #1 (V.O.)
 They always come in packs, armed
 with their rifles and their lights,
 searching us out, setting upon us
 two at a time, and killing us as
 though we were vermin.

38 INT. CAVES - TUNNEL. DAY. 38

With flashlights leading the way, the group split up, one
 leader to each set of teenagers, and we stay with one group
 as they walk towards us.

OLD DEMON #2 (V.O.)
 We are peaceful, we have no wish to
 harm them, but when they invade our
 homes, we must try to defend
 ourselves...

Suddenly, two Demons spring out from the shadows and into the
 group of men. Two teenagers go down as the group descends
 into chaos.

Amid shouting voices, two loud SHOTS are fired, and one of
 the demons falls dead. The second is quickly overwhelmed by
 the teenagers, who drag him off screen.

The leader watches on proudly as we hear the sounds of the
 boys kicking the unfortunate demon to death.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OLD DEMON #2 (V.O.)

And yet, we always fall. After they have killed several of us, they return to the village, desecrating the bodies of the fallen to take their trophies.

As the leader and his group start to head back out of the caves, we dissolve back to:

39

INT. CAVES - MAIN CAVERN. NIGHT.

39

Illyria nods sagely as the demons continue.

OLD DEMON #1

We need your help, Old One. We ask you to drive the humans away, protect us from them. Our numbers are falling, we can no longer be used as targets so that their young may come of age!

Illyria pauses for a moment's thought before turning back to Spike and Skye.

ILLYRIA

These creatures need our help.

SPIKE

They do? From what, exactly? Look, Blue, I'm all against persecution of the innocent and that...

(beat; thinks)

Well, I am *these* days, anyway - point is, what're us three going to do against a whole town? Politely ask them to stop murdering the poor, defenceless cave demons?

ILLYRIA

You chose yourself to be the leader - so lead! The vampire and I will follow your course of action.

Spike looks at Skye - but she just nods and smiles. Spike takes a deep breath, running a hand through his hair.

SPIKE

Right then. A plan. Right. To stop the hicks from killing the demons.

Spike starts to pace up and down, deep in thought.

SKYE

'Ria, ask them when they expect the next hunt to show up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Illyria turns to one of the demons and utters a burst of clicks. It replies, and she nods before turning back.

ILLYRIA

Tomorrow.

SPIKE

Oh, arse! That's bloody perfect, that is... whose bright idea was it to come all the way out here?

SKYE

(beat)

Uh... yours.

SPIKE

(frowns)

I know that, it was a rhetorical question, wasn't it!

Skye steps forward, placing a hand on Spike's arm to stop him pacing.

SKYE

Spike, chill. There's plenty of things we could try, we just need to get one in action quick before Jose and his boys turn up again, so stop stressing and start solving!

Spike nods, and looks round the caverns, thinking. His gaze falls on the many torches lining the walls and tunnel entrances - and a grin creeps across his face. He looks back to the girls.

SPIKE

You know what? I think I've got it. Blue, ask them if they reckon they can make a run into town and steal us some gasoline...

As Spike chuckles, we dissolve to:

40

INT. CAVES. LATER.

40

Illyria walks alone, standing in one of the tunnels that leads up to the surface, closing her eyes and letting a cool breeze blow across her.

She stands there a moment, listening to the wind whisper around her - then her eyes flick open as she hears the voices again. Her eyes flick round, and she tenses up, before she suddenly GASPS, and we SMASH CUT TO:

41 INT. HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT.

41

Angelus reclines on the bed in a cheap-looking hotel room, quietly reading a small book. The windows are open and the curtains flap gently in the breeze, the busy noises of the street below filtering up.

Angelus pauses, blinks, puts the book down and glances over to the door.

The Duke's Ghost stands there, shaking with fury, fists clenched tightly together. Angelus chuckles and swings round to stand up.

ANGELUS

Well now! What do we have here? A lost soul, come to wreak bloody vengeance on his killer?

DUKE'S GHOST

You... you... *monster!*

ANGELUS

That I am, aye.

DUKE'S GHOST

How dare you kill me in cold blood! Over a damn *poker* game! What did you-

(beat)

Hold a moment... how the devil can you see me?

ANGELUS

Oh, that? There's little something I should maybe have shared with you before our game, sir. You see...

Angel VAMPS OUT, and the Duke's Ghost recoils in horror.

ANGELUS

I'm what you'd call a 'creature of the night.' Just like yourself.

DUKE'S GHOST

I'm... you're... a *vampire?!?*

ANGELUS

In the flesh. But see now, here's the thing I don't understand, Dukey.

Angelus starts to pace round the Duke, who watches him with cold eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELUS

Yes, I did kill you, and yes, I did enjoy it. Which makes me a bad, bad gentleman. But I've learned to live with that, comes with not having a conscience and all. So here's the rub - what makes you think I care at all that you've come all the way over here just to threaten me?

DUKE'S GHOST

I'll haunt you till the ground opens up and swallows us all, I'll chase you to the ends of Hell! You'll live to rue the day you crossed me, you devil!

ANGELUS

(beat)

No, sorry, still not intimidated.

Angelus' face returns to normal and he scoops up his coat, opening the door to the room.

ANGELUS

So if you'll be excusin' me, I've got better places to be.

(beat; grins)

Stay in the room, if you like. It's nice and cosy.

Angelus LAUGHS as he exits, leaving the Duke's Ghost alone in the room. He sags, defeated.

42 INT. CAVES. NIGHT.

42

We cut back to Illyria, who looks increasingly irritated.

ILLYRIA

I have told you, your death does not concern me! Why must you plague me with your inconsequential whining?

DUKE'S GHOST (O.S.)

Because...

Illyria stiffens and slowly turns round - and there's the Duke, his body glowing just slightly in the moonlit tunnel. He steps towards Illyria, who boldly looks him dead in the eye.

DUKE'S GHOST

I need you to understand something.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Before Illyria can react, the ghost LUNGES towards her, his hands disappearing into her chest. Illyria GASPS again, and we SMASH CUT TO:

43 INT. THE WINCHESTER - PRIVATE ROOM. NIGHT. 43

In an intense frenzy of blood and screams, we get a rapidly cut together set of images as Angelus tears the Duke and his bodyguards apart. The images move too fast to focus on any, but we can tell this was messy.

After a few moments of this violence, we cut back to:

44 INT. CAVES. NIGHT. 44

Illyria HEAVES and lurches forward, one hand across her belly and one on the cave wall for support as she sucks in deep mouthfuls of air.

Dazed, she looks back up to the Duke's Ghost, who shrugs but looks sympathetic.

DUKE'S GHOST

So now you understand what he did
to me.

As Illyria regains her breath, we cut to:

45 INT. CAVES - MAIN CAVERN. NIGHT. 45

Spike is lying on his back in one corner of the main hall, hands behind his head. Skye sits, cross-legged, beside him.

SKYE

What'cha thinkin' about?

SPIKE

Nothing much, pet.

SKYE

I think everything's in place,
Illyria explained to the demons
what they've got to do and then
went for a walk.

(beat)

Is she normally like this?

SPIKE

Like what?

SKYE

You know - spaced out. Not all
there. Like an art student who's
been to too many parties.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPIKE

Honestly? No. But she's been acting off ever since that whole shandy bang with Wolfram & Hart, I reckon that's enough to frazzle anyone's noggin, even an ex-demonic overlord like her Royal Highness over there.

SKYE

I don't know her, see, that's why I'm asking, but I can tell something's bothering her. I'm good with people like that.

SPIKE

(chuckles)

An ancient demon living in the hollowed out body of a girl isn't what I'd class as a 'person.'

SKYE

You think? I just get this vibe off her... like there's more going on in there than we can see, you know?

SPIKE

(sits up)

Frankly, no, I don't, and you'd do well not to go nosing around by her. She doesn't take too kindly to that, not since she lost the only person who ever gave a damn about her.

SKYE

That Wesley guy?

SPIKE

Yep. Poor bugger. Good bloke, despite everything. Deserved better than what he got.

Spike falls quiet for a moment, and Skye watches him as he lies back down. She settles down next to him.

SKYE

Do you miss him?

SPIKE

You know, I think I do. Couldn't stand him much when he was around, though. People are funny like that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SKYE

Yeah...

(beat)

Spike?

SPIKE

What?

SKYE

Do you ever think about the people
you killed?

SPIKE

I try not to. There's a lot of
them, and now I've got a soul and
everything, I wouldn't want to end
up a walking brood factory like
Angel is!

SKYE

So, what, you just forget about
them?

SPIKE

They're always there, at the back
of your mind. Trick is not to
listen to them. They'll drive you
crazy, otherwise.

SKYE

Right.

Skye goes quiet next, and it's Spike's turn to pick up on it.
He turns to face her.

SPIKE

Conscience getting to you?

SKYE

Sort of, I just... I killed three
people. A teacher and two cops. I
didn't mean to, it all just sorta...
happened. But they keep... I mean,
they-

SPIKE

They keep showing up. Yeah, I know.
Happens to me too.

Spike smiles, and Skye smiles back, feeling a little better
for sharing at least.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SPIKE

That's why we're in this game.
We've all got something we owe back
to the world, and one day, maybe
we'll get our reward.

(beat)

You're a good kid, Skye, I can
tell. We've all done bad things,
the trick is knowing when to stop,
and then when to start making up
for them. You've just got to that
stage a lot quicker than I did.

Spike rolls onto his back again, thoughtful.

SPIKE

I'm still trying to convince myself
I'm cut out for this leadership
lark. Was a lot simpler last year
when it was just me and that
Lindsey bloke, I didn't have you
and Blue to worry bout!

SKYE

We worry you?

SPIKE

Only a bit.

SKYE

Well, I'm gonna go double check
everything again. You staying put?

SPIKE

Yeah. It's nice and quiet over
here, I'm just going to sit and
ponder for a bit.

SKYE

You don't strike me as the
pondering type...

SPIKE

Gotta keep you on your toes, luv!

Skye smiles at him once more, then walks off screen. We stay
on Spike, who starts to smirk.

SPIKE

I could get used to her...

BLACK OUT:**END OF ACT THREE**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

46 EXT. HOSANNA. DAY. 46

Looking down into the dusty desert town, the doors to one of the bars open up and disgorge about twelve men out into the street. They march purposefully towards two waiting pickup trucks, clambering into the back.

The trucks start up and drive out of town, and the men riding in them start to cheer and yell, brandishing shotguns and rifles.

47 INT. CAVES - ENTRANCE. DAY. 47

Two of the demons are looking out from inside the caves, and when they spot the two approaching trucks, they exchange a few hurried clicks before turning and scampering offscreen.

48 INT. CAVES - MAIN CAVERN. DAY. 48

Spike and the girls are discussing something as the two scouts dash into the chamber, chattering excitedly. Illyria listens carefully and then turns to Spike.

ILLYRIA

They are coming.

SPIKE

Good.

He walks out into the middle of the cavern and shouts out to the assembled demons.

SPIKE

Alright, you lot, now you all know what to do! Stick to the plan, and I promise we'll get you out of here in no time!

(quietly)

Or most of you, at least...

A long beat. The demons stare curiously at Spike, who looks puzzled, then rolls his eyes and groans.

SPIKE

They can't understand a word I'm saying, can they...

Illyria steps in front of Spike, and calls out a few brief commands in the demon's tongue. Understanding at last, they scatter off, disappearing into the tunnels.

Skye, barely surpressing a snigger, pats Spike on the shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SKYE

Aw, never mind, it sounded very macho in English too.

SPIKE

Watch it, you...

They hurry off screen.

49 INT. CAVES - TUNNEL. DAY.

49

With flashlight beams sweeping through the gloom, the group of men from Hosanna make their way slowly into the caves. As before, there are two older men with hunting rifles and several younger boys in their teens.

Signaling to each other, the men split the group into two teams of five, each taking a different tunnel.

From several feet further down the tunnel, two of the demons watch the men approach, keeping clear of the torch beams as they edge backwards.

When they're at the edge of one of the tunnels, they dart for cover - but one scrapes a claw against the cavern wall as it passes.

Alerted to the noise, the nearest group of hunters hurry over, scanning the tunnel for movement. All the Hosanna men speak in Spanish with subtitles.

TEENAGER #1

Did you hear that? It sounded like one of those monsters!

LEADER #1

Check down there. I'll take Diego and Luca and see what's down there. And remember - shoot first, guys! We're not here to make friends, we're here to make men out of you all!

The team divides again, and we follow Teenager #1 as he follows a tunnel down towards the main cavern.

50 INT. CAVES - MAIN CAVERN. DAY.

50

Spike and Skye, hunched down out of sight behind a line of rocks, watch the Teenager and his two compadres as they creep slowly into the dim cavern. All of the flaming torches from earlier have been put out, apart from a few near the cavern's ceiling.

As the men circle round, Spike nods to Skye, who darts off screen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Moments later, she's heading up a ramp and back down the tunnel the men entered through, as Spike picks up a nearby stone and throws it against the opposite wall.

As it clatters down, and the sound reverberates round the cavern, the jumpy teenagers fumble with their rifles, then dash off in the direction of the noise, heading down another tunnel.

Spike grins and stands, reaching for a cigarette.

SPIKE

Buenos noches, you daft gits.

Spike starts to light up - and then freezes as a gun barrel enters frame accompanied by a loud CLICK.

Spike closes his eyes and sighs.

SPIKE

Bugger...

51 INT. CAVES - TUNNELS. DAY.

51

The second group of men stalk past us in the foreground - and once they're gone, Illyria rises from behind cover, motioning to a cluster of demons waiting in the shadows behind her.

She points, and they all dash off screen, away from the men. Her eyes fixed on the hunters, Illyria presses herself against the wall and follows them.

52 INT. CAVES - MAIN CAVERN. DAY.

52

Spike slowly lowers his lighter and looks to his left - it's one of the team leaders, a leathery-skinned man named MOYA. He chuckles, his rifle aimed at Spike's temples.

MOYA

(thick accent)

I'd ask what you're doing down here, *amigo*, but truth is, I don't much care. I suppose that little girl who swung by last night was with you too, huh?

SPIKE

Ten out of ten for guesswork, Holmes.

MOYA

So what are you, hunt saboteurs or something? You here to try and get all humanitarian on our asses?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Spike coolly turns to face Moya, one eye on the gun that's just an inch from his face.

SPIKE

Just doing the right thing, mate.

MOYA

These hunts, they're important to us. The boys in this town, they can't call themselves men 'till they've tasted the blood of the devil, you know?

SPIKE

Yeah, I know all about that.

MOYA

So why don't you and your girlfriend get out of here, before I put a bullet through that pretty face of yours?

Spike just grins - and drops his lit cigarette to the floor. Moya follows it down.

The cigarette bounces on the cavern floor - and sparks off a trail of gasoline next to it, that BURSTS INTO FLAMES.

Moya YELLS and steps back, his gun still on Spike, but his eyes locked onto the blazing trail of gasoline snaking across the cavern floor.

SPIKE

Looks like we're at a standoff, doesn't it? Are you gonna break first, or am I going to make a run for it?

Moya looks frantically from Spike to the gasoline, then back. His gun is shaking unsteadily in his hands.

SPIKE

(wicked grin)

I know *I'm* not running first...

After a long beat, Moya finally breaks, dropping his rifle and running out of the cavern, yelling in Spanish. Spike starts to chuckle.

SPIKE

That's right, run for the hills, you silly sod!

He starts to light another cigarette, but looks up as Skye hisses his name from off screen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Spike looks up and sees her in the mouth of one of the tunnels, gesturing frantically at him.

SPIKE

What? I'm tryin' to have a bloody cigarette!

SKYE

(pointing to gasoline)

Uh, fire? Explosion? Rockfall? Ring any bells?

Spike lights his cigarette at last and jogs up the ramp, joining Skye at last.

SPIKE

You're way too tense, you know, luv. You need to learn to relax.

That same old grin still on his face, Spike heads off screen, and with a last glance into the cavern, Skye follows.

53 INT. CAVES - ROOM. DAY.

53

Tracking the flaming gasoline trail, it weaves along the rockface and finally comes to a big pile of hastily assembled gasoline canisters, next to a heap of rocks.

As the trail hits the gas, the canisters DETONATE, throwing the rocks everywhere and starting a distant rumble overhead as the cavern structure has a big bite taken out of it.

54 INT. CAVES - TUNNEL. DAY.

54

Looking alarmed as they hear the muffled explosion, the teenagers start to panic as the cavern shakes around them, dropping clouds of dusts and showers of pebbles onto them.

Yelling at one another, they turn tail and run, racing back towards the caves entrance.

55 INT. CAVES - ANOTHER TUNNEL. DAY.

55

Moya is scrambling along, trying to stay on his feet as the whole cave begins to shake itself apart.

He staggers forward a few more steps - and sees a pair of feet before him.

Gazing slowly upwards, he sees Illyria looking down on him. She cocks her head to one side - then reaches out to grab him. Moya screams as it all goes black.

Spike and Skye run into frame, to find Illyria lifting the struggling Moya into the air by his throat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPIKE

Illyria! What are you doing? Put him down!

ILLYRIA

He is the only one who knows our true plan. He cannot be allowed to escape.

SKYE

You can't just kill him!

ILLYRIA

If we let him go, he will reveal our scheme to evacuate the demons here! This, the destruction of their home, it will all have been for nothing!

Skye looks desperately to Spike - but Spike looks like he agrees with Illyria. Skye looks back as Illyria's grip starts to tighten, and Moya's struggles start to fade.

SKYE

Wait!

Illyria loosens her grip and stares at Skye. Spike looks round with growing concern as the tunnel begins to fill with dust.

SPIKE

Make it snappy, Skye!

SKYE

Can't you use any of your magic on him?

SPIKE

Magic? She can't use magic, Wes zapped her with that thing, and-

ILLYRIA

(irritated)

My powers are returning!

SPIKE

(beat)

Oh. Right. Well, good for you then.

SKYE

'Ria, we can't kill him. Can't you just wipe out the last few hours from his memory or something? Make him wake up with a hangover and not remember seeing us down here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Illyria studies Moya for a moment - then grins.

ILLYRIA

There is something I can try.
(looks round)
But not here. Come.

She heads off screen, lowering Moya to the floor and dragging him along behind her. Spike motions for Skye to go first, and the two dash down the tunnel, towards the light up ahead, with falling rocks chasing them out.

56

EXT. HOSANNA - MOUNTAIN TRAIL. DAY.

56

The teenagers and other leader run for cover as a huge cloud of dust blasts out from the cave entrance after them, showering them with pebbles.

On another part of the trail, Illyria steps out into the light, still dragging Moya, with Skye close behind. Spike has to stay in the shade of the tunnel entrance.

Illyria hoists Moya up to his knees and clamps one palm down on his head.

ILLYRIA

Back when I ruled this accursed rock, I had the power to wipe a mortal's mind, if I wished. I used it to punish those who offended me.

SKYE

(carefully)
Well... we don't want it wiped.
Reckon you can power it down to just the last hour or so?

ILLYRIA

I will try.

Illyria closes her eyes - and a blue GLOW emanates from her palm. Moya starts to struggle, but Illyria's iron grip stays firm, until she releases him after a few moments, and he drops to the floor, out cold.

SKYE

So...

ILLYRIA

Hmm. His brain did not turn to jelly. That is what often happened when I tried this.
(to Skye)
He is fortunate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Illyria nonchalantly walks away, and Skye raises an eyebrow and looks back to Spike.

SPIKE

Don't just stand there, get the car
and get me out of here!

Skye nods and jogs off screen. Spike takes out his pack of cigarettes - but they're all crushed. He tosses the packet away, muttering under his breath.

From Spike stuck in the cave, we dissolve to:

57

EXT. HOSANNA - MOUNTAIN TRAIL. EARLY EVENING.

57

With the car parked on the dirt track at the top of the trail, Spike sits next to one of the Older Demons, with Illyria stood alongside them, gazing down into the lights of Hosanna below as the sun sets. Spike nudges Illyria.

SPIKE

Tell him, they won't be coming
back. We scattered a few of those
dead bodies around, so it'll just
look like the whole bloody tribe
got squashed in the cave in. His
people should be sorted to move
back in soon.

Illyria utters a few clicks and sniffs at the demon, who replies, suddenly hugging Spike and chattering happily.

SPIKE

Yeah, yeah, alright! Don't make
such a fuss about it, mate. Just
doing the right thing.

The demon stands, nods his thanks to Spike again, and walks off screen. Spike turns to see Skye sitting on the bonnet of the car, grinning at him.

SPIKE

And what are you smirking about?

SKYE

Me? Nothing. Just nice to see a job
well done, is all.

SPIKE

(gets up)
Shame we didn't get paid for this
at all, though! I'll have to add
the petrol money for this trip to
your next rent bill.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SKYE

Hey!

Spike smirks at her again and gets into the car. Skye slides off the bonnet and hops into the passenger seat, just leaving Illyria, eyes closed and her hair billowing in the wind, facing out across the desert.

DUKE'S GHOST (V.O.)

Promise me...

58

EXT. LA - ART GALLERY/STREET. NIGHT.

58

Angel and Nina are just leaving the art show, but Nina doesn't look happy, shoving through the departing crowd and leaving Angel behind. He jogs back up to her.

ANGEL

Nina... Nina, wait! Nina!

NINA

(huffs)

Oh, what now, Angel?

ANGEL

Look, I'm sorry for being such an ass back there, I know you wanted to see this-

NINA

Yeah, I did! I really wanted to see that show! But you know what else? I wanted to see it with you. I do *everything* you want to, and I thought that just for tonight, you could make one tiny little exception and take an actual interest in something *I* wanted to do.

(beat)

Guess that was too much to ask.

ANGEL

Nina, you're being kinda-

NINA

Kinda what? Tetchy? Irritated? Pissed off? Yeah, I am! I thought we'd have a good night out together even if the show sucked... which, I might add, it did.

ANGEL

(beat)

Wait, you didn't like it either?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NINA
 No... but that's not the point,
 Angel! Don't you get it?

Angel looks lost for words, his mouth moving as he tries to start his next sentence. Nina sighs and starts walking away from him.

NINA
 I'm going back to my place. You go
 save the world or something, it's
 what you're good at.

ANGEL
 Nina... Nina!

It's no good - she's off. Angel realises it's better not to follow her, and stays to watch her go.

We hear the Duke's voice again as we pull back from the scene, with Angel still watching the departing Nina.

DUKE'S GHOST (V.O.)
 Promise me... avenge me. That monster
 must pay for what he did. Promise
 me...

59 EXT. HOSANNA - MOUNTAIN TRAIL. EARLY EVENING.

59

Illyria opens her eyes as the Duke's voice fades away.

ILLYRIA
 I promise. Angel will pay.

A beat - then Spike BEEPS the car's horn, and Illyria turns round to see him leaning out of the window.

SPIKE
 Come on, Blue! We haven't got time
 to sit here and admire the view all
 bleedin' night!

Silently, Illyria walks over to the car, opens one of the doors and gets in. As she SLAMS the door shut, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW