

ANGEL

"Too Many Cooks"

by

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TEASER

1 INT. SPIKE'S OFFICES - ILLYRIA'S ROOM. NIGHT. 1

Fade up on ILLYRIA, curled up tightly in a ball on her bed. Her room is as bare of furnishings as always, and the former God seems to be having trouble sleeping.

As Illyria flits and turns in her sleep, a whispering voice can be heard. It's talking in an undecipherable language, and Illyria seems to be trying to answer it, talking in her sleep.

She GASPS suddenly and her eyes shoot open, and we push right into them, forcing a cut to:

2 EXT. WASTELAND. DAY. 2

Pull quickly back to find Illyria standing in the centre of a literal bomb site. A scorch mark on the earth around her seems to stretch out for miles, and standing around her is the ruins of what was once a city.

A very recognisable city, in fact - it's Los Angeles! The city appears to have taken on an atom bomb and lost the fight in the first round - flames, destroyed buildings, the distant screams and cries of survivors...

And in the middle of all this, an increasingly frantic Illyria, looking all around her as she tries to work out what the heck's going on.

ILLYRIA

What is this... What happened here?

Illyria starts to move around, picking out small packs of injured citizens staggering between the ruins of the flaming buildings.

She grabs the nearest one and shouts into his soot-covered face.

ILLYRIA (cont'd)

Answer me! What is this
devastation? What caused this?

SURVIVOR

I... I don't...

ILLYRIA

Tell me what happened!

VOICE (O.S.)

It was you, Illyria.

Illyria stiffens - like she's just heard a ghost.

(CONTINUED)

She shoves the bruised survivor away and slowly turns round - and there is WESLEY, pacing calmly across the blast radius towards her. He's dressed the same as his last appearance, when he died at the hands of Cyrus Vail.

She stands still, staring wide-eyed at him, as the moans of the dying continue all around.

ILLYRIA

But... you- he killed- you can't...

(beat; quiet)

Wesley?

WESLEY

Not exactly. I'm what you'd call a dreamscape avatar, a voice for your body's unique collective unconscious.

ILLYRIA

I... I do not understand.

WESLEY

(smiles)

I imagine not. Here's the English answer - you're dreaming.

Illyria looks around her, taking in the carnage. She looks back at Wesley, more than a little confused.

ILLYRIA

Dreaming? Impossible. Illyria does not dream.

WESLEY

Maybe not, but I know Fred used to dream. She's always be telling me about her dreams, how vivid they felt to her, how she could hear, smell and taste things that were happening around her. Like, for example...

(indicates the ruins)

This little scenario.

ILLYRIA

How can this be a mere dream? I have not seen carnage like this since-

WESLEY

War stories notwithstanding... I'm here to bring you a message. Two messages, actually.

(MORE)

WESLEY (cont'd)

The first is quite simple - what you see here is a premonition. The universe's way of giving you a warning.

ILLYRIA

A warning for what? Is there to be an attack on this city?

WELSEY

In a manner of speaking. Your powers are returning, aren't they?

ILLYRIA

(beat; almost guilty)
Yes.

WESLEY

And you remember what happened last time they did? How you nearly self-destructed and destroyed the entire city, and moreover how you could foresee that happening?

ILLYRIA

Am I in danger once again?

WESLEY

I'm afraid so. You need help, and there's only one person I can think of that knows the best thing to do.

Illyria lowers her head and nods.

ILLYRIA

You.

WESLEY

Which brings me neatly to my second piece of news. I'm not exactly sure how, but I think we're speaking now as some by-product of your powers, so I need to take the opportunity to tell you something.

Illyria looks up expectantly.

WESLEY (cont'd)

If you find me, I can help.

(beat)

I'm still alive.

Illyria stares back at him for a beat - and then SNARLS, suddenly furious.

ILLYRIA

You lie! You are nothing but a spectre, a misplaced fragment of energy, trying to deceive me! Wesley is dead, and there is no return from death! Leave me be!

WESLEY

Illyria, I'm not-

ILLYRIA

Silence! You and your kind have no power over me, even in this shell! Begone!

3 INT. SPIKE'S OFFICES - ILLYRIA'S ROOM. NIGHT. 3

Illyria jumps up out of bed, wide awake and panting. She takes a moment to compose herself, then glances across at her reflection in the mirror.

She's surprised to find that she's been crying in her sleep. With a disdainful huff, she wipes the tears away.

ILLYRIA

Just a dream. Nothing more.

She lies back down again, staring at the ceiling.

ILLYRIA (cont'd)

Nothing more.

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

4 INT. SPIKE'S OFFICES. NIGHT. 4

The front door opens with a quiet CREAK, and with a muttered curse and a mental note to oil the latch, SPIKE creeps into the offices, the stolen scroll from Wolfram & Hart tucked under one arm.

He's halfway across the main office space when the lamp by his desk flicks on, revealing a stony-faced Illyria.

Spike freezes and turns, sighing when he sees his colleague waiting.

SPIKE

Practicing for Halloween, are we?
Bit of a wait 'till next year, luv.

ILLYRIA

Where have you been?

SPIKE

(blunt)
Er, I've been out, your highness.
Wasn't aware I needed your
permission to leave my own office!

ILLYRIA

'Out' where?

SPIKE

Absolutely none of your business.

Illyria stands and marches over to Spike, who backs up until he bumps into a filing cabinet, the clearly angry Illyria inches away from him.

ILLYRIA

Do not play games with me, you
miscreant, I demand to know where
you have been! I've had my fill of
duplicitous vampires, and I will
not tolerate more sneaking around
behind my back!

SPIKE

Alright, alright! Fine!

Illyria steps back, and Spike glares at her as he shucks off his jacket and places the scroll on his desk.

Yawning and dressed for bed, SKYE steps into the office.

(CONTINUED)

SKYE

What's all the racket about? Girls' trying to catch up on some z's up here...

SPIKE

Sleep later, pet. You may as well come take a look at this as well.

Bleary-eyed, Skye pulls up a chair as Spike flattens out the scroll on the desktop and steps back.

A beat as Illyria and Skye scan over it.

SPIKE (cont'd)

Well?

SKYE

Well what?

ILLYRIA

This is nonsense, Spike. What is the meaning of this scroll?

SPIKE

What, you can't read it?

SKYE

No, see, I *had* classes in Advanced Klingon lined up for next semester, but then I kinda had to leave school in a hurry. You know, killed a teacher and all.

SPIKE

It's plain as day! It says...

Spike glances down at the scroll, and his brow creases. He snatches it back up and looks it over a few more times before throwing it across the room and storming off.

SKYE

What's with you?

SPIKE

Another trick... I bloody *knew* it! Might have known those Wolfram and Hart buggers'd rather gargle with lava than give a man a break for once...

Illyria scoops up the scroll and studies it as Skye walks over to Spike.

SKYE

You went to Wolfram and Hart?

SPIKE

(caught out)

Uh... oh, yeah, well, it was nothing, really, just some reconnaissance work, you know, and-

ILLYRIA

(still reading)

Your skills at deceit would remain the worst in the world even if you were the last person on it, Spike.

(reads reverse of scroll)

This is an ancient dialect, old even in my time... where did you get this?

SPIKE

I told you, Wolfram & Hart. Had me one of those epiphany whatsits, told me to go there and find this scroll, said it was important, something to do with the Shanshu.

SKYE

The what?

SPIKE

Shanshu, it's a-

ILLYRIA

A prophecy that foretells of an ensouled vampire one day becoming human again, assuming he survives several apocalypses and defeats countless evils, of course. Prophecies rarely give good odds on such events.

SKYE

What made you go and get this thing, then?

Spike grabs the scroll back from Illyria's hands and studies it again.

SPIKE

Wish I could tell you. Had a strange dream, woke up knowing I had to go and find it, a few hours later here we are. Funny thing is, I swear I could read this when I was in their records room, but now...
(sighs)

Now it's just gibberish.

(CONTINUED)

ILLYRIA

There is no way a weakling demon
like yourself could understand this
text, it predates even your kind!

SPIKE

Oh, well, excuse me, Mistress
Linguistics, why don't you show off
your translating skills for us,
then?

Illyria folds her arms, thoughtful, then nods.

ILLYRIA

I will try. If Wesley were-

SPIKE

Yeah, well, he's not. Wesley's
dead. So unless you have a spare
Watcher in your pocket, and judging
by the fit of your outfit I doubt
you have, we're going to have to do
this the good old fashioned way.

Spike grabs the phone as Skye waits for him to finish.

SKYE

Which is...?

SPIKE

We call Angel and guilt trip him
into doing it.

Skye rolls her eyes as Spike waits for Angel to pick up the
phone.

All the lights are off as the phone RINGS on the desk, and
after a few beats, ANGEL enters the office, wrapping a
dressing gown round himself and rubbing his tired eyes.

He sits at the desk and scoops up the phone.

ANGEL

Hello?

SPIKE

(filtered; through phone)
Evening, traitor!

ANGEL

Spike?
(glances at clock)
What is it?

(MORE)

ANGEL (cont'd)

This is the first quiet night's sleep I've had for weeks, why are you ruining it?

SPIKE

Got a conundrum for you. Found a scroll, written in some ancient language that even Blue's turning a bit of a blank on. Had a feeling you might-

ANGEL

(smirks)

You want me to translate it? Well, obviously, Spike, I'm very flattered, I knew sooner or later you'd-

SPIKE

Er, back up just a moment, you smug git. I was going to ask if you still had any of Wesley's old books lying around, I know he told me he'd left some at the hotel 'just in case.' Well, the case is just in. If it's all the same to you, I'll send the munchkin round to pick them up.

ANGEL

(beat)

Oh. Are you sure you don't want-

SPIKE

Don't want your help? Very sure, mate. G'night.

Spike hangs up, and a hurt-looking Angel hangs up.

NINA (O.S.)

Angel, honey? Who was it?

Angel looks up - NINA is in the doorway, also looking like she's woken from a good night's sleep.

ANGEL

Oh, nobody. Wrong number.

NINA

Oh, okay...

Nina heads back upstairs as Angel stays at the desk, a definite frown forming.

6

INT. SPIKE'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

6

Spike chuckles as he heads back upstairs, but an annoyed Skye blocks his way.

SKYE

And who's the 'munchkin,' exactly?

SPIKE

Work it out, junior. I was going to go with 'oompah-loompah' but decided 'munchkin' was more suited to you.

SKYE

Now you wait *just* a minute-

SPIKE

Skye! We don't have time to argue. That scroll right there could be what I've been looking for to prove that it's me who gets to Shanshu, and not Angel, so be a star and toddle over to Angel's for me, will you? Grab the books, come right back, then help us get to work on it.

SKYE

Why should I?

SPKE

Because I'm the boss, that's why!

SKYE

It's not like you pay me anything, you spent the last lot of cash we had on beer!

SPIKE

If you don't like it, you can always-

ILLYRIA

Enough!!

The vampires turn as Illyria marches past them, throwing each of them a cold glare.

ILLYRIA (cont'd)

If I'd have known agreeing to fight alongside you would result in so much childish prattle and bickering, I would have asked to go back to the Deeper Well!

(CONTINUED)

Illyria heads upstairs, and Skye throws a raised eyebrow at Spike, who shrugs.

SPIKE

I wouldn't say we bicker *that* much.

SKYE

More like 'disagree,' really.

SPIKE

Anyway. Get your coat and swing round Angel's for me. Shouldn't take five minutes.

SKYE

(sighs)

Alright.

As Skye heads back upstairs to get ready, we cut to:

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

With the commanding view of the LA skyline casting fingers of light across the room, KIRSTEN pads across the office, heading for the desk.

She flips on the computer, tucks her long hair behind her ears and starts to rapidly tap at the keyboard, using the mouse to scroll through folders onscreen.

She's working at the PC for a few beats when she hears a toilet FLUSH, and she quickly stands, looking alarmed, and switches off the monitor just as KITRIDGE enters from a side door, a small bathroom behind him as he turns off the light.

He blinks as he sees Kirsten at his desk, who is making like she's just setting some folders down, and GASPS with feigned surprise when she sees him.

James smiles as he wanders over.

KITRIDGE

Working the late shift, Kirsten?

KIRSTEN

Just putting in a few extra hours, James. There wasn't much on TV tonight and all my girl friends are out of town, so-

KITRIDGE

So not much to go home for. Yeah, I know how it is.

James sits, grabbing a mug of fresh coffee that he'd left cooling on the windowsill. He looks totally relaxed.

KITRIDGE (cont'd)

I'm only here because I can't sleep at home at the moment. My wife's still back in Memphis, so until she finally gets round to moving up here, I'm just staying in this nice, big, quiet, empty and kind of depressing house the firm fixed up for me.

Kirsten watches James as he sips his coffee - he doesn't seem to have picked up on her tinkering at his PC, so she smiles disarmingly.

KIRSTEN

You know, if the place is quiet, I could always swing by one of the nights, you know... I don't live too far away...

She smiles again, this time a little more flirtatiously, and James grins back.

KITRIDGE

Yeah, maybe, we'll see what happens. Anyway, Spike's probably realised by now that the scroll he took can't be read once you take it off our premises, so I'd better start getting things ready for when he comes marching back in here. If you don't mind...?

Kirsten takes the hint, nods and heads back towards her station outside. She pauses in the doorway.

KIRSTEN

In case I don't see you - good night, James.

KITRIDGE

Good night.

Kirsten shuts the door. Kitridge goes to switch his PC on, and frowns when he sees it's already running.

KITRIDGE (cont'd)

Strange...
(shrugs)
Ah, well.

Within moment, he's busily typing away.

8 INT. W&H - KIRSTEN'S DESK. NIGHT.

8

Listening at the door, Kirsten sighs with relief as she hears James typing, and sits down at her desk, picking up the phone.

She waits a few moments until someone picks up.

KIRSTEN

It's me. I didn't have much chance to check, he almost caught me, though.

(beat; listens.)

No, sir, I don't think he knows anything.

(beat; listens)

Yes, I'll keep an eye on him. Goodbye.

She hangs up, throwing a glance over her shoulder at the door before standing and walking off screen.

9 EXT. LA - STREET. NIGHT.

9

Straight into the action as TAYLOR and one of his men fight a pair of vampires, trading blows as they fight off the hungry demons.

Taylor gets a good hit in and STAKES his target, the vamp howling as it crumbles to dust.

His partner isn't doing so well, and Taylor has to yank the vampire away and throw it to the ground before they can subdue it, tying its hands behind its back.

The vamp snarls as Taylor drags it to its feet and SLAMS it against a nearby building.

TAYLOR

Alright, Lucky, you get to die much quicker than your friend if you tell me why you're out here. You vamps know we run this end of town, what made you risk coming over here?

VAMPIRE

I ain't telling you nuthin'!

TAYLOR

Is that so? Right...

(to colleague)

Pass me the blowtorch, will ya?

The vampire shudders as Taylor is handed a small oxyacetylene torch, which he lights with a grin.

(CONTINUED)

TAYLOR (cont'd)
 Always wanted to see what one of
 these did to a vamp...

The vamp squirms as Taylor holds the blue flame closer and
 closer to its face...

VAMPIRE
 Alright, alright! I'll tell ya!

TAYLOR
 Good doggie. I'm all ears.

VAMPIRE
 We're here on company business,
 they said we needed to fetch 'em
 some supplies.

TAYLOR
 Company? Supplies/ What are you,
 some kind of demon contractor?

VAMPIRE
 No, man, I work for them! You know,
 Wolfram & Hart? They run everything
 in this town, now, the cops, the
 politicians, business, everybody!

TAYLOR
 What did they want you to get?

VAMPIRE
 Hey, beats me, buncha random
 chemicals I ain't never heard of,
 we were just on our way to raid
 this science park for 'em.

TAYLOR
 (thoughtful)
 Huh... okay, well, thanks for that.

Taylor steps back and motions to his squad member.

TAYLOR (cont'd)
 Go ahead, you take this one.

The vampire SHRIEKS as the other grunt steps forward and
 STAKES him, while Taylor watches.

TAYLOR (cont'd)
 Wolfram and Hart again, huh? Maybe
 we ought to ask this town's
 resident expert on just what his
 previous employers are up to now...

9 CONTINUED: (2)

As Taylor and the grunt walk away, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

10 INT. HYPERION - LOBBY. NIGHT. 10

There is a quiet TAPPING at the main doors, before they creak open slightly and Skye pokes her head inside.

SKYE

Hello?

There's no-one around, the lobby is in darkness. Skye tiptoes forwards, her Slayer-ness getting her past the need for an invite.

She scans the inside of the hotel, impressed by its size.

SKYE (cont'd)

Man, why didn't Spike get *this* side of the deal?

She spots Angel's office and heads over.

Skye doesn't notice the shadow moving on the balcony floor overhead, however.

11 INT. HYPERION - ANGEL'S OFFICE. NIGHT. 11

Skye cautiously opens the door, noticing a heap of thick books on top of the desk, and a note marked 'Spike.' She picks it up and reads it out loud.

SKYE

'Dear Spike, here's your books, and if you need any help, just call me.'

(tucks note away)

Huh! Sweet guy..

Skye scoops up the books, struggles a little under their weight, and turns back to the door.

WHAM! Someone crashes into her, knocking her to the ground and sending the books flying.

Skye YELLS in alarm and fights back, struggling against whoever's pinned her to the floor.

After a moment, the office light flicks on, and Angel and Nina appear in the door.

ANGEL

What's going- Connor?

(CONTINUED)

Skye looks up - pinning her to the floor is CONNOR, who suddenly looks almost embarrassed as he realises he's holding a young, attractive girl to the ground.

NINA

(sly)

Looks like you two have already got to know each other...

Connor stands and helps Skye up, stepping back and raising his hands apologetically as she dusts herself down and glares at him.

CONNOR

Uh, sorry, I thought you were-

SKYE

(furious)

Thought I was what? A very specific thief, who breaks into people's hotels when, I might add, the fricken doors are unlocked, and steals things that were left out for them, with a note?!?

ANGEL

He was working on his instincts, Skye.

SKYE

(blinks)

You know who I am?

ANGEL

Yeah, Spike mentioned you'd arrived in town a few weeks back, but I never got chance to introduce myself. I'm-

SKYE

Angel, yeah, I know.

Angel offers his hand, and Skye cautiously shakes it.

SKYE (cont'd)

So who's the coiled spring here?

ANGEL

This is my son, Connor.

SKYE

Your son? I thought vampires can't-

NINA

Long story, honey. Hey, I'm Nina.

SKYE

Uh, hi.

Skye looks warily round at the three people opposite her.

SKYE (cont'd)

So... can I, like, go now? I just came round to pick up these books.

ANGEL

Yeah, sorry, just wanted to make sure you were okay.

SKYE

(scoops up books)

I'm fine. No thanks to Doc Savage here. Where'd you learn to move that fast, anyway?

CONNOR

Quo'ortoth.

SKYE

Coor-what now?

ANGEL

Hell dimension.

NINA

Another long story.

SKYE

Right...

With a bemused smirk, Skye heads back out towards the front doors as Angel watches.

SKYE (cont'd)

Hey, listen, I'm sorry I didn't come by before now, I know Buffy probably said I was coming over, but...

ANGEL

You met Spike first, right? He can be kinda persuasive, and I'm not exactly his favourite person right now.

SKYE

Yeah, I get that. Well, thanks for the books, guess I'd better get going.

Skye heads outside, and Angel turns to Nina as she leaves.

11 CONTINUED: (3)

11

ANGEL

What do you think?

NINA

Skye? She seems okay. I can see the influence Spike's having on her already, though. How much longer are you gonna let these hostilities go on between you two?

ANGEL

I don't know... I keep getting halfway towards walking into his office and laying it out with him, but then I remember that Illyria probably still wants to kill me too, and I think better of it.

Nina pats him on the head and starts back up the stairs to their room.

NINA

You'll sort it out, honey. You always do.

Angel stays at the foot of the stairs for a moment, thoughtful, before we cut to:

12 INT. SPIKE'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

12

A plant pot hurtles across the room and SMASHES against the wall.

SPIKE (O.S.)

Bullocks!!

Spike storms into frame, clearly at the edge of his nerves. Illyria walks over to the plant pot, reverently scooping up what's left of the plant and earth inside.

ILLYRIA

This was my only link to the song of the green... I had just started to hear it again...

SPIKE

Sod your bloody Earth mother rubbish, help me translate this thing before I pop a blood vessel! We've been going in circles with it all night, we won't get anywhere till we-

SKYE (O.S.)

Get some help?

(CONTINUED)

Skye walks in and dumps Wesley's old books across the desk, wiping her brow.

SKYE (cont'd)

Angel let us have all these, and said we can call him if we get stuck.

SPIKE

Oh, he did, did he? Stop off for a nice little chat? Cuppa tea? Biscuits?

Spike scowls at Skye but she stands her ground, facing up to him as best as her height disadvantage to him allows.

SKYE

Hey, he was perfectly fine about it, actually! You're the one barking orders like a reject sergeant major round here!

SPIKE

What's your point?

SKYE

You could stand to learn something about customer service, that's all I'm saying.

SPIKE

Oh, perfect, thirty seconds in his Lordship's company and he's gone and bloody brainwashed you, hasn't he?

SKYE

What? No! He just-

SPIKE

Just what? Looked at you with his big old puppy dog eyes, frowned a bit, your heart melted with sympathy... I've seen it a million times, people always fall for-

CRACK! Illyria's fist bounces off Spike's jaw, knocking him to the ground.

ILLYRIA

Be quiet!! The reason this translation is taking so long is because you will not shut up and let me think!

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

Spike rubs his sore jaw and scowls, but stays quiet as he gets back up. Skye smirks at him and stands by Illyria.

SKYE

You heard the girl, Spike, keep it down! Right, 'Ria?

ILLYRIA

Go and bother somebody else, child.

SKYE

(deflated)

Oh...

Spike opens the first of Wesley's books and starts leafing through them. Illyria walks over and reaches out, but seems almost afraid to touch them.

As he fingers touch the edge of one of the books, Illyria GASPS sharply, and we SMASH CUT TO:

13 INT. W&H - WESLEY'S OFFICE. DAY.

13

Back in happier days, Wesley and FRED are stood by his desk, joking about something.

FRED

No, I'm serious! You've got all these big old dusty books, I've got my nice, shiny lab, and that's the way it's meant to be.

WESLEY

And never the 'twain shall meet?

FRED

(giggles)

Yup.

WELSEY

There's a lot to be said for good old-fashioned research, you know. You can find anything out if you just know where to look.

As Fred smiles back at Wes, we SMASH CUT back to:

14 INT. SPIKE'S OFFICES. NIGHT.

14

Spike and Skye have both stopped still to stare at Illyria, who is off screen.

ILLYRIA (O.S.)

(quiet)

If you know where to look...

(CONTINUED)

SPIKE

Er, Illyria?

Illyria looks up - only this isn't Illyria! The outfit is the same, but the brown hair and eyes of Fred turn round to look back at Spike.

ILLYRIA/FRED

What?

SPIKE

I think your tube's broken, luv.

ILLYRIA/FRED

My what?

Illyria suddenly twigs and lifts a hand to her face - and realises she's changed back into Fred again. With a shudder and a sweep of her hair, the familiar blue returns, but Illyria looks visibly shaken by the changeover.

SKYE

What the hell just happened? One minute, it's Illyria, next minute... why did 'Ria get brown hair all of a sudden?

SPIKE

(smirks)

Blurring the boundaries a bit, aren't you? Getting hard to tell where the world-conquering demon God ends and the mousey Texan girl begins?

ILLYRIA

(turns back to books)

You haven't the slightest comprehension what you-

SPIKE

Oh, I think I do. Been noticing it a lot. She's trying to come back, isn't she?

ILLYRIA

It is nothing. They are... they are mere echoes of her personality. Nothing more.

SPIKE

Looks like more than an echo to me, more like-

ILLYRIA

(angry)

Spike! Winifred Burkle is dead!
This shell is mine and mine only
now, there is no other soul in here
with me!

Illyria grabs Spike's t-shirt and lifts him up into the air,
and his eyes bulge in surprise.

ILLYRIA (cont'd)

If you dare to contradict me again
on this, I will make your death
last a thousand lifetimes! Do you
understand?

SPIKE

Er...

SKYE

Illyria! Put him down!

Illyria turns to Skye, surprised at her bold outburst, and
then gently puts Spike back on his feet.

Illyria turns to the books again and starts rapidly leafing
through them. Spike and Skye stand back, talking quietly so
Illyria can't hear them.

SKYE (cont'd)

You've got some explaining to do to
me. You told me that Illyria was
here because she'd possessed
somebody called Fred, so I went
with that. Now we're talking about
whoever she possessed in the first
place starting to make a comeback?
This is rapidly getting out of
hand, Spike, so I want you to be
straight with me.

SPIKE

You're right, pet, I'm sorry. It's...
complicated. See, give the choice,
I'd much rather have Fred back than
Illyria, useful as she is, but...

SKYE

But you think Illyria's trying to
stop Fred coming back?

SPIKE

Exactly.

ILLYRIA

(loudly)

Am I to examine all of these books
myself?

SPIKE

(to Skye)

Come on, we'd better go help.

They rejoin Illyria, who is flicking through the books at high speed. Spike tries to keep up, but can't.

SPIKE (cont'd)

Slow down a bit, Blue! You're not
Johnny Five, you know.

ILLYRIA

Anything..

SPIKE

Sorry?

ILLYRIA

You can find anything, if you know
where to look. That's what he used
to say.

SKYE

Who?

ILLYRIA

Wesley. He always told me... he
always told this *shell* that, and-
(beat; stops)
Here.

Illyria points to a section in the book, and Spike peers at it. He looks back at her and shrugs.

SPIKE

And this is going to help us
translate that scroll?

ILLYRIA

Yes. And no.

SPIKE

Marvellous.

Spike throws his arms up and walks away, as Illyria picks the scroll up.

ILLYRIA

I sensed magic on this when you
brought it in, and I have been able
to recall where.

(MORE)

ILLYRIA (cont'd)

It is a masking spell, crude yet effective. This scroll is bound to a specific location, once taken away from there it cannot be deciphered or translated.

SKYE

So what, we've got to get back into Wolfram & Hart before we can read that thing? That blows!

ILLYRIA

It is the only way. Without a sorcerer to aid us, we will have to follow the boundaries of the enchantment.

Spike chuckles and lights a cigarette.

SPIKE

Isn't that just my luck. I break into the place because of a sodding dream, where Buffy shows up, turns into Angel and tells me to go nick some scroll from the murky depths of the one place on Earth that brought me more pain than Sunnydale, and when I finally do get it, I have to take it back there before I can read it! Who invents these things?

ILLYRIA

If the information on here is important to you, then you know what you must do!

SPIKE

Yeah, I know. I just wish we had-

ANGEL (O.S.)

Some help?

Spike looks up - Angel, Connor, Nina and Taylor have entered the office, armed and ready.

ANGEL (cont'd)

Sounds like we need to go pay Wolfram and Hart a little visit.

Off Spike's surprised look, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

15 EXT. LA - STREET. NIGHT.

15

The newly assembled team march along - Angel, Spike and Taylor up front, Skye, Connor and Nina behind and Illyria lagging back, her eyes burning a hole in Angel's back.

SPIKE

Look, it's not that I don't appreciate the thought- well, actually, I don't, but that's not my point. I'm perfectly capable of getting into Wolfram & Hart and back on my lonesome, Angel, what makes you think I need your help?

ANGEL

I'm not asking what you think, Spike. I'm doing what needs to be done. That's the difference between you and me, in case you hadn't noticed.

SPIKE

Oh, I'd noticed that much, alright, what I want to know is-

TAYLOR

Oh, for the love of Britney, will you two shut up! You've done nothing but bitch at each other since we started out here, and I don't want to have to explain to my men that the reason I'm out here and not on duty tonight is to help you two liabilities!

ANGEL

Nobody asked you to come along, Taylor.

TAYLOR

True, they didn't. But it sounded like fun.

SPIKE

(to Taylor)

How did he talk you into this then?

(CONTINUED)

TAYLOR

I went to see Angel because I've been catching a lot of vamps past few weeks running errands for Wolfram & Hart, figured he might know why. Then as I'm on my way, I get a message telling me about that break and enter stunt you pulled last night...

Spike smirks, but Taylor carries on speaking.

TAYLOR (cont'd)

Next thing I know, Angel's worked out that any scroll from their archives can't be read off the premises, so we made sure we caught you before you blundered in there by yourself and got killed.

SPIKE

Fair enough. I could use a bit of cannon fodder.

ANGEL

Spike...

SPIKE

Sorry, I mean 'valuable assistance.'

ANGEL

That scroll means as much to me as it does you. If it's about the Shanshu, some way round what I had to sign, then maybe-

SPIKE

Than maybe you can just carry on dreaming, mate! You gave up your shot at glory, now it's mine, all mine. All we're going to find out when we read this is exactly how long it'll take me to get my just desserts for putting up with you for nearly two hundred bloody years...

Back with Skye, Connor and Nina, Connor is trying to make a better introduction to Skye second time round.

CONNOR

Yeah, so then, I've still got no memory of who I am, but one day I get hit by this car, and when I get up and walk away afterwards, my mom and dad figured out there was something different about me, so they brought me to Wolfram & Hart, and then...

SKYE

I get the idea. Angel sees you, works out what's happened, and helps you get your memories back, right?

CONNOR

Kinda.

NINA

So what's your story, Skye?

CONNOR

Yeah, a Slayer and a vampire's got to involve a pretty long story, like maybe-

SKYE

Drank blood. Accident.

NINA

(grins)

Not that long after all!

SKYE

I became a Slayer thanks to that Willow chick's spell, then I got attacked at school by the caretaker, who was also a vampire, and next thing I know I'm buying subscriptions to 'Slayer's Weekly' and 'How To Be A Bloodsucking Fiend.'

CONNOR

That's pretty unusual...

Skye throws Connor a warning look, to make sure his next sentence ends well.

CONNOR (cont'd)

... but kinda cool, too.

Skye beams at him. Meanwhile, Illyria is keeping out of any conversations, but it's soon clear why - a whispering VOICE is talking to her as she continues to keep her death stare locked on Angel.

VOICE

Promise me... avenge me... the monster
must pay for what he did to me...

Illyria nods, and mutters quietly to herself.

ILLYRIA

I promise you.

Taylor turns to address the whole group as they come to a halt at a junction in the street. It's the small hours, so LA is quiet.

TAYLOR

Okay, here's the plan. Angel, Spike and I are going into the lion's den to see what this scroll means, and see if I can find out why Wolfram & Hart keep sending their goons onto my turf.

ANGEL

The rest of you, I want you to go find somebody, anybody, who knows something about something called 'The Keeper.' That's one thing Spike remembers from what he read of the scroll first time, it could be important. Connor, you're in charge.

SPIKE

Er, *just* a minute-

ANGEL

Not now, Spike. You want to argue, fine, but every second we do is a second we waste.

Spike considers his options, then nods.

SPIKE

Alright, point taken. Skye, *you're* in charge.

ANGEL

(annoyed)
Hey!

SKYE

Oh, man... How about me *and* Connor are in charge? Okay? Right! Everyone's happy. Come on, He-Man, time to split.

Skye veers away and takes Connor, Nina and Illyria with her, as Spike, Angel and Taylor start walking again.

ANGEL

I like her. No idea why she chose you over me, though.

SPIKE

Charisma, mate. Sheer, unbridled charm.

ANGEL

Spike, you're about as charming as a-

TAYLOR

Ssh! Jeez, if I'd known I was going to have to listen to you two ladies bitch slap each other all night, I'd have stayed at home and tried to lick the backs of my own eyeballs, it would have been more entertaining...

Spike and Angel share a glance at Taylor's snide comment - and then smirk at each other. A rare moment of camaraderie.

SLAM! A terrified looking DEMON is shoved against a wall by Skye, her fangs bared as she kicks her Intimidation Mode into another gear. The demon is thin with pale grey skin and long, straggly white hair.

SKYE

Pop quiz. Was the answer you just gave me something I wanted to hear, or something that made me a little cross?

DEMON

It's the truth, I swear! I never heard of anybody called 'The Keeper'!

Connor steps into frame, and the demon's eyes flick between him and Skye in panic.

CONNOR

We'd like to believe you, wouldn't we, Skye?

SKYE

Oh, absolutely.

CONNOR

Thing is, we get the feeling you're holding out on us.

DEMON

I... I can't, they'll kill me, for sure!

Nina leans casually against the wall, forming a neat trio around the by-now petrified demon.

NINA

Now, here's the thing. You've got a vampire, a werewolf and a kid who killed Sahjahn with his bare hands asking you politely where we can find what we need to know. You say 'they' are gonna kill you if you talk. What makes you think what we could do to you would be any better?

The demon looks around at them, weighs up his options, then sighs and nods his head.

DEMON

Alright... alright.

Skye steps back and the demon takes a deep breath.

DEMON (cont'd)

There's a place, this old bar out on 14th and Benton, run by this guy called Sicurezza. Lots of snitches and informants go and hang out there, it's a good place to go when you need to know something, and that Sicurezza guy likes to know what his clients know, so try him too.

Skye pats the demon on the head and smiles.

SKYE

There now! That wasn't so bad, was it?

16 CONTINUED: (2)

16

The trio leave the room. After a beat, the demon straightens up, suddenly looking a lot less flustered - calm and collected, even. He flips out a cell phone and dials a number.

DEMON

Yeah, it's me. They took the bait.

(beat; listens)

No, they weren't here, they must be headed straight for you.

(beat; listens)

Okay, will do.

The demon hangs up, then smirks before turning and leaving the room.

17 EXT. OUTSIDE W&H. NIGHT.

17

Angel's team step into frame, the tall building of Wolfram & Hart facing them.

SPIKE

Well... here we go again.

ANGEL

We wouldn't be having to do this at all if you'd come to me first, Spike.

SPIKE

Look, mate, I don't take orders from you anymore!

ANGEL

(beat)

You mean you did before? Coulda fooled me.

SPIKE

Now don't start with-

TAYLOR

Quiet. We need to get in quick, chances are they'll be expecting us.

ANGEL

I know a few ways in. Follow me.

Spike turns round as Angel leads the way.

SPIKE

Where did Illyria go?

Angel hisses at Spike to catch up, and with a frown Spike jogs after them.

18

INT. SICUREZZA'S BAR. NIGHT.

18

Looks like we just missed the action - Skye, Connor and Nina stand in what was once a well-stocked and neatly furnished bar, but what now resembles a Wild Western saloon after a long chain of bar brawls.

Unconscious demons and vampires are slumped across the tables and chairs, and all three of our heroes look like they've got plenty of exercise this evening.

Standing behind the bar with his head in his hands is SICUREZZA, the owner of this once-proud establishment.

Skye hops up onto a bar stool and raps her knuckles on the counter.

SKYE

Hey! Little service here?

SICUREZZA

(without looking up)

What do you want?

SKYE

Well, duh, thought that was kinda obvious.

SICUREZZA

You want to put me out of business? Well, nice job, you managed that just fine. You wanna drive that axe of his through my gut to finish the job or leave me to suffer?

CONNOR

We need some information on something called 'The Keeper.'

Sicurezza freezes at the mention of the name - but quickly tries to cover it up, starting to nervously tidy the bar.

SICUREZZA

I don't know anything about him.

Connor and Skye exchange a glance.

SKYE

'He'? Sounds like you know more than we do...

Sicurezza pales as he realises his error, and rubs his weary eyes.

(CONTINUED)

SICUREZZA

Alright, look, I know things didn't get off to a good start, with you guys barging in here and starting a fight with my entire clientele, but... trust me, you do not wanna start messing with the Keeper.

NINA

Why not? Who is he? What does he want?

SICUREZZA

Honestly? No idea. He's some kind of mythical figure, a knight of darkness, a black-hearted soul who was the handyman for you-know-who back in the day.

SKYE

'You-know-who'? Are we getting mixed up with 'Harry Potter' here or what?

SICUREZZA

Wolfram & Hart! Back when it was less a law firm, more of a lawless firm. You know, wastes of chaos, darkness over the land, stuff like that. The Keeper was like their main weapon, they used him to take care of their enemies.

CONNOR

Could Wolfram & Hart be looking to bring him back?

SICUREZZA

If they are, I got two words for ya. Leave town.

The trio exchange worried looks as Sicurezza examines the damage to his bar.

SICUREZZA (cont'd)

Now, you guys gonna help me clean up, or do you have other informants to go lean on tonight?

Nina leads the other two back out of the shattered bar as Sicurezza grabs a broom and starts to sweep up.

19 INT. WOLFRAM & HART - CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

19

Sneaking along, hugging the wall, Angel leads Spike and Taylor down one of the many nondescript corridors of the building, heading back towards the records room.

TAYLOR

(whispers)

Alright, we got this far, now what?

ANGEL

(whispers)

If there are any files about why Wolfram & Hart have been sending vampires out on scavenging runs into your patch, they'll be in Records. While you look for that, we'll try and read this scroll, then we get out of here.

SPIKE

(whispers; grins)

This is going to be worth it, just to see your face when you read what I've been telling you all along - I get to shanshu, not you.

20 INT. KITRIDGE'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

20

Watching the trio attempt to sneak down the corridor is Kitridge, a grin on his face as he watches a flickering CCTV monitor hoisted onto his desk.

ANGEL

(filtered; on monitor)

Just stay sharp. They may know we're here but they won't try anything until we try to leave.

Kitridge's phone RINGS and he picks it up.

KITRIDGE

Hello? Yes, I'm aware of the intruders. No, don't do anything.

(beat; listens)

That's right. Let them do what they came here for. Those are your orders.

James hangs up and gets back to watching the screen.

21 INT. W&H - RECORDS ROOM. NIGHT.

21

Making their way across the darkened room by torchlight, Taylor branches off while Spike and Angel find a table and lay the scroll out along it. Angel looks at Spike.

(CONTINUED)

ANGEL

You sure you're ready for this?

SPIKE

Why wouldn't I be?

ANGEL

It's just... nothing, never mind.

SPIKE

(smirks)

You need to relax more, mate,
you'll get frown lines...

They start to read it together. After a few moments, their expressions show that they don't like what they're seeing.

Taylor soon reappears, clutching a batch of papers.

TAYLOR

Alright, I found movement details,
I just grabbed a handful so let's
hope they tell me what I need. You
two ready to go?

Angel and Spike can't move away from the scroll. Taylor waits a beat before tapping Angel's arm.

TAYLOR (cont'd)

Hey! I said, are we ready?

Angel looks at Spike - both vampires are shellshocked.

ANGEL

I... the prophecy... it's...

SPIKE

We made it invalid. When we killed
off all the Black Thorns...

(beat)

You can still shanshu... *bullocks!*

As Spike looks like his last hope just went out of the window, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

22 INT. W&H - RECORDS ROOM. NIGHT. 22

Angel blinks a few times, then rapidly rolls the scroll back up.

ANGEL

We need to get back to the hotel and figure out what this means.

SPIKE

Yeah, see if the others found out who this 'Keeper' bugger is, and why it's so important we stop him..

TAYLOR

What the hell does 'shanshu' mean?

ANGEL

It's a long story. Let's go.

The trio turn and head out of the records office.

23 INT. W&H - KITRIDGE'S OFFICE. NIGHT. 23

James watches Angel and the others leave via his CCTV monitor, sipping his coffee, before a shadow falls across his desk.

He looks round - and it's HOLLAND MANNERS.

KITRIDGE

Good evening, sir.

MANNERS

James. New development?

KITRIDGE

Just letting them know the right bits of information. Keeping them on the course I want.

MANNERS

Good, good. Everything still under control, then?

KITRIDGE

Absolutely. All according to plan.

Manners smiles and steps off frame, and in a moment Kitridge is alone again.

24 INT. W&H - KIRSTEN'S DESK. NIGHT.

24

Kirsten has dozed off at her desk, headphones in and iPod playing away. Manners appears in frame and leans over her, and with a start Kirsten wakes up, quickly tucking the headphones away.

KIRSTEN

Uh, sorry, sir, didn't see you there, I-

MANERS

That's all right, Kirsten. You've done your part, you can go now.

KIRSTEN

I have? So, James, is he-

MANNERS

You've done your part, Kirsten.

She gets the hint - this conversation is over. Kirsten grabs her bag and jacket and walks out. Manners watches her go, that poker face grin of his still in place.

25 INT. HYPERION - LOBBY. NIGHT.

25

Angel, Spike and Taylor walk back into the hotel. Angel and Spike look suitably stunned still, as Skye, Connor and Nina are waiting for them.

NINA

Hey! Any luck?

Angel walks past Nina without stopping and flops down on the sofa in the lobby. Nina blinks and looks at Connor, who shrugs.

SKYE

(to Spike)

Did you read the scroll?

Spike doesn't answer her - he heads straight for the office, slamming the door closed behind him.

A beat, then we hear the sound of Spike YELLING incoherently and throwing things around.

Skye glances at Taylor, confused.

SKYE (cont'd)

What the hell happened over there?

(CONTINUED)

TAYLOR

Beats me. I was off doing something important, I come back and these two are making like they've just read the first draft for 'The Phantom Menace.'

Angel blinks and looks round, as if suddenly realising where he is.

ANGEL

Where's Illyria?

BOOM! The hotel's doors EXPLODE off their hinges, sailing across the foyer and scattering the gang as they jump out of the way. Glass scatters across the lobby floor.

Through the smoke steps Illyria, broken glass crunching under her boots - she does not look happy.

Her blue eyes blazing, she points a finger at Angel.

ILLYRIA

Judgement has come for you,
vampire!

Angel stands, instinctively stepping in front of Nina.

ANGEL

Illyria? What are you talking about?

Illyria paces steadily down into the lobby. By now, everyone realises she means business and are backing away from her.

ILLYRIA

Your crimes can go unpunished no longer. Of all the countless deaths by your hands, the blood of innocents that you drank to sustain your filthy existence, none have been so... so... *infuriating* as this Duke who plagues me!

ANGEL

Duke? I don't know any-

ILLYRIA

Silence!

As Illyria SHOUTS, the windows all round the lobby BLOW OUT, showering the foyer with glass. Everyone except Angel breaks for cover.

He knows better than to run, facing Illyria down as she paces towards him.

ILLYRIA (cont'd)

Yes, a Duke. A man you murdered
over a petty game of cards a
hundred and fifty years ago, whose
spirit appointed me its avenger, to
end your excuse for a life and send
you straight back to the consuming
fires of Hell where you belong!

ANGEL

(beat)

I'm telling you, I don't-

SMACK! A mighty backhand from Illyria sends Angel hurtling through the air, to land with a CRASH halfway up the stairs.

He rolls back down into the foyer, dazed, and Illyria marches over, grabs him, and with a spin HURLS him through the air again, this time bouncing him off the reception desk.

Angel lands in a heap in front of the cowering Skye, taking cover behind the desk.

SKYE

Angel? What's gotten into her?

ANGEL

I don't know... she must have-

ILLYRIA (O.S.)

Treacherous urchin!

She grabs him again and drags him out of frame.

Illyria lifts Angel up by the throat, her grip tightening around his throat to try and snap his neck, her face blazing with fury.

Spike finally hears the racket and opens the office door.

SPIKE

What the bloody hell... can't a man
throw a wobbler in peace round
here?

He sees Illyria and Angel and takes in the mess of the foyer.

SPIKE (cont'd)

Oh, *bugger*...

He charges in to the attack - but Illyria just waves her free hand at him, and that all-too familiar time field washes over Spike, slowing him down to a crawl.

Nina, Taylor and Connor are watching from the far end of the reception desk.

(CONTINUED)

NINA

Since when could she do *that*?

CONNOR

Since now! Come on!

They charge in, but Illyria effortlessly slows them down too, continuing to try and squeeze Angel's head free from his body. She glares up at him as he struggles.

ILLYRIA

Your greatest offence is still that which you perpetrated against me - you dared to give me up to those demonic *plankton*, Wolfram & Hart! You offered me up as some kind of sacrifice to save your own skin! Did you not think I would come back for you, to extract payment in blood?

ANGEL

(struggling)

You... don't... understand...

ILLYRIA

I understand perfectly! You are weak, you feed on others to survive, it's all your kind has ever done!

Illyria **THROWS** Angel again, dropping the time field around the others as she walks away.

Spike, Nina and Connor crash into each other as Illyria grabs Angel by the hair and drags him across the floor. He's cut and bleeding badly now.

Illyria **PUNCHES** into the top of the reception desk and yanks a large stake of wood free, looking down at Angel, who is still winded.

ILLYRIA (cont'd)

It doesn't seem right that your end must be so swift... had I the time, I'd spend decades making you pay for your insolence, but as it is...

She raises the stake...

TAYLOR (O.S.)

Hey!!

Illyria pauses and turns.

Taylor is facing her down, shotgun levelled at her.

(CONTINUED)

TAYLOR (cont'd)
 Alright, Marilyn, drop the wood.

Illyria looks at her stake and smiles.

ILLYRIA
 Why should-

Taylor BLASTS her with the shotgun, and Illyria reels, dropping the stake and staggering backwards.

Taylor steps forward, but Illyria is on her feet in an instant, SCREAMING bloody murder as she rams into Taylor, knocking him off his feet.

He hits the deck, stunned, and she looms over him. She's hurt by the shotgun blast but far from stopped.

ILLYRIA (cont'd)
 Your mortal weapons cannot stop me!
 I was rending my enemies in two
 before your kind had even
 discovered how to light fires! I
 was-

SKYE (O.S.)
 (quiet)
 Illyria?

Illyria turns - a tense Skye is standing by Angel, doing her best to look non-threatening.

SKYE (cont'd)
 Illyria, I don't know what's gotten
 into you, but please, don't hurt
 them anymore! We're your friends,
 we-

ILLYRIA
 'Friends'? What sorts of friends
 offer their comrades in arms up to
 their enemies, just so they can
 walk away from the battle? What
 manner of 'friend' treats his
 colleagues like expendable assets,
 to be disposed of as he sees fit?
 What kind of-

ANGEL
 (weakly)
 I knew... you'd come back...

Illyria pauses. She looks down at Angel, who is struggling to stand. Skye helps him to his feet.

ILLYRIA

What did you say?

ANGEL

I said... I knew you'd come back.
That's why I chose you.

Grimacing through the pain, Angel tries to hobble forward but stumbles. Skye keeps him upright.

ANGEL (cont'd)

When they told me... I had to choose someone, I knew you were the only one... who could survive what they threw at you. Gunn was already gone, Spike... Spike's a fighter, but you're a *God*. A god in human form. People like you don't lie down and take their punishment.

In the background, Nina and Connor have helped Taylor up, while Spike watches, ready to move if needed.

ILLYRIA

You mean...

ANGEL

I trusted you. I knew the only way to save the city was to admit defeat and sacrifice someone, that's the deal Manners gave me. I thought of you, and I knew that wherever they put you, you'd fight your way back from it, through armies a hundred times bigger than the one we fought.

Illyria is at a loss for words. Her eyes flicker as she tries to take this in. When she speaks again, the anger has gone from her voice.

ILLYRIA

You believed in me...

ANGEL

I knew you'd make it. That's all there is to it.

(manages a smile)

And I'm glad you did.

ILLYRIA

But the spirit, the Duke, he begged me to-

ANGEL

To kill me? To avenge his death? Illyria, I hear the voices of the people I've killed every day, and every night. It's just one more thing I have to live with. That's why I do what I do, so that one day I can try to make amends for people like the Duke, the souls I took and the lives I destroyed. That's never going to change until the day I'm back in the ground... but I can't do it on my own any more.

Angel looks across to Spike, and there's an unspoken moment between the two.

ANGEL (cont'd)

I need you all back here, fighting with me, not against me. It's the only way any of us are ever going to find any kind of peace. I'm not proud of what I had to do to save LA, I never will be, but I did what needed to be done.

(looks directly at Spike)

I just hope you can learn to accept that.

A long beat. Spike finally breaks the silence.

SPIKE

Bugger it. Less effort to piss you off if I'm in the same building, anyway.

Illyria turns to Spike, then back to Angel.

ILLYRIA

You would... you wish us to fight alongside you again?

ANGEL

If you want to, yes.

ILLYRIA

(beat; nods)

Very well.

TAYLOR (O.S.)

Uh, not to break this magic moment you three are sharing...

They turn - a wounded looking Taylor, held up by Nina and Connor glares back at them.

(CONTINUED)

TAYLOR (cont'd)
 ... but I think the Hot Topic poster
 girl over there just broke a few of
 my ribs...

CONNOR
 We need to get him to a hospital,
 dad.

ANGEL
 Go. We'll be alright here.

Nina and Connor help walk the wounded Taylor towards the
 exit. Skye comes to stand by Spike.

SKYE
 So...

SPIKE
 Oh, yeah. Skye, do you fancy coming
 to live over here instead?

SKYE
 Will I get a bigger room?

ANGEL
 We live in a hotel, Skye, you can
 have two rooms.

SKYE
 (grins)
 I'm in.

ANGEL
 (smiles)
 Good. Now, why don't we...

Angel trails off - and collapses off frame, his injuries
 finally registering on his body.

As Spike and Skye rush over to him, we:

FADE TO BLACK:

We fade up on Nina asleep in bed at last. Angel is sitting on
 the edge of the bed, staring out into the moonlight view of
 the city outside.

She stirs and turns round, her eyes opening to see him. She
 reaches out an arm and touches his leg, and he turns and
 smiles down at her.

NINA

Don't say you can't sleep now,
we've been up half the night
already!

ANGEL

I'm fine. Go back to sleep.

Nina sighs and sits up in bed, turning on one of the lamps.
Angel raises an eyebrow at her.

ANGEL (cont'd)

What?

NINA

Don't give me that. Whenever you
say 'I'm fine,' you never are.
Spill it. Is it because of what we
found about this Keeper guy?

Angel rubs his hair for a moment, trying to put his thoughts
into words.

ANGEL

Not exactly, although that is kinda
worrying in its own right. We read
the scroll. The one Spike took.

NINA

And? What did it say? We kinda got
distracted earlier when Illyria
tried to kill you...

ANGEL

It was a prophecy. It detailed
everything that's been happening
last few months - the stuff with
the Circle of the Black Thorn, me
signing away the Shanshu, the
attack on LA, even the dragon
showing up...

NINA

And?

ANGEL

And it said that once everyone who
signed that document, the one I had
to do to give up the chance to
Shanshu, was dead, then it was no
longer valid. Then 'the ensouled
vampire' can still become human
again.

NINA

Really? That's great!

ANGEL

Yeah, still not sure if it means me
or Spike, but... it's something.

NINA

Sure is! Was that all it said?

ANGEL

(beat)

Yeah.

He leans across and kisses her, and with a smile Nina switches off the lamp and snuggles back down. Angel watches her for a moment, before we dissolve back to:

Spike and Angel are reading through the scroll. Angel looks up, alarmed.

ANGEL

But nothing shall come to pass...
until the one that the vampire
loves is dead.

As Angel and Spike share a troubled look, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW