

ANGEL

"Broken Home"

by
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TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. BOY'S HOME - NIGHT 1

A small, feeble house stands in what appears to be an rough part of town. Lawns are saturated with empty liquor and beer bottles. Scattered debris lines the roads.

A single light is burning within the home and as we slowly creep toward that window, we can see that it's a dismally decorated living room.

Peeking in through the randomly exposed gaps in the blinds, we take in the aberration that is this family's home. A few sparingly placed pictures appear to be the only objects in the room that contain the slightest bit of ornate value and hang against dingy, off white walls.

An impressive collection of beer bottles sit alongside a worn out recliner in the far corner. A once magnificent fireplace stands adjacent to the recliner and has apparently been transformed into a makeshift trash can. As we curiously watch the barren living room a --

CRASH!

Interrupts the eerie silence as an empty liquor bottle explodes against the living room wall and signifies the beginning of the night's activities.

2 INT. BOY'S HOME - LIVING ROOM 2

From inside the living room, we focus on a dimly lit hallway that leads to the rest of the house. For a moment, the hallway stands empty until a man strides into view.

HALKEN hurries through the living room and grabs a beer from an ice chest that sits by his chair. Though from behind he appears human, subtle variations on the face along with a slightly protruding set of horns on his forehead, give way to the fact that he is most definitely the carrier of demon blood.

Directly behind him entering the room, is AMANDA, his wife. She is a short, attractive, blonde woman in her early thirties adorning an unattractive, cheap bath robe that was most likely purchased from Wal-Mart. She seems infuriated as she follows Halken into the living room.

AMANDA

(pointing to the beer)

I guess that you think this will
solve all of your problems?!

(CONTINUED)

HALKEN

Not by a long shot. To solve all of my problems, I would need a witch to turn back time to the day that I met you so I could run like hell in the opposite direction!

(holding his beer up)

But this is a start. Maybe I'll meet a witch when I go to the store for more!

AMANDA

You're not getting any more!

HALKEN

Oh... but I am.

He picks up the empty ice chest.

HALKEN

Because this...

He hurls the ice chest across the room towards Amanda.

HALKEN

... is empty!

She dodges the ice chest, but takes a portion of the icy water. And SCREAMS in anger.

AMANDA

This is the last time that I take any of your crap!

She scoots across the room with near amazing speed and SLAPS Halken's face. He slowly turns his head back to face her and merely glares at her for several seconds before smiling a deranged smile.

HALKEN

(slowly)

I was hoping that you'd do that.

He reaches back and SLAPS Amanda to the ground. As she begins trying to get up, he grabs her by the back of the robe and hurls her half way across the room. He confidently paces toward her, preparing to finish the job before a YELL nearly shakes the room.

VOICE (O.S.)

Leave my mommy alone!

Halken turns to see his son, BENJAMIN, standing just within the shadows of the menacing hallway. The boy appears to only be about ten years old and wears his pajamas as he confronts his son of a bitch father.

(CONTINUED)

HALKEN

You'll get your ass straight back
in bed if you know what's good for
you, boy!

AMANDA

(trying to sound normal)
Ben... just go back to bed,
sweetie.

Ignoring his mother's orders, he steps out of the shadows of
the hallway to face his father.

BENJAMIN

No! You're not going to hurt my
mommy anymore.

HALKEN

(angrily)
Fine. I had other plans, but... I
guess you can just serve as the
appetizer.

Halken nearly bursts into a sprint towards the child, but the
kid wisely turns and runs himself. The boy disappears from
view as Halken merges with the shadows in his dash down the
hall.

3 INT. BOY'S HOME - BEN'S ROOM

3

Ben runs through the open doorway and into the familiar
confines of his room. He shuts the door behind him and
promptly locks it before slowly beginning to back away from
the door. The room lays silent for a beat, before:

THUD!

Echoes throughout the room. The door was nearly dislodged
from its hinges. Three more times within the next few
seconds, the door is attacked, but the door somehow manages
to maintain its composure.

After a brief eye, however, the storm comes back in full
force as the door FLIES open. In the open doorway -- nothing.

After a short while, Ben cautiously walks toward the door.
Just as he is within inches of the door --

Halken abruptly pops into view. Ben jumps off of the ground
in fear and quickly retreats across the room and slumps down
in the corner. He sits there, shivering, as Halken smiles
devilishly at the boy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HALKEN
(sounding absurdly evil)
Here's daddy...

BLACK OUT:**END OF TEASER**

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

4 INT. HYPERION - ANGEL'S OFFICE - DAY

4

ANGEL sits stoically behind his desk with the morning newspaper held firmly in front of him -- partly reading the day's headlines and partly ignoring SPIKE'S ongoing stories. Spike lounges comfortably in the chair opposite, recanting the previous nights activities.

SPIKE

So I told the daft bastard that if he didn't give her purse back, I was going to rip his stumpy, ill-figured arms from his body and pummel him to death with his own sodding limbs!

ANGEL

(not paying attention)
Uh huh.

SPIKE

And then do you know what he says to me...?

ANGEL

I'm sure you'll tell me.

SPIKE

You damn right I'm going to tell you, because this is the best part of the entire bloody story.

As Spike prepares for the grand finale of story hour, a faint noise can be heard near Angel's door. He looks up from his paper to see Amanda standing nervously at the door with a fresh couple of bruises on her face.

SPIKE (cont'd)

That ignorant shaft had the gall to say to me that he didn't think I could do it!

ANGEL

Spike...

SPIKE

I know, I know... the nerve. So there I am tugging like a sailor, trying to detach this poor sod's arms from his body and the whole while the girl is screaming...
(in a girlie voice)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPIKE (cont'd)
 ...just let him go! Please just let
 him go!

ANGEL
 (earnestly)
 Spike!

SPIKE
 (gesturing his actions)
 Hang on, this is a good bit. So I
 turned to her and said, this son of
 a bitch tried to rob you, and
 you're feeling bad over him losing
 an appendage?!
 (laughing)
 But she was crying and carrying on,
 like a damn newlywed Romagon demon!

ANGEL
 (nearly yelling)
 Spike!!

Spike seems oblivious, or apathetic rather, to Angel's words.

SPIKE
 (laughing)
 So I gave in... because that's when
 I realized that I can't be a
 sodding champion if I frolic about
 tearing body parts from your random
 street thugs. So I had to settle
 for a good old fashioned thrashing.
 (stopping to think)
 I don't *think* I killed him, but
 then again you can never be sure. I
 really should have stuck around.
 I'm trying to keep count of the
 death toll these days. You know...
 so I can work out how many pathetic
 bastards I have to save in order to
 stay out of the pit.

ANGEL
 Spike, will you give it a rest?

SPIKE
 What?! I'm done. Jesus, I have to
 listen to every one of your
 stories! I listened to you for a
 hundred years and you can't hear me
 for two minutes? I don't have to
 take this shite - you can get
 stuffed, mate!

Spike gets up and turns to leave, but sees Amanda who has
 been standing there the entire time.

(CONTINUED)

SPIKE (cont'd)

Oh-

Angel shakes his head in disdain as Spike looks for the words.

SPIKE (cont'd)

(to Amanda)

So... we're Angel Investigations.

(points)

That's Angel. He's a witless, brooding, fool of a secretary, but he does have tidy penmanship. So you tell him what you need, he'll write it down and I'll get on it. Till then...

(to Angel)

... sod off!

Spike exits the room and leaves Angel forcing a calming smile for Amanda's sake. Angel continues his smile for several seconds while trying to think of a way out of the situation. Finally, he pushes the page button on his phone:

ANGEL

(into the speaker phone)

Security... that crazy guy from the insane asylum down the street is back. Could you please escort him off of the premises?

Angel sits back in his chair, not expecting a response before:

SPIKE

(through the speaker)

Go to hell, you bloody tyrant!

Angel forces his best smile before we cut to:

Spike walks upstairs towards one of the rooms, but on the way, senses something. He looks curiously around the lobby for a moment and then down the hallway, but quickly dismisses it as nothing. As he turns to walk away, however, he hears a vague sound from down the long hallway.

Spike walks cautiously through the halls, not knowing what to expect, but with an eerie as hell feeling.

SPIKE

(nervously)

I've seen this movie.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

SPIKE (cont'd)
 If I see those sodding little girls
 on their tricycles, so help me God,
 Cleveland here I come!

As Spike walks past one of the many doors down the hallway, one of them swings open. Instinctively, spike turns, and swings a punch --

ILLYRIA grabs his hand from the air and stares blankly at him.

SPIKE (cont'd)
 Jesus Christ Vince Neil! Are you
 just trying to kick start my bloody
 heart?!

Illyria merely stares back. Spike looks inquisitively around the vacant hallway several times before asking:

SPIKE
 What the hell are you doing up here
 anyway?

ILLYRIA
 Nothing! Leave me be vampire.

SPIKE
 You can't fool me. I know what
 you're doing up here...

Illyria stares at him curiously for a moment, almost as though she's been busted.

SPIKE (cont'd)
 (promiscuously)
 You've got a little sex toy up here
 haven't you? Don't be shy introduce
 us to the lucky bloke! I'm sure
 that-

Illyria grabs Spike by the throat and lifts him from the ground.

SPIKE (cont'd)
 (gasping)
 Right! My... mistake then. I'm just
 going... to go... back downstairs.

Illyria drops him on the floor and he walks away, rubbing his throat.

SPIKE (cont'd)
 Bleeding lunatic. Thinks just
 because she was a supreme being
 that she can throw people around
 any damn time she feels like it!

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (2)

6

Illyria watches him walk away and all the way down the stairs before opening the door again and to reveal a room full of FRED'S clothes and belongings.

7 INT. HYPERION - FRED'S OLD ROOM.

7

Illyria closes the door, but as it swings to, there is WESLEY, arms folded, watching Illyria start to pace around the room, examining everything. He grins, as though his suspicions have been confirmed.

WESLEY

Don't tell me, you're considering making a shrine to a fallen warrior, now that you've taken control of her body?

Illyria whips round to face him, furious.

ILLYRIA

You dare to spy on me? If you were of flesh, I would tear out your eyes and make you swallow them, so that you could see your insides as I tore-

WESLEY

Please.

He waves a hand dismissively at her and strolls over. Illyria blinks, taken aback by him.

WESLEY (cont'd)

The centuries-old tough talking really doesn't suit you any more, Illyria. If you want me to help you understand these feelings you're having, then graphic threats of violence aren't really the answer, are they?

Illyria opens her mouth to answer, but then like a scolded child bows her head and nods. She rubs her arms.

ILLYRIA

Every day, it feels as though she is beside me, looking over my shoulder, watching everything I do, trying to guide me. I believe she wants to come back, perhaps make me more like her...

Illyria turns round and fixes Wes with those big blue eyes.

(CONTINUED)

ILLYRIA

And I believe she wants to love you again.

Wes blinks - *that* caught him out!

WESLEY

She... Fred told you that?

ILLYRIA

Not in words. In emotions. Which, as we have already established, I am less than an expert at interpreting.

Illyria turns suddenly and walks right up to Wesley, briefly reaching out for him, then remembering he's incorporeal and drawing her hands back.

ILLYRIA

When we make you flesh again, I wish...

She trails off. Wes beckons for her to continue.

WESLEY

Yes?

ILLYRIA

I wish to know what love feels like.

Wes chuckles and rubs the back of his head.

WESLEY

I'm hardly the man to talk about love, Illyria, I was never really one for what you'd call 'normal' relationships, what with-

Illyria raises a finger to his lips to silence him.

ILLYRIA

You do not understand. I wish to know what *physical* love feels like.

WESLEY

I... see.

ILLYRIA

I... I would take her form for you, if that is what you wish?

WESLEY

Why me?

ILLYRIA

Because you are the only one this
shell wants.

Wes looks away, his head spinning, and without another word, he turns and walks back out through one of the walls. Illyria reacts as he leaves.

ILLYRIA (cont'd)

(quietly)

Wesley?

Illyria stands alone in silence for several moments before we cut to:

Angel sits in much the same position that he previously had with SKYE leaning against the wall a few feet from his side. Amanda sits in Spike's recently departed chair, telling Angel her story.

AMANDA

It's getting hard to hide the
bruises on me... or on Ben.

Angel listens solemnly while Skye watches with a mixture of grief and fury stricken across her face.

AMANDA

Last night was the worst that it's
been in a while. Benjamin couldn't
go to school today, so I just had
to make sure he was okay at a
friend's house, and I...

(hesitantly)

...is that all you need to know?

ANGEL

Ma'am, this sort of thing-

SKYE

I have a question.

(beat)

Why did you marry a low life,
abusive, self-centered asshole of a
demon in the first place?!

Amanda appears almost shocked and angel looks a little taken by surprise himself.

AMANDA

(defensively)

It wasn't always like this! It used
to be-

SKYE

Yeah. I'm sure he just changed over night. Why are you defending him?!

ANGEL

Skye...

Skye looks to Angel, but one look into his eyes and she backs down.

ANGEL

Look, Amanda. I would really like to help, but this isn't the type of thing that we do here. We're an investigation firm. I'm afraid that we couldn't do a thing for you. We don't serve justice. We investigate. The best thing that you can do is to go to the police.

AMANDA

I've been to the police!

ANGEL

What did they-

AMANDA

They did a conclusive investigation and determined that there was no wrong doing. They were in the house for ten minutes and left!

ANGEL

Ma'am, I'm-

AMANDA

Do you have children, Mr. Angel?

ANGEL

(reluctantly)
Yes. I do.

AMANDA

How would you feel if you had no control over what was happening to them? Would you do anything in your power to help your child?

ANGEL

I've been in that situation, and-

AMANDA

No you haven't. Not like this. I need to-

SKYE
 (forcefully)
 Ever tried leaving him?

AMANDA
 I can't. I couldn't- how would I
 live? How could I support me and
 Ben?

SKYE
 That's your concern? You've got a
 thin argument lady. How do expect
 us to help you if you won't help
 yourself?

Angel curiously eyes Skye as she continues her attack on the
 woman, before we cut to:

Through a nearly closed door, we watch Amanda sitting alone
 in Angel's office.

SKYE (O.S.)
 I think we should take the case.

Angel and Skye are talking quietly just outside the door.

ANGEL
 Why? So you can continue your quest
 to get her to burst into tears?

SKYE
 What? No, that's... That's not what
 I was trying to do.

ANGEL
 I don't know if you noticed or not,
 but you were being just a little
 bit insensitive in there.

SKYE
 I know, it's just... women like
 that really piss me off.

Angel watches her, waiting for the rest of the story.

SKYE
 They want to whine and complain
 about these guys and at the end of
 the day, she'll go back home to
 him. She has no respect for herself
 and more than that- no respect for
 her son.

ANGEL

Well, she came here. She's obviously trying.

SKYE

'Trying' would be to leave his sorry ass!

ANGEL

It's not always that simple.

SKYE

(sarcastically)

Yeah. It kind of is.

(beat; agitated)

Are you going to take the case or not?

ANGEL

(thinking)

I don't know. I mean, what would we do? This isn't exactly our forte.

SKYE

I thought your deal was helping the helpless?

(motioning to his office)

Take a look in there. That's about as helpless as helpless gets.

Angel stands before her, obviously torn, for several more seconds.

ANGEL

I don't know. Until we figure out something to do, there really is no need for us to take the case.

SKYE

Well that's good, because I know what we should do.

(beat)

We should bust into the house tonight and take the kid, before that son of a bitch can do any damage more permanent than he already has.

ANGEL

(sarcastically)

I don't see that working out.

SKYE

Why?!

ANGEL

For one thing, it's against the law to take a person's child.

SKYE

Spike almost beat a guy to death last night. I know we're in LA, but that's got to be at least frowned upon!

ANGEL

And what do you suggest when we get the kid? Pack him off to a Watcher foster home like we did with the last one? We can't start an orphanage in the hotel. I somehow doubt that Social Services is going to allow a group of vampires and an ancient demon living in our friend's body to take in stray children off the street!

SKYE

Angel, please. We can't leave the kid to fend for himself. We have to help him.

Angel stands for several seconds, not making a move before Amanda slowly opens the door from within his office and steps into the lobby alongside them.

AMANDA

(impatiently)

Can you people help me or not?

ANGEL

I-

AMANDA

Because I talked to a man from a local law firm today who said that he could help me.

Angel and Skye exchange curious glances.

AMANDA

The only reason I stopped here is because I heard that you guys are... proficient in this area.

ANGEL

(knowing the answer)

This law firm... it wouldn't happen to be Wolfram and Hart, would it?

Amanda stares at him inquisitively for moment's time.

(CONTINUED)

AMANDA
How did you know? They told me-

ANGEL
(quickly)
We'll take the case.

As Skye beams happily at Angel, we cut to:

EXT. BOY'S HOME - NIGHT

The front door opens to reveal Halcken standing in the doorway, a beer in his hand.

HALKEN
Something I can help you with?

ANGEL
Mr. Smith?

HALKEN
That's right.

ANGEL
I'm Angel.

HALKEN
The vampire?

Angel sighs and rolls his eyes before answering.

ANGEL
Yes, the vampire.

HALKEN
(defensively)
What do you want with me?! I don't
feed off of humans. Haven't in
years. I've got a wife and kid now.

ANGEL
That's kind of why I'm here.

Halcken stares confoundedly for a moment at Angel.

ANGEL
Can I come in?

HALKEN
No. I think the doorstep's a great
place to talk.

ANGEL
(beat)
Okay...look, I don't know how to
say this- well, I guess I do.
(MORE)

ANGEL (cont'd)

(quickly)

You're a piece of garbage. You beat your wife and kid. You may not know it, but you're ruining the rest of your son's life. If you-

HALKEN

A man runs his family how he sees fit, you judgemental bastard of a vampire!

ANGEL

That's all fine and good. I can accept that. But if you keep running it the way you are now... I'm going to have to kill you.
(smiling quickly)
No offense.

Halken steps through the doorway as the screen door SLAMS behind him. He stands nearly a foot taller than Angel as he glares down towards him.

HALKEN

If you think you're enough of a being to kill me, then by all means-

ANGEL

(solemnly)
It's not even a question.
(stepping closer)
This is your first and only warning. After this, I'm back for blood.

He stares convincingly at Halken for a couple of beats then turns and walks away. Halken angrily watches him walk away.

As Angel walks away, we find ourselves watching him from within the shadowed confines of a nearby shrubbery that lines the house's outer wall. As Angel gets well out of earshot, Halken has a few last words.

HALKEN

(angrily)

That bitch is going to think last night was a holiday compared to what's going to come her way tonight...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

11 EXT. BOY'S HOME - NIGHT 11

Halken hastily SLAMS the front door and return to his binge.

We slowly begin to walk around to the back of the house. A gate pushes open as we walk into the back yard and stare up at a closed window for a couple of seconds before a set of hands reach up and begin quietly trying to pry the window open. We watch the unsuccessful motion for several seconds before we cut to:

12 INT. HYPERION - LOBBY 12

The front doors to the hotel swing open and Angel lazily strolls into the welcoming lobby with an unsure look upon his face -- not too sure if his rousing pep talk had taken hold.

As he gets near the desk, he sees Spike and Illyria, both looking bored. Spike sprawls out atop the front desk as Illyria leans up against it from the other side. Upon seeing Angel her face brightens a bit and she stands up.

ILLYRIA
(nearly excited)
Are we to kill something?

ANGEL
Not right now.

Illyria gets upset over Angel's answer.

ILLYRIA
I grow weary of our surroundings.
We spend too much time here when we
should be reigning vengeance down
upon the wicked.

ANGEL
You'll have to wait another night.

ILLYRIA
Waiting... this is all that we do
now!

SPIKE
Do simmer down, Blue. We don't want
to anger our fearless leader. I can
already see that he's weighing up
which of us would make the better
dealer trade-in this time.

(CONTINUED)

ANGEL
 (angrily to Spike)
 Not tonight.

SPIKE
 (smiling boldly)
 In the morning then?

Angel ignores him as he removes his jacket.

ANGEL
 Where are Wesley and Skye?

SPIKE
 Wes is upstairs, he said he's going to try some 'experiments with manifestation' or some bullocks like that. As for Skye, I was just about to ask you the same question, mate.

ANGEL
 (solemnly)
 Seriously, Spike. I'm not in the mood for games tonight.

SPIKE
 I didn't say anything about games, you enormous pillock!

ANGEL
 Then where is she?

Spike rolls his eyes and shakes his head.

SPIKE
 (to Illyria)
 Does he ignore you like this or is it just me?
 (to angel)
 I'm seriously thinking of filing a complaint with the appropriate authorities!
 (beat)
 This is prejudice in the workplace.

Angel glares at Spike -- not the time.

SPIKE
 (sighing)
 She said that she was going with you to help some kid who was being battered.
 (beat)
 (thinking)
 (MORE)

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

SPIKE (cont'd)
Is that what that spotted face
woman from this morning wanted?

Angel quickly begins putting his jacket back on.

ANGEL
We've got to get back over there.

SPIKE
(worried)
What's going on?

ANGEL
If she's doing what I think she's
doing, she's going to need our
help.

Angel hurries to the door followed by Illyria as Spike yells
out.

SPIKE
What do we think she's doing?!

13 INT. BOY'S HOME - BEN'S ROOM

13

Laying silently in his bed, but still awake, Ben lets out a
muffled SCREAM as Skye throws her hand over his mouth.

SKYE
I'm not going to hurt you. I'm here
to help.

Benjamin stares back at her, not knowing how to respond.

SKYE (cont'd)
If I take my hand from your mouth,
do you promise not to scream?

The boy nervously nods his head. Skye quickly moves her hand
and suddenly a full fledged SCREAM echoes from the boy's
mouth.

BENJAMIN
Mom!

Skye's eyes jolt open about as wide as they can as the boy's
plea rings throughout the house. Nearly panicking, Skye grabs
the kicking boy up from his bed and goes to jump out the
window. Before she even makes it to the window --

WHAM!

The door slams into the wall and Skye turns back to see
Halken stand in the doorway.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

HALKEN
 (smirking)
 I knew I smelt something in the air
 tonight... an encore.

He hurries toward the two of them, but Skye is able to maneuver her way through the window and attempt her escape to safety.

14 EXT. BOY'S HOME

14

As Skye runs frantically past the front door with the struggling boy in her arms, Halken bursts through it and gives chase.

15 INT. ANGEL'S CAR

15

Angel, Spike, and Illyria are speeding through the dimly lit streets of the neighborhood.

SPIKE
 Can't you go any faster?

ANGEL
 The house is only two blocks away!

SPIKE
 Well that's two blocks away from
 Skye, you insignificant bastard!
 Put your foot on the damn floor!

Angel hammers it and nearly throws Spike into the backseat. As they turn the corner, tires squealing, Spike looks at something up ahead and points.

SPIKE (cont'd)
 Alright, there she is. You can slow
 down now, you looney git!

16 EXT. STREETS

16

Halken is quickly approaching on the burdened Skye as they near the next street on their dash along the sidewalk. As he gets nearly alongside her, he reaches out and pulls on her shoulder sending both her and the boy violently to the ground.

The boy lands on the grass in the closest yard, but Skye isn't as lucky -- skidding painfully across the concrete.

She lets out a SCREAM as she comes to a brutal halt on the sidewalk. Halken calmly walks over to her and pulls her to her feet by the hair.

(CONTINUED)

Just as he does, the rest of the Fang Gang screech into view. Spike had already had his door open and hits the ground running. The others are quick to follow and in a matter of seconds come to stand a few feet from the ordeal.

SPIKE

If I were you, horny, I'd think
really hard about letting the girl
go!

HALKEN

Or you'll do what?

SPIKE

Me? Nothing.
(pointing to Skye)
But *she* looks pretty pissed off.

Just about then, Halken looks down to see Skye is VAMPED OUT and entirely pissed off. She lands a rough ELBOW to Halken's face, causing him to loosen his grip.

He takes a step to attack, but she quickly spins around and throws a quick combination of punches, landing them all. He stumbles back as she throws on a final touch with a JUMP KICK to his chest that lands him flat on his back.

As the defeated Halken looks up from the ground, the rest of the gang has come to stand alongside Skye, creating a picturesque scene of the heroes.

HALKEN

You've accomplished nothing!

SPIKE

(excitedly)
Thank God! I thought she'd finished
you off before any of the rest of
us had gotten the chance for a few
quick shots. Come on then... up you
go! We've only got till morning.

Halken slowly stands up, but doesn't advance, realizing that his odds of walking away from the fight are all, but non-existent. He reluctantly backs down.

SPIKE (cont'd)

(disappointed)
Oh, come on now! I haven't had a
good rumble in- well, since last
night. Let's not tuck the tail
between the legs just yet!
(motioning to Ben)

(MORE)

SPIKE (cont'd)

If you've got the stones to fight
the boy, you should be prepared to
have your pathetic arse kicked
every once in a while.

Halken begins walking towards Benjamin as Skye bellows out
her warning.

SKYE

Stay away from him!

HALKEN

This child is of my blood, and
he'll go home with me!

SKYE

(solemnly)
Over my dead body.

HALKEN

If you wish.

Halken charges Skye, but Spike lands a hard core BOOT to the
face before he can get anywhere. As Halken lands violently on
the ground, Spike stands looking beyond satisfied.

SPIKE

(happily)
Oh good God, that's orgasmic!

Skye walks over to Benjamin, who is standing uneasily on the
grass of the neighbor's lawn. Lights are starting to flick on
in the houses up and down the street.

SKYE

Like I said... I'm here to help
you. Your dad has been bad to you,
hasn't he?

Ben reluctantly nods his head.

SKYE (cont'd)

We can help you. We can make him
stop. Would you like that?

Ben nods his head again, but before Skye can say anything
else, Ben is whipped out of sight. Skye turns to see that
Halken has jerked him away from her.

HALKEN

(to Ben)
You dare to take theses peoples'
side against me, boy?! You take too
much after your mother!

Before Skye can get to him, Halken rears back and lands a devastating BACKHAND to the boy that sends him flying off screen...

In slow motion, as the boy flies out of view, Skye comes into view with a FLYING KICK that renders Halken unconscious and sends him hard to the ground.

As the demon falls to the ground, however, squealing tires and locked up brakes scream over the scene before the slow motion cuts out and our attentions are shifted to the street.

The car has come to a stop. The headlights burn through the darkness as the motor continues running and the driver quickly pops out of the driver's side door.

DRIVER
(panicked)
Oh no... No, no, no!

We pull back to see that Ben is lying unconscious on the ground several feet in front of the car.

Skye rushes past Halken and to Ben's side. She kneels down on the ground alongside him and checks his pulse. Panicking, she pulls her hair back and puts her face in front of his to try and feel any breath -- nothing.

She looks back to the others in horror before trying to administer CPR to the boy. The others reluctantly watch on as she does so in a losing effort. The boy is clearly dead, but Skye won't give up. She continues pumping his chest, but gets nothing.

Strangely enough, no one in the group seem to take the scene harder than Spike. He watches on with a horrific look of discontent, before Angel steps in to try and calm Skye.

Angel inches closer, trying not to upset the girl any more than she already is.

ANGEL
Skye...

No response. She continues.

ANGEL (cont'd)
Skye... he's gone.

SKYE
No! He's not. He just needs help. I can help him.

ANGEL
(beat; reluctantly)
He's dead.

Skye begins tearing up as she comes to realize that Angel's right. She slowly comes to stop trying to revive Ben as she begins crying.

SKYE

He's just a kid... he didn't even have a chance. How could-

SPIKE

(sincerely)

It's not your fault, luv.

SKYE

No?! Then whose fault-

She stops short. She knows damn well whose fault it is. She sits in silence for several moments as the group try to calm her.

ILLYRIA

You could have done nothing more. The child's time had come.

SKYE

(angrily)

Really *not* what I want to hear right now!

Spike begins to walk over to her.

SPIKE

I know that it's hard, but we tried. A lot more than the rest of us.

(puts his hand on her shoulder)

There's nothing more that you could have done. It's tragic, no doubt, but it's not your fault.

Skye appears to be calming down a bit and slipping into full fledged mourn mode before a trigger sets her off.

At the drop of Halcken's voice, Skye loses all consciousness and rage consumes the whole of her existence.

HALKEN

(angrily)

What did you do, you *bitch*?!

Superjoint Ritual's "F**k Your Enemy" thunders in to accompany the darkness that has overcome her eyes. Without looking back, Skye solemnly stands up from the ground.

After a couple of moments of staring into nothingness, she turns and walks briskly toward Halken, exuding the very essence of a woman's scorn.

Halken, however, doesn't realize what he's awoken in the girl. He stands arrogantly as she walks towards him.

HALKEN (cont'd)

Answer me, b-

Before he can utter another syllable, Skye has him laid on his back with an unbelievably massive UPPERCUT.

Skipping quick combos and all the trimmings, she goes for pain. Strong blows one after the other. Harnessing all the energy and pent up anger within, she lands an overhead double fisted attack that CRACKS two of the demon's ribs.

Halken starts ROARING, but is silenced as an extremely violent ELBOW shatters the demon's jaw.

The rest of the group watch on in shock. Not knowing whether or not to let the beating continue, Spike and Angel share worried glances before deciding to step in. Angel is first to the scene as he grabs Skye's shoulder.

ANGEL

Sk-

Before he can even finish her name, she's thrown an effortless punch that sends Angel SOARING through the air. Angel lands at Spike's feet. Spike stares down at angel, impressed with Skye's power.

SPIKE

(shaking his head)

Hell hath no fury, eh?

With those words, Spike rushes towards Skye.

SPIKE (cont'd)

Pet...

No response.

SPIKE (cont'd)

Skye? I think he's taken quite a ravaging. I'm actually kind of starting to feel kind of sorry for the bloke! So- you're not stopping are you?

With no answer, she continues beating Halken's motionless body. Blood runs down from every place imaginable on his face and covers the whole of Skye's forearms along with randomly splattered spots on her own face.

(CONTINUED)

She sobs in between the hits, which are much weaker now, all her rage exhausted.

SPIKE (cont'd)
Right... Alright then. Sorry about
this.

Spike takes a couple of steps back and looks towards the sky momentarily.

SPIKE (cont'd)
(to the gods)
This is no way for a hero to go
out, so just promise me one thing.
Don't you *dare* let her kill me.

Spike then abruptly hits a dead sprint and SPEARS Skye in mid air. They both tumble to the ground with Skye ending up on top as they come to a stop.

She continues her assault, this time on Spike. After she lands several punches to Spike's face, he's finally able to throw her off.

She jumps to her feet and charges back towards Halcken, but Spike is able to trip her on her way. As she falls upon her stomach, Spike quickly jumps atop her and pins her to the ground.

Skye struggles violently to release herself from Spike's grip, but he's got a good hold and she's unable to do so.

SPIKE (cont'd)
Calm down!

SKYE
(angrily)
Let me go!

SPIKE
I said calm *down*, pet! I can hold
you like this all damn night, so
you might as well let go of the
bloody rage and cool down!

After struggling for a few more moments, her movement steadily begins to decrease and she begins sobbing frantically as the tears pour from her eyes.

Spike lowers his head, hating to have to put her in this position and finally releases his grip. He cautiously stands up from the ground. Skye lays motionless, crying her eyes out. Angel comes to stand alongside spike as they both stare remorsefully at her.

SPIKE (cont'd)
 (motioning back to Halken)
 Is he...?

ANGEL
 No. He's alive. Wouldn't have been
 for much longer. Half the bones in
 his body are broken.

SPIKE
 Serves the bastard right.
 (beat)
 What are we going to do with him?

They both look back to Halken on this note, but --

Illyria has already gotten him to his knees and is preparing
 to snap his neck.

SPIKE (cont'd)
 Blue! What in the hell do you think
 you're *doing*?

ILLYRIA
 I am to put this undeserving vessel
 out of it's misery.

SPIKE
 Did you just miss the brawl that I
 had to keep *her* from killing him?
 What makes you think that I'm going
 to let the ancient one kill the
 buggler, when I wouldn't let Skye do
 it?

ILLYRIA
 You wish for him to live?!

SPIKE
 No. I don't-
 (looking to Angel)
 Do we wish for him to live?

ANGEL
 (to Illyria)
 Don't kill him.

ILLYRIA
 I do not understand. We were called
 upon to bring justice!
 (shaking Halken's body)
 This is justice!

ANGEL
 I've got something better planned
 for him.

ILLYRIA

Torture?

ANGEL

(annoyed)

No, not torture.

SPIKE

She does have a pretty good point mate. Torture could be fun. We could-

ANGEL

Spike!

SPIKE

(sarcastically)

Fine. Just trying to help, but you're obviously an omnipotent being- so I forbear!

Angel stops and looks down to Skye who is still shedding heavy tears upon the ground and then back to Spike.

SPIKE (cont'd)

I'll get her. You help Blue before she snuffs the poor nancy's lights out.

Angel walks out of view as Spike kneels down in front of Skye. As he gathers her up in his arms, we cut to:

Illyria has reluctantly let Angel keep Halcken alive and has piled inside of the car for transport back to the hotel.

Angel drops Halcken's unconscious and terribly bloodied body into the trunk, slamming it closed.

Spike walks into view, carrying Skye to the car. He carefully drops her to her feet and helps her into the car, and then comes to stand across the car from Angel as they stare at one another -- what a night.

SPIKE

So...

ANGEL

Yeah. That was... intense.

SPIKE

Intense my arse, that was the most savage beating I've seen in some time!

(happily)

(MORE)

17 CONTINUED:

SPIKE (cont'd)
I rather enjoyed it.
(more solemnly)
Couldn't let her go through with
it, though.

ANGEL
She okay?

SPIKE
Oh yeah. Bloody well gave out, but
I guess that's going to happen when
you beat something to death.

ANGEL
(getting into the car)
You should know.

SPIKE
Hey! Sodding cheap shot!

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

18 INT. HYPERION - LOBBY

18

CONNOR is in the midst of descending the lavish stairway as the rest of the troops walk back through the hotel's front doors.

Angel drags the bound Halcken across the ground behind him as he strolls in, while Illyria watches the demon though she's still fully intent on killing him. Spike is still helping Skye walk, as she is obviously spent.

Connor rushes down the stairs upon seeing them.

CONNOR
Holy crap! What happened?

SPIKE
We had a bit of a go around! You didn't get the memo?

Connor looks to Angel for any kind of an answer.

ANGEL
We hit a snag in a case that we're working.

CONNOR
What kind of 'snag'?

Angel kicks Halcken as he drops him to the ground.

ANGEL
The big ugly kind.

Connor takes note of Skye who is being helped upstairs.

CONNOR
Is she okay?

ANGEL
She'll be fine. She just needs some rest. Where's Nina?

CONNOR
In your room. You want me to get her?

ANGEL
No. I've got to make a phone call.
(beat)
Could you do me a favor though?

(CONTINUED)

CONNOR

Sure.

ANGEL

(whispering)

Could you watch Illyria, and make sure that she doesn't-

ILLYRIA (O.S.)

I can hear your conspiring whispers!

Connor smiles understandingly, already knowing the drill.

CONNOR

Sure.

As Angel heads into his office, we cut to:

INT. HYPERION - SKYE'S ROOM

Spike helps Skye to the bed, and she lays down on top of the blankets as she lets out a long sigh.

SPIKE

I don't mean to sound insensitive or anything of the sort, but you mind telling me what that little rampage with Bluto the horny devil was all about?

Skye looks almost shocked that Spike would ask her that.

SKYE

What do you think it was about?!

SPIKE

I know it's because of the boy, but there's more than meets the eye, isn't there, pet? I can tell. I've got a sixth sense for these things you know. Actually, it's my seventh sense, come to think of it, because my sixth...

(nodding assuringly)

... is my uncanny fighting ability.

He smiles as he brushes a bit of dirt from her face.

SPIKE (cont'd)

But I guess you found that out tonight, didn't you? So come on then - 'fess up.

SKYE

(reluctantly)

When I was a kid, in middle school,
I had a friend whose father was a
lot like that *thing* we have
downstairs.

(quickly)

He wasn't a demon, but he was
abusive- and I knew it. She would
beg for me not to tell anyone.

(beat)

She was embarrassed about it.
Didn't want anyone to know.

Spike watches sympathetically as she reveals her past to him,
feeling badly for forcing it out of her.

SKYE (cont'd)

She died by his hands. He killed
her because- I could have stopped
him if I just would have opened my
mouth, but I didn't. I let my best
friend in the whole world die,
because I made her a stupid
promise.

Spike thinks on it for a moment before answering.

SPIKE

I hate to break it to you, but that
was no more your fault than it is
Angel's that he was born such a
whining, brood of a beast. It was
just in the cards, pet, and there's
nothing that anyone can do about
it. If there's anything I've
learned in the last couple of
years, is that it's all up to the
bloke in the sky. No pun intended,
of course.

Skye looks angrily at Spike -- not wanting to hear it.

SPIKE (cont'd)

If you're going to punish yourself
every time that something bad
happens that you have no control
over, then you're in the wrong
business. We try our best, but we
can't save everyone. There are
going to be casualties. You've got
to know that. I feel badly about
what happened tonight, don't get me
wrong. I wished the kid well, but
we tried to help him and that's all
that any of us could have done.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2)

19

SKYE

But-

SPIKE

No buts. You know what I'm saying is right so there's no point in arguing with me.

(beat)

And if you do, I'll get you in my G.I. Joe Kung Fu Grip wrestling move again hold you down until you agree with me!

She forces a smile before we cut to:

20 INT. HYPERION - LOBBY

20

At the front desk, Connor and Illyria sit in silence as Illyria stares at Halcken with malicious intent. Connor appears bored and looking for a way to get out of the situation, but doesn't want to upset Illyria's foul temper.

CONNER

So... you're, like, really old huh?

Illyria glares back at him for a moment before promptly turning her stare back to the demon in front of her.

21 INT. HYPERION - ANGEL'S OFFICE

21

ANGEL

(into phone)

Giles? It's Angel. Yeah. I know. I don't know. It didn't exactly have an instruction manual with it. But anyway... I've got a demon here that I was hoping that the council could help with. Yeah. Great-

(beat)

How's Buffy?

22 INT. HYPERION - LOBBY

22

Angel walks from within his office to find Connor, Illyria, and Spike sitting around the front desk, but Halcken is nowhere in sight.

ANGEL

How's- where's Halcken?

(to Illyria)

I told you I had plans for him, and you killed him anyway?

ILLYRIA

(offended)

I did no such thing!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ILLYRIA (cont'd)

I, unlike you, am not a treasonous being. My word is solid.

CONNOR

He's on the other side of desk.
Spike was kicking him around in a circle.

ANGEL

(to Spike)

Feel better?

SPIKE

(lighting a cigarette)

Yeah.

(quickly)

I was actually thinking...

ANGEL

(to himself)

I don't like this already.

SPIKE

... maybe we could just keep him around the office. Chain him to the wall. Get our rocks off every now and then- kind of like a beating bag.

ANGEL

No.

SPIKE

Come on!

Angel just shakes his head.

SPIKE

(to Illyria)

I knew that we shouldn't have come back to work for the sod.

(beat; defiantly)

I would have let you kill the demon.

ANGEL

I'm handing him over to the Council.

A beat. Spike blinks and shrugs.

SPIKE

Oh. Well, that's just as well then. They'll torture his arse from here to hell's end.

(MORE)

SPIKE (cont'd)

If I had a dollar for every time those buggers tried to do me in, I would have been the fifth damn Sex Pistol!

ANGEL

(interrupting Spike)

How's Skye?

SPIKE

Sleeping. Quite the day she's had. Poor lass is three-quarters past spent.

ANGEL

(taking a seat)

I can't believe she went psychotic like that. Did she say anything to you about it?

SPIKE

Huh? Oh... nope. Just said she was bloody irate with the big ugly demon over there. Can't blame her. Would have killed him myself ,if you weren't so hell bent on becoming a Watcher's pet.

ANGEL

'Watcher's pet'?!

SPIKE

Don't think I don't see what you're doing, you clever bastard.

ANGEL

(defensively)

I have no idea what you're talking about!

SPIKE

Who did you talk to with the Council?

ANGEL

A Watcher!

SPIKE

I knew it! You called that pathetic sap Giles, didn't you? You called her house hoping all the while that she would answer so you could have a bleeding feather in your hat. And now you're one up on me! Didn't even mention my name did you? That's rich.

(imitating Angel)

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (3)

SPIKE (cont'd)

Hello, Buffy. I captured an abusive demon. Spike? No. He was off raping and pillaging the entire city. Did I mention that he gave his soul back? I tried to talk him out of it, of course.

(angrily)

You're always trying to do me in aren't you? Still worried about another rooster in the henhouse after all this time!

ANGEL

What 'hen house'? We're two thousand miles away from Cleveland!

While Spike and Angel continue their argument, Illyria inquires to the specifics of the spat.

ILLYRIA

(to Connor)

What is it that they're discussing?

CONNOR

(rolling his eyes)

Buffy.

ILLYRIA

(confused)

What is a 'Buffy'?

CONNOR

A girl that they both dated.

ILLYRIA

They argue so ferociously over a female?

CONNOR

Constantly.

ANGEL

I'm tired of arguing over the same thing every day!

SPIKE

So am I. So why don't you stop trying to screw me over at every turn in the damn road?

ILLYRIA

(yelling)

Enough!

Spike and Angel both stop and stare at her.

(CONTINUED)

ILLYRIA (cont'd)
 I grow impatient with you beings!
 You quarrel with one another over a
 disgusting sexual emprise that is
 well out of either of your reach!
 (to Angel)
 You already possess a mate!
 (to Spike)
 And you could easily fornicate with
 the other vampire.

Both Spike and Angel continue their stare, not knowing how to react.

SPIKE
 (laughing)
 Did you just say 'fornicate'?

Before he can laugh for very long, however, she snaps back at him. Spike quickly wipes the smile from his face.

ILLYRIA
 I will kill the next creature that
 opens his mouth on the subject!

Beat.

SPIKE
 But-

Illyria gives him a glowing look of death that shuts him up, but only momentarily.

SPIKE (cont'd)
 (to Illyria)
 Fine! I'm going out to kill
 things...
 (leaning in closer)
 Without you!

Spike storms towards the door and takes a swift kick as Halcken ROARS in pain.

Angel thankfully watches him walk out the door.

ANGEL
 (to Illyria)
 Could you do that more often?

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

23 EXT. HYPERION - LOBBY - MORNING

23

A small group of nicely dressed Englishmen walk into the hotel -- Watchers, looking for Angel. Connor is the only one that sits in the abandoned lobby. He sits reading a book in one of the chairs and recognizes the men when they enter. Though there on a peace mission, the Watchers appear nervous to be meeting 'Angelus' face to face.

CONNOR

You guys looking for the demon?

WATCHER

Uh... yes, actually we are.

CONNOR

(getting up)

It's back here.

WATCHER

Is... Angelus here?

CONNOR

Nope, and it's just 'Angel' now, by the way. He gets kinda tetchy about the whole 'Angelus' thing.

The three watchers look to each other with a sigh of relief.

CONNOR (cont'd)

You'll have to help me get him down. He took a pretty good beating this morning.

WATCHER #2

(fearfully)

Angel... tortured him?

CONNOR

Huh? Oh, no. That was Spike.

WATCHER

(almost shivering)

William the Bloody?

CONNOR

(nodding)

We just call him Spike.

Connor leads the Watchers across the lobby - and watching him from just out of view up on the balcony is Wesley. He can't risk the Watchers seeing him - he's supposed to be dead!

(CONTINUED)

Upon rounding the corner, they see Halcken CHAINED to the wall with various fresh bruises on the whole of his body.

CONNOR (cont'd)

If a couple of you guys could get his arms, that would be great. I'm not quite tall enough to reach it. There's a ladder around here somewhere, but I think it was broken in the explosion.

WATCHER #2

Explosion?

CONNOR

Oh yeah, a couple months ago there was a really angry dragon here that thought we killed her brother. I mean, Dad *did* kill her brother, but it was in self defense.

WATCHER

Your dad?

CONNER

Yeah. Angel.

WATCHER

Angelus is your *father*?!

CONNER

No, *Angel* is my father. We just went over this, guys!

(beat)

Anyway, you've got some kind of restraints, don't you? I know he's beaten half to death, but he's still pretty wiry. Spike nearly killed him trying to get him chained up here last night.

The Watchers stare on in amazement at the stories coming forth from the teenager before a voice rings out.

ANGEL (O.S.)

Oh, good. You guys are here!

The Watchers turn around to see Angel advancing towards them and he just so happened to have a sword in his hand. Convinced that he's come to attack, they all, in unison, run for their lives out the front doors of the hotel, screaming bloody murder.

Angel and Connor stare at one another in confusion for a few moments.

(CONTINUED)

CONNOR

Road trip?

ANGEL

No. I'll just have to call Giles back and tell him to send someone a little less skittish.

(beat)

What the hell was wrong with those guys?

CONNOR

(glances at sword; grins)

Beats me...

Connor looks up at last and notices Wesley, who is looking out after the departing Watchers.

ANGEL

Wes? Everything okay?

WESLEY

Yes... Yes, everything's fine. I just decided it's more pertinent for me to lay low, at least until we solve my little spiritual crisis.

ANGEL

No problem. I didn't mention you.

WESLEY

(nods)

Thank you.

As Wesley heads off frame, Connor and Angel exchange a look - what are they going to do about Wesley?

Skye stands nervously on the front step of the home, when the door opens to reveal Amanda, who looks understandably upset. The two women stare at one another in silence for a moment while Skye searches for the words.

AMANDA

Can I help you?

SKYE

Mrs. Smith, I'm Skye- we met yesterday at the hotel. I-

AMANDA

I know who you are. It was just yesterday.

SKYE

Oh. I'm sorry.

Beat.

AMANDA

Is there something that I can do for you?

SKYE

(reluctantly)

I just wanted to come by and pay my condolences.

Skye wearily sits on a ragged couch while Amanda sits in her husband's chair.

AMANDA

Your boss came by today. He told me that they were taking Halken away somewhere.

SKYE

Yeah. I-

AMANDA

That's good.

SKYE

Oh, I didn't know how you would-

AMANDA

I should have done something about it a long time ago.

(tearing up)

But now it's too late, now my baby is gone...

(beat)

What are they going to do to him?

SKYE

Huh? Oh, Halken. He's being taken by the Watcher's Council to be punished for his crimes. No one really knows what they do there, but it's kind of like a prison for demons... with no parole.

AMANDA

I hope he rots there.

SKYE

He will.

Amanda forces a smile and sits silent for a moment before breaking into tears.

AMANDA

(sobbing)

I can't believe that I let this happen!

SKYE

Amanda, this-

(forcing herself)

This isn't your fault.

AMANDA

Yeah right! I let my husband kill my little boy! I let him beat him for years because I was scared to stand up to him... and I let him kill him last night.

SKYE

I've been in a similar situa-

AMANDA

No, you haven't! I lost my *baby*. Do you have kids?

SKYE

No.

AMANDA

Then you don't know.

SKYE

I know. I'm sorry for assuming that I knew, but I do have experience in losing someone close to me. And I could have done something to stop it, but didn't and until recently- very recently, I blamed myself for it. But now I see that whether I like it or not, there's an order to things. Some things are going to happen whether you want them to or not.

(beat)

I'm not saying that your saying something wouldn't have changed things, but it's not your fault that you were scared. It's his fault for putting you in that situation. And I know that it won't get your son back, but I don't blame you and I don't think he does either.

25 CONTINUED: (2)

25

Seether's "Broken" begins playing in the background and continues on into the next scene. Amanda is crying without the slightest bit of control by this point. She lets it all go, much like Skye did the night before, as Skye watches on with a tear in her own eye.

After a couple of moments of watching, Skye walks over to her chair and extends a comforting hand. Before long, she's dropped to her knees and the women embrace each other as they shed tears for the dearly departed.

26 EXT. CEMETERY

26

On an extremely wet and rainy, cloud covered day, we stare blankly at a small headstone that merely reads:

1994 BENJAMIN JOSEPH SMITH, 1994 - 2004

1994

Ignoring the standing water, Skye is knelt down in front of the headstone. She stares without reservation at the headstone the entire time that we watch her, until footsteps approach her from behind.

SPIKE (O.S.)

You know, if you weren't dead, you
might catch cold kneeling in knee
deep water.

Skye turns around to see Spike. She forces a smile as he does so.

SKYE

How did you know I was here?

SPIKE

(nonchalantly)
I followed you.

SKYE

You what?

SPIKE

All apologies, pet. I was worried.
You've got to admit that you've
been a bit downtrodden lately.

(smiling)

I was just making sure that you
weren't doing something stupid like
picking a fight without me to save
your skin.

Skye smiles back warmly at him.

SKYE

Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

SPIKE

Don't mention it. I didn't have anything else to do. I've been at this for a long time. I've learned not to plan things during the day just in case we're not lucky enough to get a thick cover of clouds.

(beat)

You may not know this, but we can't go out during the day under normal circumstances.

SKYE

I can, remember? Equal parts Slayer and vampire. Don't need an invite, don't get burned by the sun. It has its perks.

Spike lays a hand on her shoulder as she looks up at him with content.

SPIKE

So how are you holding up?

SKYE

I'm just kid of upset still. It's hard, you know? Knowing someone that dies.

(forcing a chuckle)

And I didn't even know the kid, but I feel like I did. I guess it's just because of what happened with Emily when I was a kid. And I really want to thank you for saying what you said. It really helped.

(beat)

But to answer your question, I'm fine... but better now that you're here.

SPIKE

(surprised)

Really?

SKYE

Yeah. I just don't like to be alone. Especially at times like these.

SPIKE

Well, I'll make you a deal then.

Spike takes her hand and helps her to her feet.

SPIKE (cont'd)

You promise not to try and kill me
ever again, and I promise that I
won't let you be alone when you
need someone around.

(beat)

How's that sound?

SKYE

(smiling)

That sounds good.

SPIKE

Kinda thought it might.

They take a last look at the grave for a few beats before
they begin walking off, side by side away from the grave.

SPIKE (cont'd)

I used to be a poet you know.

SKYE

(impressed)

Really?

SPIKE

Oh yeah. A bloody good one too.

SKYE

Why'd you stop?

SPIKE

Took up killing people instead.
It's kinda hard to manage both, you
know? A good idea would come to me
and I'd have to stop plundering
long enough to write it down.
Sodding pain in the ass is what it
was.

SKYE

(o-kay...)

I see.

SPIKE

You know, Blue seems to think that
you and I would be a good pair to
fornicate.

SKYE

What?!

SPIKE

Don't ask me. That's just what the
crazy immortal bitch said...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SPIKE (cont'd)
but if you were to ask me- you
could do worse.

SKYE
(playfully)
I don't know. I'd have to try
really hard.

SPIKE
Oi! That's not even funny. I'm a
devilishly handsome bloke.
(beat)
Plus, I'm a downright miraculous
shag.

SKYE
Spike! Do you kiss your mother with
that mouth?

SPIKE
I *killed* my mother with this mouth.
The first time anyway... the second
time was with a stake.

SKYE
You killed your *mom*?

SPIKE
I didn't like it! I tried to make
her immortal, but all the old woman
wanted to do was shag. It was
bloody embarrassing!

Skye tries to fight it, but bursts into laughter at such a
ridiculous idea. We pan out to watch them walking along the
whole of the cemetery before we cut to:

Angel sits behind his desk when he picks up the phone to call
Giles back about picking up the demon. He dials the number
and patiently waits for an answer.

ANGEL
Is Giles-? Oh, is Buffy-

SPIKE (O.S.)
I knew it!

Angel hangs his head in shame as Spike's leering face looks
in on him. From this scene of domestic bliss, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW