

ANGEL

"Keeper"

by

Lee A. Chrimes

TEASER

FADE IN:

1

INT. HYPERION - ILLYRIA'S ROOM. DAY.

1

Sunlight filters in through the badly-boarded up windows, and a slow pan across the room reveals ILLYRIA, sitting cross-legged in the middle of the floor, eyes closed, dust motes flitting through the air around her.

She stays like this for a few moments before she's disturbed by:

WESLEY (O.S.)

She used to like to do that as well, you know.

Illyria's eyes flick open, and she scowls at WESLEY as he steps into frame. Wes paces around her.

ILLYRIA

Do not pretend to understand why I do what I do, Wesley. My brain functions are at a stage far evolved beyond your human capacity.

WESLEY

Oh, that may indeed be the case, but there's a very simple answer for why you're doing what you're doing.

ILLYRIA

If you know so much, would you care to enlighten me? Your continual attempts to fathom out my motivation always provide me with much amusement.

Wesley, grinning, crouches down next to her. Illyria tries to close her eyes and resume her calm pose, but Wes has broken her concentration and she knows it. After a beat, she HUFFS impatiently and turns to him again.

ILLYRIA (cont'd)

Well? Speak!

WESLEY

I was just considering the best way to phrase it, I know how... Well, how downright touchy you can be these days.

ILLYRIA

Wesley, please. Your diplomacy has no place here.

(CONTINUED)

WESLEY

Suit yourself.

Wes stands, looking down on her. She looks up at him with unusually expectant eyes.

WESLEY (cont'd)

You're sitting, meditating in a sunbeam because Fred used to love to start every day like that. She said if she could spend just five minutes each morning with a little sun on her skin, and peace and quiet to gather her thoughts, then she knew she'd be focused for the whole day, and then-

ILLYRIA

(finishing the sentence)

And then nothing could stand in her way.

Illyria blinks, confused, and looks from the window back to Wesley.

ILLYRIA (cont'd)

How do I know this?

WESLEY

That's what I hope to find out.

With a warm smile, Wes turns and leaves her again, and an unnerved Illyria tries but fails to settle back down.

2 INT. WOLFRAM & HART - BOARD ROOM. DAY.

2

There is a long, jet black table in the centre of the room, around which sit various mercenaries, bounty hunters and other rogues, their scruffy appearances and casual dress a contrast to the plush, luxurious settings around them.

The board room doors open, and as the mercenaries turn, HOLLAND MANNERS walks in, accompanied by KIRSTEN. Manners stands at the head of the table, his disarming smile already in place.

MANNERS

Good morning, gentlemen. Glad you could all make it on such short notice.

MERC #1

It wasn't easy.

(CONTINUED)

MERC #2

Yeah, some of us took a lot of risks to get here during the day, Manners. What's this all about?

MANNERS

I've got a job for you all, plain and simple. We need something building, but we lack the necessary parts.

Manners nods to Kirsten, who begins to walk round the table, handing out manilla folders to each merc. Manners continues as the mercs open and examine the blueprints and photographs inside.

MANNERS (cont'd)

What you're looking at are the various components of the device we plan on building, and I'd like each of you to fetch the relevant piece and bring them back here. You'll all be rewarded for your efforts, of course, but time is of the essence.

MERC #1

How come that pretty boy ain't asking us to do this?

MERC #2

Yeah, whatsisname, Kitridge or something, right?

MANNERS

James isn't the only person with authority around here. Now you all have your assignments, there'll be bonuses for speed in completing them. Good day.

With another nod to Kirsten, Manners turns and the two leave the room.

As Merc #1 examines his blueprints, we push up closer to take a look at the photograph with it - and what's on the photo looks suspiciously like a missile warhead!

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

3 INT. HYPERION - LOBBY. DAY.

3

ANGEL and CONNOR walk into frame as TAYLOR heads down the steps and into the lobby itself, wearing a large backpack and carrying a suitcase.

Connor goes to take the case off him, but a stern look off Taylor makes him step back, hands raised.

CONNOR

Hey, no big deal, just trying to help.

TAYLOR

Yeah, well, don't. I think I can manage carrying a suitcase, kid.

ANGEL

He's just trying to help, Taylor.

TAYLOR

(sighs)
Alright, here.

Taylor holds the case out to Connor, who glances at Angel. Angel nods, and Connor takes the case and heads upstairs as Taylor shuffles off his backpack.

ANGEL

You know you can stay here as long as you want, or at least until things settle down for you.

TAYLOR

'Settle down'? Angel, I don't think things will ever settle down for me, life's just never been like that for me.

ANGEL

(raises eyebrow)
And I guess I'm the model of a normal life, right?

Taylor looks back at Angel - and a rare smile creeps across his face at the irony of it all. Angel grins back, and turns as NINA walks into frame.

NINA

Hey, Taylor.

TAYLOR

Hi.

(CONTINUED)

Angel wraps an arm around Nina as she watches Taylor root through his backpack for a phone.

NINA

So what are you gonna do now? I mean, the rest of your crew, they're all gone, right?

TAYLOR

I was hoping for a note, or at least a few beers left in the fridge to say 'Hey, Taylor, thanks for giving us purpose in life,' but no, they just jacked in and walked. I figure I can make myself useful round here for the time being, see if I can get a meeting with the guys in charge and figure out what's next.

SPIKE (O.S.)

Oh, no, you have got to be bloody kidding me!

The trio turn as SPIKE walks into frame, followed by SKYE, marching straight up to Taylor who is straight on the defensive.

TAYLOR

Got a problem with me bein' here, Billy?

SPIKE

You're bloody right I do, what with the unspoken thing we have with wanting to kill each other and all.

ANGEL

Spike, don't be ridiculous. Taylor needs our help now, and we can always use another pair of hands around here.

There's a moment as Spike and Taylor face off - then Spike chuckles and backs down.

SPIKE

Can always save the posturing for another day, I guess. Welcome to the Hotel bleedin' California.

Spike fishes out a cigarette as Skye hops up onto the reception desk, and Connor walks back downstairs.

SKYE

So what's the plan today, boss man?

SPIKE/ANGEL (TOGETHER)

We're going out.

A beat. Angel and Spike look at each other - which one gets to be 'boss man' these days? Spike shrugs and goes back to his cigarette, leaving Angel to finish.

ANGEL

We've had word of a group of mercenaries and bounty hunters all arriving in the city at the same time, so I figure we should keep an eye on them 'till we figure out why they're here.

TAYLOR

Sonia already in on this?

ANGEL

(nods)

She's the one who picked them up, seems she lifted some computer equipment from your base before it got cleaned out, and it flagged them as they were spotted entering city limits.

SPIKE

(nods towards sunlight outside)

Little bright for us to go adventuring, isn't it?

ANGEL

You and I've got the rest of that prophecy to go over with Wes, I want Skye, Illyria and Taylor to meet up with Sonia and observe the mercs till further notice.

SKYE

That's it? Just 'observe'?

ANGEL

That's it.

SKYE

Can't we just kick 'em around a bit, bring one back here, see what we can squeeze out of him?

Angel frowns at Skye - where's she picked up ideas like that? A glance at the proudly grinning face of Spike confirms that one, and with a sigh Angel shakes his head.

ANGEL

They may lead us to whoever brought them all here, so keep your distance till then.

NINA

What about me and Connor?

ANGEL

You two can help me-

ILLYRIA (O.S.)

Angel!

The group turn as Illyria walks down the stairs and into the lobby. She heads straight for Angel.

ANGEL

What is it?

ILLYRIA

I wish to know what progress you have made in finding a way to restore Wesley's body.

ANGEL

Illyria, we haven't had time to-

TAYLOR

I'll take care of that.

Angel turns to Taylor, who shrugs.

TAYLOR (cont'd)

Connor can take my place on patrol. You explained what happened with Wes to me, maybe it's something I can help with?

ANGEL

I thought you didn't do magic any more?

TAYLOR

Yeah, well, maybe my reasons for keeping it quiet like don't matter much any more.

Angel nods, and pats Connor on the shoulder.

ANGEL

Go grab something sharp. Just in case.

CONNOR

(smiles)

Got it.

Connor and Skye head over to the weapons cabinet as Angel turns back to Spike.

SPIKE

Look at you, Mr. Motivator again. Bet you're loving having a little Addams Family of your own to boss around again, aren't you?

ANGEL

Has its moments. Plus, means I can spend less time talking to you every day.

ILLYRIA

Then what of me?

ANGEL

You go with Skye and Connor, meet up with Sonia. Sonia's in charge for today, so I don't want to hear anything later about you blowing up a building that you didn't like the look of just because you got bored, okay?

Illyria strides imperiously past Angel, and as Angel looks after her, a smirking Nina slides up next to him.

NINA

You're kinda good at this 'delegating responsibility' thing, you know that?

ANGEL

(smirks)

It's a gift. Come on, I've got something else you can do.

The pair walk off screen, leaving Taylor and Spike. Spike still wears his trademark smirk, blowing smoke towards Taylor, who deadpans right back at him.

SPIKE

Well now. This is going to be a barrel of laughs, innit? Working under the same roof as a rejected vigilante with a chip on his shoulder big enough to feed the five thousand!

TAYLOR

Doesn't bother me. Way I see it, I'm between jobs. Maybe I'll get lucky and see you get your limey ass killed before I move on. That'd just about make my year.

SPIKE

Well, see, that's the thing about me, mate. Bene killed a few times already, and I just keep coming back.

Spike leans up close to Taylor.

SPIKE (cont'd)

Doubt the same'll apply to you!

With that, Spike walks away, and Taylor is left alone in the middle of the lobby. He huffs, worn out already, and runs a hand through his hair.

TAYLOR

Oh, yeah, *real* great idea, comin' to this damn place...

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

4

Behind the long desk is KITRIDGE, smart suit in place as he leafs through a stack of file papers. He looks up as Manners walks into frame.

KITRIDGE

Morning, sir! What can I do for you?

MANNERS

The Senior Partners have a special project they'd like you to take on for them, James.

KITRIDGE

They do? Sounds interesting, what's the deal?

Manners slides a set of blueprints across the desk to Kitridge, who leans over and studies them.

MANNERS

What you're looking at are plans for a device of extraordinary power, and with a very time-specific purpose that we need to get in play quickly.

(CONTINUED)

KITRIDGE

How quickly?

MANNERS

By tonight. It's an astral conjunction sort of affair, I won't bore you with the details. I need you to co-ordinate a team of agents already gathering the various ingredients we'll need and oversee construction of the device in time for its opening performance.

KITRIDGE

Seems simple enough. What's the snag?

MANNERS

(grins)

What snag do we always have in our plans, James?

KITRIDGE

Angel.

MANNERS

Exactly. Chances are he'll be onto this pretty quickly, so it is imperative that you stop him from stopping you. We won't get another shot at what we need this device for, so it's of the utmost importance that Angel does not interfere.

Kitridge leans back in his chair, fingers interlaced as he ponders something. He leans back forward as a smile creeps across his face.

KITRIDGE

I think I know just what to do, sir. Leave it with me.

Manners grins, turns and walks off frame, as Kitridge goes back to studying the blueprints.

Wes has joined Angel, Spike and Taylor in the lobby, and the floor is covered with scrolls, pentagrams and other mystic symbols, the four boys busily checking references and drawing shapes on the floor.

WESLEY

(points to Taylor's pentagram)

(MORE)

WESLEY (cont'd)

No, not like that, you need to put the runes on the innermost circle, or it reverses the whole thing and it'll offer as much magical protection as a wet paper bag in a blizzard!

TAYLOR

Oh, right, course. Sorry. I shoulda remembered that, guess I'm kinda rusty.

SPIKE

'Rusty' isn't a word I'm liking the sound of, mate, you sure you're up for this?

TAYLOR

Hey, as the only qualified warlock in this room, I think that kinda speaks for itself, don't you? You need some help here makin' Stiff Upper Lip over there a real boy again, and help is something I got plenty of.

ANGEL

Will you two keep it down? We need to concentrate on this!

SPIKE

Sorry, Dad!

As Spike checks something in a book nearby and goes back to marking out a magic circle in red chalk, Wesley peers at the scroll Spike stole from Wolfram & Hart, squinting as something suddenly becomes clear.

WESLEY

Angel, take a look at this.

Angel joins him - Wes can't pick up the scroll, so he just points to the relevant section.

WESLEY (cont'd)

I think I've just realised what this part says, it makes reference to some kind of 'shell' not long after the 'Keeper' passage up here. Do you think that could mean Illyria?

ANGEL

Centuries old prophecy, figures she'd get a name check somewhere. Anything else?

WESLEY

I'm afraid it's still largely unclear, this is easily the trickiest translation I've had for some time. It doesn't help that I can't manually turn the pages in these books - asking you to look passages up for me is slowing us down a lot!

ANGEL

It's the best we can do for now, that's what matters. Just keep at it, this has to be important somehow and you're the best qualified to work out what. Meanwhile, we're gonna set up a few things to try on you, see if we can do something about that whole Casper angle you're working.

WESLEY

(smiles)

This means a lot to me, Angel. You've risked a lot to get me back here, and we still don't know for sure what effect making me corporeal again will have, but-

ANGEL

You're welcome. Now get back to work!

The two share a smile as Angel heads back over to the growing collection of magic circles on the lobby floor.

Standing on the edge of the roof, looking out across the city with a pair of high-powered binoculars, is SONIA, her blonde hair blowing in the breeze as Skye, Connor and Illyria walk out onto the roof through a doorway and join her. She smiles as Connor stands next to her.

SONIA

Hey, honey!

CONNOR

Uh, hi. What's the news?

SKYE

Yeah, I thought we were meant to meet you about fifty feet below where we're standing?

SONIA

That was before I spotted this.
Take a look.

She hands the binoculars to Connor, and he holds them up to look as she guides where he's looking.

Through the lenses, we can see two of the mercenaries from the W&H board room, loading a large crate onto the back of a flatbed truck.

CONNOR

What am I looking at?

He holds the binoculars down as Sonia retrieves a crumpled up blueprint from her bag.

SONIA

Those two guys just raided an electronics warehouse. The crate they're sticking on that truck is full of very advanced machine parts, the kinds of things commonly found in guidance systems for missile launchers.

SKYE

How the heck do you know that?

SONIA

I know stuff! Besides, I hacked into the factory's files to see what they made, and did a search when I got a look at what those mercs were lifting.

CONNOR

So what now?

SONIA

Simple, us four follow 'em and see where they're taking it all.

ILLYRIA

'Us four'? Do you three infants really consider yourselves a match for any foe we may meet?

SKYE

Hey, as a matter of fact, 'Ria, we do, alright? So you can either help out, or can it and stay out of the way. Angel's trusted us with this, and we owe it to him to get the job done. C'mon, Connor.

Skye slaps Connor on the arm and heads back towards the door, and Connor and Sonia follow, leaving Illyria at the edge of the roof, a dark look on her face.

ILLYRIA

(mutters)

Petulant children...

With that, she turns on her heel and follows them off the rooftop.

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

7 EXT. ELECTRONICS WAREHOUSE. DAY.

7

The two mercs we saw earlier are finishing locking up the back of their truck, casting glances around to make sure they aren't being watched - the rest of the compound around them is quiet, so they're n no danger.

Except, that is, from Sonia's team, watching them from behind a parked truck on the other side of the road. Sonia is studying the mercs with her binoculars, before she turns to Connor and the others, all talking at a whisper.

SONIA

Okay, Skye, I want you and Illyria to make a distraction, so Connor and I can sneak over to their truck and see if we can get a closer look.

SKYE

What kind of diversion?

ILLYRIA

(standing)

Leave that to me.

She strides off screen, and with a bite of her lip, Skye follows. Connor shuffles closer to Sonia.

CONNOR

So, uh...

SONIA

Yeah?

CONNOR

How've you been? I haven't seen that much of you last few weeks, so I was hoping we were still-

To answer, Sonia turns round, plants a hand either side of Connor's head and gives him a quick kiss.

SONIA

Yeah, we are. That was for luck.

They hear a strange humming sound coming from across the street, and they both crane their necks to see.

Illyria is marching across the road, straight towards the two mercs, who stop their preparations and discreetly start to reach for their guns.

(CONTINUED)

MERC #1

Hey, beat it, lady! The nightclub's
won't open till the night, you
know, it's kind of in their name.

MERC #2

Hank, quit screwin' around and get
in here!

MERC #1

In a minute, man, I'm just makin'
sure she won't-

ILLYRIA

Your posturing bores me now.

ZAP! Illyria raises her hand, and a blue bolt of energy
streaks out and hits Merc #1 square in the chest, knocking
him off his feet.

Illyria turns and runs, and the second merc grabs his rifle
and races after her, leaving the truck unguarded.

Skye steps into frame, looking pretty irritated, and waves
Connor and Sonia over.

SKYE

Hey, sorry, she just decided she
was gonna do that and I couldn't
talk her out of it...

SONIA

It's good, come on!

Sonia hops up into the cabin and starts rooting through the
messy interior, grinning when she finds the folder the mercs
were given by Manners. She holds it up - displaying the
Wolfram & Hart logo on it to the others.

SONIA

Check this out, I'm figuring this
must be their shopping list!

She opens it up, scans over the blueprints and then tucks
them and the accompanying photograph into her backpack.

SKYE

We'd better split, Illyria gets
bored quickly so chances are she'll
stroll back over here and he'll
follow her!

SONIA

We're done.

7 CONTINUED: (2)

7

Sonia steps back out of the cabin, and the three youngsters dash off screen.

After a beat, Sonia jogs back into frame, rifling through her bag and fetching a small, black device which she carefully fixes onto the side of the crate, out of sight.

Closing her bag, she jogs off screen again.

8 INT. HYPERION - LOBBY. DAY.

8

Angel holds up the blueprints and peers at them. After a beat, he turns them on their side, then upside down, then shakes his head and passes them over to Taylor.

ANGEL

What am I looking at, Sonia?

SONIA

I don't know, do I, that's why I brought them here! I could tell it's some kind of machine but what it does, I have no clue.

TAYLOR

Me neither, we need to find somebody who knows more about this sort of thing.

ANGEL

If Wolfram & Hart are going to this much trouble to build it, I'm figuring it's not gonna be a snow cone maker.

TAYLOR

Maybe it's a weapon of some kind? Looks like there's a lot of power cells and things attached to it, whatever it does must need a lot of juice.

SONIA

I was thinking we could try and find some artificer demons, I know there's a bunch of them in LA, making and fixing things is kinda their specialty.

ANGEL

Okay, you three head back out and see what you can find. Don't waste any time, something tells me they're gonna get this thing together quick if we don't stop them.

(CONTINUED)

CONNOR

No problem.

SONIA

I stuck a tracking device on the crate they took, but it's signal's too weak to get a location at the moment.

ANGEL

That's okay, start with what you know for now. Take Connor and Skye with you.

ILLYRIA

Am I to remain?

ANGEL

Yeah, you we need, stay here.

Sonia, Connor and Skye head back out as Angel beckons for Illyria to follow. He leads her over to the area of the lobby floor covered with magic circles, and Illyria cocks her head as she studies them.

ILLYRIA

What is the meaning of-

WESLEY (O.S.)

They're for me, Illyria.

Illyria looks up as Wes walks over, and Angel takes his cue to leave them to talk.

WESLEY (cont'd)

Angel believes there's a way to restore my physical form, so he, Spike and Taylor have been setting up a series of circles and enchantments in the hope that one of them will work.

ILLYRIA

But... Why is this? I thought you believed your presence here was dangerous to the fabric of this dimension, why would you risk aggravating that?

WESLEY

(smiles)

Look around you, Illyria. I've been back a few weeks already, and it seems my fears were somewhat exaggerated.

(MORE)

WESLEY (cont'd)

I'm confident that this procedure, if it succeeds, won't create any new problems.

ILLYRIA

I see... And what then? When you have your physical form back, what next?

WESLEY

I was thinking I might go for a walk.

ILLYRIA

A walk?

WESLEY

You'd be surprised what little things you miss when they're suddenly taken away, you know. I mean, I can walk around now, but I'd like to take a stroll round the park and be able to touch and feel the scenery around me, instead of worrying about getting stuck inside it.

Illyria manages a brief smile at Wesley's humour, but quickly dispels it.

ILLYRIA

Very good. I assume you require my assistance?

WESLEY

Yes, that's something else I could do with being solid for. Your powers returning is a great asset to us, but we have to make sure they don't threaten us all again, and if steps have to be taken to limit your magic again, I'm the only person who can really do that. Taylor's a competent warlock but his powers have weakened considerably, and much as I respect Angel - and even Spike - I wouldn't trust them to make another Mutari generator alone, even if I was standing over them!

Illyria looks down at the floor, and Wesley steps closer.

WESLEY (cont'd)

Of course, if you want to leave this dimension so badly, this place where your previous domain holds no stature, then all we have to do is wait, and make sure we leave you somewhere far from civilisation, so that when you detonate, nobody gets hurt... Is that what you want?

ILLYRIA

(quickly)

No! I don't...

She trails off, and Wes grins at her, knowing he's just made her admit something she normally wouldn't. Illyria scowls at him and lowers her head.

ILLYRIA (cont'd)

You tricked me.

WESLEY

I just needed to hear you say it, is all. Well then, your Highness, if you would stoop so low as to assist us in activating these magic circles, maybe I can, in turn, assist you. Deal?

Illyria looks up, then nods slowly. Wes smiles.

WESLEY (cont'd)

Excellent.

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

James is on the phone as Kirsten enters.

KITRIDGE

Excellent, good work! Report back in when you're in the building.

Ha hangs up as Kirsten hands him some papers.

KITRIDGE (cont'd)

Looks like things are getting pretty busy!

KIRSTEN

Retrieval teams three through twelve are already home, James, we're halfway there, and no sign of Angel, except for-

KITRIDGE

Except for team seven, yes, I've just been informed, they got the item but lost their part of the blueprint. Seems Angel's junior squad almost interrupted one of our shipments, and that can't happen again. I don't care how tough these mercenaries think they are, they don't know Angel like I do. Call the summoning division, get them to call up some garren demons and put one with every team.

Kirsten nods and leaves. Kitridge lays the papers out on his desk and leans back in his seat, studying them.

KITRIDGE (cont'd)

(thoughtful)

Why didn't you tell me about any of this first, old man...?

We leave James to his thoughts before we cut to:

10

INT. OLD WORKSHOP. DAY.

10

Sonia, Connor and Skye step through the gloom of an old electronics work room, dozens of trays of smaller parts on the wall, tools scattered around and larger, half-finished devices strewn at random across the workshop's floor.

Skye starts nosing around as Sonia nudges Connor and points towards a light coming from behind a partition up ahead.

She rounds the corner to see MUNCH, an elderly, grey-skinned artificer demon, long spines in places of his hair and long, double-jointed fingers working on soldering an array of circuit boards before him.

A tinny radio plays as Sonia coughs to get his attention.

MUNCH

(without turning round)

Yes, I heard you come in, young lady, just a moment.

Munch solders another section then turns round, lifting a pair of oversized glasses and squinting at Sonia.

MUNCH (cont'd)

Oh, hello! Haven't seen you in...

(squints again)

No, sorry, you're not her. Thought I recognised you, you look very familiar.

(CONTINUED)

SONIA

Uh, I get that a lot. Are you Mr. Munch?

Munch nods and beams proudly at her.

MUNCH

That's me, best pair of hands in the underworld engineering business! Nothing I can't fix, even less I can't build to order for ya.

Munch stands and shuffles past them over to a large, dusty display cabinet, filled with unusual-looking swords and axes, and below them an array of weapons that would look more at home in the Men In Black headquarters.

MUNCH (cont'd)

What can I get you kids? I'm figuring you're more of those vigilante types, I get a lot of those swinging by. They know old Munch makes the best!

CONNOR

Actually, we wanted your opinion on something. You know, as a professional.

Connor knows that massaging Munch's ego is the best way forward, and Munch looks suitably smug as Connor takes the blueprints from Sonia's bag and unfurls them on one of the work surfaces.

Munch puts his glasses back on and peers over them.

MUNCH

My, my, my... Haven't seen one of these for a long, long time!

CONNOR

Can you tell us what it is? We think somebody may be trying to build one, and we're not sure if that's bad or not yet.

MUNCH

Bad? Well, that depends on your definition of 'bad,' young man, I'm sure-

(calls to Skye)

Don't touch that, miss!

Skye looks up, guiltily, and quickly puts back the small black object she was fiddling with.

MUNCH (cont'd)

You hit the wrong button, it'll
take your fingers clean off!

Skye takes a cautious step away from the clutter on the shelves as Munch turns back to the blueprints.

MUNCH (cont'd)

Now then. You say someone's putting
one of these together?

SONIA

Yeah, we think Wolfram & Hart may
be involved.

MUNCH

(spits)

Ach! The lawyers? That can't be
good. You see this section?

He points to what look like a large set of batteries at the back of the machine.

MUNCH (cont'd)

That's the power cell array, needs
the kind of charge that'd black out
a whole city just to power this
thing for one shot!

SONIA

So what is it?

MUNCH

It's an Aimon Device, very old,
very archaic, refined over the
years but still does the same
thing.

CONNOR

Which is?

MUNCH

It locates spirits, ghosts and
whatnots, using the tracking
equipment here, and then drags them
through an energy portal that it
creates, making them corporeal.
It's a machine that turns ghosts
back into real people! Very
dangerous in the wrong hands.

Sonia and Connor share a shocked look as they realise what this could mean for Wesley, before an off screen CRASH interrupts them.

10 CONTINUED: (3)

10

SKYE (O.S.)

Uh... Sorry! Was that expensive?

As Munch sighs, we cut to:

11 INT. HYPERION - LOBBY. DAY.

11

Angel holds a thick book in his hands, reading from it as he steps into frame.

ANGEL

Duello catam nox periculus, via
habeas corporealis!

He looks up a big grin on his face, but it quickly fades.

Standing inside one of the circles is a now very-weary looking Wesley, who sighs as Spike and Taylor groan. Angel shrugs and tosses the book away.

ANGEL (cont'd)

Alright, scratch that one too.

With a comradely nod to Taylor, Wes steps out of the circle he was in as Taylor draws a line through it in red chalk.

SPIKE

This is bloody hopeless, we've been
at this three hours now and we're
still no closer to putting that
bloody Ghostbusters reject into a
proper body!

Illyria's hands are glowing a faint blue as she stands over the next circle in line, the circle itself pulsing softly as she charges it up.

ILLYRIA

The power is not in question, each
of the circles contains the correct
amount of magical essences that are
required. The problem is the ritual
itself.

ANGEL

Hey, I know I'm no Latin major, but
I'm trying-

WESLEY

She means we haven't found the
right one to use yet, Angel. We
just need to keep trying.

(CONTINUED)

SPIKE

For how much longer? Fred spent weeks trying to do the same for me, and I only got all fleshy again when something just landed on your desk and zapped me! Chances of that happening again are-

SONIA

We got something!

The boys turn as Sonia and Connor race from the front door across to them.

ANGEL

What?

CONNOR

We found an old artificer demon who says he's seen one of these machines before.

SPIKE

Brilliant. And?

SONIA

And, he says he knows what it's for. It's a spectral corporealisation machine!

TAYLOR

So that means...

Taylor turns to Wes, who looks brightened up by this news, but Angel's dour face soon kills the mood.

ANGEL

It means Wolfram & Hart are trying to bring somebody back. And we have to stop them.

(to Wesley)

Even if that means destroying their machine.

Wes doesn't look thrilled to hear this, but nods sagely. He knows what must be done. Angel turns back to the others.

ANGEL (cont'd)

Let's go to work.

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

12 INT. HYPERION - LOBBY. EVENING.

12

Angel marches along the lobby, the whole team lined up before him. He steps back, clicking into full speechifying mode.

ANGEL

Okay, we know the deal. Sonia's managed to narrow down a list of possible locations for the components Wolfram & Hart are looking for, each team needs to go check them out. If they've already been raised, move on, if not, stay put until the hired hands show up, and then stop them taking what they need.

With a nod, the team split into pairs - Connor with Sonia, Taylor with Spike and Illyria with Skye. Nina waits back with Angel as Wes steps over.

WESLEY

I'm going to see if I can find out who or what they could be bringing back. My guess is this 'keeper' character has something to do with it.

ANGEL

Same here, and if Wolfram & Hart want him, that means he's bad news.

NINA

We'll find another way, Wes.

WESLEY

(grins)

I'm sure we will. For now, this is more important.

Angel nods and grabs his favourite sword as he heads for the front door.

No words are needed - it's one of those majestic slow-mo shots as the united Fang Gang head out for a night's hard work. As a flare of triumphant music accompanies them, we dissolve to:

13 EXT. FACTORY. NIGHT.

13

Illyria and Skye are hiding in the shadows, across the street from a busy-looking factory as its last shift clocks off for the evening. Workers mill around outside, not noticing the black car rolling to a halt just past the factory gates.

Skye points towards the car and Illyria nods, and the duo start to creep forward.

As they get closer to the car, two more MERCENARIES step out, checking all around them and loading their rifles before the first starts to clip the wire fence around the factory.

The second starts to light a cigarette, but is disturbed as Illyria dashes into frame, laying him flat with a chop to the back of the neck.

The first merc turns just in time to see Skye barreling towards him, and he can't get his rifle up in time before she knocks him back, a flurry of punches sending him slumping to the floor.

Skye gives Illyria the thumbs up, but she just cocks her head back at her, not understanding the gesture. Skye rolls her eyes and fishes out a small walkie-talkie.

SKYE

Come in Angel, this is Skye. We've just nailed two of the bad guys, moving on to the next site, over.

Skye tucks the walkie-talkie away and motions for Illyria to follow, before she jogs off screen.

Neither of the girls have spotted the shadowy form of the garren demon, watching them carefully before it HISSES and steals after the duo.

14 INT. OFFICE BLOCK - NIGHT.

14

Taylor and Spike are sitting inside an empty, darkened cubicle farm office suite, Spike idly smoking as they wait for the next team of mercs to show up. Taylor coughs at the smoke, and Spike chuckles.

SPIKE

Is this bothering you, mate?

TAYLOR

Actually, yeah, it is.

SPIKE

Oh, good.

(CONTINUED)

Taylor scowls as Spike carries on smoking, before Taylor lashes out, snatches the cigarette from Spike's lips and stubs it out.

SPIKE (cont'd)

Hey!

TAYLOR

Quit moaning, Spike, we may be here a while and I don't fancy picking up lung cancer while I'm stuck waiting with you.

SPIKE

Touchy, aren't we?

TAYLOR

Not overjoyed to have to spend a night working with you, if that's what you mean. I tend to prefer to company of people who understand teamwork.

SPIKE

Last I checked, you were a bit short on them.

Taylor clenches his fists - but let's Spike's comment slide. Taylor stands and heads for the windows overlooking the car park below.

TAYLOR

Can I ask you something?

SPIKE

As long as you're polite.

TAYLOR

What's the deal with you and that Skye kid?

SPIKE

(a little guilty)
'Deal'? What do you mean? There's no 'deal'.

Taylor turns round - and smirks as he realises he's finally got some dirt on Spike for a change.

TAYLOR

Just saying what I see. You two are pretty close, she looks up to you. God only knows why, but she does.

SPIKE

You reckon?

TAYLOR

Yeah, seen it before. Sonia used to be like that with me, I was a little worried about it but then she met Angel's kid, and now she's got somebody her own age to crush on.

SPIKE

Hang about - you reckon Skye's got a crush on me?

TAYLOR

Jeez, you really need to start opening your eyes, Spike!

Spike considers this, a smirk creeping across his face.

SPIKE

Always thought I was a better option than Angel...

As Spike talks happily to himself, Taylor spots something - a van, rolling up in the otherwise empty car park, its lights already out.

SPIKE (cont'd)

Back in the good old days, we used to put bets on who'd shag the most girls in a week, and this one time, we-

TAYLOR

Spike! Showtime.

Spike hops down from the desk he was sat on and scoops up a sword, joining Taylor by the window.

SPIKE

Looks like our little monkeys are here at last!

TAYLOR

They'll be going straight to manufacturing, we'll split up and come from either side. There should only be two of them, same as the other teams.

The duo head off screen.

The two new mercs pace into the high-ceilinged, open plan workshop area, one checking the shelves full of devices they pass against a photo in his hand.

They've made it halfway down the first row when Taylor steps out from behind them, shotgun raised.

TAYLOR

Sorry, boys, the last shift finished an hour ago! You'll have to come back tomorrow.

The mercs spin round and SHOOT back at Taylor, who fires a few blasts as he ducks for cover.

The mercs scramble for cover behind a row of large filing cabinets, but the first is grabbed by Spike, who gleefully slams his head into the closest cabinet.

The second merc turns and SHOOTS Spike in the chest with a pistol, but Spike laughs the bullets off and keeps coming. The merc runs out of bullets, but then glances behind Spike and grins, throwing the gun away.

MERCENARY

Better watch your back, vampire.

SPIKE

(scoffs)

Oh, right, like I'm going to fall for that-

A low GROWLING sound behind Spike makes him turn round...

Several feet above him, clinging to the wall by powerful talons, the garren demon de-cloaks itself and reveals its true form. It had been camouflaged against the wall, but as it reveals itself, purple skin and a lizard-like appearance, it bares its many *many* teeth and grins.

SPIKE (cont'd)

Oh, bloody hell...

The garren demon LEAPS off the wall and crashes into Spike, who tries to fight it off as the second merc finally spots what he came for, a long cylinder that looks like part of a car engine, and grabs it.

Taylor leaps into frame, looking from Spike to the escaping merc, then back... And after an agonising moment of decision, aims his shotgun at the garren demon and FIRES.

The shot hits the creature in the neck, and with a whimper it falls limp, and Spike shoves it off.

TAYLOR

That's one you owe me, Spike, come on!

15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

Taylor is already running after the merc as a cut and bloody Spike struggles to heft the demon's dead weight off him. Spike scowls after Taylor.

SPIKE
Cocky bastard...

16 EXT. LA - FACTORY DISTRICT. NIGHT.

16

Illyria and Skye are walking past several large buildings, Skye checking a map to see where to head next, before Illyria suddenly pauses, looking back over her shoulder.

When Skye turns round, Illyria has gone, and Skye looks all around for any sign of her.

SKYE
Illyria? 'Ria! Damn it!

Skye reaches for her walkie-talkie again, but freezes when she senses something nearby.

She looks slowly up at the corner of the building ahead - and her unique senses can make out the outline of the garren demon, clinging silently to the wall in wait.

SKYE (cont'd)
(grins)
I see you...

Trying to act like she hasn't noticed, Skye begins walking cautiously forward again, and as she draws close, we can see the garren demon rear up and prepare to jump down.

As it leaps and de-cloaks with a HISS, Skye is ready and dives out of the way, but the demon rolls as it lands and is on her in an instant, Skye trying to push its snapping jaws away from her neck.

The demon is suddenly grabbed by Illyria, who WRENCHES it away and throws it several feet down the street, standing defiantly before it as it recovers and races back towards her, snarling viciously.

Illyria sweeps her hand before her, casting a field of slow motion - but the garren is unaffected and smashes straight through it, knocking the startled Illyria to the floor!

Illyria struggles against the demon as Skye rushes over, a small pair of sai daggers at the ready which she plunges into the demon's back.

It HOWLS in pain and rears up, enough time for Illyria to reach up, grab its neck and SNAP it. She shoves the dead creature to the floor and stands, panting with exertion.

(CONTINUED)

SKYE (cont'd)

Slick move, 'Ria! Thought I'd catch him out but he was too damn quick for me.

ILLYRIA

I sensed the creature but I could not see it until it revealed itself. How did you see it?

SKYE

(shrugs)

Beats me. Guess it's part of being half vampire, I've always had this weird connection to demons and things like that. I'm like you, I can feel 'em before I can see 'em.

The girls start to drag the demon's body out of sight.

ILLYRIA

It is a useful skill, you will undoubtedly make a fine warrior one day.

SKYE

'One day'? You saying I'm not a kick ass warrior princess already?

Illyria walks past Skye with a smirk.

ILLYRIA

You still have much to learn.

Skye pouts, then with a last glance at the dead demon, hurries after Illyria.

Kitridge walks into a more upmarket factory, this one benefitting from a better budget to have plenty of staff and mechanics walking around, as well as a clinical paint style and an air of professionalism.

The Wolfram & Hart logo on the walls also hints at why this place looks so expensive!

Kitridge walks over to a team working on the Aimon Device, which has a large hoop in its centre and two large clusters of machinery either side to it, with the battery-shaped power cells attached to the back. Kitridge taps the head engineer, an Asian man called TAKE, on the shoulder.

KITRIDGE

How are we doing, Take?

TAKE

All on course so far, sir, just awaiting the final elements before we're ready to go.

KITRIDGE

(nods)

Good. Good work.

James walks off and spots Manners talking to some other technicians, so he heads over.

Manners is just finishing his conversation as Kitridge approaches, and he smiles at James as he draws near.

MANNERS

James, good to see you. I take it Take's shown you the current progress.

KITRIDGE

Yes, sir, that he has. Uh, sir?

MANNERS

Yes?

KITRIDGE

There's a few things I'd like to ask you about all this, if you've got a minute.

MANNERS

Always. Go ahead.

KITRIDGE

I don't want to come across as tetchy about this, but I'm still a little unclear as to why I wasn't told about this operation until it was already underway?

MANNERS

You can't be in two places at once, James, I just took the liberty of setting this all up for you, that way you just need to oversee the main phase of the operation and then it's completed!

Manners starts to walk away, but Kitridge doesn't look satisfied with the answer and follows him.

KITRIDGE

See, that's something that's been bothering me.

(MORE)

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

KITRIDGE (cont'd)

You brought me into the LA branch because you felt I was best qualified to handle the Angel case, I understand that. So I don't understand why you'd cut me out of something like this! I don't even know what this machine's supposed to do, much less why I've got to stop Angel from interfering with its construction.

MANNERS

James, relax! I can appreciate your concern, but it really was just a question of logistics. You needn't worry about the details.

Manners walks away again, and as James calls out he doesn't stop walking.

KITRIDGE

But what does it *do*? Sir? Sir!

Manners is gone, and Kitridge is left alone, not looking at all happy about this turn of events.

18 EXT. DOCKS. NIGHT.

18

Another van is parked in the docks, close to a warehouse, and as we push in Connor and Sonia steal into view, staying low as they hurry towards the back doors of the van.

Sonia gets out a pair of lockpicks and soon has the van doors open, as Connor keeps a lookout.

Inside the van, we see a carefully-placed box marked 'Power Convertors - Fragile,' and Sonia forces the lid of the box open to check what's inside.

CONNOR

Hurry up, I think there's somebody coming!

SONIA

Just a second...

Sonia reaches into the box, and with a yank pulls out a fistful of wires. She turns to Connor with a grin.

SONIA (cont'd)

I hope thy kept their receipt! Just let me stick another tracker on here and we're gone.

Sonia starts to root through her bag as Connor scans the docks around them again - and then tenses up. The same low-pitched GROWLING we heard earlier makes him look up...

(CONTINUED)

SLAM! The garren demon leaps from the roof of the van, pinning Connor to the floor.

Sonia jumps up and starts to race out of the van, but one of the mercenaries appears before her, and with a smirk he slams and locks the van doors closed.

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

19 INT. HYPERION - LOBBY. NIGHT. 19

The hotel phone RINGS, and Angel snatches it up.

ANGEL

Connor?

We hear laughter from the other end, and Angel scowls.

20 INT. WOLFRAM & HART - KITRIDGE'S OFFICE. NIGHT. 20

Kitridge chuckles down the phone at Angel.

KITRIDGE

Afraid not, but I have to say,
meeting your son has been the
highlight of an otherwise very
frustrating day for me, Angel.

Kitridge looks across - and sitting on the other side of his office, restrained and somewhat bruised, are Connor and Sonia, watched over by a burly demon bodyguard.

KITRIDGE (cont'd)

We caught Connor and his girlfriend
trying to sabotage one of my
operations, and that made me a
little angry, I have to say.

21 INT. HYPERION - LOBBY. NIGHT. 21

Angel is silent as Nina and the others can be seen behind him, listening in.

KITRIDGE

(filtered; through phone)

Here's the deal. I know by now that
you've learned of this device we're
putting together, and I also know
that your cohorts managed to get to
a few of the pieces first. So I'm
proposing an exchange. You trade us
the parts for your son and his
friend. If you want to keep the
parts, be my guest, but they're
pretty worthless on their own, and
I'll have to kill these two as a
forfeit. Whaddya say?

There's a long beat. Angel closes his eyes, angry at losing the advantage, before he opens them and continues.

(CONTINUED)

ANGEL

Alright. Meet me in Aylett Park in half an hour. I'll come alone, but you're not getting a thing until I get Connor and Sonia back.

KITRIDGE

Not a problem. Pleasure doing business with you, Angel, see you in half an hour!

Angel SLAMS the phone down and sits and thinks for a moment. Spike steps over.

SPIKE

Don't tell me, the Boy Wonder got himself caught by the bad guys, didn't he?

TAYLOR

Did they get Sonia too?

ANGEL

They got both of them, they're offering to hand them back over if we give up these.

Angel points to two items on the reception desk - a grey box with coloured wires trailing from it, and a large green circuit board.

SKYE

Well, we're gonna have to do it then!

SPIKE

Back up, pet, we can't just roll over and play dead just because they've got one over on us at the moment!

(looks at Angel)

Not any more, anyway...

ANGEL

Skye's right, we can't risk Connor or Sonia over this. If these are the last parts they need, we may still be able to stop them before they can use it, but right now we need to get them back.

SPIKE

Fine, whatever, it's your party. I just think we're giving up too easily here.

SKYE

Would you still be saying that if
it was me who'd got captured?

Spike looks at her - and for a painfully long moment, he can't answer her. Skye's look darkens and she turns back to Angel.

SKYE (cont'd)

We *definitely* need to get them
back. And then find this machine
and stick it up that Kitridge guy's
a-

TAYLOR

Colourful an image as that is, it's
not gonna get us anywhere. Angel,
I'll follow you to the park in case
they try anything. Sonia said she's
put a tracker on one part of the
machine, we may still be able to
find it!

ANGEL

Exactly. Skye, go tell Illyria
we're gonna need her, soon as we
get Sonia back and she gets that
tracker working, we've got to move
fast.

Skye nods and heads off screen. Spike steps up.

SPIKE

What about me?

ANGEL

You're coming with me and Taylor to
the park. I said I'd go alone, but
I'm sure Kitridge knows I didn't
mean that.

SPIKE

(grins)

You have your moments, you know.

Illyria and Wes are outside, Illyria running her hands across
the plants and flowers in the garden as Wes watches. There s
a CRACK of thunder overhead, and they both look up.

ILLYRIA

A storm is coming.

WESLEY

Yes, looks like a nasty one.

(chuckles)

Shame I won't be able to appreciate it properly, but still...

ILLYRIA

We will restore you, Wesley. I will make an oath to do so, if it will convince you.

WESLEY

There's no need for that, I believe you. I've been trying to think of a way we could use that machine before Wolfram & Hart do, but so far no luck. I am, however, starting to understand why Spike was always in such a bad mood when he was in my condition...

The duo look up as Skye opens the back doors and steps into the garden.

SKYE

Uh, sorry to bother you both, but Angel said he needs you on deck, 'Ria. He's gonna go get Sonia and Connor back, and then we're gonna see if we can find this machine thing at last.

Skye leaves, and Wes looks down at Illyria.

WESLEY

Sounds promising, doesn't it?

ILLYRIA

(stands)

I will not fail you, Wesley.

WESLEY

(grins)

I'm flattered. Just do your best.

Illyria nods and walks out of the garden. Just as the back doors close, it starts to rain, and Wes sighs as the rain passes straight through him.

The Aimon Device has now been set up on the roof of the main building, with the technicians wrapped up against the strong winds and heavy rain that has now started.

Manners watches them work with Kirsten next to him, the young PA pulling a raincoat tight around her.

MANNERS

Where's James? I thought he'd have wanted to be here.

KIRSTEN

He said he had to go make sure Angel didn't interfere, sir.

MANNERS

Ah! Good, he's still playing the game. He'll do well here if he keeps that attitude up. As long as he gets here soon with those two final pieces, we'll be fine.

Kirsten jumps as a huge CRACK of thunder rolls overhead, and lightning starts to lace through the sky. Manners watches the increasingly ferocious storm with a smile.

His coat collar up against the rain, Angel paces around the quiet park as he waits for Kitridge to show up.

A pair of car headlights fall on him, and as Angel turns a black limo rolls into the edge of the park, stopping a few feet away.

The doors open and out steps Kitridge, followed by Connor and Sonia, flanked by a bodyguard each.

Kitridge smiles at Angel, who deadpans him back and holds up the two pieces of the machine.

KITRIDGE

There you go, you see? Wasn't so hard after all, was it!

ANGEL

This still doesn't feel like your style, Kitridge. It's not like you to leave a gap where something like this could happen. Who's pulling the strings on this job?

A beat as Kitridge lets his guard down, but the smug expression is quickly back up.

KITRIDGE

Logistics, Angel, that's all! Can't be everywhere at once.

(MORE)

KITRIDGE (cont'd)
 Anyway, here's Beavis and Butt-Head
 for you, leave the parts on the
 floor and take a few steps back,
 then I'll send 'em over.

Angel carefully lays the parts down and steps back, and true to his word, Kitridge nods to the bodyguards who shove Connor and Sonia over. One of the bodyguards scoops up the parts and steps back to the car.

KITRIDGE (cont'd)
 Glad we could sort this out, Angel.
 My job here is just to take care of
 you, I've got no beef with any of
 your underlings.

ANGEL
 Those 'underlings' still did a good
 job showing you up, Kitridge -
 don't underestimate them.

Kitridge doesn't answer, he just gets back into the car with a grin, and it pulls back out of the park and drives away.

As Angel helps Connor and Sonia to untie their wrists, an annoyed Spike stomps over, followed by Taylor.

SPIKE
 What the bloody hell was *that*? We
 were waiting for the signal!

ANGEL
 Too risky.

SPIKE
 Too risky? You just blew our best
 chance to find whatever clockwork
 horror they've caused us so much
 grief putting together, and you say
 it was too risky? Are you sure
 you're not still working for them?

TAYLOR
 Spike, back off, Angel's right.
 They had snipers covering us and
 probably another squad waiting in
 case Angel tried anything.
 Important thing is we got our guys
 back, right?

Sonia grins at Taylor, who manages a smile back.

SONIA
 Come on, we may be able to get a
 signal off the tracker now, let's
 get back to the hotel!

24 CONTINUED: (2)

24

Angel nods, and the reunited team leave the park.

25 EXT. WOLFRAM & HART - ROOF. NIGHT.

25

Kitridge heads out onto the roof, fighting against the heavy wind, passing the two final parts to a waiting engineer and joining Manners and Kirsten under cover.

KITRIDGE

All done, sir.

MANNERS

Excellent work, James! Now sit back and enjoy the show. We're about to invite a new player to the game.

The roof is lit by a flash of lightning - and with a click and a loud HUM, the machine comes to life, lighting up at last as the engineers swarm around it.

26 INT. HYPERION - LOBBY. NIGHT.

26

Sonia empties her backpack out onto the reception desk, locating the receiver for the tracking device and switching it on. She consults a map to find the signal's source.

ANGEL

Well?

SONIA

(groans)

Oh, no...

Connor steps over, drying off as Nina hands out towels to the rain-soaked team.

SPIKE

'Oh, no'? Where is it, the bottom of a bloody volcano?

SONIA

Worse. It's on the roof of the Wolfram & Hart building. There's no way we can get there in time!

ANGEL

Difficult, not impossible. Illyria, we're gonna need you to-

MUNCH (O.S.)

Hey, hey! Everybody calm down.

Everyone turns to see Munch stepping into the hotel.

(CONTINUED)

TAYLOR

Doesn't anybody ever close that damn door?

ANGEL

Who are you?

CONNOR

That's Munch, that's the artificer demon we told you about.

ANGEL

Oh. Okay. Why is he here?

MUNCH

I remembered something, after you kids left earlier.

Munch hobbles down into the lobby proper, noticing all the crossed-out magic circles on the floor.

MUNCH (cont'd)

Heh, you boys having a little summoning party or something?

ANGEL

We were just trying a few things out. Listen, I don't mean to be rude, but we're kind of in a-

MUNCH

I know where there's another one of those machines!

Angel blinks and looks round to the others.

The storm is reaching a crescendo, and the Aimon Device is activating, powered by the storm and warming up, crackles of blue energy dancing around inside the large hoop in its centre.

KITRIDGE

So tell me, sir, what exactly are we using this for?

MANNERS

I'm afraid that's classified, James. Need-to-know basis between just me and the Senior Partners.

KITRIDGE

It is? What are we doing, summoning Hitler or something?

MANNERS

(chuckles)

Heavens, no. Tried that once, it was an unmitigated disaster!

KIRSTEN

Hey, look!

She points - and inside the hoop of the device, a portal of swirling energy is forming. The whole roof top starts to rattle, with technicians hurrying to secure loose equipment. Manners grins as he watches.

28 INT. DUSTY WAREHOUSE. NIGHT.

28

Munch opens a door at the head of a flight of stairs, and leads Angel, Spike, Sonia and Taylor down, flicking on a light switch on the way.

MUNCH

I forgot all about this old place till you came in and showed me those plans earlier today, set the old neurons zipping into the right spots at last!

The stairs lead out into a cramped room, filled with things covered by dust sheets. Munch makes his way through them, searching for something, as the others weave through the objects, bumping into them.

Munch stops by one large object, and with a heave drags the dust sheet off it, kicking up a cloud of thick brown dust that leaves everyone coughing.

MUNCH (cont'd)

There she is!

Angel looks across - and sitting before him is another Aimon Device. It's dusty and looks like it's seen some good service, but Munch pats it proudly as he turns round.

MUNCH

Hasn't been used for years, but it'll work just fine!

Angel looks at the others, and Sonia beams back at him and nods.

SONIA

That's it!

ANGEL

Alright, let's get this thing hooked up and get Wes over here, quick. I think we just made his day.

Angel grins as Taylor starts clearing some room round the device, and Sonia searches for a power outlet.

The team stop as the room around them starts to shake, everything rattling loudly.

SONIA

It's a quake!

TAYLOR

No... No, it's something else.

Angel glances at Taylor, who throws a concerned look back.

TAYLOR (cont'd)

Something's coming. I think Wolfram & Hart just got their machine working.

Skye, Illyria and Wes look around as the whole hotel starts to shake violently - Nina and Connor appear on the landing as books shake themselves off shelves, and the weapons cabinet flies open, the steel inside clattering to the floor.

NINA

(panicked)

What is it? Is it an earthquake?

ILLYRIA

(shakes head)

It is here.

A black shape starts to form inside the swirling portal created by the Aimon Device, and as a startled Kitridge looks on, Manners laughs and pats James on the shoulder.

By the machine, Take and his technicians are frantically making final adjustments, shouting over the combined noise of the storm and the portal.

TECH #1

Target acquired, tracking software's got the trail!

TECH #2

Five seconds to contact!

TAKE

Maintain maximum power, drain the
whole city grid if you have to!

A wave of white energy bursts out from the portal, and the
techs are all knocked off their feet.

As they struggle to stand, Take gasps as he looks at the
portal...

Stepping out of it is a tall male figure, dressed in black
and with a hooded cloak billowing out behind him in the
winds. A shining gold facemask covers his features, and as he
steps fully out of the portal, he looks up at the sky and
begins to LAUGH.

Kitridge watches, wide-eyed.

MANNERS

James... say hello to the Keeper!

We get one last shot of the Keeper, the maelstrom of energy
crackling all around him, before we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW