

ANGEL

"Solid"

by
Emma Platt

(c) 2005 Monster Zero Productions

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. L.A SKYLINE. NIGHT. 1

The sky is calm and peaceful, as the camera moves over the top of the streets, looking down we see cars slowly moving in steady streams throughout the city - just another ordinary night in LA.

2 EXT. STREET. NIGHT. 2

We're in the bad part of the city now. A group of TEENAGERS stand around on a street corner, smoking, drinking and generally making a lot of noise. One of them throws a half full beer can across the street and they all CHEER when it hits the windscreen of a beaten up car.

The huddle of teenagers is suddenly broken apart by an ELDERLY WOMAN pulling a little red shopping cart behind her. The woman is hunched over slightly, wearing layers of shabby clothes. She's a perfect target for the gang.

Another can is thrown, this time empty and just slightly wide of the mark. The woman doesn't stop, not even when the next can HITS her in the back. She keeps on walking and the gang follow, all they want to do is cause some trouble.

One of them grabs the cart from her and pulls it away as the others surround her.

TEEN #1

Hey lady, what's in the bag?

ELDERLY WOMAN

Nothing, nothing important.

Close up, it's obvious how intimidating they are to her. One of the other teenagers tips the cart up and the contents spill out. The woman was right, it really is nothing, just a carton of milk, a loaf of bread and a newspaper.

TEEN #2

She was right, nothing.

The first teen smiles back at the woman, who is looking around the group for some way she can escape.

TEEN #1

That's a real shame, but me and the boys can't go home empty handed, can we?

ELDERLY WOMAN

I haven't got anything! I haven't got any money!

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

One of the gang GRABS her from behind while another one digs into the pocket of her coat and pulls out her purse. The woman begins to struggle, and the gang LAUGH.

The leader flips through the purse, but all he finds is a couple of receipts and a bus pass.

TEEN #1

This is it? Come on, Grandma, cough up the goods!

ELDERLY WOMAN

I swear that's all I have! Please don't hurt me!

The leader tosses the purse over his shoulder and the camera follows it as it flies through the air, landing a few feet away in the street.

Suddenly there's a huge crack of LIGHTNING from nowhere, and all at once the street lights EXPLODE, plunging the street into darkness.

3 EXT. L.A SKYLINE. NIGHT

3

The quiet sky we saw before is gone, replaced by the raging storm. The lights in all the buildings fail all at the same time plunging the skyline into utter darkness.

4 EXT. STREET. NIGHT

4

The gang are startled by the ferocity of the sudden storm, and as they look up at the sky, wondering what's going on, we pull back over to the wallet, lying forgotten.

A pair of black boots step into frame, and a hand reaches into frame to scoop the wallet up - it's SPIKE, and he starts to leaf through the wallet as ANGEL, SONIA and TAYLOR dash into frame, having exited a building in the street through a back door.

Angel looks up at the sky as Taylor notices the gang, still hanging on to the old woman.

TAYLOR

(to gang)

Hey!

The teens look up, and as Taylor steps towards them they scatter, leaving the woman standing as they escape.

Taylor jogs over to her as she starts gathering up her belongings, patches of rain starting to fall.

(CONTINUED)

TAYLOR (cont'd)

Are you alright? Did those kids hurt you?

ELDERLY WOMAN

No, no, I'm fine, young man.

(looks up)

Better get some shelter, looks like a bad one!

The woman wanders off as Sonia and Angel join Taylor, the group already soaked to the skin by the falling rain.

Another bolt of lightning FLASHES overhead, before the street goes black, and the thunder gives another deafening BANG.

Spike walks into frame, tucking the wallet away.

SPIKE

Alright, I'm prepared to take some suggestions. What the hell is going on?

There's another FLASH, and the team recoil slightly - the sky overhead looks like a fight between two electrical storms, and neither one is giving an inch.

ANGEL

I don't know, but it can't be good.

(turns to others)

We have to get to Wolfram and Hart.

Now.

Off Angel's rain-soaked but grim expression, we cut to:

Despite the city being blacked out around them, the roof of the Wolfram & Hart building is both fully lit and buzzing with activity - a crackling PORTAL howls as electricity laces away from it, and standing before it is the tall, cloaked and masked figure of THE KEEPER.

Another FLASH of lightning shows us MANNERS, standing right at the front of the group of people closest to The Keeper.

KITRIDGE is still looking at him, wide eyed, as the senior technician, TAKE, dashes over, shouting over the deafening noise of the storm.

TAKE

Sir, we're going to have to take him down to the lab to run a few tests!

MANNERS

In a second, I need to greet our
new arrival first!

Manners walks up to the Keeper and extends his hand with a
warm smile.

MANNERS (cont'd)

Welcome to Wolfram and Hart.

From Manner's grin, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

6 INT. HYPERION - LOBBY. NIGHT.

6

As the storm carries on outside and lightning flashes through the windows, NINA, CONNOR and SKYE are rushing around, lightning candles and trying to find torches.

Standing perfectly still in the centre of the room is ILLYRIA, watching the storm as a flash of lightning illuminates her features.

When Connor rushes past carrying candles, she turns abruptly and grabs his arm.

ILLYRIA

What is the meaning of this darkness?

CONNOR

You got me. Maybe instead of just standing around watching, you could help out?

ILLYRIA

(imperious)

How dare you speak to me in that insolent tone! I have destroyed civilizations, and yet here I am, being undermined by a halfling such as yourself?

CONNOR

(shrugs; unfazed)

It was just a suggestion.

He walks away, and Illyria returns her attention back to the storm.

ILLYRIA

This is not right...

WES (O.S.)

Talking to yourself again?

WES comes into shot just behind her, but she doesn't turn around to face him.

ILLYRIA

There is something about this dark that troubles me. Is the city often plagued by storms such as this?

(CONTINUED)

WES

You'd be surprised.

(beat)

Although, I'm afraid this has put a delay on our plans.

Now she turns to face him, looking concerned.

ILLYRIA

What do you mean?

WES

Well, with the black out going on, there's no way to power up the machine, so there's no way we can use it.

ILLYRIA

No... No! We were to use the device tonight, to restore you to what you once were, and-

WES

(interrupts)

Illyria, look around you. There's nothing we can do. I don't think even you could recharge the entire city by yourself!

ILLYRIA

(growing agitated)

There must be something, we cannot just leave you as a shadow, doomed to stay between the two worlds! The plan must go ahead!

Wes smiles slightly, touched about how strongly she feels about this. He puts his hands into his pockets and steps closer to her.

WES

It's a simple case of logistics, Illyria. With the power down, we're stuck.

ILLYRIA

Then we shall restore the power!

A bright light suddenly shines on Illyria's face - it's Skye shining a torch at her. She turns it off and smiles.

SKYE

My thoughts exactly, but first we need to know what caused the black out in the first place.

(CONTINUED)

ILLYRIA

The vampire is correct, we must go straight to the cause in order to resolve this situation.

She makes a move, but Skye grabs her arm and pulls her back. Illyria quickly shrugs the arm away.

SKYE

Not that I don't admire your enthusiasm or anything, 'Ria, but it's probably best we wait for Angel and Spike and then get into research mode first, before we go running off anywhere.

ILLYRIA

You are eager to fix the problem too?

SKYE

Of course I am!

ILLYRIA

Then why do you insist on wasting time by stalling?

Skye opens her mouth to retort but Wes steps between the two girls, hands raised.

WES

She has a point, it's best if we wait until everyone is here and then we'll start trying to figure this out.

Illyria is obviously not happy, but she can tell she's not going to win this argument.

ILLYRIA

As you wish.

With that she walks away, storming off up the stairs. Skye watches her go, turns on the torch again and turns back to Wes with a smile.

SKYE

You've got to admire her spark!

WES

Illyria is a... unique being.

SKYE

'Unique' isn't the word I would use. More like demented.

WES

She's just...

Before Wes can continue, Illyria is heading back down the stairs.

ILLYRIA

I thought it best if I should remain down here, in case we are attacked and my assistance is needed.

SKYE

(smirks)

Which means she can't find her way upstairs in the dark. Don't you get night vision as part of the Old One package deal?

Illyria gives Skye a dark look and she wanders away, once again leaving Wes and Illyria alone.

ILLYRIA

Upon Spike and Angel's return, we shall resolve this problem immediately.

WES

You seem very eager!

For a brief second Illyria looks almost embarrassed, but it quickly fades.

ILLYRIA

I wish for this issue to be resolved quickly, there is no other reasoning behind it.

The doors to the hotel fly open and Taylor hurries in, soaked from the rain. He peers round the lobby, picking up Wes and Illyria in the gloom.

TAYLOR

Are you two just going to stand there, or are you going to do something? We're in the middle of about five storm fronts out there!

WES

What can I do?

TAYLOR

(beat)

Okay, you, maybe not so much, but she can-

ILLYRIA

You are not my master, I will not take orders from an outsider such as yourself! Have you discovered the cause for this disturbance?

TAYLOR

Not yet, there's only so much one person can do at a time!

The doors to the hotel BURST open again, and standing in the door way are two shadowy figures with the storm going on right behind them, like a shot from a bad horror movie.

SPIKE

It's bloody treacherous out there!
And it took forever!

ANGEL

Well, it wouldn't have if you'd listened when I was telling you you were going the wrong way!

SPIKE

I'm very sorry, Mister bloody Map Reader, who knew it would be so hard to navigate through LA in the dark!

They walk down into the lobby, slamming the door behind them and shrugging off some of the rain.

ILLYRIA

Angel, we need to find the cause of this darkness immediately and remove it, or we cannot restore Wesley. This cannot be tolerated!

Angel looks at her with raised eyebrows and then turns to Skye, who shrugs.

SKYE

Ignore her, she's been like that ever since the power went out.

SPIKE

Any ideas what's going on?

WES

It's obviously a side effect of the electrical storm, but what caused that is a mystery. There were no meteorological signs earlier today indicating anything, so it must be linked to-

ANGEL

(interrupts)

Wolfram and Hart's machine, yeah,
way ahead of you. I don't think the
storm is our main concern right
now, getting the power back on is.
Any ideas?

TAYLOR

The first place we should start is
probably the power plant, see what
we can do there.

ANGEL

Doesn't the hotel have an emergency
generator we can use?

SKYE

We haven't had a chance to look,
we've been too busy running around
trying to bring a little light to
this place!

NINA

Should some of us get over to
Wolfram and Hart and see what's
going on?

ANGEL

Not now, there's no time.

ILLYRIA

This will not do!

Everyone turns to look at her as she stomps into frame.

ILLYRIA (cont'd)

You talk about time being a factor,
yet you stand around idly, talking
about plans instead of taking
action!

SPIKE

(annoyed)

Our track record for unplanned
decisions doesn't exactly make for
good reading, princess!

ANGEL

She has a point, we should probably
split up, someone should patrol the
streets, make sure everything is in
order and the rest of us can tool
up and hit Wolfram and Hart.

WES

Well I'm the obvious choice to stay here. I can look into the prophecy further while the rest of you go.

ILLYRIA

Then I shall stay with you, to protect our stronghold from any evil that may lurk in the shadows.

ANGEL

(beat; eyes Illyria)

Right, good, everyone else get ready. Taylor, Connor, Nina with me, Spike, Sonia and Skye you can patrol.

Everyone else wanders off to get ready, except for Spike.

SPIKE

Why do I have to patrol? Why can't I go play 'Smack The Suit' with your lot? Is it because I'm not good enough suddenly?

ANGEL

(weary)

Spike, I don't have time for this-

SPIKE

I don't see why you get to do the important job, and I get thrown out like some... lackey!

Angel walks over to the weapons cabinet, with Spike in hot pursuit.

SPIKE (cont'd)

Ever since I came back you've been doing this to me! Treating me like your dogsbody instead of an equal, when you know as well as I do that I'm just as good at all this hero stuff as you are!

ANGEL

Look, can we possibly leave this until later?

He pulls open the cabinet doors, and Spike leans over and pulls out a broad sword before turning away and muttering under his breath. As Angel shakes his head and closes the doors, we cut to:

7

INT. WOLFRAM AND HART - LAB. NIGHT.

7

Already set up around the lab are small battery powered lamps, while The Keeper is standing in the dead center of the room. The group of people from the roof top have followed him down.

MANNERS

We've been preparing for your arrival for a long time, and we are honoured to have you here.

In the crowd of people watching, we see Kitridge trying to push his way to the front.

MANNERS (cont'd)

There are so many things to show you, so much that you will see that will one day belong to us.

The Keeper takes a step forward, the mask over his face giving him a Darth Vader style wheeze. Manners glances at Take before continuing.

MANNERS (cont'd)

Your presence here will be felt throughout this city, although we are of course currently suffering a little setback.

The Keeper tilts its head to one side quizzically, and Manners turns back to the rest of the Wolfram and Hart employees gathered behind him.

MANNERS (cont'd)

Ladies and gentlemen, let's make our guest feel welcome.

The employees burst into loud APPLAUSE, and after a few seconds Manners raises his hand. The employees stop clapping and those who don't belong in the lab begin to drift away.

As some lab workers swarm around The Keeper, doing various tests, Kitridge pushes his way forward to Manners, who doesn't even turn to face him.

Kitridge opens his mouth to speak, but Manners raises a hand to interrupt him.

MANNERS (cont'd)

You're wondering why we kept you in the dark?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MANNERS (cont'd)

Well, the Senior Partners thought it best that this was kept under wraps from most of the employees, just in case the information was somehow leaked, and the plan compromised.

KITRIDGE

'Leaked'? How so?

MANNERS

(wry smile)

You know how these things happen, James.

KITRIDGE

(angry)

No, I don't. Are you trying to insinuate that someone in this company would somehow leak the information? Are you suggesting that *I* was the weak point?

Manners turns to Kitridge and gives him an insincere smile.

MANNERS

Of course not.

He turns back to watch the lab assistants swarming round the Keeper, and Kitridge seethes for a moment.

KITRIDGE

What about the power outage and the storm?

MANNERS

I'm sure Angel is already on the case, no doubt he's already formed a plan and is on his way to fix the problem.

KITRIDGE

Do you think he'll know that we're behind this?

MANNERS

Of course, I have complete faith in Angel, he knows that no one else could do something like this, even if it was a... side effect.

KITRIDGE

Do you think he'll cause problems for us? Or, should I say, you and our new friend over there, who I still know absolutely nothing about!

MANNERS

(condescending)

Now James, I'm sure you have a lot of work to do, so why don't you run back to your office. You're in charge of keeping Angel under control, don't forget!

Kitridge stares Manners out for a beat, then turns and starts stomping away. He pauses near the door and turns back.

KITRIDGE

And if I make sure Angel doesn't interfere tonight, you'll tell me what was so secret about all this?

MANNERS

Of course.

Kitridge leaves the lab, not looking a hundred percent convinced, as Manners turns back to the Keeper and smiles.

The gang are all gathered in the lobby, ready to leave. Illyria is watching from the corner, the lobby now lit by the soft glow of many candles.

Spike is busy lighting his cigarette on one of them and doesn't notice that the sleeve of his jacket is on fire. When he sees it, Spike simply rolls his eyes and begins waving his arm until the flames die down.

SPIKE

Bloody fire hazard!

CONNOR

It's the best we could do.

Spike drifts back over to everyone else who are all looking at Angel, waiting for the obligatory inspirational speech.

ANGEL

Are we all clear on what we're doing? The aim is to get the power on as quickly as possible and all get back here without any trouble. Spike and Skye, I'm counting on you two to keep the streets clear.

SPIKE

(sarcastic)

Should be too hard, they'll be empty. Oh, except for the inevitable crowds of looters and riots, that is.

ANGEL

(ignores him)

Illyria can handle anything that
crops up here. Once the power's up,
we all meet back up and move on
Wolfram & Hart.

Angel looks over at her, but she simply tries to retreat
farther into the shadows.

ANGEL (cont'd)

Okay everyone, I want to be in and
out, lets keep it simple.

SKYE

Like *that's* going to happen...

They all begin to move towards the doors, and we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. POWER PLANT. NIGHT.

The plant is dark, just like everywhere else, and as the storm continues to rage outside we see the huge machines inside the plant, all of them stationary and silent.

After A series of BANGS and CRASHES, the front door flies off its hinges and across the main part of the room, hitting the door. Angel is standing in the open doorway, torch beams shining into the plant from behind him.

His team steps in, their footsteps echoing on the floor as their flashlights sweep everything in the room.

CONNOR

Where is everyone? It's the middle of a blackout, shouldn't this place be full of, you know, staff?

TAYLOR

Chances are they're all dead

NINA

(gulps)
Oh.

TAYLOR

Hey, they may just all be in other parts of the complex. Point is, there's nobody round this part, so, this is where we stay.

CONNOR

How do we know which is the right machine to get working?

TAYLOR

We're looking for the turbines. There should be some sort of emergency back up system to recharge them.

NINA

How will we know when we've found them?

TAYLOR

You just will. We should probably spread out, this place is huge.

(CONTINUED)

With that, Taylor wanders off on his own, but the rest of the gang stay together, deciding to search the lower part of the plant.

CONNOR

All these machines look the same to me. I don't know Taylor can tell the difference!

ANGEL

What I want to know is what are Wolfram and Hart up to this time? A city wide black out can't be a good thing. Whatever it is, it's something big. But we'll worry about that later, right now we need to find these turbines.

On the upper level, Taylor is checking everything around him, but so far he hasn't found anything. He stops to investigate a machine in the corner, but decides it isn't the one he's looking for and walks on.

He rounds a corner and stops dead.

TAYLOR

Well, *that* was easy.
(shouts)
Hey! I found it!

He walks straight up to the huge machine and shines his torch on it, inspecting it carefully as behind him we hear hurried footsteps as the others approach. Eventually Angel appears at his side.

ANGEL

Is this it?

TAYLOR

This is it, and from the looks of it the power's been drained out of it like it was a sieve! Something took a lot of juice.

CONNOR

How do you fix it?

TAYLOR

First we find the back up power, which runs on a completely separate circuit for emergencies like that. Then we have to charge the whole thing back up a little at a time.

ANGEL

Why can't you just do the whole thing at once?

TAYLOR

Because it could blow the whole system and that could take days to fix. You're in for the long haul here.

ANGEL

How long?

TAYLOR

I don't know, a few hours maybe?

CONNOR

Can't you speed it up?

TAYLOR

(frowns)

How, exactly?

Connor shrugs and as Taylor continues to glare, he decides to walk off somewhere else.

ANGEL

Just get it done as quickly as you can, alright?

TAYLOR

I'll do what I can, but it may not even work at all.

ANGEL

What? Why?

TAYLOR

The power drain could have damaged the whole network, and I can't fix that. You're just going to have to cross your fingers. Now, if you want to help speed things up, go look for the back up power.

ANGEL

Any idea where it'll be?

TAYLOR

Somewhere close by.

Angel nods and steps off frame as Taylor goes back to studying the turbine, and we cut to:

9

INT. HYPERION - LOBBY. NIGHT.

9

Illyria is once again standing in the centre of the room, listening to the constant crash of thunder. Wes is standing near the desk, just watching her.

ILLYRIA

Why do you stare at me so?

WES

I wasn't staring.

ILLYRIA

You were, although I cannot see you, I can sense it. You are staring at me.

(beat)

Is it because I remind you of her?

WES

Partly. But I think we both know by now you'll never completely be Fred again, despite whatever's happening inside you.

ILLYRIA

You used to despise me. You would hurl things at me, and call me names meant to spite me.

WES

It was hard for me in the beginning.

Illyria turns to face him, fixing him with her steely gaze.

ILLYRIA

Ever since I came to this place, *everything* has been strange, nothing here feels right, especially now. This storm is unnatural. The vampire was right, this is connected to them.

WES

Why did you want to stay here? It's not like you to turn down a chance to beat something.

ILLYRIA

(lowers her head)

I have explained to you that someone needs to stay here, to protect this location in the event of an attack.

(CONTINUED)

WES

It seems unlikely that someone would attack us now. If we were an electronics store, perhaps...

ILLYRIA

Darkness is the perfect cover, many of the demons I have encountered in my time preferred it, now is the prime time for such a strike.

WES

Still, you waiting for something to happen isn't what we're used to.
(eyes her)
Is everything alright?

ILLYRIA

What if something were to happen to you?

Illyria looks up at Wes, slightly un-sure as to what to expect his reaction to be, Wes however seems slightly touched by it.

WES

How can anything happen to me? I'm incorporeal.

ILLYRIA

There are ways, and we cannot take that chance.

There is another crack of thunder and two consecutive flashes of lightening. Illyria looks up, alarmed.

ILLYRIA (cont'd)

Something is happening...

The lab workers are still swarming around The Keeper who hasn't moved an inch. Manners is still watching carefully. Suddenly he moves forwards, shooing the lab workers away leaving him just with The Keeper.

MANNERS

Well now. It seems your arrival has caused somewhat of a stir in the city, although of course, that probably has a lot to do with us. Then again, it's never a bad thing to make a big entrance, especially for someone as powerful as yourself.

The Keeper simply looks down at Manners, breathing heavily and still not moving.

MANNERS (cont'd)

As I mentioned before, we'll be a little off schedule, but once the power comes back on we can make you solid again and then get straight on with the plan. Our biggest threat is of course Angel.

THE KEEPER

An... gel?

He speaks in a deep, throaty voice.

MANNERS

Yes, Angel. The vampire with a soul trying to make up for a hundred years of very bad deeds. He is the thorn in our collective side, he is the firm's problem and the Senior Partners don't like that.

A lab worker rushes into the scene, looking nervous and trying to avoid looking at the intimidating figure of The Keeper.

LAB WORKER

Uh, Mr. Manners, sir, we need to complete some preliminary scans before we can go forward with the plan.

MANNERS

Yes, of course. Carry on.
(to the Keeper)
We can talk more later.

He turns and walks out of the lab, and we cut to:

The hallway is lit by candles on the wall, giving it a dark, Gothic feeling. As Manners is making his way up, Kitridge is coming down and they meet in the middle.

MANNERS

Ah, James. Finished already?

KITRIDGE

There wasn't much to do, and I was more interested in what's going on down here.

MANNERS

No need to worry, everything is going to plan.

KITRIDGE

But what *is* the plan?

MANNERS

To bring The Keeper here, and that's what we did.

KITRIDGE

But what next? And who is 'The Keeper'? Where did he come from, and why is he here? With all due respect, sir, I'm the CEO, and I didn't know we were even going to attempt this today. I followed my orders, but I don't know a thing.

MANNERS

You will know everything you need to soon enough, but for now you shouldn't worry, I'm sure there are other things for someone like you to worry about in a place like this!

Manners puts his hand behind Kitridge's back and begins guiding him up the hall and away from the lab, giving him only one chance to look back over his shoulder at the closed door of the lab.

12 INT. POWER PLANT - NIGHT.

12

The gang are gathered back around the turbines, Taylor is once again kneeling on the floor near a silver box.

NINA

It doesn't look like it can do much. Are you sure that's it?

TAYLOR

This is the control panel. It sends an electronic signal to the actual power lines, and redirects them to the turbines.

He flips open the top of the box and inside we see a large red handle, next to a small touch screen that's lit up. Taylor expertly begins presses buttons and tapping into the system as Angel cranes over to watch.

ANGEL

Are you sure that you know what you're doing?

(CONTINUED)

TAYLOR

Would I be trying it if I didn't?
Or, you could have a go if you
want, seeing as you assume you know
everything about everything.

Angel rolls his eyes, obviously not in the mood for Taylor. The box beeps loudly and Taylor claps his hands once with a satisfied grin.

ANGEL

What did that noise mean?

TAYLOR

It means we're ready to get going!

Taylor rolls up his sleeve and grabs the handle in the box before begin to move it up and down.

ANGEL

How will you know when it's ready?

With his free hand Taylor points to the touch screen - there are three red bars, and along the bottom is a red line that is getting longer as Taylor continues to move the handle.

TAYLOR

When that bottom line reaches the
end of the screen, one of the bars
will fill up a little and when all
the bars are full, the power will
come back on.

ANGEL

What can we do in the meantime?

TAYLOR

(exasperated)
Well, gee, Angel, I don't know, how
about 'wait'?

NINA

What about checking around, seeing
if this place keeps records? If the
power was drained, something here
must have registered it just
before it went off. It might help.

ANGEL

Good idea, Nina, you stay here,
Connor and I'll look around, see
what we can find.

Nina nods as Angel taps Connor on the shoulder to get his attention, and the duo head off screen.

13 INT. POWER PLANT - OFFICE. NIGHT.

13

Through the old and broken blinds that cover the windows of a tiny office, we see the two torch beams that signify Connor and Angel are approaching. The door knob rattles and easily swings open. The two step in and look around.

The office is big enough for a desk with a computer and a large grey unit in the corner that is some sort of monitoring system for the whole plant.

Angel instantly heads over to a printer on the desk and pulls out a piece of paper so long that it's trailing on the floor. It's stopped mid print, and Angel examines it for a few seconds before putting it back down

ANGEL

I can't make any sense of this,
it's all just lines and numbers to
me.

CONNOR

Here, let me look at it.
(takes printout)
See, there was a major surge in the
power at 10.41, and that's the last
thing that came off the computer,
so the black out must have happened
just after this.

ANGEL

Does it say where the surge came
from?

CONNOR

Somewhere downtown, which means we
were right. Wolfram and Hart.

ANGEL

How can you tell all that from that
piece of paper?

CONNOR

I read it properly, Dad!

Connor smirks and heads back out of the office, as Angel blinks, then follows.

14 INT. POWER PLANT - NIGHT.

14

Nina is sitting on the floor, watching as Taylor continues to work on bringing the power back up. The box gives a BEEP but Taylor doesn't stop.

NINA

Is that it? How many are charged?

(CONTINUED)

TAYLOR

Just the one, it's taking longer than I thought but you don't want to overload the turbines.

NINA

How do you know all of this stuff anyway?

TAYLOR

When I started the UTF, I started learning stuff like this, I thought it would come in handy one day, and guess what, it did.

NINA

Yeah, but Angel doesn't know anything like this, and he gets by alright.

TAYLOR

Angel's a vampire, he has certain advantages over the rest of us.

NINA

You still don't trust him, do you?

TAYLOR

That's beside the point, he helped me out so I'll return the favour. Plus, the city is in need, and I do what I can for people in need.

NINA

Help the helpless?

TAYLOR

Yeah, help the helpless. It's what I do.

NINA

It's what we all do.

Taylor glances at her, then gets back to work.

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

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

15

Kitridge is sitting at his desk, staring into space. We can't hear the storm from outside, but we can still see it through the windows. The door opens and KIRSTEN walks in.

KIRSTEN

James? Mr. Manners is here to see you.

Kitridge sits up straight and re-adjusts his tie.

KITRIDGE

Alright, send him in.

She disappears back out the room, and seconds later Manners strides in, standing before Kitridge and smiling.

MANNERS

I know you're frustrated James, not knowing anything about the current situation and all.

KITRIDGE

I wouldn't say I was 'frustrated,' sir. After all, I am in charge here.

MANNERS

(frowns)

You're not in charge, you're simply a pawn for the Senior Partners, you do and go wherever they tell you. That's just the way it is.

KITRIDGE

(beat; smiles)

And in the lab, how are things going down there?

Manners sighs, beginning to pace the room with his hands behind his back.

MANNERS

You have to understand, this is a very delicate and complex plan. Something we've been working on for some time now. Timing is everything here. One little slip up and everything could be lost, and that would make the Senior Partners very unhappy.

(CONTINUED)

Manners stops pacing and stands right in front of Kittridge, leaning over the desk to speak to him.

MANNERS (cont'd)

It's best if you distance yourself from this project.

KITRIDGE

Why?

MANNERS

Because I'm asking you to.

KITRIDGE

Why won't you tell me anything about The Keeper?

MANNERS

Because you don't need to know anything. The information about The Keeper and what he's doing here is to be given out on a need to know basis only.

KITRIDGE

And I'm not important enough to know? I know the entire working order of this company, every little thing that goes on. Nothing happens here that I don't hear about.

Manners pulls back, Kittridge looks fairly confident that he's made a good argument.

MANNERS

On behalf of myself and the Senior Partners, we would like to thank you for all your help during this time, but your involvement in this project is no longer needed.

KITRIDGE

Why?

MANNERS

Frankly, this is too top level for you. It would be better for everyone if you stayed out of the way, stick to what you're good at, carry on with your job here and let me take care of the rest.

With that, Manners exits the office, leaving Kittridge alone, seething.

16

INT. HYPERION - ILLYRIA'S ROOM. NIGHT.

16

With a few candles placed around the room, a soft glow is being cast on the room. Illyria is sitting on the edge of the bed, staring at the window.

ILLYRIA

You are staring again.

WES (O.S.)

I wasn't staring this time, just watching.

ILLYRIA

The storm fascinates me. There is so much power, the ability to cause so much damage. There are parallels between it and me.

Wes steps on screen, standing close to her, his attention also drawn to the window.

WES

You're comparing yourself to a storm?

ILLYRIA

It would be illogical to deny the similarities.

She turns to look at him, before standing up and looking around the room.

ILLYRIA (cont'd)

Being here brings so many feelings. There are voices in my head that I do not understand, things that bring back images of times I do not remember. Everything in this place has her mark on it, and so much of what I see drags memories from her life into my mind.

WES

What did you expect?

ILLYRIA

I am unsure. Not this. I did not expect everything to be so difficult, so strange. How can I feel so weak, when I am a God?

WES

You feel weak?

(CONTINUED)

ILLYRIA

Sometimes, when I am here alone. It is not so much a weakness as it is...

(beat)

I am unsure how to describe it. It is a feeling, something I am not used to.

She looks around the room again, taking in all of the things scattered there that once belonged to Fred. Her eyes well up slightly, and Wes looks like he'd trade in everything just to be able to touch her for a moment.

ILLYRIA (cont'd)

She is everywhere.

WES

If you don't like it, maybe you shouldn't spend so much time in here.

ILLYRIA

I cannot help it, I am drawn to this place, just like I am drawn to...

She cuts herself off and decides to change the subject

ILLYRIA (cont'd)

Angel has not yet returned, his task must be taking some time. Neither have the two vampires, perhaps they have run into some trouble?

WES

Spike is probably holed up in some bar, riding the whole thing out, and the way Skye follows him around I daresay she's with him.

ILLYRIA

I have spent time with Spike, his main concern is not always liquor. He helps people. If Angel asked him to keep people safe, then I am certain that is what he's doing.

WES

(smiles)

That sounds like a different Spike than I remember!

ILLYRIA

Many things have changed in your absence, we were divided for a time, people have been lost.

WES

You mean Gunn?

Illyria nods and walks back over to the window, the thunder is now nothing more than a low rumble, it seems to be fading.

ILLYRIA

First you, and then Charles.

WES

At least one of us came back. In a manner of speaking, at least.

ILLYRIA

But you are mortal, one day you will go again and then you will move on. There may be no way to bring you back again. If Angel does not return soon, then you may never become physical again!

WES

Angel will be back, he's a man of his word. We just have to wait a little longer.

ILLYRIA

(agitated)

I have been waiting long enough! For the longest time I have stayed in his vile prison and waited for your return, and now that you are here there is nothing I can do, I do not want to wait any longer!

WES

(frowns)

Wait for what?

We cut from Illyria's tense expression to:

Taylor is still working with the box while the others wait around him, but looking bored. Nina is inspecting her nails carefully, Angel is tapping his foot.

ANGEL

Maybe you'd have this done quicker if Sonia was here?

TAYLOR

Well, whose fault is it for sending her with the other two?

ANGEL

It's been hours.

TAYLOR

It takes time! Maybe you could do something constructive instead of standing there and criticizing me, Angel!

ANGEL

Unless you hadn't noticed, there's nothing else to do, we're stuck in this plant waiting for you, so the power can come back on and we can go back to the hotel and fix Wes!

TAYLOR

I know the plan! I helped build the damn machine, remember?

ANGEL

You know, I don't like your attitude.

TAYLOR

I don't like yours either, so I guess we're even.

Angel stares at him, then looks away, trying not to get into another argument.

ANGEL

You're worse than Spike and believe me, that takes some work.

NINA

I wonder where Spike is, anyway?

Angel throws her a look, and we cut to:

The bar is lit by torches on the wall, every available space is packed and sitting right next to the bar are Spike, Sonia and Skye. Spike is finishing off a beer while Skye is busy carefully eyeing the clientele.

SPIKE

I told you there wouldn't be anything non-human out on the streets, all the ghoulies and the beasties are in here having a pint, while the respectable citizens of LA are busy ram-raiding the 7-11s to grab some free booze and ciggies.

SKYE

Sure looks that way...

The BARTENDER, a huge dark green demon with horns that protrude through it's clothes, clear away Spike's empty beer bottles.

BARTENDER

Another one?

SPIKE

Go on mate, you've twisted my arm, and a coke for the little lady.

SONIA

Shouldn't we at least go out and do one more sweep of the streets, just in case?

SPIKE

In case what? In case the leprechauns are taking their bloody revenge?

SKYE

Leprechauns?

Spike shrugs as if to say 'why not?' and pulls the cap off his beer.

SPIKE

Look, if there are no humans outside in this weather, then there'll be no demons, so we're safe. All we have to do now is sit back, relax and wait for our cue.

SKYE

Which is?

SPIKE

When all the lights come back on. Cheers.

The girls exchange a weary look as Spike swigs his beer.

19

INT. HYPERION - ILLYRIA'S ROOM. NIGHT.

19

Wes and Illyria are still in the same position, seemingly having some sort of stand off as Wes waits for Illyria's answer.

ILLYRIA

I do not understand.

WES

You said that you had waited long enough. Waited for what?

ILLYRIA

(evasive)

It is of no importance.

WES

If it isn't important, then why did you mention it?

ILLYRIA

It was a mistake, a simple slip. One of many I have found myself making as of late. It is this place, I have told you, it is having a strange effect on me!

She turns away from him, hoping that the conversation will end there, but there is nothing else to distract her and Wes is determined to get an answer.

WES

Was is it you were waiting for?

Knowing that Wes isn't going to give up, Illyria turns back, trying to do her best to look fearsome, drawing herself up as straight as possible.

ILLYRIA

Ever since you left I have longed to... to hold you again, but without the spectre of death at your heels. When you returned I thought that may be possible at last, that perhaps your time away may have healed the wounds I inflicted on you. But then, you were not really here, and the task became impossible.

WES

(beat; nods)

I know what you mean.

(CONTINUED)

ILLYRIA
(surprised)
You... understand?

Wes nods and shuffles on his feet slightly as though it's his turn to be the nervous one.

WES
It would have been... nice, almost,
for you to hold me again without
knowing that it would be the last
time. To get a real chance to enjoy
it, even, before being snatched
away.

ILLYRIA
Then perhaps soon...

Suddenly the lights in the room begin to flicker and come back on. Illyria returns to the window and pulls back the curtains, all business.

ILLYRIA (cont'd)
The lights are back on, Angel has
completed his task!

WES
(smiles)
Then I think it's time we took care
of business, don't you?

From Illyria's hopeful look, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

20 INT. HYPERION. NIGHT.

20

Illyria is waiting, the storm is over and she is glaring at the door as if willing them to open and show everyone else coming through.

ILLYRIA

Why do they stall so?

Wes is standing near the desk, he too has been turning every so often, alternating between looking at the clock on the wall and the doors.

WES

They'll be here soon, give them time.

ILLYRIA

Mortals are constantly thinking of time, it rules them. Time that has passed and the time they have left. It was once of no importance to me, but now I find every passing second like an eternity.

WES

They'll be here soon!

As if on cue, the doors open, and Illyria looks hopeful, but it's Spike and his group. Her disappointment is obvious and Spike picks up on it.

SPIKE

What's the matter with your face, Blue? You look like you lost a twenty and found a dollar!

ILLYRIA

You are not the one I wished for.

Illyria turns away, and Spike reacts angrily.

SPIKE

Oh, bloody charming, that is! After all I've done for you, a few weeks back here and suddenly you're Angel's bitch, eagerly awaiting for the dark flaming knight's return!

ILLYRIA

(stern)

I am no one's *bitch*.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ILLYRIA (cont'd)

Angel's return will signal that we may continue with our scheduled plan, one which has been constantly delayed.

SKYE

Chill, 'Ria. It'll all be good once things get going.

(to Wes)

Has she been like this all night?

He nods, and Skye bites her lip.

SKYE (cont'd)

And I thought *my* night was unproductive...

SPIKE

I told you there wouldn't be anything on the streets! All the smart demons were in the bars and it was better that we were there to, in case, you know... trouble started, or something...

Skye rolls her eyes and Illyria steps up to glare at Spike.

ILLYRIA

You smell of lies and liquor.

Spike reaches into his jacket for his cigarettes.

SONIA

I'm going to go back to Munch's place, sort out getting that machine of his over here.

ILLYRIA

The blonde child has a good idea, *she* is being useful.

SPIKE

Oh, give it a rest!

Skye senses now would be a good moment to be somewhere else instead, and hops towards Sonia.

SKYE

I'll help!

The two girls leave the lobby for the basement, and seconds later the rest of the team arrive.

SPIKE

I'd never thought I'd be glad to see you, a minute and a half with Hormone Girl here and she's driving me round the bend!

ANGEL

Is everything working?

WES

Sonia and Skye have just gone to get the machine over here.

TAYLOR

Did everything come back on all right? No blown circuits or anything?

WES

Not as far as I know.

ILLYRIA

Now that we are all here and the matter has been resolved, what are we waiting for?

ANGEL

Nothing. Let's get Wes in that thing, then we go pay Wolfram & Hart a little visit.

From Angel's resolved look, we cut to:

INT. HYPERION - BASEMENT. NIGHT.

The Aimon Device is set up smack in the middle of the small basement, pushing everyone to the other edges of the room. The lights on the control panel are all lit up, meaning it's all in working order.

MUNCH steps into frame, the elderly demon wiping sweat from his brow.

MUNCH

There! All the lights are green, this thing's ready to go.

CONNOR

Remind me again how you managed to get it all the way from the warehouse to here without anyone seeing?

TAYLOR

With great difficulty, and a little bit of luck.

ANGEL

Alright, let's get this thing started. Wes?

Angel motions to the device and slowly Wes makes his way towards it, with Illyria watching him like a hawk. He climbs into the middle of it and looks over his shoulder at her, giving her a smile.

There's a beat as Wes stands inside the machine. Nobody moves, and Skye SIGHS loudly.

SKYE

Please tell me that we didn't go through all this trouble, running around town to get the power back on and dragging that thing back here, just to find out that nobody knows how to use the fricken thing?

MUNCH

Well, there's the thing, little lady, I've had this machine so long, I never, ah, got a chance to use it, so...

SONIA

I'll figure it out.

She strides over to the control panel and presses a few buttons experimentally before looking up at Wes.

SONIA (cont'd)

Piece of cake, there's about three buttons on this whole thing! Ready?

WES

As I'll ever be.

Sonia nods and presses the start button, with a low hum that begins to rise in volume, the Aimon Device begins to start up.

In a much bigger room is Wolfram and Hart's version of the device, shiner and more new looking than Angel's. There are several lab technician's putting in some of the data they've received off The Keeper and running a few last minute checks.

Manners is standing near by, with The Keeper next to him.

THE KEEPER

What is this?

MANNERS

This is the next stage of the plan. After this, there will be nothing anybody can do to stop us, not even Angel.

THE KEEPER

Angel. The name is familiar...

MANNERS

It seems everyone has heard of Angel, and if they haven't they've certainly heard of Angelus.

(thinks; grins)

Now *there's* someone we could find useful on our side, Angelus was a legend! Compared to him, Angel is nothing more than an annoyance.

THE KEEPER

Then I shall crush him.

MANNERS

That's what I like to hear, not that the Senior Partners doubt that you won't. They have utter confidence in you, we all do.

TECH

Sir, everything is ready.

MANNERS

Excellent.

(to Keeper)

Now, if you would like to step this way, everything will begin to take shape.

He motions to the machine and The Keeper strides over to it, standing right in the middle just like Wes is doing. Manners walks over to the control panel and pushes a lab tech out of the way.

MANNERS (cont'd)

Excuse me, but I believe I would like the honors.

TECH

All systems are go, sir, whenever you're ready.

Manners nods and starts the machine up - it's much quieter than Angel's version and from the bottom of it, right under The Keeper, a WHITE LIGHT begins to build up, slowly covering him.

It engulfs him and there is a crackle of energy around him, much like the storm earlier. The crackling gets louder and the light begins to get wider, spreading to the very outer reaches of the device without touching everyone else.

Manners pushes another button to start the second part of the process.

The outer parts of the device begin to move and the light changes from white to blue, the crackling becoming quicker and more frantic.

Just as it seems the whole thing has reached fever pitch, the device stops moving, and everything begins to slowly calm down.

The light begins to recede and we see The Keeper still standing in the same position, seemingly unphased as though nothing at all has happened. When the light fades completely, the control panel gives a loud BEEP.

TECH (cont'd)

The process has finished.

MANNERS

Now let's see if it's worked!

The Keeper stands still for a few more seconds before walking out of the centre of the device and over to Manners, stopping right in front of him.

MANNERS (cont'd)

Well, how do you feel?

Quickly, The Keeper reaches out to the lab tech by Manners and GRABS him by the throat.

The tech begins to choke and struggle as The Keeper's grip tightens and he lifts the tech straight off the floor.

MANNERS (cont'd)

(grins broadly)

Looks like it worked!

Staring straight at the tech, The Keeper gives one final SQUEEZE before letting go of the tech, who drops to the floor, dead.

MANNERS (cont'd)

So how does it feel to be a hundred percent flesh and blood at long last?

THE KEEPER

Show me... Angel.

22 CONTINUED: (3)

22

From Manners' smug grin, we cut to:

23 INT. HYPERION - BASEMENT. NIGHT.

23

The humming has now become a constant high pitched WHINE, and while the light being emitted from the base of the device isn't as strong as Wolfram and Hart's, we can still make out Wes standing in the middle, his head held high.

The crackles of energy are feeble, nothing compared to what we've just seen and Sonia is frantically pressing buttons on the control panel. Angel is by her side, having to shout over the noise.

ANGEL

What's wrong? What's going on?

SONIA

I don't know! It's losing power and I can't stop it!

She presses a few more buttons and shakes her head.

SONIA (cont'd)

Nothing's working!

Taylor pushes her out of the way.

TAYLOR

Let me try.

He starts hitting the buttons, and Sonia, aggravated, shouts across to him.

SONIA

I've tried all that! I think the power cells might be damaged, or there might be a loose connection!

ANGEL

This has to work now, this thing's going to burn itself out if we don't get it working!

TAYLOR

She's right, nothing's working. Angel, we're going to lose it!

And he's right, the light is beginning to fade and the noise is stopping. The machine is losing power and it seems no amount of button pushing is going to change that.

ANGEL

Do something!

(CONTINUED)

SONIA

We're trying!

Just as the whole thing looks as though it's coming to an end, Illyria strides over, pulls her foot back and delivers a swift but hard KICK to the device that causes the machine to shake.

ANGEL

(exasperated)

Yeah, real helpful, Illyria, now it's empty and broken...

But the light is coming back, stronger then before along with the noise that's so loud Skye, Connor and Nina have clamped their hands over their ears.

SONIA

It's working!

ANGEL

What? How?

SONIA

I don't know, but whatever she did it's stabilized the system! The power's stopped draining, it's working!

The device begins to shake all on its own, and a piece of it falls off and hits the floor with a loud CLANG.

SPIKE

I doubt that's a good sign!

However, the machine continues to work, the light filling the whole inside of it until we can no longer see Wes. The noise POPS and abruptly stops, the light retreats back into the base and the panel BEEPS once as the machine falls silent.

SPIKE (cont'd)

(cautious)

Is it over?

SONIA

Yeah, it's over.

ANGEL

(to Illyria)

How did you know that would work?

ILLYRIA

It is a method I learnt from Spike, I have seen him use it frequently, often on the television in your room.

Spike smiles proudly and then turns to Wes who hasn't moved. Spike frowns, he can sense something is wrong.

ANGEL

Well, did it work? I mean how do you feel?

WES

I'm not sure...

SKYE

Here, catch!

She takes a stake from her pocket and throws it as Wes, everyone waits with baited breath - and he catches it with one hand.

ILLYRIA

Then it was a success!

WES

It would seem so.

But he doesn't seem so certain, and Spike is still frowning.

CONNOR

That's great, I mean, it worked, so, good, right?

ANGEL

(smiles)

Yeah, we did it. I'll bet there's a million things you want to do now, Wes, you know after being dead and everything!

SPIKE

Er, Angel...

TAYLOR

What are we going to do about this heap of junk? The obvious is probably tear it apart and sell it for scrap, this hunk of junk almost let us down.

ANGEL

But it didn't. Wes is back, just the way he was, everything is going to be alright now.

SPIKE

(more urgent)

Angel?

ANGEL

Now we can focus on Wolfram and Hart, find out what they were up to that drained so much power, I mean it's got to be something big, and big is usually followed by bad, so we should get right on it, before we-

SPIKE

(shouts; interrupts)
Oi! Prick!

Angel turns to face Spike, glaring at him.

ANGEL

What now?

SPIKE

Something's not right.
(points at Wes)
With him, I mean.

ILLYRIA

What is the meaning of this? Wesley appears to us as he was before!

SPIKE

Yeah, well, that's the point, he may look okay on the outside but on the inside something's wrong, I can tell.

WES

He's right, I feel... different.

ILLYRIA

Explain this 'different'?

WES

I can't, I just do. I think something went a little wrong with the procedure.

SONIA

He seems fine to me...

SPIKE

Will someone please back me up?
Someone who doesn't have the insight of a stick insect!

SKYE

He's got a point, there's something off about him.

(CONTINUED)

Illyria stares at Wes - whatever it is she can't pick up on it, and she turns back to the others, looking desperate.

ILLYRIA

This cannot be, I was told this device would have no side effects and Wesley would be as he was! There should be no difference!

SPIKE

Problem is pet, there is, and I think I've twigged onto what it is. Must be something to do with being just like that once.

CONNOR

Being like what?

Spike turns to Angel and gives him a knowing look. Angel swallows hard and turns to Wes.

ANGEL

He doesn't have a soul...

And on Wes's shocked expression we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW