

ANGEL

"On To The Next One"

by

Lee A. Chrimes

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TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - FRONT DOOR. DAY. 1

A hand reaches into frame to KNOCK on the front door of a standard, middle class suburban home.

We pull back to see SKYE, dressed a little more smartly than normal, her long black hair tied in two neat ponytails and her typical half-punk, half-goth chic more toned down.

The door opens to reveal HARRY LEWIS, a middle-aged man with brown hair, who smiles as he sees Skye.

HARRY

Skye! Hello, good to see you again.

They shake hands, obviously already acquainted.

SKYE

Hi, Mr. Lewis. Just checking up on Joe!

HARRY

Of course, come on in.

Harry steps aside and Skye enters the house.

2 INT. LEWIS RESIDENCE - FRONT ROOM. DAY. 2

The inside of the home is modestly furnished but welcoming, and Skye scans round the living room before her eyes fall on JOE, a six-year-old with brown hair, quietly colouring in a book, lying on the carpet. A cartoon flickers on the TV behind him.

Skye smiles proudly, staying with Harry as she watches Joe.

SKYE

Looks like he's still doing fine, huh?

HARRY

Oh, yes. Out of all the children I've fostered over the years, Joe's both the quietest and the smartest, especially when you take his, ah, *ability* into account.

Skye smirks and nods.

SKYE

Heh, yeah, I know I wouldn't have wanted Joe to end up somewhere that didn't know how to handle him!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SKYE (cont'd)

How many other kids like Joe have you taken in?

HARRY

Oh, a few. Some are half demons with all sorts of abilities, some are like Joe, natural talents, as it were. I'm just experienced in how to handle them, what with Marcie being part-bracken demon and all!

Skye smiles again and heads over to Joe, crouching next to him. He looks up at her and smiles.

JOE

Hello, Aunt Skye.

SKYE

Hey there, champ. They treatin' you good over here?

Joe nods, and Skye grins back at Harry, who heads into the kitchen. Skye peers at the picture Joe is colouring.

SKYE (cont'd)

What's that you're doing?

JOE

Picture.

He holds it up for Skye to see - it's a sketch of Angel and his team, complete with names and big comedy fangs for Spike, Angel and Skye. Skye chuckles and passes it back, and as Joe gets back to work, she watches him fondly.

EXT. LEWIS RESIDENCE/STREET. LATER.

Skye steps out of the house, waving her goodbyes to Harry and Joe in the doorway, and heads off, out of the suburb.

It;s starting to rain, the sky darkening as the clouds rush in, and Skye pulls her jacket tightly around her.

EXT. LA - STREET. DAY.

Dashing into frame, the rain much heavier now, Skye takes cover underneath the canopy of a news stand, plotting her next move. The MAN in the news stand nods a hello at her.

MAN

Helluva day, ain't it? The weather round here's been crazy for the last week or so!

4 CONTINUED:

4

SKYE

(darkly)

Yeah, I wonder what could have caused that...

She nods to him and dashes off again, running across the street and down a side alley for some cover.

5 EXT. LA - ALLEYWAY. DAY.

5

The buildings either side of the alley make for a little cover, but as Skye walks along, she pauses, sensing something up ahead.

She glances up and down the alley but sees nothing, so she starts to cautiously pace down the alley.

She passes a few garbage cans and piles of boxes, nothing out of the ordinary, but she can still feel something isn't right down here.

Pausing, she SNIFFS the air - and recognises the scent straight away.

She looks slowly upwards - and her eyes bulge at what she sees.

Switching to her angle, we pan upwards to see that Skye's looking at a drainpipe running up the side of the building next to her, but as we look further we see that there's somebody hanging there - there's a brief glimpse of a pair of trainer-wearing feet before we cut back to Skye.

She walks up to the drainpipe, shock on her face, and we see at last what she's looking at.

Tied to the pipe, about five feet off the ground, is the body of a young girl, no more than seventeen, dressed in a similar punky style to Skye - but the crucifix round her neck and wooden stake embedded in her chest is a clue to what this girl really is.

A plain white envelope has been pushed onto the end of the stake, with one word written boldly on its front - 'Skye.'

She jumps up to grab it, pulling the envelope free and looking from it to the dead girl before opening it.

Inside is a note, which she unfolds and reads.

We look over her shoulder to see what it says: "Dear Skye. That's one to me, none to you. On to the next one."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bewildered, Skye looks back up at the body, and from one last shot of the dead girl, swinging slightly in the breeze, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

6 INT. HYPERION - ANGEL'S OFFICE. DAY.

6

With the rain outside pounding against the building, we join ANGEL and NINA, sitting quietly in his office. Angel wears his familiar troubled expression, and Nina watches him, arms folded.

After a long beat, she SIGHS and walks over to him.

NINA

Angel, you can't just sit in here all day! You've got to try and figure out what went wrong, and how we can fix it.

ANGEL

I don't *know* what went wrong! Wes should have stepped out of that machine fully human again, not human but without a soul! I don't think any of us were expecting *that...*

NINA

Whatever, point is, you've just let him barricade himself in his old room for almost a week now, and while he's in there, he's not out here with the rest of us, working on the rest of that prophecy or helping us find out why Wolfram & Hart blacked out the whole city!

Angel sits, thoughtful and quiet, obviously trying to work out what to do next, and Nina bows her head, sitting on the edge of his desk and laying a gentle hand on his leg.

NINA (cont'd)

Okay, honey, I'm sorry. I know you're doing what you can.

ANGEL

Am I?

NINA

You're still doing more than the rest of us! Spike and Skye are spending all their time out patrolling, Connor and Sonia are always out with Taylor, and Illyria... I think Illyria's actually *moping*, even though I never thought I'd see that...

(CONTINUED)

Angel finally stands, and Nina hops off the desk, hopeful.

ANGEL

Okay. I'll go try to talk to Wes again. Maybe this time I'll do more than speak to a door for half an hour.

NINA

(smiles)

Attaboy.

She kisses him, turns, and leaves the office, giving Angel a moment to gather his thoughts. He takes a deep breath.

ANGEL

Here we go...

7 INT. HYPERION - FIRST FLOOR. DAY.

7

Angel turns into the corridor with Wesley's room to find ILLYRIA sitting cross-legged outside the door, keeping up a silent vigil. She glances at Angel as he approaches.

ILLYRIA

He has not moved for many hours. I believe he is sleeping, but i do not wish to anger him by forcing entry.

ANGEL

That's uh, very considerate of you.

ILLYRIA

It is not a concession I am used to making for any being, but... Wesley is troubling me greatly, Angel. I wish to communicate with him, but I am learning that patience can yield greater results, especially when dealing with the erratic, emotionally-driven thought processes of the human mind.

Angel blinks, trying to keep up with her, then steps up to the door to Wesley's room.

ANGEL

I'll take it from here. You just stand by, you know, just in case.

Illyria nods, stands, and walks out of view as Angel KNOCKS on Wes' door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGEL (cont'd)

Wes? It's Angel.

(beat)

Again. Look, I know you've been through a lot, and so far we've all been pretty patient and given you some time to work things out, but I can't let you sit in there any longer. We've got a lot of work still to do, and-

Angel jumps as WESLEY suddenly throws the door open. He looks like he hasn't slept for days, his fingers twitching nervously as he stares back at Angel.

ANGEL (cont'd)

(startled)

Oh, uh, hi. How are you?

WESLEY

Too many things, too many things I've done, decisions that troubled me at the time but now, now, no, they don't bother me at all, they just...

(beat; chuckles)

They don't matter! Do you see?

Angel eyes Wes cautiously, choosing his words carefully.

ANGEL

Wes, we need to talk. A lot. I know there's no way to prepare yourself for what something like this does to you, but believe me, I think I'm pretty qualified to know what to do-

Angel is interrupted as Illyria suddenly barges back into frame, her pleading eyes looking up at Wes.

ILLYRIA

I demand that you speak to me! I have waited here for days, respecting your privacy, but I refuse to wait any longer!

Wes blinks, looking from Illyria to Angel, before a smile creeps across his face.

WESLEY

Well then, I suppose you two had better come in.

He steps back inside his room, and with a glance at Angel, Illyria follows. Angel steps inside after her.

8

INT. HYPERION - WES' ROOM. CONTINUOUS.

8

Angel notices the room is different - much of the old furniture has been shoved around, with the walls covered floor to ceiling in neat lines of black writing, numbers and symbols.

Illyria notices the writing to, gazing around the room.

ILLYRIA

I know this... I have seen this before, somewhere, when I was-
(catches herself)
When this *shell* was trapped in the world of Pilea.

WESLEY

(nods)
Yes. I had a lot to consider and not enough paper handy to do it on, so I took a little inspiration from you and took to the walls. I think it looks rather nice, adds some character to the place.

Angel steps over as a confused Illyria paces round the room, her hand tracing across the writing.

ANGEL

What does it all mean?

WESLEY

(searching for the right words)
It's almost impossible to explain, it's like... It's like I've been given a new perspective on things, everything, in fact, and there's just so many new thoughts dashing across my brain, I had to record them or I think I'd have just burst!

Wes looks proudly round at the walls, but Angel just looks lost - he isn't sure what to make of any of this so far.

ILLYRIA

(reading from wall)
"The homeless are especially unnecessary - possible food source?"

She throws a horrified look at Wesley.

ILLYRIA (cont'd)

What has happened to you?

(CONTINUED)

WESLEY

(shrugs)

No soul. No conscience. Like I said, a new way of looking at things. Not having a soul does tend to alter one's perception of the world around you!

Angel looks like he is at an absolute loss for words - he wasn't expecting any of this. Illyria marches up to Wes, looking pretty angry.

ILLYRIA

You cannot exist like this! This, this *shell* that has your face and your name, it is not who you are! It is not the Wesley I lost, and who I fought so hard to bring back!

WESLEY

I'm very sorry to disappoint you, Illyria, but I'm afraid I'm finding it increasingly difficult to care what you or anyone else thinks about me.

Illyria starts to shake with barely suppressed fury, and Angel decides now is a good moment to leave. He steers Illyria away, back towards the door.

ANGEL

We'll come back later. I'm waiting for everyone to get back off patrol, so we'll try talking again later, okay?

WESLEY

Yes, I imagine that'll be...

(grins)

Interesting.

Unnerved, Angel closes the door, leaving Wes to pick up a pen and continue writing.

Angel shuts the door, holding a struggling Illyria away from it.

ILLYRIA

We must go back in! We must find a way to restore what he has lost, we cannot simply turn and walk away! What if he-

ANGEL
 (interrupts)
 Illyria! We're going to fix this,
 but not now. Wait till the others
 are back, we'll find something to
 do when we're all here. Okay?

Illyria is torn, looking from Angel to the door, but after a few beats she lowers her head and nods. Angel sighs and looks round.

ANGEL (cont'd)
 Come on, let's get you back to your
 room, you're probably getting even
 less sleep than he is, and you-

FRED
 Angel?

Angel freezes and looks down - Illyria has changed her appearance to FRED's, the willowy brunette's tearful eyes looking back up at him.

FRED (cont'd)
 Angel... Let *me* speak to him. He
 won't talk to me as I am, perhaps
 this body will convince him
 otherwise.

Angel stares at her for a moment, then shakes his head.

ANGEL
 No.
 (beat)
 Not yet, anyway.

Fred SCOWLS, and with a shake of her head she morphs back into Illyria once again, pushing angrily away from Angel and marching down the corridor towards her own room.

Angel stays on scene for a moment before rubbing his eyes and heading back to the lobby.

Still caught out in the rain, Skye hurries along, almost running straight into SPIKE and CONNOR as they step out of a convenience store.

SPIKE
 Woah! Careful, pet, nearly had a
 repeat of our first encounter
 there!

SKYE
 (distracted)
 Oh, hey, sorry, I was...

Skye's clearly still disjointed from what she found in the alley, and the boys exchange a look, picking up on it.

CONNOR
 Are you okay? You look like Spike did when he watched the 'Catwoman' movie!

SPIKE
 Bloody right!

SKYE
 I'm...

She pauses, trying to work out what to tell them, before shaking her head.

SKYE (cont'd)
 It's nothing. Just met an old friend I haven't seen in a while, i was a little weird. You know.

Spike nods, reaching into one of his grocery bags and holding up two bottles of beer with a grin.

SPIKE
 I know. Why don't we get back to the hotel, and you can tell me and Bud here all about it?

CONNOR
 Hey, how come *she* gets to drink and I don't? She isn't twenty-one either!

Spike just throws Connor a look, and he sighs, admitting defeat.

CONNOR (cont'd)
 Fine, whatever.

Spike nudges Skye, nodding back towards the street.

SPIKE
 Let's go. We needed to get out of there for a bit to give Angel chance to talk to Wes, so let's see what he found out.

Trying to look her normal self, Skye nods and follows as the boys start to walk off screen. She throws a last glance behind her before jogging to catch them up.

11 EXT. LA - BASKETBALL PARK. DAY.

11

We're looking in on a rain-swept inner city basketball park, surrounded by chain link fence.

Standing alone in the court is a young black GIRL, somewhere in her late teens, staring up from one end of the court up at the hoop in the other end as she bounces a basketball rhythmically in front of her.

After a few beats, she starts running forward, passing the ball between her hands, bearing down on the hoop ahead.

She JUMPS into the air and throws the ball, and it lands neatly on the rim of the hoop, dropping down and bouncing on the ground.

The Girl WHOOPS, punching the air in victory, and reaches out to grab the ball again.

She turns round to set up for her next run, but pulls up sharply as she sees someone has joined her in the court.

It's THE KEEPER, his tall frame still swathed in a black cloak, his golden face mask glinting out from within his cowl.

The Girl straighten, starting to bounce the ball again, not taking her eyes off the Keeper. He reaches a hand out and beckons her.

KEEPER

Slayer... Come to me.

The Girl stops bouncing the ball, holding it in both hands and starting to look more than a little unnerved. Who *is* this guy, and how does he know she's a Slayer?

GIRL

What do you want?

The Keeper lowers his hands, CHUCKLING gruffly.

KEEPER

I want you to fight me.

The Girl SIGHS, rolling her eyes.

GIRL

Man! You demon creeps have always gotta show up when I'm practising, don'tcha?

The Keeper shrugs, and the Girl spins the ball on one finger casually.

(CONTINUED)

GIRL (cont'd)

Alright, you wanna rumble, you got yourself one!

Quick as a flash, she THROWS the ball towards the Keeper and starts to run towards him.

The Keeper GRABS the basketball with one hand, CRUSHING it with a squeeze.

The Girl leaps into the air with a yell, one leg kicking out, but the Keeper dodges past her, grabs her leg and SLAMS her hard to the floor.

Winded, the Girl just manages to roll out of the way as the Keeper STAMPS his foot down, narrowly missing her head but managing to crack the court's concrete floor.

She gets back up, hopping from foot to foot as she loosens up, sizing up her opponent who stands calmly before her.

She charges in to the attack again, throwing kicks and punches with blinding speed, but the Keeper blocks or dodges every single one, hitting her once - and the blow knocks the Girl off her feet, sending her sprawling to the ground several feet away.

The Girl coughs for breath as she tries to push herself back up, the Keeper striding towards her.

His hand lashes out and grabs her by the throat, and she struggles against him as he stares down at her.

KEEPER

Where is she?

GIRL

(choking)

Where... is who?

KEEPER

The one called Skye, the Slayer, where is she?

GIRL

I don't... know any... Skye...

The Keeper stares down at her for another beat, then with one twist of his wrist, he SNAPS her neck and drops the Slayer's lifeless body to the floor.

He stands over her for a moment, then looks around, checking that the coast is clear, before hefting her body up onto his shoulder and walking calmly out of the court, pushing the door in the fence open and leaving it creaking in the wind as he walks off screen.

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

We stay on the empty court for a moment before we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

12 EXT. LA - STREET. DAY.

12

Spike, Skye and Connor are still heading back to the Hyperion through the rain, Connor grabbing an apple from his groceries and munching it as Spike talks.

SPIKE

But see, here's the thing that still bothers me about the new, budget version of Wes we've got. We rescued him from a Wolfram & Hart sponsored holding dimension, right? And then when we make him corporeal again, he hasn't got a soul. Doesn't that strike either of you two as pretty convenient?

CONNOR

Are you saying Wolfram & Hart knew this would happen?

SPIKE

I'm just saying it's a possibility, is all.

He turns to Skye, who is following them with her head down, deep in thought.

SPIKE (cont'd)

What about you, Pigeon Little? Any theories in that black-haired bonce of yours?

SKYE

(distracted)
Huh?

SPIKE

(chuckles)
Ground Control to Major Tom, come in! Which planet are you on today, pet? It doesn't look like you're on ours!

SKYE

Sorry, I'm just... I've just got to go check something out. I'll meet you guys back at the hotel later, okay?

She turns and heads back the way she came, leaving a bemused Spike and Connor behind.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

CONNOR
What's up with her?

SPIKE
(shrugs)
Woman's problems, probably. Come
on, let's get out of this bloody
rain!

They walk on.

13 EXT. LA - STREET/ALLEYWAY. DAY.

13

Skye arrives back at the entrance to the alleyway where she found the body, but now the police are there, cordoning the scene off.

As a few onlookers watch, two paramedics load the body of the unfortunate girl Skye found into a waiting ambulance, a sheet over her but blood already soaking through it.

Skye sags, not knowing what to make of it all, reaching into her jacket for the letter that was left for her and reading it again. With a last glance at the scene at the alley, she heads off screen.

14 INT. HYPERION - LOBBY. DAY.

14

Spike and Connor enter the lobby, finding Angel, Nina and Illyria already down there, Spike picking up on the dour mood in the hotel.

SPIKE
Blimey, who died?

ANGEL
Huh?

SPIKE
You lot all look like you've won the lottery and then found the ticket chewed up in the washing machine! I take it The Spirit Formerly Known As Wesley upstairs is still keeping to his own company?

NINA
Spike, this isn't the time for-

SPIKE
For what? Some inappropriate humour? News flash, Nina, it's what I'm good at.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SPIKE (cont'd)
 Besides, Angel's bound to come up
 with something sooner or later,
 that's what *he's* good at. Right?

Spike looks to Angel, but Angel throws a look back which says
 'I'm all out of ideas.' Spike rolls his eyes.

SPIKE (cont'd)
 Marvellous. I left for the day to
 give you lot some time to figure
 out a plan without blaming me for
 distracting you, and you've still
 got nothing?

WESLEY (O.S.)
 I wouldn't say that.

Everyone looks up as Wes appears at the edge of the first
 floor balcony, looking down on them all.

WESLEY (cont'd)
 I've got plenty of things to say,
 and while everyone is here, I'd
 like to take the opportunity to say
 them!

Wes starts to head down the stairs as Angel glances round.

ANGEL
 (to Spike)
 Where's Skye?

SPIKE
 Still out, she seemed a bit pre-
 menstrual so I left her to it.

ILLYRIA
 (to Wesley)
 We do not wish to hear your
 opinions unless they are aimed at
 restoring your soul, Wesley!

WESLEY
 (grins)
 Then I'm afraid you won't want to
 hear what I've got to say.

Wes stands before them all, hands in his pockets.

WESLEY (cont'd)
 I'm starting to *like* being like
 this. It's remarkably liberating,
 acting without conscience or
 regret. I can see why Angel and
 Spike always find themselves drawn
 towards this side of themselves.

Wes walks towards them, pausing to nudge a vase off the reception desk, where it shatters on the floor.

NINA
(angrily)
Hey! *I* made that!

WESLEY
(shrugs)
I didn't really like it.

Nina looks to Angel to do something, and Angel strides forward, stepping in front of Wes.

ANGEL
Alright, Wes, no more games. Say what you've got to say, but if you keep acting like you're going to be a threat, then we'll have to take care of you.

WESLEY
(smirks)
Would you really?
(to Illyria)
Would you let them?

Wes walks over to Illyria, who backs up, almost looking nervous.

WESLEY (cont'd)
You, who campaigned so tirelessly to get me back and then to make me human again, and for what? What could you stand to gain from it? Another person to attempt to exert your authority over? A *friend*, perhaps?
(beat)
A lover?

Illyria clenches her fist as the others react to Wes' words. Wes stares right back at Illyria, knowing he's pushing all the buttons.

ILLYRIA
(cold)
You are not Wesley. He would never say-

WESLEY
No, you're right. I wouldn't. At least, not before this happened to me. Now... Well, now things are somewhat different.
(MORE)

WESLEY (cont'd)

Do you want to know what I *really* think of you? The absolute truth?

Illyria stares at him for a beat, then slowly nods.

WESLEY (cont'd)

I *despise* you.

Illyria looks shocked, seeming less like a former God King and more like a heartbroken girl as Wes continues.

WESLEY (cont'd)

Yes, you fascinate me on a scientific level. Yes, the fact that you possessed the body of the one woman I think I've ever truly loved meant that I allowed you a degree of leniency, but I only ever wanted to find a way to bring Fred back.

ILLYRIA

(attempted defiance)

You lie, you are trying to deceive me, you just-

WESLEY

I know Fred's still buried inside you somewhere, and I intend to bring her out. And when I do, I will find a way to banish you back to the Deeper Well where you belong, so that this world will never again be plagued by you!

Wes turns away from Illyria, who can't find the words to answer. Angel marches over, grabbing Wes and shoving him to one side.

ANGEL

Alright, that's it! We're gonna keep you locked in your room until we work out how to get your soul back, I'm not gonna have you waltz around here and belittle my team!

WESLEY

(scoffs)

'Your' team? Angel, Spike's as good as the leader of this team now, and you know it! The only authority you have is that you make less mistakes than he does, but even he didn't sacrifice one of his so-called 'team' to admit defeat to Wolfram and Hart!

Angel glares coldly back at Wes, still keeping a firm hold on him. Wes smiles, the floodgates open now.

WESLEY (cont'd)

All last year at Wolfram and Hart, Spike proved he had what it took to be a hero - well, as far as he can be, at least.

SPIKE

(offended)

Oi!!

WESLEY

You were content to sit in your office and let us do the work, but when it came down to the last fight, you managed to convince us all to help you, and look what happened! I died, Charles died, and you lost!

Angel, furious, raises a fist to strike Wes, but Nina grabs him, pulling his hand away.

NINA

Angel, no! Don't do this!

WESLEY

(to Nina)

Ah, that's right. You, the New Woman. The substitute.

ANGEL

(stern)

Everyone, clear out of here, now. Wes and I need to have a little talk.

Nobody moves. Angel looks round as Spike chuckles.

SPIKE

Bugger that, if there's going to be a fight, I want in! I've been looking forward to getting a chance to get even with Captain Britain over there, whatever the circumstances.

CONNOR

Dad?

ANGEL

Connor, get Nina out of here.

Connor nods and takes Nina by the arm, pulling her away from Angel. She gives Angel another pleading look.

NINA

Angel, don't listen to him! That's not Wes in there, you can't let him get to you!

WESLEY

(to Nina)

He'll never really love you, you know.

Nina stops, looking wide-eyed from Angel to Wesley.

WESLEY (cont'd)

Oh, I'm sure he's very fond of you, but deep down, there are two things that'll stop him from every really loving you the way you want him to. The first is that pesky curse upon his heart that's caused so much trouble over the years, and the second is a certain blonde Californian Slayer by the name of Buffy. *That's* who he really wants.

Nina, tears in her eyes, looks to Angel, wanting him to deny everything Wes just said.

NINA

(softly)

Angel?

Angel looks at her, trying to find the words - but his hesitation says it all. Nina's hands go to her mouth as she starts to SOB, and Connor moves quickly, tearing Nina away and leading her off screen.

Unnoticed by everyone else, Skye steps into the lobby, pausing by the door as she looks over the scene, trying to work out what's going on.

Nobody spots her as she pads down the steps, Skye sensing the confrontation but hanging back to wait and see what happens next.

An incensed Angel grabs Wes by the shirt lapels, murder in his eyes as he stares Wes out.

ANGEL

(darkly)

Alright, Wes, you just pushed it too far.

WESLEY

Are you about to teach me a lesson?
Should I be worried?

ANGEL

Me? No.

Angel lets Wes go and steps away, motioning to Spike and Illyria.

ANGEL (cont'd)

They are. I want you to co-operate with us to fix this problem, Wes, but it looks like you need a little convincing.

Spike grins as he and Illyria step forward, Spike cracking his knuckles. Angel begins to walk towards the stairs, and Wes calls out to him.

WESLEY

Oh, very noble. You can't solve your problems any other way than through violence, can you? Good old Wes finally speaks his mind about a few home truths, so you walk away and leave your lackeys to do the job?

Angel pauses at the foot of the stairs.

ANGEL

Hey, don't get me wrong, I feel bad about having to do this, and once you get your soul back I know I've got some apologising to do. But for right now... Shut up.

Angel turns his back on Wes and heads up the stairs. Staying with him, we can just make out Wes tries to defend himself against Spike and Illyria, the duo laying into him with a series of punches.

Skye watches, shocked, not knowing what to do as Angel reaches the first floor. She darts to the foot of the stairs and calls after him.

SKYE

Angel! You can't- I mean, how could you-

ANGEL

Wes would have done the same for me.

14 CONTINUED: (7)

14

With that, Angel turns and walks off frame, leaving a stunned Skye to watch Spike and Illyria let off a little steam on Wes.

15 INT. HYPERION - BACK ROOM. DAY.

15

Connor holds Nina as she CRIES, the duo sitting on a pair of chairs inside a small storeroom just off the lobby.

CONNOR

Come on, Nina, don't cry, please,
he was just-

NINA

(through tears)
He was right...

CONNOR

No, no! I know Dad cares about you,
you can't listen to what Wes was
saying.

NINA

No, Connor, he was right... Angel's
never going to love me, no matter
what I do...

Connor's doing his best to comfort her, but he's not having much luck. He rubs her arms, trying to soothe her.

CONNOR

We'll sort this out. We'll get Wes
back, the real Wes, and then we'll
get through this.

Nina starts to sob again, and Connor closes his eyes as he holds her.

16 INT. HYPERION - ANGEL'S ROOM. DAY.

16

Angel sits on the edge of his bed, hands clasped, locked in deep thought.

After a few beats, he suddenly stands, marches over to the wall and PUNCHES it with a roar of anger, cracking a fist-sized hole through the plaster.

Breathing heavily, he closes his eyes and leans his head against the wall, trying to let the anger pass.

ANGEL

(quietly)
I'm sorry, Wes...

Angel goes back to the edge of the bed, sitting down again and running his hands through his hair.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He's just made a difficult decision, and now he has to deal with it - one of the side effects of actually having a soul.

We leave Angel to brood as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

17 EXT. LA - STREET. NIGHT.

17

Night has now fallen and the rain has stopped, the slick streets shining with the reflected lights of the city as Skye trudges along.

She stops by a street hot dog vendor, and the man running the stand, a cheery, elderly man named ROURKE, greets her warmly.

ROURKE

Hey, kid! Good to see you. You want the usual?

SKYE

Yeah, thanks, Rourke.

Rourke starts to rustle her up a chilli dog as Skye leans against the stand. Rourke notices her downcast expression.

ROURKE

You alright, kid? You don't look too peachy.

SKYE

Long story.

ROURKE

Start talking, it'll be a while before I get more customers yet, and besides, the grill's still warming up so your chilli dog's gonna take a few minutes!

Skye manages a grin as Rourke gets her a can of soda.

SKYE

I've got this problem, and I'm not sure what to do about it. I tried to ask my boss and co-workers what to do, but they're all wrapped up in this problem of their own, and I didn't want to bother them, you know.

ROURKE

(nods)
Still feeling like the new girl, huh?

SKYE

Something like that.

(CONTINUED)

ROURKE

This problem they've got, is it bigger than yours?

SKYE

I don't know, maybe. Someone they used to trust has gone bad and they've got to sort him out, but they've all known each other years and I've only been in town just over two months, I don't feel like it's my place to interrupt what they're doing!

Rourke nods again, serving her that chilli dog which Skye bites into hungrily. Rourke watches her with a chuckle.

ROURKE

You know, kid, I've never seen a vampire with an appetite like yours before.

Skye blinks and looks back up at Rourke.

SKYE

How did you-

ROURKE

(taps nose)

Trade secret. Let's just say we're playing on the same side. These 'friends' of yours, that's that Angel guy and his crew, right?

SKYE

(hesitant)

Yeah...

ROURKE

Then you want my advice? Go tell 'em what's up. Angel's a good guy, does a lot of work for this city. Whatever he's got going on, he'll find some way to help you out. He can't stop himself being a hero, you know?

Skye smiles, reassured. She reaches for her wallet but Rourke shakes his head.

ROURKE (cont'd)

On the house, kid.

Skye nods, smiles and walks away.

18 EXT. LA - STREET/BASKETBALL PARK. NIGHT. 18

Skye passes the fence surrounding the park where the Keeper killed the next Slayer earlier, and pauses, her senses picking something up as before.

She turns and looks into the court - the lights overhead are flickering, and parts of the court are wrapped in darkness.

Torn for a moment, she carefully puts her chilli dog on top of a nearby post box and walks cautiously down towards the court, her eyes alert for any sign of trouble.

19 INT. HYPERION - WES' ROOM. NIGHT. 19

Wes is lying on his bed, bruised and bloody, as Spike heads out, pausing as he closes the door.

SPIKE

For what it's worth, mate, I'm sorry we had to do that. But consider it a lesson learned. You piss us off like that again, we do that to you again. Got it?

Wes nods weakly, and Spike shuts the door.

20 INT. HYPERION - FIRST FLOOR. NIGHT. 20

Spike walks down the corridor, finding Illyria standing there. She looks very guilty, hugging her arms tightly.

SPIKE

He didn't give us a choice, Blue. I know that must have hurt you, but if we hadn't laid down the law like that, we'd never have got him to agree to help us get his soul back.

ILLYRIA

That is not what troubles me. I... I think that I-

SPIKE

Enjoyed giving him a kicking?

Illyria pauses, then nods.

SPIKE (cont'd)

Don't worry about it. He was asking for it. It's done now, with any luck we'll get the real Wes back soon and all this will be over. Go get some rest.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

Illyria heads off to her room, and Spike taps on the door to Skye's room.

SPIKE (cont'd)
Skye? You in there?

He waits a beat, then opens the door and walks in.

21 INT. HYPERION - SKYE'S ROOM. NIGHT.

21

Skye's room is pretty messy, with clothes and accessories strewn across the floor, and several piles of loose CDs heaped next to a small stereo. Spike chuckles as he scans the mess for her, scooping her jacket up off the floor.

SPIKE
The mucky pup...

Spike moves to hang her jacket up, but the white envelope falls out and lands on the floor.

Frowning, Spike picks it up, opens it and takes out the note inside. His eyes widen as he reads it.

SPIKE (cont'd)
Oh, bloody hell...

He throws the door open and dashes outside.

22 EXT. LA - BASKETBALL PARK. NIGHT.

22

Skye reaches the door in the chainlink fence and pushes it open. It CREAKS, the sound echoing round the empty court as Skye steps inside.

SKYE
Hello?

She looks round again, freezing when she catches a scent of something. She looks around her, and at that moment, the overhead streetlights finally stop flickering and switch on full, and Skye GASPS at what she sees.

Hanging from the rim of the basketball hoop is the dead Slayer the Keeper killed earlier, another note impaled on her chest with a stake.

With shaking hands, Skye takes the note down to read it.

It simply says: "Simmons Park. Now. Or The Next One Dies."

Skye crumples the note, drops it and races out of the park, running as fast as she can towards Simmons Park.

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

23

Angel is trying to go over some paperwork but finding it hard to concentrate. Spike bursts into the office, and for once Angel looks glad for the distraction.

ANGEL

What is it?

SPIKE

Skye's in trouble. Read this.

Spike hands Angel the note, and he scans over it. Angel stands, reaching out for his jacket.

ANGEL

Any idea what this means?

SPIKE

Not yet, but I don't need Spider bloody Sense to know it's not something good! She's not in her room, we're gonna have to find her quickly.

ANGEL

Spike, Los Angeles isn't exactly small! Where are we going to start looking?

SPIKE

(thinks; grins)

I know just the place.

Spike dashes back out of the office, and Angel hurries after him.

24 EXT. SIMMONS PARK. NIGHT.

24

Skye runs into the park, a secluded part of the city, a patch of greenery and trees wedged in between several tall office buildings to try and distract from the concrete and steel all round.

Out of breath, she looks round frantically before hearing a distant SHOUT for help. She breaks back into a run, following the sound.

Running deeper into the park, she reaches a more open area, a clearing fenced in by trees on all sides.

Skye skids to a halt as she sees a figure waiting at the far end of the clearing - it's the Keeper, holding an unconscious girl in one hand.

(CONTINUED)

The girl is short with dark hair, and while she's obviously taken a beating, it doesn't look bad enough to have killed her. The Keeper drops her and steps forward as the skies overhead RUMBLE with thunder - another storm is coming.

Skye takes up an offensive pose, sizing up the approaching Keeper.

SKYE

Let me guess - you must be this
'Keeper' we're all so bugged about,
right?

The Keeper nods, still walking steadily towards her.

SKYE (cont'd)

So what do you want with me?
Leaving dead Slayers and calling
cards all round this city, just to
get me out here?

KEEPER

That is unimportant to you, little
girl.

SKYE

(indicates other girl)
She dead? You kill her too?

KEEPER

Not yet. Perhaps I will finish her
off once I have subdued you.

SKYE

'Subdued' me? Confident, ain'tcha?

The Keeper doesn't bother with a retort, and Skye looks a little worried - this guy means business.

As the Keeper closes to striking distance, Skye readies herself for her first attack.

SKYE (cont'd)

Okay, Goldie, time to see what
you've got!

She throws the first punch - but the Keeper dodges it, grabbing Skye and shoving him past her, SLAMMING his other forearm into her gut and cartwheeling her through the air.

Skye hits the deck with a THUD, and the Keeper steps back, waiting for her to stand.

Skye struggles to her feet, woozy, and shakes her head to clear her senses.

24 CONTINUED: (2)

24

SKYE (cont'd)
 Alright, I'll give you that one.
 Got any more tricks you wanna pull
 on me?

The Keeper still doesn't reply - he merely beckons Skye with one hand.

KEEPER
 Slayer... Come to me.

Skye takes a beat to prepare herself, VAMPS OUT, and then with a YELL charges back into the fight.

25 EXT. LA - STREET. NIGHT.

25

Spike and Angel dash into frame as the rain starts to fall, Spike spotting Rourke's stall and pointing towards it.

SPIKE
 There! She found this place just
 after she arrived, swears by it!
 She always comes here first before
 she heads anywhere.

ANGEL
 You think he'll know where she
 went?

SPIKE
 I hope so...

They jog over.

26 EXT. SIMMONS PARK - CLEARING. NIGHT.

26

Skye is fighting back against the Keeper as best she can, but he's blocking or dodging most of her strikes, and the punches and kicks that do hit him aren't having much effect.

He SLAMS his hand into her chest and knocks her off her feet, but Skye manages a neat flip in the air to land on her feet, launching a powerful roundhouse kick at the Keeper that connects with his head, sending him staggering.

SKYE
 Ha! Not so tough when you get down
 to it, are you? Come on, Darth! Hit
 me!

Skye hops up to him, Muhammad Ali style, and gets a few more punches in before the Keeper SWATS her away with a sweep of his hand.

Skye hits the muddy ground, slipping as she tries to stand, the rain falling heavily across the scene.

(CONTINUED)

The Keeper patiently watches her, and she looks unsteady on her feet now, two open cuts on her face bleeding, the blood smeared across her face by the rain.

SKYE (cont'd)
(groggy)
C'mon... What you waiting for?

She takes another step forward as the Keeper marches towards her.

27 EXT. BASKETBALL PARK. NIGHT.

27

Soaked now with rain, Spike and Angel have reached the basketball park, looking around for her.

SPIKE
(calling out)
Skye! Skye!! He said she went this way, look for her!

Angel spots the discarded chilli dog and picks it up, then both vampires catch the scent from inside the court.

Dashing inside, Angel sees the body and Spike the note. Angel goes to fetch the dead Slayer down from her undignified final resting place, while Spike uncrumples the note. He shouts across to Angel.

SPIKE (cont'd)
Simmons Park! Let's go!

Spike starts running as Angel is still laying the body on the ground.

ANGEL
Spike, wait!!

But he's already gone. Angel curses, lays the body flat on the ground and rushes after Spike.

28 EXT. SIMMONS PARK - CLEARING. NIGHT.

28

WHAM! Skye hits the dirt again, now covered with mud as well as blood, coughing weakly.

The Keeper stands over her, looking down on her as she tries and fails to push herself to her feet.

KEEPER
You fight well, Skye. The others were no match for me, but you have proven your worth.

(CONTINUED)

SKYE
 (almost unconscious)
 Bite... me...

The Keeper cocks his head to one side, then crouches down, and with one quick PUNCH, knocks Skye out cold at last. She morphs back to her human face.

He stands, picking her up and hefting her over his shoulder, and starts to leave the park when he hears Spike's distant voice, calling out for Skye.

SPIKE (O.S.)
 Skye! Skye! Where are you?

The Keeper pauses, then lays Skye back on the ground and turns round, waiting for Spike to arrive.

Seconds later, Spike bursts onto the scene, looking from Skye to the Keeper, and with a ROAR he VAMPS OUT, charging to the attack.

The Keeper doesn't move, letting Spike come to him, and just as Spike is close enough, the Keeper lashes out with three rapid attacks - a PUNCH, a KICK and a BACKHAND, stunning Spike and knocking him on his ass.

The Keeper waits for Spike to get up, and Spike stands, looking the Keeper up and down.

SPIKE (cont'd)
 That's it, golden boy, *nobody*
 touches my girl!

Spike leaps in to attack again, having more luck than Skye and managing to land a few hits, but the Keeper fights back, a fierce UPPERCUT knocking Spike off his feet.

Spike hits the deck, his head swimming, and as he tries to sit up, the Keeper calmly lifts up Skye again, turns, and walks away.

Spike reaches out for him, too dazed to stand.

SPIKE (cont'd)
 Skye...

It's no use. The Keeper disappears into the trees just as Angel races into the park. He sees the fallen Spike and dashes over.

ANGEL
 What happened? Was she here?

SPIKE
(points)
Angel... that way... hurry!

Angel nods and races into the trees as Spike finally pushes himself to his feet.

He de-vamps as he staggers over to the other girl, rolling her over to check her pulse.

Angel walks back into the clearing, shaking his head.

ANGEL
Nobody's there.

Spike POUNDS the dirt in frustration.

SPIKE
Bollocks!!

Angel looks down at the other girl.

ANGEL
Who's she?

SPIKE
I dunno, but she may be the only one who can tell us what happened.

ANGEL
What did you see? By the time I got here, somebody'd already beaten you to the ground!

SPIKE
(beat)
I think I just met the Keeper.
(serious)
And I think we may be in a lot of trouble.

From Spike's worried look, we:

BLACK OUT;

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

29 INT. HYPERION - LOBBY. NIGHT.

29

Angel boots the doors open with one foot as he carries the unconscious girl from the park over one shoulder, the battered Spike following him.

Nina, Connor, SONIA and TAYLOR are all waiting in the lobby, standing as they see the state Spike is in.

NINA

What happened? Who's the girl?

CONNOR

Did you find Skye?

SPIKE

(shakes head)

The Keeper took her.

TAYLOR

You saw him?

Spike nods, gingerly touching his split lip.

SPIKE

Oh, yeah, mate, up close and bloody personal. Packs a pretty hefty wallop, too.

CONNOR

Where did he take Skye?

SPIKE

Three guesses. The first two don't count.

TAYLOR

Wolfram and Hart.

NINA

Well, we've got to get her! We can't let them take her away, remember what they were going to do to me?

ANGEL

We're heading back out, we just needed to get this girl back here first.

SONIA

Who is she?

(CONTINUED)

ANGEL

My guess, she's the bait that lured Skye out there. As far as we can make out, the Keeper had been finding and killing active Slayers inside LA, trying to draw Skye out.

Angel holds up the note that Skye was left, handing it to Taylor to read.

TAYLOR

How come she didn't tell any of us? She just went out by herself to face this guy?

ANGEL

She probably saw what was going on with Wes, and-

SPIKE

(angrily)

And we were too bloody wrapped up in our own problems to pay her any attention! Thanks to us, that bugger's got hold of her...

Spike stands again, wincing as he presses a hand to his side. Angel steps in front of him.

ANGEL

Spike, we need to wait before we rush back out there, we've got to get ready for-

SPIKE

(shoves past)

Stuff that! That golden masked nutter's got my girl, and I'm not wasting another second! Now are you with me, or not?

A beat - then Angel nods. He turns to Nina.

ANGEL

Taylor, Connor, you're with us. Nina, you've got medical training, right?

Nina stares at Angel for a beat, not sure if she should still be upset or angry with him - but she nods.

NINA

Yeah, a little.

ANGEL

Stay here with the girl, see what she can tell us when she wakes up.

SONIA

What about me?

ANGEL

I want you to find Illyria and wait by Wolfram and Hart, you're our backup.

Sonia nods and heads for the stairs.

ANGEL (cont'd)

Alright, let's get her back.

Angel turns and marches towards the door, the rest of the team falling in behind him.

30

INT. WOLFRAM & HART - SCIENCE DIVISION. NIGHT.

30

Skye is dropped unceremoniously into a reclined, dentist-like chair in the science lab by the Keeper, as two nervous-looking LAB ASSISTANTS watch on.

KEEPER

Prepare her. We move soon.

The first Assistant nods, strapping Skye into the chair as the second drags a tray covered with syringes over, readying the first one.

31

EXT. LA - STREET. NIGHT.

31

The rain has stopped again, and this time we're riding along with Angel's car, the team crammed into it as Angel speeds towards Wolfram & Hart.

SPIKE

What's the plan when we get there?

ANGEL

March in, find Skye, bring her back.

SPIKE

(smirks)

Simple, yet effective. Just like you.

Angel glares at Spike - then manages a grin as the car speeds out of frame.

32

INT. W&H - SCIENCE DIVISION. NIGHT.

32

Skye comes to slowly, looking round the bright lights of the lab, recoiling as she sees the jet black form of the Keeper standing over her.

She tries to sit up, but finds she's strapped in too tight.

SKYE

Wha- where am I?

KEEPER

Do not try to struggle.

SKYE

Don't give me that 'resistance is futile' crap, freak, what's going on?

Skye looks over as one of the assistants approaches with a syringe, and although she squirms to try and get away, he jabs it into her arm, and she SHOUTS as he sinks whatever's inside into her system.

SKYE (cont'd)

(seethes)

Soon as I get out of here, I'm sticking that thing in your freakin' eye, you little *punk!*

The Assistant is clearly scared half to death by the furious Skye, and he bumps into the other assistant as he backs away.

The Keeper turns as HOLLAND MANNERS strolls down into the lab, joining the Keeper as they look down on Skye.

MANNERS

Ah, Skye. Glad you could join us.

SKYE

Who the hell are you?

MANNERS

I'm Holland Manners, I'm the Special Liaison here. You've already met our friend, The Keeper, I presume.

SKYE

Okay, look. I can see I'm not going to get any answers out of you, so why don't you just cut to the part where you start cutting me up, or sticking needles in my eyes, or whatever the heck you're planning on doing.

(CONTINUED)

MANNERS

(chuckles)

My dear girl, it's nothing as bad as all that! If you survive what we're going to-

SKYE

(interrupts)

See? Right there. 'If' I survive. You'd better hope I don't get out of this chair, you smug ass, because the second I do I'm gonna make sure the last thing you see if the floor, rushing towards you, after I toss your ass out of a twentieth storey window!

Manners is pretty amused by Skye's defiant tough talk, grinning at the Assistants.

MANNERS

She's certainly very spirited, isn't she? How much anaesthetic has she been given?

ASSISTANT #1

Uh, I'm thinking, maybe not enough.

MANNERS

I'm thinking that as well. Be a sport and sort her out, would you?

The Assistant nods and readies a second syringe as Skye starts struggling to break free again. Manners joins the Keeper.

MANNERS (cont'd)

Looks like we've picked just the right subject for the ritual, wouldn't you agree?

KEEPER

She is indeed strong. If she survives, we will have to find a way to bring her to the company, she would make a valuable asset.

MANNERS

Plan are in place, don't you worry.

Manners pats Skye on the head condescendingly.

MANNERS (cont'd)

Pleasure to meet you, Skye, see you soon!

32 CONTINUED: (2)

32

Skye explodes into a torrent of curses and Manners and the Keeper calmly walk back out of the science division.

33 EXT. STREET/WOLFRAM & HART BUILDING. NIGHT.

33

Angel's car SCREECHES to a halt outside the law firm's offices, and the team jump out.

A squad of security guards hustle over at the sight of Angel and his heavily-armed team, guns ready.

GUARD #1

Freeze!

Angel keeps walking, heading straight for the guard, who FIRES twice, hitting Angel dead in the chest - but as Angel staggers, Spike leaps in, SMASHING into the Guard and knocking him down in two good punches.

ANGEL

(wheezes)

Thanks...

SPIKE

No problem.

Around them, the others finish off their guards with ease, and in seconds, the team is heading for the building's front doors.

34 INT. WOLFRAM & HART - RECEPTION. NIGHT.

34

Angel leads the gang in through the sliding front doors, looking around the lobby.

Spike marches over to the terrified SECRETARY behind the reception desk, smiling as he leans on the counter.

SPIKE

Hello. We're looking for a girl who your boys will have just brought in, about five foot five, slim, long black hair?

SECRETARY

(stutters)

Uh, w-we just h-had some people come in to t-the s-s-science l-lab...

SPIKE

Cheers.

Spike shouts over to Angel.

(CONTINUED)

SPIKE (cont'd)
Science lab!

ANGEL
(nods)
Connor, Taylor, you're with me,
Spike, make sure nobody gets out of
the building!

Angel dashes for the stairs leading to the first floor, with Connor and Taylor right behind him.

35 INT. BASEMENT CAR PARK. NIGHT. 35

Skye, now unconscious again, is strapped onto a gurney and is being wheeled towards a jet black van, its rear doors open and more Lab Assistants waiting inside.

The Keeper strides along behind the procession.

36 INT. HYPERION - LOBBY. NIGHT. 36

Nina, tending to the wounded girl rescued from the park, steps away from the couch where the girl is lying for a moment, just as the girl finally wakes up.

She SCREAMS, disorientated, and Nina has to leap back and restrain her as she thrashes around.

NINA
Hey! Hey, it's alright! It's
alright, you're safe now.

Breathing quickly, the girl calms down, her frightened eyes flicking around quickly.

GIRL
W-where am I?

NINA
The Hyperion Hotel. Angel and Spike
found you in Simmons Park, you'd
been attacked. What's your name?

GIRL
Danny, my name's Danny.

NINA
(smiles)
Hey, Danny, I'm Nina. Danny, I need
you to tell me as much as you can
about what happened, okay? The man
who attacked you, did he say
anything about why he did it?

DANNY

No, he just... he just wanted some girl called Skye, said he needed her for 'the ritual,' or something... I can't remember, I'm sorry.

NINA

It's okay.

DANNY

Uh, did you say 'Angel' before?

NINA

Yeah, he and Spike brought you back here.

DANNY

Is he still around?

(blushes)

I always wanted to meet him, ever since I found out I was a Slayer...

NINA

(grins)

Maybe later, sweetie, Get some rest for now, okay?

Danny nods, clearly exhausted, and closes her eyes again. Nina presses a hand to Danny's forehead, then sighs and looks back towards the hotel doors, wanting Angel and the others back soon.

Angel BARGES into the science lab, startling the two Assistants still inside.

Behind him in the corridor, we can see Connor and Taylor fighting off more security guards.

ANGEL

Where is she?

ASSISTANT #1

What?

ANGEL

The girl, Skye! Where is she?

ASSISTANT #1

Uh, they already took her, said they needed to do the ritual tonight or it wouldn't work!

37 CONTINUED:

37

ANGEL
 (frowns)
 What 'ritual'?

We cut from Angel to:

38 INT. BASEMENT CAR PARK. NIGHT.

38

As the black van starts its engine and heads for the ramp leading to the street, Spike BURSTS through the door coming from the main building, looking around frantically.

He spots the van and starts running towards it.

SPIKE
 I knew I heard something...

The van accelerates away, and Spike catches a brief glimpse of the Keeper in the passenger seat, his golden mask glinting in the car park's lights as the van speeds away.

Spike runs as fast as he can - but it's not enough. The van hits the bottom of the ramp, sparks flying, and is out onto the street and away in moments.

Spike pulls to a stop as Angel and the others enter the car park behind him. Angel spots Spike and jogs over.

ANGEL
 Spike, she's in a van, they've taken her-

SPIKE
 I know.

Spike turns to face Angel.

SPIKE (cont'd)
 We just missed her.

Spike walks solemnly past Angel and the others, leaving them looking up at the now empty ramp.

39 INT. BLACK VAN - REAR. NIGHT.

39

We're riding inside the van, looking down on Skye on her gurney as the assistants around her check various pieces of equipment and stick other needles into her.

One turns to the Keeper, looking over from the front seat.

ASSISTANT #2
 She's ready, sir. Soon as we arrive at the site, we're good to go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEEPER

Excellent.

The Keeper turns back round, and we push in on his gold-masked face.

KEEPER (cont'd)

It's time.

From his face, we:

BLACK OUT:

TITLE OVER - TO BE CONTINUED...

END OF SHOW