

ANGEL

"New Directive"

by
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TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. COUNCIL HEADQUARTERS - DAY 1

We begin to quickly sweep through a grotesquely busy office with well dressed people scurrying through the main arch of the building and quickly disappearing into narrow hallways.

As we depart from the open space of the main office and into the more dreary and restricting confines of the enclosed hallways, we catch up with a tall, slender man, outfitted in an expensively crafted suit. Short, brown hair and a clean shaving face is capped off by a small, pair of oval eyeglasses.

Though everyone else within the building seems to be overly rushing their day, STANLEY is walking calmly through the corralling corridors.

After a few moments, he turns ahead of us, into a large, corner office. After allowing a person to pass in front of us first, we finally follow him into the office.

2 INT. COUNCIL HEADQUARTERS - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 2

Inside the lush office, we observe a middle aged man with a thick, but precisely trimmed beard talking on the telephone. TOLBERT waves for Stanley to close the door and sit down.

Stanley does just that and waits patiently for the man to get off the phone.

TOLBERT

(into phone)

Yes, well... I'm afraid that I'm going to have to call you back. A matter of some urgency has just walked into my office. I love you too. Alright.

(beat)

I won't forget! Blast, woman, I've got to go!

With that, the man hangs the phone up and relays an irritated expression to Stanley.

TOLBERT (cont'd)

No matter how much you love a woman, Stanley, do not marry her. Date her until she'll date you no more and then find another one.

STANLEY

I'll take that to heart, Mr. Tolbert.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

TOLBERT

Well, straight to business then!
You're leaving for America today, I understand?

STANLEY

That's correct. My flight leaves in just over two hours.

TOLBERT

I shouldn't hold you up any longer than necessary then. Stanley... I just wanted you to stop by to make sure that this case isn't going to be too...

(looking for the word)

... close to home for you, so to speak.

STANLEY

(beat)

If I may speak freely, sir, I've never allowed anything to come between myself and a task at hand. My records-

TOLBERT

... are perfect. I'm well aware of your field scores. I still, however, reserve a feeling of uncertainty regarding you and the target.

STANLEY

Sir, I assure you, on my honor, that I will not allow personal implications to conflict with the mission.

TOLBERT

You're certain?

STANLEY

Utterly.

TOLBERT

(smiling)

That's what I wanted to hear.

Tolbert stands up and walks around his desk as Stanley rises to his feet as well.

TOLBERT (cont'd)

Well then, your plane is waiting. You shouldn't be late.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (2)

2

STANLEY

Thank you for your confidence in me, sir.

TOLBERT

Nonsense. You've been nothing less than sublimely perfect in your career. I expect nothing less from you today.

Tolbert smiles as Stanley walks from his office then quickly picks up the phone, hitting a single button.

TOLBERT (cont'd)

(beat; into phone)

It's me. Yes, he's quite optimistic. I have every faith in the boy. He assures me that personal relationships will not interfere with what has to be done.

As Tolbert casts a glance towards the door, we cut to:

3 INT. AIRPLANE - LATER

3

Stanley is sitting next to the window in airplane that is preparing for departure. People are still rustling around the plane, getting to their seats as the man sits with a grim look upon his face.

After a few moments, he reaches into his bag and pulls forth a manila folder and begins examining it, almost reluctantly.

As the we slowly begin to spin around from our frontal view of the front of the envelope, we come to rest directly behind Stanley. Looking over his shoulder, we see many a file being perused, but nothing useful.

Until he flips the page, revealing a picture of WESLEY!

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

4 INT. HYPERION - SKYE'S ROOM - MORNING 4

As we slowly fade in on Skye's bedroom, we find a horridly bored SKYE, whimsically counting the ceiling tiles and rolling her eyes as she does so.

SKYE

One... two... three...

A quick and almost reluctant KNOCK at the door interrupts her mathematical filler as her dull expression quickly changes from boredom to a sly smile. She knows who is knocking.

SKYE (cont'd)

Come in, Spike.

The door slowly creaks open to reveal SPIKE slowly peaking his head into the room.

SPIKE

How did you know it was me?

SKYE

I'd recognize that knock anywhere.

SPIKE

Is there more than one way to knock on a damn door?

(beat)

How are things going with the whole healing business?

SKYE

(nonchalantly)

I've had worse.

SPIKE

That's not what you said when we pulled you from your little rendezvous with that Keeper fellow. Of course, you weren't saying much, with that being unconscious thing you were doing.

Skye shoots an apathetic look in Spike's direction as she playfully rolls her eyes at him.

SKYE

(beat)

So how did I get so lucky as to deserve a visit from the esteemed Mr. Spike?

(curiously)

Do you have a last name?

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

SPIKE

Yeah. It's just silent.

SKYE

(grins)

Wise ass.

SPIKE

The ongoing case of the soulless wonder got a little bit macabre for my tastes, so I figured I'd pay my favorite vampire slayer a visit.

SKYE

(faux-shock)

Oh, did little Spike get scared that he might have to see a little blood?

SPIKE

(scoffs)

Don't be daft, I've seen and done things that would make an enigma such as yourself blush!

(beat)

Not a big fan of Angel doing the macho man thing is all. He comes off as a great big wanker when trying to scare sense into someone.

(smirks)

I've still yet to figure out how the bloke was able to intimidate anything way back when with that nancy boy of a haircut, or a lack thereof, anyhow.

(sighs)

Course, you don't want me to get started on the good old days.

SKYE

(shrugging)

It could kill ten minutes.

Spike smiles warmly at Skye who is quick to reciprocate, sharing the smile for a few moments, before Skye finally breaks the stare with a glance at the bed.

SKYE (cont'd)

(beat)

So why'd you really come up, Spike?

SPIKE

I told you. Things were getting downright spooky downstairs. It was like-

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (2)

4

SPIKE (cont'd)
Oh, bollocks. You're not buying
this rubbish are you?

SKYE
Nope.

SPIKE
(annoyed)
If you must know, I was worried.
(beat)
About you.
(quickly)
Are you happy?

Skye looks genuinely shocked by Spike's declaration, a smile
ever-so-slowly beginning to cross her lips as he speaks.

SPIKE (O.S) (cont'd)
(beat)
When we came across that cloaked
bastard working his mojo on you, I
was scared; not an emotion one
commonly finds in us vampires,
especially this one.

Even though she's caught up in his speech, Skye can't help,
but roll her eyes and smile at the absurdity of Spike's
arrogant comment.

SPIKE (cont'd)
But for that fleeting moment, panic
struck through me.
(beat)
They say us vampires are inhumane,
animals even. I say we're more
humane than the lot of them. I do
feel things. It's the bloody soul
that's doing it! I remember the
time that I could slaughter a field
of-

SKYE
(interrupting)
Spike?

Skye gives an assertive expression - finish the story.

SPIKE
(sighing)
Seeing you battered the way you
were scared me more than all the
stakes, and all the drunken mobs,
and all the sunlight in the world.
And I don't like being scared.
(beat; quickly)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (3)

4

SPIKE (cont'd)
And now that I've lost all pride
and anything resembling a pair of
stones, I'm going to leave you to
your counting.

He starts towards the door, but stops short and turns back to
Skye.

SPIKE (cont'd)
Do get better, luv.

Skye's pseudo smile widens as Spike leaves the room and she
stretches out on the bed to resume her tile counting.

SKYE
(surprised)
Well, how about that...

Off of Skye's broadened smile, we cut to:

5 INT. HYPERION - ANGEL'S OFFICE

5

ANGEL is pacing tumultuously behind his desk as CONNOR and
NINA walk uneasily into the office.

NINA
(to Angel)
Is this a bad time?

CONNOR
Cause if you're brooding, we could
really come back later.

Angel stops, mid-pace, and turns to face them.

ANGEL
I'm not brooding.
(off looks)
Okay, fine. I'm brooding, but I'm a
leader with a newly resurrected,
soulless team member on my hands
who is most likely plotting the
death of not only my son, my
girlfriend, and the rest of my
team, but probably the world. So
excuse me if I seem that I've got a
lot on my mind.

Angel goes back to pacing once more as Nina and Connor
exchange intrigued looks.

ANGEL (cont'd)
I just need to know what he meant.

Connor puts on an apprehensive face.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

CONNOR
 You're not going to go all Angelus
 on Wes, are you?
 (beat)
 Dad?

That gets a reaction.

CONNOR (cont'd)
 I know what happens when you go to
 that place, and it would probably
 be best if we could avoid your
 going there.

Angel stops pacing again and turns to them.

ANGEL
 (calmly)
 Look, guys, I can't afford the
 luxury of playing favorites when
 the fate of the world is at stake.
 I have to make choices I'd rather
 someone else make, but if Wesley is
 hiding something from me, I've got
 to find it...
 (convincingly)
 ... even if it means using force.

NINA
 But Spike and Illyria already tried
 the forceful approach, remember?

ANGEL
 Maybe they're just not as
 persuasive as me.

Angel walks from the office, leaving Connor and Nina staring uneasily at one another.

6 INT. HYPERION. LOBBY

6

WESLEY is standing arrogantly in the center of the lobby as ILLYRIA slowly circles him, looking him up and down as she does so.

WESLEY
 What are you doing?

ILLYRIA
 I am staring into the abyss where
 your soul should be.

WESLEY
 (annoyed)
 Why?

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

ILLYRIA

Because you are a riddle to me; a cryptic puzzle to assemble. Your very existence is something that impels me to question the extent of metaphysical entities in this world since I last walked it in my true form. Things-

WESLEY

(cold)

I do hate to interrupt, but your existentialist ponderings do not concern me.

Illyria stops pacing and stares back at him.

ILLYRIA

Your quavering outbursts cease to amuse me.

(beat; confidently)

I will find the source of your aberration.

Wesley begins apathetically walking from view as he adds in the last tidbit.

WESLEY (O.S)

I'll save you the time. I died and was resurrected by people who don't give a damn about me.

ILLYRIA

I, too, was resurrected!

On that note, Wesley stops and walks back into view to stand defiantly in front of her.

WESLEY

Ah, yes... you used the body of the woman I loved as a transdimensional shell, if I recall. It isn't something one tends to forget.

ILLYRIA

Do you expect an apology?

WESLEY

Not at all. You lack the necessary components to express true human emotion. You may think you are a god, but what you truly are is a skeleton of a deity coalesced into human form, stuck with our flaws and none of our positives.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (2)

6

Illyria quickly storms away from him, not allowing Wesley to see the hurt in her eyes or herself to see the smirk on his face.

Just as Illyria gets out of sight, Wesley catches a glimpse of angel storming across the lobby floor, leaving his smile to quickly fade.

ANGEL

What did you mean, Pryce?

With Wesley failing to answer in a timely manner, Angel lands a massive RIGHT HOOK to his jaw.

Wes goes sprawling backwards, landing firmly on his back. Angel stops for a moment waiting for any kind of answer, but receives nothing.

ANGEL (cont'd)

I don't want to do this.

Wesley spits a bit of blood from his lip as he sits up.

WESLEY

(cheerfully)

What a coincidence. I don't want to tell you anything!

Angel angrily picks him up and throws him across the room, straight into the far wall.

ANGEL

I said I didn't want to. I never said I wouldn't.

(beat)

You only think that Spike and Illyria did a number on you? Let's see if we can't show this old dog some new tricks.

He storms towards Wesley. Just as he is about to attack him again, however, Illyria steps in the way, forcing Angel to stop dead in his tracks.

ANGEL (cont'd)

Move.

ILLYRIA

(stern)

He is still broken from the previous encounter.

ANGEL

Not as broken as he's going to be.

Angel goes to step past her, but she PUSHES him back with a strong arm, leaving him to stare angrily at her.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (3)

6

From the balcony, Spike sprouts a bold smile as he sees the happenings.

SPIKE

Hey, Blue, save some for me!

He jumps over the balcony and lands hard on the lobby floor, quick to hurry on over to the scene of the crime.

ANGEL

Not now, Spike!

(to Illyria)

He's going to tell me one way or another about the damn scrolls!

SPIKE

(bored)

Is that what this is about?

(beat; to Angel)

Are we going to rough him up again?

ILLYRIA

He has already received ample punishment.

SPIKE

(smirks)

That's the thing about punishment, pet. It's a lot like jelly. You can always manage a little bit more.

ILLYRIA

He-

SPIKE

Don't get all high and mighty with me! I know damn well that you enjoyed the throttling that we gave loverboy some weeks back.

(excitedly)

Now be a good girl, and step aside so we can give him another going over.

WESLEY

Yes, step aside so they can give me another go.

Illyria looks back to Wesley who is smiling diabolically at her. After a moment, Illyria reluctantly steps aside, leaving Angel to walk confidently around her. Just before Angel gets all the way to Wesley, however, Illyria reaches back and grabs his arm.

ILLYRIA

No. This is not the way to handle the situation.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (4)

6

Angel looks knowingly at her, but with the anger still boldly in his eyes. He looks back to Wesley and then back to Illyria once more, finally allowing a deep breath that works to concede his point.

Spike watches Angel's reactions and slowly begins to shake his head.

SPIKE

Oh, come on! She gives you the puppy dog eyes and you fall for it?!

Spike stops to think for a moment before quickly smiling with a flash of genius across his face.

SPIKE (cont'd)

She once tried to kill us all and destroy mankind! Ha!

ANGEL

Spike, knowing you as I do, I probably wouldn't be too far off to venture a guess that you've beaten up a cop sometime within the last month.

SPIKE

Hey! I gave that up a long time ago, you self righteous bastard! I'm a champion now. Ring any bells?!

(beat; coyly)

I do, however, still have a pair of handcuffs from the last time said incident occurred if that's what you're after...

Angel smiles back at him, leaving Spike seemingly ecstatic.

SPIKE (cont'd)

(excitedly)

Are you saying what I think you're saying?

Angel walks from view as Illyria stares confusingly at him, before Spike steps in.

SPIKE (cont'd)

(to Illyria)

Even us soulful vampires have to get our kicks somehow, blue. The man can't get laid!

(cheerfully)

He's just finally come to his senses and realized that torture will cure all that ails you!

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (5)

6

Spike giggles as he, too, walks off screen, leaving Illyria looking back to an apathetic Wes.

WESLEY

(sighs)

Well, I can't run, can I?

Off Wesley's stoic expression, we dissolve to:

7 INT. HYPERION - ANGEL'S OFFICE - LATER

7

We find Wesley with the same look of apathy planted firmly upon his brow, sitting behind the desk with the pair of handcuffs keeping him securely in place.

WESLEY

I've seen enough 'NYPD Blue' to know that 'good cop, bad cop' doesn't work with three people.

SPIKE

Sorry to let you down, mate, but it looks like we're all out of good cops.

ANGEL

There aren't going to be any cops, bad or otherwise.

Spike smiles and nods happily to Angel as he starts to take off his jacket.

SPIKE

That's what I'm talking about. Back to the old days when it wasn't about the information you got, but the pain you inflicted!

ANGEL

We're not going to torture him, Spike.

SPIKE

(beat)

What's the point in chaining him up, then?

ANGEL

(duh)

So he can't go anywhere.

SPIKE

Well this is just fan-bloody-tastic! You get a bloke's hopes all up... and for what? Only to dash them!

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

ANGEL
Spike-

SPIKE
Sod off!

Spike walks impassively from the room, ignoring Illyria as he passes.

WESLEY
No torture? I'm starting to like this plan more and more by the moment.

ANGEL
You're going to translate the text.

WESLEY
Am I?

Angel nods. Wesley raises an eyebrow back at him.

WESLEY (cont'd)
Or what?

ANGEL
Or-

STANLEY (O.S.)
Or I'll tell your father.

Everyone turns to the door to see Stanley standing arrogantly in the doorway.

STANLEY (cont'd)
He never was one for bad news, was he?

Off Stanley's seemingly delightful smile, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

8 INT. HYPERION - ANGEL'S OFFICE

8

As we slowly push back into the interrupted scene, we've got bemused looks on everyone's faces - except for Wesley's.

STANLEY

How have you been, Wesley?

WESLEY

Dead... but then again, you knew that.

STANLEY

(admitting)

The council is well aware of your... situation.

(forcing a smile to Angel)

We advised against your rescue efforts, as I do recall, but some pleas tend to inevitably fall upon deaf ears.

ANGEL

I don't believe that we've had the pleasure of being formally introduced.

WESLEY

Do pardon my lack of manners.

(beat; smiling)

It's not that I forgot, it's just that I don't give a damn.

Stanley curiously eyes Wesley as Angel continues his ruthless stare.

STANLEY

Charles Stanley, Watchers Council.

ANGEL

I'll remember that when they come to examine the body if you don't leave my hotel... now.

Stanley smirks at Angel's threat before peering around his shoulder at Wesley.

STANLEY

How would you feel about getting out of those handcuffs?

Stanley begins to step toward Wesley, but is promptly blocked off by Angel.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

ANGEL

Just in case you're not familiar with my case file, I'm going to start off with telling you how much I detest your organization. With the exceptions of Giles and Wes - or at least, old Wes - your aspirations of being on the good side of the fight are vague misconceptions at best and you *always* have ulterior motives.

(beat)

I don't trust you...

(motioning to Wes)

... and I don't trust him. Now get the hell out of my hotel.

STANLEY

The irony of the situation then, vampire, is that I don't trust you either.

(beat)

But my business here is short. When I am confident that Wesley is safe and learn everything that he knows, I will return to England, leaving you to whatever current crusade that you believe you're on.

(beat; courteously)

Now, if you will remove the-

ANGEL

The cuffs stay... and so does Wesley. You want to stick your nose somewhere that doesn't concern you, you're going to play by my rules or don't play at all.

Angel begins walking briskly from the room.

ANGEL (O.S) (cont'd)

You've got fifteen minutes.

Illyria adds a stare of disgust in the watcher's direction before she follows Angel out of the office.

9 INT. HYPERION - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

9

Illyria is right behind Angel as he begins up the stairs, nearly yelling at him before he can take the first step.

ILLYRIA

You would leave Wesley in the hands of your enemy?!

Angel sighs and turns around, knowing that this discussion is going to leave a mark.

(CONTINUED)

ANGEL

The council isn't so much an enemy as it is a competitor.

ILLYRIA

But you just said-

ANGEL

Look, I know what I said, and it does hold water, but the truth is that they're well intentioned. They're just too arrogant to see the big picture.

ILLYRIA

Wesley-

ANGEL

(patiently)

Wesley is going to be fine. We've tried everything to get him to talk. Let's let the council waste their resources on him for a change.

Angel turns to walk up the stairs again, but stops short, turning back to Illyria once more.

ANGEL (cont'd)

But just in case, why don't you keep an eye on them? If he tries to escape with Wesley, kill him.

Angel turns once more and walks briskly up the stairs. Off of Illyria's broadening smile, we cut to:

Stanley pulls a chair out and takes a seat opposite Wes, forcing a smile to lighten the mood.

WESLEY

Thank you for giving me a moment's peace. It will be the first one of its kind since I've been back.

STANLEY

No problem at all, old friend.

WESLEY

Actually, I'm sensing that it is.

(beat)

The Council doesn't send one of their own to America without cause, and they typically don't send anyone to meet with an exile unless a swift execution is in order.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

WESLEY (cont'd)

Should I prepare for the wet team's entry?

STANLEY

Maybe in the old days... but things have changed.

WESLEY

I apologize for my having not kept up with my subscription to The Watcher's Digest, Charles, but it wasn't a publication readily available in the hellish holding dimension I was left in.

STANLEY

Did you expect us to send a rescue mission into Paradise? Jesus, Wesley, you were a paid employee of the personification of evil! You were an outcast and you still are.

(beat)

Some rules change can change with time, but you know as well as I do that making contact with an outcast is grounds for dismissal... permanent dismissal.

WESLEY

You can say 'death,' Stanley. It's not going to offend me.

Stanley takes a breath as he watches Wesley, studying his expressions for a moment before he continues.

STANLEY

I knew you, Wes. You were a good man and I'm certain that you still are underneath everything. Keeping that thought in mind, I need your help. I need to know about the scrolls, the ones Spike liberated from Wolfram and Hart.

WESLEY

(curiously)

Why is the Council so thoroughly interested these scrolls?

STANLEY

As you may have guessed, the Council is still in the process of rebuilding. Certain texts are missing, the scrolls especially.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

WESLEY

Your vested interest in the supernatural is what makes the Council lose sight of its goal. You're meant to help turn girls into slayers, but all you end up doing is turning them into superficial snobs with overwhelming delusions of grandeur.

STANLEY

It was your hand, if I'm not mistaken, Wesley, that accounts for what is arguably the Council's most renowned failure in such an instance.

WESLEY

(laughing)

Faith is an animal. Did anyone seriously expect that she could ever be tamed, regardless of the tamer?

(beat)

I sometimes think that Faith was assigned to me for some horrid thing that I've done in a past life.

STANLEY

What do you know about the scrolls, Wesley?

WESLEY

Your bluntness is matched only by your inane questioning, Charles. Have you ever been told that?

STANLEY

I need to know.

WESLEY

(angrily)

No. They need to know!

Stanley begins curiously studying Wesley again after his outburst.

WESLEY (cont'd)

(calmly)

Seeing as how little of a damn I give about the Council, however, I feel disinclined to acquiesce to their requests.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (3)

10

STANLEY

There are a lot of people interested in you, Wes. The council only has your best interests at heart.

WESLEY

The only thing that the Council has 'at heart' is their own agenda and you well know it.

Before Stanley can retort, however, Illyria walks into the office, eyeing Stanley all the way.

ILLYRIA

(to Wes)

I wish to speak with you.

STANLEY

Actually, we're-

ILLYRIA

(sharp)

Leave us!

After shooting a quick glance to Wes, Stanley reluctantly stands from the chair and leaves the room.

ILLYRIA (cont'd)

What do you hide from me?

WESLEY

(smiling)

Everything.

ILLYRIA

Your words are lies!

WESLEY

(sincerely)

It's only because the truth isn't worth telling.

ILLYRIA

I demand to know.

WESLEY

Illyria, I am not a pawn in your kingdom, nor am I a servant of you. I do not owe you my allegiance, and it's with that in mind that I'm telling you to piss off!

Illyria sets her jaw, glaring down at Wesley, before we cut back to:

11 INT. HYPERION - LOBBY 11

Just outside of the office, we catch a glimpse of Stanley, listening intently in on the conversation, a curious gesture upon his brow.

12 INT. HYPERION - ANGEL'S OFFICE 12

Illyria is still glaring at Wesley, her bright blue eyes seeming to be on fire.

ILLYRIA
(angrily)
But you would tell her?

WESLEY
Fred? Yes, I would.

ILLYRIA
Your deceitful arrogance is-

WESLEY
Is what? Angering you? If my actions from the past few weeks haven't properly illustrated the point, please allow me to do so now. I don't give a damn about you, your half-ass vendettas or the inconsequential feelings of a deceased demi-god!

Off Illyria's angry and near hurtful look, we cut to:

13 INT. HYPERION - ANGEL'S ROOM 13

Angel opens the door to exit his room to find Spike standing in the doorway, staring curiously at him.

SPIKE
Did you know there's someone standing outside your office listening to Wesley and Blue have at it?

ANGEL
He's a Watcher.

SPIKE
(surprised)
So you just let him traipse into the hotel, did you?

ANGEL
He didn't so much traipse as he just showed up.
(apathetically)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

ANGEL (cont'd)
He's not a vampire, Spike. No invitation required.

SPIKE
So that's it? 'You made it through our secret initiation ritual called the door. Stay as long as you'd like and please lurk around corners and eavesdrop on our bloody conversations?'

ANGEL
He's here to talk to Wes.

SPIKE
Oh... well then, that makes perfect sense. Let's let two of our enemies plot our very demise under our own roof. Why didn't I think of that? Oh yeah, that's right. I haven't lost my bag of marbles! Jesus Christ, it's hard being the only sane person here. Do you realize-

Angel closes the door in Spike's face and walks back into his room and out view, leaving Spike's muffled voice to carry on for a few moments as we stare at the closed door.

SPIKE (cont'd)
(muffled)
Oi! I'm going to remember this, you son of a-
(quietly)
Ah, bugger it.

We watch the door for a few more moments before we cut to:

14 INT. HYPERION - LOBBY

14

As Stanley leans closely against the wall, listening in on the office, he is approached by Connor and Sonia, both sharing perplexed looks at the strange man standing oddly against the wall.

CONNOR
Can we help you... or something?

Stanley nearly jumps from the ground as the voice takes him greatly by surprise.

He quickly turns around to see Connor and Sonia still holding their curious expressions as he tries to come up with some kind of excuse.

STANLEY
No, I... I don't believe we've met.
(extends hand)
Charles Stanley.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

CONNOR
(shakes hand)
Connor.
(beat; suspiciously)
Does my dad know you're here?

STANLEY
Your dad?

CONNOR
(duh)
Angel.

STANLEY
(realizing)
You're...

CONNOR
(off look)
The only living thing on record to
have been born to a vampire? Yep.

STANLEY
Oh... well-

SONIA
(interrupts)
So does Angel know you're here? We
may look like kids, but we can
totally kick your ass if we have
to.

STANLEY
Yes, of course. I'm just here to
speak with Wesley. We were
interrupted by...

ILLYRIA (O.S)
Your reign over Wesley's body will
not last forever!

Illyria comes storming out of the office, staring concisely
at Stanley as she passes.

Stanley curiously watches Illyria walk from the lobby before
looking back to Connor.

CONNOR
(shrugs)
Yeah, she does that.

STANLEY
If you'll excuse me.

With that, he turns and walks out of sight, leaving Sonia and
Connor staring curiously at each other once more.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (2)

14

CONNOR

Did he seem weird to you?

SONIA

I think he knew that we'd kick his British ass if he gave us any crap.

CONNOR

Really?

SONIA

Are you kidding? I had you standing next to me.

Connor smiles as we cut to:

15 INT. HYPERION - ANGEL'S OFFICE

15

Wesley is still sitting stoically behind the desk, sighing loudly to voice his boredom when Angel walks in.

ANGEL

Where is he?

WESLEY

You mean Stanley? He had to run, unfortunately.

ANGEL

That's a shame.

(quickly)

What do you know about the scrolls?

WESLEY

(sincerely)

Well...

(beat)

... they're really old.

Angel's stare seems nearly potent enough to kill after that comment.

WESLEY (cont'd)

(laughing)

Look, boss, I'm not going to tell you what you want to hear.

ANGEL

No, you're going to tell me what I need to hear.

WESLEY

I'm suddenly finding myself feeling like Cordelia, unable to find the proper motivation.

*

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

ANGEL
(sternly)
Don't you dare-

WESLEY
Bring her name into this? Why not?
Everyone has taken great relish in
knowing my every misfortune in
losing the love of my life to a
dead god, and yet we can't breathe
a word of your little would-be
fling with a woman who was used to
import the coming of a would be
messiah, whose only purpose was
bringing peace on earth, which you
killed consequently. If only
Cordelia could see you now, I think-

ANGEL
(yelling)
Shut up!

Angel rushes Wesley, grabbing him promptly by the neck as he pushes him up against the wall, leaving his arm pulled tight to the desk.

WESLEY
(almost choking)
Go on then. Kill me. It's what you
do when you don't get your way,
isn't it?

Angel YELLS as he releases Wesley's neck and turns around, furiously knocking the lamp from the desk as he leaves, allowing it to SHATTER upon the ground and ring out through the hotel.

Wesley rubs his neck, smirks at the departing Angel and begins laughing as he carelessly shakes his head. Off his diabolical smile, we cut to:

16 INT. HYPERION - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

16

Angel storms through the lobby, heading back upstairs.

A few moments after he passes, Stanley furtively stands up from behind the front desk, peeking over the counter before speaking into the telephone.

STANLEY
(into phone)
Yes, sir. His relationship with the
Old One is more complex than we
imagined. He appears to have formed
some sort of connection with it,
and his behavior is cause for
concern.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

STANLEY (cont'd)
(beat; hesitantly)
I think he may have come back
differently, sir.
(beat)
No. I understand. It won't be a
problem.

He hangs up the phone and looks back toward the office with
an almost saddened expression upon his face.

STANLEY (cont'd)
Sorry, Wesley, but it appears I
have a new directive.

From Stanley's expression, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

17 INT. HYPERION - SKYE'S ROOM

17

Spike is sitting on the corner of Skye's bed, going on in an almost heated manner about the situation.

SPIKE

So, basically, this Watcher shows up, demanding to speak with Percy, and our fearless leader immediately falls under his thrall! So now, we've got the two of our enemies converging under our very own roof!

SKYE

Let's just keep me out of conversation, if you don't mind. I figure a vampire sighting is stake on sight territory, even if she does also happen to be a Slayer...

SPIKE

No worries, luv. Should the bloke get a cross look in his eye, I'll snap his neck like a twig, no questions asked.

SKYE

(smiling warmly)
What would I do without you, Spike?

SPIKE

Probably get beaten up a lot more often. Die on a weekly basis, that sort of thing. If you ask me-

Before Spike can get another word out, Skye leans up from her pillow and kisses him, very much taking him by surprise.

SPIKE (cont'd)

(blinks)
What the hell was that?

SKYE

Was I out of line?
(quickly)
I'm sorry. I just thought, you know... you and me. I figured...
(beat)
It had to be the concussion! I can't be held responsible for anything that I say or do when my mind has been-

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

Skye is interrupted mid back step by another kiss, but this time, a much longer and intentional one.

After several moments, Skye lays back onto the bed, leaving Spike to fall over with her. Spike, starting at her ankle, begins running his hand up her thigh, but before he can get any further:

The door flies open and Angel quickly enters.

ANGEL

Skye, have you seen-

Spike leaps off the bed, arms flailing.

SPIKE

(furious)

Can't you knock?!

ANGEL

(raises eyebrow)

Oh... then I guess you have seen him.

SPIKE

(rudely)

Can we help you with something?

ANGEL

There is just this one thing. We got a distress call from this school and there are these bugs, and...

(eyes the two of them)

How long has this been going on?

SPIKE

That's none of your god-

SKYE

(interrupting)

It just started... today. We haven't been slacking off on patrol to go do what you might think we'd be doing.

(sheepish)

You're not mad, are you?

ANGEL

No. It's fine, I just had no idea. That's great... really.

SPIKE

Who gives two pints of piss if he's mad?! If anyone should be mad, it's me, being busted in upon like some sort of barnyard animal!

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

ANGEL
Are you coming or not?

SPIKE
Since when did we become
exterminators?

ANGEL
(agitated)
Just come on.

SPIKE
Fine.

SKYE
I'll come.

ANGEL
No, you've been through a lot the
last few days. You should rest, get
your strength back.
(eyes Spike)
Chances are, you're going to need
it.

SKYE
(rolling her eyes)
Fine. I bet Sonia gets to go, but
I'll stay in bed like a good little
girl.

SPIKE
(grins)
That's all and fine and good, pet,
but I hope to find a bad little
girl lying in this bed when I get
back.

Skye smiles deviously at Spike's suggestion before getting interrupted.

ANGEL
(sighs)
Spike?

SPIKE
(loudly)
I'm coming!

18 INT. HYPERION - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

18

Spike and Angel are walking hurriedly through the hallway,
almost racing one another to get downstairs.

SPIKE
This better be something damn
bloody important.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

18

CONTINUED:

18

SPIKE (cont'd)

If you pulled me away from that to step on a few insects, you're going to find yourself in for some kind of beating!

ANGEL

(motioning to room)

What the hell was that?

SPIKE

I know it's been a while since you've done anything of the sort there, chief, but-

ANGEL

You've got to stop it!

SPIKE

I beg your pardon?

ANGEL

I'm not going to sit by and watch you break that poor girl's heart.

SPIKE

Break her heart? I'm not going to wake up from the sack and start killing her best friends! That's your curse, doesn't apply to the rest of us.

ANGEL

(serious)

You don't have to kill her friends to break her heart.

SPIKE

So what, you think I'm going to hang around long enough to get my rocks off and leave? Where the hell am I going to go? I work here!

ANGEL

Exactly. There is no way that this is going to end any way, but bad.

SPIKE

(beat)

Fine. I won't sleep with Skye...

ANGEL

Good. I'm glad-

SPIKE

... but you have to kick Nina out.

ANGEL

What?!

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (2)

18

Before Spike can finish any kind of reasoning, the two vampires are interrupted.

STANLEY (O.S)

I hope that you don't mind, but I'd like to accompany you on your quest.

Spike and Angel stop and exchange a wary look.

19 INT. HYPERION - LOBBY

19

Standing at the bottom of the stairs, Stanley waits eagerly for their answer as they hurry into the lobby.

SPIKE

Sorry. We've got strict rules about allowing spectators to watch our slaughtering. It's an insurance thing.

STANLEY

I can handle myself.

ANGEL

No.

STANLEY

You're taking Wesley, I presume?

SPIKE

What the hell is with everyone today? Mind your own bloody business!

STANLEY

I just need-

SPIKE

(to Angel)

Can I please bite him?

STANLEY

I just need to observe Wesley in the field. If I'm allowed to do so, I'll be able to properly diagnose him and be on my back to England, never to be heard from again.

SPIKE

There are other ways that you can never be heard from again, you know.

ANGEL

Fine.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

SPIKE

What?!

Angel throws Stanley the keys to Wesley's handcuffs.

ANGEL

Let's go.

Angel marches off, and as Stanley watches him we cut to:

20 INT. SCHOOL - HALLWAYS

20

A dark hallway lies dormant for several moments, allowing the creepy atmosphere to set in. Overturned desks, books, and an array of miscellaneous items lay strewn about the floor.

The dreadful silence is finally broken by the faint sound of approaching voices and after several more moments, Spike and Angel walk into view, paying particular attention to their environment.

SPIKE

I cannot believe that you let the Watcher tag along! What sort of spell does that man have on you?

ANGEL

It's not a spell. It's called common sense, something that you were born without.

(beat)

The sooner we let him watch Wesley for a few hours, the sooner he's on a plane out of here.

SPIKE

Whatever you say, boss.

ANGEL

(annoyed)

And don't lecture me about being under someone's spell, after I just caught you rounding second base back at the hotel!

SPIKE

Does it really piss you off that much that I can get laid without fear of losing my soul?

ANGEL

No. It really pisses me off that you're going to leave one of my team members broken down because she thinks that you really care.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

SPIKE

Maybe I do care, you daft bastard!
Did that ever cross your mind? To
you, she's just a teammate, but to
me... she's something more.

ANGEL

Please. I've known you long enough,
William, to know what matters to
you.

SPIKE

Just like systematically killing
half of Europe mattered to you?

ANGEL

That was-

SPIKE

A long sodding time ago! And so was
every narcissistic moment that ever
passed through me!

(beat)

Well, not that long ago. I've only
had my soul back a few years.

(shrugs)

Point is, you cheeky git, that
we've both changed... for the
better, in my case.

WESLEY (O.S)

Excuse me. Could you two speak up?
It's really hard to eavesdrop from
way back here with you two talking
so quietly.

Angel and Spike stop, both looking severely agitated before
Wesley walks onto scene, followed shortly thereafter by
Stanley, Sonia, and Connor.

WESLEY (cont'd)

(happily; to Spike)

Did I hear you say that you slept
with Skye?

(off look)

That's marvelous. Perhaps now that
little bitch-

Wesley is interrupted by a massive RIGHT HOOK that leaves him
picking himself up off of the floor.

ANGEL

(sly)

Oh, yeah. You've changed.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (2)

20

SPIKE

Hey, that was in defending my
maiden's honor! That was
chivalrous!

Angel calmly walks off, followed by a cursing spike as Wesley finally makes it back to his feet.

Stanley stares oddly at Wes as he stands up, prompting an explanation.

WESLEY

(to Stanley)

Some people are just blind to the
truth. They're hampered by their
conscience, really. You can't
imagine how amazing it is to not
have to live with that anymore.

Wes follows Spike and Angel as Stanley displays a reluctant sigh before following along.

We pick up Connor and Sonia, following a few steps behind, clearly surprised by the little revelation about Skye.

CONNOR

Did you hear that?

SONIA

Yeah. Spike and Skye?

CONNOR

I know!

SONIA

Well, I mean... really, who didn't
see it coming? I know that Spike
calls every woman 'pet' or 'luv,'
but the way that she looked at him
when he used one of his stupid pet
names, you knew some kind of
fireworks would be going off soon.

(beat)

I just always thought you and me
would beat them to it.

CONNOR

Yeah. I- What?

SONIA

(shrugs)

It's just that, you and I have been
kind of building toward something
ever since you helped me out with
that whole zombie thing a while
back, you know.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (3)

20

Connor nods with a nervous smile.

SONIA (cont'd)

I just thought that the damn thing would have been built by now, that's all! And, I know that the last woman that you loved was possessed by a demon and all... and I understand that moving forward with someone new can seem kind of scary after something like that... but if you don't kiss me soon, I'm going to have to kick your ass.

The two share a smile before the smile slowly fades and Connor heeds her advice, slowly moving in for a kiss.

Just before their lips can meet, however, the ventilation ducts from above RIP open and from within them drops a the problem that they've been searching for.

The bug problem Angel mentioned earlier looks just like a giant cockroach, down to the antennae protruding from its head. It CHITTERS as it drops towards the youngsters.

Connor grabs Sonia and dives out of the way with her, narrowly avoiding the falling creature.

Without reserve, Connor jumps to his feet and attacks, but before he can even raise his sword, sixteen GUNSHOTS ring out, one after the other, leaving the giant insect full of holes and stone dead.

Connor looks back to Sonia with a look of awe on his face, as she stands holding an emptied nine millimeter and staring uneasily at the bug.

She shrugs at Connor's mixed expression.

SONIA (cont'd)

I just really hate roaches.

With that, she walks briskly across the hallway to Connor, throws her arms around his neck, and embraces him in kiss.

About the same time, the others run in from around the corner, stopping abruptly as they take in the sight before them.

WESLEY

Oh, thank God.

The others look shocked - was Wes actually concerned for someone?

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (4)

20

WESLEY (cont'd)
 I thought we might have to fight
 something this trip.
 (off stares)
 I'm rather tired.

Meanwhile, Angel is staring oddly at Connor and Sonia, who
 haven't noticed the others and are still busy kissing.

ANGEL
 I guess there is some kind of spell
 going around...

SPIKE
 Oh, give it a rest. Be happy for
 your kid, getting him some action
 and all. From the horror stories
 that you lot tell, he needs to
 release a bit of tension.
 (beat; smirks)
 Like father like son, eh?

Angel scowls at Spike before we cut to:

21 INT. SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - LATER

21

Angel, standing on top of a desk, has his head popped into
 the ceiling through one of the vents.

SPIKE (O.S)
 Anything?

ANGEL
 No. You?

SPIKE
 I keep catching a bit of peep show
 between your hell spawn and his
 date, but nothing on the big, ugly
 bug front.
 (beat)
 You know, after taking a closer
 look at that thing, I'm not quite
 sure it's a demon.

ANGEL
 It's not.

SPIKE
 How do you know?

ANGEL
 When was the last time that a
 gunshot killed a demon?

SPIKE
 I've seen-

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

ANGEL

And besides, the thing is as anatomical match for your common house roach. I'm thinking what we've got here is a normal insect affected by all the pollutants pouring out of that chemical factory we passed on the way here.

SPIKE

You know far too many trivial things like that for it to be coincidence, you fine dining bastard.

ANGEL

(ignoring him)
Have you seen Wesley?

SPIKE

Yeah, they were down the hall a moment ago.

ANGEL

We'd better not leave those two alone for too long.

Angel jumps down from the desk and walks into the hallway again.

SPIKE

Now he gets paranoid!

As the duo exit the classroom, we cut to:

22 INT. SCHOOL - HALLWAYS

22

The darkened hallways are becoming even more so with the setting of the sun coming about, leaving Wesley almost shrouded in darkness as he leans against the wall.

From our view halfway down the hallway, we begin to slowly move in on Wesley, giving the impression that something is slowly creeping up on him.

After a few moments we find ourselves directly behind Wes.

We quickly reverse our angle to see Stanley walking deftly along, his sword raised and a desperate look upon his face.

He finally raises his sword and after a slight hesitation, furiously swings his sword as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

23 INT. SCHOOL - HALLWAYS

23

Stanley SWINGS the sword, but it is quickly met with a loud CLANG as Angel steps in his way, deflecting the attack.

Wesley jumps away from the wall, glaring back at his old friend.

ANGEL
See? Ulterior motives.

Stanley just stares back, not knowing what to say.

WESLEY
(smiling)
Just as I thought. You were sent to kill me. I knew that sending an old friend to try to allow himself into my graces would entice such a ruse.

Still without saying anything, Stanley quickly turns and runs away. Spike starts after him, but Angel stops him.

ANGEL
Let him go.

SPIKE
'Let him go'? Have you lost your gourd?

ANGEL
What are we going to do? Kill a Watcher?

SPIKE
Like it would be the first time.

ANGEL
And we saw how well that worked out, with them chasing us across halfway across the world...

Spike scoffs at his comment.

SPIKE
What do you suggest then?

WESLEY
(laughing)
Arming yourselves. There's going to be a war.

Off Spike and Angel's realizing expressions, we cut to:

24 INT. HYPERION - LOBBY

24

Angel, Spike, Connor, Wesley, and Sonia hurry into the hotel and are quickly met by Illyria standing in the center of the room.

Upon noticing the blood on Connor and on the weapons in their hands, she grows readily upset.

ILLYRIA
You fight without me again?!

SPIKE
Relax, sweetheart, just squashed a few bugs.

ANGEL
Illyria, has Stanley been back here?

ILLYRIA
The disgusting being who was here about Wesley?

ANGEL
Have you seen him?

ILLYRIA
No. He did not return from battle?

SPIKE
Oh, he returned alright, with a sword swinging at your boyfriend's head.

ILLYRIA
(to Angel)
What is this blather that he speaks?

ANGEL
He tried to kill Wes, and now he's probably going to come back and try for the rest of us.

ILLYRIA
Then we shall stop him.

ANGEL
That was the plan.

ILLYRIA
If it is war that they wish-

ANGEL
No. No war... and no killing.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

Angel walks from the lobby and quickly heads upstairs, leaving Illyria looking confused over his 'no killing' clause.

SPIKE

Don't look at me. I tried to kill the guy back at the school.

(smirks)

See? Always got your best interests at heart.

As Illyria shakes her head and walks away, we cut to:

25 INT. HYPERION - ANGEL'S ROOM

25

Nina is stood by the bed, shrugging off her jacket and dropping her bag on the bed - she's just returned from college, her large art folder propped up near the door.

The door FLIES open and Angel hurries through it, taking Nina by surprise as her folder is knocked to the floor.

NINA

Angel, what-

ANGEL

(urgent)

We've got a problem.

NINA

What is it?

ANGEL

The Watcher, Stanley, tried to kill Wes.

NINA

Is he alright?

ANGEL

Yeah. He's fine, but I don't think it's over by a long shot. He's going to come back with reinforcements. We're going to need everyone downstairs.

Nina nods, and we cut to:

26 INT. HYPERION - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

26

Angel and Nina are walking down the hallway toward the lobby when angel stops, noticing something.

ANGEL

Go on. I'll meet you there in a minute.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

NINA

But-

ANGEL

Just go. I'll be fine.

She reluctantly heads for the stairs, while Angel turns around and looks quizzically around the hallway.

He cautiously walks back down the hallway, checking behind him once before coming to a certain door and stopping.

Very slowly, he pushes the door open.

27 INT. HYPERION - UNUSED ROOM. CONTINUOUS.

27

The darkened room stands empty as Angel walks in and upon looking around, nothing seems readily visible.

After a few steps, angel shakes his head.

ANGEL

(calls out)

Spike!

SPIKE (O.C.)

(apathetically)

Bloody hell...

Angel flips the light on to find Spike and Skye in the room's single bed, Spike working his way home again.

ANGEL

I thought you two were going to meet us downstairs!

SKYE

For what?

SPIKE

Oh yeah. There's this group of Watchers, and maybe a Slayer or two coming to try and kill us all.

(off look)

It slipped my mind, honest!

SKYE

Let's go.

Spike sighs as he angrily stares up at Angel.

SPIKE

(to Angel)

I really do hate you.

Skye hops out of the bed, rearranging her clothes, as we fade across to:

28 INT. HYPERION - LOBBY - LATER

28

Everyone is sitting around the lobby, looking to be bored out of their skulls. Spike is spinning a sword upon the ground as he talks with Skye.

Connor and Sonia are sitting against the front desk, nearly cuddled up in each others arms as they share a laugh.

We can see through the window that Wesley is chained up to the desk again, and Nina sits alone as Angel paces the floor.

Finally, Spike stands up and looks to Angel.

SPIKE

We've been sitting here like a bunch of damn wankers for hours and haven't heard a peep. You lot can play house all you want, but we're going to shag. Ta, ta.

Spike grabs Skye by the hand and she smiles as they walk off scene, leaving Connor and Sonia giggling across the room. Angel glares after him as Wesley calls out.

WESLEY (O.S)

Can I be released now?

ANGEL

(annoyed)

No!

WESLEY (O.S)

The scrolls are really quite difficult. I could be here for days.

ANGEL

Then get comfortable.

Nina stands up and walks over to where Angel is pacing rapidly across the floor.

NINA

Spike's got a point, honey. It has been a while.

ANGEL

They'll show. The Council is too proud to admit defeat, no matter the circumstances.

NINA

Even so, that doesn't necessarily mean they're going to show tonight.
(beat)
Maybe we can-

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

ANGEL
(reacts)
Did you hear that?

NINA
Hear what?

Angel walks away from her and toward the front door, leaving Nina to sigh loudly and walk back out of the lobby once more.

29 EXT. OUTSIDE HYPERION - CONTINUOUS

29

Angel walks into the night air, searching for whatever it was that had roused his senses.

After a few moments and a couple of steps, however, he is ATTACKED by a GIRL trying furiously to shove a stake through his heart. She's shorter than him, with long, braided blonde hair - and she's got Slayer written all over her.

As the girl swings her arm, Angel grabs her by the wrist and twists her around, holding her arm behind her back as he uses her for a shield.

One hand on her wrist and the other on her throat, Angel stares on as nearly a dozen more girls emerge from the shadows, accompanied by Stanley.

ANGEL
Had to get your girls to do the
dirty work for you?

STANLEY
I have found in my decade as a
watcher that the best way to deal
with a vampire is with a Slayer.

Angel squeezes the girl's throat, causing her to moan in pain as he stares on at Stanley. Stanley doesn't look too concerned.

STANLEY (cont'd)
Don't try to bluff us into thinking
you'd hurt her, Angel. We both know
that isn't your style.

ANGEL
(stern)
I've warned you three times to get
out of my hotel now. I suggest that
you take all these little girls
back home and head back to England.
This is the last time I'll warn
you.

STANLEY
We're not leaving without Wesley.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

ANGEL

Then you're not leaving.

(beat)

You want to lead a dozen lost little girls to their death? Be my guest. You've come to the right place.

With that, Angel throws the Slayer to the ground and turns to walk back inside.

As his back is turned, however, Stanley nods to one of the Slayers and she raises her crossbow. Without hesitation, the girl PULLS the trigger.

Seemingly effortlessly, Angel whips around SNATCHES the arrow out of mid air, just before it lands in his heart.

The girls' faces say it all with stunned expressions on every one of their brows. They've never dealt with a vampire like this. As Angel turns back around, we cut to:

30 INT. HYPERION - LOBBY

30

Upon closing the door, Angel promptly locks it and hurries down into the lobby.

ANGEL

Connor, get the weapons ready.

CONNOR

What happened?

ANGEL

We've got company.

Connor nods as we cut to:

31 INT. HYPERION - SKYE'S ROOM

31

The doorknob rattles for a moment before the door FLIES off the hinges.

Spike and Skye are once again trying to get somewhere, but as Spike curses under his breath and sits up in the bed, we see they're still at square one.

SPIKE

That's it, you bloody pervert, I'm going to teach you a lesson this time!

ANGEL

Not now. We've got a problem.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

SKYE
(raises eyebrow)
Yeah, my door is kind of not on its hinges! You know, there are easier ways to keep an eye on us...

ANGEL
(quickly)
You can pick another room later. Right now, we've got bigger problems. I need you both downstairs now, fully clothed if possible.

SPIKE
(brightens)
Trouble?

ANGEL
Trouble.

SPIKE
Fan-bloody-tastic.

Angel leaves the room, and we cut to:

32 INT. HYPERION - LOBBY

32

Spike and Skye are rushing downstairs to meet everyone else already picking out weapons.

SPIKE
Is this the real deal this time, or are you just getting lonely in your old age?

CONNOR
The Watcher's back and he's not alone.

SPIKE
(apathetic)
Those Slayers he's brought? Big deal. I've killed two in my day, all by my lonesome.
(to Skye)
No offense, pet.
(to Angel)
If the lot of us can't take one little girl-

CONNOR
There are about a dozen of them.

SPIKE
(beat)
Oh. Well then...
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

SPIKE (cont'd)
(beat)
I'll take the broadsword.

ANGEL
Like hell you will.

Angel grabs the broadsword and throws Spike a smaller, much less manly sword. Spike catches it, then glances across at Skye, who is smirking at him.

SPIKE
It's not the size of the sword, you know. It's the man that's using it.

SKYE
(rolling her eyes)
Spike, you've already almost got me in bed three times, I think it's a safe bet you're going to get lucky later. Stop trying to show off!

ANGEL
Alright, we need to seal off all the exits, even to the sewers. Being with the Council, he'll have the schematics.
(beat; throwing keys)
Sonia, go unchain Wesley. We don't want to make him easy prey if they do get in.

SONIA
Got it.

ANGEL
Connor, no matter what, I need you to keep your eye on Wesley.

CONNOR
Alright.

ANGEL
I'm serious. Hell or high water, you need to know where he's at, at all times. We can't lose him.

CONNOR
I got it, dad.

ANGEL
Spike-

SPIKE
I know. Kill things. I've got it.

ANGEL
Not unless you have to! These aren't demons. They're Slayers.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (2)

32

ANGEL (cont'd)
They're just following orders, I
don't want any of them dead unless
we have no other choice.

Spike notices that Skye is glaring at him, most obviously
agreeing with Angel.

SPIKE
What?
(defensively)
That was implied!
(to Angel)
How about knocking them about a
bit, until they don't feel like
fighting any more?

ANGEL
Perfect.
(to Skye)
Can you and Spike go block off the
other wing and seal off the sewers?

SKYE
Sure.

ANGEL
Hurry back. Me and the others will
work on the front doors.

Angel walks quickly off screen, leaving Spike to look
innocently at Skye as they begin to leave.

SPIKE
It's not like I killed them by the
hundreds! There were only two of
them, and I didn't even like it. It
was in self defense!

SKYE
(smiling)
You are such a bad liar.

Skye starts to walk off and is quickly followed by Spike, as
we sweep back across the room to catch a glimpse of Sonia
nearly dragging Wesley into the room.

WESLEY
Are you lot not dead yet?

ANGEL
Wes, you're going to shut up and
not try anything stupid.

WESLEY
And what leverage do you have over
me to dish out such orders?

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (3)

32

ANGEL

Believe me, if it comes down to them or me killing you, it's going to be me, and I'm going to make it a hell of a lot slower than they would.

Angel walks off camera, leaving Sonia and Wesley standing near the door.

Sonia pushes him along to go into the lobby, but before they can get very far, the doors crash open, THROWING Sonia to the ground.

From outside, a SLAYER rushes through the door holds her sword to Wesley's neck.

SLAYER

Sorry, but the word is that you're evil. Nothing personal.

The girl rears back with the sword, and Wes finally manages to look alarmed before we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW