

**ANGEL**

"Clouding The Issue"

by  
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TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. HYPERION - LOBBY - NIGHT

1

We pick back up on the SLAYER with her sword at WESLEY'S throat.

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

The girl rears back with the sword as Wes finally manages to look alarmed.

She SWINGS the weapon, but just inches before it connects with its target, the sword is narrowly THRUST from its path by the heavy CLANG of an axe.

Standing defiantly before the slayer is NINA, axe in hand and a determined expression upon her face.

NINA  
Why don't you pick on someone who  
has a weapon?

The slayer immediately begins to moves in on Nina and prepares to raise her sword, but a swift UPPERCUT leaves her on the floor before she can try.

ANGEL comes into view.

ANGEL  
Or, she can just lay there and  
bleed.

He hurriedly pushes Nina and Wesley back further into the lobby, as the slayer works herself back on her feet.

ANGEL (cont'd)  
Looks like you broke into the  
wrong...

As she stands up, the remaining SLAYERS fill into the hotel alongside her, weapons raised, as STANLEY walks into the foreground.

ANGEL (cont'd)  
(slowly)  
...hotel.

CONNOR and SONIA rush to Angel's side as the watcher arrogantly shakes his head.

SONIA  
(to Angel)  
Just give us the word.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STANLEY

It doesn't have to be this way,  
Angel.

ANGEL

Hate to disagree, but standing  
aside while you murder our friend  
doesn't seem like the greatest  
idea.

STANLEY

You don't seem to understand the  
significance of the situation. This-

ANGEL

Are you prepared to lead these  
girls to their death over this?

STANLEY

They are well aware of the risks of  
their calling. They are also aware  
of the importance of the task at  
hand.

ANGEL

That task has a name.

With that, Angel SWINGS his broadsword toward Stanley, but is promptly deflected by one of the slayers.

Connor and Sonia are quick to follow suit, storming into battle alongside Angel.

Angel engages the first slayer out of the gate and with a few deft swings of the sword, draws her attention and SWEEPS her legs out from under her.

Wasting no time, he immediately moves onto the next with an overhead attack as we cut to:

Connor and Sonia are back to back, fighting off the rapid attacks. Weapons are swinging in every which direction as Connor holds his own, averting a swift blow and using the dull side of his axe to land one of them unconscious.

On the other side of the lobby, SPIKE enters the room, followed closely by SKYE. Spike takes a quick glance around the room and looks back to Skye.

SPIKE

He tells us to lock the basement,  
only to let them in through the  
front bloody door!

The two of them sprint out of view, leaving us to cut to:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ILLYRIA stands on the balcony overlooking the lobby as she takes in the action. A quick smile overtakes her face before she leaps over the railing and to the floor below.

Before she can get to the center of the action, one of the slayers advance. Illyria doesn't give her time to raise her weapon, BACKHANDING her effortlessly across the room and moving into the thick of things.

Spike ducks underneath one attack and jumps over another before using the handle of his sword to POP one of girls in the face and spinning around with a heavy FIST to take another off her feet.

As things seem to be only intensifying, Angel sees opportunity. He FLIPS a quickly approaching slayer over his back and sprints across the room to grab an observing Stanley. Angel holds his sword to his throat as he yells out:

ANGEL  
That's enough!

The room falls silent in a matter of moments as the girls nervously eye their leader in Angel's grip.

SARAH  
(yelling)  
Ow!

Everyone turns to the source of the scream where one of the girls, SARAH - a short and athletic slayer with her long, blonde hair pulled back in a pony tail, is rubbing her eye.

SARAH(cont'd)  
(to Spike)  
You hit me after he said 'that's enough'!

SPIKE  
(beat; to Angel)  
She can't prove it.

Angel ignores Spike's outburst and looks down to Stanley.

ANGEL  
(stern)  
Tell them to drop their weapons.

STANLEY  
(to the girls)  
Don't do it. My life is inconsequential. The only thing that matters is the mission.

The girls all look to one another - not sure what to do.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ANGEL

The mission's odds aren't looking so hot right now. Why don't you just give it up, go home, and we'll call it a day.

(beat; sternly)

Because you're not getting Wesley.

STANLEY

That's just the thing. Neither are you.

(beat)

That thing that you brought back...

We stare in on Wesley, leaning nonchalantly against the far wall of the lobby as Stanley finishes.

STANLEY (cont'd)

... it isn't Wesley.

Off of Angel's bemused expression, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF TEASER**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

2 INT. HYPERION - LOBBY - NIGHT

2

Angel is still staring at Wes, trying to process what the watcher is saying and whether or not it holds merit.

ANGEL  
(sternly)  
You're wrong.

Stanley glances down at the sword held firmly against his neck before he continues.

STANLEY  
You can tell me, without reserve,  
that you're certain that man is  
Wesley Wyndham-Pryce? That his  
actions since his arrival haven't  
been cause for concern?

ANGEL  
He doesn't have a soul.

STANLEY  
Precisely. His-

SPIKE (O.S)  
What the hell are you two nancies  
whispering about?

Spike is standing alongside Skye now, staring intently at Angel and his hostage.

SPIKE (cont'd)  
If there was ever time for a group  
discussion, I think we've found it.

ANGEL  
(beat; to Stanley)  
If that's not Wesley, then what the  
hell is it?

TAYLOR (O.S)  
Am I interrupting something?

Everyone raises their weapons as they turn to the front door, leaving TAYLOR to quickly raise his hands to the air.

TAYLOR (cont'd)  
(to Angel)  
Should I...

ANGEL  
No. I think I've got this under  
control.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGEL(cont'd)

(beat; to Stanley)

Call off your slayers and let's  
have a word in my office.

Angel lowers the sword and releases Stanley as he walks from view. Stanley watches him walk to his office, obviously debating on what to do before reluctantly following him to the office.

Taylor is still standing at the doors, staring curiously at the group.

TAYLOR

(to slayers)

You can point your weapons  
elsewhere. I don't like to, but I  
will hit a girl if necessary.

As the Slayers exchange looks, not exactly intimidated by Taylor, we cut to:

3

INT. HYPERION - ANGEL'S OFFICE - LATER

3

Angel is sitting behind his desk as he eyes Stanley.

ANGEL

So you're saying that you think,  
what? He's a demon?

STANLEY

I'm not certain. What I am certain  
of, however, is that I was given  
strict instructions to eliminate  
him if he was perceived to be a  
threat.

ANGEL

A threat to what? The Council?

STANLEY

To the world at large.

ANGEL

The only thing that Wes has proven  
a threat to is himself by globally  
pissing off everyone around him.

STANLEY

I cannot return to The Council  
without having either proven that  
he is, indeed, the real Wesley or  
eradicating the threat.

Angel stares Stanley down, trying to work something out in his mind before we cut to:

4 INT. HYPERION - LOBBY

4

We catch Angel and Stanley conversing through the window before we pull back to take in the whole of the scene.

Angel and Stanley's team are all sitting lazily about the lobby - not at one another's throats like you'd expect, but conversing

A group of the slayers are sitting in the floor in front of Spike and Skye.

SPIKE

I don't care what the damn file says, it was in self defense! Both of those slayers attacked me!

SKYE

(surprised)  
Spike has a file?

GABRIELLE

Yep. It's the second biggest one that the council has on vampires.

GABRIELLE is a dark complected, Hawaiian girl. Her shoulder length, black hair is pulled up into a pony tail on each side of her head and smiles as she indulges Skye.

SKYE

(impressed)  
Really?

GABRIELLE

The only bigger one belongs to...

SPIKE

(apathetic)  
... Angel.

GABRIELLE

How did you know?

SPIKE

Because he's always got to be a bloody show off, doesn't he? Plus, I had a whole hundred years to make up for! I did quite well, if you ask me.

(off Skye's look)  
Still self defense.

KYLIE, a short haired Australian girl, dressed in punk attire, eyes Spike like a starstruck young schoolgirl.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KYLIE

So is it really true that you had to fight to get your soul back, instead of a curse like Angel?

SPIKE

(proudly)

Damn right I did. I went through the demon trials, little girl. Nothing in your life will ever compare to one moment of the pain I felt in that cave.

KYLIE

(almost swooning)

And all for the woman you love.

SPIKE

She was worth it, let me-

Spike realizes what he has just done and stops to look over at Skye, tilting her head to the side with an envious intrigue.

SPIKE (cont'd)

(quickly)

It wasn't about the girl... any girl! It was about me wanting to be a better man. And I- Ah, bugger it.

(to Skye)

Go on. Hit me.

Off of Skye's tempted expression, we cut to:

Taylor walks over to where Illyria is standing at the front desk, staring across the room at a bored Wesley.

TAYLOR

So you wanna fill me in on what the 'what the hell'?

ILLYRIA

(still staring)

We battled an army of little girls that we weren't allowed to destroy.

(beat; angrily)

They sought to kill Wesley.

TAYLOR

(looking to girls)

They are slayers, right?

Illyria nods.

TAYLOR (cont'd)

Then why are they out to get the new guy?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TAYLOR(cont'd)

And is it just the new guy in general, because I could technically be considered the 'new guy' if he hadn't came back.

ILLYRIA

They presume that he is not the real Wesley.

TAYLOR

I could see-

ILLYRIA

(snaps)

They presume incorrectly! Wesley will return to his previous state.

TAYLOR

That's all fine and good, but what are we going to do when this little 'time out' is over?

ILLYRIA

Kill them all.

TAYLOR

(okay)

Right.

Illyria has yet to shift her gaze from Wes and Taylor takes advantage as he shakes his head while he walks away. We watch Illyria's fierce gaze before cutting to:

Sonia appears beyond bored as Connor is near surrounded by another group of the slayers.

CONNOR

It wasn't that bad. Quor'toth really gets a bad rap, but isn't any worse than any other hell dimension.

The girls let out a collective 'awww' as Sonia rolls her eyes.

SARAH

You poor thing.

CONNOR

No really, it wasn't what you'd think. I mean, sure... I was running from demons by the time that I could walk, but that was just until I learned to kill them.

Sonia rolls her eyes as we cut to:

5 INT. HYPERION - ANGEL'S OFFICE

5

Angel gets a look of realization as Stanley watches on.

ANGEL

So if I could prove to you, with certainty, that Wesley is himself, the council would be satisfied.

STANLEY

If you could prove to me that it is, in fact, Wesley, I will happily return to England without incident. You presume that I wish it not to be him. When, in actuality, I hope and pray that I do have my friend back.

ANGEL

Then we've got something in common.

STANLEY

What do you suggest?

WESLEY (O.S)

Yes. What do you suggest, fearless leader?

Wesley walks into the room and stands alongside Stanley's chair, eyeing Angel.

ANGEL

Don't you have someone to belittle, Wesley?

WESLEY

We're talking my fate, aren't we? Only fair that I'm present to hear my sentencing.

ANGEL

(beat)

I think that I may know a way to get to the bottom of this.

Off of Wesley's intrigued expression, we cut to:

6 INT. HYPERION - LOBBY

6

Back in the lobby, all the slayers are now sitting in a circle on the floor as Spike continues his story.

SPIKE

So there were these Uber-Vamps coming from every which direction you can imagine.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPIKE(cont'd)

I'm fighting them off nearly by the dozen, and knocking them back into the fiery depths of hell!

Leaning up against the front desk now is Skye, Sonia, and Nina, all of them watching apathetically as Spike goes on about his story with Connor standing just on the other side of him.

SPIKE (O.S) (cont'd)

Even though I was holding my own, the others weren't faring quite as well. Buffy and the other newly activated slayers were starting to show signs of wear and tear.

(beat)

That's when it hit me. I knew what I had to do.

SKYE

(beat)

He is so full of crap!

SONIA

Didn't the amulet just go off by itself or something?

SKYE

That's the story I got.

SONIA

(scoffs)

Men. They tell you that they never want anyone else until a dozen or so well built, superpowered hussies come strolling in through the hotel doors. Then it's 'when I saved the world' and 'I grew up in a hell dimension' story hour!

NINA

Come on guys. There's no reason to be jealous. Spike and Connor are crazy about you two.

SKYE

Oh? So how cool and collected would you be if Buffy was here?

NINA

(obviously agitated)

I would be extremely cool.

(beat)

And collected.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SONIA

(wry)

Yeah. I can tell in the tone of your voice.

SKYE

(to Nina)

Don't feel bad. If Buffy were here, they'd all three be swooning like a bunch of teenagers watching late night skinemax.

NINA

Men suck.

The three girls go back to glaring as we cut to:

7

INT. HYPERION - ANGEL'S OFFICE

7

Stanley stands up from his chair, obviously debating upon something.

STANLEY

Is it even possible?

ANGEL

Of course. It worked on me. The spell would be reversed, but I'm sure the same principles apply.

STANLEY

And you're just now trying it because...

ANGEL

It honestly hadn't dawned on me up until this point. I expected- I don't know what I expected. All I know is that this is the best course of action that we've got at the moment.

STANLEY

I agree.

WESLEY

Well, I, for one, do not agree. Who says I even want my bloody soul back? The only thing it ever did for me was cause guilt and suppress my honesty. I've found that I can live without it quite readily.

ANGEL

(sternly)

It's isn't open for discussion.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Angel heads towards the office door, and we cut out to:

8 INT. HYPERION - LOBBY

8

Spike is still standing in the middle of the slayers, rehearsing his exaggerated tale.

SPIKE

So I could feel the flesh burning  
away from the bone and all the  
while, I could only think about one  
thing...

GABRIELLE

Buffy?

Spike starts to open his mouth, but quickly stops and takes in his surroundings - the girls have moved on. Spike exhales and turns back to them.

SPIKE

Damn right! My life is quite  
literally being ripped away from  
me, but it's of little concern when  
you're trying to save the woman you  
love.

(beat)

That's what being a champion is all  
about.

The girls let out another collective 'awww' over Spike's story as he smiles and nods along.

SPIKE (cont'd)

(beat)

Okay, who wants to hear about how  
Angel used to live in the alleys  
and dine on rats?

Across the room, the front door to the hotel swiftly swings open, but all we catch are an expensive pair of shoes walking across the lobby floor.

SPIKE (cont'd)

(suspicious)

Wait a tick. I know that bloke.

Off of Spike's pondering expression, we cut to:

9 INT. HYPERION - ANGEL'S OFFICE

9

Wes is still standing angrily at the front of Angel's desk.

WESLEY

And I don't give a damn. It's my  
soul!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WESLEY(cont'd)

If I want to leave the thing  
floating pointlessly throughout a  
dark oblivion, then, by God, that's  
where it will stay!

ANGEL

I'm not convinced.

STANLEY

Me either.

Angel stands up from his desk and turns around to grab his coat.

ANGEL

Come on, Wes. Let's go get your  
soul back.

ROGER (O.S)

Yes.

(beat)

Let's.

Angel and Stanley whip around to see ROGER WYNDHAM-PRYCE standing in the doorway.

Wes straightens, a wry grin crossing his face as he recognises the owner of the voice.

WESLEY

(back still turned)

Hello, Father.

As Angel and Stanley exchange a curious glance, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT ONE**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

**10** INT. HYPERION - ANGEL'S OFFICE - NIGHT **10**

Back on scene, just as Roger makes his entrance.

STANLEY  
(surprised)  
Mr. Wyndham-Pryce, what are you  
doing here?

ROGER  
I got word of your diagnosis back  
in England. I thought I would come  
to... supervise the situation. It  
is, after all, pertaining to my  
son, is it not?

STANLEY  
Yes, sir. Of course. I just-

ANGEL  
(panic)  
Spike!

Everyone quickly turns around to see Spike nearly half way  
through the swing of his AXE, aiming directly at Roger's  
neck.

Spike stops himself just before connecting.

SPIKE  
What?! Have you been bartering  
deals to change people's memories  
again? He's a bloody robot!

Roger turns around to stare grimly at Spike.

ROGER  
That is the second time that this  
animal has tried to take my life.  
We met back in-

SPIKE  
1963. You see, the damn thing is  
skipping like a broken record as we  
speak!

ANGEL  
I'm sorry about the near death  
experience, Mr. Wyndham-Pryce, but  
there was an... incident last year.

ROGER  
I'm aware of The Council's efforts  
to retrieve the Staff of Devasin.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROGER(cont'd)

Cyborgs of great likeness, if I'm not mistaken.

ANGEL

You're not. And they were really convincing.

ROGER

So I've heard.

(beat)

So much so that Wesley shot my imposter eight times in the chest.

ANGEL

That was-

Wesley finally turns around.

WESLEY

(sincerely)

I had thought it was you.

ROGER

Yes. Of that, I'm certain. The Council was wary of sending me into 'the belly of the beast,' so to speak. That is the only reason that I was not there in person and that I'm here today.

WESLEY

Think of it as trying to allow retribution for the years of torment that I experienced, because of your inability to show affection.

ROGER

(taken aback)

I-

SPIKE

I really do hate to break up the lovely family reunion that will, no doubt, end in bloodshed...

(to Roger)

... but we're going to need proof.

ROGER

(puzzled)

I beg your pardon?

SPIKE

Lift up your shirt, Gramps.

Roger looks angrily over to Angel and Wesley.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WESLEY

(laughing)

You best do as they say, Father.  
They are, like you said, animals.

ANGEL

I'm sorry, but Spike does have a  
point. We spent an entire day with  
you before and never knew the  
difference.

ROGER

(annoyed)

For goodness' sake... you're  
vampires, do I not let off a scent?

ANGEL

Yes.

(beat)

But then again, so did the robot.

ROGER

(lifting up his shirt)

I have never heard of anything so  
utterly ridiculous in my entire  
life. This is no way to run a  
business! In my day-

(beat)

Do you mind?

Roger looks down to Spike who is poking his side and back  
with his finger.

SPIKE

(matter of fact)

The robots had a removable spot of  
skin. Also had a bomb in its  
stomach.

(beat; to Angel)

I think the old geezer is clean,  
though.

Roger glares at Spike.

ANGEL

(thinking)

Okay. I guess, if you want to  
accompany us...

ROGER

Of course, I do. Anything to get my  
Wesley back to normal.

WESLEY

Oh, bugger off, you lie infested,  
old man.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

WESLEY(cont'd)

Sending in my best friend to do me in was a failure so The Council had no choice but to send my father, even if the man has a history of not giving a damn about me!

ROGER

Now listen here, boy-

WESLEY

(interrupts)

You know what? I think I'll pass this time.

(beat)

I spent years. Actually, I've spent my entire life in a state of oppression because all that I ever wanted was to please you.

(beat)

That, however, changed the day that I died. That hell dimension was the greatest thing that ever happened to me. It opened my eyes to the fact that my father detests me... only because he sees part of himself in me. Let's not kid ourselves, Father. Your achievements with The Council go almost unrivaled, but that's where your immaculate forthcoming ends, isn't it?

(beat)

A bastard son raised by his mother, because Father was off chasing ghosts and drinking when he was home to dull the pain of the things that he had seen and friends that he lost. I suppose that you're not to blame for the consequences of your job, but neither am I!

Roger seems almost speechless, but only momentarily.

ROGER

Are you quite finished?

WESLEY

I suppose that I am.

ROGER

Good. Then let's get going.

Roger walks out of the office, leaving the others exchanging curious looks before:

ANGEL

Well, you heard the man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

The others walk from the office too.

11 INT. HYPERION - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

11

Angel takes a look around the lobby as everyone is gathered around, waiting for orders.

ANGEL  
(to Stanley)  
Should I?

STANLEY  
(arrogantly)  
By all means.

ANGEL  
Here's the plan. We're going to go see a guy about a soul. We're going to need all the muscle that we can get, but that looks to be the least of our problems. Taylor, Spike, Connor, Illyria, the slayers, and I are going to find a shaman.  
(beat)  
Nina...

Nina blinks, looking almost shocked that Angel is including her in a plan.

ANGEL (cont'd)  
... I need you to take Skye and Sonia. There are a few items that we're going to need before we can start.

SKYE  
(offended)  
So you're sending us to the grocery store?!

ANGEL  
(beat)  
Not exactly.

Skye raises an eyebrow, and we cut to:

12 EXT. WOODED AREA

12

The girls are treading through a dense wooded area, stepping lightly through the mud and cautiously watching their surroundings.

SKYE  
I can't believe this!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SONIA

I know.

(mocking Angel)

'I'm going to take everyone in Southern California on this mission... except you three, of course.'

(beat)

What the hell is he thinking?

NINA

It isn't that bad.

SKYE

Nina, here's your boyfriend and you're loyal. We get it, but right now, the boyfriends... not number one the list of people that we're liking.

NINA

No, it's just-

(beat)

God, you guys are right! Why couldn't he have sent some of their new 'friends' into the only vast wooded area within a thousand miles?

SONIA

I'll tell you why... because they're having fun playing hero! They've found someone who is easily impressed by petty things like saving the world.

(beat)

Twelve 'someones' to be exact.

SKYE

Seriously, who here hasn't saved the world on at least one occasion?

NINA

(raises hand)

I haven't.

SONIA

Nope.

SKYE

Yeah, me neither.

(beat)

That's hardly the point, though.

SONIA

I know!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The girls carry on walking as we cut away to:

13

INT. SHAMAN'S HOME

13

In the center of an extremely large, circular room, a man is knelt down, meditating. He wears a concealing cloak, almost identical to the shaman from 'Long Day's Journey'.

For several moments, he sits in silence until the door FLIES open, SLAMMING hard against the wall.

Angel walks valiantly through the door, followed only by Spike as he stays knelt down, unaffected by the disturbance.

ANGEL

We didn't catch you at a bad time,  
did we?

The shaman finally looks up from his meditating.

SHAMAN

(calm)

Not at all. I've been expecting  
you.

ANGEL

Good. Then you know why we're here.

SHAMAN

I do.

ANGEL

See, I told you he wasn't a  
crackerjack sorcerer.

SPIKE

(sarcastic)

Yeah. I'm very impressed.

SHAMAN

What you ask, however, is  
impossible.

ANGEL

See, that's where we differ. I'm a  
glass half full kind of guy.  
Anything's possible if you put your  
mind to it.

SPIKE

Or if we put our foot to your arse!

(beat; off look)

Was that uncalled for?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHAMAN

(arrogantly)

Your violence will get you nowhere here.

(beat)

Even if I wanted to offer my help, which I don't, your friend's soul is lost in an alternate dimension.

ANGEL

He didn't lose his soul there. He lost it after we brought him back.

SPIKE

Where's your omnipotence now, you ponce?

SHAMAN

(ignoring Spike)

It is of no consequence. The feeble machine you chose only acted as a catalyst for the physical process. His soul was long gone before you ever launched your rescue mission into Paradyse.

ANGEL

(beat; to Spike)

You said something about violence?

With that, the others file into the room, leaving almost twenty people staring on at the shaman.

SHAMAN

I was wondering how long you would wait to play that card.

ANGEL

What can I say? I like to make a dramatic entrance.

SHAMAN

As do I.

The shaman purposefully closes his eyes for a moment and when he opens them, an ARMY of demons are standing behind him. Angel hesitates.

ANGEL

I really should have seen that coming...

As the two small armies stare each other down, we cut to:

14 EXT. WOODED AREA

14

The girls are huddled around a spot of land, staring at something on the ground.

SKYE

You think that's one of them?

NINA

It's got to be.

SONIA

(adamantly)

I am not touching that.

(beat; whining)

How did they get one last time?

NINA

I think Wesley got it.

SKYE

It's his soul! He should be the one out here digging through that!

NINA

Look, we've got to get it one way or another. It's either crucial to the spell, or they're playing one hell of a tasteless joke on us. Either way, it's got to happen.

SONIA

Well, I'm not touching it.

SKYE

Yeah, you said that already.

SONIA

Excuse me if sticking my hand in feces isn't how I had planned on spending my Friday night!

On the ground is a pile of cow crap with a group of colored mushroom sticking out through the top of it.

SONIA (cont'd)

This has got to be a joke! Why would they need a crap covered mushroom?!

NINA

It's supposed to be part of the hallucinogenic process to get the mind racing or... I don't know. A different shaman did the same thing for Angel, but it was way before my time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SONIA

There's got to be a diplomatic way to solve this.

SKYE

There is... Nina can pick.

SONIA

(surprised)

What?

SKYE

She has seniority. She's been with Angel since before Wolfram and Hart did the whole 'hell on earth' ordeal and that's gotta count for something, right? Plus, she's older than us.

(to Nina)

No offense.

SONIA

Fine.

(to Nina)

But don't you dare pick me. I never even picked up the crap after the family poodle, and I'll be damned if I'm digging through the excrement of what is probably the only cow in California!

With a brief hesitation and a sigh, Nina kneels down to the ground and sticks her hand into the pile, getting an elongated 'eww' from the girls.

Nina holds the group of mushrooms out to her side.

NINA

(grossed out)

I'm going to kill him for this...

Off of Nina's sickened expression, we cut to:

15

INT. SHAMAN'S HOME

15

An incandescent light shines brilliantly across the room as we fade back into what is left of the battle. Demon bodies lie scattered across the floor as our large group of heroes stand valiantly in the center of the room.

Taylor, who has been standing perfectly still, eyes closed, finally comes back to life, opening his eyes and smiling at the fruit of his labor.

ANGEL

Impressive.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAYLOR

Thank you.

SPIKE

Don't let it go to your head, Sally. I could have taken on a dozen or so more if you hadn't worked your last minute mojo. This was supposed to be a fight, not a light show!

TAYLOR

(smiling)

And people say that you're unappreciative.

ANGEL

(to shaman)

Now, about that soul.

SHAMAN

(to Taylor)

Your powers are impressive, indeed, but they're not enough.

(laughing)

You just don't understand the world of metaphysics, do you? This curse-

The Shaman SCREAMS in pain as a dagger flies into his shoulder.

Angel glares at Spike with disdain.

SPIKE

(apathetically)

You would have gotten around to it eventually. I'm just saving us some time.

The Shaman pulls the knife from his shoulder with a GASP.

SHAMAN

(laughing uneasily)

Your efforts are futile. I am unbreakable.

Spike's eyes brighten up as the Shaman makes his proclamation. He quickly looks to Angel, begging for a chance with his look.

ANGEL

(sighing)

Fine.

Spike smiles sadistically as we cut to:

16 INT. WOLFRAM &amp; HART - KEEPER'S OFFICE

16

The newly transferred office is still greatly void of furniture. The desk that had been SHATTERED has since been replaced, but lies empty.

For several seconds, the room stands empty until THE KEEPER walks into view from the corner of the room, pacing back and forth. His rapid pacing continues until HOLLAND MANNERS appears before him.

MANNERS

You called?

THE KEEPER

The time draws near.

MANNERS

It does, indeed.

(smiling)

We mustn't let our impatience get the best of us, however. All things come to those who wait... or so I've been told.

THE KEEPER

My borrowed powers are already fading.

MANNERS

Yes. It's an unfortunate, but not unexpected side effect of the subject.

(beat)

Things should start looking up shortly, however. The plan is moving into its final phases and you'll get what you need to reign victorious.

(beat)

Once we get our hands on a fully... evolved slayer, that little problem should clear right up.

(beat)

Have faith in the senior partners' plans. This issue is well within the vast sphere of their control.

Off of Manners' smile, we:

**BLACK OUT:****END OF ACT TWO**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

17 INT. SHAMAN'S HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT

17

We slowly sweep across the hallway as we peek into the shaman's room to see everyone standing in the back, talking as Spike works on convincing the shaman.

On the other side of the door, Wes and his father are standing alone in the hallway as we hear SCREAMS filter in from the other room.

ROGER

You made quite the scene back at the hotel, boy.

WESLEY

It was thirty-four years coming. If I would have known you were going to show, I would have made some notes to adhere to.

ROGER

And just who the hell are you to criticize my life, Wesley?

WESLEY

Your son.  
(beat)  
In some cultures that is deemed acceptable. And then again, in some cultures, it isn't necessary.

ROGER

What would you have had me done?! Dig ditches for a living just to appease you?

WESLEY

No, Father. I would have simply had you have faith in me for at least one venture in my lifetime.

ROGER

Funny you should mention Faith.

WESLEY

That was hardly my fault and you well know it. She was every bit as volatile as Dana Owens. She only wore a mask to conceal it.

ROGER

It's a little late now for you to be back stepping your way out of the situation, Wesley.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WESLEY

What advice would you have given me in dealing with Faith? Let's hear your divine pearl of wisdom.

ROGER

Follow protocol, for one thing!

WESLEY

My whole life has been protocol! One day after another, following in Father's footsteps - attend the Academy, get assigned to a Slayer, but nothing was ever good enough for you.

ROGER

You gave me little reason-

WESLEY

(furious)

I gave you every reason! I think that you secretly hoped that I would fail only to feel better about yourself. You couldn't stand to see me rise above the legacy that you left behind. And that... that is why I could never love you.

Roger goes uncharacteristically silent as Wes stares angrily at him.

A moment later, the girls round the corner, Nina leading the others.

NINA

(to Roger)

Are they ready to start?

Another SCREAM rings out, and Nina sighs.

NINA (cont'd)

Never mind...

We cut from the tense scene outside the shaman's home to:

18

INT. SHAMAN'S HOME - ROOM - CONTINUOUS

18

Nina, Skye, and Sonia walk into the populated room to find Spike still busy at work. The shaman's cloaked face has been revealed and is readily flowing blood as Spike PUNCHES him again.

SKYE

Get the items so Spike could kill the shaman and make our night pointless...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SKYE(cont'd)

I guess I didn't catch that part of the plan back at the hotel.

SPIKE

Just killing time till you arrived, luv. Got kind of bored without you.

SKYE

Yeah, right.

Spike smiles back at Skye before throwing another RIGHT HOOK that gets another SCREAM.

ANGEL

Did you get it?

NINA

Yes.

(quickly)

And if you ever send me shifting through crap again, me leaving you will be the least of your problems.

ANGEL

Uh... sorry?

NINA

(tetchy)

Just do the damn spell and let's get this over with!

ANGEL

We're trying.

(loudly)

Spike is just taking his sweet time!

SPIKE (O.S)

Oi! I don't see you over here doing any kind of leg work!

A moment later, Spike walks back into view.

SPIKE (cont'd)

It's useless. My knuckles are sore and he's not getting any more friendly.

ANGEL

Maybe he's got some kind of spell protecting him.

SPIKE

Either way, till you think of something better, we're screwed.

Angel's face goes cold, leaving Spike with a curious gaze.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANGEL

Spike!

Spike instinctively ducks to the ground, revealing the shaman running in his with a battle axe. Angel HURLS a dagger in his direction, landing perfectly between his eyes.

Spike turns around as the shaman PLOPS back upon the ground.

SPIKE

Some sort of spell, you say?

Illyria rushes into view.

ILLYRIA

You destroyed the only man that could help Wesley!

ANGEL

He was trying to kill Spike.

ILLYRIA

(staring at Spike)

It would have been an acceptable loss.

SPIKE

(offended)

Hey!

(to Angel)

You find something else you want, like averting an apocalypse or a new pair of shoes, you have my permission to trade her in!

TAYLOR

Guys?

Illyria and Spike both stop to look to Taylor.

TAYLOR (cont'd)

Unless you're both just hell bent on killing each other, I may have a solution to this.

SPIKE

What? Another light show?

TAYLOR

(beat)

Something like that.

We dissolve from Taylor's grin to:

19

INT. SHAMAN'S HOME - ROOM - LATER

19

The room stands quiet as everyone is gathered around Taylor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGEL  
(concerned)  
You're sure you can do this?

TAYLOR  
(beat)  
No.

A collective sigh fills the room.

TAYLOR (cont'd)  
But it looks like I'm the last  
qualified person that's breathing.

ANGEL  
Have you ever done anything like  
this before?

TAYLOR  
No. Re-ensouling people wasn't  
something that The Council had a  
big market for, but you guys know  
the basics of the spell. I'm  
powerful enough, I just have to  
test it out.

ANGEL  
(not enthused)  
On Wesley.

TAYLOR  
Unless you have another soulless  
test pilot laying around?

NINA  
(to Angel)  
Honey, it's the only option that we  
have.

ANGEL  
We don't even know if something  
like this is possible for him.

ROGER (O.S)  
It's entirely possible, vampire.  
Mr. Hammonds is utterly capable of  
such a spell.

Everyone turns to watch Roger walk into the room and stand  
alongside Taylor.

ROGER (cont'd)  
He was, after all, considered one  
of the best outside sources of  
conjuring that The Council had at  
its disposal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TAYLOR  
(surprised)  
One of the best? Really?

SPIKE  
(rolling his eyes)  
Oh, Jesus.

ANGEL  
So he can pull this off?

ROGER  
If he isn't too rusty. The way the story has been told to me, he went soft for a number of years.

Taylor stares angrily at Roger for a moment.

ROGER (cont'd)  
But if he feels confident, there's no need for us all to stand around a corpse laden room with no purpose. We should begin.

TAYLOR  
I'm not really that positive about the spell...

ROGER  
Not to worry. I'm fully aware of the ritual.  
(beat)  
As is Wesley. He did the majority of the work to take...  
(motioning to Angel)  
... this creature's soul, if I'm not mistaken. Same process.

Roger looks to the door.

ROGER (cont'd)  
Could someone-

SPIKE  
(quickly)  
On it!

Spike hurries from the room and moments later, we hear a THWOP, followed by:

WESLEY (O.S)  
(angrily)  
Ow! Fine. I'm going, you cretin!

Wes enters the room, followed by Spike as he looks apathetically at everyone in the room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

WESLEY (cont'd)  
I detest you all.

SPIKE  
(sincerely)  
Should I hit him again?

Off of Spike's sincere expression, we cut to:

20 INT. SHAMAN'S HOME - ROOM - LATER

20

Everyone is gathered around as Wesley is lying on a table, his arms and legs secured. Taylor, Roger, Angel, and Stanley are working on mixing the potion just across the room.

Illyria is standing over Wesley's head, trying not to appear happy in the least bit, but a soft smile is rising upon her lips.

WESLEY  
I don't know what you're smiling about. This isn't going to work. Best case scenario is that he kills me again, only this time you won't be able to locate my spirit so I can either get some rest or be tortured for eternity.

(beat)

And just so you know... if this little mission does so prove successful...

(beat)

I will always despise you for taking away the love of my life. Nothing will ever change that. No matter what I say and no matter what I do, the resentment will always be seeded within me, and you can never change that.

Illyria stares grimly at Wes for a moment before she turns and walks away, leaving Wes smiling on the table.

SPIKE  
(to Wes)  
I, for one, hope that it doesn't work. Beating the crap out of you when you're mouthy has been a toss of a time.

SKYE  
(elbowing him)  
Spike!

SPIKE  
What?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SKYE

That's an awful thing to say. Of course we want his soul back!

Spike drags her aside as the others watch.

SPIKE

(quietly)

You don't want him to know that! What if this doesn't work? Then he's going to hold this over your head, and it's all we're going to here about for bloody weeks!

SKYE

(shaking head)

I can't believe I was actually considering sleeping with you.

SPIKE

Wait, what? You're not going to-

SKYE

Not until you apologize to Wesley.

Skye walks back away from him.

SPIKE

(to himself)

You manipulative harlot.

Nina stands next to Taylor as he and Angel work on the potion.

NINA

What exactly is this going to do?

TAYLOR

As far as I've been told, it's going to force his mind into its own reality.

NINA

And then what?

ANGEL

And then he's got to fight for his life.

NINA

What?

ANGEL

He's going to have some sort of obstacle to overcome. If he overcomes it, he gets his soul.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANGEL(cont'd)

Kind of like when I bit Faith, but Wes had shot her full of that drug that left us both in my own memories.

NINA

What if he doesn't win?

ROGER

He dies.

ANGEL

(shocked)

He dies?!

ROGER

As Mr. Hammonds pointed out, his brain is forced into its own reality. If he dies in that reality, then he dies in ours.

We follow Taylor as he walks over to Wes with a bowl full of the potion, though it looks like an odd type of porridge as opposed to a potion.

He sits it down upon the table and stands over Wes' head.

WESLEY

(to Taylor)

In case I don't get another chance...

(beat)

I hope you die.

TAYLOR

Spike...

Spike walks over to the table and grabs Wes by the head, forcing his mouth open for a moment before he lets out a YELL, quickly pulls back, and PUNCHES Wes in the nose.

SPIKE

You biting bastard!

As Wes tries to shake off the punch, Spike grabs him by the face again, this time allowing enough time for Taylor to get the potion into his mouth.

Wes tries to spit it out, but Spike holds his mouth and nose closed until he is finally forced to swallow it.

After a moment, Wes slowly calms down a bit, seemingly relaxed by the potion.

NINA (O.S)

What kind of obstacle is he going to have to overcome?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ANGEL (O.S)

I don't know. It's different for each person. It's whatever his mind sees as his biggest challenge I suppose.

Taylor puts his hand on Wesley's forehead and it seems as though he's given up fighting. After a few moments, however:

21

INT. VAIL'S HOME

21

Wes SPRINGS up from the table with a renewed vigor. After getting to his feet, though, he becomes readily perplexed.

Not only does he have no restraints on his arms or legs, but he is in a familiar setting. Red sashes hang over the window of the scantily decorated room and a dining table stands eerily in the middle of the room.

As Wesley is taking it all in, he's interrupted by:

VOICE (O.S)

It's been some time, Mr. Wyndham-Pryce.

Wesley's head straightens up, immediately realizing who it is. He sighs, knowing what's in store.

WESLEY

Yes, I suppose it has.

As he turns around, Wesley sees CYRUS VAIL standing in the next room, his respirator still attached to his hideously red, decaying body. His piercing eyes stare arrogantly at Wes.

VAIL

I always knew you'd come back for more; ever since that dastard Old One smashed my face.

(beat)

You couldn't stand the fact that a dried up old man like me could defeat you.

WESLEY

Dying at the hands of one of the most powerful magicians this side of the Atlantic never really bothered me. It seemed quite suiting, actually.

(beat)

I'm only here because I was forced into it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VAIL

(wheezing)

Lucky me. A reluctant man won't put up much of a fight.

(laughing)

Not that you were a formidable opponent last time, of course.

WESLEY

Actually, I do plan on putting up a bit of a struggle, if you don't mind. I never really cared much for you and wouldn't mind watching you die, even if it is in my mind. It wasn't so much your being evil. We're all a bit evil. I think it was your arrogance that worked to piss me off.

VAIL

If it's alright with you, then I would like to start things off.

WESLEY

(invitingly)

By all means.

With that, Vail summons a great red FIREBALL the size of a bowling ball that he hurls at Wesley. Wesley DIVES out of the way, narrowly avoiding the magic.

VAIL

You're smarter than last time.

Without a quip, Wes jumps to his feet and grabs a sword that hangs on display from the wall and hurls it at Vail.

The sword, however, begins to SLOW a few feet before it reaches Vail until it all, but stops and comes to land easily in his right hand.

Vail smiles diabolically at Wes.

VAIL (cont'd)

(shrugging)

If you want a cat fight...

With that, Vail LEAPS into the air, SOARING across the room and lands a few feet in front of Wesley, valiantly swinging the sword about like a skilled warrior.

Wesley seems shocked by Vail's ability.

VAIL (cont'd)

You didn't think I had managed to live all these many years on sorcery alone did you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WESLEY

It was my general presumption.

Immediately after breathing the words, Wes grabs the other sword that had completed the display and goes into a SPINNING ATTACK.

Half way through the maneuver, Vail effortlessly does an impressive BACK FLIP, leaving Wesley to swing into nothing.

Vail stands smiling again as Wes regains his balance from the failed attack.

VAIL

Well then, let's see what you've got underneath the hood.

Vail breaks into a dead sprint, but not toward his opponent. Wes quickly turns in a defensive stance, but without realizing Vail's plan, is ill-prepared when he jumps against the wall, SPRINGING back into Wes' direction.

Unable to react in time, Wes tries to push his sword into Vail, but misses his target and Vail makes him pay as he slices through Wesley's left arm before he lands on the ground.

Wes nearly doubles over in pain as the blood starts GASHING from the deep cut as Vail arrogantly circles around him.

VAIL (cont'd)

Not very impressive, Mr. Wyndham-Pryce. Why even bother fighting if you're going to wither so easily?

(beat)

It's really a shame that Angel didn't kill you when he had the chance. It would have spared me the trouble of doing it twice.

Vail smiles, allowing Wes time to go on the offensive. He charges Vail, SWINGING furiously, but each attempt draws nothing.

Vail ducks, leaps, and even pulls out a back HANDSPRING as he easily avoids the whole of Wesley's moves. Upon landing from the handspring, he goes into another one, but instead of throwing himself back onto his feet, he THRUSTS his body forward, violently landing both feet to Wes' jaw.

Wesley leaves the ground for what seems like an eternity, SOARING helplessly through the air, but Vail isn't finished.

Upon hitting his feet back on the ground from his attack, Vail immediately pushes off the floor again and lands atop Wesley, quite literally before he hits the ground.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Wes lands extremely hard upon the ground, but before he can even begin to catch his breath from that, Vail comes down with a KNEE into his stomach and quickly jumps to his feet.

Vail begins circling Wes again as he lies on the floor GASPING for air.

VAIL (cont'd)

(smiling)

I wasn't born a sorcerer. I was born a demon in a hell dimension. There was no magic in that dimension. To survive the bigger and more powerful demons, we had to be smarter, faster, and stronger than all the others - something my species excelled at, in case you haven't noticed.

(beat)

Your species, however, is little more than a nuisance. You inhabited this world only because it was void of any kind of real power. All the old ones had long since gone, and you meekly inherited the earth.

Wes is finally able to get his first breath.

VAIL (cont'd)

It is a shame, however. I, above all others, saw the potential that you had to possess the greatest power that your species could harness; to become one of us, but you and your group of outcasts spat in our face.

(shrugging)

It happens. Betrayal is as inevitable in your species as death.

Without warning, Vail raises his sword and quickly SWINGS it at Wesley's head.

Timing it just right, Wes rolls to the side as the sword's impact with the hard wood floor releases a loud CLANG. He uses his elbow to take Vail's legs out from under him and send him to the floor.

Wes manages to get to his feet and hurriedly swings at Vail this time, but he is too late as Vail rolls across the floor.

VAIL (cont'd)

(impressed)

Showing signs of life.

(beat)

Best be careful.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4) VAIL(cont'd)

Someone might think you actually  
want that soul back.

Vail sprints toward Wes again, but this time, Wes uses the  
bright red, ball of magic that he had in their previous  
fight.

He flies across the room and CRASHES into the wall as  
splintered boards and sheetrock EXPLODE from within the wall.

Wes hurries over and looms above Vail.

WESLEY  
(arrogantly)  
I've decided that I'm going to kick  
your arse one way or another.

Wes THRUSTS the sword into Vail's heart, leaving the demon  
PANTING for breath.

WESLEY (cont'd)  
If getting my soul back is a nasty  
side effect... then so be it.

In one swift move, he pulls the sword from his heart and  
spins around with the blade, taking Vail's head and leaving  
it toppling to the ground.

Wes smiles and turns away. We watch him walk through the  
front doors as we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT THREE**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

**22** INT. SHAMAN'S HOME - ROOM - NIGHT**22**

Everyone is standing in the exact same positions that they were earlier - only seconds have passed.

Taylor slowly removes his hand from Wesley's forehead and stares at him for a moment.

SPIKE  
(to Taylor)  
You're not getting cold feet, are you?

TAYLOR  
It's done.

SPIKE  
(disbelief)  
It's done?!  
(beat)  
Did it work?

TAYLOR  
I don't know. I didn't get to watch what happened, but I felt something take over.

SPIKE  
Great. For all we know, that was the spirit of Hitler that just took over, and our old chap Wes is going to be on a plane for Israel with a really funny message for the Jews.

NINA  
How will we know?

TAYLOR  
I'm not... really sure. I've-

ROGER  
We'll know when he wakes up. If he's acting strangely, still... then we'll have no choice to put him out of his misery.

Everyone is staring at Roger with a look of indecency before:

WESLEY (O.S)  
(groggy)  
Nice to see you too, Father.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Everyone's head whips around to stare at Wes, barely conscious and looking to be almost fading back and forth between worlds.

ANGEL  
(excitedly)  
Wes, is that you?

WESLEY  
I believe so.

Angel smiles.

SPIKE  
Now hold on a minute, here. We've got to make certain that Percy is going to behave before we let him frolic about the West Coast.  
(beat)  
Okay. Do you harbor ill feelings toward any of us... well, except for me?

Wesley isn't paying attention to Spike, only staring at Illyria.

SPIKE (cont'd)  
Do you wish to take any of our lives... and once again, I'm excluded.

Spike notices his stare.

SPIKE (cont'd)  
What about Blue? Do you want to try and kill her because she took your girlfriend?

WESLEY  
(softly; to Illyria)  
I'm sorry.

Illyria actually looks overtaken by emotion, but quickly covers up the smile.

SPIKE  
Oh... well, that's definitely something new.

ANGEL  
(sighing)  
Let him up, Spike.

SPIKE  
Fine. But if he starts massacring the Jews, let's remember who tried to play Stalin here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Spike undoes his restraints and helps Wesley to set up.

SPIKE (cont'd)  
(suspicious)  
That really you?

WESLEY  
(smiling)  
You'll have to wait and see.

Angel comes over and helps Wesley to his feet.

ANGEL  
It's great to have you back...  
(beat; smiling)  
... again.

WESLEY  
Aside from the odd sensation of  
vibrant colors flowing through the  
room, it feels great to be back,  
again.

Angel helps him begin to walk across the room.

ANGEL  
(happily)  
Let's go home.

Everyone slowly begins to follow them out of the room as  
Illyria stares on at Wesley, letting a small smile creep out  
when she thinks no one is looking.

SPIKE  
I knew you wanted to shag the head  
boy!

ILLYRIA  
Watch your tone with me, vampire. I  
will-

SPIKE  
Tear out my heart, shove it down my  
throat... yada, yada. Stop being so  
uptight, Blue. Your boyfriend's  
back and ripe for the shagging. You  
should be following closely behind  
before one of those lovely slayers  
scoop him up from under your very  
snout.

Illyria only glares at Spike as she begins to follow the  
others.

TAYLOR (O.S)  
She's going to kill you one day.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SPIKE

Well, if I was going to have anyone do me in... I would want for it to be one of us.

(beat)

Better than some sucker punching sod on the street, innit?

TAYLOR

You know, for the first time ever, I think I agree with you.

SPIKE

I knew you'd come around to your senses eventually.

(beat)

Some people are just slow, that's all.

TAYLOR

Don't expect it to be a trend.

SPIKE

(smiling)

We'll just wait and see.

Spike turns to walk away, but stops himself short.

SPIKE (cont'd)

You know, for what's it's worth...

(beat)

... you did a good thing today.

TAYLOR

(suspicious)

What?

SPIKE

What you did with Wes, it was... good.

TAYLOR

(sly)

What are you trying to say, Spike?

SPIKE

(sighs)

Lord, forgive me for saying this, but... good job.

(beat)

Mate.

TAYLOR

(smirks)

Did you just congratulate me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

SPIKE

Don't push it! And don't you dare tell anyone I said that, neither, or I'll make your eyeballs into bloody car ornaments!

Spike turns to walk away.

SPIKE (cont'd)

(mutters)

Wanker.

TAYLOR

I heard that!

Spike turns and flips Taylor the finger, and the two men share a smile before Spike turns and exits the room this time.

Taylor sits alone on the table, looking around the trashed room as he breaks into a smile and shakes his head, before we cut to:

23

INT. HYPERION - ANGEL'S OFFICE - LATER

23

Wesley sits in Angel's chair with Angel on the other side of the desk.

ANGEL

It's all in the past. I tried to kill you all on multiple occasions and I beat the living crap out of you when I was Angelus.

(beat; smiling)

Let's just call it even.

WESLEY

Deal.

(beat; uneasily)

Angel, about the things I said before... about Cordelia. I'm-

ANGEL

(snapping)

Let's...

(beat; deep breath)

... just leave it at that.

(beat)

At us being even.

WESLEY

Of course.

A quick knock at the door precedes:

ROGER

Wesley?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Roger pokes his head in through the door.

ANGEL  
(standing up)  
Oh, Mr. Wyndham-Pryce. Come in.  
I've got to go and... do a thing  
about.. a thing.

Roger stares at him strangely.

ANGEL (cont'd)  
(beat; thinking)  
So I'll let you two catch up.

ROGER  
(halfhearted)  
Yes, thank you.

Angel leaves the office as Roger stands behind the chair. Wes almost eyes the floor, not really knowing what to say to his father.

ROGER (cont'd)  
(reluctant)  
So... Stanley and I will be leaving  
in a few minutes.

WESLEY  
Back to England already?

ROGER  
God, yes! You couldn't get me to  
stay in this godforsaken country  
any longer than necessary.  
Personally, I don't know how you  
stand it!

WESLEY  
(beat)  
Father, about the god awful things  
I said to you earlier. I was-

ROGER  
Entirely right.

WESLEY  
(shocked)  
What?

ROGER  
(beat; sighs)  
I'm aware that I wasn't always  
there for you, boy. Hell, who am I  
kidding? I was never there for you.  
Work, well... you know work,  
obviously.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Wes actually almost cracks a smile.

ROGER (cont'd)  
I only pushed you so hard because I wanted you to succeed where I had failed.

WESLEY  
(confused)  
But you never failed with the council.

ROGER  
I'm talking about at home.  
(beat)  
I thought that if I could push you to be the greatest watcher there had ever been, that your life could be more simple. That you could easily manage two separate lives whereas... I could not.  
(beat)  
When you made head boy, a father could not have been more proud.

Wes can't help but smile at that.

ROGER (cont'd)  
And that pride has continued on through the rest of my life. There was that... incident with Faith.

Wes' smile quickly fades.

ROGER (cont'd)  
And while the matter could have been handled more eloquently, I don't see how anyone could have done anything more with her. The girl was sick, Wesley, and none of us could have helped her at that time in her life. And while you surround yourself with demons for friends, in what seems to be only a ploy to only spite me, you've done well for yourself, and those demons obviously care about you.  
(beat)  
Although, it could be that you're to be their blood sacrifice, lord knows.  
(beat; off look)  
So all I'm trying to say...  
(sighing)  
... is that I love you, son.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Another smile creeps across Wes' face, but this one is more warm and genuine than Wes has ever managed.

ROGER (cont'd)  
Now let's not get all emotional and  
make more of this than it is!

WESLEY  
Of course not.

ROGER  
I know that these Americans pride  
themselves on their talk shows and  
sharing their feelings, but I'll be  
damned if I'm going to begin  
spewing from the mouth any more so  
than I've already done.

WESLEY  
I understand.

The father and son share a quick smile.

ROGER  
Well then I best be on my way. We  
don't want to be late for our  
flight and Stanley packs like a  
woman.

Roger turns and starts to walk toward the door before:

WESLEY  
Father?

Roger turns around.

WESLEY (cont'd)  
(smiling)  
I love you too.

ROGER  
Call your mother. She's been  
worried sick about you.

WESLEY  
Yes, sir.

Roger walks from the room as he looks down at the desk, an unfamiliar, happy smile crossing over his face as we cut to:

24 INT. HYPERION - WESLEY'S ROOM - LATE NIGHT

24

Wes is laying in complete darkness, staring at the ungodly amount of writing on the walls, seeming far from asleep.

The door CREAKS open and stands empty for a moment before Illyria almost reluctantly walks into the room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WESLEY

(smiling)

I was wondering when you would come around.

(beat)

I hadn't seen you since the shaman's home.

ILLYRIA

I have been busy.

WESLEY

Hiding from me?

ILLYRIA

(defensive)

I hide from nothing!

WESLEY

It was more metaphorical than anything.

Illyria cocks her head to the side and stares at him for a moment.

ILLYRIA

Is it truly you?

WESLEY

Can't you see my soul?

ILLYRIA

It could be fabricated.

WESLEY

(smiling)

I'm too tired to fabricate anything, your majesty.

(beat; sighs)

It seems like I've been saying this all day, but what I said before...

ILLYRIA

(quickly)

You meant!

WESLEY

No. I didn't.

ILLYRIA

You still wish for her to be here in my place.

WESLEY

(almost reluctantly)

It wasn't your fault that you took Fred.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WESLEY(cont'd)

It's taken my dying, losing and regaining my soul, and a number of dishonorable things in between for me to come to terms with the fact, but... the fault was our own. It wasn't destiny that you would choose her. It was an array of decisions that led to Fred being in the Wolfram and Hart laboratory that day.

(beat)

Not that your killing any other person to ascend back into our world would be commendable, but I just want to say that I no longer blame you.

Illyria stares at Wes - finding herself without words for the first time. She slowly walks over to his bed and sits down on the corner of it.

ILLYRIA

You should not be alone your first night back in our world.

WESLEY

(smiles)

No, I suppose that I should not.

We watch them for several moments, sitting peacefully in an understood state of silence, before we slowly:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF SHOW**