

ANGEL

"Backseat Driver"

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&

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TEASER

BLACK

WHISTLER (V.O.)

Open your eyes, champ. You won't
want to miss this.

1 EXT. OPEN PLAINS - NIGHT 1

ECU of ANGEL's eyes as they snap open.

Angel's lying on his back in the middle of a field of some sort, the ground beneath him churned to mulch. Dim, muffled sounds of BATTLE wash over him.

Angel cautiously stands back up - and sees that the world around him has been reduced to CHAOS. Rivers of blood, mountains of fire, crimson skies and demons - thousands and thousands of demons.

They HOWL with unearthly glee as they swarm towards us, but leading them are four tall WARRIORS, mounted on horseback.

The sea of demons parts to let them through, and Angel starts to back up as they gallop towards him, not slowing down for a second.

The first horseman is almost upon us, and he raises his flaming sword high in the air, his black-furred, red-eyed horse rearing back on its legs and letting out a piercing SCREECH.

Angel clamps his hands over his ears, and as the first wave of demons start to pour over the rocks and rubble underfoot, the horseman SLICES down with his sword:

2 INT. DARKENED ROOM - TWILIGHT 2

Back in the room ANGEL has made for himself, as the vampire CRASHES into frame, reeling from something as he SHIVERS.

A pair of loafers step into frame, and WHISTLER kneels down into frame, looking down on the shaking form of Angel.

WHISTLER

Yeah, I know. It's a lot to take in
all at once. Messy business,
throwing out a full strength vision
like that. You're lucky your head
didn't just pop like a firework!

He waits, but Angel is clearly too traumatised by whatever he just saw to respond, so Whistler stands again.

(CONTINUED)

WHISTLER (cont'd)

I knew that was too much for you.
Maybe I ought to leave you to-

ANGEL

No...

Angel pushes himself upright, burying his face in his hands for a beat as Whistler looks round the dilapidated room again - dripping puddles of murky water and single source of light all in place.

ANGEL (cont'd)

What... when did you come back?

WHISTLER

Just now.

ANGEL

I thought you were gone...

WHISTLER

I was. But there's still some things you need to know, and while you're stuck here the Powers decided to do what they can to help you be more prepared.

Whistler offers Angel a hand, pulling him to his feet.

ANGEL

What do you mean, 'while I'm stuck here'?

WHISTLER

(beat; quickly)
So, want to know what you just got a flash of?

ANGEL

(narrows eyes)
Okay. Surprise me.

WHISTLER

The End, Angel. That's what's coming for you. That's what you've got to face when all the pieces are in place and the endgame begins.

(beat)
Do you think you're ready?

Angel looks away, not sure how to process what he just experienced, and as Whistler watches him, we cut to:

ANGEL

I need to see it all.

WHISTLER

Woah there, tough guy. I mean, not that I don't respect you saying that after the jolt you just took, but I don't want to blow the back of your metaphorical head out by feeding you too much at once. Could blow the back of your actual head out, for one thing.

Angel quickly stands, turning on Whistler and not looking like he's about to negotiate.

ANGEL

Show me everything. Now.

WHISTLER

(sighs)

Alright. On your own hopefully not exploding head be it.

Whistler reaches his hands out and presses them to either side of Angel's head, and as a white FLASH illuminate the room and Angel grimaces in pain, we cut to:

3 INT. MESSY APARTMENT - KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - DAY 3

We're looking in on a pretty scruffy apartment, panning across a sink filled with unwashed dishes, piles of clothes heaped by the silent washing machine, and across a living room space full of discarded plates, empty takeaway cartons and more scattered clothes.

4 INT. MESSY APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 4

Moving through and into the bedroom, we track across several piles of paper, files, binders and folders covering the threadbare carpet, before we scroll up to the bed to see KIRSTEN, the former Wolfram & Hart secretary now a far cry from her old, well groomed self.

Kirsten's hair is a mess, she's wearing no makeup and she looks like she hasn't slept properly for a long time.

She's surrounded by more papers and folders as she sits cross-legged on the bed, cross-referencing and checking things against a swathe of notes in her lap.

There's a KNOCK at the door, and Kirsten's head whips round, instantly alert.

She reaches across to the bedside cabinet, opens a drawer and after a bit of searching retrieves a HANDGUN. She checks that it's loaded, then carefully stands.

5 INT. MESSY APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NEXT

5

Kirsten silently pads towards the door, her gun raised and ready. She pauses a few steps away from the door.

KIRSTEN

Who is it?

LINDSEY (O.S.)

(through door)

Lindsey McDonald, Wolfram and Hart.

A beat as Kirsten registers this, before she steps closer to the door. Keeping the chain on the latch and her gun in the other hand, she unlocks and opens the door a notch.

Lindsey, smartly dressed and groomed, nods and smiles back at her as she peeks out from behind the door.

LINDSEY (cont'd)

Kirsten Walsh?

KIRSTEN

Maybe. Who wants to know?

LINDSEY

I have a business proposition for you, Miss Walsh. May I come in?

Kirsten stares hesitantly at him for a beat, then nods and pushes the door closed. We hear the chain being unhooked before she opens the door fully. Lindsey respectfully stays outside, a briefcase in his hand.

KIRSTEN

What do you want?

LINDSEY

Hadn't I better come inside if we're going to be talking business?

Kirsten sighs, then steps away so Lindsey can walk into the apartment. She puts the gun down on a table by the door before closing it and following him, and we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

6

INT. MESSY APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NEXT

6

Lindsey waits for Kirsten to head back into her room before he steps inside. She takes her place back on the bed, nestled in amongst the papers, as Lindsey scoops to pick some up.

LINDSEY

Keeping busy?

KIRSTEN

Got to do something with myself since you guys fired me.

LINDSEY

An unfortunate oversight. I'm here to make you a mutually beneficial better off-

KIRSTEN

(interrupts)

Cut the executive speak, Lindsey. Just say what you've been told to and go, I'm sure Mr. Manners has other places for you to be today.

(off his look)

Yes, I know all about how you came back. I know we fed everyone the cover story that you'd been transferred, but I was in on some parts of the plan to bring you back. I know what's going on.

LINDSEY

(grins)

Good. Saves me a hell of a lot of effort.

Lindsey drops his briefcase on the bed and opens it, handing a set of glossy photos inside to Kirsten.

KIRSTEN

(flicking through)

What's all this?

LINDSEY

Your new assignment. Wolfram and Hart are willing to reinstate you immediately, if you do us a little favour first.

KIRSTEN

(suspicious)

And what would that 'favour' be?

(CONTINUED)

LINDSEY

(beat)

Before I tell you, I just want to stress that I'm here under strict orders. Holland asked me to contact you personally, because he feels you have the best chance of infiltrating the objective and carrying out your mission.

We see that the photos are of the Hyperion, with shots of Wesley and Sonia moving in and out, along with several UTF members.

KIRSTEN

You want to break into Angel's hotel? I thought they'd moved out of there?

LINDSEY

A lot's changed in the last six months. Wesley's been busy doing some redecorating while Angel's still incapacitated, and it looks like he's running the store while his boss takes a little paid vacation. We want you to go over there, ask for sanctuary and get inside the building.

KIRSTEN

How am I supposed to do that? They know I was working for James, they're not going to trust me!

LINDSEY

Probably not. At first. You need to tell them that there may be something they can do to help Angel, to bring him out of his catatonia.

Lindsey hands Kirsten a wad of paper, officially stamped Wolfram & Hart documents.

LINDSEY (cont'd)

You can claim you stole these from our offices, use them as evidence to support your claim. Then, when you've got them all working on it, you can carry out your mission.

KIRSTEN

Which is?

LINDSEY

You're going to find Angel, and
then you're going to kill him.

Kirsten blinks, not knowing how to react.

KIRSTEN

Excuse me?

LINDSEY

He's vulnerable. Helpless. It's the
only chance we'll get to take him
out clean and simple.

KIRSTEN

Holland would never-

LINDSEY

Did I forget to mention the part
where I said I'm here on Holland's
orders? And, on a personal level,
you can finally get some payback on
the man who killed your boyfriend.

Kirsten stares back, then looks down at the photos. We push
in on Lindsey's face as she does so, and the smug grin
creeping across his face tells us that he's lying through his
teeth to her - and she just bought it.

WES walks across the foyer, the loud sounds of construction
work filling the hotel lobby. He's checking through a
flipchart of reports, and glances to his left to see a pair
of UTF recruits installing a new part of the Hyperion's
increased security systems - CCTV cameras, monitoring the
whole floor.

The whole place looks back to its former glory - there's no
sign of the damage incurred when the Keeper's forces invaded.

He looks back at the reports and walks on, almost bumping
straight into SPIKE and SONIA.

SPIKE

Easy there, Percy!

They're both tooled up and ready for a fight, if the weapons
in their hands are anything to go by.

WES

Where are you two going?

SONIA

Vortech demons. Got a nest of them over in Culver City, we're taking a ride out there to check it out.

WES

Whose 'ride'?

Spike dangles a pair of car keys in front of Wes.

SPIKE

Angel's, actually. Not like he's using it now, is it? While he's tucked up back in his old bed and all.

WES

Spike, we've moved our operation back to the Hyperion to aid Angel's recovery, not to give you free reign to use all of his equipment while he's still out of action!

SPIKE

I'm not using all of his equipment! Just his Mustang.

WES

(beat; sighs)

Alright. Just remember to check in every few hours, like we've been doing recently.

Spike rolls his eyes and throws Wesley a mock salute.

SPIKE

Yes, sarge.

WES

Don't you need a little backup? The shifts are about to change over, I'm sure I could find-

SONIA

(quickly)

We'll be fine. Come on, Spike.

She takes his arm and starts to drag him away, and Spike shrugs to Wesley - what can you do? Wes watches them go before turning and heading up the stairs.

Wes' neatly kept room is in darkness, the thick curtains drawn closed, as the door opens and Wes steps in, still engrossed in his charts.

He reaches for the lights, pausing when a voice speaks to him from somewhere in the room.

ILLYRIA (O.S.)

No... leave the room in darkness.

Wes peers towards the bed - and sitting up in it is ILLYRIA. Her long, blue and auburn hair is trailing around her, the bedsheets pulled up tightly round her.

Wes drops the chart on a chest of drawers nearby and walks towards the curtains, starting to open them but then stopping, turning and looking at Illyria.

WES

Does the light bother you?

ILLYRIA

I... I just wish there to be no light for now.

Wes nods, stepping away from the curtains and over to the bed. He looks down at Illyria, who shuffles to the left a little to give him chance to sit down. Wes settles down next to her.

WES

The new camera network is almost installed, and then I think we've covered every angle security wise with this place.

Wes hasn't noticed Illyria staring intensely at him.

WES (cont'd)

Still nothing new with Angel, either. I was hoping the familiar environment would trigger some sort of response, but there's been no change in his condition. We're going to have to start trying more aggressive forms of-

Wes is cut off as Illyria suddenly leans over and KISSES him - and as Wes starts to return the kiss, the little light we have shows us that Illyria is now in Fred Mode. They break away, and Fred giggles innocently at him.

FRED

You talk too much sometimes. All a girl wants is a little quiet time with her man, you know?

Wes stares back at her - then a smile breaks out across his face. He clearly doesn't want to break the illusion at the moment.

WES

It's been a busy day.

FRED

Kinda stressful?

WES

Oh, very.

FRED

(suggestive)

So... can I see what I can do to relax you?

WES

By all means.

Fred leans across and KISSES him again, and as their clinch quickly becomes more passionate, we cut to:

Driving along in Angel's convertible, the top down and loud, bouncy punk courtesy of The Ramones blasting out through the stereo, Spike clearly looks like he's enjoying himself, but Sonia is staring blankly out across the world as it flies by.

Spike finally notices her distant expression and turns the radio down, nudging her to get her attention.

SONIA

(turns)

Hmm?

SPIKE

Earth to Sonia? You haven't said a word since you left the hotel, chicken! You seemed like you were in a hurry to get out, so I thought maybe you wanted to say something, but then you've been quieter than a nunnery the whole ride out!

(beat)

Is there anything you wanted to talk about?

Sonia looks like she's struggling to put her thoughts together, taking her time before she answers.

SONIA

It's... it's about that stuff we were talking about the other week.

SPIKE

'Stuff'?

(remembers)

(MORE)

SPIKE (cont'd)

Oh, right. Stuff. How could I forget.

SONIA

And, I know we didn't exactly get very far with it last time, so maybe...

SPIKE

Maybe we should try again?

SONIA

(nods)

Yeah.

SPIKE

Good idea.

(beat)

You start.

She throws him a look, but Spike just smirks back at her, so with a weary roll of her eyes she continues.

SONIA

I was just thinking about exes. Do you have many of those?

SPIKE

Coming out of my bleedin' ears, luv.

SONIA

(eyes him)

Huh. Modest, much?

SPIKE

What I mean is, yes, I've had a few.

SONIA

I haven't. I mean, there were a few boys I hung around with at school, but nothing serious for a long time.

SPIKE

Too busy running round the streets at night, being all vigilante, were we?

SONIA

Pretty much. Doesn't leave much time for a social life.

SPIKE

Which is why I always carry these.

Spike reaches into his jacket and holds up two miniature spirits bottles.

SPIKE (cont'd)

Nowhere near getting a shot of the real thing, but they do the trick in an emergency.

Sonia snatches one out of his hand before he can react, and knocks it back despite his protests. She grimaces as the strong stuff goes down.

SONIA

Man! How can you drink this stuff?

SPIKE

Because I get into a lot of emergencies. You were saying?

SONIA

Oh, right. Well, I never really had what I'd call a 'proper' boyfriend, not until...

SPIKE

Not until Connor.

She looks at him and nods, and Spike reaches across and squeezes her arm.

SPIKE (cont'd)

Way of the world, pet. We always lose the ones we love the most.

SONIA

Yeah, but even so... is it weird that I feel this bad, when we were only together for, like, not long at all? Is it always going to feel like this?

SPIKE

Feel like what?

SONIA

I can't sleep, I feel sick all the time, and it all just hurts so damn much every day...

SPIKE

You lost the two most important men in your life in one night, luv. That's not the kind of thing you're supposed to bounce back from in a few months.

(MORE)

SPIKE (cont'd)

You just take as much time as you need to get yourself back together. Nobody's expecting anything of you.

SONIA

I know, it's just... I don't want to feel like I'm letting the side down.

SPIKE

'Letting the side down' would have involved staying at the hotel, not riding halfway across town with me to kill some bug demons.

She manages a half smile, as we cut away to:

Sweeping the path through the drained tunnel before them with flashlights, their swords and axes at the ready, Spike and Sonia continue their search for the vortech demons.

SONIA

So?

SPIKE

So what?

SONIA

Any notable exes worth telling me about? Come on, we're supposed to be talking, remember?

SPIKE

Blimey. Well, I suppose there are three worth mentioning. Four, if you count Cecily.

SONIA

(raises eyebrow)

'Cecily'? She sounds classy.

SPIKE

Long time ago, pet. Before your grandparents were born. Then, there was Drusilla. Same time frame. Same rotten ending to the whole affair.

SONIA

Figures. So who were the other two?

SPIKE

A girl called Buffy and... and Skye.

SONIA
 (tongue in cheek)
 Ah, so you and Skye were
 actually...

SPIKE
 Yeah. We actually were. Briefly.

SONIA
 What happened? And is that 'Buffy'
 the same one who came to visit?
 (beat)
 Wait, as in Angel's ex?

SPIKE
 It's a little complicated. See,
 what happened was, Buffy-

SONIA
 Ssh! You hear that?

They both pause - and there it is. A distant, reverberating
 PATTERNING sound, like hundred of tiny raindrops against
 metal.

SPIKE
 What is that?

SONIA
 I don't know...
 (raises axe)
 ... but the vortech should be
 nearby. It might be them.

SPIKE
 That sounds like an awful bloody
 lot of them, pet. How many are we
 expecting to find?

SONIA
 Uh, well, an adult female vortech
 can lay up to two hundred eggs a
 month, and given the survival
 percentage of newborn that don't
 get eaten by her siblings - or
 their parents - we're looking at...

They both look up as the tapping sound suddenly shoots up in
 volume - and hundreds of tiny black shadows appear on the
 tunnel wall round a corner ahead. Spike grits his teeth and
 lifts his sword as Sonia GULPS loudly.

SONIA (cont'd)
 ... lots.

Moments later, the first wave of vortech skitters round the bend in the tunnels - a sea of small, black bodies, a thick shell across their backs and burning red eyes glaring up at the two intruders.

SPIKE

Any ideas?

SONIA

Aren't I supposed to say that?

SPIKE

Worth a shot.

The horde of vortech races towards us, the chittering noise they make rising to deafening volume, and their bodies fill the screen with black before we cut to:

11 INT. HYPERION - LOBBY - NIGHT

11

WHUMP! Something hits the front doors from outside, causing the glass in the frontage windows to wobble. Wes walks into frame, exchanging a curious glance with a UTF member packing his tools away.

Wes steps up to the door and consults a small monitor mounted next to it - it shows a CCTV picture of Spike and Sonia outside, Spike clutching his nose and cursing. Wes smirks and swipes a keycard down an electronic lock to open the door.

SPIKE (O.S.)

(as doors open)

... what the bloody thing's doing closed anyway!

Spike barges in, one hand pressed to his reddened nose as Sonia steps quietly in behind him. They're both covered with dirt and scratches but are otherwise okay.

WES

How did it go?

SPIKE

(still angry)

Fine, actually. Batgirl here ignited a gas main to toast the little buggers before they made us into next month's packed lunches. Thought I was having quite a good night till I get back here and almost break my bloody nose!

The trio walk back down the steps into the foyer.

WES

One should always try to turn a door handle before pushing the door open, Spike. You'd be amazed at the results.

SPIKE

I never had to before! Since when did we start locking this place down like a Scotsman's wallet?

WES

Since we were invaded by an army of demons who tore large holes in the walls and forced us to rebuild and improve our security.

Wes hands a small white keycard to each of them.

WES (cont'd)

Don't lose these. You'll need them to unlock all the main entrances into the hotel now, including the sewer tunnels.

Wes turns and heads for his office, leaving Spike to shrug his jacket off, wincing at his sore shoulder, as Sonia lays her weapons down and tries to wipe away some of the dirt.

SONIA

Do you still think about them?

SPIKE

Who? Oh, back to that, are we?

SONIA

You never gave me an answer before.

SPIKE

Did you miss the army of tiny demons trying to suck out my eyeballs through my nose?

Sonia smirks back at him, and Spike sighs as he takes a seat, rescuing a crumpled pack of smokes from his jeans.

SPIKE (cont'd)

Honestly, I try not to. I feel pretty rotten about what I did to Skye, and I hope one day we can be mates again.

(MORE)

SPIKE (cont'd)

Buffy, well, she didn't exactly shower me with affection when I last saw her, even after all the trouble we went to keeping the Keeper busy for her, and Drusilla, wherever she is would still be too close for my liking.

SONIA

I think about Connor every day. I can't make myself stop.

Spike looks up at her, noticing the emotion she's fighting to keep in. He pauses before lighting his cigarette.

SPIKE

Don't stop. But don't let it eat at you every day either.

SONIA

Isn't there anything I can do? I mean, I heard there were potions and things you can take to make it-

SPIKE

No. Don't go down that road, pet. Pills, potions, spells and magics never fixed a broken heart for very long in my experience.

Sonia looks away guiltily, but Spike doesn't notice. She opens her mouth as if to confess something, but thinks better of it and turns to walk away, startling herself as she bumps into Illyria.

SONIA

Oh! Didn't see you there. Are you okay? Where's-

ILLYRIA

You talk of love?

Sonia and Spike swap a glance before Spike nods to her.

SPIKE

Sort of. Why? Got some Hell God doomed romance you'd like to throw into the discussion, Blue?

ILLYRIA

Your emotions define you. It is what makes you human. Your brains construct a course of action but your hearts always direct you their own way.

SPIKE
Fact of life.

ILLYRIA
It will be your downfall.

SONIA
Excuse me?

ILLYRIA
Emotions only allow more pain to
attack you. It creates more flaws,
new weaknesses, things for the
enemy to exploit.

SPIKE
(frowns)
Are you feeling alright?

Illyria HUFFS and starts to walk away when Spike calls out:

SPIKE (cont'd)
Did you and Wes have another
lover's tiff?

Illyria pauses, turning on her heel and glaring furiously at
Spike. He just smirks back at her.

SPIKE (cont'd)
What's the matter, didn't think I
knew? It's not exactly a secret to
those of us in the know, Blue.

Illyria doesn't have an answer for him, turning and stomping
away as Spike chuckles to himself.

SONIA
What was that all about?

SPIKE
I'll explain later.

Spike stands and grabs his jacket as we cut to:

Having temporarily taken over Angel's old office, Wes now has
a bank of monitors facing the desk, and as he checks through
some more paperwork he doesn't immediately notice a dark-
haired young woman come to stand outside the hotel's front
doors.

She hits the BUZZER and Wes looks up, frowning as he tries to
recognise the girl. She looks up at the camera over the door -
and it's Kirsten!

KIRSTEN

Uh, I don't know if you can hear me, but I need to come in. My name's Kirsten Walsh, I used to work for Wolfram and Hart... and I may have a way to help Angel.

Wes sits back in his chair, mulling this over for a beat, then he hits a red button on a control panel before the monitors, and we hear the foyer door unlock off screen with a BUZZ and a loud CLICK.

As we see Kirsten step into the hotel via the screens, we stay on Wes' thoughtful expression for a beat before we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

13

INT. HYPERION - LOBBY - NIGHT

13

Kirsten is sitting on the sofa in the middle of the floor, nodding a thanks to Sonia as she hands her a cup of coffee. Wes, Spike and Illyria are studying the newcomer carefully.

KIRSTEN

So...

(blinks)

Is something wrong? I mean, you guys have been looking at me like I just bought you all a puppy and then shot it ever since I got here.

WES

We're just not used to little surprises like this, that's all. The fact that you used to work for Wolfram and Hart isn't exactly making us want to rush into trusting you.

Kirsten looks down at her shoes, nodding.

KIRSTEN

I know. I can hardly believe I'm here myself.

(looks round)

I mean... I heard so much about this place over the years, what it stood for, the trouble it caused our...

(catches herself)

The firm, I mean. Past tense.

WES

In what capacity did you work there?

KIRSTEN

I was a PA, just filing and secretarial stuff, which was actually a lot more interesting than I just made it sound.

She tries a smile at her little joke, but all she gets are stony glares back from the others. She COUGHS once and falls silent again.

SPIKE

She was also Kitridge's little shag piece, let's not forget that. Hardly making us want to trust her.

(CONTINUED)

She nervously looks away as Spike takes Wes by the shoulder and leads him off for a quiet word.

SPIKE (cont'd)
What do you make of her?

WES
It's too soon to say. She doesn't see to be openly aggressive or dangerous, but then again, she did work for Wolfram and Hart.

SPIKE
I say we rough her up a bit.
(off Wes' look)
Nothing serious, I just mean scare her a little. Make her see that if we find out she's been lying to us, we won't be happy.

WES
And how do you suggest we do that?

SPIKE
(smirks)
You leave that to me.

They turn back and rejoin Sonia and Illyria.

WES
Next question. Why did you leave?

KIRSTEN
I was fired.

SPIKE
That's new. I thought contracts with that place were permanent, in the fire and brimstone sense of the word?

KIRSTEN
They are. It's complicated. I...

She trails off, taking another sip of coffee for comfort.

SPIKE
Come on, luv. I doubt anything you have to say can shock us at this point.

KIRSTEN
(beat)
I betrayed the company.

Wes and Spike exchange surprised looks as we cut to:

14

INT. HYPERION - ANGEL'S OFFICE - LATER

14

Back with Kirsten, the team having moved into Angel's office. Wes sits at the desk, keeping a watchful eye on Illyria as she prowls round the office, examining Wes' bookshelves.

KIRSTEN

So... then I was just helping James out, sneaking around at the office and fetching things for him, stuff like that.

SPIKE

So you're the one who caused all that bloody trouble! I bet you were behind that spell that sent us all bonkers when Buffy came back!

KIRSTEN

Not personally, no. But I'm not saying I didn't help.

Spike looks at Wes, as if to ask 'can I start threatening her now?' Wes shakes his head and steps forward.

WES

I'm sure you can see our position. You used to work for the CEO who spent the last year trying to cripple us, then you tell us you were fired for continuing to see him after he, too, was removed from office, and then you walk in here and expect us to believe you when you say you know how to help Angel?

KIRSTEN

It's a lot to ask, I know, but-

SPIKE

Bloody right! I mean, let's not forget the fact that Angel killed your boyfriend as well here - if that was me, I know I'd be looking for some ways to get some proper payback.

KIRSTEN

(quietly)

Angel didn't kill James. Wolfram and Hart pushed him into that place, he...

(tearful)

He only did what he did to try and get his job back.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KIRSTEN (cont'd)
 He shouldn't have been anywhere
 near what was happening, I tried to
 tell him, but...

Kirsten descends into sobs. The team aren't sure what to do until Sonia goes to Kirsten's side, throwing a comforting arm round her as she continues to weep.

Illyria marches back over to Wes and Spike, casting a glance over her shoulder at Kirsten.

ILLYRIA
 I sense great pain in her, but
 little anger. If she had any desire
 to hurt us, she does not have the
 strength to fight.

WES
 Spike?

SPIKE
 Oh, you actually care about what I
 think now, do you?

WES
 (weary)
 Just say what you think.

SPIKE
 I think we should keep her here for
 a bit longer before we start
 trusting her, or giving her one of
 those white keycard thingies. The
 girlfriend of Wolfram and Hart's
 top dog comes knocking at our door
 and claims she doesn't blame Angel
 for slitting her loverboy's throat?
 (shakes head)
 I don't buy it.

ILLYRIA
 What do you think? I could make her
 death quick if it is your wish.

WES
 Thank you, but there's no need.
 I've made my decision.

Wes steps past them both and over to Kirsten, who looks up at him, still emotional.

WES (cont'd)
 We'll hear your offer. If you can
 prove your sincerity to us, then
 we'll be able to work together. But
 this is a one time deal.
 (MORE)

WES (cont'd)

If we see you again after this, it won't be as allies.

KIRSTEN

(nods)

I understand.

WES

Now - how can you help Angel?

KIRSTEN

There's a program at Wolfram and Hart, a kind of invasive psychotherapy procedure. Dr. Serrano pioneered it, and everything I heard about it said it was revolutionary stuff.

ILLYRIA

(thinks)

Serrano...

(to Spike)

Did he not burn when the dragon Iza returned to Los Angeles?

SPIKE

That's the chap. Went up in smoke quite nicely, as I recall. Which leaves whatever 'program' he was working on a bit redundant, really, doesn't it?

KIRSTEN

No, there are plenty of people taking over from where he left off.

WES

What did this 'program' do, exactly?

KIRSTEN

We used it to brainwash clients, witnesses, jurors, anything like that. Any time we needed some false memories implanted and we didn't have somebody like Cyrus Vail around...

Wes twitches at the mention of his name, and Illyria glances at him.

KIRSTEN (cont'd)

... then we'd use the lab to do the same thing.

SONIA

How would that help us? We need to get Angel out from wherever he's stuck himself.

KIRSTEN

The procedure works several ways, and one of them is to stimulate and invigorate parts of the brain that have locked down, for whatever reason. Serrano used to use it to extract information from people, but-

WES

(catching on)

But in theory, the same methods of stimulation could be used to bring somebody back out of a comatose state.

(impressed)

It's ingenious, I'll admit. Even for Wolfram and Hart.

SPIKE

Yeah, still, proof first, if you don't mind.

KIRSTEN

Oh, that's easy. I can get you lab reports, technical schematics, test results, anything you need.

SONIA

(suspicious)

How?

KIRSTEN

I still have a few friends in there. And I know lots of ways in and out of that building.

Wes raises an eyebrow, and Kirsten catches it.

KIRSTEN (cont'd)

I'm not going to tell you guys any of them, though. Otherwise, what would you need me for?

SPIKE

She's got a point.

WES

What's in this for you?

KIRSTEN

The Senior Partners don't want Angel dead, he's too big a part of their plans. I think even if they found out we were doing this, they wouldn't try to stop us. They need Angel back in the game.

SONIA

Okay, now you're starting to sound like a lawyer all of a sudden.

KIRSTEN

Sorry. Force of habit.

WES

You didn't answer my question.

Kirsten takes a moment to think, choosing her words carefully before she replies.

KIRSTEN

I want out. I may not have a job, but I'm still under contract. I can't leave LA, I can't get another job, I can't do anything. Some people are lucky and get put in a holding dimension when they're between contracts. People like me don't get it that good - we just have to survive in the real world instead.

ILLYRIA

Punishment enough.

WES

(eyes Illyria)

So in return for you helping us, I take it you want us to guarantee your safety?

KIRSTEN

I'll help out with anything you guys need. Information, contacts, resources - I can still get access to a lot of stuff that you can't any more.

Wes leans back in his chair, pondering her offer.

SPIKE

Well? Are we going through with this or can I try my interrogation technique?

WES

It's a tempting offer. If she's telling the truth about this procedure, it could be the key to restoring Angel.

SONIA

What if she's lying?

KIRSTEN

Hey, I'm still sitting right here!

SPIKE

Button it, pipsqueak. You're not off the naughty girls' list yet.

WES

We won't make a move until I've seen those lab reports she mentioned. Then, if it all seems kosher, we'll move on.

ILLYRIA

And if her words then reveal themselves as lies?

WES

(beat)
You and Spike can kill her.

KIRSTEN

(horrified)
What?!?

WES

We'll consider your offer, if you bring us some evidence.

KIRSTEN

(quickly)
Not a problem. I'll be back as soon as I can.

She jumps out of her seat and heads for the door, eager to get away, but pauses in the doorway, turning back round.

KIRSTEN (cont'd)

There's one other reason I want to do this.

WES

Go on.

KIRSTEN

I want the Senior Partners to pay for what they did to James.

(MORE)

KIRSTEN (cont'd)

He died because they used him, and then spat him out and left him to try and pick up the pieces. He shouldn't have been there the day Angel killed him, and I don't want them to get away with what they did.

Sonia and Spike share a meaningful look - they know the pain of losing a loved one as well as anybody.

WES

Very well. Report back here as soon as you have something for us.

Kirsten nods, opens the door and heads outside. The team reconvene around Wes, who wears a thoughtful expression once again.

ILLYRIA

If she speaks the truth, then is this not the chance we have been searching for?

SPIKE

Blue's right, we may not get a better chance to snap old Angel Eyes out of his nap.

SONIA

Yeah, but... Wolfram and Hart? Can we ever trust anything that comes out of that place?

WES

Ordinarily, I'd say no.
(glances at ceiling)
But under the circumstances, I'm afraid we don't have much choice.

Spike nudges Sonia, indicating that they should go, and as the duo leave, we cut to:

Zippering her jacket up, Kirsten walks back towards the city centre and away from the hotel, retrieving her phone from her jacket pocket. She dials a number and waits for an answer.

LINDSEY

(filtered; through phone)
McDonald.

KIRSTEN

I'm in.

LINDSEY

Excellent work. Did they buy your story? Actually, I guess they must have, otherwise you'd be dead.

KIRSTEN

I told them I blamed Wolfram and Hart for what happened to James, that seemed to do it.

LINDSEY

We both know that isn't true, don't we? Angel was the one who cut his throat and left him to die. Never forget that.

KIRSTEN

I won't.

LINDSEY

Keep me updated. We're all very pleased with your progress, Kirsten, there may be a place for you back in this firm if you do your job well.

KIRSTEN

I know. Thank you.

She hangs up and tucks the phone away, and as she continues to walk towards us, the memory of Kitridge bringing on a fresh set of tears, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

16 INT. HYPERION - WESLEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

16

It's a few hours later, and Wes, still fully dressed, is back in his bed, his glasses off as he lies back, his eyes closed. A slender arm snakes across his chest, and Illyria - again as Fred - shifts round into view, fast asleep.

Wes reaches an arm down and gently holds Illyria's, the two of them looking like any other couple sharing a bed - but Wes has a distant look in his eyes that suggests his mind is in another place entirely.

There's a KNOCK at the door, and Wes sits bolt upright. Illyria wakes and sits up too, changing back to her blue-haired appearance in an instant.

ILLYRIA

Who is there?

WES

It's alright, I'll deal with it.

Wes gets out of bed and heads over to the door, opening it a notch so he can see outside without letting whoever's outside see Illyria in his bed.

It's Sonia, an urgent look on her face, and Wes lets the door open a little further.

WES (cont'd)

What is it?

(checks watch)

Has Kirsten returned?

SONIA

Uh, no, we have an actual problem. Schicksal demon downtown, it's taken five hostages and we're taking some of the boys out to deal with it. Thought you should know.

WES

Schicksal demons have extraordinary mind control powers, Sonia, you'll need to take precautions.

Spike steps into frame, nonchalantly swinging a sword up onto his shoulder.

SPIKE

She doesn't need 'em, she's got me.

(CONTINUED)

WES

(beat)

Quite.

SPIKE

So, are you coming, or are you going to stay in your room and carry on doing...

(mischievous)

... whatever?

WES

I'm quite sure Sonia and yourself can handle things if you're taking some backup. All I would advise you do is take plenty of bacchi root along.

SONIA

That's that brown, wispy stuff on the third shelf in the supply cupboard, right?

SPIKE

(blinks)

We have a supply cupboard?

WES

(nods)

Chew it like it was gum just as you enter wherever the schicksal has made its home, it'll help protect you from its mind control by releasing an enzyme into your-

Spike interrupts Wes by grabbing Sonia by the arm and starting to drag her away.

SPIKE

Chew root, kill demon. I think we've got that. You stay in and have a good night's rest.

Wes watches them go as they head back to the lobby. He starts to close the door when Spike shouts out:

SPIKE (O.S.) (cont'd)

And you have fun too, Blue!

Wes closes his eyes and SIGHS before shutting the door.

Spike and Sonia head down the steps and into the foyer, Sonia reaching for a bulky black walkie talkie in her belt.

SONIA

You're not going to tell me what's going on with those two, are you?

SPIKE

I wouldn't want to spoil the fun.

Sonia eyes him, then thumbs her radio to life.

SONIA

(into radio)

All units, all units, this is a general alert, code seven-two-niner, hostile entity in the downtown area.

She releases her thumb and waits for an answer as Spike heads over to the weapons cabinet, taking out a pair of steel cuffs with long wrist blades and passing them to Sonia.

RADIO

(filtered)

Spoiler, this is base, come in, over.

SPIKE

'Spoiler'?

SONIA

Comic book reference. You wouldn't get it.

(into radio)

Spoiler here. I need some backup, maybe four or five boys to help me and Spike take care of a schicksal demon. Any takers?

RADIO

I'll get on the horn, see who I can call up for you, Spoiler. Rendezvous at the base and we'll see who we can get along.

SONIA

Copy that, base. Spoiler out.

Sonia tucks the radio back into her belt and motions for Spike to head towards the door. We cut from them to:

Wes is back in his office, moving from bookcase to bookcase as he studies an array of texts spread across his desk, cross referencing one to another.

ILLYRIA (O.S.)

Do you not wish to sleep?

He looks up to see Illyria standing in the doorway. Her hair looks a little ruffled - you'd call it 'bed head' if you didn't think she'd snap your arms off for even thinking it.

WES

I'm just doing a last bit of work before I settle in for the night.

Wes gets back to his books as Illyria slopes into the office, trailing a hand against the walls.

ILLYRIA

You have been distant to me of late. I am concerned. I wish to know why.

Wes, realising he's not going to get any peace for now, closes the book in front of him and leans back in his chair.

WES

Have I been distant?

ILLYRIA

You have not wanted to be near me when... when I have been like her for you. Is the illusion no longer sufficient?

WES

It's not the illusion that's the problem, Illyria. It's-

Illyria steps forward to his desk, suddenly intense.

ILLYRIA

Then what? There is much I still want to explore between us, Wesley, and I cannot continue to understand if you do not want to-

Wes takes a deep breath, then grins, and Illyria takes the hint to stay quiet.

WES

Here's something that it'll be useful for you to know. Sometimes, when a man and a...

He trails off, and she cocks her head to one side.

ILLYRIA

Woman?

WES

(beat)

Near enough. When those two are in a... physical relationship, there will come times when one, or perhaps both parties quite simply... won't feel like it.

ILLYRIA

(confused)

You... do not wish to lie with me?

WES

Not right this second, no. But that's not meant to cause any offence.

ILLYRIA

None has been taken.

WES

It doesn't infer that I'll never want to again, either, just... not tonight.

She turns and heads for the door, pausing to turn back to address him.

ILLYRIA

Then I will sleep in my own room, and await your return.

WES

Thank you.

With that, she leaves - but as her footsteps echo away from the office, Wes' amiable expression quickly darkens. He reaches for his phone and quickly dials in a number.

WES (cont'd)

(into phone)

David? It's Wesley.

(beat)

Yes, I know what time it is, and I'm sorry. But I think we may need to speed up our work a little. I fear she may be getting a little suspicious.

Wes looks back towards the doorway, and from that we cut to:

19

INT. BAR - NIGHT

19

We pan across a smashed and thoroughly trashed bar - broken tables and chairs, sprinklings of shattered glass and bottles, and finally Spike and Sonia, taking cover behind the bar counter. Both are already cut and bleeding.

A bottle SMASHES against the counter overhead, and Spike throws a protective arm over Sonia.

He leans out and peeks round the edge of the counter to survey what's going on in the bar itself - and there's our SCHICKSAL DEMON.

Tall and orange-skinned, its main feature is a huge, octopus-like head, with long tentacles reaching out into the air. The end of each of its six tentacles is wrapped round the head of one of the UTF soldiers, each in plain combat fatigues and holding a rifle.

Huddled on the floor at the back of the room are what's left of the bar staff - a bulky BARTENDER and two WAITRESSES, with two more waitresses dead on the ground before them.

Spike ducks his head back round as Sonia brushes the last of the broken glass out of her hair.

SONIA
How are we doing?

SPIKE
Seven to two.

SONIA
Damn it!

SPIKE
What's that thing doing to them?

SONIA
Haven't you ever seen a schicksal demon in action before?

Spike shakes his head, and Sonia takes a breath as she rechecks the ammo clip in her handgun.

SONIA (cont'd)
They feed on the electricity that runs through human brains. The more people they feed off on each cycle, the smarter they get and the stronger they get. They use their tentacles to overpower the motor functions of their victims, basically controlling their movements.

(CONTINUED)

Sonia shuffles round to face the rest of the bar, peering out from around a gap in the counter to study the scene.

SONIA (cont'd)

If we knock out the demon, it'll free the others. But we can't kill it yet.

SPIKE

Why not?

SONIA

If it's still got any of those things wrapped round someone's head when we kill them, the feedback will fry them like an egg on a sidewalk.

SPIKE

Bloody hell! How did we get into this mess?

SONIA

(scowls)

I have a hazy, distant memory of someone yelling 'charge!' shortly before they all got taken over and we had to hide behind here, because they were shooting at us.

SPIKE

(beat)

Should we call for backup?

SONIA

You're thinking Wes?

SPIKE

I'm thinking more guns isn't the answer, more brains is.

Sonia nods and reaches for her walkie talkie.

SONIA

(into radio)

Spoiler to Hyperion, come in. Wesley, are you there?

A round of GUNFIRE peppers the bar, and Sonia ducks back with a YELP as we cut to:

Wes looks up as the walkie talkie mounted in a charger on his desk crackles to life, and he picks it up to answer.

WES
 (into radio)
 I'm here. Is everything alright?

SONIA
 (filtered; through radio)
 Not really, no! We're in trouble
 down here, Wes. The schicksal took
 control of the others and it's got
 me and Spike pinned down.

WES
 Understood. I'm on my way.

He puts the radio down and gets up, pausing to stuff a few things into his knapsack - two books and some jars of powder.

21 INT. HYPERION - LOBBY - NIGHT

21

Wes dashes across the foyer and towards the doors, and as his hand reaches for the door handle, the front door BUZZER sounds. He looks on the CCTV monitor and sees Kirsten waiting outside.

Wes quickly throws the door open and pulls her inside. She holds up a pair of manilla folders.

KIRSTEN
 I got what you needed, so-

WES
 It'll have to wait. I have to go
 somewhere urgently, and-

ILLYRIA (O.S.)
 Where are you going?

Wes turns to see Illyria looking down from the balcony.

WES
 (beat)
 Illyria, I need you to watch Angel
 while I'm gone. Spike and Sonia
 need my help.

ILLYRIA
 (nods)
 I will guard him with my life, as
 always.

KIRSTEN
 Uh, should I stay here, or-

Wes grabs Kirsten's wrist and opens the front doors again.

21 CONTINUED:

21

WES

If you think I'm letting you out of my sight now you've come back, then you're very much mistaken. Besides, I'll need an extra pair of hands to perform the cleansing ritual we'll need. Come on!

Wes drags the protesting Kirsten out, and we cut to:

22 INT. DARKENED ROOM - NIGHT

22

Back with Angel and Whistler. Angel is pacing impatiently up and down inside the room, as a bored Whistler twirls a match round in his hand.

ANGEL

How much longer do I have to wait? Can't you just show me the vision already so I can get out of here?

WHISTLER

Me.

ANGEL

What?

WHISTLER

You should have said 'get out of me.' We're in your mind, buddy, don't forget that.

ANGEL

Well, I've had enough of my mind, and I really think it's time we started-

Angel stops as Whistler suddenly stands.

ANGEL (cont'd)

What is it?

WHISTLER

Second vision, coming this way.
(off his look)

Hey, I have to take time to charge up between these things, ya know! Showing you all this, well... it takes a lot out of both of us.

ANGEL

Alright, fine. Let's do this.

WHISTLER

You're the boss.

(CONTINUED)

Whistler walks over, claps his hands together and takes a breath, closing his eyes.

WHISTLER (cont'd)

You ready?

ANGEL

I'm re-

POW! Whistler surprises Angel by clamping his hands either side of his head again, and as powerful white LIGHT shines out from them, filling the room, we cut to:

The action is in full swing as we rejoin it - Spike and Sonia are up from behind the bar, grappling with the various UTF members as the schicksal, its tentacles still controlling the troops, sends them to attack.

Standing by the bar are Wes and Kirsten, Kirsten holding up a glowing red orb as Wes reads from one of his books, flicking powder across the orb as he speaks.

WES

Break the bonds of control, return
these men their souls, hasten now
their freedom, from this ungodly
creature!

The orb GLOWS more brightly, and Kirsten whimpers in pain.

KIRSTEN

It's hot!

WES

Keep a hold of it! If you drop it,
the spell miscasts!

Kirsten grits her teeth and holds on to the orb as it gets steadily hotter.

Spike and Sonia, meanwhile, are keeping the schicksal and its mind-controlled troops busy, fighting back but trying not to hurt the UTF men too much.

With a sudden loud BANG, the orb in Kirsten's hand EXPLODES, but instead of glass there is just a shower of RED LIGHT.

As it falls across the room, the schicksal SHUDDERS and releases all six UTF members, who drop limply to the floor.

WES (cont'd)

Now! While it's disorientated!

Spike obediently lunges in to attack, but the demon whips its head round and catches him with two of its thick tentacles. WHACK! Spike is knocked off his feet.

Sonia tries to dive in, her gun ready, but despite dodging two attacks, she's too slow as the schicksal wraps one tentacle round her wrist, knocking the gun across the floor, and uses a second to bash her in the face and stomach before swatting her across the room.

As she CRASHES into the wall, Wes drops the book and races towards the sword that Spike dropped, but as his hand reaches it, three loud GUNSHOTS ring out.

Wes and Spike look at each other, then up towards:

Kirsten, Sonia's gun in her hand. The schicksal, three neat bullet holes in its head, sways gently from side to side, then hits the deck with a loud THUD, to more screams from the terrified waitresses.

Wes warily gets to his feet, his eyes on Kirsten who still has the gun raised, but as she turns to see him, she calmly thumbs the safety back on and hands the gun to Wes.

KIRSTEN

Looked like you could use a hand.

Spike helps the dazed Sonia back to her feet. She's pressing a hand to a nasty gash across her forehead, and a concerned Spike calls over to Wes.

SPIKE

We'd better get her back home to bed, Wes. She's got a nasty cut here.

WES

Agreed.

Wes takes a moment to head over to the bartender and waitresses.

WES (cont'd)

Everything's alright now.

WAITRESS

Is... is it dead?

WES

(nods; grins)

Very. Come on, we'll get you cleaned up and out of here.

23 CONTINUED: (2)

23

Wes turns to look at Kirsten, who offers a small smile. Wes manages a half smile back at her as he stands, offering his hand to help the waitresses up. As they make their way towards the exit, we cut to:

24 INT. DARKENED ROOM - NIGHT

24

Angel is still in Whistler's grip, convulsing as another powerful vision is sent to him.

WHISTLER

Hang on, Angel...

Angel SHOUTS OUT in pain as we SMASH CUT to:

25 EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY

25

We're thrown into a huge battle, demon warriors all around us, a small group of brave humans desperately fighting back against the tide with anything they can - guns, swords, rocks - but the humans are losing.

We seem to be out in open fields somewhere, but the skies overhead quickly turn BLACK as a titanic THUNDERSTORM rips through the heavens.

Angel is standing in the middle of it all, trying to comprehend the scope of carnage around him.

He turns round too late to stop Lindsey from charging at him. Lindsey carries a sword with a bright, GLOWING blade which he raises high in the air and CHOPS down across Angel before he can react.

Angel is consumed in YELLOW LIGHT, and from his SCREAM of pain, we SMASH CUT back to:

26 INT. DARKENED ROOM - NIGHT

26

THUD! Angel drops flat on his back, knocked sideways by this latest vision. Whistler's hands are smoking, and he beats them against his clothes.

WHISTLER

Lot to take in with that one, bud.
Hope you were paying attention.

We push in close on Angel's shocked face, before we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

27 INT. HYPERION - LOBBY - NIGHT

27

The doors open with a CLICK as Wes leads the team back inside. Spike carries the wounded Sonia in her arms, and Wes lets him hurry over to the sofa.

Spike gently lays Sonia down as Kirsten watches on, turning to Wes with concern in her eyes.

KIRSTEN

Is she going to be okay?

WES

She's just had the wind knocked out of her sails, I'm sure she'll be fine. Sonia's been through a lot worse.

(beat)

But then, I'm sure you know about that.

Kirsten shrinks away awkwardly, but Spike's voice calls out:

SPIKE

Hey! Less of that attitude, Percy. Far as I'm concerned, the munchkin there saved all our necks tonight, so we at least owe her for that.

Kirsten smiles, and Wes reluctantly nods.

WES

Alright, point taken.

(to Kirsten)

You did a good job in there.

KIRSTEN

Thanks. My, uh, dad taught me to shoot when I was little. He was a bit of a gun nut.

SPIKE

Remind me to thank him for it!

WES

Spike, can you look after Sonia by yourself?

Spike reaches over the reception counter and retrieves the first aid kit.

SPIKE

Nothing I can't handle.

(CONTINUED)

WES

Alright, good. I'll go over these files Kirsten brought us, and we can see if she's worth the attention she's earned herself.

Wes heads for his office, and Kirsten follows. We move back over to Spike and Sonia as he starts setting aside bandages and gauze wrap.

Sonia comes to, and groggily reaches out a hand to touch his arm. Spike softens a little as he sees she's awake.

SPIKE

How's that head of yours?

SONIA

Feels like Motorhead and Megadeth had a fight in there - and they both lost to Iron Maiden.

SPIKE

Well, you let me take care of that.

Spike cleans the blood from the cut on her head, studying it.

SONIA

Diagnosis?

SPIKE

Shouldn't need stitches. More a big bruise than a cut - I'll bandage it up just in case. You can have another war story to impress your boys with.

Sonia lets Spike get to work as he carefully presses a gauze pad to the wound, then wraps a few circuits of bandage round that, sticking them in place.

SPIKE (cont'd)

There. Good as new. Couldn't do anything about that face of yours, though.

SONIA

(smirks)
Charmer.

Spike helps Sonia to sit upright, and she clutches her head.

SPIKE

Can I get you anything to help with that? We've got plenty of painkillers in this little box of tricks here...

SONIA

No, I'm good. I've got something in my room I can take for the pain, so I'm just gonna...

She stands, wincing, before taking a breath.

SONIA (cont'd)

I'm just gonna hit the sack.

SPIKE

Alright. See you in the morning. Or, you know, whenever I get up.

SONIA

(rolls eyes)

Goodnight, Spike.

Sonia heads for the stairs as Spike sits back down, taking out his pack of smokes - just one left.

SPIKE

(lights cigarette)

And this one's for the fat lady.

Spike blows out a lungful of smoke as we cut to:

Kirsten looks around the busy office as Wes flips through the charts and printouts he brought her.

WES

(engrossed)

Fascinating... you say this procedure can actually be used to bring subconscious memories to the surface?

KIRSTEN

(nods)

From what I've heard. Past lives, even.

WES

Astounding...

Kirsten glances towards the open office door as Wes gets back to his study.

KIRSTEN

Uh... do you mind if I use the bathroom?

Wes looks up, stares at her for a beat - then nods.

28 CONTINUED:

28

WES

I think your actions tonight have earned you one Hall Pass, so yes, be my guest. Closest one is upstairs, second door on the right.

Kirsten slips out of the office, leaving Wes to the files as we cut to:

29 EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY

29

Angel is flat on his back in the middle of the heaving battle once again, a circle formed around him of the warring bodies.

He starts to sit up - and a pair of hands shoot into frame and grab him. Angel is yanked to his feet - by himself!

ANGEL #2

What's the matter, Angel? You've got to get into the game!

The second Angel spins round and THROWS Angel into the air, and he sails through the sky, over the fight below.

As Angel falls, however, time seems to slow down - and a pure, warm green SPHERE OF LIGHT starts to shine through the dark skies overhead.

The two sides of the battle slow down and watch, their gazes locked on the heavens as the glow of the light sweeps over the whole battlefield.

Angel hits the deck silently, his own eyes also fixed on the shining light - which suddenly fills the screen, forcing a cut to:

30 INT. HYPERION - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

30

Inside one of the bare, unfurnished rooms of the hotel. No carpets, not much wallpaper, and thick boards over the windows. Huddled up in one corner of the room is Angel, thousand yard stare present and correct.

Sitting cross legged in the middle of the floor is Illyria, watching Angel with a curious expression.

A floorboard CREAKS behind her, and she spins round to see Kirsten standing at the threshold.

KIRSTEN

Oh, uh, sorry, didn't mean to disturb you.

ILLYRIA

(beat)
It is alright.

(CONTINUED)

Illyria turns back to Angel as Kirsten walks slowly into the room, looking down at the still form of Angel.

KIRSTEN

How long has he been like that?

ILLYRIA

Since the day he lost his son. He was moved here a few days ago, Wesley thought the familiar environment might aid his recovery.

Illyria keeps a watchful eye on Kirsten as she steps a little closer, crouching down to get onto Angel's eye level.

ILLYRIA (cont'd)

Do you wish to hurt him?

KIRSTEN

I don't know... I keep thinking that yeah, I should by rights want to start screaming and tear this guy to pieces, but...
(shakes head)
But I know that's not the answer.

Kirsten stands and paces back towards the doorway.

KIRSTEN (cont'd)

Wolfram and Hart are the bad guys here. They did this to Angel. They're the reason James is dead, and they're the reason you guys lost all the people you did.

ILLYRIA

(nods)
And for this, they will pay.

KIRSTEN

Yeah, I hope so.
(beat)
Oh, uh, Wesley said he wanted me to bring you a message, he said could you meet him back in his office? Something about a spell he was doing, I don't know. It all got a bit complicated.

ILLYRIA

(stands)
A spell?

KIRSTEN

Uh, yeah, I think so.

Illyria looks back round to Angel.

KIRSTEN (cont'd)
Oh, don't worry. I'll stay here and
keep an eye on him.

Illyria stares back round at Kirsten, who shrinks a little under the piercing gaze of those blue eyes.

KIRSTEN (cont'd)
Just watch. I promise.

Illyria weighs up her options, then strides past Kirsten and out of the room. She pauses in the corridor outside.

ILLYRIA
Do not give me cause to regret my
leniency.

With that, she turns and marches away, leaving Kirsten with Angel.

KIRSTEN
(mutters)
Whatever you say.

Kirsten takes a few steps closer to Angel, looking thoughtfully down at him - then she turns, walks over to the door and quickly shuts it, and we cut from that to:

Angel is helped back to his feet by Whistler - and the setting sun visible through the one tiny window outside finally seems to be starting to rise.

ANGEL
(woozy)
What... what did I see? I was
fighting myself, and then there was
this light, and...

WHISTLER
Easy, big guy. It'll all become
clear in time. Without a Cordelia
around to hand you this stuff a bit
at a time, we've had to do things
in a bit of a package deal. Don't
try to work it all out at once,
otherwise your head really will go
pop.

Angel sits down on the floor, rubbing his hands against his temples.

31 CONTINUED:

31

WHISTLER (cont'd)
Okay, here's a few home truths to
get you started. Number one, Connor
was more than just a human.

ANGEL
(scoffs)
I knew that!

WHISTLER
Alright, that's kind of a given.
But here's another one - his death
is why you're here.

Angel looks up, puzzled, as we cut to:

32 INT. HYPERION - WESLEY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

32

Wes looks up as Illyria steps into his office.

WES
Illyria? What's wrong? Is Angel
alright?

ILLYRIA
(confused)
You did not wish to see me?

WES
I didn't... where's Kirsten?

ILLYRIA
She is with Angel. I thought-

She doesn't get chance to finish as Wes jumps out of his seat
and charges past her, out of the office.

33 INT. DARKENED ROOM - NIGHT

33

Angel stands up, looking pretty puzzled.

ANGEL
I don't get it. I thought I was
here because I needed to see all
these things you've shown me?

WHISTLER
Oh, no, we're just taking advantage
of your state.

ANGEL
My 'state'?

(CONTINUED)

WHISTLER
 (indicates room)
 All this, it's not just plain old
 shock, and it's no accident.

Angel reacts, and we quickly cut to:

34 INT. HYPERION - BACK ROOM - NIGHT 34

Kirsten stares down at Angel, looking like she's mentally psyching herself up to do something. She closes her eyes and reaches a hand into her jacket...

BOOM! The door flies open and in charges Wes, TACKLING Kirsten to the floor. He struggles to restrain her, but she fights back, proving she's tougher than she looks.

WES
 I won't let you do it!

KIRSTEN
 No! You don't understand!

Kirsten frantically KICKS Wes in the gut, and as he releases her she scrambles to her feet, racing over to Angel again.

Illyria marches into the room, heading straight for Kirsten with murder in her eyes as we cut to:

35 INT. DARKENED ROOM - NIGHT 35

Angel stares back at Whistler.

ANGEL
 'No accident'? So what put me in
 here?
 (catches himself)
 In me?

WHISTLER
 Who do you think?

ANGEL
 (darkly)
 Wolfram and Hart...

Angel paces over to the window, seething.

WHISTLER
 I'm sorry I couldn't just tell you,
 you needed to figure it out. Right
 after Connor was killed, Wolfram
 and Hart put a little piece of
 hoodoo on you that put you in this
 coma.

(MORE)

WHISTLER (cont'd)

To the rest of your team, you've been in shock over the death of your son.

ANGEL

Why? What did they need me out of the way for?

WHISTLER

For all the stuff I just showed you. Their plans are unfolding, and they wanted you out of the picture until it was too late. They already tried to get rid of one problem.

ANGEL

Connor? What does he have to do with this?

Whistler opens his mouth to speak, then pauses and cocks his head to the side as though hearing something.

ANGEL (cont'd)

What? What is it now?

WHISTLER

Sorry. Our time's up.

Angel frowns as we quickly cut to:

Illyria raises her fist, ready to strike Kirsten.

Kirsten quickly takes a small green crystal from her jacket pocket, holding it out before her.

WES

Illyria! Stop her!

Kirsten is muttering something under her breath, and just before Illyria reaches her, she THROWS the crystal towards Angel.

Wes dives and tries to catch it, but he misses, and it SMASHES into the ground next to Angel.

Illyria SWINGS for Kirsten but he ducks, quickly backing away, her hands raised defensively.

KIRSTEN

Please! It's not what you think!

Angel's body is bathed in GREEN LIGHT.

KIRSTEN (cont'd)

I had to-

Kirsten GULPS as Wes suddenly appears and grabs her from behind - pressing a KNIFE to her throat. He looks a second away from slitting her throat as she manages to raise a hand and point to Angel.

KIRSTEN (cont'd)
(quietly)
Please... don't kill me...

WES
(cold)
Give me one good reason why I shouldn't.

ANGEL (O.S.)
I've got one.

Wes stops - then slowly turns towards the sound of Angel's voice.

The glow is gone - and Angel is moving again. He's still huddled up on the ground, but as he stiffly starts to stretch his limbs and stand, Illyria is at his side, helping him.

WES
Angel?

Kirsten takes the chance to quickly dodge away from Wes and the knife, rubbing her throat.

WES (cont'd)
But... how...
(catches up)
Was that a Fulber crystal?

KIRSTEN
(nods)
I had to break the spell, but I had to get close enough to do it.
(sincere)
I'm sorry I lied to you.

Wes turns back to Angel as Illyria helps him to stagger over - Angel's muscles haven't moved for three months, and he's obviously feeling the burn.

ANGEL
Wes... it's alright. I'm alright.

WES
We thought you were in shock, but if she had to use one of those on you, then that means-

ANGEL

Wolfram and Hart. They put some kind of spell on me after Connor died, trying to keep me out of the fight.

(to Kirsten)

Thanks.

Kirsten nods and smiles, and a relieved Wesley tucks his knife away.

WES

Well, this is good news. I'll go and tell Spike and Sonia, I'm sure they'll be glad to know that-

ANGEL

Wesley?

WES

Yes?

Angel's eyes flick to Kirsten, then back to Wes.

ANGEL

Kirsten and I need to talk.

Wes looks over to her, and she looks right back, not sure what to say.

WES

I don't think I-

ANGEL

(firm)

Wes.

Wes pauses for a long beat - and Angel walks right out of the room, Kirsten following close behind him. From Wesley's disbelieving expression, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW