

**ANGEL**

"Chaos Theory"

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&

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TEASER

\*

FADE IN:

1

INT. HYPERION - LOBBY - NIGHT

1

The lobby lies entirely silent. The only light comes from the small lamp sitting on the front desk.

We slowly pan across the room and over toward the stairs. Nothing moves in the darkness.

Suddenly, a frantic KIRSTEN hurriedly emerges from the shadows and scampers into the lobby. She has a hand pressed to her neck and BLOOD trails from beneath it, spilling over her t-shirt.

She throws a quick look back over her shoulder as she hurries toward the door, grabbing and hysterically turning at the door handle to no avail.

She realizes that she needs her key card and begins rummaging through her pockets, but comes up with nothing.

Staring remorsefully through the front door to the free world just out of reach, she JUMPS violently as a loud CRASH rings off screen and echoes throughout the hotel.

With another distressed glance outside, Kirsten turns and SPRINTS across the lobby, her eyes locked on the TELEPHONE sitting next to the lamp.

Before she can even get to the front desk, however:

ANGEL (O.S)  
Lizzie, Lizzie, Lizzie...

Kirsten freezes. After a long beat, she cautiously turns around to see ANGEL standing in the doorway.

ANGEL (cont'd)  
(holding up key card)  
Looking for this?

KIRSTEN  
(shaking)  
Look, Angel, I know that this isn't you. I know what you're going through. You're feeling-

ANGEL  
Hungry? If you were going to say hungry...  
(rubbing crotch)  
... I may have enough left over for a bonus prize.

(CONTINUED)

KIRSTEN  
 (petrified)  
 Angel...

ANGEL  
 After the murder, of course.  
 Because let's face it, Elizabeth,  
 you're a bit gabby for my taste.

Kirsten slowly starts backing away from him, but as she turns to run again, she's face to face with Angel!

ANGEL (cont'd)  
 Boo!

Kirsten falls hard onto her back. Angel smiles as she tries to push herself back onto her feet.

ANGEL (cont'd)  
 (laughing)  
 No matter how many times I try that  
 on however many different girls,  
 that gag never gets old!

KIRSTEN  
 You don't have to do this! I can  
 help you to stop what you're  
 feeling, and-

ANGEL  
 Gotta tell ya, I'm a little bored,  
 Lizzie. I was really hoping for a  
 bit more of a fight... or at least  
 a better chase scene.

Kirsten tries to KICK his legs out from under him, but Angel effortlessly jumps over the attack and laughs as he lands.

ANGEL (cont'd)  
 I mean, come on. Your old man put  
 up more of a fight than this and he  
 was... well, an old man!

KIRSTEN  
 (quiet)  
 Angel, please...

ANGEL  
 Or you'll what? Bleed on me? I'm  
 really having trouble finding the  
 motivation to shut my mouth and...  
 (sighing)  
 Screw it. You've ruined my fun. I'm  
 just going to have to kill you.

1 CONTINUED: (2)

1

Angel DIVES toward Kirsten and pins her on the ground, promiscuously smelling her hair as he goes to whisper in her ear.

ANGEL (cont'd)

But first... I'm going to kill everything that you've ever loved. Anything that has ever mattered in your life is going to suffer, and you're going to die knowing that it was your fault.

KIRSTEN

(frantic)

Angel, why are you doing this?  
What's the matter with you?

ANGEL

(beat; quickly)

Oh well, doesn't matter anyway, does it? Not to mention, I was hoping for a bit of alone time before we begin the fun part. I always pictured you as quite the screamer and...

(loudly)

... lucky me!

(whispering)

I get to find out.

Angel smiles diabolically as Kirsten tries to struggle once more.

Angel VAMPS OUT as he lightly struggles to contain her, and as he HISSES and starts to lean in for the kill, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF TEASER**

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

2

EXT. LA - STREET - NIGHT

2

TITLE OVER - Four Hours Earlier...

A quiet, dark city street. Typically run down Los Angeles neighbourhood. Cars roll by on the road in the background, steam rises from air vents on the sides of buildings, and trash litters the sidewalk.

FOOTSTEPS ring out down the street - someone's running towards us, and after a few moments a YOUNG WOMAN tears round a corner, racing down the street.

Her clothes are ragged and she's covered with cuts and bruises, looking like she's been in a heck of a fight.

She throws a glance over her shoulder as two more GIRLS appear round the corner, racing to catch up with her.

The woman runs on for a few more moments, then yells back at her pursuers:

YOUNG WOMAN  
Come on! Faster!

The girls behind put their heads down and try to make up ground, all three looking like they're running from the Devil himself.

Well, not quite - a BLACK VAN screeches to a halt at the end of the street, and as its side door slides open, the lead woman looks round, her face falling with horror.

Three DEMONS jump out of the van - orange, bumpy skin and wide, fang-filled mouths - and start to close down on the girls.

YOUNG WOMAN (cont'd)  
Oh, God...  
(to girls)  
Move it!!

The last of the girls is starting to fade, her energy burning out as she falls back towards the clutches of the demons.

The young woman slows down, finally letting the second girl catch her up, and they watch helplessly as the demons descend on the third girl, KICKING her to the floor and beating her into submission.

GIRL #2  
(horrified)  
No!

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

She starts to run back, but the woman grabs her, holding her back.

YOUNG WOMAN

There's nothing we can do! Come on!  
We have to get help!

GIRL #2

But we can't just-

The woman GRABS the girl, pulling her close.

YOUNG WOMAN

Do you want to end up like the  
others?

That gets her focused. With a final glance back as one of the demons starts to drag the unconscious girl back towards the waiting van, the other two demons set off in pursuit again, and we cut to:

3 INT. HYPERION - ANGEL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

3

WES, ILLYRIA, SPIKE, and SONIA are all piled inside. Wes continues his case from his chair behind the desk.

WESLEY

And the keeping strange hours and  
withholding pertinent information  
has no bearing on the situation  
whatsoever?

SONIA

Angel isn't evil! He's been in a  
coma for six months, Wes. That's  
got to be enough to screw with  
anybody's head.

WESLEY

He was brought out of that coma by  
a pure bred Wolfram and Hart  
assassin and hasn't given us the  
slightest clue as to why. If that's  
not cause for suspicion, I don't  
know what is.

(beat)

He hasn't even asked about Buffy,  
for heaven's sake!

SPIKE

And if he doesn't bring it up,  
there's no reason that we should!

(CONTINUED)

WESLEY

(eyes Spike)

All petty jealousies aside, I would like for you to tell me, with every ounce of confidence, that asking for the love of his life-

SPIKE

(interrupts)

Our lives!

WESLEY

(ignoring Spike)

... after a six month stint in a coma isn't the first thing that Angel would do. It was even the first thing that you did after coming back from beneath Sunnydale.

Spike is quiet for a moment, thinking to himself.

WESLEY (cont'd)

Well?

SPIKE

(agitated)

Oh, like you haven't been acting the slightest bit abnormal yourself, Percy! Sneaking around the plantation in the night's wee hours and keeping secrets from your...

(motioning to Illyria)

... ancient, whip cracking mistress.

Illyria clearly takes notice of the mention, studying Wesley's reaction.

SPIKE (cont'd)

We've all seen you using your little plastic freedom card to escape into the mysterious night air with your team of queen's guards, to do heaven only knows what. So, after we adjourn this lovely secret meeting, maybe we should send you on your merry little way and decide whether or not you're evil!

WESLEY

(tetchy)

I'm not the one on trial here!

SPIKE

Only because you've proclaimed  
yourself judge, jury, and bloody  
executioner!

ILLYRIA

Wesley is not evil!

SPIKE

So he tells you where he's going at  
night, then?

Illyria is actually at a loss for words. Sonia GRUNTS with  
annoyance to bring the room's focus back.

SONIA

Okay, arguing is getting us  
nowhere! We need to look at this  
objectively.

Illyria is still staring at Wes, who tries to ignore her  
stares as he continues.

WESLEY

(calmly)

I've been objective. You're quite  
literally pulling quotes from my  
opening speech.

(off look)

Point taken.

Sonia looks over to Spike.

SPIKE

(off looks)

Fine. But if these little meetings  
are going to be a weekly  
installment, I get to be the judge  
next time!

WESLEY

All that I was trying to say with  
my Buffy theory is that it is one  
of the seemingly many things that  
have Angel behaving extremely out  
of character.

A beat.

WESLEY (cont'd)

So, is it safe to assume that we're  
all in agreement that something  
strange is most definitely afoot in  
regards to Angel and his recent  
activity?

A long beat and a reluctant 'yes' from the others.

(CONTINUED)

WESLEY (cont'd)

Good. Now that we've gotten the formality out of the way, we need to start work on trying to decipher his actions since he's awakened from his coma.

SPIKE

Starting with Old Man Brood's latest squeeze. She may have played the role of heroic sniper woman back in that bar, but my money says that there's something sinister going on behind those pretty blue eyes that could prove to be very bad to all our heath.

SONIA

She couldn't have done the... soul taking thing - could she? She didn't have time.

WESLEY

She may not have un-ensouled Angel, but if there's a mystical force powerful enough to turn a champion into a hapless lackey, it's a fair assumption that Wolfram and Hart have it.

SPIKE

Is 'un-ensouled' a word?

SONIA

Why would they wait till this late in the game to use it? They've been after Angel for what, over six years? Seems to me that they'd have used the thing to off his free will the second he got to town.

WESLEY

If memory serves, they've tried similar things in the past. Eve and that parasite, for example.

ILLYRIA

It is a common tactic in warfare.

Everyone stops and turns to Illyria.

ILLYRIA (cont'd)

You do not wish to reveal all of your advantages to your opponent until it is absolutely necessary.

(beat; arrogantly)

I never had a need for such tripe.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ILLYRIA (cont'd)

I crushed my opponents with only my will.

SPIKE

And back on the earth that isn't aeons in the past and a figment of a delusional god...

Illyria glares at Spike.

SPIKE (cont'd)

(snappy)

You and your will were defeated! You're shagging a human - the 'most annoying and pointless of all creatures,' remember? I'm losing all respect for your 'when I was a hell god' stories, 'cause, to tell the truth, they're all starting to sound the same to me!

WESLEY

(rolling eyes)

And we're back to the arguing.

SONIA

(yells)

Would you all shut up?!

Everyone stops and stares defensively at Sonia.

SONIA (cont'd)

None of this matters. All of this bickering is pointless... because Angel is Angel. If something is wrong with him, we fix it.

(beat)

Is that something that we can all agree on?

(off nods)

Good.

(beat; quickly)

Now, what do we do if, by some off chance, our boss is an, evil, mass murdering psychopath?

ANGEL (O.S)

I'm not an evil, mass murdering psychopath.

Sonia FREEZES as Angel ENTERS the room.

WESLEY

We would never dream...

SPIKE

(raises hand)

I did.

Angel shoots him an apathetic glance.

SPIKE (cont'd)  
I came, I saw, I dreamt.

WESLEY  
Angel, we're all just concerned for  
your well being.

SPIKE  
Not to mention our own.

WESLEY  
Angel, if there is anything that  
you need to talk to us about, we  
can-

ANGEL  
Look, guys, it's me. I'm me. I know  
that you think I'm being all  
furtive and, to you, that usually  
means that I've lost my soul, but  
there are just a ton of things  
going on in my mind right now and  
I'm trying to piece together dream  
from reality.

WESLEY  
(awkwardly)  
And... about Kirsten?

SPIKE  
Yeah, you didn't have some perverse  
dream about our favorite legal  
secretary that somehow led her to  
our doorstep with a Wolfram and  
Hart designed 'get out of coma  
free' card, did you?

ANGEL  
Kirsten is the only part of this  
that I know is reality.

WESLEY  
And the rest?

ANGEL  
I'll let you know when I find out.

Angel grabs a paper off of his desk and turns around to exit  
the room.

SONIA  
(emphatically)  
I swear I don't think you're evil!  
(MORE)

3 CONTINUED: (6)

3

SONIA (cont'd)  
 I was just taking charge of an  
 argument that had gone south, and  
 it... it was a rhetorical question.  
 I swear I don't!

ANGEL  
 (smiling)  
 It's okay. I'm not...  
 (to others)  
 ... evil. I'll prove it.  
 (beat)  
 Just not right now.

Wes forces a smile as he EXITS the room.

After Angel is well without of earshot:

WESLEY  
 He's definitely evil.

SPIKE  
 Pure demon.

The team swap glances as we cut to:

4 EXT. LA - STREET - NIGHT

4

The young woman we saw fleeing from the demons runs out onto  
 another street, but this time she's alone.

She doesn't seem to notice at first, before coming to a halt,  
 pacing round in a circle as she frantically calls out:

YOUNG WOMAN  
 Hey! Hey!! Where are you? Where are  
 you?  
 (beat)  
 I don't know your name!

GIRL #2  
 (distant)  
 Help me!

The woman's head snaps up as she hears the other girl's  
 voice, and she runs off towards it, onto:

5 EXT. LA - MAIN ROAD - NEXT

5

The woman dashes out from behind a building, skidding to a  
 halt at what she sees.

The other girl is being pummelled by the two demons, the  
 black van waiting to swallow her up as soon as they're done.

The woman's eyes bulge, but she knows there's nothing she can  
 do to help. She starts to take a step back, heading for  
 cover...

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

... and the demons' heads snap up, spotting her! She GASPS and spins on her heel, racing off back down the street.

The demons lift up the battered girl before them and casually TOSS her into the van, before the van SCREECHES away and the demons are off in pursuit once more.

6 EXT. LA - STREET - NEXT

6

The girls runs along the main road, clearly at the edge of her strength, when she sees a familiar building up ahead - the Hyperion!

She glances over her shoulder - no sign of the demons. With a last gulp of air, she heads towards the hotel, and we cut to:

7 INT. HYPERION - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

7

Angel steps to the top of the staircase and turns left toward us. After a few steps down the hallway, a quiet WHISPERING echoes from down the hallway.

Angel quickly WHIPS around to find nothing - an empty hallway. He takes a few steps back in the opposite direction, listening intently.

He glances back down to the lobby and can see the others still in his office and then back down the hallway.

ANGEL

Kirsten?

He waits another few moments as he listens to hear nothing. Finally, he turns and walks slowly back toward his room, still expecting some kind of disturbance.

8 INT. HYPERION - LOBBY

8

Kirsten quietly lets the door pull to as she slides the key card in her pocket.

KIRSTEN'S P.O.V

We watch as Angel disappears into his room and closes the door behind him.

ON SCENE

Kirsten stares at the stairs, almost reliving Angel's steps before there is a loud KNOCKING at the door.

Kirsten YELPS and jumps half way across the room as the others come rushing from Angel's office.

Spike stares oddly at her as he glances around the room.

(CONTINUED)

SPIKE

If you're trying to test the acoustics, I think they pulled aces.

WESLEY

Spike...

Before Spike can even get out another word, he catches Wes' gaze and looks to the door.

Through the glass of the front door, we can see the young woman shaking frantically as she starts knocking again.

SONIA

Oh, my God!

Wes hurries over to the door, quickly retrieving his key card and sliding it through the system.

As the door opens, the girl FALLS to the lobby floor, sobbing uncontrollably. Wes kneels down and helps the girl up to her knees.

WESLEY

Are you alright?

YOUNG WOMAN

You've got to help me! They're right behind me, I don't think they saw me come in here, but...

She throws herself in Wes' arms. He tries to comfort her, softly patting her on the back.

WESLEY

Yes, of course. We will help...

He pulls her back to face him.

WESLEY (cont'd)

... but first you've got to tell us what it is that you're running from.

YOUNG WOMAN

They're... there were too many of them. Four, I think. They kept us locked up. No food, no water. We were able to take down a few of them and get away, but they were too strong! They came after us, and they got the others, I couldn't...

WESLEY

What is it that did this to you, and who was with you?

(CONTINUED)

A long beat. Wes shakes her softly to grab her attention.

WESLEY (cont'd)  
You've got to focus for a moment!  
What was it that-

YOUNG WOMAN  
I don't know what kind of demons  
they were.

Wes looks back to the others, fearing the worst and perplexed at the use of the word 'demon.'

YOUNG WOMAN (cont'd)  
But they hunted in packs. They were  
organised, they had money. They  
knew what they were doing.

WESLEY  
Do you have any idea where they  
were... or where you came from?  
Were you in Los Angeles, or-

YOUNG WOMAN  
(softly)  
Some of them are still there.

WESLEY  
Some of who?

A beat and Wes glances back to Spike.

WESLEY (cont'd)  
Spike, could you get her a glass of  
water?  
(to girl)  
You've got to give us something to  
work with so we can help you.

Spike, seeming almost shaken up, nods his head and starts toward the office, but stops when:

YOUNG WOMAN  
The other slayers.

Spike turns around and stares back at Wes, both of their faces with dire expressions upon them before we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

9 INT. HYPERION - LOBBY - MORNING

9

The girl is patched up a little now, bandages in place to cover her cuts and a cold flannel pressed to her head. Sonia is by her side, holding her hand as the boys talk over by the reception desk.

SPIKE

So what's the plan?

WESLEY

I should think that's fairly obvious. We need to find out where the other Slayers are being held and rescue them.

ANGEL

What would a group of Slayers be doing together anyway?

WESLEY

Perhaps it's something to do with the Academy?

SPIKE

Yeah, but that's all the way back home in England.

ANGEL

Maybe that's where they were headed when these demons intercepted them?

WESLEY

It's a fair assumption to make.

Wes looks back over towards the wounded girl, catching Sonia's attention. Sonia nods - she's going to be alright.

WESLEY (cont'd)

One of us should question her further, see if she can tell us where to start looking.

ANGEL

I'll do that.

SPIKE

I'll wait for you two boys to tell me where to start looking, then get ready to kill things. I'm not one for all this babysitting lark.

ANGEL

What a shock.

(CONTINUED)

SPIKE

You're the one with the podgy cheeks and little boy lost eyes, mate! I look too much like one of the bad guys.

(smirks)

Which suits me, I suppose.

WESLEY

I'll call the Academy, perhaps they can tell us which girls they were expecting and we can start at their homes here if they have them, look for some more clues.

Spike hesitates at this, but Angel doesn't notice as he heads over to the girl on the couch. Wes does, calling out to Spike as he starts to walk away.

WESLEY (cont'd)

Unless you'd like to make the call?

SPIKE

(beat)

Not a good idea, Percy.

WESLEY

I would have thought you'd want to hear how Skye was-

SPIKE

(stern)

Don't.

WESLEY

'Don't' what?

SPIKE

Don't make me...

(sighs)

Me doing the calling wouldn't get us anything except an earful of abuse, and we both know that. You're the ex-Watcher, you handle that. I'm going to do what I do best.

WESLEY

Which is?

Spike grins and turns to walk away.

SPIKE

Be somewhere else.

Wes watches Spike go as Illyria pads over to him.

(CONTINUED)

ILLYRIA

Spike appears troubled.

WESLEY

I think he's just remembering how he feels about someone.

ILLYRIA

Can he be helped?

WESLEY

Actually, no, I don't believe he can.

Illyria watches Spike go - and lays a hand on Wes' arm. It's an unconscious gesture, but Wes notices it and smiles.

Over with the wounded Slayer, Angel nods to Sonia and she leaves them to it. Angel takes a seat and takes away the flannel, waiting for the girl to come round.

ANGEL

Hi.

YOUNG WOMAN

(wary)

You're him, aren't you?

ANGEL

Yeah. I'm Angel.

YOUNG WOMAN

So... whose side are you on this week?

ANGEL

Yours. Same as last week.

YOUNG WOMAN

Yeah, well, gets kinda hard to know these days. I hear a lot of things about you, you know?

ANGEL

And I'm guessing they're not all good.

She shakes her head and Angel shrugs, keeping his warm smile in place.

ANGEL (cont'd)

So what's your name?

YOUNG WOMAN

(eyes him)

You know, you're the first person here to ask me that?

(CONTINUED)

ANGEL

That's the others for you. They tend to forget the little details sometimes.

YOUNG WOMAN

But I bet you don't.

ANGEL

I try.

She manages a half smile, relaxing a little, and Angel glances up towards the staircase as Kirsten heads back into the lobby.

But Angel double takes - Kirsten is dressed in a full eighteenth century outfit, complete with bustier, a huge, meringue like dress and long, curled hair!

YOUNG WOMAN (O.S.)

It's Abbey.

Angel blinks, looks down at the Slayer, ABBEY, then back up at Kirsten - who's dressed normally again. She registers Angel's confused expression and mouths 'what's wrong?' Back to him.

ANGEL

Huh?

ABBEY

My name. It's Abbey.

Angel shakes his head to try and gather his thoughts.

ABBEY (cont'd)

Are you alright? You spaced out for a second there?

ANGEL

Yeah, sorry, I'm fine, I just-

ABBEY

Why won't you kill me?

Angel freezes and looks down at Abbey - and she's covered in fresh cuts and wounds! She stares up at him with wide, desperate eyes.

ABBEY (cont'd)

Please... just kill me!

Angel LEAPS to his feet - but Abbey is back to normal. She sits up, scared by his odd reaction.

ABBEY (cont'd)

What's wrong?

(CONTINUED)

ANGEL

Uh, I- I just-

WESLEY

Angel? Is everything alright?

Wes and Illyria head over, Wes looking concerned. Angel sighs and rubs his eyes.

ANGEL

Maybe Kirsten should talk to her, I think... I guess I'm just a little fried still. After what happened.

WESLEY

(nods)

That may be best, although I'd prefer Sonia to-

KIRSTEN (O.S.)

It's okay, I can do this.

Wes looks over to Kirsten, who waits by the couch. Wes doesn't look convinced, but Angel nods.

ANGEL

Come on, Wes. She's with us now, remember?

WESLEY

(beat)

Very well.

Wes turns and heads back into his office, followed by Illyria, and Angel looks over as Kirsten sits down by Abbey.

ABBEY

What's with him?

KIRSTEN

Magically-induced coma for three months.

ABBEY

(beat)

Oh.

Kirsten looks over to Angel and smiles, and off that, we:

Spike is sitting back on his bed, the curtains drawn and 'White Riot' by The Clash blasting out of the stereo. There's a KNOCK at the door, but the music's up too loud for him to hear it.

After a few beats, the door opens and Sonia steps inside, yelling at Spike - but he still can't hear her!

He rolls his eyes and reaches over to turn the music down, catching her mid-yell.

SONIA  
 (shouting)  
 WHY DON'T YOU-  
 (beat)  
 I was saying, why don't you want to  
 speak to Skye?

Spike doesn't answer, keeping his stare fixed on the ceiling overhead. Sonia walks over, standing at the edge of his bed with her hands on her hips.

SONIA (cont'd)  
 Don't you think you owe it to her  
 to at least check in with how she  
 is?

SPIKE  
 Drop it, squirt.

SONIA  
 'Drop it'? Where do you get off  
 talking to me like that?

SPIKE  
 Look, it's not something I'd expect  
 you to get your naive little head  
 round, so-

SONIA  
 (interrupts; yells)  
 My boyfriend's neck was broken  
 right in front of me! I think that  
 makes me uniquely qualified to know  
 what it feels like to lose someone  
 you love!!

Sonia reels a little, surprised by her own outburst. Spike turns to look at her, and after a moment she sighs and sits down at the foot of his bed.

SONIA (cont'd)  
 I'm sorry, I-

SPIKE  
 No, it's alright, pet. You're  
 right. Compared to what you're  
 going through, this is small  
 change.

SONIA

I don't mean to make out like you  
don't have problems too, you know.

SPIKE

(grins)  
No, just that mine are much smaller  
than yours.

SONIA

(grins back)  
Something like that.

Spike scoops his jacket from the floor and fishes out a  
cigarette as Sonia watches him.

SONIA (cont'd)

So are you gonna speak to her when  
Wes calls?

SPIKE

Maybe. Probably not.

SONIA

Why? I mean, don't you think you  
should-

SPIKE

Listen, Sonia, I don't mean to get  
funny with you, but-

Sonia gets the message, standing.

SONIA

Fine, fine, whatever. Just trying  
to help.

SPIKE

I'm a long way past that, luv.  
(beat)  
You could say we both are.

Sonia looks back down at him, but he just grins.

SPIKE (cont'd)

Good job we've got each other,  
then, eh?

Sonia shakes her head and chuckles, and heads back out of the  
room, leaving Spike in peace.

His grin drops when she's gone, however, and as he blows out  
some smoke his eyes fix on the ceiling again.

11 INT. WESLEY'S OFFICE - NEXT

11

Wes is on his phone as Illyria paces round his room, trailing her hand across his bookshelves. He's making notes as he talks.

WESLEY

(into phone)

And you're sure that's all of them?

SKYE

(filtered; through phone)

Yeah, pretty much. Abbey, Eva, Shelley and some chick with a Latino name I can't pronounce properly.

WESLEY

(grins)

Understood. Could you get somebody at your end to fax over some contact details for them?

SKYE

No problem. How's things back in sunny LA?

WESLEY

I'd say 'business as usual,' but...

SKYE

There is no 'usual business' as far as you guys are concerned.

WESLEY

Certainly not. How are you finding your second term at the Academy?

SKYE

I'm good. Lot of strange stuff going on, though. Oo, I made squad leader.

WESLEY

Well done.

SKYE

Yeah, well, you say that, but it pissed off a good friend of mine so it's kind of a double-edged thing. And did you know we have a guy Slayer now?

WESLEY

(frowns)

A what?

(CONTINUED)

SKYE

I thought you'd be in the loop on that? You know, ex-Watcher and everything?

WESLEY

I'm afraid that was a long time ago.

SKYE

Yeah, guess so... well, nobody knows much about him yet. Australian guy named Braeden. Most people like him but I ain't so sure yet. I guess we'll just have to wait and see.

(beat)

So...

WESLEY

If you're going to ask me about Spike, then he's fine too.

SKYE

I wasn't.

(beat)

Is he?

WESLEY

He doesn't mention you much, but I think we both know that means he thinks about you a lot. I'm sure he feels bad about what-

SKYE

Uh, Wes? Can we skip that for now, please? Like, what happened happened, and there's nothing that can be done about that now. Just keep an eye on him for me, will ya?

WESLEY

I will.

SKYE

Okay. Speak to you all soon.

Wesley hangs up, and glances over to Illyria. A look of alarm crosses his face as Illyria nears a sealed tube sitting on his bookshelf.

WESLEY

Skye's sending us over the details we need.

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

Illyria pauses and looks round. Wes' eyes flick to her hand, inches away from the tube, and after an agonisingly long beat she steps over to his desk.

ILLYRIA

So are we to hunt down the demons responsible now?

WESLEY

Indeed we are. We'll have to see if Kirsten has had any luck with young Abbey first.

Illyria nods and heads back out into the foyer - and Wes glances at the tube on his bookshelf again.

Once Illyria has left, he reaches for it and tucks it away in his desk, locking the drawer. With a dark look on his face, we cut to:

12 INT. HYPERION - FOYER - NEXT

12

Wes steps out of his office as Illyria watches Kirsten walk down the stairs.

ILLYRIA

Where is the girl?

KIRSTEN

Sleeping it off. I put her up in one of the spare rooms, I figured you guys had enough to go round. You know, this being a hotel and all.

WESLEY

Settling in already, are we?

KIRSTEN

Wesley, I'm just-

SONIA

Hey! We ready to go?

Sonia steps into frame, and with a glance at Kirsten, Wes is forced to let his comment slide.

WESLEY

We'll be receiving details of the four Slayers' home addresses shortly. Once we have those, we can head out to wherever Abbey is able to point us to with regards the demon's lair.

(CONTINUED)

KIRSTEN

She couldn't remember much, looks like they dosed he up with something when they took her so she was pretty out of it until she got a few blocks away.

ILLYRIA

How did she know to come here for assistance?

KIRSTEN

Apparently you guys are more famous than you'd think! And I guess your year at Wolfram & Hart was kept pretty quiet to the rest of the outside world, so as far as she knew Angel Investigations has always been right here.

SONIA

Speaking of Angel, where is he?

KIRSTEN

Uh, upstairs, I think.

WESLEY

Sonia, do you think you could-

SMASH! Something breaks upstairs, and everyone in the foyer freezes. Wes and Sonia swap glances - then they race towards the stairs, passing a startled Kirsten.

Following the sounds of a struggle, Wes barrels up to one of the hotel doors, rattling the handle but finding it won't open.

ABBEY (O.S.)

(muffled; through door)  
Help! Somebody help me!

WESLEY

Abbey? Abbey, hold on, we're coming in!

We steps back and tries to BARGE the door down, but he bounces off the thick oak door with a SHOUT of pain.

ILLYRIA

Stand back.

Illyria marches straight towards the door - and SMASHES it down with one mighty kick.

14 INT. HYPERION - ROOM - CONTINUOUS

14

Wes and Sonia pile in behind Illyria, all three stopping in shock at what they see.

Angel is kneeling across Abbey's bed, a wicked smile twisting across his lips as he THROTTLES her, her hands scraping feebly at his as he chokes the life out of her.

WESLEY

Angel!

He races over and tries to pull Angel off the girl, but gets SWATTED away for his troubles. Sonia tries but meets a similar fate.

ANGEL

Don't interrupt me now, the fun's just getting started!

Abbey's strength is fading, and her struggles are beginning to die down.

Through Angel's eyes, however, the scene looks quite different - Abbey, sporting the same fresh cuts he saw earlier, glares up at him defiantly.

ABBEY

Is that all you've got? Come on, vampire! I thought you wanted to kill me! Do it!

Angel's eyes are wide - he looks lost in whatever delerium he's worked up into, so he doesn't hear Illyria grab a nearby lampstand and march over.

THWACK! She breaks the tall stand in half across Angel's back, and he drops to the floor, releasing Abbey who GASPS.

ILLYRIA

What is the meaning of this treachery, Angel?

Angel rolls onto his back - and his expression is one of pure disbelief. Frowning, Illyria lowers what's left of the lampstand.

Sonia gets between Angel and Abbey, who sits up in bed, coughing and rubbing her throat.

ANGEL

What... what happened?

ABBEY

(ragged)  
He tried to kill me!

(CONTINUED)

SONIA

What?!?

ABBEY

He came in here, saying how he  
hadn't finished having 'fun' with  
me yet... he kept calling me  
Elizabeth! He's crazy!

Wes looks down at Angel, who stays on the floor, not looking  
like he knows where he is.

WESLEY

Angel? Is this true?

ANGEL

I... I don't remember...

Wes and Illyria exchange a concerned look, as we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT TWO**

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

15 EXT. TOWN STREET - NIGHT 15

TITLE OVER - Yorkshire, England, 1762

A quiet part of town, just a few homesteads spread out among the fog-filled streets. A horse and carriage rolls by and an elderly couple take a late stroll through the streets as a young girl staggers out of the fog.

She's only in her late teens, with long, blonde hair and pale skin, and an uncanny resemblance to Kirsten. This is ELIZABETH. She's cut and bruised, with blood and dirt all over her skin.

Elizabeth leans against the side of a house for support, checking up and down the street to make sure no-one can see her. She seems exhausted, and this moment's pause catches up with her all too quickly.

She starts to SOB, sinking down the wall and pressing her face into her hands, but the tears only flow for a few moments. Sniffing and wiping her eyes, she makes a conscious effort to control her emotions, closing her eyes.

When she reopens them, there's a calm look in them that carries into the rest of her body language as she stands.

16 EXT. ELIZABETH'S HOUSE - NIGHT 16

Elizabeth pushes open a gate and walks up the long drive to a modestly-sized townhouse, a few lanterns burning against the gloom.

She pauses to rearrange her torn clothes to hide her injuries, smoothing down her hair and trying to make herself look respectable once again.

Taking a deep breath, she takes out a key and unlocks the front door, stepping into:

17 INT. ELIZABETH'S HOUSE - HALL - CONTINUOUS 17

The inside of the house is dimly lit - it's clearly a long way past bedtime here. Elizabeth peeks round the door to check the coast is clear, then tip-toes towards the stairs ahead.

18 INT. BATHROOM - NEXT 18

Scrubbing at her blood-stained hands, Elizabeth has changed into a plain white nightdress as she tries to clean herself up, careful to keep the noise down.

19 INT. CORRIDOR - NEXT

19

Elizabeth pads silently towards a door up ahead - her bedroom - but stops as she hears the slow CREAK of a rocking chair from up ahead.

The door to her father's study is open, and light from a blazing fire ripples against the walls.

Curious, Elizabeth heads towards the study, pausing at the door to rap her knuckles lightly against it.

20 INT. STUDY - CONTINUOUS

20

Elizabeth looks into the cosy room, lined with cabinets and bookshelves.

ELIZABETH

Father?

A rocking chair faces away from us, rocking slowly back and forth. Its loud CREAK is the only sound beyond the crackle of the fire.

ELIZABETH (cont'd)

It's not like you to be up so late, father. Is everything alright? I was just, ah... just getting a drink of water, when I-

ANGELUS (O.S.)

He can't hear you now, child.

Elizabeth freezes, the blood draining from her face - and ANGELUS steps from the shadows of the room. He looks like he's been in a fight - his hair is a mess and his clothes are ragged, but that sinister twinkle is still in his eyes.

Elizabeth backs away as he steps towards her, her eyes flicking round the room for something to fight with.

ANGELUS (cont'd)

Gave me quite the runaround, so you did. Almost thought you had me for a minute there, so lucky for both of us that carriage came past when it did, eh?

ELIZABETH

(cold)

If you've hurt my father, vampire, I'll-

ANGELUS

'Hurt'? Oh, no, I haven't hurt him.

(CONTINUED)

Angelus reaches for the rocking chair and spins it round - and Elizabeth almost SCREAMS as she sees her father!

His throat is a bloody mess, and his blank, lifeless eyes stare back at her.

ANGELUS (cont'd)  
I'm sure he didn't feel a thing  
after the first few seconds.

Elizabeth fights down her fear and glares at Angelus.

ELIZABETH  
(snarls)  
I'm going to finish what I started  
with you, you monster!

ANGELUS  
(not listening)  
It was getting him to stay rocking  
that was the hard part - but, as it  
turns out, you give someone in one  
of these chairs a nudge, and they  
can just keep going back and forth  
for hours!

Elizabeth spots a wooden letter opener on her father's desk and starts to edge towards it.

ANGELUS (cont'd)  
Of course, I had to kill him first,  
just to keep him quiet, but I'm  
sure you understand, as vampire to  
Slayer... it's nothing personal,  
lass.

ELIZABETH  
Is that why you killed all those  
other girls?

ANGELUS  
Them? Oh, I was just hungry.

Elizabeth's eyes flick to the letter opener, and this time Angelus catches it.

ANGELUS (cont'd)  
I'd kill you before you got halfway  
there, and we both know it.

ELIZABETH  
You sure about that?

ANGELUS  
Maybe.  
(smirks)  
Maybe we should find out?

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (2)

20

A beat - and then Elizabeth LUNGES for the desk. Angelus darts over, quick as a flash, but she gets there first, SLICING round with the sharp opener.

Angelus YELPS in pain as the blade cuts across his cheek, and it buys Elizabeth the few seconds she needs to race out of the study.

Angelus presses a hand to his cheek - and GRINS.

ANGELUS (cont'd)

Oh, I love it when they run...

As he tears out of the study, we cut back to:

21 INT. HYPERION - ANGEL'S OFFICE - DAY

21

Angel sits at his desk, staring at the wall as Wes and Spike stand nearby, both men armed.

SPIKE

So what you're telling me is Frownmaster here went doo-lally again, and I missed it? Why doesn't anybody ever let me join in the fun around here?

WESLEY

I'd hardly class Angel trying to strangle one of our clients 'fun,' Spike.

SPIKE

Not that part, you idiot. The bit where Illyria clocked him with the lamp. Now that I would have liked to have seen. Or even done meself.

Wesley steps closer to Angel, the loaded crossbow in his hands showing he's not taking any chances.

WESLEY

I think it's best if we keep you under close observation while we work out what's affecting you, Angel.

ANGEL

That won't be necessary.

WESLEY

That's not your decision to make.

ANGEL

Excuse me?

(CONTINUED)

WESLEY

I have to consider the welfare of the others here, Angel. It's fair to say you've not exactly been yourself of late.

ANGEL

Wes, I can handle it. I can't figure out what's wrong with me sitting in here doing nothing.

SPIKE

Maybe, but there's also less chance of you killing one of those lovely paying clients we need so much.

WESLEY

Spike has a point - albeit a badly-worded one.

ANGEL

What are you saying, Wes? That I'm a liability now?

WESLEY

Do I really have to answer that?

Angel glares at him, then settles back in his seat with an angry HUFF.

WESLEY (cont'd)

I appreciate your frustration, Angel. I know it must feel like nobody trusts you here at the moment.

SPIKE

Which we don't.

WESLEY

(eyes Spike)

But either way, I can't risk you endangering the lives of the others.

Wesley lays down his crossbow as a sign of faith.

WESLEY (cont'd)

You know I'm right.

ANGEL

(beat)

Maybe I don't want you to be right.

SPIKE

Can I suggest a new plan?

WESLEY

Not now, Spike.

SPIKE

It involves me tying Angel up, and then giving him a kicking every time he starts to go crackers again.

WESLEY

(weary)

Spike...

SPIKE

It'll be like positive reinforcement. Sooner or later, after enough beatings, his mind'll learn to stay on the right tracks, and there you go! Problem sorted.

Wesley ignores Spike, slinging his crossbow over his shoulder and looking back to Angel.

WESLEY

We'll be back later. Until then, I think it's best we find some way to keep you contained. I can arrange-

ANGEL

No, Wes. If I'm going to have to be chained up like an animal, I'd prefer to fix that up myself.

WESLEY

(beat)

Alright. Come on, Spike. We have work to do.

Spike smirks at Angel as he follows Wes out.

SPIKE

See you later, Norman Bates.

Angel ignores him as Spike steps out into:

Illyria, Sonia and Kirsten are ready and waiting as Spike and Wes join them.

WESLEY

Alright, we've got four possible locations for where the Slayers are being held, based on what Abbey was able to tell us and factoring in the homes of each missing girl. We'll move out in teams of two.

SPIKE

Me and Sonia, right?

WESLEY

(nods)

I'll go with Illyria. Take two addresses each and report in the moment you find anything.

Wes hands Spike a sheet of paper. He glances at it, then hands it straight to Sonia.

KIRSTEN

What about me?

WESLEY

I'll need you here to monitor Angel and make sure there are no more... incidents.

SPIKE

How's she going to handle him if he decides to go postal again?

ANGEL (O.S.)

There's a place I can go.

They all turn to see Angel standing in the office doorway.

ANGEL (cont'd)

After the last time I turned into Angelus, when we had to stop the Beast, I built myself somewhere down in the sewer tunnels. Somewhere more secure than the cage you kept me in last time.

WESLEY

Why were we never made aware of this?

ANGEL

I kinda hoped I'd never have to use it. Besides, we moved out and went to Wolfram and Hart, remember?

KIRSTEN

So... you want me to stay down there with you, is that it?

ANGEL

Just help me secure it, then wait for the others to come back. It's completely safe. There's no way out unless someone lets me out.

22 CONTINUED: (2)

22

WESLEY

Alright then. Let's get moving.

Wes leads the team up towards the front doors - a SLOW MOTION hero shot, Angel's absence from it not lost on the man himself as he watches his team go without him.

Kirsten walks over as Sonia shuts the doors after them, leaving Angel and Kirsten alone in the foyer.

KIRSTEN

They'll be okay. And they're just worried about you. I mean, they-

ANGEL

They don't trust me.

Kirsten pauses, not sure how to respond.

ANGEL (cont'd)

And right now, I don't trust me either.

(beat)

Let's go.

Angel heads off towards the tunnel entrance round the back of the lobby, as we cut to:

23 INT. WOLFRAM &amp; HART - LINDSEY'S OFFICE - DAY

23

LINDSEY sits at his desk, going through some paperwork as a shadow falls across him.

LINDSEY

(without looking up)

What is it, Lilah?

LILAH

Now don't pretend you're not happy to see me, boss.

Putting particular emphasis on the last word, LILAH's leggy frame takes a seat at the edge of Lindsey's desk. He stops what he's doing and leans back in his chair.

LINDSEY

So let me get this straight - does annoying the hell out of me fall under your job description now? Because if so, then I think I need to write you a letter of commendation.

LILAH

My job now is to keep an eye on you, Lindsey. You're not exactly known for playing by the rules.

(CONTINUED)

LINDSEY

And you are?

LILAH

Compared to you, I'm a regular football referee.

LINDSEY

Nice. I guess this means you're still wondering what that whole desk thing was about last week, right?

LILAH

Wondering? No. Interested, definitely.

She slides off the desk and leans across it, staring into his eyes.

LILAH (cont'd)

You're up to something, Lindsey, and I'm going to find out what it is.

LINDSEY

Wish I could be more scared of you, Lilah.

LILAH

It's not me you need to worry about.

LILAH (cont'd)

Good job. I mean, if you want some tips on how to spook me, I could always rent out 'Ghostbusters' for you...

He chuckles, and with a wry smirks she steps away, heading for the door.

LILAH (cont'd)

There was one little thing I noticed, however.

LINDSEY

Which would be...

LILAH

I couldn't help but notice Angel is awake.

Lindsey pauses, and quickly tries to cover with a nonchalant shrug.

LINDSEY

So?

LILAH

I also couldn't notice that the person that hates Angel more than anything in this plane of existence has been acting rather strange of late.

LINDSEY

Lilah, if you're trying to imply that-

LILAH

What? I didn't name you, specifically.

Lilah smirks, knowing she almost caught him out, and Lindsey stands, walking casually over to her.

LINDSEY

Did you also happen to notice how the girlfriend of my predecessor is now running alongside Angel and his pals? And did you stop to think that the potential security risk that could mean to us has me understandably a little edgy?

LILAH

I never knew you cared.

LINDSEY

I don't. I just don't want some bimbo who slept with her boss and feels like the world owes her for it screwing up my plans.

LILAH

And what plans would those be? Maybe I can-

LINDSEY

Goodbye, Lilah.

He opens the door, staring at her. Lilah smirks, getting the hint, and steps out of the office.

LILAH

I'm just looking out for you, Lindsey. I'd hate the Senior Partners to think you were-

SLAM! Lindsey shoves the door shut in her face. His dark expression as he heads back to his desk reflects his mood as we cut back to:

24 INT. SEWERS - PANIC ROOM

24

With dripping water echoing round the dank tunnels, Kirsten follows Angel as he walks up to a thick, sliding metal grille set into the wall.

KIRSTEN

Is this it?

Angel reaches into his jacket and takes out a key chain, using it to open the three padlocks sealing the grille before pulling it back.

Kirsten peers past it - there's nothing but a small, prison cell style room, with a flat, damp mattress.

KIRSTEN (cont'd)

Cosy.

ANGEL

It's built for security, not comfort. When you have to take vampire strength into account, a latch and a heavy door aren't gonna cut it.

KIRSTEN

Point taken. So what, you just want me to lock you in there and then wait?

ANGEL

That's the plan. Hopefully Wes can figure out what's wrong before I have to spend too long down here.

KIRSTEN

Why? What happens if you do?

Angel steps past her and into the cell, looking round as he hands Kirsten the key chain.

KIRSTEN (cont'd)

Angel?

ANGEL

Huh? Oh, nothing bad. It's just cold down here.

KIRSTEN

(grins)

Thought vampires didn't feel the cold?

ANGEL

Nobody's perfect.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

Kirsten nods, then reaches over and slides the grille back into place. She locks the three padlocks, then takes a few steps back as Angel sits down on the mattress.

KIRSTEN

Do you want me to stay with you?

ANGEL

No, it's alright. Go back to the hotel, make sure that Slayer's okay.

KIRSTEN

Will do. Just, you know, holler if you need anything.

She heads back towards the exit, leaving Angel to his own devices. He hasn't been there more than a few moments when:

25 INT. ELIZABETH'S HOUSE - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

25

FLASH! We're thrown back into Angelus's battle with Elizabeth, his game face on as the two struggle, Angelus GROWLING as he closes in for the kill.

26 INT. SEWERS - PANIC ROOM

26

FLASH! Back to Angel as he lands back on the mattress, his breathing speeding up and his eyes starting to roll back into his head.

Push in close on Angel as he starts to CONVULSE, thrashing around wildly on the mattress, and from that we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT THREE**

**ACT FOUR**

FADE IN:

27 EXT. WAREHOUSE/STREET - NIGHT

27

It's a few hours later as Spike and Sonia watch a warehouse in one of the more industrial sides of town, Sonia sweeping the place with a pair of high-powered binoculars.

SPIKE  
Anything good on?

SONIA  
No demons or kidnapees, if that's what you're asking.

She lowers her binoculars and SIGHS as Spike lights up a fresh cigarette.

SONIA (cont'd)  
So that's two for two, then. I hope Wes and Illyria are having better luck.

SPIKE  
Assuming they didn't get distracted and engage in a spot of-

SONIA  
Spike!

SPIKE  
What? It's not like it's a national bloody secret! You know you've heard them.

SONIA  
(grimaces)  
Please don't make me admit to that.

SPIKE  
(chuckles)  
'Bout time Illyria got her end away if you ask me. I can't be the only one who's noticed how remarkably less Illyria-like she's been lately.

SONIA  
You think all that's down to her and Wesley... you know?

SPIKE  
I'd put money on it, squirt. Nothing a spot of horizontal tango can't cure.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

There's a beat as they both think of something personal that wouldn't be cured by that at all.

SPIKE (cont'd)  
(struggling)  
Er, I mean-

SONIA  
(quickly)  
Let's go catch up with Wes.

Sonia picks up her backpack and starts to walk away. Spike is angry with himself for what he said, scowling as we cut to:

28 EXT. HOMELESS SHELTER/STREET - NIGHT

28

Wes and Illyria are waiting in the shadows across the street from a closed down homeless shelter, Wes carefully scanning for any signs of life from within.

Illyria's gaze is to the floor, as though she has something on her mind but doesn't know how to express it. Wes glances round and finally spots her downcast features.

WESLEY  
What's the matter?

ILLYRIA  
Spike and the others, they... they mock our union.

WESLEY  
I'm sure they don't.

ILLYRIA  
Do you close your ears when they talk about us? I should tear his eyeballs from his sockets and feed them to him, so he can witness his own entrails being torn from his body for the things he says, and yet...

WESLEY  
And yet you haven't done that. Yet.

ILLYRIA  
(shakes head)  
Something within me tells me to ignore his words... but why?

WESLEY  
Maybe it's your human side expressing itself again.

(CONTINUED)

ILLYRIA

I do not wish to allow it to express itself. It is making me appear weak.

WESLEY

Nobody thinks you're weak. I imagine Angel's back is still smarting from that blow you dealt him earlier.

ILLYRIA

Perhaps, but still, I-

WESLEY

Ssh. Do you hear something?

Illyria narrows her eyes as she listens - and they both hear the rumble of an approaching engine.

WESLEY (cont'd)

That's the first vehicle to pass this way all the while we've been here.

ILLYRIA

This does appear to be an abandoned section of the city.

Wes watches the shelter - and a black van pulls up outside it. The side doors slide open and out hop three DEMONS, the very same ones chasing Abbey down earlier.

WESLEY

I think we just struck lucky.

Wes reaches for his walkie talkie.

WESLEY (cont'd)

(into walkie talkie)  
Come in, Spoiler, over.

SONIA

(filtered; through intercom)  
Spoiler here. You guys had any luck? We're struck out over here.

WESLEY

Get to the old homeless shelter on 7th and Stanford, I think we've just found our kidnappers.

SONIA

Copy that. Spoiler out.

Wesley checks his crossbow and turns to Illyria.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: (2)

28

WESLEY

Shall we move now or wait for Sonia  
and Spike?

ILLYRIA

I have a desire to cause violence  
sooner rather than later.

WESLEY

(grins)  
My thoughts exactly.

Wes waits for the last of the demons, making six in total, to head into the building before he and Illyria dash across the street, and we cut back to:

29 INT. SEWER - PANIC ROOM

29

Kirsten is returning to the panic room, a glass full of pig's blood in one hand.

KIRSTEN

Angel? I thought you might be  
getting hungry down here, so I  
brought you a-

She freezes as she sees Angel convulsing on the floor.

KIRSTEN (cont'd)

Angel!!

She reaches for the keys, fumbling the glass and spilling some of the blood down herself. She frantically unlocks the padlocks, dragging the grille back and rushing into the cell to kneel by Angel's side.

KIRSTEN (cont'd)

Angel, can you hear me? Angel!

She tries to restrain him as we SMASH CUT to:

30 INT. ELIZABETH'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

30

Elizabeth bursts into her room and quickly drags a chest of drawers before the door, just as Angelus SLAMS into it from the other side.

She staggers back, quickly scrambling towards an old oak chest in one corner of the room.

The rattling at the door suddenly stops dead. The silence seems more threatening somehow as Elizabeth throws open the chest to reveal an arsenal of Slayer weapons - crosses, stakes, holy water.

She takes a stake and crucifix and stands, walking slowly back towards the door.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: 30

She listens at it - still nothing. Gritting her teeth, she drags back the chest of drawers, waits a beat, then FLINGS open the door, into:

31 INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS 31

Elizabeth steps out into the passage beyond, stake raised and ready. There's no sign of Angelus.

She hears a muffled SCREAM from somewhere downstairs, and Elizabeth pales in horror.

ELIZABETH  
(quietly)  
Mother...

She races towards the stairs as we cut back to:

32 INT. HOMELESS SHELTER - NIGHT 32

The inside of the shelter is a squat-like mess, with piled up refuse and broken, discarded furniture. Graffiti covers the walls, and in one corner are the three missing SLAYERS, bound at the wrists and ankles and huddled together.

As the first three demons walk in, they join three more sitting round one upturned table, lazily playing cards, one checking his watch.

DEMON #1  
When are they gettin' here?

DEMON #2  
Soon. Then we can go play again.

DEMON #3  
Sweet.

Demon #1 turns and leers at the captive Slayers.

DEMON #1  
Your friend's gonna be sorry she missed all the fun, girls! When we set you loose and see which one of our clients can track you down and kill you first, man...

DEMON #2  
Hey, maybe they'll bring it out on DVD?

The demons LAUGH, and one of the girls, EVA, looks towards one of the half-boarded up windows for any sign of a rescue.

Luckily for her, she gets it - she sees Wes appear at the window. He signals for her to stay quiet, then disappears from view again.

33 INT. ELIZABETH'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

33

Elizabeth dashes into the front room - and sees her mother lying dead on the carpet before her.

ELIZABETH

No!!

Elizabeth falls to her mother's side, weeping as she cradles her head in her hands.

ELIZABETH (cont'd)

No... no...

ANGELUS

Lizzie, Lizzie, Lizzie...

Elizabeth tenses up, slowly turning round as Angelus, fresh from the kill, steps into view behind her. He holds up her stake.

ANGELUS (cont'd)

Looking for this?

Elizabeth's expressions tells us she knows she's in big trouble, as we cut back to:

34 INT. SEERS - PANIC ROOM

34

Kirsten is still desperately trying to rouse Angel.

KIRSTEN

Angel, wake up, come on! Angel!

She turns away, looking around for anything she can use to help - and YELPS as Angel's hand streaks into frame and grabs her by the shoulder.

ANGEL

Hey, hey, hey, keep it down, will ya?

Kirsten looks round - Angel is wide awake. And wearing his game face. He grins up at her.

ANGEL (cont'd)

I heard you the first time.

Angel LUNGES for her and sinks his fangs into her neck, and Kirsten SCREAMS in terror!

He only takes a single gulp, throwing her to the ground with a grateful SIGH.

(CONTINUED)

ANGEL (cont'd)  
 Oh, yeah! That's the stuff! I mean,  
 I knew Slayer blood was meant to  
 taste good, but... damn!

KIRSTEN  
 (woozy)  
 Slayer... blood?

ANGEL  
 Well? Don't just sit there!

Angel KICKS her, and she collapses to the floor.

ANGEL (cont'd)  
 I'm not going to kill you yet,  
 Elizabeth. After what you did to me  
 earlier, I think it's only fair I  
 have some fun with you first.

Kirsten pushes herself up, backing away from Angel as he  
 watches her, licking his lips.

KIRSTEN  
 Angel? Who's... who's Elizabeth?  
 I'm Kirsten!

ANGEL  
 Blah blah blah. Look, here's what  
 we'll do. I'll give you to the  
 count of-

Elizabeth is backing away from Angel in exactly the same way  
 as Kirsten, also sporting a fresh bite mark on her neck.

ANGELUS  
 (continuing)  
 - three, and then I'm going to come  
 after you. If you get away, well,  
 good for you. But if I catch you...  
 then you're all mine.

ELIZABETH  
 You'll never-

ANGELUS  
 One!

ELIZABETH  
 I won't-

ANGELUS  
 Two!

36 INT. SEWERS - PANIC ROOM

36

Back with Angel and Kirsten.

KIRSTEN

(in tears)

Angel, don't do this, you have to fight-

ANGEL

Three!

Angel takes one step forward, and with a YELP of terror Kirsten turns on her heel and races away. Angel stays where he is, chuckling as Kirsten's footsteps echo round the tunnels.

ANGEL (cont'd)

Oh, I love it when they run...

Angel starts to jog after her as we cut to:

37 INT. HOMELESS SHELTER - NIGHT

37

The demons are just finishing one game of cards when there is a KNOCK at the door. The demons spring to their feet, grabbing their home-made swords and axes from the floor.

Demon #2 heads carefully over to investigate, his weapon raised and ready.

He steps up to the door - and with an almighty BANG, the doors are BLOWN off their hinges as Illyria smashes her way inside.

Demon #2 is flattened by the doors as the other demons race over, Wesley felling one with a crossbow bolt as he runs in behind Illyria.

Moments later, Spike and Sonia charge in through the open doorway, Wesley indicating the Slayers in the corner.

WESLEY

Get the girls out of here!

He goes toe-to-toe with the nearest demon as Illyria trades punches with another, a gleeful smirk on her face as she finally gets to see some action.

Sonia draws a knife and starts to cut through the plastic ties binding the girls wrists and ankles.

SONIA

We're going to get you out, hang on!

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

EVA

Where's Abbey? Is she-

SONIA

She's safe, she's with us.

EVA

Look out!

Sonia looks up and narrowly avoids getting a sword through her skull, rolling back as Demon #1 towers over her.

Spike sees that she's in trouble and charges over, TACKLING the Demon to the ground to buy Sonia enough time to finish freeing the girls.

As Sonia leads the girls around the melee and the others get stuck into the fight, we cut back to:

38 INT. HYPERION - FOYER - NIGHT

38

Hand pressed to the wound on her neck, Kirsten staggers into the foyer, weak from the blood loss. She stumbles and falls against the couch, forcing herself to her feet.

She glances towards the staircase but decides to go for the front door instead - but as she rattles its handle, she pats herself down and realises she's lost her keycard.

ANGEL (O.S.)

Lizzie, Lizzie, Lizzie...

She spins round to see Angel hold up the small white card with a sickening grin.

ANGEL (cont'd)

Looking for this?

Kirsten looks back at Angel in horror as we cut to:

39 INT. HOMELESS SHELTER - NIGHT

39

Team Wesley are just getting the upper hand as another demon falls to Illyria, and Sonia races back in to help, going to Spike's side as he fights off two demons at once.

SONIA

Spike! Stay down!

He keeps his head down as she draws her handgun and FIRES, hitting one demon square in the chest with three rounds.

He leaps back up to knock the other demon down, but as Sonia brings her gun to bear on her next target, she doesn't see Demon #2 drag himself out from beneath the door, drawing a dagger.

(CONTINUED)

She turns and sees a glint as the dagger blade catches the moonlight, but by the time she's brought her gun to bear, the demon has already THROWN the dagger.

She FIRES - and the dagger slices into her chest. The demon is killed, but Sonia folds to the floor.

SPIKE

Sonia!!

Spike floors his opponent with an UPPERCUT, and jumps over to Sonia's side.

SPIKE (cont'd)

Hang on, squirt, you'll be alright.

SONIA

That's what... I said to them...

Spike looks round desperately as we cut back to:

Kirsten SQUEALS as Angel pins her to the ground.

ANGEL

I always pictured you as quite the screamer and...

(loudly)

... lucky me!

(whispering)

I get to find out.

He VAMPS OUT and leans in for the kill...

... but with a CRUNCH, Angel's face suddenly contorts with pain, and as he rolls off Kirsten, clutching his groin, we see her raised boot - looks like she caught him right in the jewels.

Kirsten leaps to her feet and races for Angel's office, diving inside and SLAMMING the door.

Angel is soon back on his feet, not looking best pleased as he marches up to the door and starts POUNDING his fists against it.

ANGEL (cont'd)

You can't stay in there all night,  
Elizabeth! Sooner or later, I'm  
going to get in!

Angel KICKS the door but it won't budge, as we cut to:

41 INT. ELIZABETH'S HOUSE - CELLAR - NIGHT 41

Elizabeth is pressed against the heavy cellar door, still crying as she tries to stop Angelus from breaking the door down.

ANGELUS (O.S.)  
 (through door)  
 And when I do get in, I'm going to  
 make sure I spend every last second  
 until the sun comes up making you  
 suffer! Do you hear me?

Elizabeth SHRIEKS as Angelus hits the door again, and we  
 MATCH CUT to:

42 INT. HYPERION - ANGEL'S OFFICE - NIGHT 42

Kirsten has barricaded the door as best she can, also sobbing as Angel tries to break the door down. She looks up at the clock on the wall - she's been in here some time already and things are only getting worse.

43 INT. HYPERION - FOYER - NEXT 43

Angel KICKS the door again and grins as the hinges start to buckle.

ANGEL  
 Knock, knock! About time too, I was  
 starting to think that door'd never  
 break down!

He steps back and prepares the last kick to break the door down - but with a sudden loud ZAP, he convulses and falls to his knees.

Wes stands at the entrance, a taser gun in his hands and Illyria by his side. Spike steps through the doors, the wounded Sonia in his arms.

SPIKE  
 What the... did I miss it again?

A stern-faced Wes lowers his gun, and as we push in on Angel's immobile features, we DISSOLVE to:

44 INT. HYPERION - ANGEL'S ROOM - NIGHT 44

Angel is in his bed, starting to come round - but realises he's been chained to the bed as he finally wakes up.

He looks over to see Wes preparing a syringe with a dark green fluid from a small bottle, as Kirsten watches on, a bandage across her neck.

(CONTINUED)

ANGEL

What's... what's going on?

WESLEY

Your delusions are a side effect of the magics Kirsten used to rouse you from your coma.

ANGEL

They were?

WESLEY

I was able to identify and isolate what was causing it once you were in a more... co-operative frame of mind.

KIRSTEN

By which he means 'unconscious.'

WESLEY

Quite. This should counteract the spell's effects and return you to your normal self.

Angel nods as Wes sinks the syringe into his arm, shooting Angel full of the dark liquid. Wes packs his things away and stands.

WESLEY (cont'd)

I'm sure you'll appreciate my caution in leaving you restrained until we're all sure the effects have worn off.

ANGEL

Not gonna argue with that.

Wes nods and stands, ready to leave, when:

ANGEL (cont'd)

Wes?

He turns, and Angel motions for him to stay.

ANGEL (cont'd)

I need to tell you about something. Something I saw... while I was in my coma.

WESLEY

(beat)  
Go on.

ANGEL

I'm still trying to make more sense out of it all, but...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ANGEL (cont'd)

(beat)

It was the end of the world, Wes.

WESLEY

It'll hardly be the first time  
that's threatened to happen.

ANGEL

No, this time it's for real, Wes.  
The Apocalypse, The one Wolfram and  
Hart have been getting ready for.  
It's coming... and we may be the  
only ones who can stop it.

Wes looks away, letting this information sink in.

WESLEY

Why didn't you say anything when  
you first woke up?

ANGEL

Like I said, still processing.

WESLEY

I see. We'd better discuss this  
more fully when you've recovered.

ANGEL

Yeah, I think so.

Wes nods to Kirsten as he exits, and she steps over.

KIRSTEN

Pretty wild night, huh?

ANGEL

Kirsten, I'm-

KIRSTEN

Don't say sorry.

ANGEL

(beat)

But I am.

KIRSTEN

This was my fault anyway. I should  
have made sure what I used to wake  
you up was safe.

ANGEL

You weren't to know.

KIRSTEN

Yeah, well... maybe next time I'll  
read the label first.

She smiles and turns to go, but pauses in the doorway.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: (3)

44

KIRSTEN (cont'd)  
Angel? Who was Elizabeth?

Angel looks away, and is silent for a moment before he finally answers.

ANGEL  
She was a Slayer I fought in England, just before Darla and I wiped out Holtz's family. I broke into her house, killed her parents and trapped her in the cellar, but couldn't break the door down, so I sat outside the cellar and waited for her.  
(looks over)  
For four days. She died of starvation.

Kirsten looks shocked by this, but Angel's guilty expression helps soften the blow.

ANGEL (cont'd)  
Still think I'm one of the good guys?

KIRSTEN  
(beat)  
Get some rest, I'll see you soon.

Angel nods, and Kirsten leaves him in peace. Angel settles down as best he can as we cut to:

45 INT. HYPERION - SONIA'S ROOM - NIGHT

45

Sonia is tucked up in bed, looking a little pale but otherwise okay as Spike sits at her bedside.

SONIA  
You don't have to stay with me all night, you know.

SPIKE  
No, I don't. But you've got no say in the matter if I do.

SONIA  
(sighs)  
Are you always this stubborn?

SPIKE  
'Fraid so.

She presses a hand to her head and winces.

SPIKE (cont'd)  
Are you alright?

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

SONIA  
Headache. Can you get me some  
aspirin?

SPIKE  
Yep, hang on.

Spike reaches for her bedside cabinet, and Sonia's eyes widen as she sees where he's heading.

SONIA  
No, they're not in-

Spike has already opened the drawer - and he lifts up the half-empty bottle of green pills. The lack of a label sets off his alarms, and he glances over at Sonia.

She throws him a pleading look not to ask any questions - and after a beat, Spike puts the bottle back and closes the drawer.

SPIKE  
They're not in here. I'll just go  
check the bathroom.

He stands and exits, and from Sonia's heavy-hearted look we cut down to:

46 INT. HYPERION - WESLEY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

46

Wes is on the phone, cradling it on his shoulder as he opens up the tube he stashed in his desk earlier.

WES  
David? It's Wesley. Good news.

He POPS open the tube and drops its contents onto his desk - it's an old, yellowing SCROLL covered with arcane symbols.

WES (cont'd)  
I have the scroll we need, and  
Illyria is still none the wiser.

Wes starts to grin as he looks down at the scroll, and we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF SHOW**