

**ANGEL**

"School Daze"

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&

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**TEASER**

FADE IN:

1 EXT. COUPLAND HIGH - MORNING 1

A typical, middle class high school, with students milling around on the steps leading up to the grand entrance as they await the bell for first class of the day, while other kids sit around on the lawns outside the entrance.

A large sedan pulls into frame, stopping just opposite the entrance. Inside sits CHERYL, all blonde hair and makeup, with her mother, CAROL.

2 INT. CAROL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS 2

CAROL

Now, are you sure you've got everything you need, sweetheart?

Cheryl rolls her eyes - they've had this conversation before, the last time probably being about five minutes ago.

CHERYL

Yes, mom, I'm fine. See?

She holds up her fashionably tiny bag, crammed to bursting with the books she needs for the day.

CHERYL (cont'd)

All present and accounted for.

CAROL

(beat)

Cheryl, I'm not trying to-

CHERYL

Mom, it's alright. You don't have to put on your guilty face again.

Carol looks across as Cheryl, who sighs.

CHERYL (cont'd)

That face!

CAROL

I just worry about you, that's all. It's my job.

CHERYL

No, your job is at the hospital, which is where you need to be instead of sitting here asking me if I'm okay for the eighteenth time this morning.

(CONTINUED)

CAROL

It's just that with everything that happened after-

CHERYL

(sharp)

Mom. We are not getting into this now.

CAROL

What you went through was a traumatic experience, Cheryl! You've been away almost six months, and you've still barely said a word to anybody about how-

CHERYL

(snaps)

About how I feel? Are you going to sit me in front of Dr. Anway again and ask me to explain how I've been feeling since watching my two best friends get killed in a hit-and-run?

Carol lowers her head, and Cheryl HUFFS. This isn't a topic that's going to get any easier any time soon.

CAROL

Just promise me you'll try and have a good day.

CHERYL

Yeah, 'cause those are in such good supply at the moment.

CAROL

Cheryl!

CHERYL

Fine! Fine. Whatever. I'll have a good day. See you tonight.

She leans across, pecks Carol on the cheek and then clambers out of the car. Carol watches her daughter head towards the entrance with a heavy expression, and we cut to:

Looking out from inside the locker as Cheryl opens it, stuffing her books inside.

She pauses, staring into space, trying to psyche herself up for the day when her friends CASEY and TRISH step into frame behind her.

4

INT. COUPLAND HIGH - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

4

Cheryl turns to address the duo - Casey's a jock complete with letterman jacket, and Trish is his cheerleader girlfriend.

TRISH

Hey, stranger! Didn't think we'd see you again this term.

Cheryl grins as the trio start to head down towards class.

CHERYL

I couldn't spend another day at home. Mom was driving me crazy doing her big overprotective mother thing.

CASEY

Hey, you can't blame her for that.

TRISH

(nudges him)

Ignore him. He thinks ABC family movies are where all of life's great lessons are learned.

CHERYL

I don't blame her, it's just...

(sighs)

It's hard for me to get on with sorting my own head out when I have to keep worrying about hers at the same time, you know? She just folds up at any hint that I'm not okay, and even though I'm a long, long way from that, I can't-

CASEY

(interrupts)

Hey, what's going on?

Casey's looking towards the far end of the corridor. The girls follow his gaze and see some kind of commotion outside the doors to the canteen.

The trio hurry over - a small cluster of students have gathered outside, but as Cheryl and the others approach there's a sudden burst of GUNFIRE from inside the canteen!

The crowd SCREAM and scatter, several people instinctively diving to the ground.

CASEY (cont'd)

Girls, get down!

(CONTINUED)

Casey drags them both to the floor as bullets PUNCH through the glass windows looking into the canteen!

CHERYL

Oh, my God!

It's mayhem - people run for cover, there are more SCREAMS and someone hits the FIRE ALARM.

Casey gets to his feet and starts to drag the girls away, but as Cheryl is pulled to her feet she gets a look into the canteen at last.

There are about fifty students cowering under the tables inside, and one student holding a SHOTGUN, standing on a table in the centre of the room.

He seems to be yelling something, but Cheryl can't make out what he's saying.

He turns round so she can get a look at his face - and Cheryl GASPS at what she sees!

The gun-toting student's eyes are GLOWING a fierce GREEN, and as his shirt hangs open she can see that he's carved a huge PENTAGRAM into his chest!

He yells something again, aims the gun towards the windows and FIRES, and as the window EXPLODES out towards us, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF TEASER**

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

5 INT. HYPERION - FOYER - MORNING

5

Sunlight now streams across the hotel lobby - but this doesn't seem to be helping whoever's on the other side of the main doors.

They RATTLE frantically in the frame, and we hear muffled curses for a few beats before the electronic lock BLEEPS and flashes a green light, and SPIKE stumbles inside, a smoking blanket over his head and one slightly charred hand clutching a white keycard.

SPIKE

Bloody cards and locks and  
barriers... trying to keep me out  
of my own damn house!

He looks up - the rest of the team are arranged around the foyer, staring oddly at him.

A beat.

Spike shrugs off the blanket and tries to act casual, reaching into his jacket for a smoke.

SPIKE (cont'd)

What?

ANGEL, WES, ILLYRIA, SONIA and new arrival KIRSTEN are gathered near the reception desk, watching a morning newscast on a small portable TV as Spike heads over.

SPIKE (cont'd)

Don't tell me - trying to pick up  
some decorating tips for this place  
on the home improvement channel?

WES

There's been a shooting at a nearby  
school.

SONIA

Some high school kid went berserk  
and started walking around with a  
shotgun.

ANGEL

Eight confirmed dead so far, about  
a dozen wounded. The police have  
him holed up inside the school.

There's a series of loud GUNSHOTS on the TV, which make Sonia jump, followed by SCREAMS.

(CONTINUED)

WES

Not any more...

Sonia turns away from the TV, looking a little nauseous as Kirsten bites her lip.

KIRSTEN

I'd say something about the power of live television here, but...

She trails off as Wes steps forward and flips off the TV.

SPIKE

Well, certainly a tragedy, mate. Thanks for deciding we all needed to see that to lighten up our day.

ANGEL

Wes, I'm not getting why you wanted us to see this. I mean, isn't this just another school shooting?

Wes passes Angel a handful of black and white photographs.

WES

These are surveillance camera images taken from inside the school at the time of the attack.

SONIA

I managed to hack into the school's intranet and lift them. School security's become a lot tighter since Columbine.

KIRSTEN

Yeah, and a lot of good it did them.

Angel leafs through the photos.

ANGEL

I still don't see...

He pauses - one image shows the shooter, complete with obviously glowing eyes and markings on his chest.

ANGEL (cont'd)

Oh.

WES

I have reason to believe there were outside influences involved in this incident, and that it's been brewing for several weeks.

(MORE)

5 CONTINUED: (2)

WES (cont'd)  
I asked Spike to head out last  
night and see what he could find.

ANGEL  
(surprised)  
You asked Spike?

SPIKE  
Don't sound so shocked!

ANGEL  
Well, it's just... you know, I  
don't normally put 'Spike' and  
'intelligence' in the same  
sentence.

WES  
I sent him to a demon bar to follow  
up a lead.

SPIKE  
Putting 'information' and 'beer' in  
the same sentence does the trick  
for me.

ANGEL  
(rolls eyes)  
Alright, fine. What did you find?

SPIKE  
That the student who just went all  
lone gunman wasn't your typical  
hair trigger school shooter.

ANGEL  
Meaning?

WES  
Meaning, this was no random  
incident.

ANGEL  
I'm still not following.

SPIKE  
The word I got was that our shooter  
suddenly started showing up round a  
few known demon haunts, looking to  
get his hands on some weapons  
through non-black market channels.  
But he was a straight 'A' student.

WES  
No history of violence, exemplary  
school record, comfortable, middle  
class family and home.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

WES (cont'd)

I'd been keeping tabs on him, ready to move as soon as I had something concrete, but a week or so ago he dropped off our radar... until today.

ANGEL

And where was I while all this was going on?

There's a beat of silence - and Angel realises he was most probably locked in his trance upstairs. He nods once, and Wes continues.

WES

Spike, I think you should see what you can find out now. You can get to the school quite easily through the tunnels, so go and have a look round.

SPIKE

Magic word?

WES

Beer money.

SPIKE

(grins)  
Righto.  
(to Sonia)  
You coming?

Sonia blinks, taken by surprise, but then smiles and nods.

SONIA

Yup!

SPIKE

Come on then, squirt, time to go put our Sherlock hats on.

Spike heads off towards the sewer tunnel entrance with Sonia following behind.

WES

Illyria, we'll be heading over to the UTF headquarters later, so don't wander off.

She nods and steps off screen as Angel steps closer to Wes.

ANGEL

This feels kind of familiar.

WES

How so?

(CONTINUED)

ANGEL

You giving the orders.

WES

You haven't exactly been *corpus mentis* of late, Angel, one of us had to step in and take charge.

ANGEL

Hey, I'm not complaining, don't worry. Glad somebody kept things running while I was out of it.

WES

(reads between the lines)

But you'd like to be back in charge again.

ANGEL

Well... it is my name on the business cards.

Wes nods and grins, turning and heading back towards his office.

WES

I'm going over to the UTF to run some more tests on Illyria.

ANGEL

Tests?

WES

They have access to some high quality medical and scientific equipment, the sort of thing we lost when we left Wolfram & Hart. It's proving a big help to me in continuing my research into Illyria's powers.

ANGEL

Oh, right. Good. Because, you know, research is... good.

Wes stares at him for a beat, then steps into his office, leaving Angel alone with Kirsten. He turns to her, looking a little awkward as he steps over.

ANGEL (cont'd)

Uh, I've been meaning to talk to you about, you know... the other day.

KIRSTEN

Yeah, I figured you might.

(CONTINUED)

ANGEL  
(struggling)  
And, well... you know, it was bad,  
obviously, and I'm... well, I'm  
sorry, so...

She holds up her hand, a smile creeping across her face.

KIRSTEN  
It's okay, you can stop.

ANGEL  
I can?

KIRSTEN  
I get it, you're sorry. You've  
started this apology to me about  
four times now.

ANGEL  
(grins)  
Good.

KIRSTEN  
What happened was my own fault, I  
should've told you about the  
possible side effects of the spell  
I used sooner. I just wasn't sure  
which of the eight billion possible  
things could happen, so I figured I  
should just wait and see which ones  
hit you and deal with them as they  
came. Although, flashbacks and  
murderous rages weren't the ones I  
was expecting...

ANGEL  
Point is, we're all okay. No harm  
done.

Kirsten unconsciously rubs her neck, and Angel looks guilty once again. Kirsten spots his expression and quickly moves her hand away.

KIRSTEN  
It's not important now. What  
matters now is that you're back in  
the game, and we can get back on  
track with the plan.

ANGEL  
The plan?

KIRSTEN  
Making Wolfram and Hart pay for  
what they did to me. To us.

ANGEL

(nods)

Couldn't have said it better  
myself.

Angel grins and Kirsten manages a hopeful smile back.

6 INT. HYPERION - WESLEY'S ROOM - NEXT

6

Illyria sits on the edge of the bed, watching Wes as he moves up and down the room, collecting books, folders and other items and stuffing them into a large leather bag.

ILLYRIA

What do you hope to find?

WES

With the tests, you mean? I'm not sure. I lost all the notes I did have when we severed our ties with Wolfram and Hart, so I'm on the back foot somewhat.

ILLYRIA

Will you be forced to limit my powers once more?

WES

Hopefully not. Your powers were a great asset to us last time around, and they haven't returned to a dangerous level as of yet so we may be in luck. Either way, there are a lot of things about your... unique physiology that I still need to study.

ILLYRIA

I am happy to assist you, if it enables us to work together more closely.

Wes hesitates, but Illyria misses it.

WES

I'm almost done in here, could you wait in the lobby for me?

ILLYRIA

As you wish.

She stands and pads out of the room.

Once she's gone, he carefully reaches underneath the chest of drawers and opens a small, hidden compartment, taking out a set of crinkled, yellowing SCROLLS.

(CONTINUED)

He unfurls one of them and studies it for a beat, until:

ANGEL (O.S.)

Wes?

Wes JUMPS and turns to see Angel looking over his shoulder. Wes takes a beat and casually rolls the scrolls back up.

WES

Angel, you startled me.

ANGEL

Sorry. They always say you jump more when you're caught doing something you shouldn't be.

WES

(deadpan)

I wouldn't know.

ANGEL

Course not.

(beat; serious)

So you won't mind telling me what's in those scrolls.

Wes glances down at them, trying to bluff his way out of the question.

WES

They're nothing really, just some research I've been doing into an old ritual, nothing very-

ANGEL

See, that's where you've lost me. If they're not that important, why go to the effort of hiding them?

Wes stares back at Angel for a beat, before conceding that there's no way out of this one. He quickly steps over to the door and closes it, before stepping back before Angel.

WES

Angel, what I'm about to tell you may seem a little... unusual, but I'd ask you to have faith in me.

ANGEL

Now, see, whenever people ask me to do that, I know it's something bad. What's going on, Wes?

WES

(beat)

I'm trying to bring Fred back.

(CONTINUED)

Angel reacts, and Wes scoops up one of the scrolls and unfurls it, pointing to a passage inscribed on it.

ANGEL

Is that even possible? I thought we ran out of options when this first happened?

WES

It's the longest of long shots, I'll admit, but it's the best opportunity I've found.

(beat)

Not to mention only.

ANGEL

Go on.

WES

I've been assembling the artefacts I need for the ritual for some time now, and I'm collaborating with David over at the UTF base to get the required data I need from Illyria.

Wes hands Angel the scroll, and he takes a moment to study it carefully.

ANGEL

So she doesn't know about this?

WES

It's not exactly the sort of thing I can tell her.

ANGEL

Guess not.

(looks up)

So what about you and her?

WES

I don't follow.

ANGEL

Come on, Wesley, don't back out on me now while we're all being so honest. Spike and Sonia have told me what's been going on round here.

Wes looks down, suddenly seeming pretty guilty himself.

ANGEL (cont'd)

How long has... 'it' been going on?

WES

Since before Buffy made her brief appearance.

ANGEL

(surprised)

Really?

Wes heads for his bed, taking a seat.

WES

It's not exactly something I planned on happening, but...

He looks up - Angel's expression tells us he's no closer to understanding this. Wes SIGHS.

WES (cont'd)

She's been spending a lot more time as Fred.

ANGEL

When?

WES

When nobody else is around, typically.

ANGEL

Oh, you mean when you two are...

Wes looks up, and Angel decides not to finish that sentence. He COUGHS and quickly changes the subject.

ANGEL (cont'd)

So, what, you think there's still some part of Fred in there you can bring out?

WES

I'm sure of it. I think Illyria convinced us all that Fred's soul was gone to put us off looking, and for a while I believed it, but now... now I'm not so sure.

ANGEL

So what'll happen to Illyria if you manage to bring Fred back?

Wes looks up - and Angel realises what's left unsaid.

ANGEL (cont'd)

It'll kill her, won't it?

WES

I'm honestly not sure. Perhaps, perhaps Fred's soul will reaffirm control of her body but stay in its current form, and perhaps...

ANGEL

Perhaps you'll get Fred back just the way you lost her.

Wes nods slowly, and Angel paces over to the window, his arms folded and a thoughtful look in his eyes.

WES

I don't want just a part of her living in a dead god's body if there's a chance I can have her back.

(beat)

All of her.

ANGEL

I understand what you're saying, Wes, but are you sure about this? Is there a chance we could lose Fred and Illyria?

WES

(beat)

There's a small chance, yes.

ANGEL

(shakes head)

Then you can't do it.

Wes stands and steps in front of Angel again.

WES

Angel, I don't think you fully appreciate what I'm saying here. We may have a chance to bring Fred back. Fred! Don't you want that?

ANGEL

You know I do. You know I'd give anything to have her back the way she was. But if there's a risk we could lose both of them, I can't let you take that chance.

Wes turns away from him, frustrated.

ANGEL (cont'd)

We're moving into the final stages now, Wes.

(MORE)

ANGEL (cont'd)  
 Wolfram and Hart's endgame, the  
 apocalypse, everything. We can't  
 afford to lose a soldier like  
 Illyria at a time like this.

WES  
 Then when? There's always going to  
 be some threat to the world, Angel,  
 some ancient evil that must be  
 stopped, some new dark force hell  
 bent on turning the Earth into its  
 own chaotic playground. When will  
 you let me try to bring her back?

Angel stares back at him for a long beat, then hands the  
 scroll back to him.

ANGEL  
 I can't answer that. I'm sorry.

Wes lowers his head, and Angel walks past him, opening the  
 door and turning back to Wes.

ANGEL (cont'd)  
 Don't make me have to stop you.

With that, he leaves, and Wes looks suitably downcast. Then,  
 he looks at the scroll in his hands. Wes' expression hardens -  
 he's not going to let a verbal warning like that put him off  
 getting what he wants.

He kneels down and tucks the scrolls into the bag, then zips  
 it up and marches out of the room.

Wes strides past and out of frame, heading downstairs with a  
 determined expression.

He's gone a few beats when someone steps out from round the  
 corner of the t-junction in the corridor just past Wes' room -  
 and it's Illyria.

She wears a look halfway between absolute confusion and anger  
 - we don't know how much of that conversation she heard, but  
 she obviously heard enough to really piss her off.

She narrows her eyes, and with a stern glare starts to march  
 towards the foyer, and we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

8 EXT. COUPLAND HIGH - DAY

8

The school is surrounded by police cars, yellow tape and several packs of people - more police, reporters, paramedics, distraught students and their families.

Sonia slips unnoticed through the crowd, making her way away from the school and over towards an alleyway nearby.

Spike lurks in the alleyway, using the shade of the building to keep out of the sun.

SPIKE

Well?

SONIA

Just like we already know. Model student. Whatever made him go all Mickey and Mallory, we're not going to find it out here.

SPIKE

My thoughts exactly. Reckon you can sneak past the boys in blue and get inside?

SONIA

Hey, it's me! 'Course I can.

SPIKE

Righto. See you in there then!

Spike takes a few steps back towards a manhole cover, and as he lifts it with a grunt, Sonia slips away, back towards the school.

Spike checks that no-one's watching before dropping down into the sewer tunnel, and we cut to:

9 INT. COUPLAND HIGH - CLASSROOM - NEXT

9

An empty class, the scattered books and papers indicating a lesson was in progress when the morning's shooting took place.

One of the windows overlooking the school's grounds RATTLES, then pops open as Sonia jimmies the lock.

She pokes her head up to check the coast is clear, then neatly climbs up and into the classroom.

She takes a moment to check over the room, before heading for the door and listening into the corridor beyond.

10

INT. COUPLAND HIGH - CORRIDOR - NEXT

10

Two cops are walking back down towards the main entrance, away from the classroom, and Sonia waits until they've turned a corner before quietly opening the door and stepping out.

Keeping alert for anyone nearby, she pads silently down the corridor, following the spatters of blood and bullet holes peppering the walls and floor to stay with the shooter's trail.

She stops by a chalk outline, a sad look on her face as she kneels down next to it.

SPIKE (O.S.)

I don't think they'll have much to say, luv.

Sonia jumps a mile, and turns to see Spike casually step into sight, lighting a cigarette.

SONIA

Can't you wear a little bell or something?

SPIKE

Born to lurk. Sorry.

SONIA

How many police officers are still here?

SPIKE

Not that many. They're all too busy keeping any of the press and crazed mothers outside from getting in, so there's only a skeleton crew on duty in here. We should be alright as long as we don't make too much of a racket.

Sonia stands, looking down the corridor and following the blood and bullets.

SONIA

Looks like our little rampage started somewhere down there.

SPIKE

(nods)  
Air's still thick with it.

SONIA

With what?

(CONTINUED)

SPIKE

Fear. A mess like this always leaves lots of traces behind, stuff your average human wouldn't pick up on, but which leave a big flashing sign a mile high to anything like me.

SONIA

(beat)

You can be a little creepy sometimes, you know that?

SPIKE

(grins)

Let's go see where this all began.

Spike walks on, and as Sonia trots after him, we cut to:

11 INT. HYPERION - CORRIDOR - DAY

11

Wes has his nose in a book again as he heads down one of the corridors, almost walking straight into Illyria.

WES

Oh, sorry. I haven't seen you since we got back from the-

ILLYRIA

(interrupts)

What did you mean when you said you wish to bring Fred back?

Wes is busted. He closes the book, buying some time to think.

WES

You heard me talking to Angel, I take it?

ILLYRIA

I remembered something I wished to talk to you about after you sent me away, and when I returned I overheard you and the vampire talking.

She steps forward, getting in his face, clearly not looking happy.

ILLYRIA (cont'd)

Explain yourself.

(stern)

Now.

WES

Illyria, it's not what you think.

(CONTINUED)

ILLYRIA

(snaps)

Do not lie to me! I have grown to trust you, Wesley, do not make me regret that decision!

Wes eyes her, Illyria clearly struggling to keep her rage under control.

WES

I'll admit, I haven't been... perfectly straight with you.

ILLYRIA

(folds arms)

As I suspected.

WES

I've been trying to find a way to increase your powers.

ILLYRIA

(blinks; confused)

Explain.

WES

Well, we both know what almost happened last time your powers reached their full potential - you very nearly killed us and everyone within a several mile radius.

ILLYRIA

I fail to see how that is relevant.

WES

(quickly)

I've been looking into a way to create a new shell for you to inhabit.

Illyria pauses, surprised by this revelation. Wes waits, hoping that she'll buy it - he's lying through his teeth and things could get very ugly if she calls him on it.

ILLYRIA

A... new shell? Why?

WES

Isn't that obvious? I want to bring Fred back, as I'm sure you heard me say.

ILLYRIA

No, that is impossible. Her soul was-

WES

(interrupts)

Destroyed when you inhabited her body, yes, I know. But how do you explain the amount of time you spend in her form now? The memories, the emotions, everything you've been experiencing?

Illyria is now more uncertain, and Wes presses his advantage.

WES (cont'd)

I believe there's some part of Fred still inside that body, and I want to bring it back out. But to do that, I need to give you somewhere else to live. As Angel said, you're a valued part of this team, and with everything coming our way I can't very well get rid of you at a time like this, can I?

Illyria looks up, struggling to keep up with the topic.

ILLYRIA

But... how is this possible?

WES

That's what I've been trying to ascertain. It's what all the tests have been for. I'm sure we can help your... spirit, as it were, pass from one shell to the next, leaving behind the body you currently inhabit and allowing me to try to recover what remains of Fred.

ILLYRIA

You... you would do that for me?

WES

(grins)

I think you've earned it.

A half smile crosses Illyria's lips, and she nods.

ILLYRIA

Then I agree. How soon until we return to the laboratory?

WES

A few days.

ILLYRIA

Make it sooner.

11 CONTINUED: (3)

11

With that, she strides past him and turns a corner. Wes waits a few beats, then lets out a heavy SIGH of relief.

Safe this time, he opens the book again and starts to walk back down the corridor as we cut to:

12 INT. COUPLAND HIGH - CANTEEN - DAY

12

The dining hall is a mess of upturned tables and chairs, discarded and mushed food and school bags. Sonia and Spike duck under the yellow police tape covering the doorway.

The students here panicked and crammed out in a hurry - more chalk outlines mark the unlucky few who never made it out.

Sonia is following the outlines and bullet holes, retracing the shooter's steps, as Spike heads over to one corner, frowning about something.

SONIA

Looks like he entered through these doors, stopped to take two shots here and here, then walked in a straight diagonal across the room, blasting either side of him.

(shudders)

These poor kids... they must have been terrified.

Spike is over by the food serving area, lifting up a scoop of brown, sludgy chilli with a grimace.

SPIKE

That's if the food didn't scare them half to death first. He was probably doing them a favour.

SONIA

(scolds)

Spike!

SPIKE

Anyway, we're not going to find what we're looking for here.

SONIA

How do you know?

Spike points towards the double doors leading out of the canteen.

SPIKE

He started on this side of the room, got right the way round and then started to shoot, over by you.

(CONTINUED)

SONIA  
 (follows him)  
 He was planning his route.

SPIKE  
 So we need to keep looking for  
 where he started. That's where  
 we'll find our answers.

He pushes the doors open and strolls through, into:

Row upon row of plain green lockers line both side of the  
 walls, and Spike scrolls along them, checking the names on  
 the tags as Sonia joins him.

SPIKE  
 What was his name?

SONIA  
 Uh, Deacon, Alec Deacon.

Spike finds the relevant locker, and with a quick yank pulls  
 the lock free.

Sonia peers into the locker - it's neatly organised, with  
 books, folders and papers all clearly stacked up.

SONIA (cont'd)  
 I don't get it. This kid was... he  
 was a nerd! Nerds don't get guns  
 off the demon black market and blow  
 people away!

SPIKE  
 Not without a good reason, they  
 don't.

He leans past her and SNIFFS the inside of the locker,  
 rubbing his chin thoughtfully.

SONIA  
 What is it?

SPIKE  
 I'm not sure. Smelt it all the way  
 along his route, but it's strongest  
 here. Some kind of chemical smell.

SONIA  
 Drugs?

SPIKE  
 No, nothing I recognise.

SONIA

(wry)

And I'm guessing you'd recognise quite a few?

SPIKE

(smirks)

One or two.

He spots something and reaches in to grab it. Sonia looks on as he takes out a thick binder with a lavish coat of arms on the front.

SONIA

Looks like the rest of the stuff in there.

SPIKE

Not quite.

(points to coat of arms)

See that? Different logo to the school and the rest of the books. Whatever this is, he didn't get it from here.

SONIA

(impressed)

You weren't kidding about the Sherlock hat, were you?

SPIKE

Never fails, pet.

SONIA

Well, that, and the fact that this kid was obviously no master criminal, else he would have made sure he removed anything even remotely incriminating from his locker before he went postal.

Spike hesitates, and Sonia smirks again, before the duo hear voices and footsteps echoing down the corridor towards them.

SPIKE

Time for us to make like a tree, pet.

Spike wedges the locker shut and slips the folder under his arm, laying a hand on Sonia's arm.

SPIKE (cont'd)

Let's show this to the others. I think we just found our lead.

They head off screen, and we cut to:

14

INT. HYPERION - ANGEL'S OFFICE - DAY

14

Angel sits behind his desk, leafing through the folder as Spike and Sonia stand before him.

SPIKE

So it looks like our boy was a night student at this Rochmount Academy, some kind of special school for 'exceptionally gifted students.'

SONIA

He'd been there a few years and had a pretty good record, if the certificates and things in there are anything to go by.

ANGEL

And you think this school's where we'll find some more answers?

SPIKE

Like the squirt said, nerds don't do something like this without a damn good reason.

SONIA

There wasn't anything else in his locker that looked out of place. It's the best lead we have.

SPIKE

Some would say only.

Angel flips through the folder again as Spike and Sonia wait on, then with a nod he hands it back to Spike.

ANGEL

Alright, let's go check it out.

SPIKE

(grins)

First, you have to say that I'm a master detective.

ANGEL

What? Forget it.

SPIKE

Say it, or you can't come along.

ANGEL

Don't be crazy, I'm not going to-

Spike raises an eyebrow, and Angel glances at Sonia.

(CONTINUED)

SONIA  
Humour him, will you?

ANGEL  
(huffs)  
Alright, fine. You're a master  
detective.

SPIKE  
That's better.  
(to Sonia)  
Come on, squirt.

Spike heads out of the office, and Sonia hangs back as Angel pulls on his leather jacket, pressing a hand to her head.

ANGEL  
Are you okay?

SONIA  
Yeah... just a bad migraine.

ANGEL  
Oh. Uh, we've got some tablets  
somewhere, maybe you could-

SONIA  
(quickly)  
No, no thanks. I'm all pilled out  
for today.

Angel frowns, puzzled, as Sonia steps out of the office. He follows her out as we cut to:

Establishing shot. A large sign in front of us proclaims that Rochmount Academy is 'A centre of excellence for exceptionally gifted students of all ages.'

Looking past the sign, the Rochmount Academy sits in the heart of this wealthy Beverly Hills suburb, a tall, old building that looks halfway between a Gothic church and a modern university.

The Academy building looks particularly out of place with the high-tech Los Angeles skyline framed behind it.

A TEACHER strolls down one of the long, wood-panelled corridors of the obviously affluent Academy, flipping through a file in his hands. He pushes a classroom door open and steps through into:

17

INT. ROCHMOUNT ACADEMY - CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

17

The classroom has about twenty desks, all but one occupied by a mixture of male and female students, heads down as they work through a textbook exercise.

Another TEACHER is behind his desk, overseeing the class, and he looks up as the first Teacher leans over and whispers something into his ear.

He glances at the empty desk, then nods to the first Teacher before turning his attention back to the class.

TEACHER #2

Attention, everyone.

The students obediently put their pens down and look up.

TEACHER #2 (cont'd)

I'm afraid I have some tragic news. Alec Deacon has met with a sad end, as you will no doubt discover on the news later today. I'd ask you all to join me in a moment's silence to pay our respects to him.

The students lower their heads and sit in silence for a beat, before the Teacher stands, SCRAPING his chair back.

TEACHER #2 (cont'd)

Now, let's move on to the first of today's practical lessons.

The students look relieved as they pack their textbooks and notebooks away, and the Teacher steps towards a young black girl, MACY, at the head of the class.

TEACHER #2 (cont'd)

Macy. Would you be so kind as to lead us in a short PK demonstration?

(to others)

I'd like you all to pay close attention here. Practical exams will be starting in just a few weeks, and I expect to find my class to be sitting in its rightful place at the top of the league tables!

She nods, stands and steps before the rest of the class, who watch her expectantly.

She glances at the Teacher, who nods, before she closes her eyes and holds one hand out, palm up, in front of her.

(CONTINUED)

Nothing happens for a beat - until a small ball of FLAME pops out of the air and into her hand!

Macy opens her eyes and looks across at the fireball nestling in her hand, and as she concentrates on it, it starts to intensify, growing in size as longer fingers of flame lick away from it.

The rest of the class look suitably impressed, and as a sinister grin starts to spread across the Teacher's lips, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT TWO**

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

18 INT. ANGEL'S CAR - DAY

18

Top up and tinted windows raised, Angel drives his Mustang along a busy LA freeway. Spike rides shotgun, with Sonia and Kirsten in the back seat.

Spike glances over his shoulder at Kirsten, then turns to Angel and jerks a thumb back at her.

SPIKE

Remind me why she's here?

KIRSTEN

'She' has a name, Spike.

SPIKE

(ignores her)

I mean, don't get me wrong, we're all thankful that she brought you on the first train back from La La Land...

(beat)

... well, everyone else is glad, anyway. Point is - she's a rookie. This could be a tricky one, and I don't fancy babysitting the new girl if this all goes tits up.

KIRSTEN

Aren't you forgetting when I saved all your asses with that schicksal demon a few weeks back?

SPIKE

Beginner's luck. Besides, we'd already done most of the hard work. You just held that glowing ball thing Wes brought along.

KIRSTEN

(protests)

I shot it in the head!

SPIKE

I'd have gotten to it eventually.

Kirsten scowls at him, but it bounces right off Spike.

ANGEL

She's here because she's a part of the team, Spike.

(CONTINUED)

SPIKE

Yeah, and she used to be part of  
someone else's team, remember?  
Starts with Big, ends in Bad?

ANGEL

Kirsten wants to bring down Wolfram  
and Hart just as much as we do.  
(to Kirsten)  
Right?

KIRSTEN

Couldn't have said it better.

ANGEL

So I want to make sure she knows  
how we work. Something big's on its  
way, Spike, we need all the help we  
can get.

Spike looks back at Kirsten, who smirks smugly at him, and  
with an irritated huff he settles back down in his seat.

SONIA

Take the next left onto Fairfax  
Avenue, the Academy's just coming  
up on our left.

Angel turns the wheel, and after a few moments pulls the car  
to a stop as the gang look over to a building across the  
street.

The Rochmount Academy sits in the heart of this wealthy  
Beverly Hills suburb, a tall, old building that looks halfway  
between a Gothic church and a modern university.

SONIA (cont'd)

That's the place.

She consults the folder in her hands.

SONIA (cont'd)

(reads)

'Rochmount Academy is a home for  
excellence in all fields of  
education, from physical to mental,  
and all of our graduates are  
virtually guaranteed positions of  
influence and responsibility in the  
economic world when they leave our  
institution.'

SPIKE

Looks like a bloody Gulag for the  
offspring of the yuppie generation.

ANGEL

If you two are right, this is where we'll find out why that kid took a shotgun to his classmates.

KIRSTEN

What's the plan?

ANGEL

Wait until nightfall, go take a look around.

KIRSTEN

Right.

(beat)

So who's hungry?

Spike looks to Angel and raises a skeptical eyebrow, as we cut to:

It's a few hours later now, and the Mustang stays in place across the street, the team inside observing the Academy.

The car's doors open and the foursome step out, Angel looking up and down the street. Spike heads to the boot, popping it open and taking out a sword.

SONIA

How come Wes and Illyria couldn't come along?

ANGEL

They were busy over at the-

(sees weapons)

Hey, woah, woah - what are you doing?

SPIKE

Getting something sharp.

ANGEL

We're just on reconnaissance, Spike. We don't need weapons.

SPIKE

Oh really? And what happens if we run into another gun-toting bookworm who doesn't like the look of us? Are you going to bravely soak up the gunfire while the rest of us try to reason with him?

ANGEL

(beat)

Just take something subtle.

Spike grins and reaches back into the car, taking out another sword and passing it to Kirsten. She shakes her head.

KIRSTEN

No thanks.

SPIKE

What's wrong? Scared of getting your hands dirty?

KIRSTEN

No, I just don't do medieval.

SPIKE

(shrugs)

Suit yourself.

He tosses the sword back inside and SLAMS the car door. Angel winces as the sound echoes up and down the street.

SPIKE (cont'd)

Right. Are we off then?

He and Angel lead the way as the team head across the street.

The team scurry across the tree-lined grounds at the side of the imposing building, dodging round the spotlights angled to show off the Academy's architecture.

They reach a fire door, and Angel checks for any security patrols before he CRUNCHES the lock open, holding the door as the others step inside.

The team assemble just inside a long, black and white tiled corridor, the overhead lights telling them that the school's still open for business despite the late hour.

SONIA

Alec went to night school here, so chances are there's still a few students here.

SPIKE

Then we'll have to be all quiet, like.

ANGEL

Let's split up. Kirsten, you're with me. Spike, Sonia, you two head down that way. Look for a records office, something that'll tell us some more about this place.

SONIA

Check.

She hustles off down the corridor, and Spike follows.

KIRSTEN

What about us?

ANGEL

We're gonna take a look around.

He heads off in the opposite direction, and with cautious glances around her, Kirsten follows.

22 INT. ROCHMOUNT ACADEMY - ANOTHER CORRIDOR - NEXT

22

Sonia waits at the edge of a junction in the corridors, leaning out to peer in through an open classroom door a few feet away.

She takes in the rows of desks and students inside, but it just looks like they're doing another test.

SONIA

I don't get it.

SPIKE

You're saying that a lot today.

SONIA

Yeah, but I mean it. All we've seen is three classrooms full of kids doing tests, nothing's really screaming 'Homicide 101' to me at the moment.

Spike glances further down the corridor and spots something, tapping her on the shoulder.

SPIKE

Maybe we're not looking hard enough?

She follows his gaze as they look towards a pair of doors leading into a larger, indoor gym-sized room.

The duo head over, staying to the shadows as best they can, taking positions either side of the door and looking inside.

(CONTINUED)

There are five girls in gym outfits, all running through slow, graceful balletic movements as a piece of classical music plays over a small stereo in one corner.

An instructor watches them, stepping in to guide them into the correct poses as they move.

SPIKE (cont'd)

(whispers)

Well, that cracks it. We're clearly dealing with demons who enjoy a bit of 'Swan Lake.'

He turns to go, but Sonia's eyes widen as she notices something, and she tugs urgently at his sleeve.

SONIA

(hisses)

Look!

Spike turns back round - and joins in with the boggle eyes at what he sees.

All five girls are FLOATING a few feet off the ground, bobbing and falling slowly and in time to the music, continuing to run through their movements as if everything was normal.

Spike and Sonia swap a bewildered look before he indicates they should move on, and the duo slip away to investigate further as we cut across to:

Angel and Kirsten peer carefully into a brightly lit science lab, watching the half dozen lab-coated students inside work on their experiments.

One sets up a bunsen burner, ready to light it, but instead of using a match, she takes a glove off her hand and points her finger at the burner - and a SPARK of flame shoots from her fingertip!

The bunsen lights, and with a satisfied smile the girl pulls on a pair of goggles and gets to work.

KIRSTEN

Angel, what's going on here?

ANGEL

I don't know. We need to find Spike and Sonia, see what they've found out.

The duo slip away as we cut to:

24 INT. ROCHMOUNT ACADEMY - OFFICE - NEXT

24

Using a small maglite to see her way round the darkened office, Sonia roots through a filing cabinet as Spike keeps guard over by the door.

SPIKE

Hurry it up, pint-size, I don't want to hang around here any longer than we have to!

She takes out a pair of folders and opens them, leafing through them with a concerned look.

SPIKE (cont'd)

What is it?

SONIA

Lab results, medical reports - tests they've been running on the kids here. This one's talking about how its subject 'displays a heightened aptitude for violent behaviour that can be easily modified and controlled to suit our needs.'

She takes out another folder and quickly scans down it.

SONIA (cont'd)

And look, this one's all about a girl whose skin produces some kind of poison, with a bunch of possible applications and uses for it...

(anxious)

What is this place?

SPIKE

Let's find Angel and get ourselves a plan, alright?

Sonia nods, grabbing a few more folders before pushing the cabinet shut and heading back out of the office.

25 INT. ROCHMOUNT ACADEMY - CORRIDOR - NEXT

25

Angel and Kirsten turn into another corridor, Angel checking up and down to make sure they're not spotted.

KIRSTEN

Uh, so...

ANGEL

Yeah?

(CONTINUED)

KIRSTEN

I just wanted to say, you know...  
thanks.

ANGEL

For what?

KIRSTEN

For bringing me along tonight. It  
means a lot to me that you trust  
me, after what happened.

ANGEL

Why wouldn't I?

KIRSTEN

Spike and the others don't exactly  
share your faith in me.

ANGEL

Spike and the others didn't get  
rescued from a coma by you. They'll  
come round.

KIRSTEN

I hope so. Maybe I should-

GUARD (O.S.)

Hey!

They spin round - a portly SECURITY GUARD has turned a corner  
and spotted them.

He fumbles for his gun as Angel charges over, knocking the  
man down and laying him out with two heavy punches.

Angel hurries back over to Kirsten, grabbing her arm and  
leading her away.

ANGEL

Time to go.

They disappear round another corner, into:

Angel and Kirsten bump into Spike and Sonia, hurrying the  
other way.

SPIKE

Trouble?

ANGEL

Guard.

SPIKE

Dead?

ANGEL

Unconscious.

SPIKE

(smirks)

You're slipping.

An ALARM BELL starts to ring overhead, and Angel looks suitably irritated.

ANGEL

We don't have time to argue the details, Spike!

Angel leads the group back towards the way they came in, but Spike pauses as he glances over to a classroom they race past.

SPIKE

(surprised)

Joe?

Spike peers inside as the others run on - and sat at one of the desks, surrounded by other seven year olds, is little JOE, the brown-haired boy Skye rescued from an orphanage with equally sinister intentions.

ANGEL (O.S.)

Spike! Wake up!

Spike snaps round, then back to Joe, before finally admitting defeat and racing out of frame.

Joe looks up as three more security guards hammer past his classroom in pursuit of Angel & Co, before looking back down at his work as we cut to:

Angel leads the others as they sprint back towards the Mustang, the Academy's alarm bells still ringing behind them.

Angel looks back round as Spike finally catches up with the group. He waits as Sonia and Kirsten hop into the car.

ANGEL

What the hell was that?

SPIKE

They've got Joe!

ANGEL

Who?

SPIKE

Joe, you brain-dead ponce! The little orphan boy Skye picked up last year?

ANGEL

(blinks)

The little psychic kid?

SPIKE

(nods)

Sitting in a classroom surrounded by other kids just like him, happy as Larry. We have to get him out of there.

Angel looks up as the guards race out of the Academy's side door, drawing their guns as they head over.

ANGEL

It'll have to wait.

SPIKE

What for? There's only three of them!

A dozen more guards spill out of the Academy's front gates as he watches, and the distant sound of approaching police SIRENS starts to fill the air.

SPIKE (cont'd)

(angrily)

Bollocks!

He clambers into the car as Angel guns the engine and the Mustang tears out of frame.

He guards get off a few SHOTS at the departing car, as we cut back to:

Angel yanks the door open as he and the others head into the lobby. Wes and Illyria are standing by the reception desk.

WES

How did everything go?

KIRSTEN

Let's just say for a school, that place has a Zero Tolerance policy on intruders.

SPIKE

Bloody place had more armed guards than Fort Knox!

(MORE)

SPIKE (cont'd)

Which, of course, just proves that I was right about this being more than it looked.

ANGEL

(ignores him)

Spike said he saw someone he recognised in there, a little boy called Joe.

ILLYRIA

The child with the powers?

SPIKE

That's the one. Harmony was working for some bloke called Reeves who tried to buy him off me for ten million.

SONIA

What did you do?

SPIKE

What do you think? Laid the bastard out.

Sonia smiles, glad that her opinion of Spike stays in the right place, as Angel heads over to the counter to join Wes and Illyria.

Wes casts a suspicious eye at Kirsten as she takes a seat, before leaning in to speak to Angel.

WES

What did you find out about the Academy?

ANGEL

It's some kind of training ground for kids with powers. We saw girls with fire shooting out of their hands, a classroom full of kids levitating tables and chairs, and-

SPIKE

(interrupts)

Flying ballet dancers.

(crickets)

They could have been evil.

ANGEL

("moving on...")

Point is, someone's brought those kids together for a reason, and I'm guessing it's not to put on a talent show.

WES

Should we head back out?

ANGEL

(shakes head)

Too risky. The police were there in seconds after they raised the alarm, it's obviously got a lot of friends in the right places.

SPIKE

We're not leaving Joe in there.

ANGEL

Why is he such a big deal to you? And didn't he stay here with us a while back?

SONIA

(nods)

Oh, yeah, I remember him now. I thought Skye left him in foster care?

SPIKE

She did. Which leaves us the question 'who took him out of it?'

VOICE (O.S.)

Maybe I can answer that.

Everyone spins round - and LINDSEY is standing at the top of the stairs, briefcase in hand, grinning smugly down at them all!

LINDSEY

So go ahead. Ask me.

Angel's jaw drops, and from that, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT THREE**

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

29 INT. HYPERION - FOYER - NIGHT

29

WHAM! Lindsey is slammed against the counter by a furious Angel, but Lindsey just laughs at the fire blazing in Angel's eyes.

LINDSEY

Yeah, nice to see you too.

Angel doesn't bother with a comeback. WHACK! He cracks his fist across Lindsey's jaw.

ANGEL

Glad you showed up at last,  
Lindsey. There's a lot of things  
we've got to talk about.

POW! Another hit, but Lindsey doesn't seem too fazed by the punches.

Spike, Wes and Illyria seem suitably shocked by Lindsey's appearance, but Sonia doesn't know who he is, watching the other's expressions and trying to work out what's going on.

Lindsey slowly recovers, dabbing his split lip, but his cocky grin remains fixed in place.

LINDSEY

Guess it's too late to just buy you  
a card and hope this blows over,  
huh?

The rest of the team are right behind Angel now, all ready for a fight - except Kirsten, who looks suitably shocked.

SPIKE

Hang on - 'at last'? How long have  
you known that wanker was back?

LINDSEY

(sly)  
Been keeping secrets from them  
already, Angel? That's just bad for  
business.

ANGEL

You've got about two seconds to  
explain what you're doing here  
before I rip your throat out,  
Lindsey.

Lindsey LAUGHS again as Angel bounces him against the counter.

(CONTINUED)

ANGEL (cont'd)

One!

LINDSEY

Aren't you forgetting something?

ANGEL

Can't think of a single thing right now.

Lindsey nods, pausing - and then with a loud THWACK he nails Angel with a solid uppercut, and Angel sails backwards through the air, hitting the floor with a heavy THUD.

Spike and Sonia are straight into the attack, but Lindsey stuns Spike with two fast, heavy PUNCHES, grabbing his arm and cartwheeling him round into Sonia, knocking them both off their feet.

Illyria storms in and lands a blow to his gut, but Lindsey SWATS her away, his leg lashing out and KICKING her backwards.

Wes tries to catch her but the force bowls them both over - leaving Kirsten as the last woman standing.

She shakes with wide-eyed fear as Lindsey casually straightens his tie.

LINDSEY

You forgot the part where I can kick all your asses.

The team slowly pick themselves back up. Spike is already starting to charge in for round two, but Angel holds him back.

SPIKE

What the bloody hell?!?

ANGEL

Spike! Save it.  
(to Lindsey)  
He didn't come here to fight.

LINDSEY

Well spotted, Angel. If I wanted to come here and fight you, you'd all be dead by now.

ANGEL

Don't push your luck.

LINDSEY

(to Kirsten)  
So what's this?  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LINDSEY (cont'd)  
 You switch sides on me all of a sudden? I thought we had a deal?

Wes' eyes flick back to Kirsten as though confirming his suspicions, but she overcomes her fear to glare defiantly back at Lindsey.

KIRSTEN  
 Maybe I just know which side to back.

LINDSEY  
 (off Angel)  
 So you picked him?  
 (tuts)  
 That's your first big mistake.

KIRSTEN  
 (venomous)  
 You're gonna pay for what you to did to me, you bastard.

LINDSEY  
 Something tells me I'm going to be hearing that a lot just now.

SPIKE  
 Can I just ask an important bloody question here? Why is Lindsey back? I thought he was dead! And why is he evil?

LINDSEY  
 All things in time, Spike. I'm sure Angel can tell you the full story of how he got Lorne to shoot me in the gut once I'd helped take out those Sahrvin demons for you.

Wes' jaw drops, and he looks to Angel, who narrows his eyes.

SPIKE  
 Bollocks. Lorne couldn't shoot anybody if you stapled his hand to a bloody gun!  
 (to others)  
 Not wanting to sound overly enthusiastic, but I'm sensing a severe lack of kicking going on here, so let's sort this little twat out, right now!

Spike is still itching for a fight, but Angel steps past him to stand a few feet before Lindsey.

ANGEL  
 Ease down, Spike.

LINDSEY

Yeah, Spike. Listen to what your master's telling you.

Spike struggles to control his anger as Angel looks Lindsey up and down.

ANGEL

This the part where you tell me how we're all doomed, how your bosses at Wolfram and Hart are planning another big end of the world and blah, blah, blah?

WES

(disbelief)

He's working for Wolfram and Hart?

LINDSEY

Things change, Wes.

(to Angel)

And to answer your question, not just yet.

ANGEL

Good. I was getting kind of tired of hearing that.

LINDSEY

This is the part where I tell you to stay away from my client's property.

Lindsey scoops up his briefcase, popping the locks as Angel watches him carefully and taking out a sheet of paper. He holds it out for Angel, who snatches it away and reads.

LINDSEY (cont'd)

That's a restraining order preventing you or any of your employees from going within a hundred yards of the Rochmount Academy. You're not to attempt to contact any of its staff or the students residing there, and you're to cease and desist all your investigations into the shooting at Coupland High, as it directly involves one of the Academy's students, which places it within the bounds of this order.

Angel stares blankly back up at Lindsey if he continues.

LINDSEY (cont'd)

And if you're thinking I've got no way to stop you, then you're a long way past wrong. See, I've had the time to do a little research. Gavin Park was a grand pain in the ass, but the man had a real eye for paperwork. Do you know how many code violations against this building he has filed away? Almost a shame he got killed before he had a chance to use them.

WES

(steps up)

I think you'll find the hotel's a little different to how you remember it. Something tells me we're not in any danger of breaking any state laws at the moment.

Angel grins smugly and tosses the restraining order back at Lindsey.

ANGEL

Sorry. Guess you got nothing.

(sarcastic)

Buddy.

LINDSEY

(smirks)

You just go on thinking that.

ANGEL

You're bluffing.

LINDSEY

Am I?

They stare each other out for a moment until Spike clears his throat loudly. Angel and Lindsey turn to him.

SPIKE

While this Thousand Yard Stare contest must be fascinating for the both of you, I know I'm still waiting for a reason not to kill you.

LINDSEY

Step on up, if you think you can take me.

Spike takes a step forward, but Sonia lays a hand on his arm. He turns, and she shakes her head.

(CONTINUED)

LINDSEY (cont'd)

(chuckles)

Looks like your new girlfriend's got you on a short leash, Spike! Didn't take you too long to move on after you broke that Slayer's heart, though, did it?

Spike narrows his eyes, the anger rising.

LINDSEY (cont'd)

I hear she's doing alright, by the way. Not that you've called, or tried to find out how she is or anything. Although, I guess we could always pay her a visit and report back to you - I know my predecessor was very interested in her potential.

SPIKE

You go within ten miles of her, and I'll cram your-

ANGEL

(interrupts)

Refresh my memory on something. You know, while we're all feeling so chatty.

Lindsey turns back to Angel as Sonia manages to drag the seething Spike back a few steps. Sonia looks quite pale, however, and not too steady on her feet.

LINDSEY

You have my attention.

ANGEL

When Lorne shot you in the gut...

(beat)

... did you think about me? Because I'm just sorry I wasn't there to pull the trigger myself. Must've eaten you up, one of my employees finishing you off for me.

Lindsey's smile drops, and Angel starts to grin again as Lindsey steps forward. They're inches apart now.

LINDSEY

Not exactly.

(beat)

I thought about what I'd do to your son when I had my chance again.

Now it's Angel's turn to lose the smile.

LINDSEY (cont'd)  
Difference is, I got my wish.

A beat as the pieces finally fall into place for the others.

WES  
The Keeper...

SONIA  
It was... it was you!  
(yells)  
You killed them!

She starts to surge forward, but Wes is quick to grab her, pulling her back and stepping before her.

Lindsey smirks and steps past Angel, heading back towards the doors.

LINDSEY  
Anyway, it's been great seeing you all again. Hope it's under worse circumstances next time.

ANGEL  
So what are you now, Lindsey?

Angel turns and Lindsey pauses, halfway up the steps.

ANGEL (cont'd)  
Just the Senior Partner's happy little puppy dog, same as you've always been?

LINDSEY  
Same as you are for the Powers, Angel. The more things change...

ANGEL  
The more I'm still gonna kill you.

LINDSEY  
Not seeing a whole lot of that happening right now. The part just then when I walked past you and you didn't even flinch kinda tells me a fight's not on the cards today.

ANGEL  
I'm waiting for the right moment. I figure, seeing as I'm going to be the one to do it this time, I should build up to it. You know, really savour the exact second I snap your neck.

(MORE)

ANGEL (cont'd)  
 (beat)  
 Just like you did to my son.

Lindsey watches as Angel strides across the foyer to him. All eyes are on the duo still - nobody's noticed Sonia has had to sit down, swaying groggily from side to side.

ANGEL (cont'd)  
 (darkly)  
 You're going to pay for what you did. And I'm going to make sure I take my time with it.

LINDSEY  
 (motions off screen)  
 You might want to keep a better eye on your own people first.

Angel frowns, then as Sonia COUGHS everyone turns round to look at her - just as she CRASHES to the floor, BLOOD bubbling from her lips!

SPIKE  
 Sonia!

Lindsey smirks and heads back up the steps in the confusion - but now Kirsten is the one to challenge him.

KIRSTEN  
 Lindsey!

He turns - and she draws a gun!

KIRSTEN (cont'd)  
 This is for James...

She starts to squeeze the trigger before anyone can react - but Lindsey is faster, reaching into his suit and THROWING something towards her in a blur of silver.

BANG! The gun goes off - but it's pointing at the ceiling as Kirsten HOWLS in pain, a long, thin DAGGER buried in her hand.

She drops the gun and sinks to her knees, and as Angel goes to her side, Lindsey opens the hotel doors.

LINDSEY  
 Pleasure doing business with you.

Angel can't leave Kirsten, and with a final smirk, Lindsey is gone.

Wes helps Sonia sit up, but she's unconscious, limp and lifeless. He shakes her, trying to rouse her.

WES

Sonia? Can you hear me? Sonia!

SPIKE

What's the matter with her?

WES

I don't know.

(beat)

But she isn't breathing.

(to Angel)

We need to get her to a hospital!

ANGEL

Just a second!

Kirsten is SOBBING with pain as she stares down at the dagger embedded in her palm. Angel grabs her wrist and looks into her tearful eyes.

ANGEL (cont'd)

Kirsten! Look at me. Look at me.

She holds his gaze - and with a soft POP, he quickly pulls the dagger free. She MOANS in pain again as he presses his hand round her palm.

ANGEL (cont'd)

Spike! Get some bandages!

Spike nods and darts into Angel's office, as Wes lies Sonia on the floor and rolls her into the recovery position. Illyria stands over him, looking at a loss for what to do.

ILLYRIA

How can I assist?

WES

You can help me lift her onto the couch.

She takes Sonia's feet as Wes takes her shoulders, and once they lift her onto the couch Wes is able to listen at her chest.

He starts to resuscitate her, breathing into her mouth and beginning compressions as Spike runs back out of the office.

He tosses a wad of bandages to Angel and dives back to Sonia's side.

SPIKE

How is she?

WES

Her heart's stopped.

SPIKE

What?!?

WES

Somebody call the UTF, get Dr. Vasquez over here, now!

(to Illyria)

Bring me the leather bag from my office, quickly!

Illyria nods and steps off screen.

Angel ties a roll of bandage round Kirsten's wounded hand, helping her to her feet.

ANGEL

Are you okay?

KIRSTEN

(emotional)

Angel... I shouldn't have tried... I'm sorry...

ANGEL

Don't be, it's gonna be alright.

Angel leaves her and hurries over to Sonia and Wes, as Illyria deposits a heavy leather bag down by Wes.

WES

Angel, keep the compressions going for me.

Angel takes over as Wes quickly roots through the bag, taking out a pre-wrapped syringe and tearing off the wrapping.

ANGEL

What's that?

WES

A shot of adrenaline. We need to kickstart her heart or she'll never make it to the hospital, and we don't exactly have the luxury of defibrillators to help us out.

SPIKE

Are you out of your bloody mind?

WES

It can't make her any more dead.

Wes and Spike share a look - and then Spike nods. Wes looks down at Sonia, then carefully squeezes the syringe, a fine spray of fluid dripping from the needle's tip.

(CONTINUED)

WES (cont'd)  
That's enough, Angel. Everyone,  
stand back.

Angel gets out of the way as Wes starts to pull down Sonia's t-shirt, aiming the thick syringe directly over her heart.

There's a beat as everyone's eyes fall on him - he's only got one shot at this.

Wes raises his hand a fraction - then RAMS the needle down into Sonia's chest, and we:

**BLACK OUT:**

TITLE OVER - To Be Continued...

**END OF SHOW**