

**ANGEL**

"Trials and Turbulence"

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&

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TEASER

FADE IN:

1

EXT. DESERTED ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

1

A bright set of HEADLIGHTS punch their way through the thick layer of fog filling the alleyway, as a sleek black sedan rolls towards us.

The car rolls to a stop, and the driver's door opens to allow the driver to step out, his features still hidden by fog.

A SHADOW crosses in front of the car as a second person enters the scene, also wrapped in thick fog.

VOICE #1

It's about time, man! I didn't think you were going to show. Do you have any idea what could happen to me if the wrong people found out that I had this kind information?

VOICE #2

You'd be subjected to the most horrific torture, and eventually death, that a human being can't possibly imagine... but as someone who's already been there and done that, I've gotta tell ya, it's not as bad as it sounds.

The latter shadow throws his arm around the former.

VOICE #2 (cont'd)

Walk with me.

The two shadows begin approaching, and after a few moments break through the thick fog to reveal LINDSEY leading along a scroungy looking man, ROBERT, nervously looking round.

LINDSEY

You see, Robert, the thing is that you're never going to find out anyway.

(beat)

Go ahead. Ask me why.

ROBERT

Why?

LINDSEY

Because if you've got what I think you've got in that warped brain of yours, then you've just passed up my old law school buddies and became my new best friend.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINDSEY (cont'd)  
And I'm not real big on letting my  
friends suffer eternal torment, if  
you know what I mean.

Robert forces a nervous smile for Lindsey's benefit.

LINDSEY (cont'd)  
So give me some good news. Are we  
friends or what?

ROBERT  
I got what you were looking for.

LINDSEY  
(grins)  
And they say there's no good help  
in Los Angeles.

ROBERT  
The information you were looking  
for wasn't easy to find.

LINDSEY  
It never is. Now, let's cut to the  
chase because I have no problem  
with suffering to those who waste  
my time.

ROBERT  
(uneasily)  
The place you're looking for, it  
isn't in LA.

LINDSEY  
That's impossible. My sources...

ROBERT  
... were wrong.

Lindsey eyes him for a moment as the guy squirms.

ROBERT (cont'd)  
From what I was able to gather,  
it's in... Asia. And we're not  
talking a short taxi ride from the  
airport, either - I mean deep in  
Asia.

LINDSEY  
Look, I know that the concept of a  
hard day's work falls a little  
under the radar to you 'street  
wise,' and you might be tempted to  
try to milk a situation like this  
for all it's worth...  
(angrily)  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LINDSEY (cont'd)  
... but I'm not paying you by the  
hour!

The guy cowers a bit as Lindsey yells. Lindsey reaches into his jacket and retrieves a DAGGER, and as Robert tries to jump back, Lindsey GRABS him by the shirt.

LINDSEY (cont'd)  
What did I tell you about wasting  
my time?

ROBERT  
(quickly)  
It was a tectonic shift!

Lindsey stops and laughs, shaking his head.

LINDSEY  
A shift of land masses doesn't move  
a piece of earth five thousand  
miles in a few millennia!

ROBERT  
Your sources were wrong... again.  
It's been a lot longer than you  
think it has since anything has  
entered this dimensional void.  
(beat)  
Try before the partners were even  
tearing flesh from bone.

A long beat.

LINDSEY  
You're sure?

ROBERT  
I've used every source that I have,  
and made a ton of new ones on this  
deal, and everything I can find  
says the same thing.

LINDSEY  
And you didn't tell anyone who you  
were asking for?

ROBERT  
What, are you kidding? I'm having  
trouble controlling my bowel  
movements right now. You think I  
want to run around the streets  
knowing that I double dealt you?

LINDSEY  
You're a man of wisdom, Bobby.  
Don't let anyone tell you  
different.

(CONTINUED)

The guy smiles as he pulls out a piece of paper and hands it to Lindsey.

ROBERT

Can I ask you something?

Lindsey smiles as he reads over the paper.

LINDSEY

You can ask me anything, friend.

ROBERT

Why did you even need me to do legwork for you on this? You've got entire teams that do exactly this for a living.

LINDSEY

Well, to tell the truth, this is a bit of a covert op - a little 'under the radar' work of my own, if you get me. So you understand the need for secrecy.

ROBERT

Oh yeah, of course I do, Mr. McDonald.

Lindsey smiles and pats him on the shoulder.

LINDSEY

Good. Then you'll also understand this.

With that, Lindsey BURIES the dagger in the man's stomach!

He tries to scream, but can't get anything out as he stares at Lindsey in horror.

LINDSEY (cont'd)

Because if there's one thing that the senior partners hate...

(smiling)

... it's a paper trail. And you, my friend, are two trees worth of paper with a half mile wide trail in every direction.

He YANKS the dagger from his stomach as Robert falls to the ground.

LINDSEY (cont'd)

And what can I say? I'm a company man. I love to keep the partners happy.

1 CONTINUED: (4)

1

He pauses to take out a handkerchief and wipe the bloody dagger clean, before slipping back into his pocket.

LINDSEY (cont'd)  
... even if that means losing a  
friend or two along the way.

Lindsey casually adjusts his tie, then turns and heads back for his car, disappearing into the fog as we close in on Robert's lifeless body.

Lindsey's car door SLAMS shut, and as the engine starts, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF TEASER**

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

2 INT. HYPERION - ANGEL'S ROOM - DAY

2

ANGEL is sitting alone in his room, leaned comfortably back in his chair, soaking up the silence with an exhausted look on his face.

The silence is short lived, however, when a few moments later, a quick KNOCK, which is actually a single THUD, precedes SPIKE entering the room.

SPIKE

You rang?

Angel groans as Spike PLOPS down on the bed opposite Angel.

ANGEL

Do you hear that, Spike?

SPIKE

(beat; confused)

Hear what?

ANGEL

All that blissful silence.

SPIKE

Oh, yeah, right. It has been a bit of a rarity around here as of late, hasn't it?

Angel leans back, closing his eyes.

ANGEL

It's God. Finally punishing us for everything we've done. All the torture, the murder, the blaspheming - t's finally caught up with us.

SPIKE

I guess the old man does work in mysterious ways, eh? When we were partaking in said blaspheming, who would have thought that our punishment would be half a dozen mystically charged brat kids living under our roof? I thought you said hell was all fire and brimstone.

ANGEL

Trust me, compared to this, hell ain't a bad place to be.

(CONTINUED)

SPIKE

(beat)

Well, I hate to interrupt your time honored tradition of brooding, but we've got an assortment of 'hows' a few 'whys' and even a 'what the hell' to go address. So, if you'll stop sulking for a moment?

ANGEL

(nods)

We need to start working out what we're going to do with the kids.

SPIKE

Amongst other things. I think they fall under the 'what the hell' category. My question goes a lot like this: what the hell are we doing baby sitting a team of brats in the first place?

ANGEL

Do I really have to answer that?

SPIKE

They're refugees, I get it, but what we're doing now isn't doing anything but dividing our bloody forces, Angel. Those little buggers are going to take up more of our time than any apocalypse. Hell, for all we know, Wolfram and Hart planted them with us just for the very purpose of keeping us occupied. And if so, I would say mission damn well accomplished.

ANGEL

What do you want to do with them? Group homes? We saw how well that went with Joe.

SPIKE

Hey! That little thing has been through enough without you having to use him as a barometer for my screw-ups!

ANGEL

I thought it was Skye that-

SPIKE

(quickly)

Our screw-ups! You know bloody well what I meant!

(CONTINUED)

ANGEL

I know you don't want to see Joe in another group home any more than I want to put him there.

SPIKE

Then what the hell are we going to do? Play Dr. Xavier to a bunch of X-Kids? Are you going to tell me that Sonia's any less important? The poor girl's fighting for her life and we're here, arguing about problems that are not our own!

\*

ANGEL

I know how hard this is right now, for each of us, but it doesn't change anything.

Spike lowers his head, obviously worried about Sonia.

ANGEL (cont'd)

Sonia's family now, Spike, and believe me when I say that we're going to figure this out, but those kids need our help too, and I'll be damned if I'm going to let them fall into the belly of the beast because we were... 'preoccupied.' We're a team. It's time we started acting like one again.

(sly smile)

Remember the Circle of the Black Thorn?

SPIKE

(smirks)

Vaguely. Bunch of poofs, as I recall.

ANGEL

Classic battle strategy paid off, didn't it?

SPIKE

Divide and conquer?

(shrugs)

Worked for the Romans. All we've got to do is figure out who's dividing who.

ANGEL

You mean is it going to be me or Wesley dishing out the orders?

SPIKE

Can't slip anything past you, El  
Captain.

ANGEL

Well, Wes did-

SPIKE

Go into the aforementioned belly of  
the beast by trying to sneakily  
resurrect Fred without Illyria  
knowing about it? You know I'm  
always the first to jump on the  
mutiny bandwagon, but I honestly  
don't think the bloke was trying to  
go behind our backs in a diabolical  
kind of way.

ANGEL

He's done it before.

SPIKE

You mean Connor? Again, trying to  
help. In his own little way.

(eyes him)

You're worried he's going to try  
something daft again, aren't you?

ANGEL

(sighs)

Wes always tries to do what's best  
for the good of the group - but  
sometimes, that good ends up  
backfiring and nearly getting us  
all killed.

SPIKE

So what's that say for our Wes,  
then?

ANGEL

That he's either a bigger man than  
me or he's on the 'needs to be  
conquered' list. The question is  
which one.

SPIKE

And the answer?

ANGEL

Guess we'll just have to wait and  
see.

Spike nods, and as Angel stares towards the window, deep in  
contemplation, we cut to:

3

INT. WOLFRAM &amp; HART - MEETING ROOM

3

LILAH is alone in the meeting room, sitting impatiently atop the table and whimsically clicking her heels together.

The door to the room swings open, and in rushes a young attorney, MILLER, smiling nervously as he rushes to sit down.

MILLER

Sorry to keep you waiting, ma'am. I was in a meeting with the elders from The Order of Hadd'way, and you know how they tend to keep their conversations looming for hours.

LILAH

Interesting. My assistants tend to end up dead when they make me wait.

MILLER

(twitches)  
I'm sorry for-

LILAH

Do you have any idea how constrained my time is right now? I'm hopping back and forth between planes jumping through hoops to appease the partners, and do you know how much time I would lose on my schedule if I had to pencil in 'kill assistant'?

MILLER

(stutters)  
I-

LILAH

None, actually. I would just tell someone to kill you very painfully and be on my way, but I've got to say that it would put quite the damper on my day tomorrow when I had to interview for a replacement. Do I make myself clear?

MILLER

Crystal.

LILAH

Good. Now, about Lindsey...

MILLER

My team has him landing in Tokyo in...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MILLER (cont'd)  
(looking at watch)  
... fifteen minutes.

LILAH  
(frowns)  
Tokyo? What's Lindsey doing in  
Asia? Did you check his schedule?

MILLER  
Yes, ma'am. He's got an appointment  
to meet with the head of Tunaki  
Enterprises, looking to do business  
in LA.

LILAH  
Tell me, Miller, in your  
professional opinion, does that  
seem... fishy to you?

MILLER  
It was penciled in at the last  
minute...

LILAH  
I mean, Angel miraculously comes  
out of his coma, Lindsey makes a  
house call to his hotel, and then  
hops on a plane across the Pacific.  
He's definitely up to something  
more than I originally gave him  
credit for.

MILLER  
Excuse me for saying so, but don't  
you have enough to go to the  
partners already? This would  
solidify your end of the deal for  
the partners bringing you back, and  
possibly put you in Mr. McDonald's  
office.

LILAH  
That's the thing, Miller. I don't  
want to have just enough to go the  
partners. I want more than enough.  
The partners like initiative. They  
see me with enough to bury Lindsey  
twelve feet below the ground, and I  
get a plush office with Lindsey's  
spine hanging from the wall as a  
token of appreciation. Bare minimum  
gets me back in a holding dimension  
until I'm needed again. You get my  
drift?

MILLER  
So what do you want done?

LILAH

I want you on a plane to Tokyo.

MILLER

Yes, ma'am. I'll get the first flight out tomorrow morning.

LILAH

You'll have a ticket waiting on you by the time you get to LAX.

MILLER

But I've got a meeting with...

Lilah gives him a ghastly look.

MILLER (cont'd)

Yes, ma'am. I can be there in an hour.

LILAH

Make it half an hour. You don't need to pack. Just buy new clothes when you get there.

MILLER

(reluctantly)

Yes, ma'am.

He turns to walk out of the room, but stops short when:

LILAH

And, Miller...

MILLER

Yes?

LILAH

Don't let me down.

Miller nods nervously, then hurries out of the room as we cut all the way over to:

Lindsey walks through an idyllic forest, deep in the heart of the Orient. He's sweating heavily, and it looks like this has been a long journey.

He pauses to reach for a water bottle by his belt, taking a deep swig before starting on his way again.

The willow trees all around him are shrouded in mist, making his path ahead hazy and unclear. Lindsey is following a winding dirt path through the trees, a pack slung over his shoulder.

4 CONTINUED:

4

He reaches the edge of the forest canopy and pauses - the mist forms a near solid wall before him, obscuring his path from view.

LINDSEY  
(chuckles)  
Guess I should take this as a sign,  
huh?

Lindsey walks forward, disappearing into the mist as we cut back to:

5 INT. HYPERION - FOYER - EVENING

5

Angel watches three of the rescued kids race down the stairs as he heads towards his office. He shakes his head and mutters to himself before stepping into:

6 INT. HYPERION - ANGEL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

6

WESLEY and KIRSTEN are waiting for Angel, along with Spike and ILLYRIA.

ANGEL  
Isn't there something we can do to  
stop them running around like that?

SPIKE  
Ritalin.

WESLEY  
(eyes Spike)  
They're kids, Angel. They don't  
come with an 'off' switch or a  
'mute' button.

Angel flops into his chair with a sigh.

ANGEL  
There'd have been a caning by now  
if they'd been Irish born in the  
18th Century.

SPIKE  
This is what I'm talking about!  
We can't keep them here. Angel  
wants to sodomize them, I'll die a  
horribly migrained death, and it'll  
be Percy and Blue playing the role  
of Walton elders, wouldn't it?

KIRSTEN  
Not to mention that we're as good  
as inviting Wolfram and Hart to  
raid us. I know we knew that was  
part of the deal, but still...

(CONTINUED)

WESLEY

With the Hyperion's reinforced defences, it's highly unlikely they'd actually get in, Angel.

ANGEL

Even so, we need to start thinking of ways to get them somewhere else. If things get bad, which tends to happen around here, we'll need a quick exit strategy.

WESLEY

Kirsten's been trying to get any kinds of contact details she can out of them to see if we can send them back home, but the majority of them either aren't talking or haven't seen their parents in some time.

KIRSTEN

Years, in some cases.

ANGEL

So what does that mean? They've got nowhere else to go?

Wes and Kirsten swap a look, and Angel GROANS.

ILLYRIA

Why does the presence of the wormlings offend you so?

ANGEL

It doesn't offend me. It's just that-

SPIKE

It's just that Uncle Rogers here doesn't know how to handle nippers. He's all up for saving a life, but when it comes to bottles and dirty diapers, well, he didn't have to go through much of that with his own spawn, did he?

ANGEL

(stern)

Don't bring Connor into this.

A beat as Angel stares Spike down. He breaks the gaze, standing.

(CONTINUED)

SPIKE

Right! Well, looks like that's my attempt at a useful contribution out the window then.

He heads for the door.

KIRSTEN

Spike, come on, don't...

Spike EXITS the office and Wes takes up his vacated seat.

WESLEY

I'd suggest providing them with alternate identities and moving them into foster homes, but again that's not without certain degrees of risk in itself.

KIRSTEN

And besides, didn't Spike say one of the kids we saw there was in a foster home anyway? Joe, was it?

ANGEL

(nods)

So that's out too. What else?

WESLEY

I hesitate to suggest it, Angel, but the best course of action is to keep them here. As for an exit strategy, the sewers are probably our best bet to get them out of the hotel, but after that-

ANGEL

(closes eyes)

I knew it...

KIRSTEN

Think about it, it makes sense. They're all in one place so we can keep an eye on them, there's no way in or out without one of those keycards so they're not going to get lost, and like Spike pointed out, we're not exactly bad at being child minders.

ANGEL

We can't just change the name on the cards to Angel Day Care! They'll break things, catch cold, and God only knows what else!

WESLEY

Don't think me deaf to your concerns, Angel, far from it, but you have to admit that, for the time being, their current place of residence is strategically well suited.

A beat as Angel looks round the room.

ANGEL

Only until we figure out what Wolfram and Hart was planning for them.

KIRSTEN

I'll put my detective hat back on, see what I can find out.

WESLEY

And I'll continue my research into the Academy's background.

They EXIT, and Illyria pauses. Angel notices she stayed behind.

ANGEL

Something on your mind?

She looks at him - then turns and leaves without another word. Angel frowns, then shrugs and picks up a file to get back to work.

WESLEY (O.S.)

Look out!

There's a CRASH from somewhere outside the office, and Angel looks up in alarm.

KIRSTEN (O.S.)

It's alright! It's okay, just a vase... this one wasn't expensive, right?

Angel SIGHS again and puts his head in his hands, and we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

7 EXT. MOUNTAIN BASE - EVENING 7

Lindsey walks out through the veil of mist to find himself standing at the base of a tall MOUNTAIN. The sun is setting far overhead, bathing the scene in a fiery orange glow.

A small stone DOORWAY is carved out of the mountainside, and as Lindsey approaches it his eye falls on the various mystical SYMBOLS etched into it.

Lindsey runs a hand across them, squinting as he struggles with the translation.

LINDSEY

(reads)

And he... who seeks the means... to  
destroy his... what is that?

(frowns)

Bowl of... fruit?

(shakes head)

Enemy. The means to destroy his  
enemy. He must... take the leap...  
of...

(stumped again)

Fruit. Again.

Lindsey sighs audibly as he shakes his head.

LINDSEY (cont'd)

No point in going back to Kansas  
empty handed.

He strides boldly through the doorway.

8 INT. MOUNTAIN - PASSAGEWAY - NEXT 8

Lindsey walks down a dimly lit passageway, tunneled out of the rock itself, heading for a distant light source some way further down.

He stumbles on something and CURSES, fumbling in his pack in the dark and digging out a flashlight.

Using the flashlight to make his way down the corridor, he comes out into:

9 INT. MOUNTAIN - CHAMBER - NEXT 9

The path ends abruptly, leading out a few feet over a huge ABYSS. Nothing but pure black below. The chamber's walls are too far away to reach, and there's no other way in or out.

(CONTINUED)

Lindsey shines the flashlight down into the chasm, but the beam can't cut through the thick darkness below, so he tucks it away. Flaming torches fastened to the wall provide a dim, flickering light.

Lindsey paces carefully to the edge of the path, peering down. He fishes in his pocket for a coin, flipping it into the air and letting it drop.

He waits.

And waits.

There's no sound of the coin hitting the bottom, so Lindsey steps back to the safety of the tunnel.

LINDSEY

(calls out)

Is this it? A dead end? Is that what I was told to come all the way out here for?

He waits, but there's no sound except the echo of his own voice.

LINDSEY (cont'd)

(mutters)

Leap of faith...

Lindsey strides out to the edge of the path again, looking around him.

He takes a deep breath, closes his eyes - and STEPS OFF the edge of the path.

Lindsey plummets down into the pit, swallowed up by the black in an instant.

Lindsey DROPS from the ceiling and lands awkwardly in a small, stone-walled medieval chamber. A steel grate covers the only exit.

Lindsey stays sprawled on the floor for a moment, catching his breath - and a pair of well-polished SHOES step into frame.

Lindsey looks up and there is the VALET, a diminutive man in slightly disheveled Dickensian clothing, a gentleman's dresser from a bygone era.

VALET

Congratulations, sir. There aren't many who come this way that have the spirit to take that final step.

Lindsey keeps his eyes on the Valet as he stands.

LINDSEY  
Isn't really a hill for a high  
stepper now, is there?

VALET  
Quite right, sir. You've proven  
yourself worthy. So now that merit  
is out of the way, we'll be testing  
your valor.  
(small bow)  
I'll be assisting you in the coming  
trials.

LINDSEY  
And you are?

VALET  
My name is as unimportant as my  
background. All you need to know is  
that I am here to aid you in your  
impending hardships.

LINDSEY  
'Hardships'? Guess I really am in  
the right place.

VALET  
Yes, sir. Nothing in this life, or  
any other for that matter, is free,  
is it?  
(beat)  
I'll allow you a moment to orient  
yourself to your surroundings and  
then the first trial will begin.  
May I take your things?

Lindsey hesitates, then shrugs off his pack and hands it to  
the Valet. He walks over to a long, wooden table and places  
it down.

VALET (cont'd)  
Did you bring a weapon?

LINDSEY  
Did you bring a contestant?

VALET  
(smiles)  
Very good, sir. I have a selection  
for you to choose from, if it  
pleases you.

The Valet waves his hand - and a portion of the wall behind  
him LIGHTS UP to reveal an alcove packed with WEAPONS.

Swords, axes, daggers, the whole enchilada. Lindsey heads over and starts examining the weapons.

LINDSEY  
So how does this work?

VALET  
'Work,' sir?

LINDSEY  
(obviously)  
You know, what do I do?

VALET  
You must pass three trials in order to claim your prize. A test of the body, the mind and of the heart. Succeed in all three and you may take your hard-earned possession and depart. Fail, and... well, I'm sure sir does not need me to stress what failure here would mean.

Lindsey glances at the Valet, then reaches up and grabs a beefy broadsword from the wall. He takes a few experimental slices through the air with it.

VALET (cont'd)  
I see sir is quite the master swordsman.

Lindsey admires the sword as he arrogantly answers the man.

LINDSEY  
Sir is, indeed.

VALET  
Then are you ready to begin?

LINDSEY  
As I'll ever be.

The valet SNAPS his fingers and the steel grate over the only doorway rises up with a series of CLANKS.

VALET  
Proceed through the gateway and your first challenge will begin, sir. I shall await you in the fourth and final chamber.

The Valet watches Lindsey as he approaches the doorway, before calling out to him:

VALET (cont'd)  
Oh! I almost forgot. One last detail, sir.

The Valet walks over and quickly presses his hand to Lindsey's chest. There is a quick FLASH of yellow light, and Lindsey staggers back a step.

LINDSEY  
(dazed)  
What did... what did you just do?

VALET  
I'm sorry if there was a misunderstanding, but life is the bargain here. By entering, you've placed yours in the balance.

Lindsey looks himself up and down before it dawns on him.

LINDSEY  
(disbelief)  
You made me human...

VALET  
I'm afraid it's one of the requirements of your particular trial, sir. Your previous status will be restored should you succeed.

Lindsey glares at the Valet, but knows fighting him wouldn't do any good. He walks through the archway, ready for a fight.

VALET (cont'd)  
Good luck, sir.

As Lindsey rounds a corner and disappears from view, cut to:

11 INT. UTF HQ - CORRIDOR - EVENING

11

Spike walks down one of the UTF base's plainly-painted corridors, following a sign that reads 'Infirmary.'

One of the UTF members, SEBASTIAN, steps out of a doorway just as Spike passes and calls after him.

SEBASTIAN  
Hey!

Spike turns and Sebastian relaxes when he recognizes him.

SEBASTIAN (cont'd)  
Oh, Spike, it's only you.

SPIKE  
Only me?

SEBASTIAN  
Uh, I just meant that-

SPIKE  
(rolls eyes)  
Stop clenching, mate, I'm only  
pulling your leg.

SEBASTIAN  
Oh, yeah. I knew that.

SPIKE  
I've come to pay my nightly visit  
to the squirt. Is she still in the  
same place?

SEBASTIAN  
Uh, yeah, she's just in the  
infirmary. I think David's with her  
at the moment.

Spike heads off and Sebastian heads on his way as Spike  
pushes the doors open into:

12 INT. UTF HQ - INFIRMARY - NEXT

12

Spike sees DAVID standing by one of the empty beds in the  
well-stocked infirmary, sorting through a shipment of new  
supplies.

He nods a greeting to Spike as Spike heads over to a bed  
nearby, his mood rapidly darkening as he heads closer.

SONIA lies on the bed. She's pale, hooked up to a heart  
monitor and breathing apparatus, and looks every inch the  
intensive care patient she is.

Spike pulls up a chair and seats himself next to the bed,  
staring at her for a long beat as he searches for the words.

SPIKE  
Sorry I'm late tonight, luv. Blame  
the pack of crazed infants we've  
got running about the hotel at the  
moment. Place is starting to look  
like a bleedin' daycare center gone  
awry.

He chuckles to himself, then peeks over his shoulder to check  
where David is. Satisfied that he's far enough away, Spike  
leans closer to Sonia - and squeezes one of her hands.

SPIKE (cont'd)  
Wes is working as hard as he can to  
find a way to bring you out of  
this.

Spike trails off, grimacing in frustration and throwing his  
head back to curse.

SPIKE (cont'd)

Truth is, everyone thinks it's my bloody fault for not telling them you were taking those pills sooner... and I'm starting to think they were right.

(sighs)

Angel may have his hands full at the moment, but as soon as somebody points me in the direction of whatever I need to kill to help, I'll...

Spike pauses as though imagining her answer, the click of her breathing gear and the steady BEEP of her heart monitor for company.

SONIA (O.S)

Seba...

Spike's head shoots up - did Sonia just speak? He looks round the ward, but David has moved away. Spike's all alone. He looks back to Sonia expectantly.

SPIKE

Was that you?

A beat. No noise. Spike sags a little and starts to sit back down, when:

SONIA

(frowning)

Seb...

Spike is on his feet in a second, leaning over her and clutching her hand tightly. Sonia's voice was muffled by the tube down her throat, but it was definitely there.

SPIKE

Sonia? Sonia! It's me! It's Spike!  
Can you hear me? Can you-

SONIA

(whispers)

Sebastian...

Spike freezes. Sonia settles back down, and Spike realises she's not going to speak again for now.

He frowns, trying to work out what she could have meant - as a HAND lays itself on his shoulder.

Spike looks up to see Sebastian standing over him, his expression forlorn as he looks down at Sonia.

SEBASTIAN

I hope we find whoever did this to her, and soon. She deserves better than this.

Spike stares up at Sebastian as he puts the pieces together, and Sebastian looks back at him, puzzled.

SEBASTIAN (cont'd)

Everything alright?

Spike narrows his eyes, but manages to break out a disarming grin.

SPIKE

Lovely.

Sebastian nods, turns, and walks away. Spike watches him go before turning back to Sonia. He leans over and KISSES her on the forehead.

SPIKE (cont'd)

(whispers)

Thank you.

He leaps out of his chair and dashes out of the infirmary, and we cut to:

Lindsey strolls into an identical chamber to the one he just left, only this one has a steel grate in each wall.

As he enters, the archway he walked through is sealed as a grate drops with a loud CLANG, trapping him inside the room. He tenses up, gripping his sword tightly.

The other three grates start to RATTLE as they slowly rise, and the SHADOWS of three figures appear behind them.

Lindsey paces into the middle of the room, raising his sword and keeping his reflexes sharp.

The grates are taking an agonizingly long time to rise, and Lindsey is visibly losing patience.

LINDSEY

(shouts)

We gonna do this?!

On cue, there is a loud, inhuman ROAR from behind one of the grates - and then another, then another. Lindsey frowns and takes a step back as the approaching figures come into view.

Stepping deftly beneath the rising grates are three huge DEMONS, green skinned with thick, pig-like features and thick coils of muscle all over their bodies.

Each one is armed with a curved sword, and as they twirl the swords in their hands, circling Lindsey slowly, he releases he's about to have a real fight on his hands.

LINDSEY (cont'd)  
Alright! 'Bout time we got into  
this.

With a grin, he leaps to the attack, his sword CLANGING off the first demon's blade as he swings for it.

He KICKS the demon backward and spins to block the blade of the second, ELBOWING the third in the chops as he begins to duel with the second creature.

Lindsey twirls on one heel and SLICES his blade across the demon's belly, and it staggers backward with a GRUNT of pain.

LINDSEY (cont'd)  
Might want to take it up a notch,  
guys. You're supposed to be a  
trial!

The other two demons charge towards him, but he neatly dodges one and trips the third over, CRACKING his sword hilt off its neck as it falls.

He pauses to grin at his own swordsmanship - but is unexpectedly TACKLED by Demon #2, recovering despite the bloody wound across its belly.

Lindsey shoves the demon back and RAMS his sword into its throat, and with a CHOKING sound the demon drops to its knees, very dead.

LINDSEY (cont'd)  
Guess you guys are running on a  
budget now, huh?

Lindsey starts to pull his sword out of the carcass - but his grin quickly drops. It's stuck!

He strains and heaves but to no avail, and Demon #1 takes the chance to SOCK him in the jaw.

Lindsey stumbles, almost to the floor, but with a mean look of fighting spirit on his face he SWEEPS the demon's legs from under it, wrestling its sword from its hand and STABBING it into its chest.

LINDSEY (cont'd)  
(seething)  
You can't touch me! Nobody can  
touch me!

As Demon #1 HOWLS and writhes on the floor, Lindsey turns to the final demon - and narrowly dodges a slicing sword blade.

It cuts into his arm and Lindsey SHOUTS in pain - but the pain only makes him madder.

With a ROAR of fury, he DROP KICKS Demon #3 to the ground, grabbing its head in his hands and SLAMMING it back into the stone chamber floor, again and again, until it falls still.

Panting, Lindsey stands, examining the bloody gash on his arm before walking over to the first felled demon.

LINDSEY (cont'd)  
Think you got something of mine  
there, champ.

He plants a boot against its neck and pulls at his sword again, this time managing to pull it free.

VALET (O.S.)  
Excellent work, sir.

Lindsey looks up to see the ever-pleasant Valet standing before him. The Valet casts an eye down at the dead demons.

VALET (cont'd)  
And a new record for your time as  
well.

LINDSEY  
I'm not here to break the speed  
limit. I just want what I came here  
for.

VALET  
And you are one step closer, sir.  
Please, proceed.

The Valet motions to the open archway behind him, and with a glance at the Valet, Lindsey heads through as we cut to:

Sebastian passes two UTF troopers on their way out for the night, nodding to them before rounding a corner, out of sight.

He leans back against the wall and closes his eyes, SIGHING heavily, before reaching into his pocket for a packet of cigarettes. He starts to light one, when:

SPIKE (O.S.)  
Got a light?

Sebastian looks up - and POW! Spike nails him, right on the nose.

Sebastian collapses to the floor, clutching his bloody nose, but Spike grabs him and hauls him back to his feet, game face on.

SEBASTIAN  
(dazed)  
What- what did you-

SPIKE  
(furious)  
Shut it! You and me are about to have a little chat... and a little birdie tells me you're not going to feel like pretending you don't know anything when we're done.

SEBASTIAN  
I don't know-

CRACK! Spike bangs Sebastian's head back against the wall, and Sebastian knows he's cornered as Spike gets in his face.

SPIKE  
That was your one and only chance.  
Hope it was worth the headache.

SEBASTIAN  
(beat; shaking)  
How did you... how did you know?

SPIKE  
(grins)  
I'd say I could smell it on you like a cheap scotch, but truth is it was just a hunch.  
(leans in)  
Which you just confirmed for me.

Spike THROWS Sebastian to the floor.

SPIKE (cont'd)  
It's time you told me everything.

Spike reaches down to grab Sebastian again, as we cut to:

Lindsey walks cautiously through the archway and into the second chamber - which is empty again. A single exit is covered by a steel portcullis.

15 CONTINUED:

He takes the opportunity to tear off a strip of his shirt and tie it round his wounded arm, before he hears:

ANGEL (O.S.)

(tuts)

Lindsey, come on! I knew you were always about the macho posturing, but...

Lindsey's head snaps up - and standing before him with a wide, sly grin is ANGEL!

ANGEL (cont'd)

... couldn't you wait until we were somewhere more intimate before you started getting undressed?

Angel smirks defiantly at Lindsey, who starts to boil with cold fury as we:

**BLACK OUT.**

**END OF ACT TWO**

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

16

INT. DUNGEON - SECOND CHAMBER - NIGHT

16

Lindsey immediately LUNGES at Angel with a battle cry, but Angel reveals a sword of his own and blocks Lindsey's attack, sniggering in his face as he holds Lindsey in a stalemate.

ANGEL

All those years in Hell and this is the best offense you could come up with?

He SHOVES Lindsey back, but that doesn't stop him diving straight into the offensive.

Angel's sword blocks Lindsey's at every strike, the two battling for several beats before Lindsey breaks off the attack, stepping back, but keeping his intense gaze on Angel.

ANGEL (cont'd)

Giving up so soon? Eh, just as well. You never could beat me in a straight fight anyway.

LINDSEY

(laughing)

Is that senility creeping in? You seem to be forgetting the fact that I already have.

ANGEL

Oh, are we counting that time you tried to engage the Failsafe? Just before your bosses sucked you into a holding dimension?

(scoffs)

Like that counted!

LINDSEY

You saying it didn't?

ANGEL

I'm saying you had a lucky shot. You were never on the same level as me, and the great thing is...

(smiling boldly)

... you're never going to be.

That gets Lindsey worked up enough and with another YELL, he charges into the attack - but Angel LAUGHS and DISAPPEARS!

Lindsey stumbles through thin air, Angel's taunting laughter echoing round the chamber as Lindsey looks all round for his opponent.

(CONTINUED)

ANGEL (O.S.) (cont'd)  
This is just another test, Lindsey,  
but it's one I'm going to take a  
great personal pleasure in watching  
you screw up.

Lindsey smirks, getting his swing back.

LINDSEY  
If you're trying to rattle me, go  
on and give it your best. It'll  
just be that much sweeter when I  
walk out of here with the door  
prize.

ANGEL (O.S.)  
You think it's gonna be that easy?

LINDSEY  
I made it this far, didn't I?

ANGEL (O.S.)  
That's the thing about a trial by  
fire, Lindsey. You haven't even  
seen the smoke yet.

The portcullis starts to RISE and Lindsey turns to see that  
another rocky tunnel lies on the other side.

ANGEL (O.S.) (cont'd)  
What did Dorothy do when she saw  
the yellow brick road?

Lindsey scowls and heads off down the tunnel.

17 INT. DUNGEON - TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS 17

A chill wind whistles down the rocky passageway as Lindsey  
makes his way along it, the starry sky visible at the exit as  
he walks out onto:

18 EXT. MOUNTAIN - PLATEAU 18

Lindsey finds himself staring up a steep rock face, the wind  
much stronger now as it whips across the scene.

He's about halfway up the mountain he originally walked into,  
with another plateau a distant climb above him.

Looking down on him from that high point is Angel, who cups  
his hands round his mouth to yell down:

ANGEL  
If you want to get to the next  
trial, better get your bite-sized,  
Confederate ass up here!

18 CONTINUED:

Angel grins and steps back, out of sight, as Lindsey steps up to the edge of the almost sheer rock face before him.

He looks down at the sword in his hands, then angrily THROWS it down with a CLATTER. Spitting on his hands, he walks up to the rock face, finds a handhold, and starts to climb.

19 INT. HYPERION - FOYER - NIGHT

19

Kirsten is trying to talk to a group of kids but is struggling to hold their attention as they fidget, chattering excitedly at one another.

Angel steps out of his office to find Wesley and Illyria deep in conversation.

ANGEL

What's going on? Why are you two here and not finding some way to keep them quiet? They need to be quiet!

Wes glances at him, then Illyria, who raises her chin haughtily before turning and marching away. Angel reads the serious expression on Wesley's face.

ANGEL (cont'd)

What was that all about?

WESLEY

Illyria and I are still having a... debate about a matter.

ANGEL

Cut the crap, Wes. There's something going on between you two, and I think I have a right to know it if it's going to affect us.

(beat; quietly)

Did she find out about, you know...

Wes doesn't even have to answer.

ANGEL (cont'd)

And I'm guessing she didn't take it too well?

WESLEY

Well, I'm not dead, am I? For Illyria, that's taking things very well.

ANGEL

(beat)

Take note of the serious face, Wes.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

ANGEL (cont'd)  
I'm waiting for some kind of long  
overdue explanation.

WESLEY  
As it turns out, it's a simple  
matter of greed.

ANGEL  
Greed?

WESLEY  
I got greedy... for Fred.

ANGEL  
(beat)  
You mean-

WESLEY  
I mean just having Illyria assume  
her form when it pleased her - or,  
should I say, us - isn't...  
(catches himself)  
... wasn't enough.

ANGEL  
You wanted the real deal.

WESLEY  
(nods)  
I know I've been-

ANGEL  
Selfish?

WESLEY  
(beat)  
But I hardly think you can blame me  
for that.

ANGEL  
Actually, I think I can.

Angel takes a step closer.

ANGEL (cont'd)  
You were willing to potentially  
sacrifice one of the most powerful  
members of this team, just on the  
off chance that you might be able  
to bring Fred back. I'd love to see  
Fred walk through those doors  
almost as much as you, but even I  
know that there are some barriers  
you can't cross and some prices  
that we can't afford to pay.  
Something's different with you  
lately, Wes...

(CONTINUED)

He starts to walk out the door, but offers:

ANGEL (cont'd)  
... and I'm not sure I like it.

Kirsten motions for Angel to join her, and with a last look at Wes, Angel heads over.

ANGEL (cont'd)  
What is it?

KIRSTEN  
Okay, I've been talking to these little guys and I've got a few more bits of detail, but we should --

Angel JUMPS as one of the kids suddenly latches onto his leg. Angel grins and reaches down to ruffle his hair, suddenly all smiles.

ANGEL  
I think he likes me! Hey, why don't we order out for--

Angel sees Kirsten's dark look and his own smile drops. He gently pries the boy away from him, crouching down to get to the kid's eye level.

ANGEL (cont'd)  
Kirsten and I just have to go and talk for a while, okay? But we're gonna be in that office right there, so if you need anything, just let us know. Alright?

The boy nods, looking to his left as a pair of rowdy twin girls run past again.

One of them isn't looking ahead and collides with Illyria, stumbling back and looking up at the blue-haired woman in terror.

ILLYRIA  
Move your physical outbursts to another part of the hotel, child, or I will not hesitate to make an example of you to the others!

The girl backs up, terrified, and quickly scrambles away as fast as she can, as we cut to:

Angel and Kirsten both step outside, Angel waiting for Kirsten to take up her story.

KIRSTEN  
I've got some really bad news.

ANGEL  
You know, somehow I never get used to hearing that.

KIRSTEN  
These kids... I don't think their parents care that they're here.

ANGEL  
They just let Wolfram and Hart take their children?

KIRSTEN  
They didn't so much let them, as they handed them over.

ANGEL  
And they haven't tried to get them back?

KIRSTEN  
The thing is... that they don't even remember them.

From Angel's disheartened expression, we CUT TO:

21 EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - NIGHT

21

Grimacing with effort, his fingers raw and bloody from the climb, Lindsey is almost at the plateau.

His hand slips on a loose handhold, but with a quick stretch he gets one hand up onto the flat tableau above him, and with a SHOUT of exertion he manages to push himself up onto it.

He lies on his back, catching his breath, the howling wind almost covering the sound of FOOTSTEPS heading towards him.

Lindsey opens his eyes to see Angel standing over him, smirking down on him again.

ANGEL  
Nice job. Although, I guess now's not the time to mention that you're only halfway done, is it?

Lindsey scrambles to his feet, fists raised, but Angel steps back with a LAUGH.

ANGEL (cont'd)  
Always ready for action, huh, Lindsey? Got a problem?  
(MORE)

21 CONTINUED:

ANGEL (cont'd)  
Just punch your way through it! Who  
cares who gets hurt! Right?

LINDSEY  
Coming from you, that means pretty  
much nothing.

ANGEL  
I'm here because of you, or haven't  
you figured that out yet? I'm just  
a manifestation of all that your  
subconscious mind wants to destroy  
in this world... or that world, as  
it is. I suppose I should be  
honored.

LINDSEY  
There's a lot of things you should  
be...

Lindsey quickly reaches to his back - and with a flick of his  
wrist pulls a second, smaller SWORD from a strap hidden  
beneath his shirt!

LINDSEY (cont'd)  
... but only one thing you will be.

Before Angel can react, Lindsey SLICES out with the blade -  
catching Angel across the neck!

Angel DUSTS as his head falls away, his ashes caught in the  
wind and scattered into the sky before they hit the ground.

An iron KEY drops to the plateau floor, and with a grin  
Lindsey steps over and scoops it up.

LINDSEY (cont'd)  
Dust in the wind.

He looks across the plateau - the mountainside starts up  
again about twenty feet away, reaching up into the clouds,  
but opposite Lindsey is a thick iron door, set into the rock  
itself. He heads towards it.

22 EXT. HYPERION - GARDEN

22

Angel is still looking perplexed as Kirsten continues her  
findings.

ANGEL  
All of them?

KIRSTEN  
Far as I can tell.

ANGEL  
How can you be sure?

(CONTINUED)

KIRSTEN

Well, little Greta Harding, for one thing. Eleven years old, three of them as a level three telepath. She's the closest thing we have to a human lie detector.

Angel stands, pacing round the garden.

ANGEL

Do the rest of them know?

KIRSTEN

I don't think so. They're all too young to understand.

ANGEL

(exhales)

That makes our life a lot more complicated.

KIRSTEN

You're telling me... how do you explain to six kids with a variety of borderline superpowers that all of their immediate families have been brainwashed into forgetting everything about them?

ANGEL

(beat)

I'll let you know when I find out.

Angel glances back into the foyer, where he sees:

23 INT. HYPERION - FOYER - NIGHT

23

Wes is sitting on the steps by the front door, around a dozen of the kids sitting round by him.

WESLEY

And so, whenever any of you see Illyria walking down the corridor, what are you to do?

KIDS

(together)

Move!!

WESLEY

(grins)

That's right. Now, while we're trying to keep the hotel as a positive environment, it's important to remember that-

He's interrupted by a loud POUNDING at the front doors. Wes gets to his feet and heads over, checking the CCTV monitor.

It's Spike, a battered-looking Sebastian held before him. Spike yells up at the camera overhead:

SPIKE

Wouldn't turn down an invitation!

Wes hesitates, glancing round at the kids, but as Spike HAMMERS his fists against the doors again, he opens the door and steps back.

WESLEY

Spike, be careful of the-

SPIKE

Simmer down, Wes. All under perfect control.

Spike SHOVES Sebastian into the foyer, and the kids cluster together to watch, wide-eyed. Spike nods to them.

SPIKE (cont'd)

Evenin' all. Past your bedtimes, if I'm not mistaken.

CHILD #1

Mr. Wesley was telling us about the rules of the hotel.

SPIKE

Oh, he was, was he? Well, now you get to see a practical demonstration of what we do when someone needs roughing up for answers.

Spike TRIPS Sebastian, and the bloodied man tumbles to the floor as Angel and Kirsten burst in from the garden.

ANGEL

Spike, what the hell are you doing?

SPIKE

This wonderful specimen of the rodent kingdom here is the reason Sonia's in the state she is.

KIRSTEN

How do you know that?

SPIKE

(casually)  
He told me himself.

(CONTINUED)

Spike reaches for a cigarette and Kirsten notices with surprise the amount of blood staining his knuckles. She glances towards the kids, who are still glued to the action.

KIRSTEN

Uh... why don't I get the kids upstairs?

ANGEL

(quickly)  
Good idea.

Kirsten hurries over to the kids as Angel and Wes join Spike, standing over the whimpering form of Sebastian.

WESLEY

(off Sebastian's injuries)  
Was all that really necessary?

SPIKE

This is the son of a bitch who put Sonia in a coma, Wes. Be thankful he's in one piece.

Wes silently concedes.

ANGEL

Alright, let's get him somewhere quiet so we can... talk.

SPIKE

Or we could just kill him here?  
(off look)  
Didn't really see that working.

Spike reaches down and hauls Sebastian to his feet again.

SPIKE (cont'd)

Ready to sing for your supper?

Sebastian's too groggy to speak as Spike hauls him away, and we cut back to:

Lindsey steps up to the iron door and puts the key in the lock, turning it and pushing the door open to reveal...

... the inside of an elevator.

He blinks, confused, and steps inside. The elevator doors slide shut behind him.

25 INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

25

Cheesy muzak drifts down into the lift as Lindsey looks around - it's exactly like the ones he left behind at Wolfram and Hart, even down to the number of buttons.

Lindsey stares at the buttons for a beat - then his hand moves on reflex to punch in the combination for the White Room.

The large, plain white button morphs out of the panel, and Lindsey's hand seems to move of his own accord as he reaches out and presses it...

WHITE OUT:

26 INT. WHITE ROOM

26

Lindsey stands in the White Room, looking all around.

LINDSEY

Huh. Been a while since I-

LORNE (O.S.)

It's been a long time since you went anywhere that wasn't your office, pumpkin.

Lindsey spins round - and LORNE walks towards him, Sea Breeze in hand!

LORNE (cont'd)

So shall we get to the unbelievably tasty business at hand, or do you just want to chat a little first?

Lorne sips his drink and from Lindsey's shocked look, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

**ACT FOUR**

FADE IN:

27 INT. HYPERION - BASEMENT - NIGHT

27

Sebastian is tied to a chair in the small basement room with Spike, Angel and Wes standing round him. His head is slumped forward - it looks like he's passed out.

WESLEY

I'm still not sure why you felt it necessary to administer such a beating before you brought him to us, Spike.

SPIKE

It's my prerogative. Man plays silly buggers with one of mine, I get to play with him right back.

ANGEL

What if you'd killed him before you got him this far?

SPIKE

In the unlikely event of me being unable to administer just the right amount of pain to subdue him, I imagine we'd have had a problem. As it is, I didn't have that particular quandary and here we are. And besides, I made sure he saved the good stuff for when we had a larger audience. Wouldn't want to pop me cork too soon, now, would I?

Angel nods to Wes, who reaches for a large glass of water nearby, SPLASHING it across Sebastian's face. He awakes with a SPLUTTER to find Angel staring him in the eye.

ANGEL

You don't need me to tell you what's going to happen here, do you?

Sebastian coughs, shaking his head.

ANGEL (cont'd)

So when I ask you to tell us who gave you the doctored pills to switch with Sonia's supply, you'll give me a name, won't you?

Sebastian closes his eyes, seeming on the verge of tears.

(CONTINUED)

SEBASTIAN

I can't... he'll-

ANGEL

Kill you? I hope this guy isn't looking too forward to the whole 'killing you' thing, because right now, I don't see him having the chance.

(beat)

Now, back to the subject of 'who.'

SEBASTIAN

Some... some guy! Said he worked for that law firm, Wolfram and Hart. He approached me one day, said he could pay my mom's hospital bills if I... if I...

(sobs)

If I agreed to switch Sonia's pills.

Angel straightens up, a cold glint in his eye.

ANGEL

(steaming)

Lindsey.

He turns to Wes and Spike as we cut to:

Lindsey looks Lorne up and down, pacing round him as Lorne casually sips his drink.

LORNE

Something on your mind, firecracker? I know me being here like this must be something of a little ol' shocker to you, but hey, I don't make the cards. I just deal 'em with an elegantly manicured hand.

LINDSEY

(looks up)

Why him?

LORNE

I'm gonna need a bit more help with the pronoun game.

LINDSEY

(to Lorne)

Why you? Why take your face?

LORNE

Well, we'd used up all of our Angel moments already, so we felt a change was as good as a rest. And besides, are you trying to tell me you aren't happy to see me again?

LINDSEY

(darkly)

Once I take care of Angel, you're going to be the next person I kill.

LORNE

(shivers)

Ooh, did it just get cold in here, or is the sea breeze a little watered down today?

LINDSEY

You know what? I don't even have time for this. Just take me to the final test.

LORNE

You mean, you don't want to look at the handsome face of the man that killed you any more?

LINDSEY

(beat)

I just want what I came for.

LORNE

Your wish is my command, sweetie pie, but there's just one little snagarooie to get past first.

LINDSEY

(arrogantly)

Kind of thought there might be.

LORNE

The final trial is the test of the heart, or whatever passes for it in that black hole you call a soul.

(beat)

It's very simple - as far as the other tests are concerned, anyhow. Your prize, as you so cleverly coined it, is just a few baby steps away.

Lorne motions to his left - and in a haze of glitter, a delicately crafted SWORD appears, sticking out of a small boulder.

(CONTINUED)

LORNE (cont'd)  
 Apologies for the cheesy  
 presentation, but we have a real  
 soft spot for the classics up here.

Lindsey takes a step towards the sword, but Lorne wags a  
 finger at him.

LORNE (cont'd)  
 Ah, ah, ah. First, you have to pass  
 the final test.

LINDSEY  
 (losing patience)  
 So stop screwing around and give it  
 to me already!

LORNE  
 I can see you're a man in a hurry  
 to be anywhere but wherever the  
 green blazes 'here' is, so let's  
 lay it out simple for you. All you  
 need to do to get your hands on  
 that sword...

LINDSEY  
 Is?

LORNE  
 (beat)  
 Tell the Senior Partners what you  
 need the sword for.

A beat as this sinks in. Lorne grins and swigs his drink  
 back, and we cut to:

29 INT. HYPERION - BASEMENT - NIGHT

29

Angel, Spike and Wes are conferring over in one corner of the  
 room, the captive Sebastian still on his chair behind them.

ANGEL  
 No part of me is surprised by this.

SPIKE  
 So we know it was Lindsey. Insert  
 shrill gasp here. Now what?

ANGEL  
 Well, we can't just walk in there  
 guns blazing, because last time I  
 checked, their guns are a lot  
 bigger than ours, and I don't see  
 any of us escaping another  
 smackdown with the partners at the  
 moment.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ANGEL (cont'd)

(beat)

But if there's one thing I learned from our time at Wolfram and Hart, it's that the best way to take them isn't head on. It's through the back door.

SPIKE

Well then.

(sadistic grin)

Backdooring it is.

WESLEY

Kirsten may be able to find us a way to attack Lindsey from the inside.

SPIKE

Thought you didn't trust her? Had her down as a spy?

ANGEL

We can work out the details later. Right now, we need to figure out what to do with this guy.

SPIKE

I'll handle it.

WESLEY

(wary)

Spike, we don't want any more blood on our hands.

SPIKE

Who says I'm going to kill him?

Wes and Angel give him a look and Spike rolls his eyes.

SPIKE (cont'd)

Alright, the thought did cross my mind. A lot. But if you pair say let him go, I'll let him go. I'll just make sure he doesn't get it into his head to ever darken our doorstep again.

A sigh, deep though, and exchange of long sustained glances before Angel and Wes finally offer a nod.

ANGEL

I'll go talk to Kirsten, see if she can figure out a way to help.

WESLEY

I'll see if any UTF squad members are free to lend a hand.

(CONTINUED)

Angel and Wes head for the stairs, and Sebastian raises his head to watch them leave through his one good eye.

SEBASTIAN

Where are they-

SPIKE

(cracks knuckles)

They're leaving you in my capable hands, precious. It's all fun and games from here on out.

Sebastian GULPS, and we switch back to:

Back with Lorne and Lindsey.

LINDSEY

(incredulous)

Are you out of your mind?

LORNE

Technically, I'm out of your mind, but that's just a whole other martini, isn't it?

LINDSEY

If I wanted the partners to know, I would have just asked them for the sword myself!!

LORNE

Them's the breaks, kiddo. Love it or leave it.

Lindsey paces up and down, clearly stuck between two impossible decisions - but then he starts laughing.

LINDSEY

I get it.

LORNE

You do? Halleluja, brother. While you're at it, you don't mind getting me another drink, do you?

LINDSEY

This is the test.

(turns to Lorne)

You want to know if I'd do it for real. If I'd actually tell them.

Lorne watches Lindsey carefully as he steps closer.

30 CONTINUED:

LINDSEY (cont'd)  
So let's do this. Let's tell them  
why I'm here.

LORNE  
You're sure? Last chance to turn  
tail and run back to Texas.

LINDSEY  
I'm sure.

LORNE  
Well, alright, but on your own head  
be it...

Lorne CLAPS his hands, and we:

SMASH CUT TO:

31 EXT. WASTELANDS - NIGHT

31

Lindsey blinks - he's suddenly standing in the middle of a  
wide, open plain, craggy rocks jutting out of the ground all  
around him, with the skies overhead a deep crimson.

He slowly turns on the spot, trying to get his bearings - and  
three tall, imposing HOODED FIGURES come into view. Lindsey  
freezes as his eyes finally fall on them.

These are the SENIOR PARTNERS. No features can be seen within  
their hoods, but raw, dark power radiates off them.

Lindsey pales as he realizes this could actually be for real,  
and we cut back over to:

32 EXT. INDUSTRIAL ESTATE - NIGHT

32

Looking down on the boot of Angel's Mustang as Spike opens it  
up - revealing the bound and gagged Sebastian inside.

Spike tears off the tape over his mouth and hauls him out of  
the car, letting Sebastian push himself to his feet. He looks  
round, not recognizing the buildings.

SEBASTIAN  
(woozy)  
Where are we?

SPIKE  
A galaxy far, far away. Well, far  
away from where the police care to  
venture, anyway.

SEBASTIAN  
(scared)  
W-what are you going to do to me?

(CONTINUED)

SPIKE

There's a very important difference between me and Angel, and I want to take the time to make that distinction perfectly clear.

Sebastian stares at Spike, obviously scared out of his wits.

SPIKE (cont'd)

It's all about conscience. Angel can have somebody kick him black and blue seven ways from Sunday, and one sob story later he'll welcome them back into his not so humble abode, arms wide open and the such. Me, I'm more of an old testament kind of bloke. You know, eye for an eye...

(lighting cigarette)

... life for a life.

SEBASTIAN

(quickly)

B-but... you said that you wouldn't kill me!

SPIKE

Here's another important difference between me and the boss.

Spike leans in very closely, blowing smoke in his face.

SPIKE (cont'd)

I lie.

SEBASTIAN

(shaking)

No... please, don't...

SPIKE

As it is, I'm kind of torn about it. On the one hand, Sonia isn't dead, not yet anyway. So, technically, I could put you in a coma and be all the while just, but on the other, the simple fact that you endangered one of the few people in this world I call a friend doesn't sit well with me. However, since she is just in a coma, I'm going to do you a favor.

SEBASTIAN

(exhaling)

Oh, thank God!

SPIKE

I'm going to make it quick.

Before Sebastian has time to react, Spike quickly grabs his head and TWISTS. There is a SNAP, and Sebastian falls limply to the ground.

Spike stands over him, taking a final drag from his cigarette, before throwing it to the ground, looking up to the sky with a smirk.

SPIKE (cont'd)

Just one more reason, eh?

A moment, then he KICKS Sebastian's body towards an embankment next to the car, watching as it rolls down the hill, disappearing into the darkness.

33 EXT. WASTELANDS - NIGHT

33

The three figures start to drift towards Lindsey, who finds himself backing away from them. They speak with distant, booming voices.

S.P. #1

Why have you come here?

S.P. #2

What is your purpose?

S.P. #3

Why do you seek to claim the sword of Myleenum for yourself?

LINDSEY

(stutters)

I... I...

S.P. #1

Speak!

S.P. #2

We do not have time for mortal quandaries

The figures draw closer, and Lindsey seems too awed to speak.

S.P. #3

(commanding)

State your purpose!

LINDSEY

I...

(grits his teeth)

I want the sword to kill Angel!

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

He fairly spits the words out with an unconscious snarl, and the three figures stop dead. They turn to look at one another, and as they do, we:

WHITE OUT:

34 INT. THE WHITE ROOM

34

Lindsey finds himself back in the White Room. Lorne CLAPS his hands and WHISTLES.

LORNE

Bravo, bravo! Oh, Pacino, De Niro, eat your hearts out! That was a performance of a lifetime!

LINDSEY

(confused)

That... that wasn't real?

LORNE

Of course it wasn't! What, you think we'd really let you go face the Three Amigos all on your lonesome?

(chuckles)

No offense, precious, but you'd need a pair of stones the size of the Rockies to pull off that kind of a smash and grab.

Lindsey glances over to the sword, and Lorne smiles.

LORNE (cont'd)

It's all yours, champ. Just need to do one last formality.

LINDSEY

What do-

WHITE OUT:

35 INT. DUNGEON - NIGHT

35

Lindsey is right back where he started.

LINDSEY

... you mean?

He blinks and looks round, getting his bearings as the Valet walks over, the sword of Myleenum in his hands.

VALET

Excellently done, sir. You played the game quite magnificently.

(CONTINUED)

LINDSEY

(dry)

Yeah, I'm a real hero all right.  
Now give me what I came here for.

VALET

Very good, sir.

The Valet holds out the sword, and with a victorious grin Lindsey takes it, sweeping it back and forth.

VALET (cont'd)

And if sir will permit me...

The valet reaches forward and presses his palm against Lindsey's chest again, and with a quick FLASH of yellow light, Lindsey breathes deeply, grinning.

VALET (cont'd)

You are now as you were.

LINDSEY

(grins)

Thanks.

Lindsey turns and heads for the exit.

VALET

If I may be so bold as to ask you,  
sir... what are you planning to use  
such a powerful weapon for?

Lindsey pauses, turns and grins.

LINDSEY

I'm going to kill an angel.

The Valet nods and smiles, and as Lindsey strolls out of the chamber, walking tall, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF SHOW**