

**ANGEL**

"Beyond The Veil"

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&

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TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. UTF HQ - INFIRMARY - NIGHT 1

SONIA is still in her bed, the heart monitors and respirator attached to her BEEPING and CLICKING softly in the otherwise silent room.

DR. VASQUEZ steps into frame, looking tired as he rubs his eyes before going over the chart on the end of Sonia's bed.

He SIGHS - doesn't look like he's too comforted by what he's reading. He turns and pushes open the swing door to head out into:

2 INT. UTF HQ - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS 2

ANGEL and SPIKE are sitting on two chairs in the corridor. Both vampires are asleep, and Spike has slumped to rest his head on Angel's shoulder.

Vasquez raises an eyebrow at the scene for a beat, then COUGHS to get their attention.

Angel and Spike start as they wake up, and Spike SHOVES himself away from Angel with a scowl.

SPIKE  
Get off me, you poofster!

ANGEL  
(confused)  
What?

SPIKE  
Sorry, mate, but I've told you  
before. Doesn't matter how good-  
looking you think I am, I don't bat  
for your team.

Angel shakes his head and then examines the shoulder Spike was sleeping on.

ANGEL  
Is that drool?

VASQUEZ  
Uh, gentlemen?

They both turn to Vasquez, registering his downcast expression. Angel and Spike swap a worried glance.

(CONTINUED)

SPIKE

Something about your face tells us  
you're not about to say it's all  
sunshine and hollow chocolate  
bunnies in there.

VASQUEZ

I'm afraid her condition is  
deteriorating. Keeping her in a  
stable, sterile environment has  
slowed down the progress of  
whatever's affecting her, but...

ANGEL

(sombre)  
She's still dying.

Vasquez nods before taking a seat next to Angel.

VASQUEZ

If we knew what it was that was  
added to the pills she was taking,  
then we'd be able to make a start  
on some kind of antidote, but as it  
stands, we have nothing to go on.  
Is there any chance we could ask  
Sebastian what-

SPIKE

(quickly)  
No.

Angel and Vasquez turn to him, and Spike tries to shrug  
nonchalantly.

SPIKE (cont'd)

He didn't know anything.  
(off Angel's look)  
Oh, come on, you know me. I could  
get a confession out of the Dalai  
bleedin' Lama if I had to!  
Sebastian's a dead end. Next  
question?

ANGEL

We can't just sit around here,  
waiting for something to happen! We  
need to get out there, and find-

He stops as a loud and urgent BEEPING comes from inside the  
infirmary. Vasquez leaps to his feet and races back into the  
room, and Spike and Angel are quick to follow.

3 INT. UTF HQ - INFIRMARY - CONTINUOUS

3

Vasquez is standing over Sonia's bed as the two vamps hurry over - and their faces fall as they see Sonia CONVULSING dramatically!

VASQUEZ  
Help me hold her down!

Vasquez is reaching for a syringe lying on a table nearby as Spike pins Sonia's shoulders back down.

Vasquez injects Sonia with the syringe, and after a moment her struggles subside. She's soon resting again, but Vasquez' concerned expression says it all.

SPIKE  
She hasn't got long, has she?

VASQUEZ  
(shakes head)  
Hours. Maybe less.

ANGEL  
Then we'll just have to move  
faster.

Angel turns and marches towards the door. Spike watches him go, then leans in close to Vasquez.

SPIKE  
Keep her alive until we get back.

VASQUEZ  
You don't need to tell me to-

SPIKE  
I mean it. Anything happens to  
her...

Spike stares the doctor out for a beat before turning and following Angel. Vasquez looks down at Sonia, and after a moment of her pained expression we cut to:

4 INT. ANGEL'S CAR - NIGHT

4

Angel's face is a mask of determination as he speeds through the city streets, Spike riding shotgun.

SPIKE  
So what is the plan?

ANGEL  
We know Wolfram and Hart are behind  
this, so we're going to go and ask  
them how to fix it.

(CONTINUED)

SPIKE

Ask them how?

ANGEL

The same way we ask them everything.

SPIKE

Then I think I'm going to agree with this plan.

Angel steps on the gas, and we cut to:

5 EXT. LA - STREET - NEXT

5

An overhead shot as the Mustang weaves through the traffic.

ILLYRIA (V.O.)

I will never understand why you humans are so afraid of death. It is as great a part of the natural order as birth or life itself, and yet you spend your whole lives trying to avoid its touch.

WESLEY (V.O.)

Maybe we're not all as assured of the afterlife as you are.

ILLYRIA (V.O.)

What I believe waits for me is unimportant. All that you need to know is that I do not fear it.

WESLEY (V.O.)

So if something were to happen to you when I attempt to bring back Fred, you wouldn't-

ILLYRIA (V.O.)

I would welcome it.

The Mustang turns a corner - and the Wolfram and Hart head offices are revealed at the end of the street.

ILLYRIA (V.O.) (cont'd)

And perhaps one day, your kind will learn to welcome the inevitable too.

The Mustang accelerates away, and we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF TEASER**

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

6 INT. HYPERION - FOYER - EVENING

6

TITLE OVER - One Hour Earlier...

Angel walks across the foyer and has to dodge two of the now-resident KIDS as they race past, giggling. He shouts after them as they disappear off screen.

ANGEL

Hey! No running!

(beat)

Johnny, stop levitating Rhianna!

You know she doesn't like that!

KIRSTEN walks into frame, sipping a mug of coffee and holding a second mug in her other hand.

KIRSTEN

The joys of parenthood, huh?

ANGEL

(darkly)

I'm glad I missed this part.

KIRSTEN

(puzzled)

Huh?

ANGEL

(quickly)

Never mind.

KIRSTEN

Oh, here, this is for you.

She hands him the other mug - it's filled with BLOOD. Angel presses a hand to the side of the mug, surprised.

ANGEL

You warmed it up?

KIRSTEN

Put a little cinnamon in there too.

Angel eyes her, and she shrugs.

KIRSTEN (cont'd)

Hey, you work at Wolfram and Hart a while, you meet your share of vampires and get a handle on how they like their poison.

The duo walk across the foyer, towards Angel's office.

(CONTINUED)

KIRSTEN (cont'd)  
How's Sonia doing?

ANGEL  
Same as last time. Not any better  
and slowly getting worse.

KIRSTEN  
Wesley's been locked in his room  
all day, I'm sure he'll come up  
with something soon.

ANGEL  
He'd better. I'm not going to let  
Lindsey take somebody else away  
from me.

A beat - Kirsten looks to the floor. The weight of that  
statement isn't lost on her.

KIRSTEN  
(changes subject)  
Oh, uh, and some good news about  
the kids, too.

ANGEL  
They're leaving?

KIRSTEN  
(smirks)  
No, just that we've started to get  
some intel out of them about the  
Academy. You know, who was in  
charge, how it worked, stuff like  
that. Seems your first guess was  
right.

ANGEL  
They were using it to train them as  
assassins?

KIRSTEN  
I'm afraid so. I mean, I don't  
think they got too far into the  
corporate brainwashing or anything  
like that, so I'm pretty sure we're  
not sharing a hotel with a half  
dozen sleeper agents waiting to  
kill us in our sleep.

ANGEL  
'Pretty sure'?

KIRSTEN  
(beat; quickly)  
I'll keep talking to them.

She starts to head towards the stairs as Angel opens his office door.

KIRSTEN (cont'd)  
Want me to go check on Wes, see if he's come up with anything?

ANGEL  
No, when he gets into something he doesn't like any distractions. I'm sure he's working up to something.

Kirsten nods as we quickly cut to:

7 INT. HYPERION - WESLEY'S ROOM - NEXT

7

WESLEY rolls onto his back in his bed. He's sweating and breathless - and naked. A slender arm drapes across him - and FRED is next to him, similarly worn out. She grins.

FRED  
I suppose they taught you that at the Watchers Academy?

WESLEY  
It wasn't all books and study, you know...

Fred sighs happily and snuggles up next to him, wrapping the bed covers around her.

FRED  
I don't think I'm ever going to get tired of doing that.

WESLEY  
As I've noticed.

FRED  
Did it take your mind off everything?

Wes slowly turns to her, and Fred's smile drops.

WESLEY  
Were you trying to distract me?

FRED  
I... I just thought-

WESLEY  
(weary)  
Illyria...

Fred's expression hardens - and then with a shake of her head she MORPHS back into Illyria.

(CONTINUED)

ILLYRIA

You are not normally so swift to break the illusion.

WESLEY

I don't normally work out when someone's been trying to keep me occupied so swiftly.

She sits up in the bed and shuffles away from him. Wes takes a beat to catch his breath before sitting up next to her.

WESLEY (cont'd)

Illyria, I told you, I'm not working on a way to bring Fred back until we get Sonia through whatever's afflicting her.

ILLYRIA

You utter these reassurances at me, but I have heard them all before. Your betrayal will not be so easily forgotten.

WESLEY

And yet, you were the one instigating this little... distraction.

She throws him a sharp look, and Wes sighs - that was a low blow, and he knows it.

WESLEY (cont'd)

We can't keep fighting about this.

ILLYRIA

Do you not feel I am worth fighting over?

Illyria closes her eyes - and MORPHS back into Fred.

FRED

Isn't this what you want?

WESLEY

(serious)  
That isn't fair.

He slides out of the bed, pulling on his jeans, and Fred MORPHS back to Illyria, her terracotta outfit flowing back across her naked skin.

ILLYRIA

And what will you do when Sonia is cured? Will you bury yourself back in your work?

WESLEY

That's the plan.

ILLYRIA

Then I shall disturb you no more.

She stands and marches across the room, throwing the door open and turning back to Wes.

ILLYRIA (cont'd)

If you are so desperate to restore her, I fail to see why I should lie to you any longer.

WESLEY

What do you mean?

ILLYRIA

I hope you enjoyed this day with her, Wesley. Until your efforts to resurrect her succeed, it will be the last time you see her in private. I will assume her form when it is convenient to me, and that is all.

Wes starts to answer back, but Illyria is gone, SLAMMING the door behind her. He lowers his head as we cut to:

8 INT. HYPERION - CORRIDOR - NEXT

8

Illyria stands outside Wesley's room, shaking with anger. She closes her eyes - and a single tear rolls down her cheek.

CHILD'S VOICE (O.S.)

Are you okay?

Illyria looks down to see an innocent-looking girl, SUZI, standing before her, no more than seven years old.

ILLYRIA

(dismissive)

I am fine. It is of no consequence.

SUZI

Are you crying?

ILLYRIA

(beat)

Leave me.

SUZI

My mom always used to say-

(CONTINUED)

ILLYRIA  
 (fierce)  
 Leave me!!

Suzi recoils in fear, before turning on her heel and scampering away down the corridor. Illyria mutters a curse under her breath as we cut to:

9 INT. HYPERION - ANGEL'S OFFICE - NEXT

9

Angel is leafing through a file as Spike opens the door, rapping his knuckles against the window.

SPIKE  
 Knock, knock.

ANGEL  
 (without looking up)  
 Do I have to say 'who's there'?

SPIKE  
 Only if you want the answer to be  
 'Uncle Spikey.'

ANGEL  
 (raises eyebrow)  
 'Uncle Spikey'?

Spike shakes his head as he takes a seat.

SPIKE  
 It's what the little blighters out  
 there have taken to calling me.

ANGEL  
 (smirks)  
 It suits you.

SPIKE  
 No, it bloody well doesn't! Makes  
 me sound like I should be on  
 sodding Sesame Street or something.  
 Mind you, I'm starting to find a  
 paternal side to me I never knew  
 existed.

ANGEL  
 (sceptical)  
 Paternal. You.

SPIKE  
 Oh, you'd better believe it! I had  
 the munchkins enthralled this  
 morning with some stories about the  
 good old days.

(MORE)

SPIKE (cont'd)

Of course, after I told them about that time in Vienna with the altar boys and the gondola with the hole in it, they all think you're a ponce like I do, but still-

ANGEL

(impatient)

Did you have an actual reason to be here? 'Cause, you know, I'm kind of in the middle of something that involves you not being here.

SPIKE

That's what I was asking about. I was wondering if either you or Percy had come up with a plan to help Sonia yet.

ANGEL

We're still working on it. I'm doing a background check on that mole from the UTF, and Wes is hard at work with some translations upstairs.

SPIKE

(dry)

Yeah, I came past earlier and definitely heard the sounds of hard 'work' in there.

Spike leans back and reaches for a cigarette.

ANGEL

Uh-uh. No smoking in my office.

SPIKE

Since when?

ANGEL

Since we inherited a bunch of minors, who I don't want getting poisoned by your second hand smoke.

Spike sighs and stuffs the packet away again.

SPIKE

(mutters)

They didn't mind earlier...

ANGEL

What was that?

SPIKE

Nothing. So, what have you got on good old Sebastian so far?

ANGEL

Honestly, not much. I can't find any contacts he might have had where he could have gotten hold of any magical substances, and his record shows that he was a pretty stand up guy. Apart from the whole 'being in league with the enemy' part, anyway.

SPIKE

Takes all sorts, mate. I'm sure he had his reasons.

ANGEL

Speaking of which, where did you leave him? I wanted to talk to him about-

SPIKE

(quickly)  
He's unavailable.

Angel eyes him, and Spike tries to act casual.

SPIKE (cont'd)

I gave him an incentive to leave town in a hurry. We won't be seeing him again any time soon.

ANGEL

He still could have been useful to us, Spike.

SPIKE

Yeah, well, not all of us share your point of view on what's useful and what isn't around here.

Angel looks up as Wesley steps into his office.

ANGEL

Anything?

WESLEY

I'm narrowing down a list of substances that could have caused the symptoms we're seeing, but without more information it could take me some time to isolate the correct element, let alone formulate a remedy for it.

ANGEL

Time is something Sonia doesn't have.

WESLEY

I'm well aware of that, Angel.

SPIKE

So you won't mind explaining why you've spent the past hour shagging Blue into next week, then?

Wes hesitates - he's caught red handed.

ANGEL

What the hell?

WESLEY

Angel, I-

ANGEL

(angry)

I don't want to hear it! From now on, you spend every second helping us find a way to save Sonia, is that clear?

Wes nods. He knows he's in the wrong here.

WESLEY

I'm sorry. Illyria's been very tense lately, she needed to-

ANGEL

You know what? Really not caring about what you two get up to behind closed doors.

WESLEY

It won't happen again.

ANGEL

That's right. Because after all of this is over, you and me are going to sit down and have a long talk about exactly what kind of a relationship you and Illyria are having.

Wes takes that as his cue to leave, closing the door behind him as Spike grins.

SPIKE

About time you told him where to-

ANGEL

(interrupts)

Spike, either say something constructive, or get out there and do something to help.

A beat. Spike puffs his chest out and stands.

SPIKE

Right then.

He heads for the door, SLAMMING it as he exits. Angel shakes his head and gets back to work as we cut to:

INT. HYPERION - FOYER - NEXT

Kirsten watches Spike storm out of Angel's office and straight for the front doors, leaving the hotel without saying a word to anyone.

Wes steps into frame, and Kirsten gets his attention as Illyria descends the staircase behind them.

KIRSTEN

What's up with Spike?

WESLEY

Everyone's rather strung out at the moment, Kirsten. Tempers are frayed, and-

ILLYRIA

(interrupts)

And they feel you are not doing enough to help.

Wes eyes her as Illyria steps closer.

ILLYRIA (cont'd)

I must take some responsibility for this failing.

WESLEY

It's not your fault that you-

ANGEL (O.S.)

Guys? Can I have your attention?

They turn to Angel as he steps out of his office.

ANGEL (cont'd)

We're in a bad mess here. Dr. Vasquez seems ready to give up and accept that there's no way to save Sonia, that whatever it is that's taken hold isn't going to let go, and nobody seems to have the slightest idea how to stop it or even slow it down. Now, I've been going over every piece of information we have on this, but so far I'm coming up with nothing.

Angel's attention turns to Illyria as he continues.

ANGEL (cont'd)

I don't need to remind you all how hard we tried to bring back Fred when we lost her.

WESLEY

What does this have to do with Fred?

ANGEL

Fred was a part of this team who was taken from us by a force that was beyond our control.

Illyria is obviously growing angry, but Angel continues.

ANGEL (cont'd)

Everyone but us seems to have given up on Sonia, condemned her to the same fate, but that's not what I'm about to do. It didn't stop us then, and it won't stop us now. Sonia's just as much a part of this as Fred was, and any effort to-

ILLYRIA

(seethes)

You would compare me to her?

WESLEY

Angel's right.

Illyria rounds angrily on him, but Wes stands his ground.

WESLEY (cont'd)

We're not going to let history repeat itself by losing someone else who didn't deserve to die.

(to Angel)

I'll get back to work. I'll pull in every contact and resource I can find, try to identify exactly what's killing Sonia.

ANGEL

Good. Kirsten, I want you to stay here with the kids, keep talking to them about the academy. The more we know on that, the better.

KIRSTEN

(nods)

I'll find out everything I can.

WESLEY

I took the liberty of arranging some additional patrols from the UTF to keep an eye on the hotel's perimeter. If Wolfram and Hart try for an extraction, we'll be ready.

ANGEL

Good. I'm going to catch up with Spike.

Angel heads towards the front door, grabbing his jacket from a coatstand on the way.

KIRSTEN

Wait, what do you need Spike for? Where are you going?

ANGEL

I'm going to see how Sonia's doing, and then I'm going to the root of the problem. I think I know a way to finish this.

He exits the hotel, and as the doors close, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

11 INT. WOLFRAM AND HART - LOBBY - NIGHT 11

Angel and Spike stroll boldly into the foyer, two unconscious security guards slumping to the floor behind them.

Nervous lawyers and staff scurry away from the duo as they head towards the staircase.

SPIKE  
Evening, all! We're just looking  
for a chap named Lindsey.

ANGEL  
Yeah, maybe you've heard of him?  
Short. Texan. Crappy guitar player.

The foyer clears in a few moments, leaving Angel and Spike to shrug at each other.

SPIKE  
Reckon he's in?

ANGEL  
Don't know.

They both turn as a team of SECURITY GUARDS round a corner and race towards them, drawing stakes from their belts.

ANGEL (cont'd)  
But I'm not leaving till I've got  
some answers.

SPIKE  
Will our questions involve hitting?

ANGEL  
Ask away

Angel and Spike leap to the attack, Angel landing a heavy PUNCH to one guard as Spike drops another with a swift BOOT to the chest, and we cut to:

12 INT. W&amp;H - LINDSEY'S OFFICE - NEXT 12

LINDSEY is working late, signing his way through a stack of papers as MANNERS stands before the large windows overlooking the city.

MANNERS  
You know, Lindsey, when Angel was  
in charge, he-

(CONTINUED)

LINDSEY

Not wanting to hear how that sentence was going to end, Holland.

Manners turns and walks back over to Lindsey with a grin.

MANNERS

I was just going to say how he didn't involve himself with a great deal of the paperwork that comes with being a CEO.

LINDSEY

As I'm at great pains to point out, I'm not Angel. But I suppose this is where you tell me his secret?

MANNERS

He left most of that to Eve.

Lindsey flinches at the mention of her name, and looks slowly up to Manners.

LINDSEY

In my case, that would mean Lilah, and I don't feel like trusting her with that much of my own position's responsibilities.

LILAH (O.S.)

I'm hurt!

He looks up as a smirking LILAH stalks across the office.

LILAH (cont'd)

And here was me thinking we were going to be BFF from now on, Lindsey.

LINDSEY

I'd just rather handle things myself. Is that such a big deal to everyone?

Manners and Lilah exchange a look.

LILAH

Not at all.

She perches on the edge of his desk.

LILAH (cont'd)

I'm just saying that if you weren't currently knee deep in that never-ending mountain of paperwork, you might have noticed the incoming call light that's been flashing on your phone for the past few minutes.

Lindsey glances at his phone - and a little red light is indeed FLASHING.

LILAH (cont'd)

That's the front desk, calling to tell you that-

SMASH! The office doors are kicked open as Angel and Spike stride inside.

LILAH (cont'd)

... Angel and Spike are here.

Lindsey reclines in his chair, the epitome of composure - a contrast to Angel and Spike, who look like they've been in one fight too many already.

ANGEL

What, no welcome mat?

SPIKE

(sees Lilah)

Hang on, isn't she was dead?

Lindsey stands and straightens his shirt and tie.

LINDSEY

Something I can help you gentlemen with? I'd be quick, you've got about a minute before the second wave of security gets here.

LILAH

And on this floor, that means big old warrior demons, not squashy little humans.

ANGEL

One of my people's in bad shape, but I guess you knew that already.

LINDSEY

Sonia, right? Little blonde thing with daddy issues, trying to run her bosses old business?

SPIKE

She's got a bigger pair than you  
any day of the week, mate!

Angel advances on Lindsey, who steps from behind his desk to meet him.

ANGEL

Here's the thing. She was taking  
painkillers to help her get over  
all the crap you and this firm put  
her through, but somebody switched  
her pills for ones with an added  
ingredient.

LINDSEY

(grins)  
Child-proof caps aren't what they  
used to be, are they?

ANGEL

So here's what's going to happen.

Angel GRABS Lindsey by the shirt, and the two start to grapple.

ANGEL (cont'd)

You're going to tell me what you  
did to her and how I can fix it,  
and in return I won't redecorate  
your nice new office with a shade I  
like to call 'brain.'

Lindsey SHOVES Angel off and PUNCHES him, but as Angel prepares to hit back, he's stopped by:

MANNERS

Lindsey!

Angel and Lindsey both turn slowly to Manners, who raises his hands diplomatically.

MANNERS (cont'd)

Lindsey, please.

Lindsey glares at Angel, then steps back, and Spike erupts into laughter.

SPIKE

Do my eyes deceive me? Has wittle  
Lindsey finally learned to be a  
good puppy dog?

Lindsey and Angel lock glares, but after a beat Lindsey backs down, heading back behind his desk.

(CONTINUED)

LINDSEY

I can't help you, Angel. Whatever's killing your new flunky, it's nothing to do with me.

ANGEL

See, that's where I have a problem. I happen to know a little bird who sang your name and told us you were the one who supplied him with the bogus drugs. So, why don't we bring him down here, so he can-

Spike COUGHS, and Angel turns to him.

ANGEL (cont'd)

What?

SPIKE

Ah, might be a slight problem with that idea.

ANGEL

Such as?

Spike thinks for a beat, then just goes for the honest approach.

SPIKE

Thing is... I killed him.

ANGEL

(stunned)

You what?!?

SPIKE

(protests)

Oh, suddenly it's a big deal? Wesley gets to shoot Knox for basically murdering his girlfriend and nobody bats a bloody eyelid, but I kill one minor lackey and suddenly I'm the evil one?

(beat)

And don't try and tell me you wouldn't have done the same thing in my situation!

Angel closes his eyes and curses inwardly, and Lindsey allows himself a broad smirk.

LINDSEY

Looks like it's your word against mine, Angel, and in case you hadn't noticed, being the CEO of the largest law firm in Los Angeles tends to give you more room to swing in a courtroom.

(chuckles)

Hell, we'll probably own the courtroom.

SPIKE

But he said you gave him the dodgy pills! What more proof do we need?

LINDSEY

I can categorically state, for the record, that I don't know anything about this. For all I know, whoever your source is saw my name in the news and thought I'd make a good smokescreen for his attempt to assassinate his own commander.

Angel leans back across Lindsey's desk, glaring.

ANGEL

This isn't over.

LINDSEY

Give it a few hours.

Spike turns round as several large SECURITY DEMONS appear at the entrance to the office. Spike GULPS at the sight of the tall, muscular black-skinned creatures - all squeezed into ill-fitting Wolfram and Hart uniforms.

SPIKE

Bloody hell...

Angel steps back, and Lindsey nods to the guard demons.

LINDSEY

Please escort these two out of the building. I think we're all done here.

Angel takes a step back, joining Spike as they size up the demons before them.

SPIKE

Alright, you take the two on the left, and I'll-

ANGEL

We're not fighting anyone else.

(CONTINUED)

SPIKE

You what?

ANGEL

(looks to Lindsey)

We're not gonna find what we need here.

Angel turns and heads for the exit, as Spike pauses to deliver a final few words.

SPIKE

Just so we're clear, pintsize, anything happens to her, and you'll-

LINDSEY

You'll have my condolences. She seems like a nice girl. But then again, so did your last girlfriend, and we all know how that turned out.

Spike seethes and opens his mouth to reply, but is stopped by:

ANGEL

Spike, come on. We're wasting our time here.

Spike angrily stomps out of the office, passing Angel as he stands in the doorway.

ANGEL (cont'd)

I'm sure Lindsey has lots of important things to discuss, like exactly how far he should bend over next time his boss gives him an order.

Lindsey's look darkens, and Angel smirks as he and Spike exit. Manners turns to Lindsey once they're gone.

MANNERS

What were they talking about?

LINDSEY

I have no idea, sir.

LILAH

Oh, come on, Lindsey. One of Angel's team goes down with a mystery illness and you just happen to know nothing about it?

LINDSEY

If I wanted to move on Angel or his team, I'd get clearance from the Senior Partners first. You both know that.

Lilah doesn't look convinced, but with a smile and a nod Manners turns and leaves the room. Lilah waits for him to leave before standing before Lindsey, arms crossed.

LILAH

You're not fooling me, you know.

LINDSEY

About what?

LILAH

About whatever it is you're planning to do to Angel.

Lindsey reclines in his chair with a smug expression.

LINDSEY

I think you're confusing me with somebody who holds a grudge, Lilah. Now, would you mind? I've got work to finish.

Lilah frowns, and we cut to:

Angel and Spike walk back across the lobby, the security demons hanging back to make sure they go.

SPIKE

That's it? We're just going to walk out of here and take that midget's word for it?

ANGEL

There's other ways around this, Spike. Ploughing our way through every security guard in the building is just going to slow us down.

SPIKE

Oh, so I suppose there's some infinitely better plan brewing in that high-ridged cranium of yours that I'm not allowed to know, is that it?

ANGEL

I don't have to explain my every  
move to-

MANNERS (O.S.)

Angel?

The duo turn to see Manners descending the staircase into the  
foyer.

ANGEL

Great. Let me guess, this is the  
part where you throw some more  
legalese my way just to really top  
off my evening?

Manners nods to the security demons, who obediently turn and  
walk away.

MANNERS

Actually, no. I just wanted to take  
the opportunity to catch up with  
you.

ANGEL

'Catch up'? What are we, penpals?

MANNERS

We've been down this road many  
times now, haven't we, Angel?

ANGEL

And the ride just gets smoother  
every time.

MANNERS

Do you honestly think this time is  
going to be any different?

ANGEL

Hard to say. Ask me again when it's  
over.

MANNERS

We both know how all of this is  
going to end.

SPIKE

Not me. I prefer to remain in a  
state of blissful ignorance and  
concentrate on hitting people.

MANNERS

How's Kirsten doing?

ANGEL

(beat)  
She's fine.

MANNERS

She's a good girl. Smart, resourceful, very beautiful. It's a shame she chose to leave us, but I know she's in good hands if she's with you. I wouldn't have her working anywhere else.

SPIKE

Er, hate to break up this Kodak moment, but we're in a hurry, so if you don't mind sodding off and dying again, that'd be grand.

ANGEL

You heard the man. So long, Manners.

They turn to go, but Manners calls out again:

MANNERS

If I was looking for a way to save Sonia...

Angel turns slowly back round.

MANNERS (cont'd)

... there are a few places I'd try before I considered myself out of options.

ANGEL

Not really looking for advice from the evil law firm.

MANNERS

Oh. So you won't be wanting to know about an artefact currently residing in this city that could cure your colleague, then. I'll just go back upstairs.

Manners turns to leave. Spike glares at Angel, urging him on, and with a resigned roll of his eyes he calls after Manners.

ANGEL

Alright.

Manners grins as he turns back round.

ANGEL (cont'd)

I'll bite.

MANNERS

No pun intended.

ANGEL

Where is this 'artefact'?

MANNERS

It's not an easy thing to acquire.  
Are you sure she's worth it?

SPIKE

Yes. But not sure why we should  
trust you.

MANNERS

Do you have a better option right  
now? Come on, Angel, this is a  
freebie I'm offering.

ANGEL

That's not how you guys operate.

MANNERS

(beat; smiles)

Alright, I'll admit, I do have an  
ulterior motive. When the time  
comes, I'll ask something of you in  
return for the favour I'm about to  
grant you.

ANGEL

No deal.

He turns to leave, but Spike blurts out:

SPIKE

We'll do it.

ANGEL

(wary)

Spike...

SPIKE

Sod off! I'm not passing up a  
chance to save her, even if it does  
mean cosyng up with the Fat  
Controller here!

(to Manners)

Tell us what we need to know.

MANNERS

You've made the right choice here,  
boys.

Angel and Spike swap a look as we cut to:

14

INT. MAGIC SHOP - NIGHT

14

Wesley is browsing the shelves of a dark and dusty old magical goods store, checking the labels on various jars of herbs and spices.

He comes across Fred, who is peering into a large jar containing some embalmed infant demon.

FRED

(spots him)

Did you find what you were looking for?

WESLEY

No, it was out of stock.

(off jar)

It's a proplor. In case you were wondering.

FRED

What is its purpose?

WESLEY

Apart from breeding rapidly and consuming everything made of plastic within a five-mile radius, not all that much. Although I hear-

SHOPKEEPER (O.S.)

They're great sliced on a bagel.

They turn to see the SHOPKEEPER, an elderly man with a typically craggy face, as he reaches up to place some more jars up on the shelves by Fred.

SHOPKEEPER (cont'd)

Some people like to add some mayonnaise, but I find that kind of spoils the tanginess.

FRED

(grimaces)

People eat those things?

SHOPKEEPER

Appearances can be deceiving, young miss.

WESLEY

(eyes Fred)

Can't they just.

(CONTINUED)

SHOPKEEPER

Now what's a sweet young thing like you doing in my creaky old emporium? This isn't the kind of place you normally find a girl like yourself!

FRED

Oh, I'm just here with my boyfriend, we're shopping for supplies.

SHOPKEEPER

(off Wes)

Boyfriend, eh? Well, he's a lucky fella, all right.

FRED

(smiles)

Oh, stop!

The Shopkeeper nods to Wesley and then moves on. Fred turns to Wes, who has an eyebrow raised.

WESLEY

'Boyfriend'?

FRED

(as Illyria)

It seemed to be an appropriate thing to say. Was it an incorrect statement?

WESLEY

No, not at all, it's just...

(grins)

It's been a long time since anyone called me that.

Fred goes back to browsing through the shelves as Wesley's cell phone starts to RING.

WESLEY (cont'd)

(into phone)

Price.

KIRSTEN

(filtered; through phone)

Hey, Wes, it's Kirsten. You and Illyria need to get back to the hotel - Angel says he's got a lead.

WESLEY

We're on our way.

He hangs up and turns to Fred.

WESLEY (cont'd)

We're wanted back at the Hyperion,  
so let's be on our way. Looks as  
though we may accomplish something  
tonight after all.

Wesley exits, but Fred stays behind - and produces a small jar that she'd been hiding behind her back.

The label reads 'Reinhold Extract - for powerful magics of restoration and resurrection.'

She glances back towards the departing Wesley, then discretely slides the jar back onto the shelf as we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT TWO**

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

15 INT. HYPERION - FOYER - NIGHT

15

Wes opens the door and he and Illyria head down into the lobby, where Angel, Spike and Kirsten are already waiting.

WESLEY

Sorry we took so long.

ANGEL

Okay, let's get started.

SPIKE

(to Wes)

He's had his speech face on for ages now, if he doesn't get it out of his system soon I think he'll just pop!

ANGEL

I don't have a 'speech face.'

(beat)

Do I?

WESLEY

(prompts)

Angel?

ANGEL

Right. We've got some new intel, something that could help us save Sonia. There's an artefact in Los Angeles, the Frake'nte.

WESLEY

Yes, I believe I've heard of that.

SPIKE

Oh, good, we were hoping you had. None of us had a bloody clue what it was.

WESLEY

I have something on it in my office. Just a moment.

Wes disappears into his office as Angel continues.

ANGEL

It's going to be tough to get to, so we're going to need to call the UTF in to help.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ANGEL (cont'd)

Last time I checked with Dr. Vasquez, he only gave Sonia the rest of the night before her body gives in. That's not going to happen.

Wes reappears, a thick book open in his hands.

WESLEY

(reads)

Here we are, the Frake'nte. It's a small device, capable of delivering a concentrated burst of purifying energy. According to this, it can drive out any maladies and afflictions residing in a person's system, magical or otherwise. It does need a selection of fairly rare ingredients to conjure up the required energy, but it looks as though it'll do the trick nicely.

SPIKE

Sounds perfect. Where is it?

ANGEL

That's what we need to find out. Kirsten, I want you and Wes to go and shop around, find all the ingredients you need to get the spell working. Wes, before you two go I need the UTF to double their security round the hotel. There's a chance Wolfram and Hart might try to get the kids back while we're gone.

Wes nods, snapping the book shut and heading back into his office, Kirsten following.

ANGEL (cont'd)

Spike, you and Illyria are with me.

SPIKE

Please say we're not going shopping.

ANGEL

Don't worry - we get to do something you're both good at.

Spike raises an eyebrow, and we cut to:

THWACK! A robed, dark-skinned SHAMAN sails into frame, tatoos covering his body.

Two more race across frame as the first hits the wall - and Spike and Illyria lay into them, fists flying as they knock the two attackers to the ground.

Angel is on the other side of the room, which appears to be in an underground cavern, grappling another shaman.

The shaman tries to get free, but Angel PUNCHES him to keep him quiet, grabbing his robes and pulling him close.

ANGEL

The Frake'nte, where is it?

The Shaman LAUGHS, and an infuriated Angel sends him flying across the room with a powerful backhand.

SPIKE

Steady on! They can't tell us where that magical whatsit is if they're all dead, can they?

ANGEL

There's more we can ask if this one doesn't feel like talking.

SPIKE

(beat)  
Good point.

He ducks as one shaman swings a long spear at him, and as he gets back into the fight, Angel marches over to the fallen shaman and drags him up off the ground.

ANGEL

Last chance! Where is it?

SHAMAN

(coughing blood)  
You vampires are always the same... you rely on magic too much to get what you want, never considering that there might be another way!

ANGEL

Really not in the mood to get a lecture on tactics off you.

Angel VAMPS OUT with a grin.

ANGEL (cont'd)

Now are you going to talk, or am I going to have to kill you and start this conversation up with one of your friends?

The shaman glances across the room as Illyria CLOTHESLINES one of the other shamans, catching him in mid-air and CRACKING his back across her knee.

SHAMAN

This person you wish to save - are they worth all this effort?

ANGEL

They are.

SHAMAN

Then you shall have your wish.

The Shaman CLAPS his hands, and his colleagues instantly call off their attack.

Spike and Illyria are still ready for a fight, but the shamans back away, and Angel allows his opponent to stand.

SHAMAN (cont'd)

Dark times are ahead of us, vampire. The sides we choose now will determine the fate of many lives.

ILLYRIA

Spare us your words. We did not come here to exchange portents of doom with you.

SPIKE

Yeah, what she said.

SHAMAN

Saving one life now will mean little when the End Times are upon us, vampire.

ANGEL

I'll worry about that later.

SPIKE

We hear the phrase 'End Times' quite a lot in our line of work. It's lost its edge a little.

The Shaman walks towards one wall of the cavern, which is lined with small alcoves filled with boxes and containers of a myriad of shapes and sizes.

He reaches for one and removes it, walking back towards Angel and the others.

ANGEL

Is that it?

SHAMAN

(nods)

The Frake'nte is a most precious artefact, and must be treated with the proper respect.

The Shaman lifts the lid on the box - inside is a small, circular object that looks like three baseballs fastened together.

Angel reaches out a hand for it, but before he can touch it, there is a sudden BLAZE of light - and the object bursts into FLAMES!

Angel jumps back startled, and the Shaman drops the box to the floor, drawing a long dagger from within his robes. The other shamans do the same.

SHAMAN (cont'd)

You think we would let that kind of power into the hands of soulless beasts like yourselves?

ANGEL

I have a soul!

SPIKE

I have a soul!

SHAMAN (cont'd)

What?

The Shaman hesitates - and Illyria takes the opportunity to zip forward and SLAM her palm into his chest.

The Shaman GULPS, and as he crumples to the floor the remaining men rush forward with a battle cry.

SPIKE

So much for that plan!

As Angel and Spike get thrown back into the fray, we cut to:

Wes and Kirsten step out onto a roof via a small access door, followed by a portly DEMON with rolls of flabby, grey skin.

DEMON

(edgy)

So, uh, what is it I can interest you, ah, people in?

KIRSTEN

You don't need to be scared, we're not here to-

WESLEY

We're here for dougan extracts.

DEMON

Y-you are? 'Cause, you know...

WESLEY

Is there a problem?

DEMON

Well, thing is, that's kind of my most expensive item.

WESLEY

Money is no object.

DEMON

Oh, good, 'cause that means-

WESLEY

And by that I mean we're taking the goods. Not paying for them.

KIRSTEN

Wes, don't you think we can cut this guy some slack?

WESLEY

I'd rather just do business and go.

DEMON

Well, yeah, but, ah, I'm runnin' a business here too, you know?

The demon gestures towards an overflowing greenhouse on the roof behind him, stuffed with all manner of colourful plants.

DEMON (cont'd)

I've got plenty of goods, but dougan extract? Very rare. I'm not sure I have all that much I can give you!

KIRSTEN

(sincere)

It's very important. We're trying to save a girl's life, and we can't do it without those herbs.

DEMON

Hey, you know, I'm sorry to hear that and all, but I really can't just-

There's a loud CLICK - and Kirsten and the demon turn to see Wes casually loading a SHOTGUN!

WESLEY

How much would you say the stock  
you have in that greenhouse is  
worth?

DEMON

W-w-wait a minute, you c-can't just-

Wes aims the shotgun at the greenhouse and turns to the  
demon.

WESLEY

I imagine I could get you into a  
lot of trouble with one shot here.  
Especially as these are incendiary  
rounds.

DEMON

Don't! Please!

KIRSTEN

Wes! What are you doing?

WESLEY

(firm)  
The dougan extracts. Now.

The demon looks helplessly from Wes to the greenhouse, then  
back.

DEMON

Okay, okay! I'll get you what you  
want!

Wes lowers the gun as the demon scurries over to unlock the  
greenhouse. Kirsten steps over to Wes.

KIRSTEN

What the hell was that?

WESLEY

Successful negotiation.

KIRSTEN

(stern)  
I'd call that intimidation, Wes. I  
thought Angel's people were better  
than that.

Wes calmly packs the shotgun away as the muttering demon  
steps into the greenhouse.

WESLEY

I was my own person a long time  
before I became one of Angel's  
'people,' Kirsten.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WESLEY (cont'd)

You should know I'm under no obligation to play by any of his rules, as long as I complete my objectives at the end of the day.

Kirsten looks round as the demon hurries over, a clear plastic bag full of rich, brown herbs. He tosses them to Wes.

DEMON

Here, that's all I've got, I swear.

Wes studies the bag's contents, then looks back to the demon.

WESLEY

Thank you.

Wes turns and walks away, but Kirsten hangs back to speak to the demon.

KIRSTEN

Look, I'm really sorry about this. We'd never normally do business like this, but it really is an emergency.

DEMON

It's okay, I understand.

She nods and turns to go - and doesn't see the demon drawing a large KNIFE from inside his shirt.

DEMON (cont'd)

So I hope you'll understand this!

She whips round - the demon is already slicing the knife towards her! She's got nowhere to go, and she GASPS:

BLAM! The demon is blasted off his feet, dead before he slams back onto the roof.

Kirsten spins back round to see Wes lowering the smoking shotgun. He calmly slings it away and heads back for the exit.

WESLEY

Let's keep moving. We have a long night ahead of us.

Kirsten throws a shocked look back down at the dead demon as Wes opens up his cell phone and dials a number

WESLEY (cont'd)

(into phone)

Spike? We've got the first of the ingredients, and we're moving on to-

SPIKE  
 (filtered; through phone)  
 Slight change of plan with that,  
 Percy.

Wes stops, turning to Kirsten who registers his dark expression.

KIRSTEN  
 What is it?

SPIKE  
 We hit a... snag at our end.

WESLEY  
 What kind of 'snag'?

Kirsten sags, knowing things just got worse as we cut to:

18 INT. SHAMAN'S LAIR - NIGHT

18

The bodies of all but one of the shamans lie at Spike's feet, while in the background Illyria is still PUNCHING the lifeless form of the last one.

SPIKE  
 (into phone)  
 Those bloody shamans decided they'd  
 rather smash the fracken...  
 frake...  
 (sighs)  
 The mystical oojit. They torched it  
 rather than hand it over to a bunch  
 of undead beggars like ourselves.

WESLEY  
 (filtered; through phone)  
 That's extremely bad news.

SPIKE  
 Don't need to tell me that!  
 (shouts to Illyria)  
 I think he's dead, luv! Can you  
 keep it down? I'm on the phone  
 here!

ILLYRIA  
 I am not through causing him pain  
 for what he has done yet!

SPIKE  
 (into phone)  
 Are you and Blue having some issues  
 we should know about? She seems to  
 have had a lot of anger to work out  
 tonight...

(CONTINUED)

WESLEY

Where's Angel?

Spike looks over - Angel is crouched by the charred remains of the Frake'nte, looking suitably downcast.

SPIKE

I'll hand you over.

Spike moves over to Angel, offering him the phone.

SPIKE (cont'd)

It's Wes.

Angel takes the phone and stands as Illyria finally drops the bloodied body of the last shaman to the floor.

ANGEL

(into phone)

Any chance there could be another of these things somewhere close by?

WESLEY

I'm afraid that's highly unlikely. As far as I know, there aren't any more Frake'nte devices in existence in this dimension.

Angel lowers his head.

ANGEL

Alright, let's regroup at the hotel and work out a new-

There's a BEEP from the phone, and Angel blinks.

ANGEL (cont'd)

Uh-

SPIKE

There's another call coming through. Here.

He snatches the phone off Angel and hits a button.

SPIKE (cont'd)

Hello?

VASQUEZ

(filtered; through phone)

Spike? It's Dr. Vasquez. You'd better get to the UTF infirmary right away.

SPIKE

What's happened?

(CONTINUED)

VASQUEZ

It's... just get over here right  
away.

Spike looks to Angel, the worry across his features plain to see as we cut to:

19 INT. UTF HQ - INFIRMARY - NIGHT

19

Looking out towards the swing entrance doors as footsteps clatter down the corridor outside.

Spike is the first through the doors, shoving them open and skidding to a halt in the middle of the room. His face drops as he looks at something off screen.

Angel is next, then Wes, Illyria and Kirsten. Angel heads for Spike, not seeing what Spike sees just yet.

ANGEL

Spike? What's-

He turns at last and sees what's got Spike so stunned.

Sonia's bed is empty.

SPIKE

(quiet)

Oh, no...

Angel turns slowly to Spike, and we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT THREE**

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

20

INT. UTF HQ - INFIRMARY - NIGHT

20

Spike is sitting next to Sonia's bed, staring at the fresh sheets, as Angel paces up and down behind him.

Kirsten and Wes are stood on the other side of the room, Illyria watching Spike curiously.

KIRSTEN

She was just a kid... I mean, she was, what, same age as me?

WESLEY

She was twenty-two.

KIRSTEN

God...

ILLYRIA

Spike seems to be... saddened by this.

KIRSTEN

We're all 'saddened' by this, Illyria! Sonia's dead!

ILLYRIA

But he is one who has known death and returned. It should hold no fear for him.

KIRSTEN

But that's-

WESLEY

It doesn't work like that, Illyria.

She turns to Wes, puzzled.

WESLEY (cont'd)

Spike's still partly human, after all. He has a soul, he's just as capable of feeling loss as the rest of us.

Illyria looks back to Spike as Angel angrily PUNCHES the wall in frustration. Kirsten goes to his side as Illyria continues.

ILLYRIA

I will never understand why you humans are so afraid of death.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ILLYRIA (cont'd)

It is as great a part of the natural order as birth or life itself, and yet you spend your whole lives trying to avoid its touch.

WESLEY

Maybe we're not all as assured of the afterlife as you are.

ILLYRIA

What I believe waits for me is unimportant. All that you need to know is that I do not fear it.

WESLEY

So if something were to happen to you when I attempt to bring back Fred, you wouldn't-

ILLYRIA

I would welcome it. And perhaps one day, your kind will learn to welcome the inevitable too.

Spike hasn't moved or spoken since he sat down, but Angel is still pacing furiously.

KIRSTEN

Angel, we did everything we could.

ANGEL

No. We didn't. We got bogged down, we wasted time, we should have-

SPIKE

It's not going to bring her back.

Angel pauses, and Spike finally turns round.

ANGEL

What won't?

SPIKE

Working out whose fault it is we didn't save her.

(looks to bed)

Maybe it was too late before we even started. We should have known something was wrong months ago, but we were all too wrapped up in our own bloody problems to see that she was in pain, right in front of us!

(closes eyes)

We had a thousand chances to save her before things got this far, and we did nothing!

KIRSTEN

(beat)

Spike, we-

With a ROAR and anger, Spike leaps to his feet and SLAMS his fists down on the bed - which SPLITS in two!

Kirsten leaps back as Spike kicks and attacks the bed, tearing it to shreds in his fury.

Angel and Wes step in to hold him back, and it takes several moments for Spike's frenzy to die down to the point where they can drag him away.

ANGEL

Spike... Spike! Not now.

SPIKE

(reeling)

But... but she's...

ANGEL

Save it for the people who did this.

Spike slumps, but Angel keeps a firm hold of him.

ANGEL (cont'd)

Save it for the people who-

VASQUEZ (O.S.)

Oh, there you all are!

The group turn round - Dr. Vasquez is standing in the doorway. He glances round at everyone, registering the intense mood in the room.

VASQUEZ (cont'd)

Is something the matter?

His eyes fall on the shattered bed.

VASQUEZ (cont'd)

Ah... what happened to my bed?

KIRSTEN

Dr. Vasquez? We came as fast as we could, but-

Spike bursts out of Angel's arms and charges up to Vasquez, grabbing his lab coat.

SPIKE

Where is she?

20 CONTINUED: (3)

20

VASQUEZ  
 (startled)  
 Sonia? She's... she's down the  
 hall.

A beat. A confused Spike releases the doctor.

VASQUEZ (cont'd)  
 We had to move her after her  
 condition... well, it changed.

SPIKE  
 'Changed' how?

VASQUEZ  
 Follow me.

Vasquez steps outside, holding the door open, and the  
 bewildered team follow him out into:

21 INT. UTF HQ - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

21

Vasquez leads them down towards another door on the right.

VASQUEZ  
 I've never seen anything like it  
 before, one minute she was stable,  
 the next she started crashing, and  
 then...

SPIKE  
 Yeah, skip to the good part. Is she  
 alright?

VASQUEZ  
 See for yourself.

Vasquez pushes the door open, and Spike steps past him into:

22 INT. UTF HQ - WARD - CONTINUOUS

22

A simpler, less serious ward with a row of beds - and SONIA  
 is sitting up in one of them!

She's fine. She waves merrily to the team as their jaws hit  
 the floor.

SONIA  
 Hey, guys!  
 (off their looks)  
 Uh... what's wrong?

Spike looks incredulously to Vasquez, as we cut to:

23

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

23

Lindsey signs a final file and with a satisfied grin drops it into his 'Out' tray.

There's a KNOCK at the door as he starts putting his pens and stationery away.

LINDSEY

It's open.

Lilah walks in, stepping over the remains of the office doors, still broken from their earlier encounter with Angel.

LILAH

(off doors)

You know, I can have somebody up here to fix that in a-

LINDSEY

I've already made the call. Perk of the position. As is being able to go home at last, so unless this is important...

LILAH

Important? Not really.

She drops some black and white surveillance photos onto Lindsey's desk, watching his face carefully. He pauses as he studies them.

LILAH (cont'd)

Just thought you might want to know that your little plan didn't reach the required happy ending.

They're not the greatest quality, but they show Sonia sitting up in her bed, and the rest of Team Angel joining her.

LILAH (cont'd)

Looks like she's a fighter after all. I can tell you, it was pretty touch-and-go as to whether she'd pull through for a while there. It'd make a great Lifestyle movie.

LINDSEY

Is this supposed to bother me?

LILAH

(narrows eyes)

I don't know. Does it?

Lindsey looks at the photos again, then grins dismissively back at Lilah.

(CONTINUED)

LINDSEY

Good for her. But really not my  
problem if she's alive or dead.

Lindsey pulls on his jacket as Lilah watches him with a wry  
smile.

LILAH

You know, you may be able to fool  
Manners with your 'couldn't care if  
Angel lives or dies' act...

Lindsey turns to her as she folds her arms, stepping closer.

LILAH (cont'd)

... but I don't buy it for a  
second. You're up to something,  
Lindsey.

LINDSEY

(wry)

You're more paranoid now you're  
dead, you know that?

LILAH

(beat)

If the Senior Partners find out  
you're moving on Angel without  
their express written permission,  
considering Angel's importance in  
the now much-more-impending than it  
was Apocalypse, they'll throw you  
back into a holding dimension  
quicker than you can say 'Hey, hon.  
Oven light just went out. I need a  
bulb from the cellar.'

Lindsey doesn't look at all concerned as he picks up his  
briefcase and heads for the door.

LINDSEY

If you've got information that  
conclusively proves I'm going  
against the Senior Partners'  
wishes, Lilah, my advice to you  
would be to go ahead and use it.  
But if you don't have anything, and  
you're just throwing idle  
accusations my way to try and  
rattle my cage...

He turns back to her, getting in her face.

LINDSEY (cont'd)  
 ... you should know that I can not only have them put that scar back round your neck, but I can also make sure your head's a lot less permanently attached. And I'm sure we'd both hate for that to happen.

Lilah stares back at him for a beat - but is then forced to lower her head. She's got nothing solid on him, and they both know it.

LINDSEY (cont'd)  
 Goodnight, Lilah.

He flicks off the lights as he leaves, leaving Lilah alone in the darkened office.

LILAH  
 I hope you know what you're doing, Lindsey...

She looks round the empty office thoughtfully before we cut back to:

Spike is sat by her bed, the rest of the team standing around as Sonia continues her story.

SONIA  
 Next thing I know, I'm just waking up again. The doc here's standing over me with defibrillator paddles in his hands, but as you can see, I didn't need them!

WESLEY  
 I'm afraid I really don't understand.

ANGEL  
 When we left you were... well, you were dying!

SONIA  
 (shrugs)  
 I guess I just got better.

KIRSTEN  
 People don't just 'get better' when they're as bad as you are.  
 (corrects herself)  
 Were.  
 (beat)  
 Wes?

WESLEY

I'm struggling to provide an explanation here.

SPIKE

Doesn't matter, really, does it?

Spike reaches out and lays a hand on Sonia's arm, smiling warmly.

SPIKE (cont'd)

Point is, the little squirt's doing fine, so there's no reason for us to worry any more. Right?

SONIA

(beams)

That's right.

Wes and Angel swap a look - they can't quite believe all this, but Spike looks like he doesn't care how it happened - he's just glad it did, as we cut to:

Spike hasn't left Sonia's side as Wes and Angel join Dr. Vasquez over by a lightbox on the wall. Vasquez fastens some x-rays to it and the trio peer at them.

VASQUEZ

Here you can see the progression of the damage. These scans were taken over a two-day period. See how it starts here?

WESLEY

Looks like all the major internal organs are suffering some kind of damage.

VASQUEZ

It started in the stomach and worked its way out, quite simply. All the signs were pointing to total organ shutdown within hours, and then...

He fastens a final x-ray and points to it.

VASQUEZ (cont'd)

This was taken shortly before I called you, and right after her condition suddenly improved.

WESLEY

(amazed)

All the damage is gone...

ANGEL

How is that even possible?

VASQUEZ

Well, we're still waiting on some test results, so maybe one of those will tell us more.

He looks up as two new figures enter the ward - DAVID and a tall, dark-haired man named MANSELL.

VASQUEZ (cont'd)

Ah, here we are.

Vasquez heads over to David and shakes hands with Mansell.

DAVID

Everyone, this is Dr. Mansell from the Cedars-Senai Medical Centre.

MANSELL

Taylor saved me from a vampire attack a few years ago, I've been helping out the UTF ever since.

SONIA

Hey. Are you the guy who figured out why I'm all better now?

Mansell nods, passing a large manilla folder to Vasquez. He opens it and starts to read through the files inside.

MANSELL

I took some samples back to my department and ran a few extra tests, and I think we got to the bottom of why your friend here reacted the way she did.

DAVID

See, basic vicodin wouldn't have caused Sonia's symptoms.

SPIKE

Yeah, that much we bloody knew already! There was something in her pills that had been switched by that Sebastian git.

SONIA

Sebastian? What, as in one of my boys Sebastian? Where is he?

Spike and Angel swap a look.

ANGEL

When we found out he was the one  
who gave you the altered pills,  
we...

SPIKE

We took care of it.

Sonia stares suspiciously at Spike, who avoids her gaze,  
before turning back to Mansell.

SONIA

So what did he use?

DAVID

Well, that's the thing... he didn't  
really 'use' anything. He just  
switched your existing supply for a  
higher strength.

SONIA

I... I don't understand. I wasn't  
taking any more pills than I  
normally do, so I can't have  
overdosed by mistake or anything. I  
think I'd have noticed!

Mansell walks over to the lightbox and sticks up a new set of  
x-rays.

MANSELL

With the additional facilities and  
tests I have access to over at the  
medical centre, I was able to cross  
reference the test results I had  
with existing cases. There've been  
instances of people developing  
symptoms like Sonia's popping up  
across the city for several months  
now.

DAVID

Nowhere near as severe, I should  
add, but basically anyone who takes  
too much of this stuff starts to  
exhibit similar symptoms - fatigue,  
blackouts, things like that.

WESLEY

So there's a lot of this drug out  
on the streets, is that what you're  
saying?

DAVID

Could well be. Now that we know what to look for, we can flag anything suspicious up in police and medical reports, see if we can start to build up a bigger picture.

SONIA

I'm still not hearing anybody explain why I ended up in this bed, wearing some pretty uncomfortable hospital-issue underwear.

Spike raises an eyebrow, and Sonia rolls her eyes, slapping him lightly on the arm.

SONIA (cont'd)

That's just like you. You manage to be a gentleman while I'm dying, then the second I'm okay again it's back to the winks and nudges!

VASQUEZ

Oh, my God...

Everyone turns to the doctor, who looks up from the files he's reading.

VASQUEZ (cont'd)

She's...

SONIA

I'm what?

Mansell nods as he taps his fingers against the x-rays on the lightbox.

MANSELL

It took me a while to spot it myself, but once I ran a few more tests, it was staring me right in the face all along.

Angel and Wes squint at the x-rays again.

ANGEL

What am I looking for?

MANSELL

Don't you see it?

He points to a few areas as he speaks.

MANSELL (cont'd)

The developed hyperthalamus, the arrangement of membranes round this cortex, the muscle growth and positioning across the skeleton...

WESLEY

(catches on)

I think I see what he's getting at.

ANGEL

(frustrated)

What?

Spike stands with a grunt of annoyance, getting the room's attention.

SPIKE

Will somebody translate any of what was just said for the benefit of those of us who don't spend our afternoons watching 'General Hospital'?

WESLEY

The drug wouldn't have had these effects on a human body, even in the quantities Sonia was ingesting it.

SONIA

(beat)

Wait... what do you mean, 'on a human body'? Why the emphasis?

Wes turns to Sonia, then looks at the x-rays a final time, then looks back to Sonia.

WESLEY

Sonia is part demon.

Everyone is stunned - and as Sonia blinks once in total disbelief, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF SHOW**