

**ANGEL**

"Knee Deep"

by  
Waylon Wyche

&

Lee A. Chrimes

**TEASER**

FADE IN:

1

INT. UTF HQ - WARD - NIGHT

1

Right where we left them. KIRSTEN, ILLYRIA, SPIKE and ANGEL are standing around SONIA's bed, as a serious looking WESLEY stands next to UTF members DAVID and DR. VASQUEZ, and their associate DR. MANSELL.

Everybody stares at Wes in stunned silence. He's standing in front of a lightbox with a set of x-rays pinned to it.

A long beat. Glances are swapped. Nobody is quite sure what to say after Wesley's revelation that Sonia is part demon.

Until Sonia BURSTS OUT LAUGHING!

SONIA

Oh, good one, Wes!

WESLEY

I assure you, I'm not-

Spike starts to LAUGH, joining in.

SPIKE

Yeah, nice one, Percy. Almost had us going for a second there!

The laughter is infectious, and soon Angel and Kirsten are joining in. A confused Illyria looks round at them all.

ILLYRIA

What is so amusing? Have you all been enchanted?

ANGEL

It's a joke, isn't it? There's no way she could be...

Angel is the first to stop laughing as he registers Wesley's serious expression. One by one, the laughter of the others dies down until only Sonia is left giggling.

WESLEY

Angel...

SPIKE

(snaps back)

No, hang on just a sodding minute! Sonia is part demon?!?

WESLEY

That's what the tests are telling us.

(CONTINUED)

SONIA

Be serious! That's impossible!

MANSELL

Hey, I thought so too the first few times I ran the tests. I kept checking them, but it's all correct.

KIRSTEN

So, what you're saying is...

Another moment of silence. Sonia's face finally starts to drop as the reality of the situation kicks in.

SONIA

(quiet)

I'm a demon?

ANGEL

No. No, that's not what he's saying at all. He means...

(stuck)

Wes?

WESLEY

All the data we've correlated so far is hinting at some kind of demonic DNA in your system, Sonia. The source and species are currently unknown, but I'm afraid the end result is quite conclusive.

SONIA

So...

VASQUEZ

It's possible we just found the reason for your rapid recovery.

SONIA

Oh.

(beat; confused)

Wait, what? Are you saying my body healed itself?

DAVID

Uh, basically... yeah. We've been unable to identify the specific species as of yet, but we're working on it.

ANGEL

Okay, say this is true. Are there any other test we can run to confirm it?

MANSELL

Here? No. I even brought some equipment over from my own department. If we could run it, it's been run. Trust me.

WESLEY

There are... other options.

SPIKE

Then let's hear them! I'm all for 'other options' at this point.

WESLEY

We could try a shaman, or witch doctor, somebody with demon blood in their own system, somebody else who would share the same...

(chooses words carefully)

... connection that Sonia does.

Sonia has gone very, very pale, and looks ready to throw up.

ANGEL

Well, what are we waiting here for? Let's go!

WESLEY

All of us? Shouldn't some of us go back to the hotel to keep an eye the children?

SPIKE

I thought you said you had some of your UTF chaps watching the place?

WESLEY

I do, but I'd still feel more secure knowing one of us was there.

ILLYRIA

(steps forward)

I will go.

KIRSTEN

Yeah, me too. Spike and Angel should go check out this witch doctor thing. Sonia should stay-

Sonia interrupts her as she swings out of the bed.

SONIA

The hell I will! I'm coming with you guys.

ANGEL

I don't think that's a good idea.  
You've just-

SONIA

(snaps)

I just found out I'm half monster!  
Do you actually think I'm not gonna  
do everything I can to find out  
what the hell is going on right  
now?

ANGEL

(beat; to Wes)  
She's coming with us.

WESLEY

Agreed. I'll stay here, keep going  
over the test results we have.  
We'll rendezvous back at the  
Hyperion in two hours.

Spike hands Sonia a change of clothes from a pile on her bedside table, and she nods her thanks before scuttling into a nearby bathroom.

Spike turns wearily to Angel, who watches as Illyria and Kirsten hurry out of the ward.

SPIKE

It's going to be one of those  
evenings, isn't it?

ANGEL

It sure is...

Angel looks to Spike, and from their dark expressions, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF TEASER**

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

2

EXT. LA STREET - NIGHT

2

Angel, Sonia and Spike head down a city street, somewhere in a run down part of town. Sonia SHIVERS in the cold, despite wearing a thick jacket.

SPIKE

Are you alright, luv? You look a little...

SONIA

Hey, if I can survive almost turning into a zombie, this should be a piece of cake.

ANGEL

(blinks)  
You were a zombie?

SONIA

(corrects him)  
Almost a zombie. Me and Conn...

She trails off, lowering her head. They walk on in awkward silence for a few beats before Angel and Spike both stop suddenly, raising their heads and SNIFFING the night air.

SONIA (cont'd)

What is it?

ANGEL

Something...

SPIKE

(sniffs)  
Blood. Close by.

Angel and Spike head towards a rickety-looking building to their left, suddenly a lot more focused. Sonia raises an eyebrow as she watches them.

SONIA

I don't think I'm ever going to get used to how you vampire guys do that, you know.

(pales)

Oh, God, does that mean I'm gonna start doing things like that now?

Spike shoves away a few rusty sheets of corrugated metal to reveal a DOORWAY. A flimsy wooden door stands in the way, and Spike glances to Angel.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

ANGEL  
 (nods)  
 Go ahead.

Spike grins and KICKS the door open. It blasts off into the darkness beyond in a shower of fragments, and after a beat the trio step through, into:

3 INT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

3

A long, dark tunnel awaits them, lit by sporadically-positioned flaming torches along the way.

SPIKE  
 Reminds me of home.

SONIA  
 Is there some kind of rulebook on  
 how these guys set up their lairs?

Angel leads the way, pausing to yank one of the torches from the wall.

ANGEL  
 It's an old school thing. A lot of  
 these guys are traditionalists, you  
 know. Like to do things a certain  
 way.

SPIKE  
 Like Angel and his hair.

Angel pauses, turning to glare at Spike, and as he heads back on his way Spike nudges Sonia and grins. She manages a small smile in return.

SPIKE (cont'd)  
 That's better. Thought we'd seen  
 the last of that little beauty.

SONIA  
 Yeah, me too. Haven't exactly had  
 much to smile about past few days,  
 what with the whole 'being in a  
 coma' thing and all.

SPIKE  
 Yeah, but you're out now, aren't  
 you? Everything's shiny and happy  
 once again.

SONIA  
 Apart from the 'me being part  
 demon' part.

(CONTINUED)

SPIKE

(smirks)

Who isn't these days?

Sonia pauses, letting Spike walk on. She mulls his words over for a beat, then follows.

Angel comes to a dead end in the tunnel. He holds the torch to each corner of the flat stone wall before him, but there's no visible way forwards.

Spike joins him, pausing to casually light a cigarette on the torch.

SPIKE (cont'd)

Leading us up the wrong garden path again?

ANGEL

This is the only tunnel we could have taken. We must have missed something.

SPIKE

Or maybe...

Spike takes off his leather jacket, rolling up his sleeves and walking up to the wall, placing his palms against it.

SPIKE (cont'd)

... you just need to apply a little pressure.

He grits his teeth and HEAVES, trying to push through the wall - but nothing happens.

He rests and tries again, muscles bulging, but still nothing happens. He turns to Angel, irritated.

SPIKE (cont'd)

Don't just stand there, you poofter, help me!

Angel puts his shoulder against the wall and HEAVES, but again there's no result.

ANGEL

Remind me why we're doing this?

SPIKE

Seen it before. These witch doctor types love their dead ends, keeps the unwanted visitors away.

ANGEL

Yeah, but I don't see how us  
pushing is doing any good!

SPIKE

We just need to try harder...

They both HEAVE again, finally giving up and stepping away,  
exhausted. Angel winces as he rotates his shoulder.

ANGEL

(sarcastic)

Great. Nice plan, Spike.

SPIKE

Don't look at me, you're the one  
who brought us down here!

ANGEL

(weary)

And like I just said, only way we  
could have come!

SPIKE

Well, go back and check! Chances  
are we walked right past the actual  
bloody way in while you were busy  
poncing about with your flaming  
Indiana Jones torch!

They continue to bicker as Sonia walks between them, frowning  
as she studies the wall.

ANGEL

You were right with me! In fact,  
you were following me, so before  
you start accusing me of getting us  
lost, maybe you ought to check your-

SONIA

Guys!

They turn to her. She lifts a cautious hand towards the wall,  
running her hand across it but not actually touching it.

SPIKE

What?

SONIA

Can't you see it?

SPIKE

See what? It's a bloody wall, pet!

SONIA

It's... it's glittering.

(CONTINUED)

SPIKE

Ah, no, I think you'll find that's  
all the anaesthetic still in your  
system.

Sonia presses her hand forward - and it sinks right into the wall! Angel and Spike gape as Sonia steps forward - and goes STRAIGHT THROUGH the wall!

A beat as the two stunned vampires stare at the wall, before dashing back over to it. They push against it - but it's solid once more.

SPIKE (cont'd)

Did you see that?

ANGEL

I, uh...

SPIKE

She walked right through the wall!

ANGEL

Yeah...

SPIKE

How did she do that?

Sonia's HEAD pops back through the wall, and they both JUMP BACK in shock.

SONIA

Will you boys stop being so special  
and follow me?

SPIKE

(bewildered)

Er... we'd like to, we just don't  
seem to have turned into one of the  
bloody X-Men like you just have!

SONIA

Oh, right. Sorry. Wait a second.

She leans back through the wall, out of sight, and after a moment the entire wall starts to SHIMMER - and it FADES AWAY, leaving a grinning Sonia standing casually in the entrance of a second tunnel, this one lit by frosty blue light.

SPIKE

How did you...

SONIA

(points)

Control panel.

3 CONTINUED: (4)

3

They look - a small keypad is fixed to the wall inside the new tunnel.

ANGEL

Doesn't explain how you walked through in the first place!

SONIA

(shrugs)

I don't know either. But even money says we follow this tunnel and we find out.

She starts off down the tunnel, and after an exchange of glances Spike and Angel follow, as we cut to:

4 INT. HYPERION - WESLEY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

4

A tired looking Wesley finally steps back into his office, YAWNING as he shrugs his bag off his shoulder. He heads round to his desk and takes a seat, putting his feet up on the desk and closing his eyes, clearly settling in for a quick nap.

He shifts slightly, sensing somebody entering the room - and opens his eyes to see one of the fugitive Academy KIDS grinning at him!

Startled, Wes jumps back, his feet crashing off the desk. He recovers and looks up to see Kirsten ushering in two more kids, closing the door behind her.

KIRSTEN

Hey. Thought you should hear this.

WESLEY

Kirsten, can't this wait? I had to leave David and the others at the lab because I could barely keep my eyes open...

KIRSTEN

This won't take long.

She gets the kids to line up - two girls and one boy. The girls, RHIANNA and SUZI, are nine-year-old twins with matching blonde hair and freckled faces, while they boy, GEORGE, is a stropy-looking eight-year old with dark hair.

KIRSTEN (cont'd)

This is Rhianna, Suzi and George. They were heads of their respective classes at the Academy.

WESLEY

Classes in what?

(CONTINUED)

KIRSTEN  
(prompts)  
Go on, tell Uncle Wesley.

RHIANNA & SUZI  
(together)  
Telepathy and precognition.

KIRSTEN  
George?

GEORGE  
(mumbles)  
Mind reading.

WESLEY  
(surprised)  
Oh.

KIRSTEN  
These kids are the ones who know what's going on, basically. I tried talking to the oldest kid, Hayley, who's fourteen, but they had her working so hard that she didn't have much time to find anything out.

WESLEY  
I see.

RHIANNA  
Are you the man who's always with the funny blue lady?

WESLEY  
(smiles)  
Yes, that's me.

SUZI  
She's scary. I don't like her eyes.

WESLEY  
You get used to her.

GEORGE  
(mischevious)  
I saw you kiss her.

Wesley looks to Kirsten, who stifles a laugh and nudges Rhianna and Suzi to step forward.

KIRSTEN  
The girls here told me some stuff they heard their teachers say.

WESLEY

And by 'heard,' I take it you mean-

SUZI

We saw it in their heads.

WESLEY

And we're very glad that you did!  
So what can you tell us? Do you  
know what your teachers were  
planning for you?

RHIANNA

They wanted to know how we were  
developing with the... the...  
(searches for right word)  
... dithulometric implants.

WESLEY

Right...

SUZI

And how we'd be responding to, uh,  
hypnotic suggestion and putting  
thoughts into other people's heads.

Wesley throws a serious look at Kirsten, who nods.

WESLEY

(to George)  
And what about you?

GEORGE

(casually)  
They wanted to know if I could make  
somebody's brain catch on fire.

Wesley reacts as the twins GIGGLE.

RHIANNA

That's stupid!

SUZI

Why would you want to do that?

RHIANNA

I bet you couldn't even do it.

GEORGE

(protests)  
I could! All I had to do was  
concentrate...

He narrows his eyes, glaring at Suzi, and an alarmed Kirsten quickly ushers him out of the office, returning a moment later.

KIRSTEN

Uh, sorry, he's a little... well,  
emotional.

WESLEY

(darkly)

Let's hope he can learn to control  
himself.

Wesley turns back to the twins, back to his friendly  
schoolteacher demeanour.

WESLEY (cont'd)

Can you two girls do me a really  
big favour?

They nod, and Wesley hands them a notepad and pen.

WESLEY (cont'd)

It would really help Kirsten and I  
out a lot if you could write down  
all the things you just told me,  
and anything else you can remember  
that you saw in your teacher's  
heads.

Rhianna takes the pad, but Suzi wrinkles her nose.

SUZI

Can we just saw pictures?

WESLEY

That will be fine too. Can you do  
that for me?

RHIANNA

I'm gonna need some crayons.

WESLEY

I'll find you some. You'd both  
better get back to your room now,  
it's a long way past your bedtime.

RHIANNA & SUZI

Okay!

They skip merrily out of the office, and Kirsten watches them  
go. She turns back to Wes, grinning.

KIRSTEN

Those kids really love you, you  
know.

WESLEY

I hadn't given it much thought.

KIRSTEN

Oh, sure they do! They really look up to you. You're like their Obi-Wan or something.

Wesley seems pleased by this, but soon brings his mind back to more serious business.

WESLEY

It looks like our initial fears were correct.

KIRSTEN

(nods)

Not all the kids knew what it was they were learning how to do, but the ones like Rhianna that I've spoken to all gave me similar stuff - that they're being trained as assassins.

WESLEY

It was her use of the phrase 'hypnotic suggestion' that worries me. Are you certain they don't have subliminal triggers, waiting to be activated? Behavioural modifications implanted at the Academy?

KIRSTEN

(sighs)

I don't know... I mean, I've been trying to find out, but it's not like they're gonna know if they have subconscious 'on' switches hidden in their brains!

WESLEY

(thoughtful)

No... but some of the ones with psychic powers may be able to tell us!

KIRSTEN

And what was that Rhianna said? Something about 'dithulometric implants'?

Wesley nods and heads for his bookshelf, taking down a thick hardback medical textbook and flipping through it.

WESLEY

(reads)

It's something I've come across before.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WESLEY (cont'd)

It's a procedure that involves splicing human DNA with that of other creatures.

KIRSTEN

Yikes. Very 'Dark Angel.'

WESLEY

Very what?

KIRSTEN

Never mind. So, what, they've been injecting the kids with DNA from other things to see what happens?

WESLEY

More specific than that.

KIRSTEN

(catching up)

Demon DNA...

(gasps)

Sonia!

WESLEY

(nods)

It's an unfortunate possibility that Sonia may be involved in all of this somehow.

KIRSTEN

But... how?

WESLEY

That's something we're going to have to find out.

Wes takes off his glasses and rubs his eyes wearily.

KIRSTEN

No, it's something I have to find out. You need to get some rest.

WESLEY

(yawning)

I'll be fine, I just need to-

KIRSTEN

Don't worry about it. I think I know where to go looking for any intel we need on this - I just need a little help getting to it.

Wes looks up at her, and as Kirsten grins, we cut to:

5

INT. BLUE TUNNEL - NIGHT

5

This time, Sonia leads the way, torch in hand, as Angel and Spike follow behind. The tunnel they're now in glows with a soft blue light, almost as though it's been carved straight out of ice.

SPIKE

So what are we going to say when we find this witch doctor, anyway? 'Excuse me, mate, one of our girls just found out she's equal parts human and demon. Any ideas?'

ANGEL

We're going to find out what kind of demon she is-

SONIA

Part demon!

ANGEL

Sorry. We're gonna find out which kind of demon she partly is, and then we're going to ask him-

SONIA

To put the sword down?

ANGEL

What? Why would we...

Angel trails off as he sees what's made Sonia stop dead in her tracks.

The WITCH DOCTOR stands about ten feet away, just before a curved entrance to a smaller, warmer-looking chamber - but the wickedly sharp curved SCIMITAR in his hands looks anything but warm.

Sonia GULPS as the tall, muscular black Doctor looks her up and down - before he cracks into a broad, toothy GRIN.

WITCH DOCTOR

(thick Jamaican accent)

Come on in, little one, and bring your two vampire friends. I've been expecting you.

He turns and heads back into the chamber, and as a bemused Sonia starts to follow, we:

**BLACK OUT:****END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

6

INT. SEWER TUNNEL - NIGHT

6

Wesley and Kirsten head down one of the familiar sewer tunnels, Wes out front with a flashlight and Kirsten with a heavy backpack slung over one shoulder.

WESLEY

It's just up ahead.

KIRSTEN

(grins)

Yeah, I really ought to know that, hadn't I?

WESLEY

There weren't many employees at Wolfram and Hart who knew about it anyway, much less since they all... well, I'm sure you know what happened.

KIRSTEN

The Beast? Yeah, kind of hard to miss that particular memo.

(shudders)

Especially when they sent the pictures round.

Wes pauses, shining his flashlight on her.

WESLEY

They did what?

KIRSTEN

It was, like, a warning or something. Went out to a bunch of branches of W&H across the States.

WESLEY

That's not what I'd class as a 'warning.'

KIRSTEN

You're telling me!

They continue on their way, Wes looking to the ceiling for the small access hatch he's after.

KIRSTEN (cont'd)

Hey, there was this other crazy rumour shooting round that I never had a chance to get any real facts on, always meant to ask you.

(CONTINUED)

WESLEY  
(half listening)  
Yes?

KIRSTEN  
Well... it was about you and Lilah  
Morgan.

Wes stops dead. Kirsten pauses - then the penny drops.

KIRSTEN (cont'd)  
So it was true!

WESLEY  
(sharply)  
And it's also absolutely none of  
your business.

KIRSTEN  
Hey, I don't work there any more,  
remember? You can say what you  
like.

Wes stares at her, then turns away, continuing his search.

WESLEY  
We were... involved, Lilah and I.

KIRSTEN  
Like an actual couple?

WESLEY  
If you could call it that. It was  
the sort of 'relationship' that's  
both mutually beneficial and  
damaging at the same time.

KIRSTEN  
Had my share of those...

WESLEY  
It all came to a rather unfortunate  
conclusion, so I'd ask you to  
strike it from your memory  
following this conversation.

KIRSTEN  
Done.

WESLEY  
Good. Because we're here.

He aims the torch straight upwards - and revealed in the ceiling overhead is a small access hatch. Wes reaches up to it, entering a code on the keypad and stepping back as it slides open.

WESLEY (cont'd)

I'll come a little way in with you  
and then wait.

KIRSTEN

I won't be long.

WESLEY

Don't be. This isn't somewhere we  
can afford to get bogged down in a  
fight.

Kirsten unzips her backpack to show Wes the laptop computer  
inside.

KIRSTEN

Once I find the records room, I  
just plug this in, download the  
files and go. I'll be back out in  
less than fifteen minutes. Tops.

Wes nods, giving her a boost up into the hatch. She reaches  
down to help pull him up after her, and as Wes' feet  
disappear through the hatch, we cut to:

Sonia, Angel and Spike step cautiously into the Doctor's  
hideaway. A small, earthy chamber with a cosy log fire and  
thick, patterned drapes adorning the stone walls, it's also  
filled with incense burners and other associated trinkets.

The Doctor takes a seat on the floor before a low wooden  
table, and motions for the others to sit.

WITCH DOCTOR

Come. We have much to discuss.

Sonia steps over and squats on the ground, but Angel and  
Spike are a little more cautious.

WITCH DOCTOR (cont'd)

Do not be afraid, my undead  
friends. There will be no violence  
here.

SPIKE

We weren't-

WITCH DOCTOR

On either side.

Spike looks at Angel, and then with a resigned grunt takes a  
sword from within his jacket.

SPIKE  
(off sword)  
It was just in case.

WITCH DOCTOR  
(grinning)  
Of course it was.

Spike and Angel sit either side of Sonia. She watches expectantly as the Doctor roots through a small leather pouch on his belt, tossing a handful of carved wooden blocks onto the table and studying them.

WITCH DOCTOR (cont'd)  
You wish to know what kind of creature's blood has been mixed with your lady friend?

SONIA  
You can tell all that from looking at those blocks?

WITCH DOCTOR  
Yes. And, I heard you talking in the tunnels on your way here. They echo.

ANGEL  
Look, we don't have much time, so if you could just skip to the part with the answers, that'd be great.

WITCH DOCTOR  
Very well.

SONIA  
Wait, I have a question first. How did I do that 'walking through the wall' thing back there?

WITCH DOCTOR  
It is an enchantment. Accessible only to those of demon blood.

SPIKE  
Don't we count?

WITCH DOCTOR  
Living and of demon blood.

SPIKE  
Oh. Fair enough, then.

SONIA  
So I could see through it because I'm...

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2)

SONIA (cont'd)  
 (deep breath)  
 ... not fully human?

WITCH DOCTOR  
 That is correct.

SONIA  
 So what am I?

The Doctor scoops up the blocks again, this time tipping a little yellow powder onto them from a vial by his feet.

He tosses them across the table again, squinting at the arcane symbols etched onto them.

WITCH DOCTOR  
 The signs are not clear.

SONIA  
 Which means what?

WITCH DOCTOR  
 There may be more than just one creature's blood in your body.

SONIA  
 (sags)  
 Oh, great...

ANGEL  
 Can't you just point us in the right direction? We have people who can figure out the rest. We just need to know where to start looking.

WITCH DOCTOR  
 I will do what I can.  
 (to Sonia)  
 Hold out your hand.

SONIA  
 (suspicious)  
 Why?

The Doctor raises a small bowl - and a KNIFE appears in his other hand. Angel and Spike start to get up, but the Doctor raises a hand to stop them.

WITCH DOCTOR  
 I need some of her blood. It will help me.

ANGEL  
 Sonia, you don't have to do this.

(CONTINUED)

SONIA

No, it's okay. I... I need to know.

She holds out her hand, and the Doctor carefully flattens out her palm.

WITCH DOCTOR

This may sting a little.

He quickly SLICES the knife across her palm, and Sonia winces as a line of blood oozes from the cut.

The Doctor quickly pours a few drops into the bowl, then hands Sonia a rag to wrap around her hand.

SPIKE

Alright, so, there's your blood.  
How long until we get some answers?

WITCH DOCTOR

(staring into bowl)  
Magic like this is hard to predict.  
This may take minutes... or days.  
You are welcome to wait.

Angel looks at Sonia, who nods.

ANGEL

(to Doctor)  
We'll wait.

SPIKE

But only for a bit, mind.  
(off Angel's look)  
I've got things to do, you know!

SONIA

(teasing)  
Better than staying with me?

SPIKE

(stuck)  
Er, well...  
(scowls)  
Oh, piss off.

She grins, and as she finishes wrapping the rag around her hand, we cut back to:

A door opens and Kirsten peeks her head out, looking up and down the plain, empty corridor.

After a few beats, a short, nervous-looking nerdy man, HUGO, rounds a corner, and with a grin Kirsten waves him over.

He reaches the doorway as Wesley steps out to join her, and Hugo shrinks back at the sight of him.

KIRSTEN

It's alright. Wes, I'd like you to meet Hugo. Hugo, this is my friend-

HUGO

I know who he is! He's one of them!

WESLEY

(wearily)

Yes, we do get around, don't we?

KIRSTEN

Hugo, he's cool. He's with me.

(to Wes)

Hugo's an old friend, back from when I worked here. He's going to get me to the records room and back without any trouble from security.

WESLEY

Are you sure he can manage that?

HUGO

I have good clearance.

KIRSTEN

Wes, stay here. If I'm not back in fifteen minutes... you should probably come rescue me.

Wesley nods and steps back through the doorway, as Kirsten and Hugo hurry down the corridor.

HUGO

(anxious)

Oh, Kirsten, what are you getting yourself mixed up in? Do you know who those people are?

KIRSTEN

I know what I'm doing, Hugo.

HUGO

I can't believe I let you talk me into this...

KIRSTEN

(smiles)

Yeah, but you owe me one, remember? From that kiss at the New Year's party?

Hugo blushes at the memory, and Kirsten nudges him.

KIRSTEN (cont'd)  
 I told you it'd make Sandra  
 jealous, didn't I? How did things  
 work out between you two, anyway?

They turn a corner as Hugo fishes out his wallet and opens it, showing Kirsten a family photo of himself with two babies in his arms.

HUGO  
 Two so far, third on the way.

KIRSTEN  
 Woah. Fast work!

HUGO  
 Okay, we have to be quiet now.  
 There's usually a guard here, but  
 on nights he sneaks off a lot to  
 play on the pinball machine down in  
 the staff lounge, so...

They've reached another corner, and Hugo cautiously pokes his head round to survey the scene:

There's a small foyer with a security desk - currently unmanned - and behind that are a set of double doors marked 'Records.'

HUGO  
 All clear.

KIRSTEN  
 Check. Got the key?

Hugo takes a small white keycard out of his blazer, but hesitates before handing it to her.

HUGO  
 Kirsten, before I give you this...

KIRSTEN  
 (impatient)  
 Can this wait?

HUGO  
 No, this is important! I want you  
 to promise me you're not about to  
 do anything that'll lose me my job.

KIRSTEN  
 Hugo!

HUGO

I mean it! I've got a family now, I  
can't afford to-

KIRSTEN

I promise. Now hand it over.

He pauses again - then with a sigh hands the card over. Kirsten dashes across the foyer and reaches the doors, swiping the card down the lock and disappearing inside, and we follow her into:

INT. WOLFRAM & HART - RECORDS - LATER

Kirsten stands between two aisles, up to her arms in files. A torch is tucked under her armpit so she can see the pages before her in the otherwise dark archives room.

She's been searching for some time without success, and a glance at her watch matches her frustration - she's running out of time.

KIRSTEN

Damn it!

She SLAMS one drawer shut, making more noise that she should do in her haste to find what she's looking for.

She sees a flashlight beam on the far side of the room, and quickly ducks down, out of sight.

Holding her breath, she hears approaching FOOTSTEPS, the rattle of keys and the off-key WHISTLING of what can only be the night shift security guard.

KIRSTEN (cont'd)

(whispers; edgy)

Hugo...

She slowly reaches for her torch and CLICKS it off, the sound seeming to echo round the room. She winces, waiting for the inevitable alarm - but she's still undetected.

She shuffles forward and peeks round the edge of the nearest row of cabinets - and sees the silhouette of the guard about twenty feet away, lighting up a crafty cigarette.

She creeps back to where she was, reaching up and gently pushing the open filing cabinet drawer closed, before starting to head for the exit.

Kirsten pauses as she sees something on a label on one of the cabinets she passes, and after glancing round to make sure the guard is still some way away, she carefully CLICKS her flashlight back on.

10 CONTINUED:

10

The label reads 'Rochmount Academy - Personnel Files.'  
Kirsten GRINS, sliding the creaky drawer open as carefully as she can.

KIRSTEN (cont'd)  
(whispers)  
Jackpot.

She takes out as many of the thickly-stuffed manilla folders as she can, pushing the drawer closed and sneaking back towards the exit.

11 INT. WOLFRAM &amp; HART - FOYER - NEXT

11

Kirsten hurries back over to the waiting Hugo, glancing over her shoulder as she does so.

HUGO  
Did you get what you needed? I saw  
the guard coming in, but I didn't-

KIRSTEN  
(off folders)  
All good, Hugo. Thank you.

Hugo breathes a sigh of relief, and Kirsten passes him back the keycard.

KIRSTEN (cont'd)  
You are an absolute angel, sent  
from Heaven to guide me.

HUGO  
(blushes)  
Well, not really, I'm just-

Kirsten grabs his cheeks and KISSES him, and Hugo very nearly faints away in her arms.

HUGO (cont'd)  
(stutters)  
W-wh-wha-wh-what was t-th-that for?

KIRSTEN  
For showing me that there's still  
some good in this world. Now, if  
anybody asks...

HUGO  
(nods)  
... I haven't seen you since you  
got fired.

KIRSTEN  
(smiles)  
That's right.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

With a last glance round, she scampers off down the corridor, leaving the swooning Hugo to lean against the wall. Hugo takes out a handkerchief and mops his brow, and we cut from him to:

12 INT. WOLFRAM &amp; HART - CORRIDOR - NEXT

12

Wesley is waiting anxiously by the door as Kirsten hurries over to him, raising the files.

WESLEY

Good work.

KIRSTEN

I had a little help.

WESLEY

Let's get out of here. Something tells me it won't be long before they realise they were robbed.

Kirsten ducks past him and into the room with the hidden panel, and Wes takes a last glance up and down the corridor.

He hears someone coming, and ducks back out of sight, keeping his eyes on the corridor in case of trouble...

... and LILAH walks into frame, idly flicking through a thick file in her hands.

Wesley reacts, half leaning back out into the corridor in shock.

WESLEY (cont'd)

(quietly)

Lilah...?

Lilah stops, lifting her head - did she just hear something? She slowly looks round...

... and straight into Wesley's eyes. They're about thirty feet apart, and he stares at her in utter amazement for a few beats before Lilah starts to GRIN.

LILAH

Hello, Wesley. Heard you were back.

How's things?

Wesley finally remembers where he is, and ducks out of sight. Lilah waits a moment, glancing up and down the otherwise empty corridor before looking back in the direction Wes made his exit.

LILAH (cont'd)

Alright, Wes. Five second head start. For old times' sake.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

She counts to five under her breath, then steps calmly over to an intercom phone unit mounted into the wall.

LILAH (cont'd)  
(into phone)  
It's Lilah. We've got trouble.

She looks back round as we cut to:

13 INT. SEWER TUNNEL - NEXT

13

Kirsten is already in the tunnel, waiting for Wesley to lower himself down as they hear an ALARM start to sound from back inside the building.

Wesley drops the rest of the way, SPLASHING into the water and quickly reaching up to close the hatch.

KIRSTEN  
This is where we run, right?

WESLEY  
It certainly is.

They hurry away from the hatch, but they haven't got far before the radio on Wesley's belt BUZZES, and he stops to answer it.

WESLEY (cont'd)  
(into radio)  
Price.

UTF MEMBER  
(filtered; through radio)  
Sir, something you should know. Surveillance unit Tango-twenty-three just spotted a strike team mobilising outside the Wolfram and Hart building.

WESLEY  
We're aware that they may be feeling a little agitated at the moment, but we're making our way back from-

UTF MEMBER  
Sir, they're... I think they're heading for the Hyperion.

Wesley frowns, turning to Kirsten.

KIRSTEN  
There's no way they're that fast.

(CONTINUED)

WESLEY

This could be an unrelated attack.

The penny drops for them both at the same instant.

WESLEY (cont'd)

The children.

KIRSTEN

(horrified)

Oh, no!

WESLEY

We have to get back there, now!

(into radio)

Any sign yet of Angel and the others?

UTF MEMBER

No, sir, no sign of him, Spike or Sonia.

WESLEY

Understood. Price out.

Kirsten watches him as he tucks the radio away.

KIRSTEN

So what now?

WESLEY

We get back to the hotel and hope we get there before that strike team does.

KIRSTEN

And if we don't?

Wes doesn't answer, doubling his speed as he runs down the tunnel back towards the Hyperion, and as a worried Kirsten follows, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT TWO**

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

14

INT. WITCH DOCTOR'S DEN - NIGHT

14

Angel, Sonia and Spike are still waiting in the lair, but the Doctor is absent. Spike is looking round at the various trinkets on display, obviously disinterested.

ANGEL  
(fidgeting)  
Shouldn't he be back by now?

SONIA  
You heard him. He said it'd take time.

SPIKE  
And Angelkins said we should wait. Great plan, mate.

ANGEL  
You want to find out what's going on here as much as I do.

SPIKE  
Yes, but I'm more the proactive sort when it comes to my investigating! I'm a running around, hitting people kind of person, not a sitting cross-legged in some hairy fairy witch doctor's cave dwelling waiting for answers kind of person!

SONIA  
Nobody said you had to sit cross-legged.

SPIKE  
(beat)  
Right.

With difficulty, Spike unfurls his legs, wincing at the muscle cramps.

The Doctor finally makes his entrance, and Spike jumps to his feet, glad of the distraction.

SPIKE (cont'd)  
'Bout time! We were beginning to think you might've done a runner on us.

WITCH DOCTOR  
I was preparing.

(CONTINUED)

SPIKE  
Of course you were.

ANGEL  
So... can we get our answers now?

WITCH DOCTOR  
Please, sit down.

Spike rolls his eyes and sits back down, as an anxious Sonia watches the Doctor casually take a seat again.

SONIA  
Well? What... what am I?

WITCH DOCTOR  
My early prediction was correct.  
There is more than one type of  
demonic blood in you.

SONIA  
(pales)  
Oh, God...

WITCH DOCTOR  
But what I have found is-

Sonia's radio CRACKLES, interrupting him.

WESLEY  
(filtered; through radio)  
Sonia, are you there? Sonia! Come  
in!

She bites her lip, looking from the Doctor to the radio and back. He nods his head.

WITCH DOCTOR  
You may answer.

She snatches up the radio from her belt.

SONIA  
(into radio)  
I'm here, Wes. What's up?

WESLEY  
Where are you?

SONIA  
I'm still at that witch doctor's  
place with Angel and Spike. Why?

WESLEY  
Kirsten and I were just at Wolfram  
and Hart.

SPIKE

You were?

WELSEY

Kirsten managed to obtain some more information on the Academy, but we've encountered a bigger problem along the way.

ANGEL

Such as?

WESLEY

A strike team left Wolfram and Hart a short while ago, and they're heading for the hotel.

SPIKE

Bloody hell... the kids!

WESLEY

Kirsten and I are on our way back, but we're not going to be able to beat them there. I've called in some UTF support, but...

ANGEL

(catches up)

We're closer. We'll be there.

He stands, turning to the Doctor.

ANGEL (cont'd)

We, uh... we need to go.

SPIKE

Hang on, what happened to staying and getting some answers?

ANGEL

That was before Wolfram and Hart sent a team of commandoes to break into my hotel!

SONIA

Go. It's alright.

ANGEL

What?

SONIA

I'll stay here, find out what I need to know, then I'll come catch you guys up. Besides...

(sighs)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (3)

14

SONIA (cont'd)  
This is probably something I should  
just hear by myself first.

Angel looks to Spike, who nods.

ANGEL  
Alright. But don't take all night.

WITCH DOCTOR  
Do not worry, vampire. I will not  
keep her for long.

With a last nod to Sonia, Angel and Spike dash out of the  
lair, leaving Sonia and the Doctor.

She turns to him, managing a nervous smile, as he reaches to  
his feet and lifts up a large mug of tea.

WITCH DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Are you sure you are ready to hear  
what I have to say?

SONIA  
(nods)  
I'm ready.

The Witch Doctor nods back, and we cut to:

15 EXT. HYPERION/STREET - NIGHT

15

Looking towards the front of the hotel - as two BLACK VANS  
screech into frame. Their doors fly open and two dozen STRIKE  
TEAM soldiers pile out, decked in body armour and sporting  
submachineguns.

They fan out, gesturing instructions to each other as they  
cover all available exits.

16 EXT. LA STREET - NIGHT

16

Angel and Spike emerge from the tunnel leading to the witch  
doctor's den, tearing back towards the Hyperion.

ANGEL  
We can't let them get those kids  
back!

SPIKE  
You don't need to tell me! What if  
it's more of those super soldier  
goons we fought at the Academy?

ANGEL  
Illyria's at the hotel, she should  
be able to hold the fort until we  
get there.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

SPIKE  
And if she can't?

Angel doesn't answer, and from his serious look we cut to:

17 INT. HYPERION - ILLYRIA'S ROOM - NIGHT

17

The lights are off, and the room is bathed in the flickering light from a TV and VCR set that's been dragged in from another room, cables trailing out through the doorway.

Illyria sits on the edge of her bed, staring at the TV screen as we hear what sounds like an old HOME MOVIE playing.

TRISH BURKLE  
(filtered; on video)  
C'mon, Fred, honey! Blow every last  
one of those candles out or you  
don't get your wish!

We pan slowly round to look over Illyria's shoulder, her gaze locked on the TV screen. There's about a dozen more VHS cassettes scattered on the floor around her.

On the screen is a home movie of a young Fred's birthday party, the girl herself ready to blow out the candles on her cake, surrounded by a gaggle of her friends.

Fred takes a deep breath and BLOWS, and as the last candle snuffs out there's a CHEER from the room.

Close on Illyria as she watches the movie, expressionless and unmoving.

ROGER BURKLE  
(filtered; on video)  
Alright, Fred, there y'all go. Now,  
I guess you're wondering if you're  
gonna get your wish or not, huh?

YOUNG FRED  
(filtered; on video)  
Uh huh!

ROGER BURKLE  
Well, maybe you should follow me  
outside...

The image on the screen shakes as whoever's holding the movie camera follows the enthusiastically bouncing Fred and her dad outside, exiting their quaint little Texan home.

Waiting on the back porch is a brand new BICYCLE, and Fred SHRIEKS with delight as she sees it.

(CONTINUED)

YOUNG FRED

Daddy, daddy! My bike! You found  
it! You found it!

She leaps into his arms, and he laughs as he embraces her.

ROGER BURKLE

Wasn't easy, honey, had to spend a  
few nights out and about searchin'  
for it after those nasty boys took  
it from you, but there she is! All  
cleaned up, oiled and ready to go!

Illyria continues staring at the screen as she watches Fred  
bound up to the bike, beaming and waving back at the camera  
as it captures her happiness.

She remains motionless for a long beat - and then a single  
TEAR starts to roll down her cheek.

As the video continues to play, Illyria lowers her head,  
slowly resting it in her hands, unable to watch the memories  
from another life any longer.

She hears a CRASH from outside, and her head snaps up, alert  
in a moment - and glad of the distraction.

Illyria switches off the TV as she hurries out of her room,  
appearing in:

Illyria walks across the hotel lobby, scanning for the source  
of the noise and glancing up towards the first floor balcony  
as a pair of giggling kids run past.

She walks on - and hears something CREAK off screen. Her head  
whips round, eyes narrow, searching for the source of the  
noise.

She stalks back across the foyer, her body tensing up, ready  
for a fight - and little George comes wandering out from  
behind the reception desk.

Illyria straightens up, fixing him with a scolding glare.  
George has a chocolate bar in his hands, which he guiltily  
tries to hide behind his back.

ILLYRIA

What have we told you about helping  
yourself to the foodstuffs in the  
refrigerator?

GEORGE

Uh... not to?

ILLYRIA

That is correct.  
(holds out hand)  
Now give it to me.

George looks down at the candy in his hands, then with a sigh places it in Illyria's outstretched hand.

ILLYRIA (cont'd)

Go to your room. It is late.

George skulks off, dragging his feet as he exits. Illyria waits until he's trudged off screen - then takes a BITE out of the chocolate.

She chews for a beat, and then stares down at the bar, looking surprised by the taste of it.

She goes to take a second bite when she hears a much louder BANG from the other side of the foyer, over by the reinforced front doors. She spins round to face them.

ILLYRIA (cont'd)

Who is there?

There's no answer, so she puts the candy down on the reception counter and heads forward.

ILLYRIA (cont'd)

Wesley? Is that you?

Illyria pauses at the door, listening carefully. She looks up to the CCTV camera looking down at the doorstep, but there's no-one there. Her hand reaches for the handle...

BOOM! With an EXPLOSION and a blast of smoke, the door flies open, SMACKING her in the face, and as Illyria is thrown backwards, four STRIKE TEAM members pour out and into the foyer!

Illyria flips to her feet, kicking into combat mode, fists and feet flailing as she attacks the intruders.

STRIKE TEAM #1

Neutralise her!

Two of the Strike Team draw long tasers and advance on her. Her back is turned as she grapples with another soldier, and she's unsighted as the two tasers ZAP into her.

She cries out, dropping to one knee, but the tasers keep on SHOCKING her.

Her eyes go up to the balcony again, where more kids have crowded round the railings, staring in shock at the battle down below.

(CONTINUED)

ILLYRIA

Run! Hide!

The kids scatter, and the Strike Team Leader steps into frame, gesturing to the stairs.

Three of his soldiers nod, breaking for the stairway as the Leader marches over to Illyria, now flat on her back and still being ZAPPED by the taser-wielding soldiers.

TEAM LEADER

Where are the children?

ILLYRIA

(gritted teeth)

I will... tell you... nothing!

TEAM LEADER

(to nearby soldiers)

Full sweep, top to bottom! Get the children rounded up, and watch your backs. There should be more of them.

The soldiers nod and dash off, leaving Illyria with the Leader and the two Taser soldiers.

TEAM LEADER (cont'd)

You and your little crew of misfits should have known you couldn't keep them from us for long.

Illyria can only glare defiantly back at him as we cut to:

Two of the soldiers jog down the corridor, spotting Rhianna and GRETA, an eleven-year-old redhead, peering round a corner at them up ahead.

They raise their weapons and advance, and the girls duck back out of sight.

The soldiers are closing in on the corner, when we hear a shout:

RHIANNA (O.S.)

Now!

Behind them, JOHNNY, a younger boy with dark hair, darts out of a doorway and over to a switch on the wall, jumping up and SLAMMING his hand against it.

The floor beneath the soldier's feet suddenly CRACKLES with electricity, and the two soldiers YELL as they're shocked into submission!

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

Smoking, they collapse to the floor. Rhianna pokes her head cautiously round the corner - and sees Johnny still hanging from the switch, his feet safely off the floor.

She grins at him, as we cut to:

20 EXT. HYPERION - WEST WALL - NEXT

20

Four more of the strike team are rappelling down the side of the building, lining themselves up with windows on the second floor.

They push away from the wall, preparing to swing at the glass feet first and break through:

But with a series of dull THUDS, they hit the glass and bounce right off!

STRIKE TEAM #2

What the...

STRIKE TEAM #3

Reinforced glass!

He draws his gun and FIRES at the window - but the bullets ricochet harmlessly off the glass!

STRIKE TEAM #3 (cont'd)

Damn it!

(into radio)

This is Unit Two, we are unable to gain entry, over.

21 INT. HYPERION - FOYER - NEXT

21

The Team Leader raises his walkie-talkie.

TEAM LEADER

Unit Three, what's your status?

He waits for a reply from:

22 INT. HYPERION - SEWER ACCESS TUNNEL - NEXT

22

Another six soldiers are ready to breach the hotel through the sewer tunnels, standing by a doorway that leads back up into the hotel.

STRIKE TEAM #4

(into radio)

Ready to enter, sir.

TEAM LEADER

(filtered; through radio)

Move in.

(CONTINUED)

Strike Team #4 nods to his colleagues, who take up flanking positions as he goes to open the door...

GUNFIRE! A hail of bullets rakes across the sewer, felling the Strike Team in moments. A few manage to return fire, but it's too little, too late.

As the last of the soldiers slides to the floor, several torch beams fall on the bodies, checking that they're dead - and four UTF MEMBERS step into frame, lowering their smoking guns.

Wesley leads them, a shotgun in his hands as he surveys the damage.

WESLEY

(to UTF team)

Alright, spread out and head upstairs. There'll be more of them and they may already have the children in custody, so check your targets before firing.

Wes retrieves his radio from his belt.

WESLEY (cont'd)

(into radio)

We've secured the sewer. The foyer is all yours. Over and out.

He tucks the radio away as we cut to:

The Team Leader paces, his eyes glancing towards the door leading up from the sewer tunnel. Sporadic SHOUTS and bursts of GUNFIRE upstairs are a signal things are not running smoothly.

TEAM LEADER

(into radio)

Unit Three, report!

(waits)

Unit Three!

He waits again - and suddenly the entire foyer GOES DARK as the lights all black out as one.

TEAM LEADER (cont'd)

What in the-

SPIKE (O.S.)

Nighty night, boys.

There's a brief chorus of THUDS, GROANS and the sounds of fists hitting faces.

The lights come back on - to reveal Angel and Spike standing victoriously over the unconscious bodies of the Team Leader and the two Taser soldiers.

SPIKE (cont'd)  
 (grins)  
 Alright, I'm sold - I like what Wes has done with the place.

WESLEY (O.S.)  
 Don't thank me yet...

They turn as Wes walks into frame, the rest of the UTF squad hurrying past him. He goes to Illyria as she gets shakily to her feet.

WESLEY (cont'd)  
 Are you alright?

ILLYRIA  
 (dazed)  
 I will be fine.  
 (off downed soldiers)  
 I will be even better once I turn these cowardly infidels' spines into belts!

WESLEY  
 (beat)  
 Maybe later. Angel?

ANGEL  
 More upstairs? We're on it.

WESLEY  
 Be careful. There are plenty of security features installed in the hotel now, and the children know how to use them.

SPIKE  
 But they know we're on their side... don't they?

WESLEY  
 Just watch your step.

Angel and Spike nod and dash off up the stairs, as Kirsten heads into the foyer from the sewer access door.

KIRSTEN  
 All good?

ILLYRIA  
 I was surprised and taken by force.

KIRSTEN

I was talking about the kids.

WESLEY

Not just yet. We're getting the situation under control. Kirsten, come with me. Illyria, see if you can do something about that door.

Wesley heads off screen with Kirsten close behind, and Illyria looks to the large, smoking hole in the front doors. She tilts her head sideways, thinking...

... and with a CRASH, a heavy cabinet is shoved across the entrance by her. Illyria steps back, nodding in satisfaction at her handiwork, as we cut to:

Angel and Spike have found the two shocked soldiers, stepping carefully over them.

SPIKE

Tenacious little buggers, aren't they?

ANGEL

This isn't what I had in mind when I let them stay here...

SPIKE

You wanted to protect them from this kind of life, I get it. But at least we know they can look after themselves.

ANGEL

Yeah... that's what worries me.

SPIKE

How so? I would've thought that'd be good for us.

ANGEL

Unless they use what they know on us by mistake.

SPIKE

Good point.  
(beat)  
You go first, then.

Angel glares at him, and as the duo creep round the corner, we cut to:

25

INT. WOLFRAM &amp; HART - MANNERS' OFFICE - NIGHT

25

A phone RINGS on the desk, and after a few moments HOLLAND MANNERS steps into frame, straightening his tie and flattening his hair before picking the phone up.

MANNERS

(into phone)

Yes?

(listens)

I'm aware of what time it is. It's part of the contract - when you're a ghost at Wolfram & Hart, long working hours are all in a day's work.

(listens; frowns)

I see. And the strike team is losing the initiative?

(listens; frowns)

That is bad news. Then I'm afraid we have no choice.

He turns - Lilah has stepped into the office, a serious look on her face.

MANNERS (cont'd)

(into phone)

Would you excuse me a moment?

(to Lilah)

What is it?

LILAH

We've checked the archives room. Seems Wesley didn't show up here alone, and whoever he had helping him got him into the files on the Academy.

MANNERS

I see.

(beat; into phone)

Abort the mission. Withdraw all agents... and then activate the triggers.

He hangs up, and Lilah frowns, confused.

LILAH

The what?

MANNERS

It saddens me to have to potentially sacrifice the whole crop like this... but what must be done, must be done.

(CONTINUED)

LILAH

Sir... I don't understand.

MANNERS

Angel's just inherited six junior  
assasins-in-training... and I just  
gave the order to switch them all  
to 'kill.'

He grins, and as Lilah returns the smile, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT THREE**

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

26 INT. HYPERION - CORRIDOR - NIGHT 26

Angel and Spike slowly step round a corner to find Rhianna and Suzi huddled behind an old ice cooler.

ANGEL

Hey! It's okay. It's us.

Rhianna peeks cautiously out, looking behind the two vampire as if to check they aren't hiding anyone.

RHIANNA

Is it safe to come out?

SPIKE

Safe as houses, luv.

SUZI

Huh?

ANGEL

Don't listen to him. He's from England.

SPIKE

(scowls)

Oi!

The two girls step out from behind the cooler, and Angel crouches as they head over, putting on his warmest smile.

27 INT. BLACK VAN - NEXT 27

Out in one of the two Strike Team black vans, a RADIO OPERATOR sits at a desk with a dizzying array of surveillance equipment arrayed before him.

The van's side doors open as the four members of Unit Two clamber into the van.

RADIO OPERATOR

What happened?

STRIKE TEAM #3

The mission is aborted, our assault was compromised. We have authorisation to activate the triggers.

RADIO OPERATOR

But... we still have men in the hotel!

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

STRIKE TEAM #2  
That's an order!

The radio Operator nods, then reaches for a black box fitted into his display.

He thumbs up the safety cap over one of the switches, and after a beat presses the red button beneath it.

28 INT. HYPERION - FOYER - NEXT

28

Angel carries Rhianna and Spike carries Suzi, heading down the stairs and into the foyer where Wesley, Kirsten and Illyria are waiting. They've rounded up Johnny and Greta.

KIRSTEN  
You found them!

ANGEL  
These two, yeah. They said the rest of the soldiers are all taken care of, and looks like George and Haylet are still hiding out, so I think we need to play a little hide-and-peek to dig 'em both out.  
(to Rhianna)  
You ready to play that?

RHIANNA  
Yeah!

Rhianna giggles as Angel tickles her - but nobody notices Illyria tilting her head to the side.

ILLYRIA  
Do you not hear that?

SPIKE  
Hear what?

ILLYRIA  
There is something...

She frowns, trying to pick out the sound - and Spike's grin drops as he sees Suzi's eyes glaze over.

SPIKE  
Suzi? What's wrong, luv?

He turns - but then notices Rhianna fade into the same blank expression.

ANGEL  
Rhianna?

(CONTINUED)

SPIKE  
What's going on?

Wesley and Kirsten exchange a concerned look, then look down at the kids at their feet - and all of them are also glazed-eyes and blank-faced.

WESLEY  
Oh, dear...

ANGEL  
'Oh, dear?' Wes? What's 'oh, dear?'

WESLEY  
I think we may be in-

BOOM! A quick FIREBALL screams past Wesley, forcing him to dive out of the way.

It BLASTS into the reception desk, leaving a burning hole - and Wes looks round in shock to see Greta was the one who launched it at him!

KIRSTEN  
The triggers!

ANGEL  
The what?

SPIKE (O.S.)  
Er...

They turn - to see Spike is being LEVITATED into the air! Suzi has her eyes fixed on him, and despite his struggles Spike is completely helpless.

SPIKE (cont'd)  
They're doing it again!

ANGEL  
What the hell's going on?

He DUCKS as a bolt of ELECTRICITY zaps past him, and he, Illyria, Wesley and Kirsten scamper for cover behind the reception desk.

As more things CRASH to the ground and EXPLODE in the foyer, Angel turns to Wes.

ANGEL (cont'd)  
Wes!

KIRSTEN  
We were afraid something like this would happen...

ILLYRIA

We would have appreciated a warning!

SPIKE (O.S.)

Help me, you daft gits!!

ANGEL

Something like what, exactly?

WESLEY

Kirsten believes that each child may have been implanted with a subliminal 'trigger,' something that would activate their more... unsavoury qualities.

KIRSTEN

Think of it as an 'on' switch for their powers.

ANGEL

So, what, now they think we're the enemy?

Another part of the desk DETONATES, and the team shrink back.

WESLEY

So it would seem...

SPIKE (O.S.)

Why are you hiding? Get me down!!

ANGEL

How do we stop them?

Kirsten starts tearing rapidly through the folders in her hands.

KIRSTEN

Uh...

ILLYRIA

I will stop them.

Illyria starts to stand, but Wes drags her back down - just as a chair SHOOTs through the air, narrowly missing her!

WESLEY

We can't use force! We need to find out how to shut them down again.

KIRSTEN

These are all the main files for the kids, if there are safe words we can use then they'll be in here.

ANGEL  
And until then?

WESLEY  
We need to keep them occupied.

Angel and Wes exchange looks - then leap to their feet, racing across the foyer in opposite directions.

Illyria vaults over the desk, leaving Kirsten alone as she flips frantically through the folder.

The kids continue to throw everything they've got at Angel and the others - fireballs, furniture, bolts of energy and streaks of electricity - as Spike now finds himself pressed painfully against the ceiling.

SPIKE  
Oh, bloody hell...

He GRIMACES as Suzi continues to push him, the plaster around Spike CRACKING as his body is forced into it.

SPIKE (cont'd)  
Can somebody please do something!?

Kirsten finally finds the page she needs, tearing it from the folder and jumping to her feet.

KIRSTEN  
I found it! It's-

Her eyes widen - and she DIVES for cover as the entire sofa is launched at her!

It SMASHES into the weapons cabinet, and as Kirsten scrambles to her feet, she sees Rhianna walking towards her - two AXES spiralling slowly in the air above her!

Kirsten backs away, and as the first axe SLICES towards her, she YELPS and scrambles to her feet, heading for the front door - only to find it blocked by the cabinet Illyria pushed in the way earlier!

She rattles the handle frantically, then has to DIVE to the side again as the second axe SLAMS into the door.

As the last members of the Strike Team clamber inside, the two black vans pull away from the kerb and drive off screen, leaving the unfortunate ones inside the Hyperion to their fate.

30

INT. HYPERION - FOYER - NEXT

30

Angel and Wesley cross paths, more FIREBALLS blasting into the walls after them.

Kirsten still has Rhianna on her trail, the little girl pausing to lift more displaced weapons from the cabinet into the air, chasing after Kirsten with a growing array of sharp objects.

Spike is straining as he tries to push back against Suzi's telekinesis, but he's literally being rammed into the ceiling and there's nothing he can do to stop it!

Kirsten quickly brings up the sheet of paper, flipping it the right way round - and right side up - as Rhianna closes in.

Her eyes flit desperately down the page, looking for anything that resembles a safe word - and Rhianna sends a sword streaking through the air towards her...

KIRSTEN

(yells)

Dudley Revenue!

She closes her eyes, expecting the sword to hit any second... but after a moment, she opens one eye again - and the sword CLATTERS out of the air to land at her feet.

She looks up - Rhianna is blinking, looking a little dazed, and Kirsten quickly gets up, seeing that the other kids are still on the attack.

She runs into the middle of the foyer and yells at the top of her lungs:

KIRSTEN (cont'd)

Dudley Revenue!!

A beat - and all is silent. No more fireballs. No more flying weaponry or furniture.

With a YELL, Spike drops from the ceiling and CRASHES back into the floor in a shower of plaster dust. Suzi cocks her head sideways as she looks down at him.

SUZI

(blinks)

What were you doin' in the ceiling?

Spike, still catching his breath, looks up - and sees an exhausted Kirsten surveying the destruction.

SPIKE

Well put.

(CONTINUED)

KIRSTEN  
Is everybody alright?

Angel and Wesley warily step out from behind cover, both men looking like they had a few too many close shaves.

ANGEL  
I think so... Wes?

WESLEY  
(dusting himself off)  
Singed, but otherwise unharmed.

They look across the foyer to see Illyria - flat on her back and out cold, pinned beneath a large chunk of the desk.

WESLEY (cont'd)  
Illyria!

He hurries over, quickly joined by Angel and Kirsten as they HEAVE to push the heavy block of wood off her.

She COUGHS weakly as Wesley scoops her up in his arms. Her eyes flutter open, and her blood-streaked face looks up into his.

ILLYRIA  
(weak)  
Wesley...

ANGEL  
Get her taken care of.

Wesley nods and dashes upstairs, just as another CRASH and EXPLOSION is heard from a higher floor.

ANGEL (cont'd)  
(realising)  
Wolfram and Hart may still have people in the hotel.

SPIKE  
I'm on it.

He catches up to Wes, and as they all run off upstairs, a cautious Kirsten heads over to Angel.

KIRSTEN  
So...

ANGEL  
Yeah.

KIRSTEN  
We really need to do something about these kids.

ANGEL

Yup. We sure do.

SONIA (O.S.)

Uh... guys?

They turn to see Sonia has made her way into the foyer, stepping over the debris and looking several shades of confused at the mayhem around her.

SONIA (cont'd)

What, you couldn't wait to throw that 'Welcome home, Sonia' party?

Angel and Spike pauses, glance at each other then turn back to Sonia with big, beaming smiles.

ANGEL

Welcome home!

SPIKE

Welcome back!

Sonia raises an eyebrow as we cut upstairs to:

Spike creeps slowly down the corridor, sword at the ready, but pauses when he hears a young girl SOBBING up ahead.

He cautiously peeks round the next corner - and sees HAYLEY, a slim fourteen-year-old with long, straight hair, sitting huddled up against the wall at the far end of the corridor.

Lying on the floor before her are the twisted and dead bodies of three more Strike Team grunts - and both Hayley and the walls are splashed with BLOOD.

Spike paces slowly up to her, glancing at the bodies as Hayley rocks back and forth, clearly badly shaken.

HAYLEY

I didn't mean to do it... I didn't mean to do it... I didn't mean to-

SPIKE

It's alright.

She looks up, tears running down her face as Spike offers her a friendly smile.

SPIKE (cont'd)

Danger's over, princess.

He offers her his hand, and after a long beat she reaches a trembling hand out to take it.

HAYLEY

I don't know what happened, they just... they were coming after me, and I just yelled at them to stop, but they wouldn't listen, and when one grabbed me, suddenly, I...

(tearful again)

I don't remember what I did!

Spike holds her close, steering her around the bodies as he leads her back towards the foyer.

SPIKE

Doesn't matter what you did. What's important is that you're alright, so let's go get you cleaned up and put this whole sorry mess of a dy behind us. Alright?

She nods, and Spike runs her arm sympathetically as we DISSOLVE to:

32 INT. HYPERION - ANGEL'S OFFICE - LATER

32

Everyone is gathered around. Kirsten is at Angel's side, reading from one of the stolen folders, the rest spread across Angel's desk.

KIRSTEN

It's all here. Complete backgrounds on the kids, where they were taken from, what abilities they've been given... everything.

SONIA

Hold on - 'given'? Given how?

KIRSTEN

The Academy had two main purposes. It kept an eye out for 'gifted' kids in local schools, and by 'gifted,' we're talking kids with any kind of natural paranormal ability.

WESLEY

'Natural paranormal'? That's something of an oxymoron...

KIRSTEN

You know, psychic powers like Rhianna and Suzi, stuff like that.

WESLEY

Like Gwen Raiden, then?

(CONTINUED)

KIRSTEN

Who?

ANGEL

Old friend. What else?

KIRSTEN

Uh...

(reads)

Oh, yeah. The kids with the strongest abilities were given 'booster' jabs to enhance their performance. Basically, cocktails of chemicals, stimulants, steroids... and demon DNA.

ANGEL

They injected them with that stuff? Why?

WESLEY

To make the perfect assassin. More demon than human.

KIRSTEN

That's the theory. We took the kids out of their training, but obviously not before each one had been implanted with a behavioural trigger to activate their assassin sides in the field. I just hope we can figure out how to switch it off, or there's nothing to stop Wolfram and hart turning them on and off whenever they feel like it.

WESLEY

We'd better arrange some more secure accommodation for them at once. I'll call the UTF and-

ANGEL

No. They need to stay here.

WESLEY

Angel, I hardly think that's wise.

ANGEL

If tonight proved anything, then it's that they're safer here than they would be anywhere else. We need to figure out a way to protect ourselves in case they go off again, sure, but I'm not letting them out of my sight.

(MORE)

ANGEL (cont'd)

Not now we know what's waiting for them if Wolfram and Hart get their hands on them again.

A moment as the room takes in the seriousness of Angel's words. Sonia decides to shift the topic.

SONIA

So, these kids... they're part demon, right? Like me?

KIRSTEN

Well... I did find something about you in all these files.

A round of shocked looks.

SONIA

You did?

KIRSTEN

You sure you wanna hear this?

SONIA

(sighs)

Can't be any worse than what else I've been told tonight.

SPIKE

Speaking of which, what did the Dreadlocked Wonder say to you after we left his little hidey hole?

SONIA

That can wait.

(to Kirsten)

Hit me.

KIRSTEN

Okay... you were part of the school.

SONIA

(stunned)

What? When?

Kirsten glances around at the others - they can't quite believe it either.

KIRSTEN

About six years ago. You got picked straight out of school, and your parents bankrolled your tuition fees for about a year, until your mom got freaked out about the changes she was seeing in you, and paid the Academy off to let you go.

SONIA

Oh, my God... but... but why don't  
I remember any of that?

WESLEY

We've seen Wolfram and Hart use  
memory erasion techniques before. I  
think it's fair to assume it's a  
standard for them.

SONIA

So let me get this straight... I  
went to this school, which is where  
I got shot up with demon DNA, but  
my parents got me out... and I  
just, what, forgot about it?

KIRSTEN

Not consciously. Your memories must  
have been altered.

Sonia takes a step back, her mind reeling.

ANGEL

Sonia, it's alright. We're gonna  
figure this out.

SONIA

(shakes head)

This... this is too much, I  
can't... I just...

Sonia backs away, hurrying out of the office. Spike starts to  
follow, but Wes stops him, shaking his head.

WESLEY

Give her some time.

Spike watches through the office window as Sonia races up the  
stairs, tears streaming down her face, and from his downcast  
expression, we DISSOLVE TO:

Spike is taking a hard-earned cigarette break on one of the  
hotel's upper floor balconies, enjoying the cool night air,  
when Kirsten steps out to join him.

SPIKE

Evening.

KIRSTEN

How are you doing?

SPIKE

Bit of a headache, nothing I can't handle. Thanks for saving me from becoming a wall fitting back there, too.

KIRSTEN

(smiles)

No problem.

They stay in silence for a beat - but Kirsten looks like she has something she wants to say.

KIRSTEN (cont'd)

Spike? There's... well, there's something else about the Academy. Something I didn't tell Angel.

SPIKE

Keeping secrets from the big cheese, are we? I think you're really starting to grow on me.

Kirsten grins and hands him a piece of paper.

SPIKE (cont'd)

What's this?

KIRSTEN

It's where to find the Head of Admissions for the Academy. The guy who signed all the orders to take every kid away from their parents.

Spike looks at the piece of paper, then nods and tucks it into his jeans.

KIRSTEN (cont'd)

I thought, you know... you'd know what to do about it.

SPIKE

(beat)

Consider it done, luv.

Kirsten nods and leaves Spike alone. He finishes his cigarette, grinds it under his boot heel, then he turns and strides back inside, and we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF SHOW**