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Story #: E02251

ANGEL

"A Hole in the World"

Written

&

Directed by

Joss Whedon

SHOOTING DRAFT

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ANGEL"A Hole in the World"CAST LIST

ANGEL.....	David Boreanaz	
WESLEY WYNDAM-PRYCE.....	Alexis Denisof	
CHARLES GUNN.....	J. August Richards	
WINIFRED "FRED" BURKLE.....	Amy Acker	
LORNE.....	Andy Hallett	
SPIKE.....	James Marsters	
ROGER.....		
TRISH.....	Jennifer Griffin	*
KNOX.....	Jonathan M. Woodward	*
EVE.....	Sarah Thompson	*
MAN.....		
LAWYER.....		
DROGYN.....		

ANGEL

"A Hole in the World"

SET LIST

INTERIORS

BURKLE HOUSEHOLD
FRED'S ROOM
BASEMENT
WOLFRAM & HART
LAB
GUNN'S OFFICE
ANGEL'S OFFICE
UPSTAIRS/LOBBY
LOBBY
WESLEY'S OFFICE
WHITE ROOM
HOSPITAL ROOM
LINDSEY'S BEDROOM
PRIVATE JET
FRED'S BEDROOM
CORRIDOR
THE DEEPER WELL

EXTERIORS

BURKLE HOME - DAY
WOLFRAM & HART - DAY
PRIVATE JET - DAY
ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

ANGEL

"A Hole in the World"

TEASER

1 EXT. BURKLE HOME - DAY

1

(SOME EIGHT YEARS BACK)

It's rural suburban, very pleasant but a little run down. A nice place on a nice day in a nice neighborhood.

ROGER (O.S.)

I just don't see why.

2 INT. BURKLE HOUSEHOLD - FRED'S ROOM - CONTINUING

2

FRED is in her room, packing for grad school. The room is small, and decorated in a mostly typical way, except for the physics genius accoutrement.

Her parents are with her, TRISH handing her things, ROGER by the door. *

ROGER

I don't see why it has to be this way.

TRISH

Oh hush. He was doing this in bed all last night. Kept the dogs up.

ROGER

There's plenty of good schools in the area.

FRED

I know. And I have a nice room, and could meet a nice boy, and we could get married and live in my nice room --

TRISH

He would have to be a smallish fellow --

FRED

-- And have sweet little babies that can sleep in the drawer.

ROGER

I do not see a downside to this plan.

FRED

Daddy, I love you like pancakes. But I'm gettin' the hell out of here.

CONTINUED

2 CONTINUED:

2

TRISH

Language...

ROGER

She should say it! That's where
she's going: Hell-A.

FRED

It's "Los Angeles". The City of
Angels, remember?

ROGER

You meet one Angel there, I'll eat
the dogs. Bunch a junkies and spoilt
movie actors, that's who you're gonna
meet.

FRED

In the physics graduate program at
UCLA.

ROGER

You don't know...

TRISH

Sweetie, why don't you check the
Chevy one more time. I don't wanna
be worrying about her **getting** there
when I'm supposed to be worrying
about her **being** there.. It muddles
things.

ROGER

Chevy's fine.

(starts to go, turns:)

And I slept in a drawer till I was
three, didn't stunt me none.

He's gone. Fred continues packing.

FRED

Did you call Bethany, is it okay --

TRISH

Late as you like, she says she'll
leave you a key if they turn in.

FRED

I know I forgot something.

CONTINUED

2 CONTINUED: (2)

2

TRISH

Well you just call us up and we can
drive it up to you and move in, no
problem.

FRED

Mom...

TRISH

I'm just scaring you --

FRED

I'm gonna miss you both just as hard.

TRISH

(gently smiling)

No.

FRED

Of course I am!

TRISH

Not half of half as hard. You have
a child someday, you'll know what I
mean.

FRED

I'll call you lots.

TRISH

I know you will.

Huggage. Fred pulls away.

FRED

Feigenbaum!

She grabs a tattered, handmade doll from a shelf, puts it in
the suitcase.

FRED (cont'd)

Can't make the trip without
Feigenbaum.

TRISH

He doesn't quite look up to it...

FRED

Hush. He's the master of chaos,
he'll love L.A. All my junkie movie
actor friends...

CONTINUED

2 CONTINUED: (3)

2

TRISH

Don't you joke. You gotta promise me
you're gonna be careful.

FRED

I'm gonna study, mom. I'm gonna
learn every damn thing they know up
there, and figure out some stuff they
don't. And I'll be careful. I'll
even be dull. Boring. Cross my
heart.

3 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

3

(PRESENT DAY)

Fred is screaming as she wields a flamethrower, arcing the
roar of fire right over camera.

WIDEN to see she's in a sewer, roasting a bunch of large
creature eggs.

A creature starts to burst out of an unburned egg -- and is
promptly shotgunned into chunks.

ANGLE ON WES recocking the shotgun, moving toward Fred, who
turns off the flame.

FRED

I think we got the nest.

WESLEY

The others are finishing the sweep.
Nasty little buggers.

FRED

They're kind of cool, physiologically.
They reproduce by vomiting up crystals
that attract and mutate the microbes
around them to form eggs.

*

WESLEY

Are you *trying* to turn me on?

She smiles.

FRED

It is kind of romantic. A roaring
fire, snug little nest...

CONTINUED

3 CONTINUED:

3

WESLEY
(holding up a flask)
A warm twelve year old single malt...

FRED
Ooh!

She swigs. Looks at Wes, and they come closer -- shotgun and flamethrower kind of getting in the way there for a sec -- then kiss, framed by the fire behind them. After...

FRED (cont'd)
You know... someday very soon I'm bringing you to my apartment and...

WESLEY
If you even finish that sentence I won't sleep a wink tonight.

FRED
Well... soon. When I'm a little less covered in gasoline.

WESLEY
Soon.

They kiss again, until --

SPIKE (O.S.)
I don't see what the bloody fuss is all about!

ANGEL (O.S.)
The fuss? The FUSS?

SPIKE
(entering)
The thing was on your back! It was about to strike, what was I supposed to do?

Angel enters as well. He has a sword though him, hilt in his solarplexus, blade out the back with a giant nasty-bug also impaled on it.

ANGEL
Ask me to turn around?

SPIKE
Heat of battle. Didn't have time.

ANGEL
You just like stabbing me.

CONTINUED

3 CONTINUED: (2)

3

SPIKE

I'm shocked -- shocked! That you would think that. I much prefer hitting you with blunt instruments.

ANGEL

You know, we only invited you along 'cause we felt sorry for you.

SPIKE

Weren't for me you'd be bugfood so quit whinging.

FRED

Angel?

ANGEL

I'll be all right --

FRED

No I just want the bug. It's in good shape and I'd like to take it back to the lab.

(to Wes)

Always like a new specimen...

4 INT. WOLFRAM & HART - LAB - NIGHT

4

The doors slam open as a huge sarcophagus is wheeled in on a sort of gurney by an equally huge WORKMAN.

KNOX is working, looks up in surprise.

KNOX

Whoah -- hello -- what is this?

MAN

Delivery.

KNOX

Ancient relics is two floors down.

MAN

Invoice reads Science Department.
Winifred Burkle.

KNOX

Well do I have to sign...

MAN

Been signed.

CONTINUED

4 CONTINUED:

4

And he's gone. Knox looks confused, then looks closely at the sarcophagus.

It's intricately carved, with signs and runes and big damn jewels. He moves closer to it, fascinated...

KNOX

Winifred Burkle. Beauty, brains, and
a big, scary-looking coffin thing.
Some people just have it all...

He moves away. As we push in on it...

BLACK OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

5 EXT. WOLFRAM AND HART - DAY

5

To establish.

6 INT. WOLFRAM & HART - GUNN'S OFFICE - DAY

6

GUNN is moving about the office, pulling something from the fax and merrily singing (As Wesley approaches from the hall):

GUNN

THREE LITTLE MAIDS WHO ALL UNWARY/
COME FROM A LADIES' SEMINARY/ FREED
FROM ITS GENIUS TUTELARY/ THREE
LITTLE MAIDS FROM SCHOOL/ THREE
LITTLE MAI...

(sees Wes)

AND YOU DON'T STOP... WITH ALL THE
LADIES AND THE BUTT AND OH-OH AND...
GANGSTA... BUTT... What's up?

WESLEY

I should ask you. You seem
unutterably cheery.

GUNN

I am, I am. Look, I gotta be
straight with you 'cause this is kind
of blowing my mind.

WESLEY

Tell me.

GUNN

Fred and I are getting back together.

Wesley can't speak.

GUNN (cont'd)

She was so keyed up from last night's
fight she asked me over, we ended up
talking to each other for hours, like
old times and then all of a sud I
can't even keep this up 'cause your
face is gonna make me weep Wes I'm SO
messing with you.

WESLEY

I, oh, no I... next time you really
should... die.

CONTINUED

6 CONTINUED:

6

GUNN

Come on! Brother gets a dig in,
that's my right.

WESLEY

So you know that --

GUNN

It's on every Blackberry in the
building. No secrets in the House of
Pain.

WESLEY

And... is it all right? With you...
Fred and me...

GUNN

Last year you wouldn't've asked me
that question. The man becomes
civilized.

(thinks a beat)

It's a little weird, which I didn't
expect. Not a lot of women like
Fred. But I'm cool. Our thing is
long done and I know how you feel
about her.

WESLEY

Thank you.

GUNN

And to add the necessary boilerplate:
You ever hurt her, I'm a kill you
like a chicken.

WESLEY

Acceptable terms.

LORNE

(entering)

Hey Romeo, can I bump ya? I need a
word with M.C. Yum-Yum here.

GUNN

How'd you hear me --

LORNE

Vent leads right to the breakroom.
The girls from the steno are puttin'
in a request for a medley from
"Princess Ida" but what I need is to
talk residuals and merchandising.

CONTINUED

6 CONTINUED: (2)

6

GUNN

For what?

LORNE

When Angel got turned into a puppet and went on that kids show and, you know, killed that other puppet... bigger than Pokemon. There's gonna be dolls and playsets and we don't wanna let this slip away.

GUNN

I think we got tastier fish to fry.

WESLEY

Yes, you said something was up before you made that tasteless and horrible joke at my expense.

GUNN

Lindsey McDonald.

WESLEY

You know where he is?

GUNN

Settle for "was"? He can hide from the Senior Partners but not from the DWP and not from my many many ears.

He hands Wes a piece of paper.

WESLEY

He was living here?

GUNN

Under the name "Doyle." Way he was messing with Angel and Spike, could be he had some other schemes laid out. And the Senior Partners took him out fast. I don't think he had time to pack.

WESLEY

Worth checking out --

LORNE

How is this better than fluffy Angel doll rights?

WESLEY

Nice work. You should tell Angel.

CONTINUED

6 CONTINUED: (3)

6

GUNN

You can tell him.

(beat)

I ain't going in there.

They look over at Angel's office. Shouting voices can just be heard, those of Angel and Spike. The boys listen, grimacing.

WESLEY

And what is it now?

7 INT. WOLFRAM & HART - ANGEL'S OFFICE - DAY

7

Angel and Spike are in the thick of it, pacing about the conference table.

SPIKE

It's bollocks, Angel. It's your brand of bollocks from first to last.

ANGEL

You can't ever see the big picture, can you? You can't see **any** picture.

SPIKE

I'm talking about something primal. Savagery. Brutal, animal instinct.

ANGEL

And that wins out every time with you. The human race has **evolved**, Spike.

SPIKE

Into a bunch of mamby-pamby self-analyzing wankers that could never hope to overcome pure aggressors --

ANGEL

(on "never")

We're smarter -- and we're bigger! Plus there's a thing called teamwork, not to mention the superstitious terror of your "pure aggressors" --

SPIKE

(overlapping)

You just want it to be the way you --

ANGEL

It's not about what I want!

CONTINUED

7 CONTINUED:

7

WESLEY

Sorry. Is this something we should
all be discussing?

They stop, seeing he has entered.

ANGEL

No.

WESLEY

It just sounds a little serious.

ANGEL

It was mostly... theoretical, we --

SPIKE

We were working out a...

(laying it out:)

If cavemen and astronauts got into a
fight, who would win?

Looong beat.

WESLEY

Ah.

Smaller beat.

WESLEY (cont'd)

You've been yelling at each other for
forty minutes about this.

No reply.

WESLEY (cont'd)

Do the astronauts have weapons?

SPIKE/ANGEL

No.

8 INT. WOLFRAM & HART - LAB - DAY

8

Fred is looking over the sarcophagus.

FRED

It is beautiful, sort of.

KNOX

I couldn't find any invoice for it.
I thought maybe you went crazy on E-
Bay.

CONTINUED

8 CONTINUED:

8

FRED

No, no E-Bay. After the commemorative plate incident, I'm living clean. Did you run a spectral analysis?

KNOX

Everything's bouncing off it. Which doesn't thrill me.

FRED

Yeah, let's not be hasty about opening it. Probably just a mummy, but...

KNOX

Mummies can be a lot more trouble than you'd think. And you're seeing Wesley now.

FRED

(thrown)

Uh, oh. Okay. That's not connected to mummies in some way...?

KNOX

No, I just wanted to get it out there... I want you to know I'm totally good with it. I know I made... advances...

FRED

I'm sorry --

KNOX

No, no! The concept of "out of my league" is not unknown to me.

FRED

It's not about leagues.

KNOX

Well, I just hope I didn't make you uncomfortable. 'Cause I love working with you. And that's plenty for me.

FRED

You're sweet.

KNOX

You want me to get our hazmats on this baby?

CONTINUED

8 CONTINUED: (2)

8

Fred examines it closely.

FRED

Yeah.

(as he exits)

And see about where it came from...

She furrows her brow, looking closer. Slowly, almost involuntarily, she moves her hand toward a jewel in the center.

She touches it, and a spiraled sort of 'mouth' opens, a bit of air blowing at Fred. She moves back, startled, coughs once as the mouth recloses.

KNOX

(re-entering)

What happened?

FRED

I don't know! It opened... there was air...

KNOX

Are you okay?

FRED

I think so... That was odd.

KNOX

If you breathed anything in there, you should get checked out right now.

FRED

Yeah, I guess. It didn't smell bad...

KNOX

Better safe. I'll get the boys to suit up and work this thing over. You scoot over to medical and get tested. I don't want you going down with mummy fever.

FRED

Thanks. And Knox?
(he turns to her)
Thanks.

9 INT. WOLFRAM & HART - ANGEL'S OFFICE - DAY

9

Angel sits at his desk. Spike enters.

CONTINUED

9 CONTINUED:

9

SPIKE

Harmony pulled me out of a very promising game of poker down in accounts receivable, so this better be good -- oh, and all of the guys down there agree that astronauts don't stand a chance against cavemen, so don't even start.

ANGEL

Look. I can't do this any more.

SPIKE

Admitting defeat, are you?

ANGEL

You and me. It isn't working out.

SPIKE

Are you saying we should start annoying other people?

ANGEL

I'm saying you should go.

SPIKE

Really can't stand the competition, can you?

ANGEL

(bridling)

That isn't the --

(chills)

The way I figure it, Lindsey brought you back as a spirit bound to this place so you'd become invested in it. He only made you corporeal once you'd gotten used to it. Attached to it.

SPIKE

I'm not Attached. I just don't have anywhere else to go.

ANGEL

What if you did?

(off Spike's look)

Wolfram and Hart has offices in every major city in the world, and a lot more out of it.

CONTINUED

9 CONTINUED: (2)

9

SPIKE

And I'd what, sit behind a desk all day while everyone plotted my death? Not in this eternity.

ANGEL

Then work the streets. I'll give you the resources you need to go anywhere: cars, gadgets, expense account -- you fight the good fight. But in style. And if possible, in Outer Mongolia.

SPIKE

Roving agent. Sort of a Double-Oh-Seven without the poncy tux. Go anywhere I want.

ANGEL

Anywhere. Everywhere.

SPIKE

Always did love Tuscany this time of year. How does that strike you? Buffy looks up from her Cinzano to see me stepping out of the old Aston Martin. That's an entrance might be worth the making.

ANGEL

So you'll consider my offer.

SPIKE

Hell with that. It's taken.

(exiting)

I want it in writing, though. I don't trust you corporate types. And I don't wanna end up at some youth hostel in Brugenstag 'cause my charge-card dried up.

ANGEL

(quiet contempt)

Bon voyage.

10 INT. WOLFRAM & HART - UPSTAIRS/LOBBY - DAY

10

Lorne and Fred are walking together towards the stairs.

FRED

But that doesn't make any sense.

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED:

10

LORNE

I call it like I see it.

FRED

But the cavemen have fire, that's
what they live with in their caves!
So the Astronauts should at least
have some kind of weapon...

She stops just at the top of the stairs, smiling at something.

FRED (cont'd)

Hey there.

REVERSE ON WES, just coming up, smiling as well.

WESLEY

Hello. I was on my way to thinking
of an excuse to come and see you.

FRED

How's it working out?

WESLEY

Really great. Where are you coming
from?

FRED

Medical. I breathed some old mummy
dust, hadda make sure I didn't
discover any new germs.

WESLEY

And you're all right?

FRED

They shoood me right off. Mummy-free.

WESLEY

I was hoping to take you out tomorrow
night, and I don't feature you
wrapped in bandages.

FRED

Take me out where?

WESLEY

Can it be a secret?

LORNE

(elbowing past)

Sheesh! Get a balcony, you two.

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

FRED
(to Lorne)
You'll still find me for lunch
though, right?

LORNE
I'll just look where the sun shines.
(sings)
YOU ARE MY SUNSHINE, MY ONLY
SUNSHINE...

FRED
(quietly, to Wes)
YOU MAKE ME HAPPY...

Lorne's head whips back in desperate alarm.

Fred coughs blood all over Wesley's face.

She pitches down the stairs, Lorne just there to catch her,
Wesley grabbing her as she convulses --

WESLEY
Get medical! Someone get medical now!

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

11 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

11

Fred opens her eyes, looking pale and sweaty. She sees Wes, Gunn, Angel, Spike, Lorne and Knox all gathered round her.

FRED

It's my boys... haven't had this many big strapping men at my bedside since that night with the Varsity LaCrosse team...

They all look a tad uncomfortable.

FRED (cont'd)

That was a joke. Not my best joke ever, but y'all look like you're gonna poo, so somebody better give me a prognosis.

WESLEY

How do you feel?

FRED

Trampled.

LORNE

You gave us all a big scare, Freddles.

ANGEL

You just need to rest. Lab's doing a little bloodwork.

FRED

I'm a mummy, aren't I?

SPIKE

I've fought plenty of mummies and none of them were as pretty as you. Almost none.

FRED

Now y'all are being too comforting. What's really up.

GUNN

You're sick, and you're making it worse by worrying.

CONTINUED

11 CONTINUED:

11

KNOX

We've got that sarcophagus under the scope. If it gave you anything we'll isolate it in a few hours.

FRED

So you don't know what it is.

ANGEL

Yet.

FRED

Okay.

ANGEL

We're gonna work this. You need anything, you holler. Shouldn't be long.

FRED

Handsome man saves me.

ANGEL

(smiles)

That's how it works...

(to the guys)

Let's get cracking.

The guys disperse, Gunn running his hand over hers. Wes stays behind.

FRED

"Get cracking". He's such an old foggy.

WESLEY

Are you comfortable?

FRED

I'll be okay.

WESLEY

Yes you will. I've made reservations and I've no intention of cancelling them.

FRED

I know you have to go be bookman.

*

CONTINUED

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

WESLEY

Yes, this is a job for...

(points to a phone)

But just hit that line and I'll be
here in a heartbeat.

FRED

Assuming I still have one.

WESLEY

Hush.

He kisses her forehead.

ANGLE: ANGEL AND SPIKE

Have remained, are a distance away.

ANGEL

Wes and Fred?

SPIKE

You didn't know?

He watches them a moment.

ANGEL

I didn't know.

They head out.

12 INT. WOLFRAM & HART - LOBBY - DAY

12

Wes joins the boys and they all make their way down from the
infirmary to the center of the lobby as they talk:

ANGEL

How is she taking it?

WESLEY

She's smarter than all of us put
together. She knows it's bad.

GUNN

How bad? What do we know?

KNOX

Whatever she's got, it doesn't match
up with any of the pathogens in our
archive. It's mystical and it's not
ours.

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED:

12

ANGEL

What about the sarcophagus?

WESLEY

My team is cross checking the symbols
but it's also new territory for us.

GUNN

Angel, what exactly is happening to
her. You talked to the doc --

WESLEY

They have something?

ANGEL

Yeah, I... some parasitic agent is
working its way -- I mean as near as
they can tell --

WESLEY

(as they land)

Get to the point.

ANGEL

Her organs are cooking. In a day's
time they'll liquefy.

They take this in.

SPIKE

No. Not this girl. Not this day.

ANGEL

Wes, you've gotta find out what was
in that box. I need a name, a
history --

KNOX

We can't get it open. Not even the
lasers --

WESLEY

Where did it come from?

KNOX

Showed up. No return address and I
didn't recognize the guy who brought
it. In, now that I think of it, the
middle of the night.

ANGEL

This was deliberate.

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

LORNE
Senior Partners?

GUNN
Doesn't add up, but I'll hit the
white room, talk to the conduit.

ANGEL
If the partners didn't do this, you
gotta get them to help us.

GUNN
Any way I can.

SPIKE
What about Doyle -- ah, Lindsey? Man
loves to play his games...

ANGEL
I was looking to work the streets,
and we've got his address. For all
we know he's sitting there laughing.
(to Spike)
If there's muscle work --

SPIKE
-- let's make it twice as fast.

LORNE
(points to himself)
And baby makes three. In case
anybody feels like singing.

ANGEL
Good. Guys --

WESLEY
You don't have to say it.

ANGEL
I'll say it anyway.
(looks at them)
Winifred Burkle. Go.

They all split up.

13 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

13

Fred lies there, breathing heavily. Fighting the pain.

14 INT. WOLFRAM & HART - WESLEY'S OFFICE - DAY

14

A text magically appears on a book. Widen to see Wes looking at it, flipping pages...

A few of his team are in the room as well, moving about, working...

A LAWYER pokes his head in.

LAWYER

I'm sorry to interrupt, I just need to know if the Holbein Clan history was here, it was supposed to be faxed to my office...

WESLEY

It can wait.

LAWYER

These guys are really important, I just need the... I mean the whole company can't be working Ms. Burkle's case.

WESLEY

Of course.

He pulls a .45 from his desk drawer and shoots out one of the Lawyer's knees without ever looking at him. SCREAMING, the guy drops. Wes's receptionist looks in, shocked.

WESLEY (cont'd)

Jennifer. Please send anyone else who isn't working Ms. Burkle's case to me.

His eyes always on the book.

15 INT. WOLFRAM & HART - WHITE ROOM - DAY

15

Gunn is alone. He looks about him...

GUNN

Hello? Here kitty kitty... I know there's someone in here and it ain't just me.

(nothing)

I got important business here. The most important. I'm not going anywhere til --

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED:

15

A fist SLAMS into his jaw, sends him hard to the ground. He looks up at the creature that hit him, quiet surprise on his face.

GUNN (cont'd)

Well what do you know? It is just me.

REVERSE ON: GUNN. No cat, no little girl, it's our boy himself, dressed the same, every inch the same save the glowering intensity of his pitiless gaze.

GUNN 2

You don't wanna be here.

GUNN

I never wanna be here. What happened to the cat?

GUNN 2

The physical form of the conduit is determined by the viewer.

GUNN

(rising)

So I'm looking at me because, what, we're gonna play a mirror game? Get our mime on?

GUNN 2

You are failing.

GUNN

I'm not the issue here.

GUNN 2

I believe that you think that.

GUNN

You can't let this happen to Fred.

GUNN 2

This is the part where I need to be clear.

He flatheels Gunn's chest, sends him into the wall extremely painfully. Advances on him, a little Preacher creeping into his voice.

GUNN 2 (cont'd)

I'm not your flunky. I'm not your friend.

(more)

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

GUNN 2 (cont'd)

I am your conduit to the Senior Partners and they are tired of your insolence, oh yeah, they are not here for your convenience. If you want Winifred Burkle to live through the night you solve the problem yourself.

GUNN

I didn't come for a favor. We can make a deal.

*

GUNN 2

(disdainfully)

Deals are for the devil.

GUNN

You want someone else? A life for hers. You'll get it. You can have mine.

*
*
*
*

GUNN 2

I already do.

*
*

He slams Gunn down out of frame. A beat, and he hits him again.

WHITE OUT.

16 INT. LINDSEY'S BEDROOM - DAY

16

We pull away from the door as we hear the front door crashing open.

*
*

ANGEL (O.S.)

Figured Lindsey's newfound strength had demon in it.

*
*
*

SPIKE (O.S.)

So we can just walk in. Nice.

*

LORNE (O.S.)

Kitchen's an unholy mess.

ANGEL (O.S.)

Check everything.

He passes by the door way. Stops, comes back. Stares.

ANGEL

Well I'll be damned all over again.

CONTINUED

16 CONTINUED:

16

Swing round to see Eve, sitting on the bed in what must be one of Lindsey's shirts, looking about as messy as the bedroom, and righteously freaked.

EVE

Don't touch me!

He enters, as do the others. Lorne moves to one side, to let the two vamps approach the bed.

ANGEL

Hiding out from the Senior Partners, Eve? How many sick days do you get before they dock you?

EVE

What do you want?

ANGEL

Fred's dying. Some mystical parasite. Ring a bell?

EVE

I don't know what you're talking about.

SPIKE

What about your boyfriend, luv? He have some wacky scheme brewing? Sending coffins about?

EVE

You two stay away from me.

ANGEL

Look, Eve, this happens quickly or very very slowly.

SPIKE

Sarcophagus. Older than anything we know.

EVE

Lindsey and I had nothing to do with that I'm not lying I'm not.

(looks around)

Have you... heard from him? About him?

SPIKE

Oh this is truly poetical.

CONTINUED

16 CONTINUED: (2)

16

ANGEL

You're not saying what we need to hear.

EVE

(standing)

Why would we do anything to Fred?
Why would we even care about her?

Lorne punches her in the face, sends her back onto the bed.
As she sits up, blood on her lip...

LORNE

Ow! Hey, sorry, that was a knuckle buster! I'm Jake LaMotta over here, it's pathetic!

(leaning into her)

Here's the thing. Eve. You're gonna sing for me, and I'm gonna read you. Right now. And here's one more thing: Winifred Burkle once told me, after a sinful amount of chinese food and in lieu of absolutely nothing, she said "I think a lot of people would be green if they could. Your shade. If they had the choice." If I hear one note, one quarter-note that tells me you were involved in this these two won't have time to kill you. Anything by Diane Warren will also result in your death. Except "Rhythm of the Night".

EVE

I wanna help, I swear to you. I've got nothing against Fred --

ANGEL

Say it with a song in your heart.

She looks at all of them, awkwardly...

EVE

(song Lindsey sang in
Caritas)

Pretty as a picture, she is like a golden ring. Settles me with love and laughter, I can't feel a thing.

*
*
*
*
*

Lorne stares at her.

LORNE

She's clean.

CONTINUED

16 CONTINUED: (3)

16

ANGEL

You've been wrong before.

LORNE

And I might be now. But she reads clean. Future's not too bright, but...

EVE

What do you mean?

LORNE

Hey, nothing's written in stone, lately, but if I was facing your future I'd make like Carmen Miranda and **die**.

They all start to leave.

EVE

Wait. Please... are you gonna tell the Senior Partners where I am?

SPIKE

Hell of a bargaining chip...

EVE

They can't help you! I mean it, if...

ANGEL

(seething)

Give.

EVE

You're talking about a sarcophagus that doesn't match anything in our records? There's nothing that's not in our records --

(before they can speak)

-- except what came before. The Old Ones.

ANGEL

The original Demons. From before humankind. They were all driven out of this dimension.

CONTINUED

16 CONTINUED: (4)

16

EVE

The ones that were still alive. But long before that, they were killing each other all the time and they don't die the way we do. Wesley may not know it, but his source books can conjure up anything, not just our own stock. Tell him to look for the texts that are forgotten, the oldest scrolls. You need to find the Deeper Well.

*
*
*
*

17 INT. WOLFRAM & HART - WESLEY'S OFFICE - DAY

17

The group is gathered once more. Gunn is bruised and cut, sitting heavily. Wes at the desk, book before him. On the open page is text and a picture of the sarcophagus.

WESLEY

It's called Illyria. A great warrior king in the demon age. Murdered by rivals and left adrift in the Deeper Well.

ANGEL

Which is what?

WESLEY

A burial ground. The resting place of all the remaining Old Ones.

GUNN

'Cept this one ain't resting.

WESLEY

No. I don't think it's merely an infection. Fred's skin is... hardening. Like a shell. I think she's being hollowed out, so this thing can use her... to gestate. To claw its way back into the world. That's speculation. Either way she dies.

ANGEL

Do we have any chance of finding this Deeper Well?

WESLEY

I already have. It's in England, in the Cotswolds.

(more)

CONTINUED

17 CONTINUED:

17

WESLEY (cont'd)
(hands him a piece of
paper)
That's the location -- to the inch.

LORNE
And here I made fun of all that book-
learnin'.

WESLEY
You just have to know to be looking
for it.

ANGEL
Lorne, tell Harmony to prep the jet.
(to Spike)
We can be there in ten hours.

KNOX
You can be there in four.
(off their looks)
We have really good jets.

WESLEY
It will have a guardian. Maybe
several.

SPIKE
Let 'em send an army.

GUNN
How do we know going there is gonna
do squat?

WESLEY
The Deeper Well is almost like a
prison for the dead. If something
gets out, it's written that they can
be drawn back. From the source.

ANGEL
That's our shot.

WESLEY
We'll keep working here, but, yes, I
think it is.

LORNE
(returning)
If nobody thinks it's too ridiculous,
I'm gonna go and pray.

CONTINUED

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

WESLEY
No, it's appreciated.
(to Angel)
Time is not on our side.

SPIKE
Nobody's on our side.

ANGEL
(to Spike)
Come on. Let's save the day.

18 INT. WOLFRAM & HART - LOBBY - CONTINUING

18

As the two of them exit, big-ass power shot.

19 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

19

On Fred, in a delirium of pain.

Her eyes open suddenly.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

20 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

20

Wesley enters, book in hand, and goes to Fred's bed.
It's empty.

21 INT. WOLFRAM & HART - LAB - DAY

21

A beaker shatters on the ground.

WIDEN to see Fred making her way to the computer, labcoat draped over her shoulders. She is so pale, and faint blue splotches are beginning to show on her skin.

She sits on a high stool and starts working the computer, having trouble focussing. She goes over to the table she left her glasses on, barely handing herself off from counter to counter, as Wesley enters at a good clip.

WESLEY

Fred you can't be doing this.

FRED

(dismissive)

Please Wesley. I am exactly... the person to be doing this. Something could have been missed.

WESLEY

Whatever it is that's happening we will stop it I swear to you.

FRED

I have to work.

WESLEY

You have to lie down!

FRED

I am not --

Bitter tears spring into her eyes as she fires out:

FRED (cont'd)

I am not the damsel in distress, I'm not some case... I have to work this thing. I lived in a cave for five years, in a world where they killed my kind like cattle.

(more)

CONTINUED

21 CONTINUED:

21

FRED (cont'd)
I'm not gonna be cut down by some
monster flu. I'm better than that.

She looks at him defiantly a moment.

FRED (cont'd)
What a wonder.
(looks away)
How very scared I am.

He comes to her, leaves his book on the counter, saying:

WESLEY
I swear on my life that we will stop
this. But you must be back in bed.
That's where I need you to fight.

He tries to put his hands on her arms -- she jerks away --

FRED
Like I'm six years old --

-- and faints, Wes grabbing her, keeping her up. A moment
and she focuses on him.

FRED (cont'd)
This is a house of death.
(looks at his book)
That can call up every book you need?

WESLEY
Every one.

FRED
Then bring it. Take me home.

22 INT. PRIVATE JET - DAY

22

Spike and Angel sit on either side, both looking out their
respective windows. Angel has his seatbelt on -- Spike is
actually having trouble figuring his out. They're both
slightly nervous.

SPIKE
I've never flown before.

ANGEL
I've been in a helicopter... they
don't... go this high...

Beat.

CONTINUED

22 CONTINUED:

22

SPIKE

Back to the mother country. After we
save Fred we should hit the West End,
take in a show.

ANGEL

I've never seen Les Miz...

SPIKE

Trust me, halfway through the first
act you'll be drinking humans again.

Beat.

ANGEL

I can't lose her, Spike.

SPIKE

You won't.

Angel looks out his window..

ANGEL

I lost Cordy...

23 EXT. PRIVATE JET - CONTINUING

23

As it whips through the air.

24 INT. WOLFRAM & HART - GUNN'S OFFICE - DAY

24

Gunn is on the phone, agitated.

GUNN

No, you're not hearing me. I know
you got healers working for you... I
don't care if the Old Ones scare
them -- I don't care if the Old Ones
KILL them, get their asses over here
or you're gonna be in a world of
hurt. No, I'm not talking lawsuit,
I'm talking bones that go crunch.
And if you --

The other party hangs up. Gunn looks at the phone, then
slams it down.

KNOX

We freeze her.

Gunn looks up as Knox enters.

CONTINUED

24 CONTINUED:

24

KNOX (cont'd)

Take her down to cryogenics... if we can't stop this, maybe we can just, you know, freeze it. In its tracks, until we come up with...

GUNN

You know for sure you can do that?

KNOX

Let's test it out.

25 INT. FRED'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

25

SERIES OF DISSOLVES

Wes carries Fred in and lays her on the bed.

Wes wipes her face and arms with a cloth.

Wes reads his big mystical book as Fred sleeps.

We are on that last as he hears a slightly raspy voice:

FRED

I finally get you up to my bedroom... and all you wanna do is read.

WESLEY

You dozed off. Am I making too much noise?

FRED

Not enough. I need noise to keep me here. Is it today? I mean...

WESLEY

You only slept an hour.

FRED

That's an hour I don't got now.

WESLEY

Angel and Spike are on their way to finding your cure. I shouldn't like to be the thing standing in their way.

FRED

And the bookman?

CONTINUED

25 CONTINUED:

25

WESLEY

The bookman came through. I think I
gave them what they need. Now I'm
just...

(flips pages)
looking...

FRED

(sitting up)

Feigenbaum!

WESLEY

What?

FRED

I have to find him! He's the master
of... I have to have Feigenbaum here.

WESLEY

Who is Feigenbaum?

Tears again in her eyes as she answers...

FRED

I don't remember...

She breaks down and he holds her, trying to keep it together.

WESLEY

Shhh... Sssshhhh.....

A little while, and she comes back.

FRED

Is it terrible, time like this, I'm
worried how crappy I look?

WESLEY

You're the most beautiful thing I've
ever seen in my life.

FRED

You always liked splotchy girls?

WESLEY

It's my curse.

FRED

Read to me.

WESLEY

"The Dread Host's Compendium of
Immortal Leeches?"

CONTINUED

25 CONTINUED: (2)

25

FRED

Can that be any book in the world?

WESLEY

Name one.

DISSOLVE TO:

26 INT. FRED'S BEDROOM - SUNSET

26

The room is redder, the shadows lengthening. Fred, lying, looks up at the ceiling, while Wes reads softly:

WESLEY

"She was such a little girl that one did not expect to see such a look on her small face. It would have been an old look for a child of twelve, and Sara Crewe was only seven. The fact was, however, that she was always dreaming and thinking odd things and could not herself remember any time when she had not been thinking things about grown up people and the world they belonged to. She felt as if she had lived a long, long time."

We end on the tableau: the woman in bed, the man beside her reading, the darkening room.

27 EXT. ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

27

Trees and grass and the like. A car pulls up, Angel and Spike stepping out, looking around them.

SPIKE

When is a door not a door? When it's not sodding well there.

ANGEL

That tree. Right there. You wanna bet that's the entrance to the Deeper Well?

SPIKE

Either that or Christmasland...
(off Angel's look)
Don't you ever have any fun?

CONTINUED

27 CONTINUED:

27

There is a flash, and two demon warriors are suddenly running at them from the tree. They are dressed with a medieval bent, swords in hand, helmets covering all but their grotesque mouths.

ANGEL

I'm about to...

SPIKE

And they even brought us weapons.
Strategy?

ANGEL

Just hold my hand.

He holds out his hand. Amused, Spike takes it in his. His eyes light up.

SPIKE

(remembering)

St. Petersburg.

ANGEL

Thought you'd forgotten.

The warriors reach them and each man spins away and pulls taut the wire they clasped -- the warriors charge headlong into it and are beheaded as cleanly as Citizen Capet.

They drop to the ground, heads rolling, as there is a flash and two more appear, very similar in appearance. Angel and Spike both grab swords from the ground and engage, making short work of them even as there is another flash, and another -- it's two to a man and still Angel and Spike are beyond efficient, brutal and balletic.

28 INT. WOLFRAM & HART - LAB - NIGHT

28

Knox has a frozen bar held under the microscope, freezing smoke rising off it. Gunn looks over his shoulder. A moment, then:

KNOX

Dammit.

GUNN

Don't say dammit. You got me all up
in this Walt Disney mojo, don't tell
me it's --

CONTINUED

28 CONTINUED:

28

KNOX

They're impervious. To cold. Her blood sample freezes but they just keep working like it's a sunny day in L.A. I'm sorry.

GUNN

Okay, so it's a bust. What else we got?

KNOX

I don't... it's hard to think, I'm so nervous. Look I'd never tell her this, but I care about Fred more than anyone I ever... she's like no one I've met, you know?

GUNN

I do.

KNOX

And nothing would make me happier than to be the white knight here. To have her look at me the way I... I don't just 'care about' Fred. I practically worship it.

There is a beat. Gunn looks up.

GUNN

You said, "it."

KNOX

What?

GUNN

Not "her". You said, "I worship it."

A beat. Knox smiles.

KNOX

Oops.

29 EXT. ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

29

The pile of bodies is considerably bigger now and Spike and Angel haven't let up for a second.

Angel guts the last one, turns and yells at the night:

ANGEL

Is that all? We haven't even started!

CONTINUED

29 CONTINUED:

29

There is another flash -- and a LONE MAN in a sort of monk's robe appears. He is strong, middle-aged, a man out of time, with noble bearing and a beard with traces of grey.

DROGYN

I'd say that's enough.

A beat, as the two look him over.

ANGEL

Drogyn.

DROGYN

Angel.

Spike looks at the two of them.

ANGEL

You're the keeper of the Well.

DROGYN

I have been for decades. It would not have been my first choice, but I go where they send me.

SPIKE

Well who the hell are --

DROGYN

Do not. Ask me a question. If you ever ask me a single question I will kill you outright and don't think for a moment that I can't.

ANGEL

(to Spike)

He can, he would.

SPIKE

Heh?

DROGYN

You're here about Illyria.

ANGEL

Yes.

DROGYN

You shouldn't have come.

SPIKE

(re: corpses)

That's what they thought.

CONTINUED

29 CONTINUED: (2)

29

DROGYN

Yes. You're here, anyway. Walk in.

SPIKE

But how --

Drogyn turns sharply, murder in his eyes.

DROGYN

What did I just say to you not one minute ago? Don't. Ask.

He stalks off, causing an off-screen flash.

ANGEL

Seriously. He doesn't like questions.

SPIKE

Why the bloody hell not?

ANGEL

(leaving)

He can't lie.

As Spike takes this in...

30 INT. WOLFRAM & HART - LAB - NIGHT

30

Knox crashes back into a bunch of equipment, Gunn holding his forearms. Knox isn't even putting up a fight. He is obscenely serene. Even cheerful. Gunn not so much.

GUNN

You did this! You did all of this!

KNOX

Technically, that's not the case. I just played my part --

GUNN

Why, you couldn't stand the thought of Wesley winning her so you kill her?

KNOX

(shakes free)

No! I meant everything I said about her. I chose Fred because I love her. Because she's worthy. You think I'd have my God hatched out of some schmuck?

(more)

CONTINUED

30 CONTINUED:

30

KNOX (cont'd)

This was all set in motion millions
of years ago, Charles -- there's just
no way to stop it.

GUNN

(sudden worry)

Angel and Spike --

KNOX

Oh, they're on the right track. That
freaked me out, Wes knocked it out of
the park there -- but it doesn't
matter. Angel's not gonna save her.

GUNN

You don't know Angel.

KNOX

I'm not being clear. I don't mean
Angel's gonna fail to save her. I
mean he's going to let her die.

Gunn stares at him.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

31 INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

31

Drogyn holds a torch -- the only light in the tiny, rounded stone corridor -- and moves at a brisk clip, the others following.

DROGYN

I never would have thought you'd end up here, Angel.

ANGEL

I could say the same.

SPIKE

So you two know each other.

Drogyn whips his head back.

SPIKE (cont'd)

(a little quickly --)

That's a statement. I already know that you do.

DROGYN

Angel and I have met.

ANGEL

Twice.

(to Drogyn)

We have no time here.

DROGYN

I'll tell you as much as I can. The Old Ones were demons pure, and they warred as we would breathe, endlessly. The greater ones were interned, for death was not always their end. Some might rise again the next day, some would lie in stasis for millennia. Illyria was feared and beloved as few are. It was lain to rest in the very depths of the Well. Until it disappeared a month ago.

SPIKE

Someone took it from under your nose a month ago and you didn't miss it till now. That makes you quite the crap jailer, doesn't it?

(more)

CONTINUED

31 CONTINUED:

31

SPIKE (cont'd)
(defiantly, as Drogyn
turns)
Also a statement.

DROGYN
(to Angel)
Your friend likes to talk.

ANGEL
So much he's even right sometimes.
The man I remember couldn't be stolen
from so easily.

DROGYN
The tomb was not stolen. It
disappeared. I believe it was
predestined to, as part of Illyria's
escape plan. And as for my not
noticing...

32 INT. THE DEEPER WELL - CONTINUING

32

As they enter:

DROGYN
Well my charges are not few.

As he says it, we see them stepping onto a bridge in a
chamber lit from below with an unearthly glow. Pull up and
back to reveal that glow comes from an endless tunnel down
into the bowls of the earth. Six sarcophagi, all alien in
shape and design, float several feet below them. And six
more below them. And again, as far as the eye can make out.

Angel and Spike look down, amazed.

SPIKE
(whispers)
Bloody Hell...

ANGEL
How far down does this go?

DROGYN
All the way. All the way through the
earth.

The two of them take that in, then Angel turns to Drogyn
again.

CONTINUED

32 CONTINUED:

32

ANGEL

So the coffin disappeared,
teleported. But it was brought to us.

DROGYN

Illyria was a great power. So great
that after millions of years dead,
somewhere on this earth it still has
acolytes.

33 INT. WOLFRAM & HART - LAB - NIGHT

33

Knox explains to Gunn:

KNOX

There's just a few of us now. I came
to L.A. because that's where I knew
its kingdom had been. It was
supposed to teleport to its base of
power but the continents drifted,
which they do. I had others help me
get it here and it was stuck in would
you believe it customs. But you took
care of that.

Gunn's anger drains into a quiet horror. And Knox pulls a
piece of paper from his pocket to confirm Gunn's worst fear.

KNOX (cont'd)

You signed the order that brought it
to this lab so you could get another
brain-boost. Like I said, I was only
one small part. Of a great machine.

Gunn starts pacing around, unable to accept what he's hearing.

GUNN

Angel's gonna save her.

KNOX

What he's fighting against is older
than the concept of time. I couldn't
stop it. There's nothing to do now
but wait. Wait and try to figure out
exactly what you want to tell your
friends about what happened --

Gunn SLAMS the microscope into Knox's head, knocking him
clean out. Drops down and continues hitting him, murder in
his eyes.

34 INT. FRED'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

34

Fred screams in pain, her body rippling with crusting agony.

Wes pulls out a syringe from a packet marked MORPHINE, tries to grab her arm. Her veins are easy to find -- but the needle breaks on it.

FRED

AhHAAHoh God I've sinned, I've sinned
and I'm being punished, I don't know
what's wrong I never got a B- before,
I'm sorry I'm sorry make it stop...

Her babble ends in dry retching. Wesley looks at her, helpless, but the pain subsides. She looks around, seeing him.

FRED (cont'd)

Why did we go there? Why did we
think we could beat it? It's evil,
Wesley. It's bigger than anything.

WESLEY

(tears welling)

I don't believe that.

She scrambles back against the wall, crouched.

FRED

(to the air)

I'm with him!

(to Wesley)

You won't leave me now. We're so
close.

WESLEY

I will never leave you.

FRED

Ooh, that was bad. But it's better
now. You won't leave me.

WESLEY

I won't.

FRED

My boys... I walk with heroes, think
about that.

WESLEY

You are one.

CONTINUED

34 CONTINUED:

34

FRED

Superhero. This is my power. To not
let them take me. Not me.

WESLEY

That's right.

FRED

(quietly)

That's right.

A long moment, as she relaxes a bit. She shakily takes Wes's
hand, holds it to her breast.

FRED (cont'd)

He's with me.

35 INT. THE DEEPER WELL - NIGHT

35

Drogyn looks disturbed.

DROGYN

It's been freed. The demon's essence.

SPIKE

Yes it's been freed -- Why do you
think we're here?

Drogyn glares --

SPIKE (cont'd)

And what's your favorite color?
What's your favorite song? Who's the
goalkeeper for Manchester United and
(two-finger salute)
How many fingers am I holding up?
You wanna kill me, try. I don't have
time for your quirks. This thing,
this dead thing is in our friend.
Now how do we get it out?

ANGEL

Answer.

DROGYN

(indicating the next
chamber)

The power to draw Illyria back lies
in there. It requires a champion who
has traveled from where it lies to
where it belongs.

CONTINUED

35 CONTINUED:

35

ANGEL

You got two of those right here.

DROGYN

But I didn't know it was free. It's in your friend.

SPIKE

Cookin' her organs, yeah, let's move.

DROGYN

We can save her --

SPIKE

Then get on the --

DROGYN

But there's a price.

ANGEL

There's no price I won't pay.

DROGYN

You ~~won't~~ pay, because you're already dead. It can't use you.

ANGEL

Tell us.

DROGYN

If we draw the sarcophagus back to the Well Illyria will be drawn out of your friend. And into every single person between here and there. Whether or not the beast succeeds in hatching inside your friend, it is stuck there. But we draw it out -- it would be the mystical equivalent of 'airborne'. It will claw into every soul in its path to keep from being trapped entire. Tens, maybe hundreds of thousands will become lesser hosts. Will die in agony. If you save her.

This sits.

ANGEL

No.

DROGYN

I'm sorry.

CONTINUED

35 CONTINUED: (2)

35

SPIKE

That's madness.

DROGYN

This is the place of madness. It's
your friend's life, or... so many
others.

(a beat)

I'll prepare the spell. It's your
call.

He exits. The men say nothing. A moment, and Spike slams
his fist down on the railing, time after time.

Another silence.

ANGEL

The Hell with the world.

He stalks off after Drogyn.

36 INT. FRED'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

36

Fred is huddled on the bed, shaking slightly. When she
speaks, she's weaker than before, but more coherent.

FRED

Will you read to me some more?

WESLEY

Of course, I --

FRED

The light hurts my eyes. But I don't
want you to turn it off. But it
hurts my eyes. Everything's so
bright and hollow... I thought it was
supposed to get dimmer... Cavemen
win. Of course the cavemen win.

She gasps, arching back, and breathes shakily for a moment.
He moves closer to support her... her voice betrays her
pain...

FRED (cont'd)

I can't do this, this isn't right...
there's so many things I had to say.
I have opinions on several issues...
I never... except for the five years
I spent in a hell dimension I've
never been outside the U.S.

(more)

CONTINUED

36 CONTINUED:

36

FRED (cont'd)

I've never worked the word
"dodecahedron" into a sentence
without it sounding really forced.

(suddenly urgent)

I'm never gonna love you. I could've
loved you, I would have, I have to
say that to you --

WESLEY

I'm gonna remind you of that in the
morning...

FRED

Yes, Angel's gonna save me and make
me feel a fool...

37 INT. THE DEEPER WELL - NIGHT

37

Angel stands in the doorway, his back to us. He has not made
it through.

A moment and he turns back, moves toward Spike, helpless
admission in his eyes.

ANGEL

Spike --

SPIKE

(he already knows)

This goes all the way through to the
other side. So I figure there's a
bloke somewhere around New Zealand,
standing on a bridge like this one
and looking back down at us. All the
way down.

(softly)

There's a hole in the world. Feel
like we ought to have known.

Angel says nothing. He can't.

38 INT. FRED'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

38

FRED

Will you kiss me?

Wesley does, softly. They stay close.

FRED (cont'd)

Would you have loved me?

CONTINUED

38 CONTINUED:

38

WESLEY

(smiles softly)

I've loved you since I've known you.
No, it's not... I think maybe even
before.

FRED

I'm so sorry --

WESLEY

No, no...

She arches again, coughing.

FRED

You have to talk to my parents. They
need to know that I wasn't scared...
that it was quick, that I wasn't
scared -- kkkkkah -- oh god --

WESLEY

You have to fight. You don't have to
talk, just concentrate on fighting,
just hold on...

FRED

I'm not scared I'm not scared I'm not
scared -- Wesley... please why can't
I stay...

He buries his face in her neck, succumbing. She stares out
into nothing, sees nothing. Ceases.

WESLEY

Please... please...

A moment more, holding her, and he realizes that she is dead.
He remains motionless, wrapped in her.

There is a pause.

EXTREME CLOSE ON: HER EYE. Open, dead. A blue frost
suddenly, cracklingly covers the whole eyeball.

She bucks like a greenbroke horse, throws him off in the
power of it, thrashing and twitching on the ground for a few
moments -- he reaches for her --

ANGLE: She rises into an empty frame, all the fear gone from
her face. Her new face.

CONTINUED

38 CONTINUED: (2)

38

Her eyes are blue, patterned without pupils. A similar color has crept in at the edges of her face in a striking mottle that has even bled streaks of blue into her hair.

Wesley, still on the ground, looks up at her, hope giving way to horror.

She looks at her hands. At her new body. She speaks without undo emphasis.

ILLYRIA

This will do.

BLACK OUT.

THE END