

Angel

Writer's First Draft

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Teaser

EXT. THE CITY - NIGHT

AERIAL SHOTS - We move across the city... tall buildings jut into the sky... over-and-under-lap one another, it's big and cold and fast here...

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

Bums drink, beg, well-dressed men and women head from the high rise offices towards bars and cars. CAMERA PUSHES IN ON a downtown bar.

INT. DOWNTOWN BAR - NIGHT

E.C.U. ANGEL - His dark eyes, focused, deadly. PULL BACK: his expression grim, ready for battle.

ANGEL

Thought you could take me, didn't
you... guess you're gonna have to
think again.

He raises his hand - something sharp and steely in it - and throws!

WIDER - Angel is playing darts. The dart he just flung misses the dart board but not the beer bottles on a nearby table. CRASH!

ANGEL

(continuing)

Huh. Good game.

GUYS at dart board shake their heads as Angel, in his long dark coat, staggers to the bar, climbs on his stool, whistles at BARTENDER, points to his empty beer glass.

Angel glances around as Bartender pours him a beer. The joint is happening: artists from the downtown lofts, young professionals, unemployed actors on the make, etc.

Angel watches three GOOD LOOKING GUYS shooting pool with TWO GOOD LOOKING YOUNG WOMEN nearby. They're laughing, having a good time. One of the guys gets behind one of the women (JANICE, who may resemble Buffy) helping her line up a shot.

ANGEL

(continuing; to folks at bar who ignore him)

Yeah, women, they're just...

(loses his train of thought completely)

...what? So round and comfy and then



they say "oh, could you pass me that
fork, honey...? And your heart, too,
come on" and then they -
(POUNDS pretend fork into heart
on the bar over and over)
I'm not bitter.

ANGLE - The three GUYS and the TWO GIRLS move past Angel, heading
out the back exit. As they do, he swivels slowly around on his stool,
watching them. CAMERA PUSHES IN as his whole demeanor changes. His
eyes go cold and purposeful, his loopy expression sober and focused. He
isn't drunk, he's a man with a mission.

EXT. PARKING LOT BEHIND BAR - NIGHT

Fairly dark and deserted. Janice, her friend and the three guys move
through.

JANICE

You guys really know the doorman,
you can get us in the Lido?

GOOD LOOKING GUY # 1

I don't want to go clubbing anymore.
(throws his arm around her)

I want to party right here.

JANICE

Hey, back off.

GOOD LOOKING GUY # 1

"Hey", shut up and die.

And he GROWLS and MORPHS INTO A TERRIFYING, YELLOW-EYED FANG-
TOOTHED VAMPIRE. He grabs Janice as Guys # 2 & 3 swing around (VAMP
FACED) and grab her friend. The women are too freaked to even scream as
Angel stumbles into frame, apparently snocked.

ANGEL

'Scusey, scusey, anybody seen my
car? It's big and shiny...

(looks around)

...why does it keep doing this to me?

GOOD LOOKING GUY # 1

(in shadow)

Piss off, pal.

Angel stumbles up to the guy.

ANGEL

Whoa, note to self, visit your
dentist regularly.

Guy # 1 lets go of Laura and comes for Angel who drops the drunk act and
whips his elbow up under # 1's chin, knocking him clean over a car as -- #
2 charges and Angel spin kicks him, but gets clocked from the side by # 3.
Angel and # 3 trade vicious blows. Angel sends him crashing into a small
stake bed truck with enough force to shatter a few of the stakes.

Laura and Janice watch, as -

2 gets to his feet and charges. # 3 gets to his feet and does the same.
Angel stands there, waiting calmly and efficiently until they are very close,



then holds up both arms and - CHUNK! CHUNK! - TWO SHARP WOODEN STAKES (attached to hidden spring devices on his wrists) RATCHET into his hands. # 2 and 3 explode in a cacophony of dust.

Angel hears running footsteps behind him, swings around as # 1 rears up with a metal trash can and bashes him in the face with it. Angel hits the ground hard where, pissed now, he MORPHS into vamp face (his back to Laura and Janice who don't see his vampireness). He de-ratchets his stakes:

ANGEL

(continuing)

You shouldn't have done that.

Angel grabs # 1 who is briefly shocked to see that Angel is a vamp and beats the crap out of him, finally flinging him head first into a Mercedes windshield, knocking him out and setting off the CAR ALARM.

JANICE

Oh my god, you saved our lives...

His back to them, he walks away.

ANGEL

Go home.

JANICE

(heads after him)

They were... oh god... thank you -

She grabs his arm. Pulling him around, seeing his VAMP FACE.

ANGEL

I said go home.

She reacts, quickly backs away with Laura.

ANGLE - SHOOTING OVER MERCEDES WITH VAMP ON THE HOOD

Angel walks toward us, grim and dark, the women getting in their car in b.g. Without breaking stride, Angel grabs a broken stake from the truck and dusts the semi-conscious vamp sprawled on the car hood, walking into a BIG ASS CLOSE UP - and then into darkness.

MAIN TITLES

Act One

EXT. L.A. STREETS - NIGHT

Old L.A., mostly BUMS and DRUGGIES on the boulevard at this hour. Angel walks past, keeping to himself like everyone else on the street...

Angel turns up a smaller street, a mix of old residential and small commercial buildings. He enters:

INT. ANGEL'S BUILDING - NIGHT

Old offices on the ground floor, apartments above. Angel unlocks a door and we FOLLOW him:



INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

An outer and inner office space, not in use, beat-up desk, chairs and a couple of musty filing cabinets shoved into corners. Angel moves through, unlocks a door in back and descends some stairs.

INT. ANGEL'S APT. - NIGHT

Angel walks down into his basement apartment. Not a huge space but clean and eclectically elegant with Angel's furniture, tapestries and art.

He slips off his coat, tosses it on a chair. He undoes the two ratchet-stake devices strapped to his forearms, drops them on a table where we see other stakes, knives, a fighting ax.

Angel leans on the table, brooding for a moment, then sensing a presence, he slowly straightens up, SPINS AROUND FAST, grabs WHISTLER (youngish, loud dresser, would live at the race track if he could)

ANGEL
(recognizes)

Whistler.

WHISTLER

Easy on the rayon, bug guy,
this ain't wash 'n wear.

Angel lets go. Whistler looks around.

WHISTLER
(continuing)

Nice cave, they throw in the
musty for free?

ANGEL

What are you doing here?

WHISTLER

Powers that be have been watching
you. I got the short straw so I'm
back on duty.

ANGEL

You know what I don't need?

Wacky sidekick from hell.

WHISTLER

For your information, I'm
from Philly -

Holds up his finger, he's going to sneeze. He does, MORPHING FOR A SECOND into a BLUE FACED DEMON and snapping back to his "human" form.

WHISTLER
(continuing)

-- gyaaaad! gotta get a better
antihistamine. Where was I? Oh yeah,
I spent some formative time underground,
does that make me a bad guy per se?
I'm tryin' to keep a little even keel
between the good and the vile -
why it's not unlike a vampire with

a soul - which is something you are
dangerously close to losing.

ANGEL

I'm out there saving people, isn't that
what your "powers that be" want?

WHISTLER

These folks you're savin', know
any of their names...?

(nothing from Angel)

... their jobs, their hopes and dreams?

Shoe size?

ANGEL

I'm not good when it gets personal.

WHISTLER

You stink with the personal, you got
the social skills of a hermit rat.

What's that got to do with anything?

ANGEL

I get close to people, they end up
getting hurt.

WHISTLER

Well shucks, yeah, welcome to the
world. You keep your distance, you
turn people into meaningless stats -
"oooo I saved two, I saved three" -
how long before you think it's gonna
be before you decide it's okay to
drink one?

ANGEL

That's not going to happen.

WHISTLER

Got that under control, do ya'?

You're not lyin' awake at night
thinkin' about chowin' down on
one of these human ciphers, get a
little relief?

Nothing from Angel.

WHISTLER

(continuing)

Yeah. I see it in your face - plus
newsflash: you're a vampire! You
don't wanta go all bloody, revert to
your demon roots, then you better
start getting' involved with others -
that's what keeps you human...

(picks up ratchet stake)

... not playing Batman in back alleys
and - WHOAH!

He accidentally hits the release button, the stake rockets across the room,
misses Angel by a hair, rips through a painting and imbeds in the wall.

WHISTLER

(continuing)

Jeez, that things got torque.

That a valuable painting?

ANGEL



(pulling out stake)

Not anymore.

WHISTLER

Can we get out of here? I need
some air - and a beef dip.

EXT. ANGEL'S STREET - NIGHT

Angel and Whistler exit a 24 hour liquor store. Whistler munches a huge sandwich, drinks from a can in a paper bag.

WHISTLER

Now isn't this better, see, you need
to get with the people - hide!

(yanks Angel into shadows as dark
sedan cruises past)

Looked like some guys I've placed
a few wagers with. Monday night's
game, I'm getting' it all back.

Beat. They walk on. Whistler pulls out a slip of paper, hands it to Angel.

WHISTLER

(continuing)

All right, we got work to do. Her
name's Tina, she works at the Coffee
spot in Santa Monica.

ANGEL

What am I supposed to do with this?

WHISTLER

Find her and get involved. What
are you, remedial?

ANGEL

Who is she?

WHISTLER

I don't know.

ANGEL

How'd you get her name?

WHISTLER

I don't know.

ANGEL

What do you know?

WHISTLER

Hey, pal, these are mysterious forces
we're dealin' with. I get a little
tingle in the back of the neck
followed by a brain curdling flash -
at which time if the migraine isn't
too blinding I see maybe a name,
part of an address... one time I got a
nudie picture - didn't pan out, some
kind of wire cross with the internet.

ANGEL

If these mysterious forces want me
to do something, why don't they
show up and tell me what the hell
it is.

WHISTLER

You're two hundred and forty some

odd years old, time you started
figuring stuff out yourself, I'd say.
Tell you this much, it starts by reaching
out to others, helping hand where you can.
A HOMELESS WOMAN holds out her hand to Whistler.

HOMELESS WOMAN
Could you... spare a little change?

WHISTLER
Get a job, sister. Man, these
people, where was I?

ANGEL
"Helping hand".

WHISTLER
Right. Well, time's a wastin'

EXT. THE CITY - NIGHT - SPECIAL FX

The lights of the cars zoom past in that impossibly fast Koyanisqatsi way.
The sun roars into the sky in the same manner.

INT. ANGEL'S APT - DAY

CLOSE - The slip of paper: TINA, COFFEE SPOT, S.M. scribbled on it.
ANGEL studies it for a long moment. Then suddenly he stands, moves out
of frame.

MATCH CUT:

EXT. SANTA MONICA STREETS/COFFEE SPOT - NIGHT

Angel drives into frame behind the wheel of his car.

THE CAR - pulls up in front of THE COFFEE SPOT.

INT. COFFEE SPOT - NIGHT

Think Starbucks. Angel enters, looks around. YUPPIES sip and chat.
UNIFORMED EMPLOYEES (white shirts, black pants) work the registers and
the coffee makers.

ANGEL SEES - behind one of the registers, TINA (twenties, striking, a little
pale and exhausted looking). Angel moves to her line. Glances at her name
tag as she calls out a Customer's order to the guy making it, rings him up.

TINA
Decaf roomy grande Americano.
Two dollars, next?

COSTUMER # 1
Extra foamy, vente cap, sweet and
low, two per cent, vita pack.

TINA
Extra foamy, vente cap, sweet and
low, two per cent, vita pack. Three
ten.
(to Angel)



You're up.
ANGEL
Coffee.
TINA
How do you want it?
ANGEL
Black. Still do that?
TINA
(small smile)
One old fashioned.

DISSOLVE TO:

SAME SCENE - A LITTLE LATER

Angel stands apart sipping his coffee, watching Tina work. She moves to the MANAGER.

TINA
Bobby, you got any overtime for me?
I need the money, I'll work a double shift.
He shakes his head. She grabs a bus rag, heading in Angel's general direction. He steps forward like he might say something to her. She glances at him - he can't think of anything to say, he just looks away and sips his coffee - she moves on to clean up a service area in b.g.

Angel sees a GUY with a cute and friendly dog. A couple of YOUNG WOMEN passing by pet and coo over the dog.

Angel sees Tina heading back towards the counter. He edges to the dog, holds out his hand to pet him.

ANGEL
Dogs are sure...
Tina, moving past, doesn't get that he's talking to her - the cute and friendly dog backs away from Angel and lies down, cowed.

ANGEL
(continuing)
...nice.
Now he feels really out of place. The manager looks his way:

MANAGER
We don't need you in here tonight.
TINA
Leave him alone.
Tina moves towards - then past - Angel to the HOMELESS GUY who's wandered in behind him.

TINA
(continuing)
How ya' doin', you okay?
She gives him a large coffee and a bag of rolls.

MANAGER
You're payin' for that, Tina.
Homeless guy drops the coffee. THE FULL CUP is caught halfway to the



floor by Angel who hands it back to him. Homeless guy shuffles off; Tina turns to Angel, impressed.

TINA

You got some reflexes.

Angel nods, still can't think of what to say. Looks at homeless guy, then back at her.

ANGEL

I was, uh, watching you...

TINA

So I noticed.

ANGEL

Just wondering if everything was okay.

(off her look)

With your life.

TINA

That's a new one. You don't get out much, do you.

(he shakes his head)

Well, my life kinda sucks right now, how's yours?

ANGEL

Similar.

MANAGER

(re: customers)

Tina...

ANGEL

Maybe we could talk some more when you get off.

Off her, considering.

EXT. COFFEE SPOT - NIGHT

Tina, wearing a nice dress, large carry bag at her feet, sips coffee with Angel, leaning against his cad.

TINA

I came out here to be an actress -
I know, how original - the fame
and fortune thing didn't happen
but I sure met a lot of crappy people
in the mean time. Soon as I get enough
money, I'm goin' home.

ANGEL

Where's home?

TINA

Montana.

ANGEL

Big sky country. You know
Paradise Valley?

TINA

Grew up there, outside of Livingston,
best fly fishing in the world. You
kinda remind of the cowboys back



home - 'cept you're not drunk.

ANGEL

(deadpan)

I'm high on life.

TINA

(smiles; checks watch)

I gotta hook up with this girl owes me some money. It was nice talkin' to you.

ANGEL

Listen, if you need a ticket or something to get back home...

TINA

I wasn't trying to hit you up.

ANGEL

I didn't think so, just if I can help...

TINA

Wait a minute... God, I'm stupid.

She goes very cold, walks away. He follows.

ANGEL

Tina...

She pulls out a key ring with mace, points it at him.

TINA

I know who you are, what you're doin' here. You stay the hell away from me and you tell Russell to leave me alone.

ANGEL

I don't know anyone named Russell.

TINA

You're lyin'

ANGEL

No I'm not.

She looks at him for a long beat, then she sags.

TINA

Oh God... I know you less than a hour and I'm trying to mace you, kinda tells you I have "relationship issues".

(puts mace away)

Look, I'm sorry, I'm just... I'm really sorry, I gotta go.

ANGEL

Why don't you let me take you to your friend's?

EXT. HIGH RISE APTS. - NIGHT

Angel's car (Angel and Tina inside) pulls up to the classy high rise and disappears into the underground parking.

INT. HIGH RISE APT. - NIGHT

Nice place, city view, full of the YOUNG and HIP. MARGO (Tina plus five years of hard living) opens the front door and aims her VIDEO CAM at



Angel and Tina.

MARGO

Smile for the camera, who's
this hunk of tall dark and handsome?

TINA

He's a friend... Margo, I
really need to talk to you -

MARGO

Get yourself a drink, I'll be there.

Margo turns cam on other arriving GUESTS as Tina and Angel drift towards
hors d'oeuvres table. Tina indicates the mountain of party sandwiches cut in
the shape of stars.

TINA

Cute, everybody's a star.

ANGEL

Who's this guy you thought
I was working for?

TINA

You don't want to know.

ANGEL

Actually I do.

TINA

He's someone I made the
mistake of trusting.

Margo moves up.

MARGO

Here I am.

TINA

(to Angel)

This won't take long.

MARGO

(smiles at Angel)

I wouldn't leave that one unattended.

They move off. He looks around - hip folks chatting, drinking - feeling out
of place. He sees TWO HIP GUYS nearby.

HIP GUY

... so the Ferrari hits her from

behind and both cars burst into flame.

Angel hears LAUGHTER - he looks, sees CORDELIA CHASE in a fab party
dress, move up to the two guys.

CORDELIA

That part's so funny. Guy's all
burning up and Mel Gibson's walking
away going "I guess he got fired..."

They look at her as though she were a bug.

HIP GUY

I'm not talking about a movie,
this happened to my mother.

(they move off)

CORDELIA

Oh. Well then it wouldn't be funny -
if you liked your mother...
She stands there somewhat mortified, then spots:

CORDELIA
(continuing)

Angel?

ANGEL

Hi Cordelia.

CORDELIA

What are you doing here?

ANGEL

I live here.

CORDELIA

You live here? With Margo? Does
she know you're a vampire?

ANGEL

I live here in L.A. and my
condition's not the first thing
I tell people. How are you?

CORDELIA

Me? Really good. I left Sunnydale,
like you, moved to the big city,
doing the acting thing and - say,
you're still a good vampire - oops -
(looks around)

-- a good "you know what", grrrr -
you didn't go bad again did ya'?
(before he can answer)

Course if you were bad you'd say
you were good - and if you were
good you'd also say you're good so...
(takes a step back)

Let's call ya' good. We should grab
a bi - have a drink sometime. Good
to see ya'... it's all... good.

She moves off. Angel sees Tina returning, not looking too happy. She is intercepted by a THUGGISH MAN (STACEY) in a great suit. Angel watches them have a few words. The man puts his hand on her arm, she wrenches it away, moves to Angel.

TINA

Of course she doesn't have the money
I loaned her. Can we get out of here?

ANGEL

(re: Stacey)

Who's that?

TINA

Just a creep. Can we please go?

They head for the door. Stacey watches them go. He pulls out a small cell phone, as -

INT. PARKING GARAGE BENEATH HIGH RISE - NIGHT

Two elevators. One opens. Angel and Tina step out. Three BIG GUYS IN SUITS are waiting. Two of them (THUGS 1 & 2) grab Angel, hustle him back into the elevator which closes on them as the third guy stands between Tina and escape and the second elevator door snaps open, revealing Stacey.

STACEY

He just wants to see you, that's all.

TINA

Okay... no problem.

Stacey indicates a waiting BMW 750. Tina obediently heads for it, then takes off running. They take off after her. She dodges between some parked cars, catches her dress on a car's side mirror, rips it, starts to run again, gets grabbed from behind by Thug 3.

TINA

(continuing)

Let go of me! LET GO OF ME!

As they put her in the car -

END OF ACT ONE

Act Two

INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

CAMERA BLASTS PAST the revving BMW (Thug 3 at the wheel, Stacey in back with Tina) to the elevator doors. We HEAR sounds of a struggle inside. The doors open and Angel heads out (the two thugs down and out on the floor behind him), sees the BMW roaring away and takes off running in the opposite direction the BMW took.

Angel jumps on a parked car and runs across several more parked cars. INTERCUT: BMW heading for the exit and ANGEL'S FEET bounding across the parked cars. Angel leaps over the last car and into his convertible.

THE BMW - screeches around a corner, clear shot for the exit.

ANGEL'S CAR - roars into frame from the opposite direction, going straight for the BMW.

CLOSE - Thug 3 behind the wheel, sees the caddie.

CLOSE - ANGEL, not slowing, stopping or turning.

Thug 3 chickens out at the last minute, yanks the wheel.

THE BMW - swerves into the concrete wall, grinds to a halt in a shower of sparks and scrunching of metal.

ANGEL - is already running towards the BMW as Thug 3 gets out pulling a gun. Angel kicks the gun out of his hand, straight up in the air. Thug 3 looks up at the gun. Angel smashes him in the face, grabs the gun out of the air and shoves it in Stacey's (barreling out of the back seat) neck. Angel pulls Tina out.



STACEY
(to Angel)

I don't know who you are
but you don't want to get
involved here, trust me.

ANGEL

Actually I don't.

He puts Tina (holding the torn front of her dress) in his car.

STACEY

She's pretty, she worth your life?

Angel gives Stacey a deadly look - grabs him, fishes Stacey's wallet out of
his coat pocket, removes some bills, shoves him back.

ANGEL

You ruined her dress -
You can buy her a new one.

Angel slams the car into gear, roars out.

EXT. CRUMMY APT. BUILDING - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

INT. CORDELIA'S CRUMMY APT. - NIGHT

A HAND irons a pretty party dress. The dress is picked up and hung in a
threadbare closet. We see Cordelia, in her slip, move from the closet to the
little bed, sit. She hits the PLAY button on her answer machine. The
machine says: "YOU HAVE ONE MESSAGE, I WILL REPLAY ONE NEW
MESSAGE."

JOE'S VOICE ON MACHINE

Cordy, it's Joe, no luck on any of
your sit com or drama auditions, we
didn't get a single call back. The
glove commercial went away, they
said they didn't believe your hands
really wanted the gloves...

Cor looks at her hands.

JOE'S VOICE ON MACHINE
(continuing)

... there was an auto expo hostess
thing - hey, it's still showbiz,
okay? - they like your picture but
they wanted a look that said "foreign
and domestic" so.. no need to call
us, we'll get back if we find
something. Bye.

The machine says: "THAT WAS YOUR LAST MESSAGE." Cordy sits there for
a long beat then picks up a napkin, unwraps it, revealing two star-shaped
sandwiches from the party. She lifts one to her mouth, takes a bit, chews
slowly looking out the window at the dark city.

INT. ANGEL'S APT. - NIGHT

Tina, wearing a t-shirt over her black work pants, exits the bathroom,

drops her party dress in the wastebasket. Holds up her large bag:

TINA

My Girl Scout training, be prepared.
I can live out of this for days if I have to.

ANGEL

Good, 'cause you can't go back to
your place. You can stay here.

TINA

Yeah.

(glances at bed)

I guess this is the part where you
Comfort me. Not like you didn't earn it.

She gives him a hard look, her emotions churning beneath the surface. He
moves to her.

ANGEL

No. This is the part where you have
a safe place to stay while we figure things out.

TINA

You don't want to...?

ANGEL

I might want to but I'm not going to.
You got enough people taking
advantage right now.

Her eyes fill with tears. She tries to brush them away.

TINA

Boy are you ever in the wrong town.
She sits on the couch, cries; he gives her some Kleenex.

TINA

(continuing)

Thank you...

ANGEL

How 'bout some tea?

She nods. He heads into kitchen, fills the tea pot as:

TINA

I'm just so tired, I can't sleep,
he's going to find me. Russell
always finds you.

ANGEL

Russell have a last name?

TINA

Yeah but you don't need to know
it, you've done enough already.
this is L.A., guys like him get
away with murder.

ANGEL

Who'd he murder?

TINA

(beat)

I don't know... maybe nobody...
he's got the bucks, likes to hang
with starlets and such... he was nice



at first - I'm not an idiot, I know
he's gonna want something in
return - I figured what the hell,
at least I'd be eating good.

Angel moves to her.

ANGEL

What does he want in return?

TINA

He likes to... beat girls up. And you
don't leave him, he tells you when
he's had enough. I had a friend,
Shanise, she tried to get away, she
disappeared off the face of the
earth. He finds you.

ANGEL

Not anymore.

Beat. The tea pot whistles. Angel heads into the kitchen, takes pot off
stove. Pours a cup, carries it back, sees: Tina lying back on the couch, her
eyes closed.

TIME CUT:

SAME SCENE - A LITTLE LATER

Angel covers Tina, sleeping now, with a blanket. He studies her for a
moment, then his eyes fall on her large bag.

THE BAG - is put on the table. Angel reaches in, pulls out her address
book, opens it, sees her own name and address on the first page, starts
thumbing through it. A BUSINESS CARD FALLS OUT. Angel looks at it:
WOLFRAM & HART, ATTORNEYS AT LAW (with their distinctive LOGO). He
puts the card aside, keeps thumbing until he finds what he's looking for.

INSERT - A NAME - (handwritten by Tina) SHANISE WILLIAMS and a few
phone numbers, all crossed out.

Off Angel,

EXT. L. A. LIBRARY - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

INT. L. A. LIBRARY - NIGHT

A cavernous space, deserted at this hour.

CLOSE - ON SECURITY MONITORS - a shadowy figure appears. PAN UP
from monitors as figure approaches. It's Angel, moving past the deserted
GUARD DESK. A SECURITY GUARD APPEARS behind him, puts his hand on
his gun and says in Spanish:

GUARD (IN SPANISH, SUB-TITLED)

Hey, what are you doing here?

Angel stops, says in perfect Spanish:

ANGEL (IN SPANISH, SUB-TITLED)



I'm not here...
(turns, holds out envelope)
Which is why you didn't see me.
Guard moves up, looks at Angel, the cash in the envelope.

GUARD (IN SPANISH, SUB-TITLED)
Shift changes at six, make sure you
turn everything off this time.
(takes envelope)

INT. L.A. LIBRARY - NIGHT

A COMPUTER SCREEN lights up. NEWSPAPER SIGHT. WIDEN, we see two other SCREENS are already on, Angel sits before them, gathering data. Angel types into the news sight: MURDERS, YOUNG WOMEN.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN # 2 - Info is coming up in response to SEARCH: WILLIAMS, SHANISE. It reads: ACTRESS, MEMBER OF S.A.G., A.F.T.R.A.; DANCER IN LAS VEGAS UNDER THE NAMES LYLA WILLIAMS, LYLA JONES.

Angel types in WILLIAMS, LYLA and JONES, LYLA in, hits SEARCH.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN # 3 - Angel scrolls POLICE FILES.

MONTAGY - INTERCUT ANGEL and what he's learning:

SCREEN 1 - VARIOUS BACK PAGE (as opposed to front page) HEADLINES: Unidentified woman found strangled...Hiker finds body in Angeles Crest Forest... Murder Victim Trashed in Dumpster...

SCREEN 2 - Angel looks at a photo of LYLA JONES, DANCER A.K.A. SHANISE WILLIAMS. Dressed up in a Vegas costume.

SCREEN 3 - He scrolls through various MISSING PERSONS REPORTS and JANE DOES. Stops, scrolls back to one. CLOSER - This Jane Doe's stats: five foot ten, 115 pounds... IDENTIFYING MARKS: tattoo on left shoulder.

SCREEN 2 - He goes back to the Vegas Photo of Lyla Jones. She has a small flower tattoo on her left shoulder.

PUSH IN ON ANGEL AND PRE-LAP:

TINA (O.S.)
No...!

INT. ANGEL'S BUILDING - BASEMENT HALL - DAWN

Angel moves down hall, his car in covered parking in b.g. He hears:

TINA (O.S.)
...please, don't...!

He runs to his door.

INT. ANGEL'S APT. - DAY

Angel bursts in, sees: Tina on the couch in the throes of a nightmare. He races to her.



TINA
I can't...
ANGEL
Tina -

She SCREAMS! arching up, clawing at his face, real horror in her eyes.

TINA
NO! DON'T!!

ANGEL

It's all right, everything's all right.

She recognizes him, collapses in his arms.

TINA

He was here... I dreamed he was...

ANGEL

Shhhh, it's okay, it's okay...

They hold each other, her face against his, her tears on his cheek.

TINA

Don't let me go...

She holds on even tighter, rocking a little... then touching his hair, his face... he puts his hand up on hers, responding for a moment, then gently pulls back.

ANGEL

I have to ask you something. Did your friend Shanise have a flower tattoo on her left shoulder?

TINA

(nods)

How'd you know.

ANGEL

I think she was murdered... and there've been others. He picks girls with no families, no one to care.

She looks at him, then away, very frightened.

ANGEL

(continuing)

You don't have to be afraid, you're safe here.

TINA

No...

ANGEL

Yes.

But Tina is looking at a crumpled slip of paper on the end table - the one Whistler gave Angel: TINA, COFFEE SPOT, S.M.

TINA

Why do you have that?

He looks, she pulls away from him, standing.

TINA

(continuing)

You knew who I was when you walked in there last night.

ANGEL

No. I didn't. I just - had your name, it's complicated.

TINA

I'm sure, big complicated game Russell is working on my head.

What's he paying you?

ANGEL

He's not, you have to -

TINA

(grabs lamp)

You stay away from me.

I'm getting out of here.

ANGEL

You can't leave until we know -

She hurls a lamp at his head and runs upstairs.

INT. ABANDONED OFFICE - DAY

Tina races up the stairs, through the office and out the door as Angel bolts up the stairs after her.

ANGEL

Tina --!

EXT. ANGEL'S BUILDING - DAY

Tina runs out of the building, Angel close behind. As she hits the SUNLIGHT he grabs her arm.

ANGEL

Please listen to -

HIS HAND - on her arm in the sunlight: BURSTS INTO FLAME! She screams. He wrenches his hand back into the shadows, howling in pain and MORPHING into a VAMPIRE. She sees this - and runs for her life. He collapses against the building, cradling his hand, breathing hard, watching her go.

EXT. TINA'S APT. BUILDING - DAY

Not as crummy as Cordelia's but not much better.

INT. TINA'S APT. - DAY

She lets herself in, shuts the door. She grabs a small traveling bag, drops it on the open sofa bed, bends down lifts up the mattress, takes out a small .38. She throws a few things in the bag, then sensing a presence, she spins, pointing the gut at: RUSSELL, (late 30's or 40's, charming, incredibly well dressed).

RUSSELL

Tina, what are you doing, where have you been? I've been worried sick about you.

TINA

What did you do to Shanise?

RUSSELL



Nothing.

TINA

I WANT THE TRUTH, RUSSELL!

RUSSELL

She wanted to go home. I bought
her a ticket to Miami.

TINA

No. She's dead.

RUSSELL

What do you mean? She called me
yesterday, she's back in school,
passed all her make-ups - who's
been telling you these things?

Tina holds her ground with the gun, looking very shaky.

RUSSELL

(continuing)

Look, we both know I live outside
the box, but I don't go around
killing my friends.

He moves towards her, getting very close.

RUSSELL

(continuing)

I've had everybody I know looking
for you, I just wanted to know you're all right.

She just stares at him, frozen like a deer in the headlights. Tina lets
Russell take the gun out of her hand as:

RUSSELL

(continuing)

If you're sick of L.A., if you want
to go home, you know all you have
to do is say the word.

TINA

(softly)

I want to go home...

RUSSELL

Done. Poor thing...

She lets him put his arms around her.

RUSSELL

(continuing)

...who's been spinning your head like this?

TINA

I don't know, I thought you hired
him or something... he was like a... vampire.

RUSSELL

(excuse me?)

A vampire?

TINA

I know, there's no such thing...

God, Russell, what's happening to me?

RUSSELL

You're just dying.

She looks at him, confused. He looks at her warmly - and MORPHS into a
HORRIBLE VAMPIRE, much more demon-like than your average Joe



Vampire.

Tina opens her mouth but she has nothing left inside with which to scream. Russell chomps down hard and vicious on her neck.

END OF ACT TWO

Act Three

INT. TINA'S APT. - DUSK

We HEAR footsteps in the hall outside. The door, left slightly ajar, is pushed open by Angel.

He sees - TINA ON THE FLOOR, next to the sofa-bed. CAMERA RUSHES AT HIM as the horror hits him.

FLASH CUT - TINA - o so fucking dead on the floor.

FLASH CUT - The bite marks on her neck.

FLASH CUTS - The BLOOD EVERYWHERE (shot discreetly and fast!) but it's on the walls, it's on the bed, it's by her empty open eyes and her head twisted at a very unnatural angle on the floor.

ANGEL - trying hard to get his breath, makes himself walk up to her, makes himself look around this room in hell, makes himself kneel down next to the girl he couldn't save on the floor.

He reaches out, strokes her face... he hangs his head to cry or vomit... he looks back at her and sees the BLOOD ON HIS HANDS NOW.

He stares and stares at it - until he can't stand it anymore and suddenly thrusts one of his hands in his mouth, lapping up the blood ravenously, instinctively - until he utters some deep, inhuman sound and rips his hand out of his mouth.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. TINA'S APT. - KITCHEN SINK - DUSK

Angel furiously washing his hands; scrubbing them nearly raw, sickened by what he just did. Behind him on the floor, Tina's body is a silent witness.

TELEPHONE NEAR TINA - As Angel picks it up, his eyes never leaving her.



INSERT HIS (now clean) hand - as it dials 911.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT./EXT. TINA'S APT. NIGHT - LATER

A CORONER studies Tina's body. Two DETECTIVES search for clues, a FINGERPRINT person dusts, etc. CAMERA PULLS BACK, revealing we were looking in the window.

CAMERA CONTINUES BACK to a neighboring rooftop where a shadowy figure stands watch. Angel. He waits, still and silent, as her body is bagged and removed from her home. Then he turns, grim, steps up on the roof ledge, leaps.

We see him land on a neighboring roof far below and disappear into the darkness.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RUSSELL MANSION - DAY

Large iron gates secure the stone wall that surrounds it: a fortress. A GUARD in a KIOSK next to gates keeps watch.

INT. RUSSELL MANSION - DAY

A couple of quiet, uniformed MAIDS clean and polish. We FOLLOW A MAN (WILLIAM, 30's, efficient), carrying a neat leather folder, through the cavernous place. He comes to a huge set of doors, knocks and enters:

INT. RUSSELL MANSION - STUDY - DAY

Russell' home office. A large, clean space; computers, huge monitors, lovely paintings, an empty desk, thick drapes secured against the daylight.

Russell, casually but elegantly dressed, lounges near several monitors that track the world's financial markets. But he isn't watching them, he's watching the video Margo shot at her party: footage of Tina.

He clicks the remote and Tina's image suddenly fills all the monitors. He rewinds and watches Tina again and again as:

WILLIAM

I'm sorry to intrude, sir, but we need
a decision on Advanced Technical
Instruments.

(opens leather folder)

There's going to be a negative earnings
preannouncement... also you have a
ten A.M. tomorrow with your lawyers.

Russell just watches the vid. William waits patiently.

RUSSELL

She had something...



WILLIAM

Yes sir.

RUSSELL

Let's short A.T.I. four hundred thousand shares. When they fall below thirty-seven and an eighth, cash out and buy back a quarter million.

William makes a note in his folder, heads for door.

WILLIAM

Very good, sir.

RUSSELL

Hold on...

William stops.

RUSSELL

(continuing)

Who's this?

William looks to the vid monitors, where shots of Cordelia (from the party vid) are now playing.

RUSSELL

(continuing)

Have we met her?

WILLIAM

I don't believe so, sir.

RUSSELL

Let's do.

WILLIAM

Very good, sir. Will you be requiring theater or club reservations with the young lady?

Russell stares at Cor's image for a beat.

RUSSELL

God no, she's not going to live that long, I just want something to eat.

Cor's multiple images are rapidly replaced on the monitors by the world market reports.

EXT. FOREST LAWN - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

Big old cemetery.

INT. MAUSOLEUM - NIGHT

Goes on forever: hundreds of small little lockers that hold individual urns. A lone figure stands in the middle of it all.

CLOSE ON THE FIGURE - ANGEL - Staring at one of the lockers, the plaque below it reads: CHRISTINA CLARKE 1967-1999.

He HEARS FOOTSTEPS. Doesn't turn as Whistler steps out of the shadows.

WHISTLER

Though I might find you here.



ANGEL

She just wanted to go home.

WHISTLER

Maybe in some way she is.

Angel tuns and looks at him with such cold fury that he takes a step back.

ANGEL

I wouldn't know about that. I do know she died in the coldest and deliberate hell I've ever seen. What he did to her wasn't about feeding, it was about ownership. He took everything she had...

Beat. He turns away.

ANGEL

(continuing)

...no one even came to the funeral.

WHISTLER

You did.

ANGEL

Yeah. She had me...

Angel looks at Tina's name for a moment, then down at his hand - the hand he licked the blood from - suddenly he slams it into the wall - ripping a crucifix off, wrapping his fist around it.

WHISTLER

Angel -

ANGEL

Made a big difference in her life, didn't I. Powers that be really knew what they were doing this time.

Angel's hand starting to smoke and shake.

WHISTLER

Let go of that.

ANGEL

I got involved and I made it worse, that's what I do.

Whistler grabs him, tries to wrestle the cross out of his hand. Gets thrown back.

WHISTLER

Maybe you did, maybe I got the name wrong, maybe you were supposed to help somebody else, I don't know, nobody's showin' me the big picture. You want to die? They got a sunrise with your name on it every morning. You don't, then stick around and do something about this bastard before he puts another name up on that wall.

Angel glares at Whistler, his hand shaking and smoking furiously now. He hurls the crucifix away.

ANGEL

I didn't help her..
Whistler picks up crucifix, hangs it back up, moves to Angel.

WHISTLER

Here's the thing about pain... when
it's too much to bear, you need to
start sharing it with others.

POWER SHOT - low and cool - PUSHING IN on Angel -

EXT. STACEY'S GYM SUPPLIES - DAY

As THUG 1 comes crashing through the plate glass window.

INT. STACEY'S GUY SUPPLIES - DAY

Angel has Stacey by the throat, pressed up against the wall.

ANGEL

Where does he live, how much
security does he have?

STACEY

Listen hot shot, whatever she was to
you, you better forget it. You have
no idea who you're dealing with here.

ANGEL

Russell? Lemme guess: not big on the
daylight or the mirrors, drinks a lot of V-8?

STACEY

You get in his way, he'll kill you,
he'll kill everyone you care about.

ANGEL

There's nobody left I care about.
Now we can do this the fast way
or the slow way -

(tightens grip)

-- where does he live, how much
security does he have?

INT. CORDELIA'S CRUMMY APT. - DAY

Cordelia, in sweat pants and t, sits cross legged on her bed, breathing
slowly and deeply. Next to her the book: MEDITATION FOR A BOUNTIFUL
LIFE.

CORDELIA

I am somebody...

(breathes)

I matter..

(breathes)

People will be attracted to my
positive energy and help me
achieve my goals...

She glances at phone machine. The message counters registers a big zero.
She breathes again.

CORDELIA

(continuing)



... I am right where I'm supposed
to be and not DYING FOR
SOMETHING TO EAT!

She hurls the book across the room, sits there on the verge of tears. The
phone RINGS. She jumps, startled, then answers in a "positive" tone of
voice.

CORDELIA
(continuing)

Hello, Cordelia Chase speaking.

INTERCUT:

MARGO - ON THE PHONE IN HER HIGH RISE - DAY

MARGO

Cor, it's Margo, you were such a hit at my party.

CORDELIA

Thanks, I had a great time. I want
to have you over to my place...

(re: shabby digs)

...soon as I'm done redecorating.

MARGO

What'd you think of the hors d'oeuvres?

CORDELIA

(deadpan)

Couldn't get enough.

MARGO

Well guess who saw my videotape of
the party and guess who wants to meet you...

CORDELIA

Brad Pitt? Say it's Brad Pitt. Or a
manager - oh Sweet Mary, a horrible
little toad of an agent will do...

MARGO

Russell Winters.

CORDELIA

The investment guy?

MARGO

Oh, Cordelia, he's a lot more than
that. He helps people get started in
their careers, he know everyone and...
he wants to meet you tonight.

CORDELIA

Tonight? Well, let me check my calendar..

(waits a beat)

... I'll have to cancel a couple of
things but I'm sure I can - oh,
wait, he doesn't think I'm gonna, you know...

MARGO

Sleep with him?

CORDELIA

Well, yeah. Cause that's not my -

MARGO

No, no, he just likes to help people.

I don't think he enjoys sex at all.

CORDELIA

Oh good!

MARGO

He'll send a limo for you at eight.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Possibly slo mo, a long black limo glides into frame.

INT. LIMO - NIGHT

Cordelia rides in plush comfort. She sips a mineral water, munches some nuts. Hums a little happy tune to herself.

EXT. RUSSELL MANSION - NIGHT

Limo approaches. GUARD in the KIOSK recognizes the car, hits a button. The huge iron gates swing open.

INT. LIMO - NIGHT

Cordelia peaks out at the impressive mansion.

CORDELIA

"People will be attracted to my positive energy and help me achieve my goals." Oh yeah.

Happily, she pops a nut into her mouth.

EXT. RUSSELL MANSION - NIGHT

The limo pulls in and up the long drive as the gates swing shut, closing and locking Cordelia in with a resounding CLANG.

END OF ACT THREE

Act Four

INT. ANGEL'S APT. - NIGHT

Angel is wrapping up an impressive array of gear: timer, detonators, plastique explosive, small set of tools, rope, etc. Whistler watches.

WHISTLER

Wow, you're really going to war here. Guess you've seen a few in your time.

ANGEL

Fourteen. Not counting Viet Nam, they never declared it.

WHISTLER

Well, this is good, you're taking charge, fighting back - is that plastique explosive? What do you need all this for?

ANGEL

A Girl Scout told me: be prepared.

WHISTLER

Sure looks like fun. Game's on tonight, got a lotta coin ridin'

otherwise I'd be right there by you side -

ANGEL

You will be, you're driving.

WHISTLER

Angel, I'd love to but I don't mesh
well with underpaid and over-armed

security guards -

Angel thrusts equipment into Whistler's arms, propels him towards the door.

ANGEL

Don't drop that, it'll blow
your foot off.

WHISTLER

I like my foot, it comes in very
handy - footy - did I mention the
money I got riding on this game?

EXT. RUSSELL MANSION - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

INT. RUSSELL MANSION - NIGHT

William leads Cordelia through the cavernous place. She looks around, taking it all in, impressed.

CORDELIA

You know what'd come in
handy here? Electric tram.

William smiles with subtle politeness, opens the door to:

INT. RUSSELL MANSION - STUDY - NIGHT

William shows her in.

WILLIAM

Miss Chase, sir.

Russell rises to greet her.

RUSSELL

Hi. I'm Russell, thank you
so much for coming.

WILLIAM

Will there be anything else, sir?

Russell shakes his head. William starts to leave. As he gets to the door:

CORDELIA

You wouldn't have a little snack or
somethin' would you?

William looks to Russell who nods: it's okay.

WILLIAM

What would you care for?

CORDELIA

What do you got?

WILLIAM

Well, anything. Cheese, crackers... sandwich...
(nothing from Cor)



Cook made a roast, there's potatoes,
asparagus, bread pudding...

CORDELIA

That sounds good.

WILLIAM

Which --?

CORDELIA

All of it.

William nods and exits. Cor turns to Russell.

CORDELIA

(continuing)

Aerobics, I burn a lot of...

(looking around)

So, nice place, we sure didn't
skimp on the curtains.

RUSSELL

Thank you.

CORDELIA

I grew up in a nice home. It wasn't
like this but we did have a room or
two we didn't even know what they were for.

He smiles.

CORDELIA

(continuing)

Then the I.R.S. got all huffy about
my folks forgetting to pay taxes for,
well, ever. They took it all.

RUSSELL

I'm sorry to hear that. Where are your folks now?

CORDELIA

Well, after prison they moved to... I think it's Bimini.

EXT. RUSSELL MANSION - NIGHT

The GUARD in the KIOSK watches the security monitors (that show front,
side, back, etc. of the property). He looks up as Angel's car pulls up,
Whistler at the wheel. Angel gets out.

ANGEL

Hi, I think we're lost...

INSERT - The remote device in Angel's hand as he pushes it. All the
security monitors go snowy.

The Guard looks down at his security monitors, then up at ANGEL'S FIST,
knocking him unconscious.

ANGEL

(continuing; to Whistler)

Tie him up. I'm out in ten minutes
or I'm not coming out.

WHISTLER

Ten minutes.

Angel grabs gear and bolts.

ANGLE - ANGEL LEAPS, grabs the top of the tall stone wall, pulls himself



upright and runs along it into the night.

ANOTHER ANGLE - Angel runs along a section of wall closer to the house. He stops, crouches low.

ANGEL'S POV - An armed guard walks the property. As the guard rounds a corner -

ANGEL runs on the wall and LEAPS. He lands on the roof of the mansion. He moves across the roof, jumps again.

THE SIDE YARD - Angel lands, looks for guards, attaches plastique and detonator to an auxiliary generator. He heads around the corner of the house to THE FUSE BOX, starts working on it.

INT. RUSSELL MANSION - STUDY- NIGHT

Cor looks over her shoulder towards the door.

CORDELIA

Is he going to be long?

RUSSELL

The reason I wanted to see you is I found you so appetizing on camera.

CORDELIA

Oh, well, thanks, that's just a party vid, but I've done a lot of, you know, a few things since I've been in town... the hands in the Liqua Gel commercial, they were almost mine by like one or two girls and...

(looks around again)

RUSSELL

You won't have to worry about your career anymore.

He moves in, puts his hand on hers, gives her that same warm looks he gave Tina.

CORDELIA

That's what it is, this whole place, no mirrors. And the big thick curtains everywhere... hey, you're a vampire.

RUSSELL

(caught off guard)

What? No I'm not.

CORDELIA

Are too.

RUSSELL

(removes hand)

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

CORDELIA

I'm from Sunnydale, we had our own hellmouth, I know a vampire when I...

(as it sinks in)

...am alone with one in his fortress-like home and you know I'm just so light-



headed from hunger I'm wacky and
kidding!! Hah hah...
(tiny, off his look)
...hah.

EXT. RUSSELL MANSION - NIGHT

Angel finishes rigging the second auxiliary generator. HEARS SOMETHING.

ANOTHER GUARD rounds the corner, walks right past the generator where we just saw Angel. As Guard disappears, Angel's feet drop into frame from above. He drops down, sets a timing device on the generator for ten seconds.

INT. RUSSELL MANSION - STUDY - NIGHT

Russell and Cordelia, she's scrambling to stay calm.

CORDELIA

You know one of my dearest
friends is a vampire - or do
you prefer "night person"?

RUSSELL

You stupid bitch. Do you have any
idea what I'm going to do to you?

CORDELIA

(really afraid now)

Please...

He GROWLS, MORPHS and lunges. She screams -

EXT. RUSSELL MANSION - NIGHT - INSERTS

The three small explosives go off: BAM, BAM, BAM!

EXT. RUSSELL MANSION - NIGHT - WIDE

All the lights go out.

INT. RUSSELL MANSION - STUDY - NIGHT

Suddenly dark, except for shafts of moonlight. Russell, in vamp face, looks around as:

ANGEL (O.S.)

Hi, Russ...

Angel steps out of the darkness, stake in hand, ready to plunge it through Russell.

ANGEL

This is for Tina.

CORDELIA

Angel?

Angel looks down, sees Cordelia, face bruised, dress torn, lying across a broken coffee table. Russell uses the moment to smash Angel unbelievably hard in the face. Angel goes flying back but comes up fast - in VAMP FACE.

RUSSELL

You must be Tina's little protector.
What happened, you didn't get the
manual? We don't help 'em, we eat 'em.

CORDELIA

Hey shut up, that's my friend you're
talking to and he's gonna kick your ass.

Angel and Russell charge each other, trade a couple of quick vicious
punches as: the doors burst open and TWO GUARDS run in GUNS DRAWN.

RUSSELL

(re: Cordelia)

Kill her.

The Guards point at Cordelia. Angel jumps on a chair and catapults in front
of her, taking several bullets, tackling her and sending them both crashing
through the FRENCH DOORS into the yard outside.

EXT. RUSSELL MANSION - NIGHT - WHISTLER

Down the street in the Caddie, listening to:

RADIO ANNOUNCER

...another fumble, this isn't a game, it's a disaster..

Whistler hits the steering wheel in frustration, then suddenly checks his
watch. Looks towards the mansion.

WHISTLER

You're late. Very late. I should...

(looks around)

...leave.

(now he hears SHOTS)

I should leave very fast.

Whistler throw car into gear, burns rubber down the street.

CLOSE - WHISTLER BEHIND THE WHEEL - Scared and not proud of it. He
suddenly wrenches the wheel.

THE CAR - Squeals and turns in a big 180, starts barreling towards the big
metal gates.

WHISTLER - lets out a WAR CRY!

WHISTLER

(continuing)

YAAHHHHHHHH!!!!

THE CAR gains tremendous speed and RAMS INTO THE GATES! - which
hold just find unlike the front bumper and hood of the car which crumple
like a cheap toy.

WHISTLER

(continuing; beat)

Ow.

Whistler backs the car - smoking and lurching but still running - off the
gate as Angel (badly wounded) and Cordelia drop down the last couple of
feet from the wall. They get in.



WHISTLER
(continuing; re: car)
I had a little...
(more SHOTS)
...we'll talk later.

He hits the gas, they lurch away.

INT. ANGEL'S APT. - NIGHT

Angel's shirt is off. Cor, using forceps, is pulling bullets out of him. Whistler watches.

WHISTLER
Ow... OW! I can't take this...
(they look up at him)
... I could just be quiet now.
CORDELIA
I think I got 'em all... help me wrap him.
She and Whistler tape Angel's wounds as:

WHISTLER
You're something, doll. How do
you know how this stuff?
CORDELIA
Research. I hadda read for this
nurse on E.R. like a kajillion times.
They said I wasn't Shannon Doherty
enough. Like to see her incubate a patient...
She pulls the tape extra hard, Angel grimaces.

CORDELIA
(continuing)
Sorry. Are you gonna be okay?
ANGEL
Yeah.
WHISTLER
They can't kill him unless they're
shooting stakes - that's good - however...
(to Angel, re: Cor)
-- what that guy's gonna do to
her now, probably isn't.
Off Angel, well aware of that problem,

EXT. SKYSCRAPER - DAY - ESTABLISHING

A tower o' downtown power. RUSSELL WINTERS ENTERPRISES proclaims
the fancy brushed steel sign in front.

INT. SKYSCRAPER - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

CLOSE - BRIEFCASE, the WOLFRAM AND HART logo on it as A SMART
YOUNG LAWYER produces a document.

SMART YOUNG LAWYER
The new tax deduction we lobbied...
The lawyer hands it to a SMART YOUNG LAWYERESS on his right, who



hands it to the next one and so on.

There are eight or ten SMART YOUNG LAWYERS and LAWYERESSES in the room.

At the far end of the sleek conference table, fifteen feet in front of a wall of glass (reflective - no direct sun) sits Russell. He receives the document, peruses it as:

SMART YOUNG LAWYER
...is so narrow in scope that it
actually benefits only one
conglomerate: yours. We were pretty
pleased with that down at the firm.
(re: other papers)
You need to sign the mutual trust
binder for the Eltron merger.
(more papers)
As for the intruder who broke into
your home last night, the local
authorities have no information on

him but we have several top private investigators -
The door is kicked open and Angel, looking a little ragged, still smarting
from his wounds, walks in.

SMART YOUNG LAWYER
(continuing)
-- looking into his whereabouts.
RUSSELL

I believe we've located him.
The lawyer moves to Angel, hands him his card.

SMART YOUNG LAWYER
I'm with Wolfram and Hart. Mr.
Winters has never been accused of
and shall never be convicted of any
crime. Ever. Should you continue to
harass our client, we shall be forced
to bring you into the light of day -
a place, I'm told, that's not all that
healthy for you.

Lawyer smiles. Angel looks down at the lawyer's card in his hand, then at
Russell in his comfy executive chair.

RUSSELL
This is the big city, Angel, it works
in certain time honored ways. You
don't belong here, if I were you
I'd get out while I could. Tell
Cordelia I'll see her real soon.

Russell smiles, holds Angel's gaze. Angel looks around, a little defeated by
all this.

ANGEL
I guess if you're rich and powerful
enough, got the right law firm, you



can do whatever you want.

RUSSELL

Pretty much.

ANGEL

Can you fly?

Russell's smile wavers. Angel lifts his foot, rests it on the chair, between Russell's legs, and KICKS with all his might.

RUSSELL AND HIS CHAIR - rocket back fast - crashing into and through the wall of glass behind him.

EXT. SKYSCRAPER - DAY

The glass breaks, Russell and his chair comes flying out into the sunlight. As he falls, screaming bloody murder, he bursts into flame and burns to vampire dust.

INT. SKYSCRAPER - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Angel, just out of the direct sunlight flooding in through the broken window, stands watching, the array of stone-faced lawyers behind him.

ANGEL

Guess not.

Angel turns and goes, slipping the Smart Young Lawyer's card back into the Lawyer's breast pocket as he exits.

SMART YOUNG LAWYER

(deadpan)

Well.

He snaps his briefcase shut. The other follow suit, calm and cool. As they file out -

EXT. SKYSCRAPER - DAY

Looking at the RUSSELL WINTERS ENTERPRISES sign as Russell's chair smashes into the ground and bounces, a few dusty ashes sprinkling down in its wake.

EXT. ANGEL'S BUILDING - DAY - ESTABLISHING

INT. ANGEL'S APT. - DAY

Angel enters. Sees Whistler.

WHISTLER

What happened with Russell?

ANGEL

He went into the light.

WHISTLER

So why are we long with the face?

ANGEL

I killed a bad buy, how'd I help Tina?

They HEAR a scraping noise upstairs.



CORDELIA (O.S.)
Could I get a hand up here?
WHISTLER
I don't know, but you helped her -
(points upstairs)
-- big time.

INT. ANGEL'S OFFICE - DAY

The old desks and file cabinets have been dusted and moved into the inner and outer office spaces. Cordelia, wearing one of Angel's shirts, sleeves rolled up, is dusting and shoving furniture around. Angel and Whistler enter from downstairs.

CORDELIA
Can you guys move that couch against...
(looks)
... that wall?
ANGEL
What are you doing?
CORDELIA
Come on, come on...
(they pick it up)
Whistler told me how you've gotta
help people or you'll go all vampy
again and that's a noble mission, we
shouldn't turn our back on the helpless.
(re: couch)
Good, now put it back where it was.
However, a nominal fee... I mean why
can't we charge the helpless? Monster
fighting is difficult work and we have rent...
They set the couch back down. Angel looks at Cordelia.

CORDELIA
(continuing)
Hey, I'm not the one who hung around
for two hundred years and failed to
develop an investment portfolio. I
can answer the phones, do the books,
you can do the fighting and risking
your life thing you do so well.
Cordy picks up a box of offices supplies, moves into the other room with it.

WHISTLER
I gotta say I'm right there with her.
Makes sense, we could accomplish
a lot more if we were organized, I'm
sure that's what the powers that be
would want...
ANGEL
You think she's a hottie, don't you.
WHISTLER
Oh my god.
(bites his hand)
But that doesn't change the fact that
this city needs you. What do you say?

PUSH IN ON ANGEL who gives the slightest smile as we -

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

He stands in his long coat near the edge of a tall downtown rooftop: part gargoyle, part Guardian Angel; the whole of L.A. laid out before him, keeping watch over his city...

FADE OUT:

THE END

