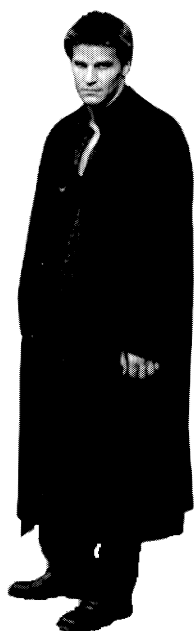


ANGEL - PILOT

ANGEL

PILOT

Episode #: 1ADH01
Story #: S00175



by

David Greenwalt
&
Joss Whedon

SHOOTING DRAFT
June 29, 1999

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ANGEL

"City Of"
— PILOT —

Written by

David Greenwalt

&

Joss Whedon

SHOOTING DRAFT

June 9, 1999 (WHITE)
June 11, 1999 (BLUE)
June 15, 1999 (PINK)
June 22, 1999 (YELLOW)
June 29, 1999 (GREEN)

ANGEL "City Of" (GREEN) 6/29/99

ANGEL

"City Of"

CAST LIST

ANGEL.....David Boreanaz
CORDELIA CHASE.....Charisma Carpenter
DOYLE.....Glenn Quinn

RUSSELL WINTERS.....Vyto Ruginis
TINA.....Tracy Middendorf
MARGO.....Renee Ridgeley
STACEY.....Jon Ingrassia
LINDSEY MCDONALD.....Christian Kane
JANICE.....Gina McClain
OLIVER.....Michael Mantell
VAMP/GOODLOOKING GUY #1.....Josh Holloway
VAMP/GOODLOOKING GUY #2.....
VAMP/GOODLOOKING GUY #3.....
COFFEE SPOT MANAGER.....Sam Pancake
RUSSELL'S SECURITY GUARD.....

ANGEL "City Of" (GREEN) 6/29/99

ANGEL

"City Of"

SET LIST

INTERIORS

DOWNTOWN BAR
ANGEL'S BUILDING
 OFFICE
 OFFICE LOBBY
 APARTMENT
 STUDY
THE COFFEE SPOT
HIGH RISE APARTMENTS
 MARGO'S APARTMENT
 PARKING GARAGE
CORDELIA'S CRUMMY APARTMENT
L.A. LIBRARY
TINA'S APARTMENT
RUSSELL'S MANSION
 STUDY
 FOYER
TUNNEL
STACEY'S GYM SUPPLIES
LIMO
SKYSCRAPER
 CONFERENCE ROOM

EXTERIORS

THE CITY
DOWNTOWN L.A. STREETS
ANGEL'S STREET
SANTA MONICA STREETS
THE COFFEE SPOT
HIGH RISE APARTMENTS
CORDELIA'S CRUMMY APARTMENT BUILDING
L.A. LIBRARY
ANGEL'S BUILDING
TINA'S APARTMENT BUILDING
RUSSELL'S MANSION
SKYSCRAPER
ROOFTOP

OMITTED

EXT. STACEY'S GYM SUPPLIES
INT. ANGEL'S APARTMENT - BASEMENT HALL

ANGEL

"City Of"

TEASER

1 EXT. THE CITY - NIGHT

1

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

ANGEL (V.O.)

Los Angeles. It's a city like no other... And like all others.

We see various contrasting shots: the glamour of Hollywood, the downtown poor, ethnic neighborhoods... the different L.A.s.

ANGEL (cont'd; V.O.)

It has a hundred faces, each different, each one beckoning.

2 EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

2

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 and we hear:

ANGEL (V.O.)

People are drawn here. People, and other things. They come for all kinds of reasons. My reason? It started with a girl.

3 INT. DOWNTOWN BAR - NIGHT

3

The joint is happening: artists from the downtown lofts, young professionals, unemployed actors on the make, etc. We DOLLY towards the bar where the SERIOUS DRINKERS live.

ANGEL (V.O.)

...A really really pretty girl.

At the bar we discover ANGEL himself -- drinking and talking to someone next to him. He is clearly SOUSED.

ANGEL

No, I mean she was a hottie girl. She had... her hair was... You know, you kind of remind me of her.

CONTINUED

3 CONTINUED:

3

CAMERA WIDENS -- Angel is speaking to a LARGE BLACK MAN who is drinking and ignoring him.

ANGEL (cont'd)
... 'cause, you know, the hair...
I mean you both have hair...

A woman's laugh draws Angel's gaze to 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.

Another (GOOD LOOKING GUY #1) comes to the bar and squeezes in next to Angel. He hands the bartender a fifty.

GOOD LOOKING GUY # 1
(to the bartender)
We're gonna cash out.

Angel smiles at him stupidly.

ANGEL
Girls are nice.

The guy stares at him a moment, then collects his change and splits.

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 focussed.

He isn't drunk, he's a man with a mission.

4 EXT. PARKING LOT BEHIND BAR - NIGHT

4

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.

(more)

CONTINUED

4 CONTINUED:

4

GOOD LOOKING GUY # 1 (cont'd)
(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. Looks up at him and registers drunken shock at his face. Brow furrowed, Angel digs in his coat pocket -- and pulls out some dental floss.

ANGEL
No. I want you to have it.

Guy # 1 shoves Janice to the side -- she hits her head against the wall -- 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 pile of garbage, splintering some boxes in the fall.

Laura and Janice (holding her bleeding head) 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 -- they come at him from either side. He holds his hands down behind his back, and --

CONTINUED

4 CONTINUED: (2)

4

-- TWO SHARP WOODEN STAKES (attached to hidden spring devices on his wrists) RATCHET into his hands. He shoots his arms out to either side, nailing them both simultaneously. # 2 and 3 explode in a cacophony of dust.

Angel de-ratchets his stakes. He hears footsteps, swings around as # 1 rears up with a metal trash can and bashes him in the face with it. Angel hits the ground hard -- his back to Laura and Janice who don't see his face.

ANGEL (cont'd)

You shouldn't have done that.

Angel grabs # 1 -- who is shocked to see that **Angel has gone vampfaced** -- 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.

In the calm, Janice approaches Angel from behind.

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. He sees a tiny trickle of blood (from where she hit her cheek) edging down her neck. He looks at her blood as only a drowning man can.

ANGEL

Get away from me.

She reacts, quickly backs away with Laura.

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 trash and DUSTS the semi-conscious vamp sprawled on the car hood. He MORPHS back to human, walking into a BIG ASS CLOSE-UP -- and then into darkness.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

5 EXT. L.A. STREETS - NIGHT

5

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:

6 INT. ANGEL'S BUILDING - NIGHT

6

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

7 INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

7

An outer and inner office space, not in use, beat-up desk, chairs and a couple of musty filing cabinets shoved into corners. Angel locks the door behind him (with dead bolt and security plate), moves through; in the back corner, an old elevator. He enters the elevator, pushes DOWN.

8 INT. ANGEL'S APT. - NIGHT

8

The elevator door opens. Angel enters his basement apartment. Not a huge space but clean and eclectically elegant with Angel's furniture, tapestries and art.

9 INT. STUDY - CONTINUOUS

9

Arcane books, some easy chairs, and off to one side an array of weapons.

Angel enters, then 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, staring at the weaponry, alone and brooding. Then, sensing a presence, he turns slowly and sees DOYLE (gambler, hustler, Irish accent), standing in the doorway.

CONTINUED

9 CONTINUED:

9

DOYLE

Well, I like the place. Not much with the view, but it's got a nice Batcave sort of air to it.

ANGEL

Who are you?

DOYLE

Doyle. And, no, we haven't met before, so don't be embarrassed.

ANGEL

I'm not. You don't smell human.

DOYLE

Well, that's a bit rude. As it happens I'm very much human...

He sneezes -- and suddenly MORPHS into a blue, scaly thing. Shakes it off, human again...

DOYLE (cont'd)

... on my mother's side. Anyway I come in uninvited so you know I'm not a vampire like yourself.

He starts in, crossing past Angel to the weapons.

ANGEL

What do you want?

DOYLE

I been sent. By the powers that be.

ANGEL

The powers that be what?

DOYLE

This is an exciting bunch of crimefighting devices.

He picks up a throwing star.

DOYLE (cont'd)

I can't believe you really know how to use these.

CONTINUED

9 CONTINUED: (2)

9

ANGEL
(glowering)
I'm anxious to show you.

DOYLE
Tell you something, friend: I'm about as happy to be here as you are to see me. But there's work to be done, and we got the call. Let me tell you a little bedtime story.

ANGEL
But I'm not sleepy.

DOYLE
Once upon a time, there was a vampire, and he was the meanest vampire in all the land. Other vampires were afraid of him, he was such a bastard. A hundred years this guy's killing and maiming and such like. Then one day, he's cursed. By gypsies. They restore his human soul and all of a sudden he's mad with guilt, "what have I done", very freaked. So he sulks about for another hundred years...

ANGEL
Okay. I'm sleepy.

DOYLE
Well, it's a fairly dull tale. It needs a little sex, is my feeling, and sure enough, enter the girl. Pretty little blonde thing, Vampire Slayer by trade, and our vampire falls madly in love with her. And it's good, he makes something of himself, fights some evil, but then... eventually, the two of them, they get fleshy with one another, and the moment he... well, the technical term is "Perfect happiness", and as soon as our boy gets there, he goes bad again. Kills again. It's ugly.
(more)

CONTINUED

9 CONTINUED: (3)

9

DOYLE (cont'd)

So when he gets his soul back a second time, he figures he can't be anywhere near young Miss Puppy Thighs without endangering them both. So he takes off. Goes to L.A., to fight evil and atone for his crimes. He's a shadow, a faceless champion of the hapless human race. Have you got a beer of any kind in here?

ANGEL

No.

DOYLE

You must have something besides pig's blood.

He crosses to the fridge, opens it as Angel speaks.

ANGEL

Okay, you've told me the story of my life, which since I was there, I already knew. Why aren't I kicking you out?

DOYLE

'Cause now I'm gonna tell you what happens next.

He closes the fridge, emptyhanded.

DOYLE (cont'd)

See this vampire, he thinks he's helpin'. Fighting the demons, keeping away from the humans so as not to be tempted...

(indicates apartment)

... doing penance in his little cell.

He starts toward Angel, never taking his eyes off him.

DOYLE

But he's cut off. From everything. From the people he's helping; they're not people to him at all, they're just the victims, statistics. Just numbers.

CONTINUED

9 CONTINUED: (4)

9

ANGEL

I still save them. Who cares if
I don't stop to chat?

DOYLE

When was the last time you drank
blood?

Angel has trouble answering...

DOYLE (cont'd)

It was her. Your slayer friend --
Muffy, is it?

ANGEL

I was sick. Dying. She fed me to
cure me.

DOYLE

Left you with a bit of a craving,
didn't it? Well that craving is
gonna grow. And someday soon one
of those helpless victims you
don't really care about will look
too appetizing to turn down. And
you'll figure, "what's one against
all I've saved? I might as well
eat 'em; I'm still ahead by the
numbers."

He stares Angel down. Angel knows the truth of Doyle's words.

DOYLE (cont'd)

Come on. I'm parched from all
this yakkin'. Let's go treat me
to a Billy D.

10 EXT. ANGEL'S STREET - NIGHT

10

Angel and Doyle exit a 24 hour liquor store. Doyle is
drinking a 40 ounce malt liquor in a paper bag.

DOYLE

Ah, that's good drink. I will pay
you back, I'm just a little
pressed for cash this week.

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED:

10

ANGEL

So what do I do? I assume you
came here with some alternative.
How do I change things?

DOYLE

You got to mix it up. Get in there
with the humans. It's not all
fighting and gadgets and such.
It's about reaching out to people,
caring about them, about showing
them there's hope in this world --
(to a begging woman)
-- Get a JOB, you lazy sow --
(to Angel)
--about letting them in your
heart. It's not just about saving
lives, it's about saving souls --
possibly your own in the process.

ANGEL

(beat; taking that in)
I wanna know who sent you.

DOYLE

I'm honestly not sure. They don't speak
to me direct. I get visions, which is to
say great splitting migraines that come
with pictures. A name, a face. I don't
know who sends 'em. I just know whoever
it is is more powerful than you or me,
and they're trying to make things right.

ANGEL

Why me?

DOYLE

'Cause you got potential. And the
balance sheet ain't exactly in
your favor just yet.

ANGEL

Why you?

DOYLE

(suddenly serious)
We all got something to atone for.

Angel lets it drop. Doyle fishes a piece of paper out of his
pocket.

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

DOYLE (cont'd)

Had a vision this morning. When the blinding pain stopped, I wrote this down.

ANGEL

(reads)

"Tina. The Coffee Spot."

DOYLE

Nice looking girl. Needs help.

ANGEL

Help with what?

DOYLE

That's your business. I just get the names.

ANGEL

I don't get it. How am I supposed to know what she --

DOYLE

You get involved, remember? Get into her life. High school's over, boy. Make with the grown-up talk.

ANGEL

Why would a woman I've never met even talk to me?

DOYLE

Have you looked in a mirror lately?
(duh)

No, I guess you really haven't.

A beat. Angel knows what he has to do, but...

ANGEL

I'm not good with people.

DOYLE

Well, that's the point of this little exercise, isn't it? Get to know her. If you can help her, you'll both be the better for it. You game?

Off Angel's face...

11 EXT. THE CITY - NIGHT - SPECIAL FX

11

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

12 INT. ANGEL'S APT. - DAY

12

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

MATCH CUT:

13 EXT. SANTA MONICA STREETS/COFFEE SPOT - NIGHT

13

Angel drives into frame behind the wheel of his car.

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

14 INT. COFFEE SPOT - NIGHT

14

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

Angel stands apart sipping his coffee. He hears Tina talking to the MANAGER, looks over.

MANAGER

Tina, I gotta do it by seniority.
Everyone wants to work extra hours.

TINA

I know, I just need... I'm good
for Saturday nights, if other
people wanna go out... I'll
double shift, whatever.

MANAGER

You're on the list. Okay?

TINA

(deflated)

Thanks.

She grabs a bus rag, heading in Angel's general direction. He steps forward like he might say something to her.

CONTINUED

14 CONTINUED:

14

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

Sure is a cute little...

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 (cont'd)

...doggie.

Now he feels really out of place. Tina clears the table next to her. Angel tries again.

ANGEL (cont'd)

Do you, uh, how late are you open?

TINA

Are you talking to me?

She looks up as she says it -- and inadvertently knocks a full mug of coffee off the edge of the table.

TINA (cont'd)

Oh!

THE FULL CUP is caught halfway to the floor by Angel who hands it back to Tina.

TINA (cont'd)

Wow. Good reflexes.

Angel nods, still can't think of what to say.

TINA (cont'd)

Well, thanks. These come out of my paycheck.

ANGEL

So, are you... happy?

CONTINUED

14 CONTINUED: (2)

14

TINA

What?

ANGEL

You looked sort of... down.

TINA

You been watching me?

ANGEL

No, I just, I was looking towards there... and you walked through there...

She smiles, disarmed by his genuine artlessness.

TINA

You don't hit on girls very often, do you?

ANGEL

It's been a while. I'm sort of new in town.

TINA

Do yourself a favor. Don't stay.

She starts to leave.

ANGEL

You never answered my question.

TINA

Am I happy? You got three hours?

ANGEL

Do I look busy?

She pauses, considers.

TINA

I get off at ten.

15 EXT. COFFEE SPOT - NIGHT

15

Tina, wearing a nice dress, large carry bag over her shoulder, walks with purpose towards Angel, leaning against his car.

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED:

15

ANGEL

I suddenly feel underdressed. Did you want to get a drink, or --

She holds up her key ring, pointing a tube of MACE 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 lying.

ANGEL

No I'm not.

TINA

Then why were you in there watching me?

ANGEL

Because you looked lonely.

(beat)

And I figured, then we have something in common.

She looks at him for a long beat, then she lowers the mace.

TINA

I'm sorry. I'm really...

ANGEL

It's okay.

TINA

No it's not... I'm sort of having "relationship issues". You probably guessed that.

ANGEL

Who's Russell?

She just shakes her head.

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

ANGEL (cont'd)
I'd like to help.

TINA
Only help I need is a ticket home,
and that wasn't me asking for
money. I've taken... money
before. Never comes free.

ANGEL
Where's home?

TINA
Missoula, Montana. You ever been
to Missoula?

ANGEL
During the Depression.
(catches himself)
Er, my depression. I was
depressed there. But it's pretty
country.

TINA
Yeah... Lotta open land, lotta
drunk cowboys. Came here to be a
famous movie star, but, um, they
weren't hiring. Met a lot of
colorful people on the way,
though, which is why I come armed.

ANGEL
Fair enough.

TINA
You kinda remind of the boys back
home. 'cept you're not drunk.

ANGEL
(deadpan)
I'm high on life.

TINA
Yeah, it's a kick.
(smiles; checks watch)
Well... I gotta go to a fabulous
Hollywood party.
(more)

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED: (3)

15

TINA (cont'd)

(re: dress)

Hence the glamour. Girl giving it
owes me my security deposit.

(not sure what else
to say)

Well. It was nice threatening you.

ANGEL

You need a lift?

She thinks a moment. Takes a step toward him.

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED: (4)

15

TINA

What's your name?

ANGEL

Angel.

16 EXT. HIGH RISE APTS. - NIGHT

16

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

17 INT. HIGH RISE APT. - NIGHT

17

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 the hors d'oeuvres table. Tina indicates the mountain of party sandwiches cut in the shape of stars.

TINA

Cute, everyone's a star.

ANGEL

Who's Russell?

TINA

You don't want to know.

ANGEL

Actually I do.

TINA

He's someone I made the mistake of trusting.

CONTINUED

17 CONTINUED:

17

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 at the hip folks chatting and
drinking, feeling out of place.

He finds himself confronted by a tidy businessman (OLIVER) of
about 45, who stares at him intently.

OLIVER

You are a beautiful, beautiful man.

ANGEL

Uh... thanks.

OLIVER

You're an actor.

ANGEL

No.

OLIVER

(holds out his card)

It wasn't a question. I'm Oliver,
ask anyone about Oliver, they'll
tell you that I am a fierce animal.
I'm your manager as soon as you call.

ANGEL

I'm not an actor.

OLIVER

Funny. I like the humor, I like
the whole thing. Spelling has a
pilot going up, I don't know what
it's about but you're perfect.
Call me, this is not a come on,
I'm in a very serious relationship
with a landscape architect.

CONTINUED

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

He leaves. Angel has no idea what to say. He leaves the card on the table, turns to look around some more -- and hears a familiar laugh.

He rounds a corner to see CORDELIA talking to a couple of young suits.

CORDELIA

Oh, Calloway is a pig! I won't even read for him anymore. How do you think Alexis got the part? Oh please. There's a short walk between acting and faking. Anyway she's way too old. It should be someone fresh, you know, like a young Natalie Portman...

ANGEL

Cordelia.

She looks over at Angel. Clearly shocked to see him.

CORDELIA

Oh my God! Angel.

The suits drift away as she crosses to Angel. She clearly would rather be with them, but...

ANGEL

It's nice to see a familiar face.

CORDELIA

I didn't know you were in L.A.
Are you living here?

ANGEL

Yeah. You?

CORDELIA

Malibu. Little condo on the beach. It's not a private beach, but I'm young, so I forbear.

ANGEL

And you're acting?

CONTINUED

17 CONTINUED: (3)

17

CORDELIA

Can you believe it? I just started it as a way to make some quick cash and then -- boom. It's my life. Lotta work. I'm just trying to keep grounded, not let it go to my head.

CONTINUED

17 CONTINUED: (4)

17

Awkward pause.

CORDELIA (cont'd)
So, are you still...
(makes claws and
fangs)
...Grrrr...?

ANGEL
Yeah. There's not actually a cure
for that.

CORDELIA
Right. But you're not evil,
you're not here to... you know,
bite people...

ANGEL
Just gave a friend a ride.

CORDELIA
Good. Isn't this a great party?

ANGEL
(not really)
Fabulous:

CORDELIA
So, who do you know?
(off his look)
Who do you know here? Somebody?

ANGEL
Just Tina. This isn't exactly my scene.

CORDELIA
Well, yeah, you're the only vampire here.

ANGEL
I kind of doubt that.

CORDELIA
Well, I better get mingly; I really
should be talking to the people who
are somebody. But it was fun!

She leaves. Angel watches her, says to no one:

ANGEL
It's nice that she's grown as a person.

CONTINUED

17 CONTINUED: (5)

17

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 yet. 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 --

18 INT. PARKING GARAGE BENEATH HIGH RISE - NIGHT

18

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 731. Tina obediently heads for it, then takes off running. They take off after her. She dodges between some parked cars, gets grabbed from behind by Thug 3.

TINA (cont'd)

Let go of me! LET GO OF ME!

As they put her in the car --

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

19 INT PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

19

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 up 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 -- cool action hero that he is -- lands in a convertible. Problem is: it's the wrong convertible. He sees HIS CAR nearby.

ANGEL

Damn.

He scrambles out.

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 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.

CONTINUED

19 CONTINUED:

19

ANGEL

Tina, get in the car.

She gets in.

STACEY

You know what? I don't think
you're gonna pull that trigger.

Angel punches him in the face. He's on the ground in an
instant.

ANGEL

Good call.

Angel gets in the car, Stacey staring balefully at him.

TINA

Nice party, huh?

ANGEL

Little too fabulous for me.

He slams the car into gear, roars out.

20 EXT. CRUMMY APT. BUILDING - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

20

21 INT. CORDELIA'S CRUMMY APT. - NIGHT

21

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.

This is no Malibu condo.

She hits the PLAY button on her answer machine. The machine
says: "YOU HAVE ONE NEW MESSAGE."

JOE'S VOICE ON MACHINE

Cordy, it's Joe at the agency. No
luck... again. I'm having trouble
booking auditions, the networks
are saying they've seen enough of
you. Which means it's time to take
a little breather, let 'em forget
they remember ya'...

(more)

CONTINUED

21 CONTINUED:

21

JOE'S VOICE ON MACHINE (cont'd)
 ...so don't call -- you know, no
 need to call me, I'll buzz ya' if
 something changes. Bye.

The machine says: "YOU HAVE NO MORE MESSAGES." 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 bite, chews slowly looking
 out the window at the dark city.

22 INT. ANGEL'S APT. - NIGHT

22

Tina, wearing a t-shirt over her black work pants, exits the
 bathroom, drops her party dress in her large bag:

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

ANGEL
 (proffering a cup)
 I made some tea.

TINA
 (takes it)
 Thanks.

ANGEL
 Do you take milk and sugar?
 (she nods)
 'Cause I don't have those things.
 I don't get a lot of visitors.

TINA
 (re: his ancient
 weapons on wall or
 in case)
 At least not ones you like.

ANGEL
 (smiles)
 I have relationship issues, too.

CONTINUED

22 CONTINUED:

22

TINA

It's weird. The second you get out of high school, it's like, "Time to choose. Who you gonna be?" And you're not ready for that. So you make a choice, and another, and then it's a blur 'til you stop and look around and this is who you are. You feel like, "How can my body be twenty-eight when I feel so old?"

ANGEL

I really know what you mean.

TINA

Yeah. Two lonely people.

(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

You got enough people taking advantage right now.

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

CONTINUED

22 CONTINUED: (2)

22

TINA

Boy are you ever in the wrong town.

She sits on the couch, cries; he gives her some Kleenex.

TINA (cont'd)

Thank you...

ANGEL

Does 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?

CONTINUED

22 CONTINUED: (3)

22

TINA

He likes to... he likes pain. I mean he really does; he talks about it like it's a friend of his. And you don't leave him, he tells you when he's had enough. I knew a girl, Denise, she tried to get away, she disappeared off the face of the earth. He finds you.

ANGEL

Not anymore.

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) DENISE PERKINS and a few phone numbers, all crossed out.

Off Angel,

23 EXT. L.A. LIBRARY - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

23

24 INT. L.A. LIBRARY - NIGHT

24

A cavernous space, deserted at this hour.

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

ON COMPUTER SCREEN # 2 - Info is coming up in response to SEARCH: PERKINS, DENISE.

CONTINUED

24 CONTINUED:

24

It reads: ACTRESS, MEMBER S.A.G., A.F.T.R.A.; DANCER IN LAS VEGAS UNDER THE NAMES LYLA WILLIAMS, LYLA JONES.

Angel types 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. DENISE PERKINS. 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...!

25 OMITTED

25

26 INT. ANGEL'S APT. - DAY

26

Angel emerges from the tunnel in his living room floor, hears Tina on the couch in the throes of a nightmare. Angel enters, moves to her.

TINA

I can't....

ANGEL

Tina --

CONTINUED

26 CONTINUED:

26

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

TINA

No!!

ANGEL

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

She recognizes him, collapses in his arms.

TINA

He was here...

ANGEL

It's just a dream, it's okay now...

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

Did your friend Denise have a tattoo on her left shoulder?

TINA

(nods)

A rose.

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 (cont'd)

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

TINA

No...

CONTINUED

26 CONTINUED: (2)

26

ANGEL

Yes.

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

TINA

Why do you have that?

He looks, she pulls away from him, standing.

TINA (cont'd)

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

You're just like him!

She shoves him away, grabs a lamp.

TINA (cont'd)

You stay away from me. I'm getting out of here.

ANGEL

Let me --

She hurls the lamp at his head and runs out the back door.

27 INT. ANGEL'S OFFICE LOBBY - DAY

27

She runs for all she's worth, out of the office. Angel appears, running after her.

ANGEL

Tina --!

CONTINUED

27 CONTINUED:

27

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

ANGEL (cont'd)

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 -- runs for her life. He collapses against the building, cradling his hand, breathing hard, watching her go.

- 28 OMITTED 28
- 29 EXT. TINA'S APT. BUILDING - DAY 29
- Not as crummy as Cordelia's but not much better.
- 30 INT. TINA'S APT. - DAY 30

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 gun 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 Denise?

RUSSELL

Nothing.

TINA

I want the truth, Russell!

RUSSELL

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

TINA

No. She's dead.

CONTINUED

30 CONTINUED:

30

RUSSELL

What do you mean? She called me yesterday, she's trying to get back into school, wanted me to pull strings. Who's been telling you these things?

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

RUSSELL (cont'd)

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 (cont'd)

I've had everybody I know looking for you.

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

RUSSELL (cont'd)

If you're sick of L.A., if you need rent, you know I only want to help you. Just tell me what you want.

TINA

(softly)

I want to go home...

RUSSELL

Done. Poor thing...

She lets him put his arms around her.

RUSSELL (cont'd)

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

TINA

I don't know, I thought you hired him... he turned into something...

He strokes her cheek, looks at her compassionately.

CONTINUED

30 CONTINUED: (2)

30

TINA (cont'd)

...it was the most horrible thing
I've ever seen.

RUSSELL

Well, you're young.

And he MORPHS into a HORRIBLE VAMPIRE, much more demon-like
than Angel.

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

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

31 INT. TINA'S APT. - DUSK

31

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.

He races to her, checks her pulse. She's long dead.

He stops, sees the BLOOD ON HIS OWN HANDS NOW.

He stares at his hand...

and suddenly thrusts two fingers in his mouth, tasting the blood, eyes shut, overwhelmed...

His eyes snap open.

SMASH CUT TO:

32 INT. TINA'S APT. - BATHROOM SINK - DUSK

32

Angel furiously washing his hands; scrubbing them nearly raw, sickened by what he just did.

He looks in the mirror, which offers no reflection. But he can see, behind him on the floor, Tina's body. 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:

33 INT./EXT. TINA'S APT. NIGHT - LATE

33

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.

CONTINUED

33 CONTINUED:

33

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

DISSOLVE TO:

34 EXT. RUSSELL'S MANSION - DAY

34

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

35 INT. RUSSELL'S MANSION - STUDY - DAY

35

A large, clean space; computers, huge monitors, paintings, empty desk, thick drapes secured against the daylight. Russell 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. There is a discreet BUZZ on the intercom.

WILLIAM'S VOICE (O.S.)

Mr. McDonald from Wolfram and Hart
is here, sir.

RUSSELL

Show him in, William.

36 INT. RUSSELL'S MANSION - FOYER - DAY

36

Uniformed maids clean and polish in b.g. WILLIAM the BUTLER shows LINDSEY MCDONALD (smart young lawyer, Wolfram and Hart briefcase in hand) into:

37 INT. RUSSELL'S MANSION - STUDY - DAY

37

LINDSEY

Hello Mr. Winters, sorry to
disturb you at home.

The Butler bows out, leaving them alone.

CONTINUED

37 CONTINUED:

37

RUSSELL

(rewinds, watches
Tina on vid again)

A man is only disturbed to see
someone from his law firm when he
brings bad news. Am I going to be
disturbed, Lindsey?

LINDSEY

No. The Eltron merger is a go,
they caved on everything after
you... negotiated with their
C.F.O. We'll bring the final
drafts to your office tomorrow.

RUSSELL

Yet you're here today.

Lindsey nods, glances at Tina on screen.

RUSSELL (cont'd)

(re: Tina)

She had something, didn't she...

(rewinds again)

I was sorry to kill her so soon.

Lindsey stares at Tina, then impassively opens his briefcase,
shows documents to Russell.

LINDSEY

Actually you haven't seen her in
several weeks. You were in
conference yesterday with your
contract lawyers when the
unfortunate incident occurred.
And we've located a witness who's
telling the police he saw a dark
complexioned man with blood on his
hands fleeing the scene.

RUSSELL

Impressive.

LINDSEY

Wolfram and Hart is a full service
law firm, Mr. Winters. It's our
job to make our clients' lives run
more smoothly.

CONTINUED

37 CONTINUED: (2)

37

RUSSELL
No ethical dilemmas?

LINDSEY
(smiles politely)
Very witty, sir.

CONTINUED

37 CONTINUED: (3)

37

Lindsey returns papers to briefcase. During the above, the vid has continued playing scenes from the party.

RUSSELL

Who's this?

Lindsey looks to the vid monitor -- shots of Cordelia.

RUSSELL (cont'd)

Fresh face. I'll have to meet her.

Lindsey thoughtfully closes his briefcase, asks:

LINDSEY

Should I alert the firm that this young lady may constitute another... long term investment?

RUSSELL

(studies Cor's image)

I don't think so, I just want something to eat. That reminds me...

(re: market monitor)

Short Holloman Food Supplies four hundred thousand shares.

38 INT. TUNNEL - DAY

38

Far off, we can hear (and see?) the rumbling subway. This tunnel is dark, unused, except by the likes of Angel.

He sits by himself, face unreadable. Doyle approaches, slowly.

DOYLE

I heard. I'm sorry.

ANGEL

If I had just... I didn't help her. I failed her.

DOYLE

You're a soldier; you fight. Sometimes you lose.

ANGEL

Maybe the powers that be need to find a better soldier... one with a soul worth saving.

CONTINUED

38 CONTINUED:

38

DOYLE

You know, they don't consult me
with their battle plans. But they
chose you for a reason.

ANGEL

She was frightened.

DOYLE

Yeah, she panicked! You can't
always know what--

ANGEL

No, I mean... her eyes, the way
she would look around her, like--
just waiting to see what was gonna
hit her next.

DOYLE

She got to you.

ANGEL

And I was supposed to help her.

CONTINUEI

38 CONTINUED: (2)

38

DOYLE

I don't know. Maybe she was supposed to help **you**. Maybe she had something to give you.

ANGEL

Like what?

DOYLE

Grief.

Angel looks at him, considering.

DOYLE (cont'd)

There's a particularly nasty vampire out there. Rich, protected, can do any damn thing he wants. He's killed, and he'll keep on killing till someone's mad enough to take him down.

He gets in Angel's face.

DOYLE (cont'd)

What you need, boy, is a bit a' therapy. You have great pain. It's time to share it.

SMASH CUT TO:

39 OMITTED

39

40 INT. STACEY'S GYM SUPPLIES - DAY

40

As THUG 1 comes crashing through the plate glass window.

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 tightens his grip, Stacey nearly faints.

ANGEL

There's nobody left I care about.

41 INT. CORDELIA'S CRUMMY APT. - DAY

41

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 (cont'd)

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

CONTINUED

41 CONTINUED:

41

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 (cont'd)
Hello, this is Cordelia Chase.

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

CORDELIA
A director? A manager? An assistant to an assistant who's ready to spring for lunch?

MARGO
Russell Winters.

CORDELIA
The investment guy?

As the conversation continues, it is INTERCUT with the events that it is leading up to.

42 EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

42

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

MARGO (O.S.)
Oh, Cordelia, he's a lot more than that.
(more)

CONTINUED

42 CONTINUED:

42

MARGO (cont'd; O.S.)
He helps people get started in
their careers, he knows everyone
and... he wants to meet you
tonight.

CORDELIA (O.S.)
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 --

43 INT. LIMO - NIGHT

43

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

CORDELIA (O.S.)
Wait. I don't have to have sex
with him, do I? Cause I
couldn't... I'm nearly positive
that I couldn't --

MARGO (O.S.)
No, no, he just likes to help
people. I don't think he enjoys
sex at all.

44 EXT. RUSSELL'S MANSION - NIGHT

44

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

CORDELIA (O.S.)
Oh good!

MARGO (O.S.)
He'll send a limo for you at eight.

45 INT. LIMO - NIGHT

45

Cordelia peeks out at the impressive mansion. (Dialogue now
is inside the limo, no longer on the phone.)

CONTINUED

45 CONTINUED:

45

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.

46 EXT. RUSSELL'S MANSION - NIGHT

46

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

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

47 INT. ANGEL'S APT. - NIGHT

47

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

DOYLE

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.

DOYLE

Well, this is good, you're taking charge, fighting back --do you really need all this?

ANGEL

A Girl Scout told me: be prepared.

DOYLE

Well, best of luck. I got some fairly large coin riding on the Vikings tonight, but I'll be with you in spirit --

ANGEL

You're driving.

DOYLE

What? But -- no. No, I'm not combat-ready. I'm just the messenger.

ANGEL

And I'm the message.

48 EXT. RUSSELL MANSION - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

48

49 INT. RUSSELL'S MANSION - NIGHT

49

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

50 INT. RUSSELL'S MANSION - STUDY - NIGHT

50

The Butler shows her in, and Russell rises to greet her.

RUSSELL

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

He waves the Butler away, who exits. Cor turns to Russell,
trying to think of conversation.

CORDELIA

So, nice place, I love the
curtains. Not afraid to emphasize
the curtains.

RUSSELL

I have old fashioned tastes.

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 (cont'd)

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

RUSSELL

And Margo says you're an actress.
That's going well?

CORDELIA

Oh, yeah, it's great, I've had a
lot of opportunities, the hands in
the Liqui-Gel commercial were
almost mine by like one or two
girls, and... well... it's not
everything I...

The facade crumbles. She looks at Russell forlornly,
wondering what he will require of her.

51 EXT. RUSSELL'S MANSION - NIGHT

51

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, Doyle at the wheel. Angel gets out.

ANGEL

Hi, I think we're lost... I'm looking for Cliff Drive -- hey, what ya' watchin'? Is that the Vikings?

Angel leans over, looks at the monitor that shows Angel's car and the front of the house.

ANGEL'S HAND - reaches out, grabs the transmitting wire from the vid cam on the gate, rips it out. The monitor goes snowy.

GUARD

Hey, what are you --

The Guard fishes for his gun -- Angel knocks him out.

ANGEL

(to Doyle)

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

DOYLE

Ten minutes.

Angel grabs his gear and bolts.

AT THE WALL - ANGEL LEAPS, grabs the top, 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.

52 INT. RUSSELL'S MANSION - STUDY - NIGHT

52

Cordelia is speaking quietly, opening up to Russell more than she would have intended.

CORDELIA

I've tried really hard, you know?
Usually when I try at something I
succeed right away. I just
thought this would be... but I
don't know anybody, I don't even
have any friends out here...

RUSSELL

Now you know me. And you don't
have to worry anymore.

CORDELIA

(looking down)

What do you want me to do?

RUSSELL

Just tell me what you want.

Cordelia tries to collect herself - and to stall the intimacy of the moment.

CORDELIA

Oh, God, I'm sorry -- here I am
getting all weepy in front of
you...

(looks around for a
mirror)

I probably look really scary -- I
finally get invited to a nice
place with no mirrors and lots of
curtains and 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.

CONTINUED

52 CONTINUED:

52

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.

53 EXT. RUSSELL'S MANSION - NIGHT

53

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.

54 INT. RUSSELL'S MANSION - STUDY - NIGHT

54

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

CORDELIA

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

RUSSELL

Truth is, I'm happy you know.
Means we can skip the formalities.

CORDELIA

(really afraid now)

Please...

He GROWLS, MORPHS and lunges. She screams and flees into:

55 INT. RUSSELL'S MANSION - MAIN FOYER - CONTINUOUS

55

Cordy runs up the stairs but Russell is right behind her,
grabs her --

56 EXT. RUSSELL'S MANSION - NIGHT - INSERTS 56

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

57 OMITTED 57

58 INT. RUSSELL'S MANSION - STUDY - NIGHT 58

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

ANGEL (O.S.)
Russell Winters.

He turns as Angel steps out of the shadows.

CORDELIA
Angel?

RUSSELL
What do you want?

ANGEL
I have a message from Tina.

Russell blanches slightly at the name.

RUSSELL
You've made a very big mistake,
coming here.

CORDELIA
You don't know who he is, do you?
Oh boy, are you about to get your
ass kicked!

Angel and Russell charge each other, trade a couple of quick vicious punches. Russell knocks Angel back hard enough to make him go to vampface.

RUSSELL
One of us? Didn't you get the
owner's manual? We don't help
them, we eat them!

Angel charges and gets the better of Russell, but Russell holds back Angel's stake.

CONTINUED

58 CONTINUED:

58

The doors burst open and TWO GUARDS run in GUNS DRAWN.

RUSSELL (cont'd)
(re: Cordelia)

Kill her.

The Guards point at Cordelia. Angel throws away Russell and catapults in front of her, taking several bullets, tackling her and sending them both over the back railing. They hit the floor and bolt for the back door.

59 EXT. RUSSELL'S MANSION - NIGHT - DOYLE

59

Doyle reacts to more gunshots.

DOYLE
That's it. I'm gone.

Doyle throws car into gear, burns rubber down the street.

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

DOYLE (cont'd)
Dammit.

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

DOYLE - lets out a WAR CRY!

DOYLE (cont'd)
Yaaahhhhhhhh!!!!

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

DOYLE (cont'd)
(beat)
Good gate.

Doyle 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.

CONTINUED

59 CONTINUED:

59

DOYLE (cont'd)
(re: car)
I had a little...
(more SHOTS)
...we'll talk later.

He hits the gas, they lurch away.

60 INT. ANGEL'S APT. - NIGHT

60

Angel's shirt is off. Cor is telling Doyle (with forceps) how to remove the bullets from Angel's torso. Angel winces in pain.

DOYLE
Doin' my best, buddy...

CORDELIA
(to Angel)
We can't actually kill you unless we
put a stake through your heart, right?

ANGEL
Maybe you should get one.

DOYLE
Got it.

He drops the bullet next to three others they've pulled.

CORDELIA
Finally, thought I was going to
faint while barfing.

They bandage Angel's wounded torso as:

CORDELIA (cont'd)
So it's over, right? We're both
going to be okay, you put the fear
of God in that Russell guy, he's not
gonna come looking for me, right?

Doyle looks at Angel, who is worried about that very thing.

61 EXT. SKYSCRAPER - DAY - ESTABLISHING

61

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

62 INT. SKYSCRAPER - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

62

CLOSE ON THE WOLFRAM AND HART BRIEFCASE as Lindsey removes some documents.

LINDSEY

The Eltron mutual trust binder is ready for your signature.

Lindsey, speaking to Russell at the far end of the table, hands the docs to a SMART YOUNG LAWYERESS on his right who hands it down the line of smart YOUNG LAWYERS to Russell.

LINDSEY (cont'd)

Also, we spoke to our office in Washington this morning, the new tax law we lobbied will knock three percent off gross taxes and kick up profits accordingly. We were pretty pleased with that down at the firm.

(more papers)

As to 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.

LINDSEY (cont'd)

-- looking into his whereabouts.

RUSSELL

I believe we've located him.

Lindsey moves to Angel, hands him his card.

LINDSEY

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.

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

CONTINUED

62 CONTINUED:

62

RUSSELL

Angel, we do things a certain way
in L.A.

ANGEL

Well I'm new here.

RUSSELL

But you're a civilized man. We
don't have to go attacking each
other. Look at me. I pay my
taxes, keep my name out of the
paper; I don't make waves. And in
return I can do pretty much
anything I want.

ANGEL

Really?

Angel lifts his foot, rests it on the chair between Russell's
legs--

ANGEL (cont'd)

Can you fly?

--and KICKS with all his might...

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

63 EXT. SKYSCRAPER - DAY

63

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

64 INT. SKYSCRAPER - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

64

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. A moment, then Lindsey speed-dials his
phone.

CONTINUED

64 CONTINUED:

64

LINDSEY

(into phone)

Set an interoffice meeting for 4
o'clock. It seems we have a new
player in town.

(listens)

No, no need to disturb the senior
partners with this. Not yet.

CONTINUED

64 CONTINUED: (2)

64

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

65 EXT. SKYSCRAPER - DAY

65

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.

66 EXT. ANGEL'S BUILDING - DAY - ESTABLISHING

66

67 INT. ANGEL'S APT. - DAY

67

Angel sits by himself, by the phone. A moment, and he picks it up, dials. Waits.

BUFFY'S VOICE

Hello? Hello?

He hangs up.

Doyle enters from upstairs.

DOYLE

What happened with Russell?

ANGEL

He went into the light.

DOYLE

Yet ya' don't seem in a celebratin' mood.

ANGEL

I killed a vampire. I didn't help anyone.

DOYLE

You sure a' that?

CORDELIA (O.S.)

AAGHHLL!

The boys bolt upstairs.

68 INT. ANGEL'S OFFICE - DAY

68

They come up to find: 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, has been dusting and shoving furniture around.

CORDELIA

Cockroach. In the corner. I'd say a bantamweight.

Doyle goes to check. Cordy turns to Angel.

CORDELIA (cont'd)

Okay, first thing, we have to call an exterminator. And a sign painter, we should have a name on the door.

ANGEL

Okay, I'm confused... again...

CORDELIA

Oh, Doyle told me about your little mission and all and I was saying, if we're gonna help people out, maybe a small charge, a fee, you know, something to help pay the rent, and my salary... You need someone to organize things, and you're not exactly rolling in it, Mr. I-was-alive-for-two-hundred-years-and-never-developed-an-investment-portfolio.

ANGEL

You want to charge people?

CORDELIA

Not everybody. But sooner or later you'll have to help some rich people, right?

(to Doyle)

Right?

DOYLE

Possibly.

CORDELIA

Hand me that box. So I figure we'll charge based on a case by case analysis, but with me working for a flat fee.

CONTINUED

68 CONTINUED:

68

Angel regards her a moment, taking all this in. For a moment, her bravado slips, and she looks at him meekly.

CORDELIA (cont'd)

I mean, that is... if you think
you could use me...

A beat, and Angel hands her the box, smiling kindly at her. She takes it happily and exits to the outer office, calling back:

CORDELIA (cont'd)

Of course this is just temporary, till
my inevitable stardom takes effect.

DOYLE

You made a good choice. She'll
provide a connection to the world.
She has a very humanizing influence.

ANGEL

You think she's a hottie.

DOYLE

Oh, she's a stiffener, can't lie
about that. But she could use a hand.

ANGEL

True.

DOYLE

There's a lot of people in this
city need helpin'.

ANGEL

So I noticed.

DOYLE

You game?

The camera pushes in on Angel, as a small smile creeps onto his face.

CUT TO:

69 EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

69

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...

ANGEL (V.O.)

I'm game.

BLACK OUT.

THE END