

ANGEL

"The Claudia Complex"

by
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TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. FAMILY'S HOME - NIGHT 1

We slowly fade in on an extremely large two storey house in one of the nicer neighborhoods within the urban Los Angeles Area, prominent against the backdrop of the city lights.

Though nothing seems out of the ordinary, an uneasy feeling of peculiarity and nervousness creep in with the muffled shattering of glass somewhere nearby.

2 INT. FAMILY'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM 2

Inside the bedroom, a MAN quickly arises from his bed -- alarmed by the shattering glass. He cautiously looks around the bedroom for any signs of intrusion, but sees nothing.

His WIFE has, likewise, woken from her slumber and is frantically scouring the room as well.

WIFE
(whispering)
What was that?!

MAN
I don't know.
(beat)
Maybe you should go check it out.

She shoots him the "no sex again - ever" look and he quickly smiles, rises from the bed, and places on his expensive looking slippers.

3 INT. FAMILY'S HOME - DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY 3

The man walks apathetically though the darkened hallways, not concerned with the noise, but as he gets to the end of the hallway, however, a second noise is able to grasp firmly to his attention.

It sounds as though someone is moving noisily about his living room. He comes to a brutal halt and stares wearily into room from where the noise originated.

The living room stands empty. The same living room that he's grown accustomed to. Nothing unusual.

Nonetheless, the man is visibly shaken from hearing the latter of the sounds. He carefully peers around the corner into the rest of the living room, but still sees nothing.

4 INT. FAMILY'S HOME - LIVING ROOM 4

Shadows play along the walls with passing cars as the man walks through the empty living room. As he passes the fireplace, he grabs a weapon -- the firepoker.

He walks to the stairs as Type O Negative's "Wolf Moon" begins playing and adds to the eerie atmosphere.

5 INT. FAMILY'S HOME - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY 5

He quickly pops his head into his children's' rooms and sees that they're okay, before continuing on to his own.

6 INT. FAMILY'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM 6

He closes the door and sighs with relief, then quickly walks to his wife's side. As he puts his hand on his wife's shoulder to wake her, the music kicks in to high gear.

He rolls her onto her back and sees -- she's DEAD.

He stumbles back and trips over the rug on the floor. He fiercely jumps to his feet and retrieves the poker that had worked its way onto the ground.

He turns, several times, in a circle, searching the room, but nothing until it dawns on him -- his children!

He takes one more desperate look at his wife's lifeless body before throwing the door open once again.

7 INT. FAMILY'S HOME - HALLWAY 7

He hurriedly exits from his own room and runs down the hallway. He makes it all the way to the door of his children and hurriedly reaches for the door knob.

As he begins to turn the knob, however, he stops -- something is standing in front of him in the hallway.

From a much shorter perspective, we find ourselves looking up at the man's face as he stares in horror.

MAN
(terrified)
Wh-what do you want?
(beat)
What do you want?!

No response.

MAN (cont'd)
(looking to his kids'
room)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAN(cont'd)

You can take me. Just don't hurt my
kids, please...

We start moving closer to him -- he begins his attempt at
back stepping, almost petrified -- slowly at first, but with
one violent move, we lunge at him as he SWINGS just over the
top of us with the poker.

A SCREAM rings out just before we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

8 INT. SPIKE'S OFFICE - MORNING

8

SPIKE and SKYE are sitting about Spike's still newly established office. Spike sits valiantly behind the desk, still relishing the fact that he is the boss.

SPIKE

So how's the kid?

SKYE

He's okay. Still a bit shaken up.

SPIKE

Understandable. Poor little bugger's safe in an orphanage one minute, next thing he's holed up with a pair of vampires and a demon for company, on the run from some place that wants to make him into a conspiracy theory!

Skye nods uneasily.

SPIKE (cont'd)

Look, sorry to bring that up, but it's not your fault. No more than it is mine, or Blue's for that matter, so there's no sense in pining over it like a bunch of peasants with failing crops.

She stares curiously at him -- peasants with crops?

SPIKE (cont'd)

Never mind.

(agitated)

You daft yanks. You take the English language to the new world and immediately start butchering it like it was a sodding yearling! How you won the war speaking gibberish is beyond me.

SKYE

(eyes him)

You realize that I have no idea what you're talking about right?

SPIKE

(apathetically)

Just as well. Wouldn't have well agreed with me anyway...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Spike stops and takes a quick sniff of the air. Skye notices and is quick to follow suit, but before she can determine anything, KITRIDGE enters the office unannounced.

SPIKE (cont'd)
Who in the holy hell are you?!

SKYE
Spike! It could be a customer.

SPIKE
Oh, yeah. Good point.
(to Kittridge)
Sorry 'bout that. We've had-

SKYE
(quickly covering)
Vandals!

SPIKE
Right. Vandals. Bloody big ones.
They were... ah, bugger it. You took
me by surprise. Still not used to
having people come and go in my
place as they please!
(beat)
Something we can do you for?

Kitridge stands looking lazily around the office. He walks over to the book shelf and carefully inspects it.

SPIKE (cont'd)
(frowns)
Oi! This isn't a damn library,
mate! If you're not here on
business, you can just move your
curious arse on down the road!

KITRIDGE
You know, for something with so
little power, you're a very
arrogant creature.

Spike looks a little overtaken by this stiff's confidence -- only momentarily though.

SPIKE
And just who, pray tell, do we
think we are?

KITRIDGE
Oh, do forgive me. When in the
presence of lower beings I tend to
forget my manners altogether.

Spike simply glares. Ready to attack.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SPIKE

(to Skye)

I think it's safe to assume that he isn't a customer.

(back to Kitridge)

Shall we kill him?

KITRIDGE

My name is James Kitridge.

SPIKE

Oh, that explains a lot then.

(sarcastically to Skye)

You should probably begin cowering.

(beat)

This is the new big bad in town.

KITRIDGE

I'm looking for Angel.

SPIKE

Yeah, well... you would be. Wrong office, mate. This is a new operation, fully independent from that useless git.

Kitridge smiles artificially at Spike before placing the book back upon the shelf from whence it came.

KITRIDGE

I love what you've done with the place. Not that I was around before, but it's... quaint.

SPIKE

Yeah. We're just waiting on the business cards.

(quickly)

Now, I'd like to skip to the part where you beg for your life, but I'm too damn selfish to spare any of that tasty blood that's flowing through your veins.

Kitridge appears unaffected by Spike's words.

KITRIDGE

Where is he?

SPIKE

(to Skye)

Can we just check? Do you hear words coming out of my mouth?

In a single violent motion while continuing his speech, Spike RUSHES Kitridge and has him pinned against the wall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SPIKE (cont'd)
(screaming in his ear)
Because I could have sworn that I
told this bull headed bloke to piss
off!

As it appears that Spike has Kitridge just where he would like to have him, he suddenly stops and stares at Kitridge. He slowly gazes down at his chest to see a stake rested promptly above his heart.

SPIKE (cont'd)
Oh, balls.

Skye sees the stake and begins to jump from her chair, but is convinced to do otherwise by Kitridge.

KITRIDGE
I wouldn't do that if I were you. I
could kill your boyfriend here-

SKYE
He's not my boyfriend, jerkoff.
He's my boss.

KITRIDGE
(to Skye)
You'll either be out an employer or
a lover. Which of the two is of no
consequence to me. And do you
really think that you could kill me
before my team waiting outside
could get to you?

Skye weighs the odds momentarily before sitting back down.

KITRIDGE (cont'd)
Good girl.
(to Spike)
Now, about your boss, Angel.

SPIKE
(aggravated)
He's not my boss! If you haven't
noticed, I'm in business for
myself, you bleeding imbecile! And
anyhow, I don't have a clue where
he is, so either kill me and get it
over with or get the hell out of my
office!

KITRIDGE
For someone in your position, you
don't seem too worried about my
staking you. Doubt my sincerity?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

SPIKE

Nope. I know full well you'll kill me first chance you get, but I've already died, on more than one occasion, and come back bigger and badder every time.

Spike slowly and deliberately takes a cigarette from within his coat pocket. He lights it, takes a drag, and blows the smoke in Kitridge's face.

SPIKE (cont'd)

So come on, chap. Do me a favor. It's your funeral.

Kitridge merely smiles back. A mere moment later, he twists Spike around, throws him against the wall, and THRUSTS the stake into his chest.

Spike falls against the wall and slides along it to the ground. The cigarette falls from his lips and onto the floor as Skye rushes over.

She pulls Kitridge away from him and lands a massive RIGHT HOOK that sends him to the floor. She begins to command a full on assault before she's interrupted by Spike.

SPIKE (cont'd)

Excuse me...

Skye turns around and stares on in shock -- he's not dust! Spike points down to the 'stake' embedded in his chest.

SPIKE (cont'd)

As much as I'd enjoy watching you throttle that arrogant bastard, I think I'd rather you pulled this metal thing out of my chest...

SKYE

It's...?
(back to Kitridge)
You...

KITRIDGE

That's right. It's not wooden. No dust. Just a cheap gag at Billy Idol's expense.

SPIKE

(offended)
Hey!

He winces in pain as he tries to shout back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Skye, meanwhile, is still hovering over Kitridge, debating on whether or not to continue to beat him to a bloody pulp.

SKYE
Why would you-

SPIKE
Seriously luv, I know it's not
fatal, but it does hurt like hell!

He winces again as the pain shoots through his body.

Skye reluctantly walks away from Kitridge and to Spike's aid. She reaches down and grabs the piece of metal that's been masquerading as a stake.

SPIKE (cont'd)
(smiling between panting)
Easy now, it's my first time,
believe it or not... Ah!

Spike SCREAMS as the stake is RIPPED from his chest. Skye examines the piece of cloaked metal for a moment before tossing on the ground at Kitridge's feet.

SKYE
(solemnly)
Get out.

KITRIDGE
You really don't know where he is,
do you? In the middle of a war, and
your boss leaves you.

SPIKE
I told you last time, he's not my
bloody boss!

KITRIDGE
(smirks)
Quite. Well, as fun as this has
been, I'll be on my way now.

He begins walking away, but stops short.

KITRIDGE (cont'd)
One more thing. I could have easily
killed you today, the only reason
that you're alive is because I wish
it.
(arrogantly)
I want you to think of that every
time that you look into the... well,
you know what I mean.

Spike has a hand over his chest to stop the blood flow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

SPIKE

Skye, be a doll, lift my hand and
hold the middle finger up for me.

Kitridge smirks and walks from the office.

SPIKE (cont'd)

(sighs)

We need someone to hire someone to
work the bloody door in this place...

As Spike presses a hand to his sore chest, we cut to:

9

INT. UTF BASE - SECURITY. DAY.

9

Taylor is leafing through some reports as he passes the small
security room, when one of his men calls out.

UTF MEMBER

Sir? You'd better come see this.

Taylor steps into the office and peers up at the bank of CCTV
video monitors.

Angel is in one of them, waiting at one of the base's
entrance doors, staring up at the camera.

UTF MEMBER (cont'd)

He showed up just now, I was about
to call you and ask if we should
let him in or not.

TAYLOR

Yeah, bring him to my office. Let's
hear what he's got to say.

10

INT. UTF BASE - TAYLOR'S OFFICE. DAY.

10

Taylor is reading the same reports as Angel knocks on the
door and enters. Taylor doesn't look up as he points to a
chair. Angel draws it up and sits.

TAYLOR

(shrugs)

So what is it?

ANGEL

Nothing much, just thought I'd
swing by and say hi.

TAYLOR

Don't get cute with me, Angel, why
are you here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGEL

I thought maybe we should work on our PR a little.

TAYLOR

Our what?

ANGEL

I've been thinking a lot about this, especially with Spike and Illyria gone. We're both doing the same job, and whether you want to admit it or not, we're on the same side. I think it's time we started pooling our resources.

TAYLOR

Resources? What've you got, exactly? A teenager and your girlfriend? I can hear the forces of darkness quaking in their boots from here..

ANGEL

(patiently)

That's not what I mean. Taylor, it doesn't make sense for us to keep butting heads whenever we run into each other. If we did some work together, helped each other out, we'd get a lot more accomplished.

TAYLOR

What, you want to join my team?

ANGEL

(beat)

Not exactly. I just wanted to let you know I'd be willing to help you now and again, as long as, you know, you'd be willing to return the favour.

Taylor leans back in his chair and rubs his chin thoughtfully as he mulls it over.

TAYLOR

Alright, just so happens we've got a new situation that we could use some extra help for. You game?

ANGEL

Long as you're prepared to return the favour.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TAYLOR

I'm not one for negotiating, Angel,
let's see how you go on this
mission and then we'll see where we
stand.

Taylor picks up his walkie-talkie.

TAYLOR (cont'd)

Sonia? Get yourself into my office,
bring today's paper and the files
on the new case.

Taylor puts the handset back down, and after a beat SONIA
enters the office. She smiles at Angel, who nods back, as she
hands a folder to Taylor and a newspaper to Angel.

SONIA

(cheerfully)
Here's your paper.

ANGEL

Thank you.

Taylor watches Sonia for a moment after she hands him the
paper -- just who's in charge here? -- but dismisses it.

ANGEL (cont'd)

(lays paper across the
table)
Huh... did you guys see this?

TAYLOR

The murder on the front page,
right? That's what I noticed. My
first thought was 'We're in LA. How
long have you been in this city?
There are going to be murders every
day of the year.' Then I looked a
little closer at the details.

ANGEL

Yeah, looks like this one was done
by a vampire. The article mentions
bite marks and a curious lack of
blood at the crime scene.

TAYLOR

Then maybe we should check it out.

ANGEL

(standing up)
I agree.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SONIA
 (pointing to the clock)
 Uh, Angel...

ANGEL
 It's okay. As long as I'm careful,
 I can stay out of the-

TAYLOR
 Forget it, we need to move now. We
 don't have time to babysit a sun
 shy vampire in the shadows. Maybe
 you should have gotten here a
 little bit earlier?

Taylor walks off with Sonia following shortly thereafter with
 a regretful look on her face.

SONIA
 (sincerely)
 I'll keep you updated.

ANGEL
 Thanks. Soon as you find anything,
 call me and I'll be right over to
 help out.

Sonia nods, then has to dash out after Taylor. Angel finds
 himself sitting alone at the table, looking ruefully up at
 the sun filtering through the office blinds.

We cut from the office over to:

11 INT. SPIKE'S OFFICE. DAY. 11

Spike and Skye are still in the office as ILLYRIA walks in.
 Spike has his shirt off and is being bandaged up by Skye with
 enough gauze to supply both sides of the Civil War. Illyria
 spots the bandages and scowls at Spike.

ILLYRIA
 You fight without calling upon me?

SPIKE
 It wasn't really a well-planned out
 affair, more a spur of the moment
 type of thing!

ILLYRIA
 You are being bandaged as though
 you are human. Will your wounds not
 heal themselves?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPIKE

Yeah. I suppose they will, but not if my heart falls out of the giant hole in my chest!

ILLYRIA

(confused)

You were staked?

SPIKE

And she gets the golden prize!

ILLYRIA

Why are you not ashes?

SPIKE

(to Skye)

I can't talk to this one. Would you please tell her something so she'll stop asking me so many bloody questions?

SKYE

He was stabbed by a piece of metal, not wood.

ILLYRIA

His attacker did not know that wood is required to kill a vampire?

SPIKE

Oh, he knew alright! He just wanted to play a little 'hide the metal piece in Spike's vital organs' to get his rocks off. A sick bastard, that one is.

ILLYRIA

(to Skye)

What did this to him?

SKYE

Kitridge.

ILLYRIA

I do not know this 'Kitridge'.

SPIKE

Actually you do. New guy at good ol' Wolfram and Hart. You know, took Angel's job?

ILLYRIA

Then we shall attack!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SKYE

Attack? Are you nuts?

ILLYRIA

If they have the gall to attack us in our own dwelling, then we should show the same audacity, or they will think us to be cowards!

SPIKE

They can think me whatever they want, just as long as I get to heal up a bit first! Do I have to take the bandage off and show you the gaping hole?

ILLYRIA

You will do nothing?

SPIKE

(agitated)

Did someone hit the mute button on the British man? Why in the hell is no one hearing a damn word that I say?

ILLYRIA

I cannot sit by and watch comrades fall with no justice!

SPIKE

Blue...

Illyria storms out of the office as Spike rolls his eyes at her rage.

SPIKE (cont'd)

(to Skye)

And people say that I'm stubborn...

Skye grins and gets back to Spike's bandages as we:

BLACK OUT:**END OF ACT ONE**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

12 INT. FAMILY'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 12

The front door swings open, and Angel steps through the yellow police tape that runs over the doorway.

He steps into the living room - nothing out of the ordinary. Angel looks carefully in every direction, smelling the air before moving on to the next room.

13 INT. FAMILY'S HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 13

More of the same. He quickly skims over the kitchen but as he begins to move on, he notices the point of entry.

A small window on the far side of the kitchen and on the other side of the table has been broken out.

Angel walks over to the mess and picks up a couple of the pieces of glass as he stares at the broken window -- piecing together exactly how it had happened.

Satisfied that he's examined every angle, he spots the stairwell and heads in its direction.

As he is preparing to put his hand on the stairs' railing, he suddenly stops short. He looks down and notices a slight splash of BLOOD on the bottom of it. He stares calmly at it for a matter of seconds before moving on up the stairs.

14 INT. FAMILY'S HOME - STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS 14

He walks calmly up the narrow passage of stairs and takes a quick whiff of the air as he nears the top.

ANGEL
Getting closer.

15 INT. FAMILY'S HOME - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 15

Angel steps into the hallway - the door to the children's room lays wide open, and the fire poker that the man had wielded is deeply embedded within the wall.

Though the smell of blood is boldly present, Angel is having a difficult time finding any -- anywhere. He kneels down just in front of where the man had been attacked and runs his fingers over the thick, off white carpet. On the other side of the hallway, he notices what appears to be a very small spot -- possibly blood.

Upon closer inspection and smell, he confirms that it is a minute spot of blood.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It looks as though someone had tried to clean it up by scrubbing, almost like a dog had licked up the bulk of it, leaving almost nothing behind.

16 INT. FAMILY'S HOME - KIDS' ROOM - CONTINUOUS 16

From within the room, we watch Angel examine the carpet stain for several moments before he stands and walks toward us. The smell of blood is intoxicating within the room, but just like the hallway, nothing is to be seen.

The room, however, is a mess. A lamp has been knocked over and broken. Bed fittings cover nearly the whole of the room. There had obviously been a struggle within the room, but no signs of blood. Angel runs a hand through his hair.

ANGEL

This could be a long night..

17 EXT. STREETS. NIGHT. 17

Illyria wearily navigates the crowded streets, obviously still upset. As she wanders on aimlessly, a wannabe THUG -- about seventeen years old with baggy clothing and a backwards ball cap -- bumps into her.

THUG

Yo, watch out, beyatch!

Illyria whips round, GRABS the boy by his neck, and lifts him off of the ground.

Three other confused kids that were with him start to threaten Illyria, but soon rethink their plan of action.

THUG #2

(almost freaked)

Hey! What the hell kind of superbitch are you?

Illyria leans her head over and displays the scorned woman's look of death to the youths.

THUG #3

Yo, I didn't call you no bitch!
(motioning to his friends)
It was those two!

THUG #2

Sorry Dre, you're on your own.

The boys take off in a dead sprint in the opposite direction. Illyria now focuses her undivided attention upon the gravitationally challenged young man within her hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ILLYRIA

You dare to refer to me as a dog? I once bore more power than you dare to imagine, and you speak to me as though I am a lower being?

THUG

(between gasps for air)

I'm... s-sorry...

ILLYRIA

Death is a consequence far to lenient for such an act, but it will do.

She begins to tighten her grip around his neck and smiles boldly as he is unable to steal a single breath of air.

Without warning, however, her face takes an entirely different path and becomes extremely solemn -- a tear looks to be on the verge of welling in the corner of her eye.

She drops the boy to the ground. As soon as he's able, he jumps to his feet and runs as quickly as his feet will take him. Illyria stands uneasily in the same place on the sidewalk, looking confused.

ILLYRIA (cont'd)

(angrily)

Why must I feel these insignificant emotions?!

As she stomps on, we cut back to:

18

INT. TAYLOR'S BASE. NIGHT.

18

Angel walks back into the base to meet Taylor and the usual crew. He approaches Taylor and Sonia, not looking happy.

TAYLOR

(to Sonia)

Look at this. It's not even sunrise!

ANGEL

I think I found something. Oh, and thanks for calling me to let me know when you needed me, by the way. Really appreciated that.

SONIA

Oh, hey, I'm sorry, I wanted to, but Taylor said-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAYLOR

Never mind. You say you found something? Well, we did too.

ANGEL

Okay, why don't you go first?

TAYLOR

First off, we found that you sent us on a wild ass goose chase.

ANGEL

(confused)

What?

TAYLOR

If you would have done any kind of preliminary work before sending us off in search of a would-be vampire-

ANGEL

'Would-be'?

TAYLOR

(throwing him the paper)

It's right there in the paper.

Angel doesn't look at the paper.

ANGEL

What are you talking about?

TAYLOR

They weren't bite marks. Okay, they were bite marks, but not from a vampire.

ANGEL

What makes you so sure?

TAYLOR

We went to the morgue and the bite marks didn't match up at all with standard vamp markings.

(pointing to Angel's mouth)

You see, those set of retractable fangs there leave a set of bite marks that are roughly two inches wide. The ones on the bodies were barely an inch. Even says it in the paper. I thought you used to be a detective?

ANGEL

It was a vampire.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TAYLOR

'Fraid not, chief.

ANGEL

Look, even if it wasn't a vampire, which I'm almost certain it was, it's still some sort of killer. It drained these people dry!

TAYLOR

You go to the morgue too?

ANGEL

Didn't have to. I've got this great sense of smell. It's kind of a gift.

Taylor smirks apathetically at Angel.

ANGEL (cont'd)

(throws the paper over)

Plus, it was in the paper. There was barely a single drop of blood in the house.

TAYLOR

And you would know because...

ANGEL

I would. And I had to look really hard for it. So you know what that tells me? That it was hungry. Starving even. When you're first sired, for the first few months, you eat everything in sight.

TAYLOR

You mean everyone.

SONIA

(slapping his arm)

Taylor!

TAYLOR

So what you're telling me is that we've got a tiny novice out there draining people dry?

ANGEL

(beat)

More or less.

TAYLOR

(long beat; thinks)

Okay. It's better than what we came up with.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SONIA

We should probably hit the streets then, before it feeds again.

TAYLOR

Yeah. It'll probably strike again tonight if it's as damn hungry as Angel claims it would be. Where should we start?

ANGEL

I would say somewhere in the same vicinity as last night's attack. From what I saw, whatever did it isn't thinking clearly. It was being careless, simply feeding primal urges.

TAYLOR

Six block radius?

ANGEL

Works for me.
(curiously)
So what did you guys come up with?

TAYLOR

Not important.

Taylor moves away from the desk, and Angel has time to throw him an annoyed look before we cut to:

19

INT. SPIKE'S OFFICES - JOE'S ROOM. NIGHT.

19

Illyria cautiously pokes her head in to check on the little boy. Skye is already in the room, watching him sleep.

ILLYRIA

How is the young worm?

SKYE

He's not a 'worm,' Illyria, he's a little boy!

Illyria appears to be on the verge of snapping, but somehow holds herself back.

SKYE (cont'd)

He's fine. He just went to sleep.

ILLYRIA

He is in pain?

SKYE

Nope. Just tired.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ILLYRIA

(beat)

The young ones... they don't seem nearly as vile.

SKYE

Heh, I wouldn't say that. I've met a lot of evil things in my life, and little kids can go right to the top of the charts sometimes...

ILLYRIA

It's strange. This world is cold, void of any kind of meaning, and yet beings procreate. Why don't your people just die?

SKYE

Which people are you talking about here? Kind of got two sets.

ILLYRIA

(ignoring her)

I tried to kill a young one today, but found myself inadequate.

SKYE

(shocked)

You did what?!

ILLYRIA

It's this decaying shell! It does things to me, it calls to me to feel things that a being such as I was never meant to feel. I'm beginning to think that I should have chosen a more primal host... though I find it hard to think that there is such a thing!

SKYE

(whispering)

Hey! You're going to wake him up. Why don't you go take your rants somewhere else?

Illyria finds herself doing nothing again. Confused, she leaves the room as we cut to:

20

EXT. STREETS. NIGHT

20

Angel, Sonia, and Taylor stand in the same neighborhood that the murders had taken place the night before.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGEL

Just look for anything suspicious.
I guess I'll take the section on
the right, you guys can fight over
the other two.

TAYLOR

Hey! I'm the boss here. Remember?

ANGEL

Not of me, you're not.

Angel starts to walk off before Taylor stops him.

TAYLOR

Hey!

He throws Angel a radio.

ANGEL

What's this?

TAYLOR

It's a two-way.
(sarcastically)
I know you're really old, but-

ANGEL

I know what it is, why are you
giving me one?

TAYLOR

You'll be thanking me when the
killer attacks you and you're
calling me for help.

ANGEL

(walking away)
Not gonna happen.

Sonia walks carefully around the corner of a large, nicely
erected home into the back yard, shining her flashlight
occasionally. She takes a quick look around.

Satisfied that everything looks right, she turns to leave,
but stops dead in her tracks.

She walks over to a clothesline and admires a blouse that's
hanging proudly in the moonlight.

SONIA

Man, that is nice!
(shaking her head)
It just ain't right, leaving it
hanging there like that...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She begins walking away again, but quickly comes back into view and takes it off of the line.

SONIA (cont'd)

It's not like they're dying for money...

Taylor is examining every possible inch of the neighborhood. He looks carefully throughout, but is coming up with nothing until he sees an open window on the closest house. He quickly looks up and down the entirety of the block and sees that every other window is sealed tight.

TAYLOR

I know these people have got central air...

He sneaks up to the home's front porch and carefully slips in through the window.

Angel's hunt isn't going very well as he walks slowly through several lawns. He intently reads every home, but doesn't sense or see anything.

He's almost given up on this section of the neighborhood but just as he does, he hears something.

Having determined that the sound came from three houses down, Angel quickly jogs to the house and looks around. He finds a broken window in the back yard and hurries in through it.

21 INT. SECOND FAMILY'S HOME - KITCHEN 21

Angel quietly, but quickly tries to make his way through the home. He steps on a few loose shards of glass as he makes his way through the silent, but quickly becoming crime scene.

22 INT. SECOND FAMILY'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 22

He flies through the living room -- nothing there. He hits the stairs as quickly as he can, knowing if he's right, the killer is bloodthirsty beyond understanding.

23 INT. OTHER HOME - KITCHEN 23

Taylor is looking frantically for any kind of intruder as he walks through the house -- stake in hand.

He moves covertly through the sleeping kitchen and on into the living room; checking every possible exit on his way.

24 INT. SECOND FAMILY'S HOME - UPSTAIRS 24

Angel reaches the final step of the stairs just as a SCREAM rings out. He hurries down the hallway and through a door that was left open.

25 INT. SECOND FAMILY'S HOME - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

25

When he gets into the room, he's almost astounded by what he sees. He was correct in his assumptions. It's a tiny VAMPIRE - a child.

The girl, who can't be any more than nine years old, has her teeth sunk into the MAN of the household, who by now is as dead as his wife, slumped next to him on the bed.

The girl is dressed almost in rags. The clothes are dreadfully dirty and her long, brown hair appears as though it hasn't been combed in months.

Angel rushes over to the scene and tears the little fiend from her victim, throwing her on the other side of the room. Angel stands watching the little girl, trying to develop a battle plan.

The little girl, with blood on her face and fangs extended, looks more like Linda Blair than your typical child.

ANGEL
(to little girl)
You don't want to do this.

As Angel speaks, the girl's face goes back to normal. No more fangs, no more bumps, just a normal little girl with blood on her lips. It's almost more terrifying this way.

LITTLE GIRL
But I'm hungry...

ANGEL
I know that you're hungry, but it doesn't have to be done like this.

LITTLE GIRL
There's another way?

ANGEL
Yeah. I'm just like you. My name's Angel. What's yours?

LITTLE GIRL
Claudia.

Angel nods, then glances over his shoulder, as we cut to:

26 INT. OTHER HOME - LIVING ROOM

26

Taylor is still hot on the trail of what he thinks to be the killer. The living room is huge, cluttered with an abundance of furniture and ornate statues.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As he tiptoes through, he hears a faint sound from the hallway, several feet on his left. He tenses up and raises the stake in anticipation of the kill.

He takes a step back and trips over one of the many trinkets that line the living room. As he does so the living room LIGHT flicks on.

He jumps to his feet as quickly as he's able to -- ready for the killer.

Enter FAT IRATE WOMAN.

F.I.W. is a pleasantly plump African American woman in her late thirties and an all too revealing night gown, with the classic rolling pin in hand. Think of a provocatively dressed Aunt Jemima from the syrup.

FAT IRATE WOMAN
What the hell are you doing in my house?!

Taylor freezes. He was ready for anything. Blood sucking vermin from hell, death from above, but not this!

FAT IRATE WOMAN (cont'd)
(raises rolling pin)
Don't make me ask you again, you scroungy looking S.O.B!

TAYLOR
I... I mean...

FAT IRATE WOMAN
You better get something better than I out, or you're going to get this rolling pin to the side of your dope fried head! As a matter of fact, I don't want to know, just get the hell out of my house!

TAYLOR
(gulps)
I saw the window open...

FAT IRATE WOMAN
Oh, so you took that as an open invitation to come in to my home and violate me?

Taylor realizes that she takes the stake to be a sexual object of sorts and quickly puts it behind his back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FAT IRATE WOMAN (cont'd)
 I'll tell you what I'm going to do.
 I'm going to use this phone here to
 call the police, and if you try to
 come anywhere near me, I'm going to
 bash your damn head in with this
 here rolling pin! And don't think I
 won't do it!

TAYLOR

Ma'am...

She's dialing now. Taylor starts to panic.

TAYLOR (cont'd)

I was trying to help!

FAT IRATE WOMAN

Oh, you gonna help alright... making
 license plates in prison!

TAYLOR

I...

Taylor realizes that all hope is lost in negotiations and
 hastily retreats from the house.

FAT IRATE WOMAN

(into the phone)

Yes, officer, I just had a jacked
 up pimp break into my house with
 some kind of freaky ass sex toy!

27 INT. SECOND FAMILY'S HOME - BEDROOM

27

Angel and Claudia seem to be making progress. She's not
 vamped out and he's not killing her, anyway.

ANGEL

Would you like me to help you?

CLAUDIA

I'm scared...

ANGEL

It's okay. I can help, I promise.
 You've just got to let me.

Angel takes a step towards the girl, but she suddenly bolts,
 ducking down to run between Angel's legs and away.

Angel spins round, too slow to catch her.

ANGEL (cont'd)

(shaking his head)

Why can't it ever be easy?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Angel takes up pursuit of the girl.

28

INT. SECOND FAMILY'S HOME - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

28

Claudia is halfway towards the stairs when Angel finally catches up to her.

He picks her up by the collar of her tattered shirt and holds her away from his body.

Much like a small dog whose been picked up by the hair of the neck, Claudia growls and tries ferociously to claw Angel.

After a few seconds, however, she slowly begins to calm. She looks apologetically at Angel as her face goes back to normal yet one more time.

CLAUDIA
(sincerely)
I'm sorry...

Angel studies her momentarily before putting her back on the ground.

CLAUDIA (cont'd)
I don't know why I did that.

ANGEL
I do. And trust me, I know what you're going through.

Until the last bit, she had seemed calm, but she's on the verge of getting worked up again.

CLAUDIA
(yelling)
No, you don't! How could you?

ANGEL
(calmly)
Because I've been there.

CLAUDIA
No you haven't! Not like this!

She nearly begins crying as teardrops well in the corners of her eyes.

ANGEL
Look, everything's going to be okay. You just have to trust me. I can help.

She seems to finally begin to trust him at that moment.

She's all, but given in until -- the radio interrupts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAYLOR

(filtered; through radio)
Angel! I think we may have trouble.
I didn't find the killer, but I
found a really pissed off old woman
who called the police. We need to
go!

Claudia tenses up and jumps away from Angel.

CLAUDIA

You lied, you're hunting me!

ANGEL

No, we were-

Claudia takes off in a dead sprint through the hallway and
down the stairs.

ANGEL (cont'd)

(sighing)
...just trying to help.

TAYLOR

Angel?

Angel, already brooding, retrieves the radio from his coat.

ANGEL

The killer's headed your way.

TAYLOR

Gotcha.

ANGEL

But Taylor... she's a little girl.

TAYLOR

A little girl?

ANGEL

Yeah. I don't have time to explain.
Just... don't kill her.

TAYLOR

'Don't kill her'? Man, what the
hell is... Wait, here she comes.

ANGEL

Taylor, don't kill her!

TAYLOR

Angel, Sonia and I'll handle this!
Taylor out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Taylor clicks his handset off, and with a concerned look on his face, Angel races out of the house, and we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

29 INT. STREETS - NIGHT

29

Angel runs into the street -- nothing. Almost disappointed, he takes the radio from his pocket again.

ANGEL
(into radio)
Taylor, where are you guys?

A quick rousing of frequencies storm through the radio, meaning that the radios must be out of range.

ANGEL (cont'd)
Great.

He begins running in a dead sprint through the streets in search of his lost compatriots.

30 INT. SPIKE'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

30

Spike enters his office, still in pain from the staking as he winces a bit trying to remove his jacket. He regains his composure and stops in the doorway when he sees Illyria sitting behind the desk -- in his chair.

SPIKE
I hate to be a mean old bastard, but... wait, no, I don't. Get out of my chair.

ILLYRIA
(enthusiastically)
Did you find any evil beings to destroy?

SPIKE
'Fraid not. Out of the chair.

ILLYRIA
I feel the need to do something.

Spike rolls his eyes, realizing that he's never going to get his chair, and sits down in the chair opposite Illyria.

SPIKE
Yeah, I heard that you couldn't kill a couple of wannabe wankers earlier, what was that about?

ILLYRIA
(sternly)
The matter is not humorous!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPIKE

(holding up his hands)

Oh, of course not. An ancient being who can't kill a pubescent bugger with a backwards cap is a completely serious matter.

(beat)

When are you going to realize, Blue? You're not calling all the shots anymore.

Illyria glares back at him.

SPIKE (cont'd)

If you ask me-

ILLYRIA

I didn't!

SPIKE

(ignoring her)

... the world's better off with you having a conscience. But if you start seeing dead people who are singing songs, you'd damn well better not listen to them!

We cut from Illyria's cold stare to:

31 EXT. STREETS. NIGHT.

31

Angel is still sprinting like an Olympic champion through the well lit streets, leaving little the imagination and, likewise, little place to hide.

Sensing something, Angel stops. He looks around momentarily and then jumps into the cover of a nearby shrubbery just as a POLICE SIREN can be heard approaching in the distance.

Angel watches the police car fly by from out of sight.

ANGEL

(to himself)

Great, that'll help things...

He jumps up and runs again, as we cut to:

EXT. STREETS - NEXT.

Taylor and Sonia have finally caught up with Claudia, and have got her cornered against a tall security fence. Claudia turns and cowers against the fence while Taylor and Sonia discuss the plan, or a lack thereof.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAYLOR
(almost panting)
She moves quick for a little girl!

SONIA
Are you sure that she's the killer?

TAYLOR
Yeah. Angel said that it's a little girl and that she was coming our way. How many little girls do you think sprint down the road in the dead of the night?

SONIA
I don't know. She looks so timid... so innocent.

TAYLOR
Innocent? There's blood dried on her face and I'm betting that it's not hers.

SONIA
I know, but-

TAYLOR
Look, I know it's hard, but she's a killer. You heard Angel.

SONIA
Angel also said that it wasn't her fault, and not to kill her!

TAYLOR
Yeah, well, Angel's not running this show is he?

SONIA
(sternly)
No, we can't do it.

Taylor looks grimly at her, and then at Claudia.

TAYLOR
Fine.

Sonia's almost glowing, she's so happy.

TAYLOR (cont'd)
But if she tries to bite me, so help me god, I am going to tear those tiny nubs off of her and beat her to death with them!
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TAYLOR(cont'd)

And then I'm going to give you a damn good whack for talking me into letting her live.

SONIA

Oh, stop being so overdramatic.

Sonia begins walking slowly towards Claudia who quickly begins tensing up, sensing danger.

SONIA (cont'd)

(warmly)

Hello, little girl. What's your name?

No reply. Sonia glances back at Taylor, then tries again.

SONIA (cont'd)

I'm Sonia.

(beat)

We're not going to hurt you. We just want to help you.

Claudia's showing signs of a cornered beast as Sonia gets closer, but Sonia doesn't look at all worried.

Just as she gets within reach, Claudia ATTACKS -- taking Sonia by surprise. She lunges onto her and quickly begins trying to sink her teeth into her neck.

TAYLOR

Sonia!

Sonia is able to keep the girl from biting her, and eventually throws her to the ground with a SHOUT.

TAYLOR (cont'd)

Are you alright?

SONIA

(almost in shock)

Yeah, I'm fine..

TAYLOR

Looks like Angel's too late. This one's got to be put down.

He pulls the stake from his pocket and starts toward her. Like a crafty midget, Claudia DUCKS between his legs and heads for Sonia once again.

Taylor quickly spins and takes a swing with the stake, but fails to land anything.

Sonia kicks at the girl, but barely misses as Claudia instinctively JUMPS on her chest and sends her to the ground. She quickly begins drinking from Sonia.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Taylor grabs her by the back of the neck and tries to pull her off, but receives only a BITCH SLAP that's able to send him stumbling for his efforts.

Claudia grimaces and lets go of Sonia, spitting out a mouthful of her blood.

CLAUDIA
Ew! You taste funny...

Taylor begins rushing back over. This time, no games. He raises the stake to dust the little girl, but as he tries to go through with the staking, a hand reaches in -- Angel.

ANGEL
I said, don't kill her!

He quickly yanks Claudia off Sonia and hurls her against the fence.

TAYLOR
Don't kill her? Are you blind?!
Look what she did to Sonia!

Sonia is laying on the ground, in shock and well drained.

ANGEL
I can help her.

TAYLOR
(holding up the stake)
So can I.

ANGEL
It's not her fault!

TAYLOR
I hate to break this to you, Angel,
but not all vampires have a soul.
Some are just evil, blood sucking
demons out for death and mayhem.
You should know, you used to be one
- or has that little fact slipped
your memory?

ANGEL
Some were never given a choice! But
I can give this girl a choice. She
at least deserves a shot.

Taylor stares Angel down, obviously not buying any of the choice nonsense that he's being fed, but says nothing more for the moment.

ANGEL (cont'd)
Claudia...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Angel turns around and she's gone.

ANGEL (cont'd)

Great.

TAYLOR

I'll-

ANGEL

(interrupting)

No, you should stay here with Sonia. She needs you. I'll get the girl before she goes too far.

Taylor is reluctant, but knows that Angel is right. Sonia is in bad shape. He sighs, weighing up his options, and then nods, glancing down at the recovering Sonia.

TAYLOR

Fine. You'd better work some magic on that girl fast, because the next time I see her, I am going to kill her.

Angel doesn't give him time to finish any other such statement, as he turns and runs after Claudia

Taylor hurries over and kneels down alongside Sonia.

SONIA

(weak smile)

Hey... did we win yet?

TAYLOR

Look at you, even after being made into a three course meal, you're still smiling!

SONIA

Someone's got to keep the morale up..

TAYLOR

You're going to be okay.

SONIA

(almost comically)

I know. It's barely even a flesh wound.

TAYLOR

Think you can walk?

SONIA

I'll try..

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Taylor helps her to her feet. She pushes away from him to walk on her own, but nearly falls to the ground before he catches her.

SONIA (cont'd)
 (a little embarrassed)
 Heh, sorry, kinda stings for a
 flesh wound...

Taylor helps her walk on, as we cut to:

32

EXT. PLAYGROUND. NIGHT.

32

Angel has tracked Claudia into an overly funded playground. Three large standing clowns seem to be taunting Angel as he passes, and a merry-go-round lets out a few eerie creaks as the wind slowly forces a few turns.

Angel is unaffected by the lot of distractions and walks calmly through the playground in search of the lost girl.

ANGEL
 Claudia?

Nothing.

He walks past a small building of bathrooms are built like banks. He cautiously peers into both of them.

ANGEL (cont'd)
 It's me, Angel. I'm not going to...

As he begins to pull back from the bathroom, however, he's PUSHED hard up against the wall.

He turns around to see a group of three VAMPIRES -- one of them holding Claudia. The vampire has got his hand over Claudia's mouth as she kicks violently. He's barely able to control her. All three vampires are young, barely in their twenties. They've taken the vampire thing seriously and they're all dressed in goth clothing. Angel rolls his eyes at the group of vamps.

ANGEL (cont'd)
 Can I help you?

VAMP #1
 No. Not really.
 (looking to Claudia)
 We were just about to have a small
 dinner...
 (looking back to Angel)
 ... but now it looks like she's just
 going to be an appetizer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGEL
 (shaking his head)
 She's already dead, you idiot!

Vamp #1 looks to Claudia who quickly VAMPS OUT. The three vamps stare at her in confusion.

VAMP #1
 Oh... well then, it looks like you're going to be the main and only course then!

Angel vamps out as well. The three vamps stare on in dismay, throwing confused looks at each other.

ANGEL
 Don't you guys have any kind of sense any more? I mean, do you even have good night vision?

VAMP #1
 We, uh...

ANGEL
 You know what? Never mind. Just shut up and tell your lackey to drop the girl.

VAMP #1
 What if we don't want to?

ANGEL
 (solemnly)
 Oh trust me, you want to.

VAMP #1
 (laughing)
 I don't think so pops. We-

DUST!

Angel stands in front of him holding a stake. The other two are terrified.

ANGEL
 (offended)
 Pops?!

VAMP #2
 Hey, you just staked him!

ANGEL
 (nodding)
 Yeah. Pretty much.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VAMP #2

But... you... You can't do that!

ANGEL

Wanna see if I've got the nerve to
do it again?

The vamps looks to each other, drop the girl, and run. Angel
watches them run off while shaking his head.

ANGEL (cont'd)

(disgusted)

New age vampires...

He looks back down and Claudia is gone.

ANGEL (cont'd)

Damn it!

Angel storms off after her.

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

33 EXT. PLAYGROUND - NIGHT

33

The scene stands empty for a brief moment before Claudia bursts onto scene. She looks frantically for another way to escape, but sees nothing. She tries to climb the fence, but there's no way that she's going to be able to do so.

Reluctantly, she starts to double back in the direction from which she had just came, but freezes before backing into the corner.

All the way in the corner now, she slides down the fence and sits on the ground with her head on her knees.

Angel walks slowly into scene -- trying to calm her.

ANGEL

Mind if I ask why you're running?

No response.

ANGEL (cont'd)

Look, I want to help you, but I can't do that if you won't let me.

CLAUDIA

You just want to kill me!

ANGEL

No. I-

CLAUDIA

I saw what you did to that man! He was like us and you killed him, just like you're going to me!

ANGEL

That man was bad. He would have killed both of us if I hadn't stopped him.

Claudia is obviously very confused. She doesn't know whether to trust Angel or not.

CLAUDIA

Why is this happening to me?

ANGEL

I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAUDIA

My mommy used to say that God has a plan for everything. Is this part of his plan?

Angel is taken by surprise. How can you answer such a question to a child? He stands for a moment, searching for the words before slowly answering.

ANGEL

I don't know. I'm afraid that the only person who can answer that would be God.

CLAUDIA

That's what mommy used to say too.
(beat; emotionally)
She's dead.

ANGEL

I'm sorry. My mother's dead too.

CLAUDIA

How did she die?

Anything but the truth.

ANGEL

She died in a car wreck.

CLAUDIA

(sadly)
My mommy was attacked by people like us. They came into our house and started tearing things up, then they came into mine and mommy's room.
(beat)
I woke up, but mommy didn't.

Angel is obviously saddened by the sight as his face readily shows until she looks back up. As she looks back to him, he quickly puts on a more solid face.

CLAUDIA (cont'd)

Now I do what those bad men did. I kill other people's mommies...
(beginning to cry)
...and I don't know why!

Angel makes his way over to the frightened child and slowly sits down beside her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANGEL

It's not your fault. What those men did to you and your mother, it wasn't your fault. They were bad men. These things that you feel now... they're real, but they're not the only way.

CLAUDIA

Really?

ANGEL

Really. There are other ways to make the hunger stop.

CLAUDIA

(wiping tears away)

Like what?

ANGEL

You eat, just like breakfast, from a bottle. Nobody gets hurt that way, and the hunger goes away.

Claudia's looks somewhat comforted by Angel's words.

ANGEL (cont'd)

It's what I do.

CLAUDIA

I could do it too?

ANGEL

Of course. It's not easy though, Claudia. You have to really work at it, though - I've been doing it for a really long time. And if I can do it, anyone can.

CLAUDIA

I don't know if I can control it.

(beat)

I didn't want to hurt all those people, but I couldn't help it.

ANGEL

I know. That's what makes it so hard, but trust me... you'll find out that it's worth it.

CLAUDIA

(beat)

Angel? What are we?

Angel sits for a moment -- reluctant to tell her. Almost feeling like it's the big sex talk for vampires.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ANGEL
We're vampires.

CLAUDIA
(surprised)
Vampires?

ANGEL
(nodding)
Yep.

CLAUDIA
Can we turn into bats?

ANGEL
(laughing)
No, no we can't. But we can help
people. And there are a lot of
people who need our help.

CLAUDIA
Help with what?

ANGEL
Anything. Everything.

CLAUDIA
Do you think that I could help
them? Like you helped me?

ANGEL
I do. Would you like to find out?

TAYLOR (O.S.)
I think it's a little late for
that... don't you?

Angel quickly looks up and Claudia moves in closer to him as
Taylor walks onto scene with Sonia.

ANGEL
(cold)
Get out of here, Taylor.

TAYLOR
Angel, don't get in my way. You
know what we've got to do.

ANGEL
I've got to help this girl!

TAYLOR
She's already done enough damage.

ANGEL
Then let her try to do some good!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

TAYLOR
Angel, she doesn't even have a
soul! She's a demon!

Angel looks reassuringly to Claudia before standing up to be
right in Taylor's face.

ANGEL
(sternly)
And so am I. So I suggest you don't
mess with family.

TAYLOR
Don't make me do this.

ANGEL
(stepping closer)
Do what?

Taylor PUNCHES Angel.

Angel falls to the ground as Taylor quickly reaches for
Claudia. Angel is able to get to his hands and feet quickly
enough to sweep Taylor's legs out from underneath him.

SONIA
Taylor, stop it!

Angel gets to his feet first and stands back in front of
Claudia.

TAYLOR
Man, would you let me do my damn
job already?!

ANGEL
I've already told you once.

SONIA
Just leave her alone, Taylor!

TAYLOR
Stay out of this, Sonia! It has to
be done!

Taylor throws another punch that Angel blocks. He counters
with a series of quick combinations that leave Taylor on the
ground.

Taylor tries to rush him, but Angel kicks him in the chest as
he gets close enough. Taylor stumbles back, but not far. He
begins running at him again before he's interrupted --

A SCREAM stops both he and Angel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

CLAUDIA
(to Taylor)
Stop it! Don't hurt him!

Both men look genuinely shocked. Taylor holds his ground as Claudia jumps up from the ground and hugs Angel. Taylor stares back, not sure what to do.

ANGEL
Claudia...

CLAUDIA
No. I can't let you get hurt!
Everyone I care about gets hurt,
and you can't end up like mommy!

ANGEL
It's going to be alright.

CLAUDIA
I know.

She releases her grip of Angel and walks towards Taylor.

ANGEL
Claudia! What are you doing?

CLAUDIA
It'll be better this way. I don't
want to be like this, Angel. I
don't know what I am... but I know I
don't want it.

ANGEL
(to Taylor)
Don't do it!

Taylor stands, staring at the girl -- not knowing if he wants to do it now.

CLAUDIA
(to Angel)
Thank you for trying to help me.
I've got to go see my mommy now.
And I'll see you one day too.

Angel looks shocked that she would say that. She stands in front of Taylor, waiting for the switch of death.

ANGEL
(to Taylor)
Please don't do it, she's just a
kid, she doesn't understand...

After a long beat, Taylor finally looks up from Claudia.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

TAYLOR

No.

(beat)

She's a demon.

With those words, Taylor drives the stake into her heart and DUST. Angel's face drops, the grief of the moment overwhelming him.

Taylor doesn't look overly happy with his actions, but knew that it was the right thing to do.

TAYLOR (cont'd)

(sincerely)

I'm sorry.

He drops the stake at Angel's feet, turns, and walks away.

Angel stands staring at the stake and pile of dust as Taylor walks over to Sonia and helps her up.

TAYLOR (cont'd)

(to Sonia)

Come on. Let's go get you a band aid or something.

Black Label Society's "Blackened Waters" begins playing and continues through the remainder of the episode.

From an aerial view, we watch Taylor and Sonia slowly walk from the playground as Angel stands motionless.

34 INT. SPIKE'S OFFICE - JOE'S ROOM. NIGHT. 34

From the doorway, Illyria watches Joe, idly colouring in and adding to a rapidly growing stack of paper beside him -- a worried look upon her face.

She leans against the wall and appears as though she may have been there for some time. The determined look upon her face shows that she may be there for some time yet.

After several moments, she walks from the room, a single tear drop rolls down her chin. With a SNIFF, she wipes it away, composes herself and walks back towards the stairs.

35 EXT. PLAYGROUND. NIGHT. 35

In one of the swings sits Angel, in full on brood mode. He slowly pushes himself back and forth on the child's toy as he stares blankly into the distance.

BLACK OUT:**END OF SHOW**