

**ANGEL**

"Mismatch"

by  
Waylon Wyche

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - DAY

1

A few loose rays of sunshine trickle into the vacant living room, where ancient, dust covered furniture is carelessly strewn about the room. No one has lived here in some time.

Something quickly dashes across the room, giving way to a form that we're scarcely able to make out. A door on the far side of the room FLIES open.

Through the abandoned doorway enters a pair of men. As they step out of the light, we're able to make out, CASH, a large man with a sizable scar over his right eye and an English accent, and DEMITRI, a smaller American bread man with glasses and an overexaggerated fu manchu. Both men are dressed in thick, leather clothing nearly from head to toe and carry weapon apiece -- a broad sword and an axe.

CASH

The door was still closed. Are you sure that this is the building that it went in?

DEMITRI

Positive.

CASH

What was it?

DEMITRI

You know damn good and well what it was.

(excitedly)

You think you're ready for this, girlie man?

CASH

(confidently)

Look who you're asking!

The men share a nervous smile and continue further into the shadows.

As they traverse the rubble laden room, a high pitched HISS makes them both jump in shock. They take their battle positions, standing back to back as they prepare for the forthcoming encounter.

They stand for several seconds, however, and still -- nothing. They continue turning in circles with their backs to one another as they search for their concealed enemy.

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CONTINUED:

CASH (cont'd)  
You did hear that right?

DEMITRI  
Hear what? I'm just trying to  
scratch my back.

CASH  
This is hardly the time for jokes!

DEMITRI  
(apathetically)  
Stop whining, you cowardly bastard.  
If we're about to die, I'll be  
damned if I'm not gonna squeeze a  
few more in!

CASH  
Maybe we should go back and get a  
few of the others. This is a little  
dangerous... even for us.

DEMITRI  
We chased him in here, we can't run  
out screaming now! We'll look like  
a couple of novices and we're the  
best that the Alliance has! Where's  
your sense of adventure?

CASH  
I left it at home. Look's like  
we're going to have to go back to  
my place and get it!

DEMITRI  
(solemnly)  
I don't think we're going to have  
time.

CASH  
What?  
(turning around)  
Oh hell.  
(beat)  
It looks mad.

DEMITRI  
(solemnly)  
I think he knows who we are.

The men come to stand side by side as they stare down their  
still unseen adversary. Another frightening HISS breaks the  
silence and the men raise their weapons.

They begin swinging furiously as we hear their opponent  
quickly cover a lot of ground in their direction.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

They take a series of advancing steps while going on attack as we stay focused solely on the old fireplace.

CLANG!

The weapons appear to be making breaking little ground in the fight as they sound almost as they're scraping against one another. A SCREAM rings out.

DEMITRI (cont'd)

Cash!

A lifeless body falls back into view with a mortal wound to the chest. We hear several more scrapes of the axe before Demitri, likewise, falls to the ground with a THUD!

He lies face first with blood running profusely down his face. Though nearly rendered unconscious, he slowly tries to begin pulling himself away from the scene.

Unable to pull himself to his knees, he relies solely on his upper arm strength to make his retreat. He's only gotten a matter of inches, however, before he's violently dragged backwards.

He frantically claws the ground, trying to establish any kind of hold on the floor, but loses the battle as he vanishes completely out of view before one last SCREAM, and then we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF TEASER**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

2

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - NIGHT

2

ANGEL, NINA, and CONNOR are all walking carefully through the one and same room that just witnessed the one-sided battle. Connor and Angel are knelt in front of the fireplace, examining the newly established crime scene. Nina walks curiously around the room, taking in the scene.

CONNOR

Didn't the paper say that these guys were gutted?

ANGEL

Yep.

NINA

(sickened)

What kind of demon is going to gut some one?

ANGEL

(nonchalantly)

I could think of a few.

CONNOR

There's definitely enough blood here to support the gutting theory.

NINA

(to Angel)

Any idea who the victims were?

ANGEL

I got names and addresses of both men. I just wanted to check out the crime scene first.

NINA

Because murder scenes are always so darned fascinating?

CONNOR

Because it helps to get a feel for what we're dealing with.

ANGEL

And a lot of times, demons will leave their signature on a place, whether they mean to or not.

Nina stands staring at the two, suddenly feeling a bit out of place -- more so than she already had.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NINA

So this is like some CSI type stuff without all the expensive gadgets and time consuming methods?

ANGEL

You could say that.

NINA

Picking up any kind of signatures then?

ANGEL

I am, I just don't recognize the penmanship.

CONNOR

The claw marks?

ANGEL

Yeah. They run diagonally on both sides of where the victims bodies were.

CONNOR

Ceremonial?

ANGEL

I don't think so. More likely a required part of the feeding ritual.

NINA

(disturbed)

Feeding?

Angel and Connor can't help, but smile at the amount of innocence she brings to a crime scene.

ANGEL

What did you think it would do with the guts?

Nina stares at Angel, seeming almost nauseous.

3

INT. DEMITRI'S APARTMENT

3

A door stands closed as someone is fumbling around with the handle, trying to coax the door into opening. After several seconds, a CLICK signifies the end product of their efforts. The door slowly creaks open as Nina proudly walks through the door, followed by angel and Connor.

ANGEL

I still say it would have been easier to kick it in...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NINA

But it would have lacked the  
finesse!

They look around the apartment to find an array of familiar objects. To any normal people who entered, the residence would seem cryptic, but to our heroes, it seems like home.

A wide assortment of weapons hang ceremoniously upon the walls. A large bookshelf contains a great deal of volumes on a vast range of demonology works. A series of candles line the apartment, and a few still burn brightly.

Connor is examining a few of the books from the shelf.

CONNOR

"Archived Demonology Reference From  
The First to Thirteenth Century?"  
I'd say that it's safe to assume  
that this guy wasn't a computer  
science major.

Angel and Nina are checking through a closet and a bathroom.

ANGEL

Looks like he was a player.

NINA

Yeah, but which side is he playing  
for- was he playing for?

ANGEL

It's a little too early to tell.  
Right now he doesn't have anything  
that we don't have.

NINA

What exactly are we looking for?

ANGEL

Anything unusual.

NINA

This stuff is *all* kind of unusual!

ANGEL

Anything outrageously unusual then.

They share a quick smile.

CONNOR

Jackpot!

ANGEL

What is it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CONNOR  
A diary.

NINA  
(trying to be enthusiastic)  
Good job, Connor!

CONNOR  
Uh... thanks.

Before any celebrations can commence, however, a piece of glass SHATTERS somewhere in the house.

The gang looks curiously to one another before slowly making their way to the undisclosed door. Connor takes the lead followed by Angel and then Nina. As they close in on the door, Angel gently pushes Nina back out of harm's way.

Just as Connor reaches out for the door's handle, the door OPENS outward and a man bursts past them all, knocking Connor on the ground.

Angel pauses to help Connor back up as the man makes a rapid exit.

ANGEL  
(to Connor)  
You alright?

CONNOR  
Yeah, just get him!

4 INT. DEMITRI'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 4

Angel runs after the guy, who doesn't make it far at all.

Just as he gets outside the front door, he CRASHES into a person who was walking innocently down the hallway. They both fly violently in different directions and land hard on the ground. Angel quickly comes to hover over him.

ANGEL  
Some getaway...

The man blinks as he looks back up at Angel.

5 INT. DEMITRI'S APARTMENT - LATER 5

Back inside Demitri's apartment, Angel and company have cautiously tied the man down to a chair in the middle of the floor. Angel gently taps the side of the man's face several times with the side of a dagger.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The man slowly begins to come around. As he opens his eyes for the first few times, he seems normal, but after the situation has time to lay into him, he begins the inevitably unsuccessful struggle to free himself.

MAN

What do you want with me?!

ANGEL

Calm down. We just want to ask you a few questions.

MAN

Who are you?!

ANGEL

(sternly)  
Calm down.

MAN

You've go to-

THWOP! Angel lands an effortless, but effective punch to the man's face.

ANGEL

I said, calm down!

The man reluctantly nods his head.

ANGEL (cont'd)

Like I said, we're not going to hurt you. We've just got a few questions.

MAN

(uneasy)  
What kind of questions?

ANGEL

For starters, what are you doing in a dead man's apartment?

MAN

I could ask you the same.

Angel raises his eyebrows to ask the man if he really needs to be punched again.

MAN (cont'd)

He's a friend and a colleague.

CONNOR

A colleague in what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The man glances at Angel, as if unsure to answer a kid like Connor or not.

ANGEL  
You heard him.

MAN  
I can't say.

SLAP! Nina comes across with a slap to his face. Angel and Connor stare at her, impressed.

NINA  
What? A woman's not allowed to assault the hostage? That's kind of sexist. Where are we, the *South*?!

Angel smiles at Nina in admiration for a moment before looking back to their hostage.

ANGEL  
(to the man)  
Would you rather talk to me or get another shot of my- of *her* hand?

MAN  
Alright, fine!  
(beat; sighs)  
We're an underground organization called the Alliance.

ANGEL  
Alliance of what?

MAN  
(hesitantly)  
Demon hunters.

The gang look at him, waiting for any kind of continuation of the story.

MAN (cont'd)  
I know that this is going to be hard for you to conceive... but demons are real. They're out there. They walk the streets just like you and I.

ANGEL  
(beat)  
I'll take your word for it. Now what exactly were your friends chasing into that old building?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MAN  
 (assertively)  
 A demon.

CONNER  
 Care to be more specific?

MAN  
 There's no point. You wouldn't  
 understand.

ANGEL  
 Try us.

6 EXT. OUTSIDE ALLIANCE LAYER. NIGHT. 6

We take in the view that is the home to the underground demon hunter's Alliance. It is a monumental building that stands in the heart of the downtown Los Angeles area. Of all the buildings that line the particular stretch of city, it is the only one that is unmarked.

7 INT. ALLIANCE LAYER - CONTINUOUS 7

The gang walks defiantly into the headquarters of the group without so much as an introduction. The innards of the building appear to be just like any other office building throughout the world.

As they stroll confidently through the white walls and checkered floors of the lobby, a guard stands in front of what appears to be the only door that leads anywhere.

GUARD  
 (to Angel)  
 I'm sorry, sir, this is a  
 restricted area. If you have  
 official business, you should first  
 call ahead and schedule a meeting.

ANGEL  
 I already did. They didn't tell  
 you?

GUARD  
 Where's your pass?

8 INT. ROGUE LAYER - MEETING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 8

The double doors to the office CRASH open as the now unarmed guard flies to the floor inside.

A group of well dressed men stand from round a conference table and look nervously to one another as Angel strolls through the doors.

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CONTINUED:

ANGEL

What? No demon heads hanging from the walls? I've got to tell you, boys, not too impressive so far.

Still sharing a look of bewilderment, the man sitting at the head of the table stands up - this is JOHANSEN. He's an older gentleman with thick, white eyebrows that stick out considerably from his wrinkled face. He speaks with a thick European accent.

JOHANSEN

(angrily)

Who the hell do you think you are breaking in here like that?

ANGEL

(looking to Nina)

Did I forget to introduce myself again?

(back to the men)

I'm sorry. I sometimes do that when I'm trying to intimidate people. I'm Angel.

The men look intriguingly to one another.

JOHANSEN

The vampire?

ANGEL

So you've heard of me? Good, that'll make this easier.

JOHANSEN

(almost in awe)

If you're really Angel... then you surely know Wesley Wyndham-Price?

ANGEL

Yeah. I...  
(confused)  
...what?

JOHANSEN

Is he not a colleague of yours?

ANGEL

He was a colleague of mine, but how do you know Wesley?

JOHANSEN

How could we not know him? He's a legend here!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANGEL  
(disbelief)  
Wesley?

9 INT. ROGUE LAYER - MEETING ROOM - LATER

9

Angel, Connor, and Nina are now sitting around the table with the group of men. The men seem saddened - Angel has told them of Wesley's fate.

JOHANSEN  
I cannot believe that he is dead.

ANGEL  
I can't believe it sometimes  
either.

JOHANSEN  
How did it happen?

ANGEL  
We were in a great battle. He was  
taken down by a great sorcerer.

JOHANSEN  
That figures! Damn sorcerers will  
be the downfall of the entire  
society!

ANGEL  
Yeah, well... how did you guys come  
to know about Wesley?

JOHANSEN  
We've been at this for a very long  
time, Angel. We've tried to keep  
these streets safe over the years.  
I'm sure that you know better than  
anyone that, that isn't an easy  
task.

ANGEL  
No, of course not.

JOHANSEN  
We heard tales of Wesley through  
the years, tales of his triumphs  
and his pitfalls. He symbolized all  
that we wanted to be. He was loyal,  
virtuous, and above all, he did  
what was in the best interest of  
humanity. Not to mention that he  
was typically extremely successful  
in most every mission that he sat  
out upon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The group share a murmur of agreement.

JOHANSEN (cont'd)  
So what brings you hear tonight?

ANGEL  
We happened across two of your men tonight by chance. I didn't know that they were yours, of course, but we've been trying to find whatever it was that did this.

(beat)  
Here's what bothers me, though - if you're this big, demon hunting alliance that's been keeping the streets safe for so man years... How come I've never heard of you?

JOHANSEN  
We try to keep within the shadows, much like you. Your reputation and... unique situation make it a bit more complicated for you than it is for us, I'm afraid.

ANGEL  
I suppose so.

CONNOR  
Do you know what did this to your men?

JOHANSEN  
(almost mumbling)  
The *cazador*.

ANGEL  
What was that?

JOHANSEN  
It's called the *cazador*, the great hunter of man.

ANGEL  
I've never heard of it.

JOHANSEN  
No. You wouldn't have. It's a breed of demon that is all too rare. We first came to know of it in the early 1980's when it-

Johansen stops as a low RUMBLE starts ringing all around the room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Angel and Connor instinctively begin scouring the room before turning back to Johansen. Before he can get anything out, the double doors to the room fly open once more and the terrified guard rushes in.

GUARD  
Sir. It's here!

NINA  
What's here?!

JOHANSEN  
The cazador...

Just then, the power to the building goes out. Everyone remains strikingly calm, however, as Angel, Connor, and Nina jump from their seats and prepare for action. Several seconds pass in the total darkness -- nothing.

Out of nowhere, a SCREAM rings out from somewhere behind them, and a door FLIES off of its hinges.

Through it runs a hideous CREATURE, though it moves so quickly, we're barely able to make anything out. Screams begin to fill the room as men begin disappearing underneath the table. Angel quickly produces a sword, as does Connor.

CONNOR  
Where is it?

ANGEL  
It's under the table!

CONNOR  
Think we can kill it?

ANGEL  
Only one way to find out!

They storm the table. They jump on top of it and tumultuously begin running their steel through the giving wooden table. They've soon made a full pass of the table.

ANGEL (cont'd)  
Anything?

CONNER  
No! Is it still down there?!

Before Angel can answer, another man gets frantically dragged underneath.

ANGEL  
I'd say so...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

With a quick nod, Angel and Connor both plunge their swords into opposite sides of the table. As Angel dips his sword in, a freakishly horrendous ROAR fills the room.

The center of the table is lifted high off of the ground, sending both Angel and Connor SOARING through the air and the table crashing against the wall.

They land a few yards from one another, and both begin to slowly make their way to their feet as Nina hurries to their side.

NINA  
What is it?!

ANGEL  
(winded)  
The hunter, apparently...

NINA  
Yeah, great time for sarcasm,  
Angel! Let's get out of here!

ANGEL  
Not yet.

NINA  
Why?

ANGEL  
Because I *like* that sword!

We quickly glance across the room to see Angel's sword sticking out of the demolished table. Angel runs toward it as Nina looks to Connor.

NINA  
Is he *crazy*?

Connor nods and runs off after him.

NINA (cont'd)  
(despairingly)  
And obviously, you are too...

As Angel is trying like King Arthur to remove his sword from the table, he is taken by surprise as the CAZADOR comes out of nowhere to stand directly in front of him.

Angel stops dead in his tracks and stares - The beast is a fantastically ghoulish demon that stands seven feet tall. It's head is huge -- nowhere near proportionate to its body. Large rows of fangs hang carelessly from its salivating mouth, as it looks as though it's going to attempt to swallow Angel whole. Long arms are capped off by an expansive set of razor sharp claws.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Just as the cazador lunges for him, however, a sword SLICES into its face and actually removes one of the giant fangs. The beast lets out a heart throbbing ROAR.

CONNOR

You alright?

Angel nods, then dislodges his sword and begins to attack, but the recent de-fanging seems to have only worked to infuriate the cazador.

It knocks Connor to the ground and begins to hurry in his direction. It opens its mouth and goes in for the kill, but Connor holds his sword up long ways to keep its huge teeth at bay, long enough for Angel to get there.

Angel shoves a sword into its side, but once more only manages to piss it off.

It ROARS in pain as Angel gets knocked around for his effort. It seems that all hope is lost, until Johansen runs from nowhere and JUMPS on the beast's back -- causing it to run in circles like a dog chasing its tail, attempting to shake him off.

JOHANSEN

Get out of here!

ANGEL

I won't-

JOHANSEN

Get out of here, there's no way to defeat it! Just go!

Angel begins to step back to the fight again, but is stopped when Nina grabs his arm. He looks to Nina, and then back to Johansen, before reluctantly giving in and following Nina and Connor out of the building.

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT ONE**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

10 INT. EMPTY BUILDING - NIGHT

10

INSERT OVER - LOS ANGELES, 1989

A familiar ROAR echoes throughout the desolate warehouse before a man comes FLYING onto scene. He lands face down on the ground. This is MACKLIN -- young demon hunter extraordinaire. He's in his early twenties with short brown hair and a long trench coat, looking like a modern day Van Helsing.

As soon as he hits the ground, he quickly turns and looks back. Just as he does, he rolls across the ground and narrowly avoids being trampled by the cazador.

Macklin jumps to his feet and grabs his sword from the ground. He dodges a rush attack from the beast not once, but twice.

The second time he's able to push the cazador against a concrete wall. As he does, he shoves his sword into the beast's back. Once more, the ghastly ROAR fills the building.

Having apparently done this on more than one occasion, Macklin hurriedly takes a defensive stance and prepares for the next attack, but --

The cazador falls lifelessly to the ground.

Nearly in disbelief, Macklin waits for nearly a minute before advancing on the motionless demon. When he finally does, however, he's astonished to find that it's dead.

He takes a few delusional steps back and begins to slowly chuckle. His chuckles continue to grow until they've become full scale laughter.

MACKLIN

(in between gasps)

You daft bastard!

(beat)

It worked!

He continues laughing just long enough to fall down. Completely exhausted, he sits motionless for a good while before crawling over to the demon. He rolls it over and examines the puncture wound that he had administered.

Just underneath a broad piece of armor-like skin lays a small spot of unprotected skin that gave way to his heart that he had inadvertently managed to penetrate. He smiles boldly as he lays on the ground beside the decaying body.

11 EXT. WOODED AREA - MORNING 11

Macklin stands over a grave that he had mustered up the strength to dig. Harnessing the last bit of energy within his body, he's able to push the mangled body of the cazador into the ground.

After a moment, he starts shovelling dirt back into the grave as the sun starts to rise in the b.g.

12 EXT. WOODED AREA - LATER 12

The large dirt pile that had stood alongside the man is now gone, returned back to ground and covering the body of the beast. From within a pouch on his side, Macklin removes a flask of a magical potion and sprinkles it around the grave; uttering several verses in a strange, foreign dialect.

He smiles wholeheartedly as he begins the walk back to his car, casting one look back at the demon's grave before he starts the engine.

As his car pulls off, however, a cloaked MAN appears from behind a group of trees. He watches Macklin drive away, and then slowly makes his way to stand above it.

MAN  
(mutters)  
That idiot...

He drops a cigarette on the ground as the shovel breaks the dirt once more.

13 INT. ALLIANCE LAYER. DAY. 13

Macklin stands in front of a large group of men, professing his story to an unbelieving crowd.

VOICE (O.S.)  
You're to have us believe that you  
killed the beast?

Macklin turns from the group to see a much younger Johansen standing before him.

MACKLIN  
You'll believe what you want to  
believe. What I'm telling you is  
the truth.

JOHANSEN  
(arrogantly)  
Right... so how'd you do it? When  
every man who has gone against the  
cazador has perished?  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHANSEN(cont'd)  
 How did you, Macklin, succeed where  
 all others had failed?

MACKLIN

I finally found a weakness that no  
 one else had. It was a small spot  
 on his back-

JOHANSEN

So if you really killed the beast,  
 like you claim, you won't have a  
 problem with showing us its body.

MACKLIN

(beat)

I can't, it's been buried.

JOHANSEN

Of course it has.

The men begin laughing.

MACKLIN

It has, I swear to it! I buried it  
 with my own two hands!

JOHANSEN

Then I suppose that you buried it  
 on sacred ground?

MACKLIN

Of course I did, I'm not ignorant  
 in the rules of consecration!

JOHANSEN

So then, it's at Eagle's Bluff?

MACKLIN

It is, so don't-

JOHANSEN

Perhaps we should all take a trip  
 to Eagle's Bluff, then? If the  
 cazador is truly down for good, we  
 won't have to focus so much of our  
 efforts toward capturing it.

MACKLIN

Can you people not just take my  
 word for it? Disturbing the beast's  
 resting place could awaken and  
 restore him to full health!

JOHANSEN

I'm aware of the scripture,  
 Macklin!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOHANSEN (cont'd)  
 And I'm not about to risk the well-being of the entire organization so you can catapult yourself to some kind of demon hunting hero!

MACKLIN

Fine! Do as you will, but when you raise the beast, I'll have no part in it! These mens' blood is on your hands, not mine!

JOHANSEN

If there is any blood shed, I guarantee you that I will not be at fault!

(calmly to the men)

Gentleman, follow me.

The group of men stand and follow Johansen from the room.

MACKLIN

It's there! You'll see... you'll be kissing my ass when you return!

Macklin appears to be extremely nervous -- knowing that the odds of killing the cazador a second time are worse than killing him the first. Preparing for the worst, he takes a seat at what appears to be the conference table, places his sword on the table and pours a shot from a nearby bottle of whiskey.

14

INT. ROGUE LAYER - MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

14

Macklin is asleep at the table as we hear a door SLAM shut off screen.

JOHANSEN (O.S.)

Macklin!

Macklin quickly raises up from his unplanned slumber, and sees Johansen leading the group of men back into the building. He quickly stands up from the chair.

MACKLIN

Well? Did you disturb it? Does it still sleep?

JOHANSEN

I'd like to apologize to you, Macklin.

A beat. Macklin frowns.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHANSEN (cont'd)  
I didn't think that you had the nerve to try and pull off this big of a flamboyant deception simply to get recognition. You are by far more pathetic than I had ever given you credit for!

The group of men begin laughing as Macklin looks confused.

MACKLIN  
Wha-what do you mean? Did you awaken the beast?

RANDOM GUY  
(laughing)  
What *beast*?!

JOHANSEN  
There was nothing there, Macklin.

MACKLIN  
But... the grave!

JOHANSEN  
Oh, there was a grave, sure enough, but when we broke the ground, there was nothing within.

The men begin laughing even more heartily.

JOHANSEN (cont'd)  
Clever of you to even pour the potion around to try and scare us from digging the "grave" up.

MACKLIN  
No... No! Something must have happened to it. He must have risen before you arrived!

JOHANSEN  
Just give it up, man. You've been caught. Do the honorable thing and admit your fraud.

MACKLIN  
No! I will not lie to-

JOHANSEN  
That's enough!

The men stop laughing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOHANSEN (cont'd)

I will not listen to this a second time. You've disgraced yourself, but you will not take the rest of us down with you!

MACKLIN

You're wrong. And I'll prove it!

Macklin storms out of the building as the men watch.

15 EXT. WOODED AREA

15

Back at the grave, Macklin rushes over to its side to see that it does indeed stand empty. He falls to his knees as he runs his hands through the dirt.

MACKLIN

(almost in tears)

Who would do this?

16 INT. TAYLOR'S BASE - MORNING

16

INSERT OVER - Present Day.

A knock on a door quickly gets TAYLOR'S attention. He sits alone in a room somewhere within his base. He was reading a report, and quickly slips it beneath a pile of papers that sit atop the table.

TAYLOR

Come in.

The door slowly opens and Angel walks in.

TAYLOR (cont'd)

Angel? What's going on? Feeling restless, what with it still being daytime and all?

ANGEL

Actually, I was hoping that I could use your database to find some information on a demon.

TAYLOR

Any demon in particular?

ANGEL

It's called the cazador, also known as 'The Hunter.'

TAYLOR

Isn't that what a lot of 'em are called?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGEL  
Apparently, this one's well  
renowned for it.

TAYLOR  
Go ahead. *Mi case es su casa.*

ANGEL  
Since when?

TAYLOR  
Yeah, you're right... but go ahead  
anyway.  
(smiling)  
You've got my permission.

ANGEL  
Well, ain't I just the luckiest  
stiff in town.

Angel exits the room.

TAYLOR  
(to himself)  
It's good to be the boss.

17 INT. TAYLOR'S BASE - COMPUTER ROOM

17

Angel sits alone in a room that is sporadically lined with computers -- obviously a perk from Taylor's corporate funding. Angel is trying desperately to get one of the computers to work.

ANGEL  
(to the computer)  
Why aren't you working?

SONIA (O.S.)  
Problems?

Angel turns around, a bit surprised by the intrusion, to see SONIA standing just within the doorway.

ANGEL  
No. I'm just-

SONIA  
Let me guess, you're two hundred  
years old, and computers aren't.

ANGEL  
(reluctantly)  
Something like that.

SONIA  
Need some help?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGEL

As much as I hate to admit it...  
Yes. I'm stuck.

SONIA

Alright, tough guy, scoot over.

She walks into the room, as Angel stands from the chair in front of the computer and pulls another one up beside it.

SONIA (cont'd)

You know, this is a relatively simple procedure. Small children can do it!

ANGEL

Small children weren't born when there was no electricity.

Sonia looks at him curiously for a moment.

ANGEL (cont'd)

I mean, they were... children were born then, obviously. I wasn't born a vampire. I was just saying that-

SONIA

(grins; interrupting)  
What is it exactly that you're looking for?

ANGEL

(quickly)  
Thank you.  
(BEAT)  
I'm looking for a demon called the cazador, also known as the 'hunter.'

SONIA

The hunter of...?

ANGEL

Nothing. Just the hunter.

SONIA

Oh.

ANGEL

I know, sounds cryptic. Don't ask.

Sonia smiles and types in a long line of commands that brings up the database's main menu. Angel watches, captivated - computers aren't his thing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANGEL (cont'd)  
How did you do that?

SONIA  
Just the right combination of  
commands. It's like telling a dog  
to do something really quickly...  
only if the dog understands ones  
and zeros, that is.

Angel stares at her blankly.

SONIA (cont'd)  
I can tell that I'm going to have  
to ease you into the world of  
computers. Have you ever actually  
operated a computer, or are you a  
hard up virgin?

ANGEL  
No. I'm not a... where do you come  
up with your analogies?

SONIA  
I dunno. School?

ANGEL  
To answer the question, yes I have.  
Cordel... my former assistant  
insisted on having a computer in  
the office. Things were all fine  
and good when she was around, but  
when she left, we went back to the  
old fashioned way of doing  
business.

SONIA  
Which is?

ANGEL  
Books.

SONIA  
Ooh, I've heard of those!

Sonia grins, but Angel isn't in the mood for jokes. Sonia  
takes the hint, coughs once and types some more.

SONIA (cont'd)  
Okay, the cazador... I'm not seeing  
anything here.

ANGEL  
That figures.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SONIA  
Hold on. Let me try something else.

Sonia hits the keys again in rapid succession and then waits a moment.

SONIA (cont'd)  
(confused)  
Okay...?

ANGEL  
What?

SONIA  
We've got a name.

ANGEL  
A name?

SONIA  
Yep. Maybe it's a cover, like James Bond. You know that's not his real name, right?

Angel stares at the screen.

SONIA (cont'd)  
Yeah... so, anyway. There's an address too.

ANGEL  
Well, only one thing to do.

SONIA  
Need help?

ANGEL  
No. I think I'll be alright. I doubt that...  
(looking at the name)  
... Charles Macklin is the cazador's alter-ego, somehow, it's probably just the only name we've got that's linked to it.

SONIA  
Weirder things have happened.

ANGEL  
Thanks for the offer.

SONIA  
You gonna be alright in the daylight?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ANGEL  
I'll manage.

Sonia watches Angel get up and leave, then goes back to studying the information on the cazador.

18 INT. MACKLIN'S HOME - MORNING 18

A long, wood-panneled corridor is covered from end to end with framed pictures, all sharing a common denominator - they're all of Macklin, but from a long time ago, from when he was a young man. He is accompanied by a number of likewise well dressed men in the pictures, some of them alongside the decaying bodies of deceased demons.

The rest of the room is much of the same. It seems to be caught in time. Not a single piece of furniture appears to have been bought within the last ten years. From off screen, we hear the clink of a glass and a liquid being poured within.

19 INT. MACKLIN'S HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 19

Nothing is out of place and everything shines. Across the room, at the table sits an aged Macklin. In front of him is a bottle of Jack Daniels. He effortlessly takes down the shot that sits in front of him, and immediately pours another.

MACKLIN  
Jack Daniels... if you please.

He takes the second shot as well. As he slams the empty glass back down, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT TWO**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

20

INT. WHITE ROOM

20

An entirely white room, reminiscent of the one the Conduit inhabited, is the scene. We make a circle around the room twice until we finally come to see SPIKE, who doesn't seem to know where he is.

SPIKE

What the bloody...

Spike turns around several times.

SPIKE (cont'd)

(racking his brain)

I must have passed out. Damn!

Sodding cheap arse tequila...

(knocking on his head)

I wonder how long I'm going to be stuck in here?

VOICE (O.S.)

That really depends.

The voice is overly familiar. Spike turns around as fast as humanly possible to see --

BUFFY, standing before him. Spike stares in amazement for several seconds without saying a word.

SPIKE

Buffy?

BUFFY

Actually, no.

Spike stares at her with a bemused look upon his face.

SPIKE

Beg your pardon, then, Not Buffy, but you'd come in first, second, *and* third in a lookalike contest, I can guaran-damn-tee that!

BUFFY

(rolling her eyes)

I'm not a person. I'm only a messenger.

SPIKE

(confused)

Then why do you look like her?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUFFY

Look, I'm just doing my job. I show up, I tell you important things, I go. My form is left entirely up to you.

SPIKE

So you're saying that you're a figment of my imagination, and that since I think about Buffy, that you look like her?

BUFFY

More or less. Now let's-

SPIKE

(smirks)

I didn't realize I'd got the whole damn bottle down me! I must be off my trolley to be daydreaming about you again!

BUFFY

You're not drunk, Spike! Man, you're still just as big an ass as you always were, huh?

SPIKE

You say you're not her, but you damn sure sound and act like her!

BUFFY

Would you just shut up long enough for me to tell you what it is I came to tell you, so I can leave?

SPIKE

Still bossing me around after all this time. Haven't seen you in bloody years, and the first thing you do is dish out orders! That's rich. And also, I might add, very in keeping with your character...

BUFFY

This is going to get really ugly if you don't shut up!

SPIKE

(promiscuously)

Trying to get me all riled up, are we, pet? I knew you wouldn't be able to resist when we finally met up again.

(walking closer)

Fancy a shag for old time's sake?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Buffy PUNCHES spike. He holds his hand over his face for a moment.

SPIKE (cont'd)  
Jesus Christ!

When he looks back up, it's no longer Buffy --  
Angel now stands in front of him.

SPIKE (cont'd)  
Oh bloody hell... I don't want to know what my subconscious is trying to tell me with *this* one!

ANGEL  
Now, let's get this finished.

SPIKE  
What's the deal here, eh? I liked it a whole sight better when you were Buffy. Change back!

ANGEL  
No.

SPIKE  
You are such an arrogant bastard. Do you know that? A hundred years of your crap, and you still think you're God's gift to humanity!  
(smiling boldly)  
You should have been here just a bit ago. Buffy was here. She visit *your* mind much?!

ANGEL  
We just went through this! I am *not* Angel!

SPIKE  
Well then, turn back to Buffy!

ANGEL  
No! Look, this is going to take all night if you don't-

SPIKE  
You said that your form was entirely up to me!

ANGEL  
Yeah, well, I used an executive privilege.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SPIKE

Just tell me whatever the hell you want to say and get well out of my head! This is utterly confusing. It's like... wait a tick, you're not the First again, are you?!

Angel rushes over and pins Spike on the floor -- his boot on Spike's throat.

ANGEL

I usually don't resort to violence, but this... actually feels really good. Now that I've got your undivided attention, I'm sure you remember the Shanshu Prophecies?

He loosens the pressure on Spike's throat and steps back. Spike lays glaring at him while rubbing his neck.

SPIKE

Yeah. Piece of paper that you..  
(shaking his head)  
...Angel got all upset over, 'cause he thinks I've come to steal his mojo.

ANGEL

Exactly. You think that you're the prophesized one?

SPIKE

Damn right I do. Angel thinks he's all high and bloody mighty because he's got a soul. Well, he's not the only one anymore! I'm just as deserving as he is. I saved the world! Of course, everyone wants to forget about that little tidbit of information and focus on the torture and killing... not like Angel was any better before that bleeding curse. Who do you think I learned from?! But just because he's been doing this longer, everyone trusts him! Bullocks. If I-

ANGEL

(interrupts)  
There's a way to prove yourself.

SPIKE

...ever get my- what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ANGEL

There's another part to the Shanshu Prophecy.

SPIKE

Another part?

Angel nods along. Spike raises a curious eyebrow.

ANGEL

You want to get your hands on it, don't you?

SPIKE

You damn well know I do. You just heard the speech!

(beat)

Where is it?

ANGEL

You know where it is.

Spike stares boldly into the camera, working out what he already knows to be true when we SMASH CUT TO:

21 INT. SPIKE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

21

Spike raises his head from the desk in his office. He looks around frantically for any sign of Angel or Buffy, before his attention becomes focused on an empty bottle of tequila that sits just within his reach. He groans.

SPIKE

I bloody *knew* it!

He picks the bottle up and drops it in the garbage bin beside his desk as he walks out of the room.

SPIKE (cont'd)

Sodding tequila does it every time. I swear, a woman invented that poison. Always trying to get a bloke to think horrible thoughts and feel badly about something! That's the last damn time! From now on, it's back to whiskey...

22 INT. MACKLIN'S HOME - DAY

22

We're focused on the front door when it opens to reveal Angel. He glances round, looking for sign of life, stuck on the doorstep till he gets an invite.

ANGEL

Charles Macklin?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Macklin appear from the kitchen, and looks curiously at Angel for a moment before answering.

MACKLIN  
Depends on who's asking.

ANGEL  
My name is Angel, I'm-

MACKLIN  
(quickly)  
The vampire?

ANGEL  
(quietly)  
Why does everyone focus on that?

MACKLIN  
Kind of a big part of who you are,  
isn't it?

ANGEL  
Yeah, but it's not everything. I  
also do pretty good portraits...  
(beat)  
Why can't I be 'Angel the Artist'?

MACKLIN  
(confused)  
I'm sorry, is there a reason that  
you're here?

ANGEL  
I'm looking for information.

MACKLIN  
What kind of information?

Angel hesitates to admit that he's searching for a demon. He still has no idea who Macklin is.

ANGEL  
Do you mind if I come in?

MACKLIN  
Not at all. You're reformed, right?

ANGEL  
For some time now.

As he walks in the room, he sees the pictures that line his walls. Macklin offers angel a seat as he walks to the kitchen. Angel stands, examining the pictures that line the walls. He recognizes some of the men in the pictures and notices the demons that accompany some of them.

23 INT. MACKLIN'S HOME - KITCHEN

23

Angel follows Macklin into the kitchen, where the ex-hunter takes a seat and pours a new glass of whiskey.

MACKLIN

Can I offer you a drink, Angel?  
Vampires still like liquor, don't  
they?

ANGEL

Yes, we do, but no, thank you.

He takes a seat and watches with concern as Macklin downs another shot.

ANGEL (cont'd)

You're a demon hunter?

MACKLIN

I was.

ANGEL

That explains it.

MACKLIN

Explains what? I'm afraid that you  
still haven't enlightened me as to  
the nature of your visit.

ANGEL

I'm trying to find information on a  
demon.

MACKLIN

You would most likely fair better  
if you went to the Alliance. I'm  
sure you know of it?

ANGEL

Actually, not until recently, but I  
don't think they'll prove useful  
anymore.

MACKLIN

Why's that?

ANGEL

You haven't heard?

Macklin intriguingly sits up in his seat.

MACKLIN

Heard what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGEL

The Alliance was attacked last night.

MACKLIN

By what?

ANGEL

The same demon that I've been tracking, something called the cazador.

Macklin looks horrified by the news. He sits his drink down on the table and holds his head in his hands.

ANGEL (cont'd)

My team was able to escape, but I think we were the only ones. I don't know if there were any survivors.

MACKLIN

No. There wouldn't be. I'm amazed that you made it out alive.

ANGEL

Then you know about this thing?

No response. Angel tries again after a beat.

ANGEL (cont'd)

While trying to find any information on it, the only thing I could find was your name. Wanna tell me why that is?

MACKLIN

(hesitantly)

Because I was the one that killed it last time.

24 INT. MACKLIN'S HOME - LIVING ROOM. LATER

24

Macklin has brought the whiskey bottle into the living room and foregoes the act of pouring -- taking swallows straight from the bottle.

MACKLIN

(puts bottle down)

And they say it was gone. That there was simply a vacant grave.

ANGEL

Do you think that they would have released it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MACKLIN

I don't understand why they would. It makes absolutely no sense. The beast had terrorized the Alliance for years, killing many good men who were brave enough to go up against it. To release him would be ludicrous.

ANGEL

Are you sure that you performed the burial ritual correctly?

MACKLIN

I'm certain. I was taking no chances. Everything went just as it should have.

ANGEL

Regardless of what happened then, it's back. It's running rampant on the streets of Los Angeles, and we need to stop it.

MACKLIN

We don't need to stop anything! I did my part. I killed it almost fifteen years ago and nearly lost my own life in the process! The blood is off of my hands. It's on whoever was foolish enough to release it back into the wild.

ANGEL

There are innocent people dying out there! It doesn't matter whose fault it is, just that someone stops it!

MACKLIN

Then I wish you the best of luck, Angel, I really do. I can have no part in this. I only got lucky fifteen years ago when I defeated the cazador, but your research didn't tell you that, did it? Sheer luck led to my killing the beast. Nothing more.

ANGEL

It's more luck than anyone else has had with it.

MACKLIN

That isn't-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANGEL

I've got to kill this thing! As much as I've seen of it so far, invulnerable. I need someone who has been there. I need someone who knows how to kill it. I don't know about you, but *I* couldn't sleep easy with the deaths of several hundred people on my conscience.

Macklin stops and stares at Angel for several seconds. Angel's face is stone as he stares back, waiting for any kind of response. Macklin takes his bottle of whiskey, takes a gulp and then looks back to Angel.

MACKLIN

You don't mind if we stop at the liquor store then, do you?

Angel smiles as we cut to:

25 INT. SPIKE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

25

Spike slips his jacket on as he walks from his office. He closes the door, but when he turns around --

ILLYRIA stands in front of him, causing him to nearly soil himself.

SPIKE

(nearly in shock)

Good god, woman! Can't you make some kind of racket when you approach? If I hadn't already been dead, there would be good chance that I would be now!

ILLYRIA

You're going to battle?

SPIKE

(furtively)

What? No. I'm only going...

(confidently)

I'm going out.

ILLYRIA

'Out'? Where?

SPIKE

You're getting this 'being a woman' act down pretty well now, aren't you? What's next, buying me clothes?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ILLYRIA  
I do not understand.

SPIKE  
You wouldn't. Alright then, time  
for me to be on my way. Ta ta.

Spike begins walking away, but Illyria quickly follows him.

ILLYRIA  
I will accompany you.

SPIKE  
No, you can't, I've got-

ILLYRIA  
Why do you act so secretly?  
(suspicious)  
Have you traded me as well?

SPIKE  
(confused)  
Traded you... Blue! Of course I  
haven't traded you. I'm not a  
manipulative, brooding bastard like  
our former employer. I wouldn't  
trade you for the world.

Illyria looks surprisingly comforted.

SPIKE (cont'd)  
Okay, there are a few things that I  
*would* trade you for, but I don't  
see them being offered any time  
soon so you're safe for the time  
being.

ILLYRIA  
So then where do you go?

SPIKE  
Blimey, woman!  
(desperately thinking)  
I've got a... date!

ILLYRIA  
Date?

SPIKE  
Yes, a date. With the opposite sex.  
You know, one of you.  
(beat)  
Sort of.

ILLYRIA  
You go to procreate?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SPIKE

In a manner of speaking. The act of procreation, without the end product.

Spike smirks, and Illyria makes a small hiss of annoyance and walks away. Spike looks visibly relieved.

ILLYRIA

You beings sicken me.

SPIKE

Just wait until Fred's completely taken over, luv. You'll be begging me for a good roll in the sack!

Spike walks out of the room while Illyria seems to be greatly offended (as are most women!) by Spike. We watch spike walk through the hotel doors before we cut to:

26

EXT. OUTSIDE WOLFRAM AND HART. NIGHT.

26

The building stands just as it always has, showing no signs of the explosion that rocked it a few weeks ago. As we watch from a distant view a few blocks down, Spike casually strolls on scene, cigarette in mouth. As he takes a final drag, he tosses the butt on the ground and stares at the building.

SPIKE

Right. Let's see if ol' uncle Spike is as crazy as everyone thinks he is...

As Spike marches towards the building, we:

**BLACK OUT:****END OF ACT THREE**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

27 INT. ROGUE LAYER - NIGHT

27

Macklin and Angel walk through the rank underbelly of carnage as they are forced to overstep rotting bodies of Macklin's former associates. Macklin has a handkerchief held firmly over his nose as he surveys the mess the cazador left the room in.

MACKLIN

Is it absolutely necessary to be in here?

ANGEL

I'm trying to pick up on its scent.

MACKLIN

All I smell is rotting flesh!

ANGEL

My senses are a little more heightened than yours. I'm picking up plenty of things aside from the bodies, one of which is our boy.

MACKLIN

He smells worse alive than he did when he was dead. More incentive for us to-

Macklin trips as he speaks, and looks to the floor to the mangled body of Johansen lying at his feet. Macklin grunts as he looks down at his old boss.

MACKLIN (cont'd)

(kicking him)

You old bastard!

Angel watches the outburst with a smirk.

ANGEL

Good friend?

MACKLIN

Mortal enemy! This is the man who ruined my life. I wouldn't doubt if it was him who released the cazador for no other reason that to see me fall... and fall I did, you old fart, but who's getting the last laugh?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGEL

You do realize that you're talking to dead people, right?

MACKLIN

I was doing that before we got in here.

Angel shakes his head at his attempt at a joke.

ANGEL

Okay. I think I've got enough to go on here. Hopefully I can pick up a trail outside.

MACKLIN

(suddenly tense)

Angel...?

ANGEL

I get it. You're talking to dead people, I saw that movie too. If we could cut the jokes for just-

Angel stops, sensing something. He slowly turns around --

The cazador stands directly in front of Macklin, glaring, but not yet advancing. Angel paces slowly forward.

ANGEL (cont'd)

Just stay calm.

MACKLIN

Stay *calm*?!

ANGEL

We can handle this.

MACKLIN

You see that spot on his back?

ANGEL

Yeah.

MACKLIN

You've got to-

Before he can finish anything, the beast lets out a threatening HISS and knocks Macklin to the ground.

He doesn't go in for the kill, however, he goes directly for Angel. Angel raises his sword and prepares for the oncoming assault.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANGEL  
Okay, spot on his back... No  
problem...

The beast rushes towards Angel, who sidesteps and swings around with his sword that connects with a CLANG. The cazador turns around and charges violently towards Angel.

ANGEL (cont'd)  
Macklin?!

He looks over to see that Macklin is unconscious on the floor.

ANGEL (cont'd)  
(bitterly)  
Perfect...

28 INT. W&H - KITRIDGE'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

28

KITRIDGE sits behind his desk per usual with a stack of paper work lying before him. He's on the phone, laughing when KIRSTEN busts into the office.

KIRSTEN  
Sir?!

Kitridge, busy with his phone call, holds up his finger, telling her to wait.

KITRIDGE  
Yes. That's right. It'll come up in the second quarter. They don't know it yet, but their founder will suffer a tragic accident shortly. Guess who has already moved to purchase the property?  
(beat)  
And they told me that you were incompetent.

KIRSTEN  
(impatient)  
James?!

Kitridge looks annoyed by Kirsten's persistence.

KITRIDGE  
I'm going to have to call you back.  
Alright.

He hangs up the phone and offers his full attention to Kirsten.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIRSTEN

The radars have gone off. There's a vampire in the building!

KITRIDGE

There's always a vampire in the building, Kirsten. This is LA.

KIRSTEN

It's one of his.

KITRIDGE

Which one? The blonde one?

KIRSTEN

Yes. sir.

KITRIDGE

Fearless bastard, he actually went for it... Okay, Kirsten, let the security team know, but nobody moves until I give the word.

Kirsten nods and heads back outside, as Kitridge strokes his chin thoughtfully.

29

INT. W&amp;H - LOBBY

29

The lobby is almost entirely vacated with the exception of a couple of guards at the elevator and stairwell. Spike walks casually up to the guard at the stairwell.

SPIKE

Excuse me, chum, I'm looking for the pisser. Got a bladder like a bloody twelve-year-old girl and had just a pint too many at the pub down the street!

GUARD

We don't have any public restrooms. You'll have to-

Spike lands a RIGHT HOOK and grabs the guard by the back of his head and pulls him down for a violent KNEE to the head.

SPIKE

Thanks, mate.

Spike drags him into the stairwell with him.

30

INT. W&amp;H - HALLWAY

30

Spike cautiously pokes his head from round a corner. Seeing that the coast is clear, he dashes down the corridor and ducks into a nearby office - the Records Department.

31 INT. W&amp;H - RECORDS DEPARTMENT

31

We see the seemingly infinite rows of filing cabinets. The door that stands adjacent from our view begins rattling. After the handle doesn't give, a couple of strong blows leave the door SWINGING open and Spike hurrying in.

He closes the door behind him and turns around with the smile of a hero before seeing how many records there actually are in the record department.

He groans and puts his hands on his hips, annoyed.

SPIKE

The first time in years I don't  
have a nerd around, and I get *this!*  
Where's that little bugger Andrew  
or the witch when you need them?

32 INT. ROGUE LAYER - MEETING ROOM

32

Silence for a beat, until Angel FLIES into view, landing hard against the wall and dropping his sword. He quickly looks back and ducks just as the cazador's claws fly quickly past his head.

He grabs his sword and rolls out of harm's way. After regaining his composure, he goes on the offensive, furiously swinging his sword and landing a number of blows to the body, but nothing. The demon's outer layer is all but invincible.

The cazador effortlessly knocks him to the ground with a violent BITCH SLAP.

Angel struggles to get to his feet, picks his sword up and charges again. As he leaves, we stay with the scene to see Macklin still lying on the ground across the room.

He's beginning to come around. He slowly raises his head and looks around. We watch him slowly get to his feet and retrieve his sword before we cut to:

33 INT. W&amp;H - RECORDS DEPARTMENT

33

Spike has nearly torn the room apart. Papers and scrolls lie all about the room. As he dismisses a paper, he tosses it in the air.

SPIKE

How in the hell is anyone supposed  
to find anything in here?! This is  
my hell!

He continues throwing papers about until he comes to one that may show promise.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPIKE  
 (excitedly)  
 Hold on. Ladies and gentleman, we  
 have a...  
 (violently)  
 ... another useless piece of dead  
 tree!

He rips the paper and throws it on the ground.

34

INT. ROGUE LAYER - MEETING ROOM

34

The cazador rushes towards Angel as he stumbles back again, but a large chunk of table deters him from his path. He falls backwards and onto the ground.

Angel looks almost gleeful. It's the first point of the fight that could be taken as a winning moment for himself. His joy is short lived, however, as the beast leaps to his feet and charges again.

ANGEL  
 Guess a break would be too much to  
 ask for...

Angel swings the sword once more, but misses his target. The cazador knocks him to the ground, landing heavily on top of him.

Angel struggles to remove himself from beneath the demon, but it's too heavy, even for him. The cazador is a mere inches from Angel's face, his fangs on target to take a sizable piece.

With all the might he has left within his body, Angel pushes the cazador off of him, but loses once more when the beast falls back onto him. Just as it appears as though his doom is imminent --

A ROAR escapes from the cazador. It rolls off of Angel, and we see that Macklin has sunk his sword into the cazador's back. It swings its claws to knock the heroic Macklin back to the ground.

Getting his second wind, Angel grabs the sword and prepares for another gruesome round, but slows up when the beast doesn't get back up.

Wearily, he walks nervously towards the demon. He kicks it -- expecting to be attacked, but nothing. He finally rolls it over to see the sword sticking from its back. Angel smiles boldly as he looks for Macklin.

He spots him far across the room, slumped against a wall, and quickly makes his way to him, kneeling by his side.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGEL (cont'd)  
(happily)  
Hey, you did it!

MACKLIN  
(smiling)  
Yes, I suppose I did... but that  
dirty monster of a demon got the  
last laugh.

He moves his hands from his stomach to reveal blood claiming nearly the whole of his shirt now. Angel starts to try and move him.

ANGEL  
We've got to get you to a hospital.

MACKLIN  
No, there's no time, you valiant  
bastard! We've got to ensure that  
the beast doesn't rise again.  
(reaches into his coat  
pocket)  
This is the burial ritual. Follow  
it to the T...  
(smiling)  
And don't tell anyone about it.  
Don't remove the sword from his  
back either. He'll wake up.

ANGEL  
Come on, we've still got time to-

MACKLIN  
I'll be fine. I've finally found  
redemption... thanks to you.

He starts laughing.

MACKLIN (cont'd)  
Here I am about to make the big  
trip, and I'm sober as a bell.  
Life's funny sometimes isn't it?

His eyes begin to flutter before closing for good. Angel looks saddened, and lays a respectful hand on his shoulder.

He stands up and looks around the battlefield. There isn't a thing in the room that isn't broken and the room is practically standing in blood.

After a few moments, he slowly walks to the cazador and begins dragging it to the door.

Spike has given up entirely on this being a speedily completed mission, and has pulled a chair up. He leans comfortably back as he goes through page after page, still tossing them upon the floor as he goes. He lets out a proclamation with every falling page.

SPIKE

Rubbish. Crap. Trash. Nothing. Lots of nothing. Garbage. Useless. Waste of time. Another moment I'll never get back.

He stops and takes a look at his watch.

SPIKE (cont'd)

I should have brought Blue, she'd would have torn the bloody building out from underneath us by now!

(standing up)

Okay. I've got no choice. Let's do this the old fashioned way.

Spike looks around at the many cabinets and points to one.

SPIKE (cont'd)

(pointing to cabinets)

Eeny, meenie, miny, moe.

As he says moe, however, he stops and looks back to the one that he has dubbed miny. He looks curiously at the cabinet before opening it. Inside the drawer is a single scroll. Spike pulls it out of the drawer and quickly unrolls it.

He stares at the scroll for several seconds.

SPIKE (cont'd)

(curiously)

The 'keeper'? Keeper of what?

(mumbling)

The keeper will come and... blah, blah, blah. He will.. yada, yada... Shanshu! Got it! And the master of detective work is still yours truly.

Spike rolls the scroll back up and puts it in his jacket pocket. He grins broadly.

SPIKE (cont'd)

For once, I wish that Angel was here, so I could rub this in his smug face! Never mind, mate, maybe there'll be a next time...

CONTINUED:

Spike walks to the door, peers outside, and leaves, closing the door behind him.

We stay behind for several seconds, staring at the mess he made. Papers cover the ground and some have even managed to stick to the walls.

All of a sudden with a SLAM the door bursts open, and Spike comes running back through. He rushes over to the cabinet by the chair.

He grabs his lighter from the top of the cabinet and throws it in his pocket before we cut to:

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INT. W&H - KITRIDGE'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

36

Kitridge picks up his phone as it starts to ring.

KITRIDGE

Hello?

(beat; listens)

He got it? Alright, good work. No, there's no need to stop him, let him get back out, he'll think he snuck right past us.

(hangs up; chuckles)

Thanks, Spike - you just moved us into the next phase.

Off Kitridge's smug grin, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

END OF SHOW