

ANGEL

"Happy Days"

by

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TEASER

FADE IN:

1

INT. HYPERION - FOYER - DAY

1

ANGEL walks into frame, reading from a handful of papers and sipping his first mug of blood of the day, screeching to a halt as RHIANNA and SUZI, the two psychic twins from the Academy, go racing past.

Angel mutters something under his breath and turns to head toward his office to find JOHNNY standing in the doorway.

Angel starts, surprised to see the intense-looking ten-year-old in his path. There's a long beat as Angel stares back at the child.

ANGEL

Can I... help you with something?

JOHNNY

When can we start going outside?

Angel glances round, but he's alone in the foyer. Nobody to come and rescue him.

ANGEL

Uh, well... you see...

(crouches down)

It's dangerous out there for you and the others just yet.

JOHNNY

You go out all the time.

ANGEL

I have to.

JOHNNY

So why can't we?

ANGEL

Because there are people out there looking for you, to take you back to the Academy. You don't want that, do you?

JOHNNY

(shrugs)

All my things are still there.

ANGEL

Oh. Right. Well...

KIRSTEN (O.S.)

Angel?

(CONTINUED)

ANGEL
(relieved)
Oh, thank God.

He stands as KIRSTEN walks down the stairs and into the foyer, with they shy HAYLEY following close behind.

KIRSTEN
Everything okay?

ANGEL
Huh? Oh, yeah, everything's...
(beat)
Can we have a minute?

KIRSTEN
Sure.
(to Hayley)
Wait here with Johnny, okay? I'll
be right back.

Hayley nods, unconsciously tugging her sweater a little tighter round herself as Kirsten heads over to Angel.

KIRSTEN (cont'd)
What's up?

Angel glances over to the kids to make sure they can't hear him, and Kirsten registers his dark expression.

KIRSTEN (cont'd)
Angel?

ANGEL
They've started asking me how long they're going to be here. When they're going home. When they're going back to the Academy. What are we supposed to tell them? They're nearly all too young to understand what's going to happen to them if they go back there!

KIRSTEN
Yeah, and I understand that, but they're still kids, Angel. They're getting restless, so we need to find a way for them to blow off a little steam while we figure things out.

ANGEL

Any ideas? I'd have thought trying to kill us all a few days ago would have been enough 'steam' for anyone.

KIRSTEN

Hey, I'm trying just as hard as you are. I don't have any more idea than you what a ten year old pyrokinetic does for fun!

ANGEL

Well, we have to think of something, and soon. I don't want another incident in here.

There's a BUZZ from the front doorbell, and Angel turns.

ANGEL (cont'd)

You expecting anybody?

KIRSTEN

(shakes head)

Not me.

Angel heads up to the doors, peering over to the small monitor overlooking the door outside - and his face brightens when he sees who it is.

KIRSTEN (cont'd)

Who is it?

ANGEL

(grinning)

An old friend.

Angel steps up to the doors, fishes out his keycard and swipes it to unlock the entrance with a loud CLICK.

He pulls open the door and steps back as a familiar figure with spiky red hair steps into the foyer - it's OZ!

ANGEL (cont'd)

Hey, Oz.

OZ

Hey.

(looks round)

This place is better than your old office.

ANGEL

Sure is. Good to see you again.

OZ
Yeah, you too.

The duo embrace for a moment before Angel steps back and motions to Kirsten.

ANGEL
Kirsten, I'd like you to meet Daniel Osbourne, also known as Oz. He's an old friend from Sunnydale.

OZ
(offers hand)
Hi there.

KIRSTEN
(shakes it)
Hey, yourself.

ANGEL
Kirsten's been helping us out round here. We've got a few-

CRASH! Angel starts and looks up towards the first floor balcony - where Rhianna and Suzi are standing next to a smashed plant pot, looking suitably guilty.

RHIANNA
(sheepish)
Sorry...

SUZI
(scolding)
I told you you'd break it if you did that!

Angel sighs and looks back to the now bemused Oz.

OZ
Problems?

ANGEL
(nods)
Problems.

OZ
Actually, that's kinda why I'm here. Got a few problems of our own I was hoping you could help us out with.

ANGEL
'Our' own?

OZ

Oh, yeah. Sorry.

Oz looks over his shoulder, and Angel follows his gaze - and his jaw drops a little as a blonde woman steps through the doors.

It's NINA.

NINA

Hey, Angel.

(beat)

We're in trouble.

Up close on Angel's stunned expression, then we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

2

INT. HYPERION - FOYER - DAY

2

Angel still looks pretty surprised as Nina walks down the steps to meet him, bag in one hand.

There's a long beat. Kirsten looks from Angel to Nina, then over to Oz, who nods sagely.

OZ

Yeah... that's what I figured would happen.

Nina steps up close to Angel, looking like she's not sure if she should hug him or keep her distance.

NINA

So...

ANGEL

Yeah...

NINA

(awkward)

How... how've you been?

ANGEL

Good, good, I've been... well, not 'good,' I mean, you know, hotel full of psychic kids and Wolfram and Hart trying to get them back, but other than that... where have you been?

NINA

(shrugs)

Around. Ran into Oz here a few months back, he's been looking out for me since then.

OZ

Wolf loyalty, you know.

ANGEL

So, where did... I mean, how have...

Angel is thankfully interrupted as he hears SPIKE and WESLEY's voices drifting in from outside.

SPIKE (O.S.)

And I distinctly remember saying to you, 'don't hit that one or they'll all bloody go!'

(CONTINUED)

WESLEY (O.S.)
You did no such thing, Spike.

SPIKE (O.S.)
(tetchy)
I know what I did and didn't say,
actually, so don't try to make
out like any of this was my
fault!

The group in the foyer look up as Spike and Wes enter -
spattered from head to foot in thick black OOZE.

There's a beat as Spike and Wes see the new arrivals, and
Oz raises an eyebrow.

OZ
(off Spike)
I thought he was dead?

ANGEL
Long story.

SPIKE
Came back.

OZ
Apparently, not that long.

WESLEY
(grins)
Hello again, Oz.

Wes steps forward to shake Oz's hand, wiping some of the
ooze from his hand first.

OZ
Hey. You look different.

WESLEY
A lot's happened since we last
met.

NINA
So I can see...

OZ
(to Spike)
You still a good guy?

SPIKE
(lights a cigarette)
Depends who you ask.

ANGEL

Okay, sorry to break this up, but you mentioned 'trouble' just then.

NINA

Straight down to business. That's my Angel, all right.

Angel glances at her, and Nina shifts a little, not looking like she meant to say that out loud.

ANGEL

Come on. Let's head into my office, you can fill me in.

NINA

(to Oz)

I'll go. We've got... stuff to catch up on.

OZ

No problem. I'll take a look around.

WESLEY

We'll give you the tour, once we're all cleaned up.

SPIKE

Yeah, believe it or not, we're not normally this mucky. Just that somebody has a problem listening to anybody's advice but his own!

WESLEY

(wearily)

Spike...

The debate starts again as Wes and Spike head off, followed by Oz, and Nina turns back to Angel.

There's a long beat as Kirsten looks from one to the other, getting the hint and quietly slipping away to leave them.

ANGEL

Nina, I-

NINA

(shakes head)

Don't.

ANGEL

We just never really got a chance to, you know...

(CONTINUED)

NINA

What, say goodbye? After I lead Wolfram and Hart to your son and you tried to strangle me? I don't think 'goodbye' has enough syllables to cover that kind of situation.

Angel lowers his head and motions towards his office.

ANGEL

This way.

The two head inside as we cut to:

3 INT. HYPERION - CORRIDOR - NEXT

3

Wes ducks into a bathroom as Spike waits his turn outside, leaning against the wall without a care for the wallpaper as he keeps smoking. Oz studies him.

OZ

So... I'm guessing I missed a few stories between you going up in flames to destroy the Hellmouth and standing here today.

SPIKE

Not much to tell, really. Got trapped in a necklace and delivered to Wolfram and Hart, came back as a ghost until the same bugger that delivered me made me a real boy again, and since then I've been stuck with this lot.

OZ

And you've still got, you know...

SPIKE

A soul? Last time I checked, for all the good it's done me. All it seems to have done is make a load of mystical bookworms go all up in arms because I've put a spanner in one of their prophecies. What about you? How's life been treating you since your last visit back to Sunnydale?

OZ

Not too bad. I spent a long time out on the road, got myself into a few bands, but then I heard of this place.

(CONTINUED)

SPIKE

What kind of place?

OZ

Somewhere people like me can go.

ILLYRIA (O.S.)

(cold)

Werewolves.

Spike and Oz look up as ILLYRIA stalks down the corridor towards them. She does not look happy.

SPIKE

Ah, Blue, just the gal. This is-

ILLYRIA

I know what it is.

OZ

'It'?

ILLYRIA

A mangy half-breed, a scavenger,
a... pet!

SPIKE

Oi! Hang about!

OZ

Uh... am I missing something?

SPIKE

Not at all, she's just being...
well, what are you being, Blue?
Besides your old obnoxious self?

Illyria gets in Oz's face, looking him up and down and sizing him up. Oz looks pretty confused by the whole thing.

SPIKE (cont'd)

Oz, this is Illyria. Former Old
One and god king of the
Primordium, now inhabiting the
body of a slightly-built Texan
girl in her twenties. How the
mighty are fallen, eh?

ILLYRIA

Spike, what is this aberration
doing here?

SPIKE

He needs our help. Care to
explain what your problem with
him is?

Illyria sneers at Oz, then with a glance at Spike spins on her heel and marches away. Oz watches her stomp off round a corner, just as a cleaner Wes emerges from the bathroom.

OZ

Okay, that was... odd.

WESLEY

Is everything alright?

SPIKE

Seems your girlfriend doesn't like werewolves all that much.

OZ

(surprised)

Your girlfriend?

WESLEY

(sighs)

It's a little more complicated than that.

OZ

So I'm guessing. This is what I get for being out of the loop.

Spike ducks into the bathroom, and we cut down to:

Nina sits in the chair before Angel's desk, wringing her hands a little as Angel paces up and down before her.

NINA

And so that's where we're headed. It's got more bases all over the world.

(counts off on fingers)

England, Brazil, China, a few more round Europe and two right here in the States. One's in New York, the other's in Vegas, and that's where we're heading.

ANGEL

But?

NINA

But... we've got somebody on our trail. A hunter, a real mean son of a gun. His name's Garrett, and as far as I can tell he's been hunting and killing werewolves his whole life.

ANGEL

So, what, he's followed you to LA
and now you need my help to get
rid of him?

NINA

(beat; eyes him)
Okay, are you trying to sound
this aggressive on purpose?

ANGEL

I'm not being aggressive.

NINA

Uh, yes, you are. Look, I know
I'm probably the last person who
should be coming to you for help
after everything that happened,
but...

(sincere)

... I didn't know where else to
go.

Angel looks out through his office window, arms folded, his
features stony. Nina keeps her eyes on him.

Finally, Angel exhales and turns to face her, and Nina
brightens in anticipation.

ANGEL

Maybe you should tell me
everything you can about this
Garrett guy. I need to know what
we're up against.

NINA

Thank you.

ANGEL

No problem.

NINA

No, I mean it.

She stands, walking over to him, and Angel suddenly seems
to be finding it hard to look at her.

Nina reaches out a hand towards his cheek, but Angel
reaches up to grab her wrist, gently pushing her hand back
down.

ANGEL

Nina...

NINA

No, no, it's fine. I'm sorry.

4 CONTINUED: (2)

4

ANGEL

We just... I mean, you and me,
we're not...

NINA

(backs off)

It's okay. I get it. Um... I'll
just go... and...

She turns and leaves the office without finishing her sentence. Angel sighs and curses under his breath as she exits, and we cut to:

5 INT. DEMON BAR - DAY

5

It's happy hour in this run down demon bar, the windows tightly shuttered against the light outside as a few stray DEMONS and VAMPIRES huddle round their drinks.

Tinny country music sounds from a small radio behind the bar, and two demons with huge, bulky hands are doing their best to play a game of pool.

The doors to the bar suddenly swing open, prompting a couple of vamps to shuffle further into the shadows and grumble loudly at the new arrival.

Everyone in the bar turns to see who's just walked in, the background noise dropping a few levels.

It's a tall, well-built man in his thirties, with a square jaw and a mop of straight brown hair. This is GARRETT.

GARRETT

(Southern accent)

Howdy! Is this...

He takes a piece of paper from his duster coat pocket, checking the address.

GARRETT (cont'd)

(reads)

... Iztard's Bar and Grill?

The hefty demon behind the bar, IZTARD himself, steps forward.

IZTARD

This is the place. Who the hell
are you?

Garrett smiles amiably as he makes his way to the bar, every set of eyes in the room still pinned to him.

(CONTINUED)

GARRETT

The name's Garrett. I'm looking for two youngsters runnin' through this part of town, hoped you could help me find them.

IZTARD

Not interested.

Garrett blinks, halfway through taking a pair of photographs out of his pocket.

GARRETT

Don't y'all want to help? I mean, after I went to the trouble of gettin' these here photographs taken?

The demon next to Garrett watches him suspiciously as he lays down two Polaroids on the counter - one of Nina, one of Oz.

GARRETT (cont'd)

They're real good likenesses. Why don't you take a look, see if they ring any bells in that lumpy ol' head of yours.

DEMON

Listen, pal, why don't you-

SNAP! Garrett's hand lashes out, grabbing the demon's wrist and TWISTING it back, and as the demon howls in pain Garrett draws a DAGGER, twirling it round and SKEWERING the demon's hand to the counter!

Several of the bar patrons jump to their feet as the pinned demon writhes in pain, but Garrett's pleasant expression doesn't even blink as he keeps his eyes on Iztard.

GARRETT

Sorry, that guy was all yammerin' in my ear, couldn't hear a thing! Now, where'd you say these two were?

VAMPIRE (O.S.)

Hey, human!

Garrett sighs theatrically and slowly turns round - several demons and vamps have gathered behind him, clutching pool cues, bottles and their own claws and fangs against him.

GARRETT

There a problem here, boys?

VAMPIRE

You shouldn't have come here.

GARRETT

I did hear the steak was a little pricey, but I figured what the heck. You don't come to LA if you don't want to spend a little, right?

VAMPIRE

You've got five seconds to run for that door before we throw you out of it - one piece at a time.

The vampire VAMPS OUT to back up his statement, but Garrett just leans casually back against the bar.

GARRETT

Is that so?

VAMPIRE

That's so.

GARRETT

Well then, I guess y'all'd better come on over here and toss me out then, 'cause I ain't movin' from this spot right here.

The vamp exchanges glances with the demons either side of him, then with a ROAR surges forward, SPRINGING through the air...

WHUMP! The vamp is IMPALED in mid-air, and his face drops in shock.

Garrett has a STAKE in his hand, and he's punched it RIGHT THROUGH the vamp's chest!

GARRETT (cont'd)

Heard this was a vampire town.
Good job I came prepared, huh?

POOF! The vampire DUSTS and the demons charge forward with a YELL as he disintegrates.

Garrett scoops up a bar stool with his foot, SMASHING it across two of the demons, before wrenching the pool cue from the hands of another and SPEARING his foot to the floor!

The demon starts to SHOUT in pain, but is silenced by a heavy PUNCH to his jaw, keeling over backwards.

(CONTINUED)

Two vamps grapple Garrett from behind, taking an arm each, but he SHOVES one back and turns to PUNCH the other, landing hit after hit before twisting the demon's arm round behind his back and SLAMMING his face into the counter.

Letting the stunned demon drop, he spins round as another vampire CHARGES at him, yelling a battle cry, but Garrett deftly drops to one knee, grabs the vamp in mid-stride and flips him up and over.

The vamp SMASHES into the bottles lining the back of the bar, crashing down to the floor.

Garrett looks around, barely even breaking a sweat, and notices that the rest of the clientele suddenly seem a lot less confident about taking him on.

He grins as he smooths down his jacket, flattening down his hair as he turns back to Iztard.

GARRETT (cont'd)

Okay, then. Now we're all done with the interruptions, maybe you can tell me what I need to know.

He pushes the two photos towards Iztard, who looks down at them, clearly pretty shaken by Garrett's display of fighting prowess.

GARRETT (cont'd)

My sources tell me these two stopped by here last night for a bite to eat, so I think we both know that means they ain't a hundred per cent human like me and...

(looks round)

... well, me, so if you show me which way they went I'll be on my way.

Iztard picks up the photos, nodding as he studies them.

IZTARD

Yeah, yeah, they were here. Said they were on their way to some hotel a friend of theirs owned or something. Didn't catch where.

GARRETT

You get a name for this friend?

IZTARD

Heard one of them say 'Angel' a few times, but couldn't say if that was a name or not.

5 CONTINUED: (4)

5

Garrett takes the photos back, that friendly smile back in place.

GARRETT
Much obliged.

He looks around at the groaning, wounded demons on the floor and reaches into his coat for his wallet.

GARRETT (cont'd)
(tosses some notes)
This is for the damages.

Without looking back, Garrett turns and marches out through the doors, and we cut to:

6 EXT. LA - STREET - NEXT

6

Looking up and down the street with the sun setting in the sky, Garrett looks like he's considering his options when a black limousine pulls up in front of him.

The rear window rolls down, and Garrett takes a step forward, peering into the darkness inside.

LINDSEY leans forward into view, his characteristically smug grin firmly in place.

LINDSEY
Mr. Garrett, I presume?

GARRETT
Since my momma named me. Who might you be?

LINDSEY
Somebody who can help you find what you're looking for.

GARRETT
Mighty kind, but I'm looking for a 'who,' not a 'what.'

LINDSEY
Trust me. I can help.

He pops open the limo's door, gesturing for Garrett to step inside. He glances up and down the street again, then with a shrug clambers into the limo.

As the door closes and the limo pulls away, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

7 INT. HYPERION - LOBBY - EARLY EVENING

7

The team are all assembled in the lobby, Kirsten sitting on the steps with George on her knee. Sonia is the only one absent.

ANGEL

Alright, here's what we're going to do. Nina tells me this Garrett guy's an expert werewolf hunter, so we have to assume he's going to find his way here before too long. Before that happens, we're going to head out and meet him head on soon as the sun goes down. If he's any kind of tracker at all, he'll find his way to either Nina or Oz, and when he does, we'll be ready.

SPIKE

I'm already liking this plan.

ANGEL

Illyria, you're with me and Nina. Wes, go with Spike and Oz.

WESLEY

One of us should stay here with the children, in case, as you said, Garrett locates the hotel.

KIRSTEN

I'll stay.

WESLEY

Somebody with a little more combat experience.

ANGEL

Spike, is Sonia still here?

SPIKE

Locked in her room like a stroppey teenager, but yeah, she's here.

ANGEL

Okay, see if you can get her to go with you instead of Wes.

SPIKE

(nods)
Right.

(CONTINUED)

Spike heads off towards the stairs as Angel starts towards the weapons cabinet, Nina close behind.

NINA

Not that I want to be the one person arguing with the plan, but isn't this a little... direct?

ANGEL

(opens cabinet)

Did you have something else in mind?

NINA

I don't know, maybe something that didn't involve a bloodbath would be a welcome change of pace.

Angel throws her a look as he takes out one of the swords.

ANGEL

I thought you said this guy tried to kill you three times already?

NINA

(saddened)

He did, but... look, that's not what I mean. This guy... Angel, we can't just kill him.

ANGEL

I know.

Nina frowns as Angel marches past her, sword in hand.

NINA

So what's with the sword?

ANGEL

We're going to put him off following you any more.

Nina doesn't look like she follows as we cut upstairs to:

Spike walks up to the door to Sonia's room, reaching out a hand and hesitating before KNOCKING.

SPIKE

Sonia? It's Spike.

(beat)

We've got a mission, luv, could use an extra pair of hands.

8 CONTINUED:

8

He waits, but there's no reply as we cut to:

9 INT. HYPERION - SONIA'S ROOM - NEXT

9

Spike's KNOCKS echo through the darkened room as we pan across to find SONIA curled up on her bed. The curtains are drawn, and it doesn't look like she's moved from her spot for some time.

SPIKE (O.S.)
 (through door)
 Come on, Sonia. Staying in there
 all day, every day isn't going to
 do you any good.

She turns her head towards the door, staring at it for a long beat before we cut to:

10 INT. HYPERION - CORRIDOR - NEXT

10

The door suddenly opens, startling Spike. A tired-looking Sonia steps into view, her eyes to the floor.

SPIKE
 Bloody hell. You look terrible.
 (beat)
 Er, I mean-

SONIA
 (softly)
 What's going on?

SPIKE
 Some old friends are back in
 town, swung by the OK Corral to
 ask for some backup. Seems
 they've got a hunter problem. You
 game?

Sonia hesitates, then nods slowly.

SONIA
 I'll meet you downstairs.

SPIKE
 (grins)
 Attagirl. Just like-

CLICK. The door is closed in his face. Spike sighs.

SPIKE (cont'd)
 Old times...

He turns and heads away as we cut to:

11 INT. LIMOUSINE - EVENING

11

Garrett looks round the plush interior as Lindsey fixes a drink from the minibar, offering it to Garrett, who declines.

GARRETT

Not for me. Don't touch the stuff.

LINDSEY

Really? Big, tough hunter like you?

GARRETT

Staying of fit keeps my head clear, and that's how I like it to be. Drinking just makes me remember things I'd rather left forgot.

Lindsey nods, putting the drink away.

GARRETT (cont'd)

So where's this 'help' you just said you'd give me, or am I being taken for a ride in your nice, clean limousine just for the heck of it?

LINDSEY

You're looking for Nina Ash and Daniel Osbourne, correct?

GARRETT

How did you-

LINDSEY

I have sources too. And I'm willing to offer you my resources to help catch and kill both of them.

GARRETT

So what's in it for you?

LINDSEY

Why does there have to be something 'in' it for me?

GARRETT

Well, pardon me for sayin' it, but a man like you doesn't speak to a man like me 'less he's got a damn good reason for it. So let's hear it.

(CONTINUED)

Lindsey reclines in his seat.

LINDSEY

The two wolves you're after are allies to somebody we'd rather didn't have much in the way of allies. A big fight's coming, and everything we can do to lessen his ability to stand up to us is a big plus point as far as I'm concerned.

GARRETT

Mm-hmm. So what do I get?

LINDSEY

Anything you need.

GARRETT

Why don't y'all start by telling me where I can find them. I'll take care of the rest.

LINDSEY

I'll go one better than that.

Lindsey leans forward and taps on the partition leading to the DRIVER. It rolls down, and the driver tilts his head back towards Lindsey.

DRIVER

Where to, Mr. McDonald?

LINDSEY

Find the first target.

DRIVER

Yes, sir.

The partition whirrs back into place, and as Lindsey sits back in his seat with a grin to Garrett, we cut to:

12 EXT. LA - STREET - EVENING

12

The sun is safely hidden behind thick clouds as the last of the day's light shrinks back into the shadows, and we pick up Angel, Nina and Illyria heading down the street.

ANGEL

(to Nina)

And this is where you saw him last?

NINA

Right outside this place.

(CONTINUED)

She motions to a shop next to her, closed down for the night.

NINA (cont'd)

I'd stopped in to get a few things, and when I left he was standing right out here, waiting for me.

(shivers)

Not a good day.

ILLYRIA

How did you evade him?

NINA

I ran.

(off their looks)

Seriously. I wolfed out and put my head down. Hunter or not, he's only as fast as a human. Once I get a head of speed up, I'm gone.

(beat)

Okay, that totally made me sound really arrogant, didn't it...

ANGEL

It's fine.

He walks on, and Nina glances at Illyria, who just follows Angel. Nina waits a beat, closing her eyes, then jogs to catch Angel back up.

NINA

Angel... do we need to talk?

ANGEL

About what?

NINA

About the fact that we're not talking.

ANGEL

I don't follow.

She lays a hand on his arm to stop him.

NINA

I know you must have all kinds of stuff you want to say to me, and I'm sure-

ANGEL

Actually... I don't.

(beat)

(MORE)

ANGEL (cont'd)
 We're out here to get this guy
 off your back, and soon as that's
 done you're out of my life again.

NINA
 So that's what you want?

ANGEL
 Don't you?

Nina glances back at Illyria, who is watching the tense
 exchange between the two of them with interest.

NINA
 (awkward)
 I... I don't know. Maybe... maybe
 not.
 (beat)
 Why don't we-

ANGEL
 Can we do this later?

NINA
 'Later.'

ANGEL
 Yeah. You know.

NINA
 (under her breath)
 Yeah. We'll talk later.

Nina hangs back, watching Angel as he and Illyria walk on,
 and we cut to:

Spike, Oz and the subdued Sonia are walking down another
 part of the city.

SPIKE
 (making conversation)
 So, Oz...

OZ
 (nods)
 Yeah.

SPIKE
 (beat)
 Right.

Sonia looks up and notices Oz is staring at her.

SONIA
 What is it?

OZ

Huh?

SONIA

You were staring.

OZ

Was I?

SONIA

(tense)

Yeah, you were.

She stops, glaring angrily at Oz.

SPIKE

What's wrong?

SONIA

He was staring at me, and I want to know why!

OZ

Seriously, I wasn't.

SONIA

Spike!

SPIKE

What?

SONIA

Say something!

SPIKE

(lost)

I...

OZ

Okay... so maybe I was staring a little.

Sonia folds her arms, looking ready to pop.

OZ (cont'd)

It's just... well, you smell... different.

SONIA

(blinks)

What?

OZ

You know, like, not fully human. Or am I totally getting the wrong vibe here?

Sonia is silent, still glaring at Oz.

OZ (cont'd)

I'm getting the wrong vibe,
aren't I?

SPIKE

It's a long story, mate. Short
version is-

SONIA

(snaps)

Short version is, I'm a freak!
That's what you're going to say,
isn't it?

SPIKE

What? No! 'Course not!

SONIA

You've all been thinking it! I've
seen the way you've all been
looking at me, like I'm some kind
of danger to everybody!

SPIKE

How could we? You've barely left
your sodding room!

SONIA

Forget it, Spike! I don't want to
hear it!

She turns and starts to stomp away from them. Oz looks
pretty bemused as Spike calls out:

SPIKE

Sonia! Wait a minute!

She doesn't answer, hurrying round a corner and out of
sight. Spike grunts in frustration, KICKING a nearby trash
can as Oz looks on.

OZ

(long beat)

So... did I say something wrong?

SPIKE

(sighs)

I'd better explain everything.
Come on.

With a last look after the departed Sonia, Spike and Oz
head on as we cut back to:

14 EXT. LA - STREET - NIGHT

14

Angel and Illyria lead the way as Nina follows behind, looking pretty dejected with things.

She looks like she's about to say something at last, but as she goes to speak she suddenly stops dead.

It takes Angel a few moments to notice she's stopped, getting Illyria's attention as he turns back round.

ANGEL

What is it?

Nina slowly turns round, staring back down the street. Thick mist from vents in the sidewalk drifts slowly across her view.

ANGEL (cont'd)

Nina?

He's at her side, eyes narrowed as he sweeps down the street, not noticing as Nina tenses up.

NINA

He's here...

A SHADOW appears within the mist, and Angel raises his sword as the figure strides towards them.

Nina backs away as Garrett emerges from the mist, his lopsided grin in place as he sizes the trip up.

GARRETT

Well, now. What do we have here?

ILLYRIA

(to Nina)

This is the man you fear? He does not look like someone worthy of your trepidation.

GARRETT

Now, what kind of a way is that to talk to somebody you just met?

ANGEL

Nina, stay back. We'll take care of this.

GARRETT

Oh, I bet you will.

Angel and Illyria step forward, but Garrett doesn't look at all concerned as they advance on him.

(CONTINUED)

Angel throws the first attack, swinging his sword towards Garrett, but with a faint SNIKT a blade shoots out from Garrett's sleeve, blocking Angel's sword with a CLANG!

GARRETT (cont'd)

So this is you 'taking care' of things, is it? Good job I didn't get time to be worried, huh?

Angel grimaces, trying to push against Garrett but finding him a lot stronger than expected.

Illyria swings in, but Garrett deftly ducks out of the way, getting a shoulder into Angel's chest and TOSSING him over and onto the floor!

Off balance, Illyria is wide open as Garrett KICKS her in the stomach, and as she staggers back he lands a PUNCH square in her face, sending her reeling.

Angel leaps back up, VAMP FACE engaged.

ANGEL

Okay, now, I'm upset.

WHAP! He lands a solid punch to Garrett, following up with another that gets blocked, but as he swings again Garrett's wrist blade SLICES up and across his chest.

Angel GRUNTS in pain, and Garrett slips past him and takes a few steps towards Nina.

GARRETT

Some heavyweight friends you've made here, Nina! Have I got you quakin' that much!

Nina looks terrified, backing away as Garrett advances on her with a grin, but moments later Angel TACKLES him, the two men hitting the deck and skidding away.

Angel is on his feet first, but despite landing another PUNCH Garrett doesn't slow down, CHARGING into Angel with and lifting him off his feet, SLAMMING into more trash cans and leaving him sprawling.

Illyria steams back in, but Garrett draws something from within his jacket and aims it at her.

It's a TASER, and before Illyria can react she's hit by two wire-guided darts, CONVULSING a moment later as she's hit by a massive electrical charge.

Garrett leaves Illyria writhing on the ground as he turns back to Nina, his casual demeanour now looking a lot meaner.

GARRETT (cont'd)

You ready to pay for what you did
yet, Nina?

NINA

(shakes head)

No... no! Please!

Angel scrabbles to his feet at last, just as Nina turns
tail and runs, and Garrett takes off after her.

ANGEL

Nina! Nina!!

He looks over to Illyria, still jerking as she's shocked by
the discarded taser, and Angel hurries over to yank the
darts away from her, sitting her up.

ILLYRIA

(woozy)

My body... it feels as though...
it is on fire...

ANGEL

Yeah, well, we'll have to worry
about that later. Come on!

He pulls her to her feet and starts to race off after Nina,
and as Illyria manages to groggily follow him, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

15 INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

15

TITLE OVER - Four months earlier...

A peaceful-looking bedroom where two people sleep despite the STORM rattling the windows outside. It's a husband and wife - Garrett and his wife EVELYN.

Evelyn murmurs and shifts round, and Garrett rolls onto his back, snoring lightly.

There's a muffled CRASH from downstairs, and Evelyn sits up, rubbing her bleary eyes.

EVELYN
Seymour? You hear that?

GARRETT
Just the storm, honey. Go back to sleep.

She flops back down onto her pillow, but a few moments later there's another THUD, and this time Evelyn sits upright.

EVELYN
Okay, that wasn't the storm.

GARRETT
(wearily)
Evie, the wind's blowin' hard enough out there to send us all the way to Oz and back! Now will you go back to sleep?

EVELYN
Seymour...

A beat, and then Garrett SIGHS and reaches for the bedside lamp, flicking it on.

In the dim light, we see there are dozens of SCARS all over his arms and chest, but Evelyn seems used to the sight of them.

GARRETT
There. Now look what you did. Gone and ruined an almost perfectly good night's sleep!

EVELYN
Stop complaining, honey.

(CONTINUED)

She leans over to KISS him, and he lets out another sigh, rubbing his eyes.

EVELYN (cont'd)
Now get your ass downstairs and
see what the heck that noise was.
I'll go check on the kids.

GARRETT
Do I get another kiss if I go and
come back?

EVELYN
(grins)
Maybe.

GARRETT
(beat)
I can live with that.

He swings his legs out of the bed, and as he stands and steps off screen, Evelyn watches him for a beat before we cut to:

YAWNING widely as he pulls on his dressing gown, Garrett descends the staircase into his front room.

Brief flashes of LIGHTNING illuminate the modestly-decorated room, but as Garrett lazily sweeps his eyes around he doesn't spot anything out of the ordinary.

Plaques, photographs and trophies from hunting trips adorn the walls, but instead of deer or other game, all the prey appears to be huge DOGS.

He sees the source of the earlier crash - a vase has toppled to the floor, cracked into several pieces.

He heads over, carefully scooping up the jagged chunks of china and placing them back on a small table.

Garrett stands, looking round a little more, but as he takes a step back towards the stairs, he hears a deep RUMBLING sound from somewhere close by.

He slowly turns round, his features darkening, and we follow his gaze into the next room as more lightning flashes across the scene.

The RUMBLING is heard again, but it's clearer now - it's something GROWLING.

Garrett stiffens, glancing towards a plaque up on the wall - where a large SHOTGUN rests.

16 CONTINUED:

16

He reaches for the gun, silently bringing it down and popping the barrel to make sure it's loaded.

CLICKING it back into place as quietly as he can, Garrett creeps stealthily towards the next room.

He pushes open the doorway with a painfully loud CREAK...

... and there's a sudden blur of motion as something WHITE springs towards him, and we SMASH CUT to:

17 EXT. LA - STREET - NIGHT

17

A breathless Nina races down the street, not daring to look back.

She rounds a corner and accelerates away, her werewolf physique giving her the edge in a flat out sprint as she pulls away into the distance.

She disappears from view moments before Garrett skids to a halt, looking left and right and trying to work out which way she went.

Luckily for Nina, he turns and heads the other way, racing out of frame moments before Angel and a still-woozy Illyria stumble into view.

ANGEL

Which way did they go?

ILLYRIA

I did not see them.

ANGEL

Damn it!

ILLYRIA

Perhaps Nina will return to the Hyperion?

ANGEL

Maybe... maybe she'll just keep running until she runs out of road.

Illyria presses a hand to her head, staggering a little, but Angel hasn't noticed her yet.

ILLYRIA

Angel...

ANGEL

We need to find Spike and the others, see if we can cover a wider area, maybe we can-

(CONTINUED)

ILLYRIA

Angel!

He turns - and Illyria wilts to the floor. She lands heavily, her hair sprawling out around her.

ANGEL

Illyria!

He goes to her side, feeling for a pulse. She's barely conscious, her eyelids fluttering.

ANGEL (cont'd)

Illyria, can you hear me?

ILLYRIA

(weak)

I... blurry... can't...

Angel looks back up, stuck between two choices - he needs to find Nina, but Illyria needs urgent attention. After a long moment of agonising, he lifts Illyria up, carrying her in both arms as he heads back down the street.

ILLYRIA (cont'd)

Where... are we going...

ANGEL

I'm getting you back to the hotel.

ILLYRIA

But... Nina, she...

ANGEL

You let me worry about that.

Illyria's head lolls back, and as Angel urgently picks up the speed, we cut to:

Finally out of steam, Garret comes to a stop, hands on his knees as he gulps down deep lungfuls of air.

He pants for a few moments before he hears the familiar WHIRR of an electric window rolling down - and as he stands, he sees Lindsey's black limo across the street.

Garrett's expression darkens as Lindsey opens the door and makes his way over.

LINDSEY

I'd ask how your evening was going, but I think we both know the answer there.

Garrett shoots him a look and starts to walk away, but Lindsey falls into step behind him.

GARRETT

Back off, pipsqueak. I got a job to do.

LINDSEY

Now is that any way to talk to your benefactor?

GARRETT

My what now? Don't get me wrong, you pointed me the right way, and I'm thankful for that, but this is my hunt from here on in. I don't need no backseat hunters.

LINDSEY

Fine. Of course. I understand.

Lindsey stops, letting Garrett get a little further away from him before he calls out:

LINDSEY (cont'd)

I just thought you might like to know where Nina's heading.

Garrett stops dead. He slowly turns back to face Lindsey, who grins back at him as we cut to:

There's a BUZZ from the front door, and Kirsten heads over to open the lock with a swipe of her keycard.

Spike and Oz burst in, Spike looking quickly round the foyer.

KIRSTEN

What's wrong? Where's Sonia?

SPIKE

She didn't come back here?

KIRSTEN

No, you're the first to come back. Is everything okay?

OZ

Only in the Sunnydale sense of the word.

KIRSTEN

Huh?

SPIKE

He means 'no,' luv. He was being ironic.

KIRSTEN

Oh. So, uh, how come Sonia isn't with you?

Spike glances at Oz, then turns to Kirsten.

SPIKE

We had a little disagreement about something.

OZ

Totally my bad.

SPIKE

Yes, well, never mind that now. Point is, she ran off and now I've got no bloody idea where she is!

KIRSTEN

Well, okay, here.
(holds out cell phone)
Try calling her, see if she picks up.

Spike takes the phone from her, dials in a number and waits.

There's a shrill BEEPING from the other side of the lobby, and Spike follows the sound to see SONIA'S CELL PHONE sitting on the reception desk.

SPIKE

(ends call)
Bollocks.

KIRSTEN

Okay... I got nothing.

OZ

Should we go back out and look for her?

SPIKE

May as well do. No sign of Angel yet?

KIRSTEN

Nope. Wes is upstairs with the kids, running a few tests, I've been down here by myself. Kinda peaceful, actually, almost like a-

KABOOM! The front doors suddenly EXPLODE in a shower of fire and bricks, and the trio are thrown to the ground by the force of the blast.

Spike is the first to pick himself up, trying to shake off the stars as he looks round for the others.

SPIKE
Oz? Kirsten!

He looks up as he hears FOOTSTEPS approaching.

SPIKE'S P.O.V.

Blurry and hazy from a combination of smoke and concussion, he makes out an indistinct figure looming over him.

SPIKE (cont'd)
Who-

SMACK! Spike is laid out by one swift blow to the jaw, and as he slumps to the ground, we pull back to see Garrett standing over him.

He glances round the foyer, seeing the unconscious Kirsten pinned beneath some rubble - and then Oz, groaning as he pushes himself to his feet.

GARRETT
(grins)
Well, now. Looks like I didn't use that dynamite for nothing after all.

Before Oz can react, Garrett draws a small TRANQUILISER GUN, shooting Oz once in the neck.

Oz reaches for the dart, but he wilts away in seconds, slumping to the floor. Garrett calmly tucks the gun away and steps over to Oz, as we cut to:

Looking down one of the hotel's many corridors as one door opens and Wes peers out, a pistol in either hand.

Hayley peers out from behind him, and he gently nudges her back into the room.

WESLEY
(firm)
Hayley, stay here with the others. I'll be back.

HAYLEY

(nods)

Okay, okay. Yeah. Sure.

Wes steps out into the corridor, guns ready as he quickly darts towards the foyer.

21 INT. HYPERION - LOBBY - NEXT

21

Wes barrels down the steps, seeing the flaming hole that used to be the front door, keeping his guns ready as he dashes towards Spike and Kirsten.

He goes to Kirsten first, checking for a pulse before trying to shove the heap of rubble pinning her down.

Wes strains without success, but as he starts to try again a pair of hands slap against the rubble - it's Spike!

SPIKE

Come on, you poof... heave!

Blood runs down Spike's head, but he's more concerned with helping Wes, and with another heave the boys shove the rubble off Kirsten, who COUGHS weakly as she comes to.

WESLEY

What the hell happened?

Spike touches the cut on his head and winces.

SPIKE

Not the foggiest, Percy.
Something blew up, somebody
lamped me one, and then...
(looks round)
... where's Oz?

Wes glances round - Oz is nowhere to be seen. Wes looks back to Spike in alarm just as Angel hurries through the entrance, Illyria still in his arms.

ANGEL

Is everyone alright? I heard the explosion, and I-

SPIKE

Oz is gone.

ANGEL

What?

WESLEY

I think it's safe to say we were compromised, Angel.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WESLEY (cont'd)
I'll wager Nina's hunter friend
found his way here after all.

SPIKE
We've got to get after him. He
can't have gotten far.

Wes heads over to Angel, taking Illyria from him.

WESLEY
What happened to her?

ANGEL
I don't know, I think Garrett
zapped her with something and
then she just flaked out.

WESLEY
Was it a taser?

ANGEL
I think so. Why?

WESLEY
She's very susceptible to their
effects. It creates a kind of
feedback to the energy running
through her body.

Wes brushes Illyria's hair back from his face - she looks
almost peaceful now. He stares at her for a long beat, then
looks back to Angel and Spike.

WESLEY (cont'd)
Go.

ANGEL
But-

WESLEY
(firm)
Go. I'll take care of things
here. I can call in some support,
but you two have to find Oz, and
hope that Garrett doesn't get to
Nina first.

Angel nods, tapping Spike on the arm as the two race back
out through the exit.

Illyria stirs in Wesley's arms, her eyes opening and
looking up at him.

ILLYRIA
Where...

21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

WESLEY

You're at the Hyperion. You're safe now.

ILLYRIA

My Wesley...

She closes her eyes again, and as Wes surveys the wrecked foyer, we cut to:

22 INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT

22

The unconscious Oz is thrown roughly to the floor in what looks like an old house, the windows filthy and the furniture covered in dust sheets.

Garrett steps into frame, looking down on the sprawled form of Oz, breathing slowly and deeply as though fighting to remain calm.

He sits down on one of the covered armchairs, resting his chin on his hands as he continues to stare at Oz, and we cut to:

23 INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

23

Back in his home, Garrett pushes open the doorway with a painfully loud CREAK...

... and there's a sudden blur of motion as something WHITE springs towards him!

Garrett YELLS in alarm, letting off a BLAST from the shotgun as something ROARS in his ear, and he's knocked off his feet as whatever hit him races past.

Scrambling to his feet, he turns to see a white TAIL disappearing upstairs - and seconds later, there's a SCREAM!

GARRETT

(horrified)

No...

(yells)

Evelyn! Evelyn!!

He races towards the stairs, and we cut to:

24 INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - NEXT

24

Garrett bursts into his bedroom - and reels in horror at what he sees!

Evelyn lies in the bed, BLOOD spread out around her, her body twitching - and a large, white-furred WOLF standing over her, blood dripping from its fangs!

(CONTINUED)

Garrett snaps to his senses as the wolf BARKS at him, raising the shotgun, but the wolf is already on the move, and as he SHOOTS it's already halfway towards the window.

The wolf CRASHES out of the window at top speed, but Garrett runs straight to Evelyn instead of pursuing it.

GARRETT
(frantic)
Evie... Evie! Come on, girl!

He clutches her to him, and her hands clutch weakly at his arm, but he knows what the ragged wound on her neck means.

EVELYN
(croaks)
Se... Sey... Seymour...

GARRETT
I'm right here, honey, I'm right here! You just hold on now, you hear? Everything's gonna be alright. Everything's-

CHILD'S VOICE (O.S.)
Mommy?

Garrett spins round - his two little girls, JOSIE and LIBBY, are standing in the doorway, eyes wide with fear.

JOSIE
Daddy? What's wrong?

GARRETT
Call an ambulance!

The girls don't move, frozen to the spot.

GARRETT (cont'd)
(yells)
Now!!

Josie breaks away, dragging Libby after her as the duo clatter down the stairs.

Evelyn's breathing becomes more ragged as Garrett holds her tightly, her blood all over his arms and chest.

GARRETT (cont'd)
Don't you worry, now, Evie. It's all gonna be alright. We'll get you fixed up, and then I'm gonna kill the thing that did this to you, and then we-

EVELYN

S... Sey...

He looks down as Evelyn goes into a final spasm of coughs - and then she goes limp. Her hands fall away from him, and her head lolls back, her eyes glassy and lifeless.

GARRETT

Evie? Evie! Come on now, Evie!
Wake up! Wake up!

He SHAKES her, growing more desperate by the second, but he knows he can't save her.

Tears roll down his cheeks as he presses her against him, letting out a SOB as he rocks slowly back and forth.

GARRETT (cont'd)

(soft)

Evie...

He buries his head in her shoulder, the weeping coming on fully now as he holds his dead wife in his arms...

... until with a loud GASP, she reels back, returning to life and SHOVING him away from her!

Startled, Garrett hits the floor with a THUD, watching in utter disbelief as Evelyn convulses on the bed, thrashing around wildly, GASPING and CHOKING.

GARRETT (cont'd)

Evelyn!

He stands and goes to her, trying to hold her down, and after a few moments she falls still, her breathing fast and hoarse.

Her eyes return to focus, and she stares up at Garrett with wide, questioning eyes.

EVELYN

S-Seymour? What... what happened?

Garrett looks pretty bewildered - but then he looks to her neck.

The wound is starting to HEAL UP.

He knows what that means.

GARRETT

(shakes head; quietly)

No...

He takes a step back from her, and Evelyn sits up, looking down at her blood-stained nightdress in horror.

EVELYN

What... what's going on? Seymour?
Tell me! What just happened?

Garrett backs into the wall, still shaking his head and repeating 'No...' over and over as he sinks to the floor.

Evelyn presses a hand to the tender skin on her neck - she knows there should be a wound there, but it's already starting to close up.

As she looks back to Garrett, glancing down at her own bloody hands, we cut back to:

And we realise where we are at last. This is Garrett's home. There are marks on the walls where the plaques used to be.

Garrett stares at Oz for another few beats, before he springs to his feet, stomping over to him and kneeling over him to whisper into his ear:

GARRETT

I hope Nina finds her way to you,
Osbourne. I really do. Because
when she gets here... she's going
to understand what it means to
have everything you love taken
away from you.

He grabs Oz by the hair, painfully wrenching his head closer to him.

GARRETT (cont'd)

And I'm startin' with you.

He lets Oz's head fall back to the floor, and as Garrett steps over him and out of frame, we push in on Oz before we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

26

EXT. LA - STREET - NIGHT

26

The battle-weary Angel and the slightly concussed Spike hurry down another deserted LA street, the frustration in their fruitless search clear in both their faces.

SPIKE

Oh, this is getting us nowhere!
We're running around in bloody
circles out here!

ANGEL

You got a better idea, Spike?
'Cause I'd just love to hear it!

SPIKE

Faffing around like a blue-arsed
fly isn't helping, is it?

ANGEL

Maybe if you'd been a little
quicker on the uptake back at the
hotel, none of this would have
happened!

SPIKE

So now this is my fault? Did you
happen to miss the sodding great
flaming hole where our front door
used to be? I was standing right
in front of that! It's a bloody
miracle I wasn't burned up!

ANGEL

Wishful thinking, huh?

SPIKE

Don't start, you prick.

ANGEL

All I'm saying is, if you hadn't
let Garrett get away with Oz, we
wouldn't be in this mess!

SPIKE

And if you hadn't let Nina go
tearing off into the night, then
we wouldn't be in this mess!

Spike suddenly smirks as a thought strikes him.

(CONTINUED)

SPIKE (cont'd)

And that's what this is about,
isn't it?

ANGEL

What?

SPIKE

You two didn't even have chance
to have a little 'talk' before
all this kicked off, did you?

ANGEL

What the hell does that have to
do with anything?

SPIKE

(sly)

Nothing. Nothing at all. I mean,
it's not like the last time you
saw her, you tried to throttle
her or anything, is it?

(beat)

Oh, wait, hang about - you did!

WHACK! Angel FLOORS Spike with a punch, but Spike just
CACKLES as he rubs his jaw, picking himself up.

SPIKE (cont'd)

Oo, hit a nerve, have I?

ANGEL

We don't have time for this.

SPIKE

That's right, we don't. So I
think you need to work out
whatever 'issues' you have in
that permanently furrowed brow of
yours about her so we can get on
with our job.

Spike marches off, shrugging his coat back into place, and
as Angel takes a deep, angry breath, we cut to:

Rain is falling as we look over towards Garrett's house - a
'For Sale' sign on the front lawn, the house itself looking
like it's been empty forever.

Nina steps into frame, soaked through from the weather but
knowing where she has to be.

She stares at the house for a long beat before she heads
towards it, and we cut to:

28

INT. GARRETT'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NEXT

28

The front door CREAKS open to reveal Nina in the doorway, and she waits there for a long moment.

GARRETT (O.S.)
Come on in, Nina. You're lettin'
all the heat out.

Nina steps slowly inside, pushing the door closed behind her as she advances into the front room.

Her eyes flick over the still-unconscious Oz before they fall on Garrett, still in his chair but this time with his SHOTGUN across his lap.

GARRETT (cont'd)
I'd ask how you knew where to
come, but I think we both know
the answer to that.

Nina hugs herself involuntarily, glancing around the room.

NINA
I've been here before.

GARRETT
Yeah. You have. Had a heckuva
night, too, didn't we?

NINA
Garrett, I-

GARRETT
(explodes)
No!
(beat; calmer)
I'm talkin' now, precious. You
just sit yourself down right over
there and stay quiet.

Garrett casually levels the shotgun towards Oz.

GARRETT (cont'd)
Or your new boyfriend here gets
the first round in his face.

Nina looks down at Oz, then closes her eyes and sits in another covered armchair.

GARRETT (cont'd)
That's better. Now, let's catch
up on what we've missed, shall
we? You probably remember the
part where you came into my home
and killed my wife.

(CONTINUED)

NINA

I-

Garrett loads the shotgun with a loud CLICK.

GARRETT

I seem to remember a part back there where you weren't talking. Let's try to remember how that sounded, shall we?

(beat)

That's better.

Shivering from the cold, Nina rubs her arms as Garrett continues his story.

GARRETT (cont'd)

'Course, once you'd had your way with her, you did what all of your kind does and ran for the hills. You didn't stay to see what happened to her.

Nina and Garrett stare intensely at one another as we cut to:

INT. GARRETT'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

As the light from the full moon shines across the bedroom, Garrett desperately tries to hold Evelyn down as she kicks and struggles, HOWLING out at the top of her lungs, her hands clawing at the air.

GARRETT (V.O.)

You didn't have to sit and watch your wife become something no decent human being was ever meant to be.

Garrett is losing the battle - and Evelyn is starting to CHANGE. FUR sprouts from her skin, her fingers start to elongate into CLAWS, and as he teeth sharpen into FANGS she HOWLS again, and we cut back to:

INT. GARRETT'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

As Evelyn's howl echoes away, Nina manages to suppress a shudder.

GARRETT

I couldn't do what I had to, of course. What I should have done was out a bullet in her brain there and then, put her out of her misery, but...

(sighs)

(MORE)

GARRETT (cont'd)
 But she was still my wife. I
 didn't want to come here, but she
 had to go get a job right in the
 middle of the city, so we all
 moved on out here, and-

NINA
 I'm sorry, I-

BLAM! Nina YELPS in alarm - and looks down at the smoking
 HOLE in the floor, inches away from her foot.

GARRETT
 (raises hand)
 Still talking.
 (lowers shotgun)
 You want to know what happened
 next?

Nina hesitates, and Garrett calmly reloads the shotgun and
 aims it at Oz again.

NINA
 (quickly)
 Yes! Yes, I... I want to know.

Garrett settles back, and we cut to:

As a low, menacing GROWLING sounds from within the sealed
 bedroom, Garrett stands outside, a shotgun in his hands.

GARRETT (V.O.)
 When I knew she was too far gone
 to save, when I knew there was
 absolutely no way back...

He slowly reaches for the door handle, shotgun ready.

GARRETT (V.O.) (cont'd)
 ... I tried to end it.

He pushes the door open a fraction - and it EXPLODES
 outwards as a WEREWOLF bursts out and onto the landing!

Garrett is knocked to the side, but as the now fully-wolfed
 out Evelyn turns to him with a GROWL, her large black eyes
 staring back at him, he quickly gets his shotgun back up,
 aiming point blank between her eyes.

Wolf-Evelyn stays in place, the two locking stares for what
 seems like an eternity, Garrett's finger tightening around
 the trigger - until the wolf backs off a step.

Garrett blinks - and then slowly lowers his gun.

GARRETT (cont'd)
 (softly)
 Evelyn?

There's a beat - and then the wolf suddenly LUNGES at him with a ROAR, knocking Garrett back and into the bannisters behind!

He SMASHES through them, pitching back through the air, his arms flailing as he tries to break his fall - until he THUDS into the floor off screen.

GARRETT (V.O.) (cont'd)
 But I failed.

As we hear more BARKS and GROWLS from upstairs, quickly followed by the shrill SCREAMS of two little girls, we:

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

32 INT. GARRETT'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

32

Garrett lowers his head - a single TEAR rolling down his cheek. Nina is close to tears herself, her heart breaking as she sees the pain Garrett carries with him at last.

NINA
 (softly)
 I'm so, so sorry...

Garrett SNIFFS, wiping his eyes and shrugging nonchalantly.

GARRETT
 Yeah, well... shit happens.

Nina frowns, confused by this sudden about turn, watching as Garrett stands - and draws a DAGGER from his jacket.

GARRETT (cont'd)
 When you lose everything that matters to you, there's only so long you can spend grieving before you realise what it is you have to do to make it right.

He crouches over Oz, pointing the dagger at Nina.

GARRETT (cont'd)

I'd been hunting you things for years before you came into my home and destroyed my life, and while at first, I thought every wolf I killed after that'd bring me a little step closer to easing my burden... I was wrong.

He suddenly SLICES across Oz's arm, and Nina GASPS as a line of blood bubbles up. Garrett stands, tucking the dagger away.

GARRETT (cont'd)

There's only one wolf I need to kill. All the rest are just... trophies.

As the shocked Nina looks on, Garrett reaches into his pockets and takes out two items - another small tranquiliser gun, and a handful of BROWN POWDER, which he sprinkles over Oz's wound.

NINA

What are you... what are you doing?

GARRETT

Teachin' you a lesson in payback, little girl. Pay attention. I just covered your boy here in levitt root. I'm sure y'all don't need me to tell you that stuff's like catnip to you wolves.

Nina finds her gaze drawn to Oz, her eyes focusing on the blood oozing from his arm.

GARRETT (cont'd)

Attracts you like bees to a honey pot, which is why I need part two of my plan.

FWIP! He SHOOTS her with a dart from the gun, and Nina GASPS before quickly pulling the dart from her neck.

GARRETT (cont'd)

That there's a unique chemical compound, specifically tailored by a friend of mine to trigger your change.

NINA

(horrified)
Oh, my God...

GARRETT

So I'm gonna sit right back here,
watch you change and eat your own
lover alive, and then I'm goin'
to put you down for good.

He steps back to the far side of the room, raising and
LOADING the shotgun as Nina starts to shake more violently.

Garrett smiles - he's going to enjoy this.

Nina slides out of the chair, hunching over as she tries to
fight the Change, but whatever Garrett shot her with, it's
too powerful for her.

She throws her head back and HOWLS, her features already
starting to twist and stretch out of shape, and we pull
quickly back from her as we cut to:

33 EXT. LA - HOUSING ESTATE - NIGHT

33

Angel and Spike hurry into frame, Angel with his phone
pressed to his ear.

ANGEL

Alright, we're here. Now what?

WESLEY

(filtered; through
phone)

You're looking for number seventy-
three, Bassett's Avenue.

Angel and Spike look up and down the rows of near identical
houses as we intercut with:

34 INT. HYPERION - LOBBY - NIGHT

34

Wes has the reception desk phone cradled in one ear as he
reads from the phone directory.

WESLEY

From what Oz told me, I managed
to isolate a handful of homes in
the name of Garrett in the right
area, and a search on the web
tells me that one Seymour Garrett
and his family moved to Los
Angeles just over a year ago.

ANGEL

(filtered; through
phone)

And you're sure this is our guy?

(CONTINUED)

WESLEY

I ran the name through a few contacts, they confirmed it. Seems Garrett's something of a local legend in these parts.

ANGEL

Legend or not, we've got to stop him before he kills Oz and Nina.

Spike points towards a house further down the street.

SPIKE

There.

ANGEL

Wes, we got it.

Angel hangs up, and as the duo race forward, they hear a loud HOWL echo down the street, making them skid to a halt.

SPIKE

Was that-

ANGEL

(darkly)
Yeah.

They double their speed as we cut to:

35 INT. GARRETT'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

35

Nina is now almost fully transformed, her clothes splitting as her hunched body starts to take on the feral shape of a werewolf, and Garrett takes a step forward, gun raised.

GARRETT

That's right... that's right.
Your meal's right in front of you. Go on and...

He trails off. His jaw drops as Nina finishes her transformation with a last HOWL - and he sees a werewolf with DARK GREY fur before him!

GARRETT (cont'd)

But...

He stares at Wolf Nina as she BARKS towards him, and we SMASH CUT to:

36 INT. GARRETT'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NEXT

36

Garrett bursts into his bedroom, sees Evelyn on the bed - and a wolf with WHITE FUR standing over her!

37

INT. GARRETT'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

37

Garrett lowers his gun as he realises what he's done.

He's been chasing the wrong werewolf.

Wolf Nina tenses up, GROWLING towards him, but her snout veers her towards Oz, Nina SNIFFING his comatose form, drawn to the powder sprinkled over him.

Garrett doesn't know what to do, helpless to watch as Nina pads slowly forward, ready to make a meal out of Oz, saliva dripping from her fangs...

... and with a CRASH, Angel BURSTS in through the window, showering glass across the room!

Wolf Nina spins round, BARKING furiously at Angel as he lands, with Spike clambering through the smashed window behind him.

ANGEL

(stares Nina down)

Hey, doggy. Come and get it.

With a ROAR, Wolf Nina springs towards Angel, who grapples with her as the two CRASH to the ground.

Spike goes to Oz, untying him and hauling him to his feet, looking back towards the stunned Garrett.

Seeing Garrett's hesitation, Spike glances back at Angel - busy losing his fight to the frenzied attacks of Wolf Nina - and dashes over to Garrett, rifling through his jacket pockets.

GARRETT

(snaps out of it)

Hey! What the-

POW! Spike CHINS him, and Garrett falls backwards - as Spike finally produces the tranquiliser gun from his pocket!

SPIKE

A-ha! Knew he'd have one of these things...

Spike turns back to the struggling Angel as Wolf Nina SWIPES her claws across his chest.

SPIKE (cont'd)

Angel! Hold her steady!

ANGEL

What?!?

(CONTINUED)

Spike takes aim and FIRES...

... and hits Angel!

ANGEL (cont'd)
Spike! Damn it!

SPIKE
I said hold her steady, you
stupid tart!

ANGEL
Just do it!!

Spike SHOOTS again - and this time he hits Nina.

Wolf Nina stiffens, arching her back and letting out a weak HOWL, before slowly sliding off Angel and slumping to the floor.

Breathless, Angel looks up as a smirking Spike lowers the gun, theatrically blowing smoke from the barrel.

SPIKE
As if you ever had any doubts!

Angel exhales, flopping back to the floor, as we DISSOLVE TO:

With the still-unconscious Nina being loaded into the back of a van by two UTF MEMBERS, Angel steps towards Garrett, watching the operation from across the street.

GARRETT
So this is what y'all do, huh?

ANGEL
Pretty much. Usually goes a
little more smoothly than that.

Garrett shoots him a look, and Angel grins.

ANGEL (cont'd)
Well, usually.

GARRETT
Damned if I know how you do it.

ANGEL
Yeah, me either.

They stand together in silence for a few more moments.

ANGEL (cont'd)

So what now?

GARRETT

For me?

ANGEL

Yeah. I mean, you know Nina wasn't the one who attacked you that night, so...

GARRETT

So I've got to keep on looking 'till I find me the wolf that did. And then I'm gonna get me some payback.

Garrett takes a step back, and Angel watches as he throws a last, lingering look towards his home.

GARRETT (cont'd)

You know what the ironic thing about all this is?

ANGEL

What?

GARRETT

(grins)

Evie hated this place. We were gonna move back home. Guess we shoulda got movin' sooner, huh?

Angel nods, and Garrett turns and walks away, heading off into the shadows. Angel turns back to the van as its doors CLANG shut, and we cut to:

His wounds patched up, Oz waits by the ruined entrance, already covered with makeshift scaffolding.

Nina steps into frame, with Angel passing her her bag. She smiles - and he manages a small smile back.

NINA

Thanks. Not exactly the reunion I was hoping for.

ANGEL

Comes with the territory.

NINA

I guess so.

(beat; looks down)

Angel... can I ask you something?

ANGEL

Sure.

NINA

Do you... hate me?

A long beat. Angel looks away as Nina anxiously awaits his reply.

ANGEL

I did.

She exhales as he turns back to her.

ANGEL (cont'd)

But I know what happened wasn't your fault.

She smiles, reaching a cautious hand out again - and this time, he lets her press it against his cheek.

NINA

I'm sorry.

ANGEL

I know.

She leaves her hand there for a beat, then turns and heads back up the steps to join Oz.

ANGEL (cont'd)

Guys?

They turn back as Angel steps over.

ANGEL (cont'd)

I need to ask a favour of you both.

OZ

Sure thing. Ask away.

ANGEL

Things are moving into place out here. Something big's coming, and we're going to need every bit of help we can to fight it this time. It'd mean... well, it'd mean a lot to me if you guys could make it back here when I call for you.

Nina and Oz look at each other, before Nina turns to Angel with a smile.

NINA
We'll be there.

OZ
Whenever you need us.

NINA
And with a little luck, we'll be
able to bring a few friends along
too.

ANGEL
(grins)
Great.

Oz nods a goodbye to Angel and steps outside, while Nina pauses in the doorway for one last look before she exits too.

Cigarette between his lips, Spike comes to stand by Angel as he stays in place, staring at the now empty doorway.

SPIKE
So... no goodbye kiss, then?

Angel shoots him a look, and Spike smirks as Angel turns and walks off.

SPIKE (cont'd)
I thought as much.
(beat)
Poof.

Spike takes a drag from his cigarette, and we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW