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Story #: E02051

ANGEL

"Just Rewards"

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Teleplay by

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&

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Directed by

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SHOOTING DRAFT

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ANGEL

"Just Rewards"

CAST LIST

ANGEL.....David Boreanaz
WESLEY WYNDAM-PRYCE.....Alexis Denisof
CHARLES GUNN.....J. August Richards
WINIFRED "FRED" BURKLE.....Amy Acker
LORNE.....Andy Hallett
SPIKE.....James Marsters

HARMONY.....
NOVAC.....
MANSERVANT.....
WOMAN.....
DEMON.....
MAGNUS HAINSLEY.....

ANGEL

"Just Rewards"

(SHOOTING DRAFT)

7/30/03

ANGEL

"Just Rewards"

SET LIST

INTERIORS

HELLMOUTH - FOOTAGE FROM "CHOSEN"

WOLFRAM AND HART

ANGEL'S OFFICE

SCIENCE WING

HALLWAYS

MAIN LOBBY

GUNN'S OFFICE

PARKING GARAGE

ANGEL'S PENTHOUSE SUITE

FRED'S OFFICE

HAINSLEY MANOR

FOYER

PARLOR

INNER SANCTUM

HALLWAY

EXTERIORS

LOS ANGELES - TRANSITION

BEL AIR HILLS - NIGHT

WOLFRAM AND HART BUILDING - LATE

LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

CEMETERY - LATE

LOS ANGELES - DAYBREAK

ANGEL

"Just Rewards"

TEASER

ON BLACK, SUPER: "Sunnydale, California"

Then, added in, underneath: "The Hellmouth"

And, finally: "Nineteen Days Earlier"

SMASH CUT TO:

1 INT. HELLMOUTH - FOOTAGE FROM "CHOSEN"

1

Chaos and devastation, music swelling, as BUFFY SUMMERS stands before SPIKE, light blasting from his body and the AMULET around his neck.

SPIKE

Go on, then.

BUFFY

No, you've done enough. You can still--

SPIKE

No. You've beaten 'em back. It's for me to do the clean-up.

BUFFY

Spike.

SPIKE

I mean it. Gotta do this.

ON BUFFY, looking at him, her eyes filled with tears and affection.

SPIKE (cont'd)

Now, go.

Reluctantly, Buffy takes off, leaving Spike alone in his glorious moment of heroism and sacrifice.

CLOSE ON HIM as he murmurs to himself.

SPIKE (cont'd)

I wanna see how it ends.

He bravely chuckles through the agony as his face starts to burn away into a skeletal ash. The NOISE of the Hellmouth collapsing and the MUSIC rises in volume throughout until...

SMASH CUT TO:

2 INT. WOLFRAM AND HART - ANGEL'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

2

Quiet. Except for a startled GRUNT from

SPIKE, as if waking from a nightmare. Continuous from the end of Ep. 1, he appears utterly freaked out. His breathing sharp and erratic, gasping.

SPIKE

W-wh-- Whuh--? Guh--

He continues muttering, darting feral looks around at his surroundings and at

HIS SHAKY POV - the unfamiliar faces of WESLEY, FRED, GUNN and LORNE staring back at him, as well as ANGEL.

Nobody says anything for the moment, taking in the extraordinary event of his return.

ON HARMONY, in the doorway, who's bright reaction to his appearance fades as she remembers.

HARMONY

What the hell are you doing here,
Spike?

Spike's head snaps around to her, his fevered brain trying to process her presence.

WESLEY

Harmony, please--

GUNN

This is Spike? The Spike?

FRED

Wait a minute. Who's--

Spike looks at Fred. Lorne tries to calm him.

LORNE

Easy, Slim. Nobody's gonna hurt you.

GUNN

(eyeing Spike warily)
Speak for yourself, Green Jeans.

FRED

(getting frustrated)
Okay, will somebody please tell me
who--

Wesley fills her in, not taking his eyes off Spike.

CONTINUE

2 CONTINUED:

2

WESLEY

William the Bloody. He's a vampire.
One of the worst recorded. Second
only to--

ANGEL

Me.

ON SPIKE - Hearing Angel's voice, he whips his head around to
him. They lock eyes.

ANGEL (cont'd)

(quietly)

But you're dead.

HARMONY

Well, yah, who here isn't?

(re: Wesley, Gunn and
Fred)

Besides him. And him. And her.

(squinting at Lorne)

And... What are you again?

Lorne gives her a look.

ON SPIKE as suddenly all of his rage and confusion focuses on
Angel and, with a SNARL, he VAMPS OUT and charges at Angel,
ROARING.

FRED

Angel!

Angel braces to fend him off when SPIKE passes right through
Angel's body.

ON EVERYONE reacting, stunned.

WIDEN to see the upper half of his body poking out through
the top of Angel's conference table. A moment as Spike
registers that.

CLOSE ON SPIKE, looking down at himself. We hear him DEVAMP
as the shock momentarily detaches him from his rage.

He looks back up with the expression of someone who's been
slapped out of a fit and simply utters:

SPIKE

Bugger.

BLACK OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

3 INT. WOLFRAM AND HART - ANGEL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 3

A charged atmosphere in the room as they remain in this stunned tableau, Spike in shock. After a beat...

SPIKE

What-- What's happened to me?

HARMONY

Well, I'm no doctor. But I think you're a ghost.

SPIKE

(snapping at her)

I'm n-no bloody ghost!

Harmony flinches from him. Then...

HARMONY

Hey, you're the one sticking out of a table, pal.

Spike looks down, remembering his circumstance. As he hurriedly extricates himself, still disoriented.

HARMONY (cont'd)

And you can't talk to me like that.
We're not going out anymore.

ON WESLEY - He reaches down and picks up the AMULET lying on the floor where it had fallen.

GUNN

Where'd he come from?

WESLEY

(re: amulet)

From this.

FRED

What is it?

ANGEL

Something I gave to Buffy before--

Spike's head snaps up, remembering.

SPIKE

Buffy! Is she--

CONTINUED

3 CONTINUED:

3

ANGEL

She's okay.

SPIKE

Where-- Where is she?

ANGEL

(after considering)

Europe. Last I heard from her.

SPIKE

I wanna see her. Talk to her--

ANGEL

Gee, that's gonna be tough.

Spike glares at him.

SPIKE

You can't keep her from me.

ANGEL

She's not mine to keep. Or yours.

SPIKE

Says you. You got no idea what we had--

ANGEL

You never had her.

SPIKE

More than you, ya poncy--

HARMONY (O.S.)

Omigod --

They both turn to look at Harmony as she addresses Spike.

HARMONY

You and the Slayer actually--?! I mean, I know you had that twisted obsession with her, but-- Uch. That's just-- Uch.

She turns and starts to storm off. Then, stops and turns back to say something else. But all that comes out is:

HARMONY (cont'd)

I-- Uch!

CONTINUED

3 CONTINUED: (2)

3

She turns and storms out of the office, disgusted. The rest stand in awkward silence, looking at Spike and Angel. Spike shakes his head, newly agitated.

SPIKE

I must be in hell --

LORNE

No. L.A. But a lotta people make that mistake.

Fred and Gunn cross to Wesley, speaking quietly as Angel and Spike continue to glare at each other.

FRED

So... Spike and Buffy--

WESLEY

(uncomfortable)

He's been an... um, ally of hers for some time. At least that's what Angel told me. All he told me.

GUNN

You're saying he was a good guy vampire? Like Angel?

Hearing that, Angel speaks up, loud and clear.

ANGEL

He's nothing like me.

SPIKE

Got that right. What's Harmony doing here anyway -- With you? What am I doing here? Where is here? WHAT THE BLOODY HELL IS HAPPENING?

4 INT. WOLFRAM AND HART - SCIENCE WING - LATER

4

CLOSE ON a high-tech, tricorder-like thingy moving across Spike, who eyes his surroundings with trepidation. WIDEN to see the instrument is held by Fred. In the background stand Angel and Gunn deep in quiet discussion. A few LAB TECHNICIANS go about their work.

ANGLE ON Wesley at a lab table, studying the amulet under a microscope. Lorne leaning against the table.

LORNE

(musing)

Honey of a story.

CONTINUED

4 CONTINUED:

4

WESLEY
(not looking up)
Story?

LORNE
"The vampire slayer both men loved.
Both men lost." I could sell that to
any studio in a heartbeat. I see
Johnny Depp and Orlando Bloom. But
then I see them alot--

Lorne stops himself as Wesley looks up at him.

LORNE (cont'd)
Sorry. Hazard of running the
Entertainment division. Gotta get
out more.

ON SPIKE, watching Fred. His voice is weary.

SPIKE
So what are you, then, scanner girl?
Fred glances up at him before returning to her work.

FRED
I'm Fred. I head up Wolfram and
Hart's science department.

SPIKE
Wolfram and Hart. Heard o'that.
Thought it was a law firm.

FRED
It is. Among other things.

SPIKE
Also heard it represented the worst
evil in the universe.

ANGEL (O.S.)
It did...

Spike looks up to see Angel and Gunn have joined them.

ANGEL
Among other things. But now I'm in
charge.

Spike eyes him with bemused skepticism.

SPIKE
Are you now?

CONTINUEI

4 CONTINUED: (2)

4

Fred shuts off the instrument.

FRED

Weird. I'm getting electromagnetic readings consistent with spiritual entities, but there's no ectoplasmic matrix.

GUNN

Meaning...?

FRED

Ectoplasm's what makes ghosts visible to the human eye. If he's a ghost, technically, we shouldn't be able to see him. And I'm picking up brainwave activity.

ANGEL

On Spike? That is weird.

Spike gives him a look.

FRED

Also, ghosts generally absorb light and heat energy, making the area around them a few degrees cooler. But Spike's radiating heat.

SPIKE

(off-handedly)

Think I'm hot, do you?

Fred narrows her eyes at him.

FRED

Lukewarm. Just above room temperature.

SPIKE

So... What the hell am I then?

Wesley, holding the amulet, approaches with Lorne.

WESLEY

Whatever he is, it's clearly tied to this amulet. Spike's -- for lack of a better term -- essence must have been stored within it.

(to Spike)

Do you have any memory of a strange sensation when it released its energy?

CONTINUE

4 CONTINUED: (3)

4

SPIKE

(dryly)

What, you mean my skin and muscle
burning away from the bone? Organs
exploding in my chest? Eyeballs
melting in their sockets? No. No
memory at all. Thanks for asking.

ANGEL

Okay, he's connected to the amulet.
So who sent it? Last I heard, it was
buried deep inside a hellmouth.
How'd it end up here?

FRED

Maybe he's here for a reason.

Everyone looks at her.

FRED (cont'd)

You know... Some higher purpose or
something he's destined for. Sent by
The Powers That Be to help us. Or--

SPIKE

(pissed)

Well, who gave 'em the bloody right
to do that?! Can't a man die in
peace without some High and Mighty
deciding it's not his time. Let's
have a bit more fun with him, eh?--

As he continues his rant, everyone notices Spike starting to
BLUR and FADE.

SPIKE (cont'd)

You'd think saving the sodden world's
enough to earn me a rest. You'd
think--

FRED

Spike...

SPIKE

Hmm?

(suddenly realizing
he's disappearing)

Oh, balls--

He vanishes.

GUNN

Now what?

CONTINUED

4 CONTINUED: (4)

4

FRED
(scanning)
I don't know. He just--
(then)
What'd he mean "saving the world?"

The others look at Angel.

ANGEL
(shrugging it off)
Well, that's-- Buffy did most of the
work. I mean, he helped, but--

Then, just as suddenly...

SPIKE reappears in a different part of the lab, his back to
them, letting out a startled grunt. He whips around and
looks at the others, appearing newly freaked out.

SPIKE
W-what?! What?!

LORNE
Took the "whats" right out of our
mouths.

GUNN
(to Spike)
Where'd you go?

Spike looks up at him, confused, not answering.

FRED
Don't you know?

SPIKE
(unnerved)
I'm... I was--

He suddenly steels himself and looks at Angel, the clarity of
his anger returning.

SPIKE (cont'd)
You. This is your fault.

ANGEL
Mine?

SPIKE
You brought that ruddy amulet to
Sunnydale. You were the one that was
gonna use it. Til you chickened out.

CONTINUED

4 CONTINUED: (5)

4

ANGEL
(converging on him)
What did you--

SPIKE
You heard me. Left town in the nick
o'time, din'ya? Before the death and
mayhem. Abandoned the woman you
claim to love.

ANGEL
She made the call. Wasn't my choice--

SPIKE
And this bloody hell wasn't mine.
I'm not you. Don't give a piss about
atonement or destiny. Just cause I
got me a soul, doesn't mean I'm gonna
let myself be led around by--

FRED
Excuse me?

Spike looks over at the others who stare at him, stunned.

WESLEY
Did-- Did you just say...
(turning to Angel)
Spike has a soul? You never said--

ANGEL
Didn't seem worth mentioning.

GUNN
Seems to be a lot of that.

ON SPIKE, peering up at Angel, relishing his discomfort. He
slowly crosses to him.

SPIKE
Or maybe Captain Forehead was feeling
a little less special. Didn't like
me crashing his exclusive club.
Another vampire with a soul in the
world.

Angel and Spike stand nose to nose for a moment. Then, Angel
turns on his heels and heads out.

ANGEL
You're not **in** the world anymore,
Casper.

CONTINUED

4 CONTINUED: (6)

4

ON SPIKE, glaring after him.

5 INT. WOLFRAM AND HART - HALLWAYS - CONTINUOUS

5

TRACKING WITH ANGEL as he moves down the hall. He passes the MASKED MAILGUY ("NUMERO 5"), coming from the opposite direction, pushing his cart, who glances at Angel a moment and moves on. Angel stops, starts to turn back to say something to "5" when

SPIKE emerges from a wall right next to him with a soft, but audible "whoosh" sound (which, it should be noted, happens every time he passes through solid objects).

SPIKE

Running away again.

Angel turns and continues down the hall, Spike on his heels.

SPIKE (cont'd)

Nice new m.o. I can see why heroes like you get rewarded with the fancy new glass and chrome. Why didn't I think of that?

ANGEL

I'm not responsible for what happened to you--

As they enter --

6 INT. WOLFRAM AND HART - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

6

--and pass Harmony's desk.

HARMONY

Angel, it's almost three o'clock. You've got a meeting scheduled with--

ANGEL

Not now, Harmony.

SPIKE

Here - Even managed to get my ex-tumble, the Li'lest Vampire, fetching coffee for you now. Nice perks for the sell-out.

ANGEL

Little tip, Spike... Try not to talk about things you don't understand.

CONTINUED

6 CONTINUED:

6

Spike moves in front of Angel, halting him by the elevators.

SPIKE

I'm not the prat here. I know you, Angel. What you think you're doing. Made some devil's bargain to take over this company. Thought you'd use it to fight the evil of the world from inside the belly of the beast. Trouble is you're too busy fighting to see you and yours are getting digested.

ANGEL

That's not gonna happen--

SPIKE

What, you think you're in control here? Guess again, mate. I'm not the only one being jerked around by higher ups. You're no more in control than I am. 'Cept I'm not gonna bloody stand for it, while you're just a blind--

The elevator DINGS and the doors open.

SPIKE (cont'd)

Grox'lar Beast.

ANGEL

What?

Realizing Spike's looking past him, he turns to see

AN EVIL-LOOKING, SLATHERING MONSTER lurching from the elevator, SNARLING threateningly, moving at Angel.

Angel quickly defends himself, throwing a punch across its huge jaw. The creature slams Angel in the head with its massive forearm, sending Angel flying up into a pillar. He smashes into it, hard, slumping to the floor.

Instinctively, Spike takes a swing at the monster, his ghost arm passing through it.

SPIKE

(under his breath)

Oh. Brilliant.

Ignoring Spike, the monster converges on Angel, pulling him up to his feet. He swats off the monster's grasp and slugs the beast hard across the jaw.

CONTINUEL

6 CONTINUED: (2)

6

They exchange a few powerful blows. Then, as the monster lunges at him, teeth bared, Angel pushes off the wall, flips over the beast, catching him in a headlock. He SNAPS the beast's neck. It goes limp and falls to the floor. Muerto.

Angel turns toward Harmony and the few other office workers who've come out to see what was going on.

ANGEL

Somebody tell me how a Grox'lar Hellbeast got past security. I don't have time to deal with this--

SPIKE

'Course not. Man's gotta stay focused on profit margins and power lunches.

HARMONY

Angel...

ANGEL

Yeah, Spike. I got a business to run. That means responsibilities, appointments to keep--

HARMONY

(re: the Grox'lar)

That was your three o'clock.

Angel stops and looks at her indicating the dead Monster.

NEW ANGLE -- OVER THE CORPSE as, with the hiss of gasses escaping, it deflates a little. Spike chuckles, wryly.

ANGEL

That... I'm making appointments with GROX'LARS?! They eat babies!

HARMONY

Just their heads.

(then)

You were supposed to open negotiations with his clan.

ANGEL

Negotiations for what?

ON GUNN, who's just entered the scene.

GUNN

Get 'em to stop eating baby heads.

CONTINUED

6 CONTINUED: (3)

6

Angel turns to look at him, seeing the sense of that.

ANGEL

Oh. Good. That's good.

(re: the corpse)

So, this is bad.

GUNN

No, actually, the Grox'lar Clan respects someone who takes a strong opening position.

(points to his temple)

Wolfram and Hart didn't just jack me up here with human law. Also demon laws. From every dimension.

Should've briefed you earlier on the Grox'lar, but we got a little...

(eyeing Spike)

Sidetracked.

Gunn walks toward his office with Angel.

GUNN (cont'd)

Plus I've been swamped implementing our reforms, mostly staff overhaul. I've fired forty employees in the last two days.

ANGEL

And how's that going?

GUNN

As expected. Anger, tears, venomous death threats...

As they exit into Gunn's office, Harmony, seizing the opportunity, turns to Spike.

HARMONY

Listen, I know I was a little crabby before. I mean, hello, awkward for me seeing you at my work. But, if you wanna talk or something. Y'know, about us or--

Not having been listening, Spike moves past her, toward Gunn's office. Harmony looks after him, hiding her hurt.

HARMONY (cont'd)

Okay. Too soon. I understand.

(under her breath)

Slayer-loving freak.

7 INT. WOLFRAM AND HART - GUNN'S OFFICE - MEANWHILE

7

Gunn picks up a doll on his desk and hands it to Angel.

GUNN

Caught an associate we laid off
trying to smuggle this out of the
Voodoo division.

Angel looks at it. INSERT: a VOODOO DOLL of a black man in
a slick suit; not un-Gunn-like.

ANGEL

Nice likeness.

SPIKE appears in the doorway.

SPIKE

This place just goes on and on,
doesn't it? Like a ruddy theme park
attraction.

ANGEL

I'm in a meeting, Spike.

SPIKE

(mock sincerity)

Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't care.

GUNN

(to Angel)

We're ruffling a lot of dangerous
feathers out there. There's gonna be
a backlash, count on it.

ANGEL

We'll just have to ride out the
ripples for a while.

Out his front windows, Gunn catches sight of a somewhat
smarmy associate, NOVAC, wearing a distinct yellow power tie,
approaching his door.

GUNN

I'm sensing a ripple on its way now.

(to Novac)

Yes, uh...

NOVAC

Novac, sir. What's this about you
shutting down our Internment
Acquisitions Division?

CONTINUED

7 CONTINUED:

7

ANGEL
(to Gunn)
Internment Acqui--?

GUNN
Grave robbing.

As Angel takes that in...

NOVAC
Listen I know you fellas are in
charge now. And you're doing a bang-
up job -- With ya a hundred and ten
percent. But that department brings
in mucho revenue to this firm.

ANGEL
Well, Novac, guess we'll just have to
tighten our belts and do without.

NOVAC
No, see, you're not gettin' it.
(off Angel's glare)
Sir. IAD's under contract to provide
fresh bodies to Magnus Hainsley. You
know who he is, right?

Angel and Gunn share a look. They sure don't.

NOVAC (cont'd)
Oy. Okay, he's one of our oldest
clients. Big potatoes. We stop
delivering, he's not gonna be -- How
do I put this... thrilled.

ANGEL
Then he's probably not gonna like it
when you advise him that he's no
longer our client.

NOVAC
Me?

ANGEL
You got it, counselor. You tell Mr...

GUNN
Hainsley.

CONTINUED

7 CONTINUED: (2)

7

ANGEL

...Hainsley that Wolfram and Hart's under new management and out of the grave-robbing business. Now run along and go argue your case.

Novac looks at Angel with a tinge of fear.

NOVAC

Me?

ANGEL

Go.

He turns to leave, walking past Spike.

SPIKE

You don't have to take that from him, mate.

ANGEL

Stay out of this, Spike. You don't work here.

SPIKE

Damn right, I don't. Look at you. This what you do now? Delegate the dirty work to spineless, low-level flunkies--

(to Novac)

No offense.

Novac, not knowing how to respond, exits.

SPIKE (cont'd)

The mighty hero. Reduced to a bloody bureaucrat. If a certain slayer could see you now--

Angel burns from that low blow.

ANGEL

Get out of here, Spike.

Spike stares him down at that.

SPIKE

Gladly. Cruel enough punishment being stuck as a spook while you play Chairman of the Boring. But hell if I'm gonna spend my afterlife in your stinking city. Get stuffed.

CONTINUED

7 CONTINUED: (3)

7

Spike takes off.

ANGEL stares after him a moment, as we hear a "whoosh", then shares a look with Gunn.

8 EXT. LOS ANGELES - TRANSITION

8

Clippy montage of the city as afternoon turns to dusk.

9 INT. WOLFRAM AND HART - ANGEL'S OFFICE - MAGIC HOUR

9

Angel's at his desk, staring out the window, deep in thought.

NEW ANGLE to see WESLEY, standing in the doorway, looking at him. After a moment, he's about to move off, when, without turning around, Angel says:

ANGEL

You don't think he's really gone, do you?

WESLEY

That what's on your mind?

ANGEL

Could've been me, Wes. Was supposed to be.

WESLEY

You're not feeling guilty--

Wesley enters as Angel swivels around to look at him.

ANGEL

About Spike? Please. That's not--
(then)

Wolfram and Hart gave me the amulet. They must've expected me to use it. They had to know it would do to me what it did to Spike. So--

WESLEY

(understanding)

Why'd they bother handing you the keys to the kingdom.

ANGEL

(nodding)

Doesn't make sense. What are the Senior Partners playing at?

CONTINUED

9 CONTINUED:

9

WESLEY

Maybe there's dissent in their ranks.
Or there's another player in the game
they -- and we -- don't know about.

(beat)

Then again, they may have gotten
exactly what they were after.

Angel looks up.

ANGEL

Spike...

WESLEY

(nodding)

He may have been the one they--

ANGEL

What are you doing here?

Wesley realizes he's looking past him and turns to see Spike.

ANGEL (cont'd)

Thought you left town.

SPIKE

Well, don't think I didn't bleeding
try. Every time I got as far as city
limits, kept popping back here. Like
my insides were getting yanked.

WESLEY

I suspected as much.

(off their looks)

The amulet's Wolfram and Hart
property. It's bound to this place.
And since Spike's connected to it--

SPIKE

Hey, I'm nobody's bloody property,
Percy. So, what, I'm stuck here
forever?

(to Angel)

Bet you're loving this, aren't you?

ANGEL

What, knowing you'll be haunting me
til the end of time? Oh, yeah. A
dream come true.

HARMONY (O.S.)

Uh... Boss?

CONTINUED

9 CONTINUED: (2)

9

They look over to see Harmony in the doorway.

HARMONY

That Novac lawyer you sent over to
dump the client. Well... he's back.

ANGEL

Okay. Send him in.

HARMONY

M'okay.

Harmony gives a nod to someone out of view. Then TWO
SECURITY GUARDS appear and enter, carrying three buckets.
Angel and Wesley watch quizzically as they place the buckets
on Angel's desk and leave.

ANGEL

What is--

LOW ANGLE ON A BUCKET, to see Novac's gore-encrusted yellow
power tie hanging over the side.

PAN ACROSS Angel and Wes's faces, frowning gravely at the
realization they're staring at Novac's remains. The pan ends
up on Spike, as he registers the same. And LOUDLY SNORTS
with amusement. He looks at Angel.

SPIKE

Ol' Buckets here was right. You guys
are doing a bang-up job.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

10 INT. WOLFRAM AND HART - MAIN LOBBY - EVENING

10

Harmony's reception area, Harmony's on the phone. Angel approaches, Wes behind him. Angel steps up, speaking with a confidential air.

ANGEL

Harmony, get me Novac's contact list,
close relations, next of kin--

(eyes her)

And let's be discrete about this for
the time being, OK?

HARMONY

Discrete? Oh, you mean like not tell
anyone about bucket-o-lawyer?

ANGEL

(no nonsense)

Harmony. Contact list.

Harmony nods, right on it. Gunn walks up, holding a file. *

GUNN

Got word you wanted the file on
Magnus Hainsley.

Angel takes the file, perusing it as they head back to his
office.

GUNN (cont'd)

Dig this... He's a sorcerer. Big
time. Rich with old money and older
mojo. Owns a respectable block of
shares in Wolfram and Hart. And he's
connected up the wazoo, carries
influence with power players in the
entertainment industry, politics-- *

Angel reads the file, realizing grimly:

ANGEL

('I hate snakes')

And he's a necromancer.

They step into:

A11 INT. WOLFRAM AND HART - ANGEL'S OFFICE - CONTINUING

A11

Spike is sitting behind Angel's desk, in his chair. *

CONTINUED

A11 CONTINUED:

A11

WESLEY

Power over the dead. That explains
the bodies Wolfram and Hart's been
providing him.

ANGEL

But not what he's doing with them.
(sees Spike)
Out of my chair.

SPIKE

Make me. *

Angel glares for a beat. Gunn glances at the buckets.

GUNN

What's in the buckets?

SPIKE

Your man Novac. Guess he's been...
Whatcha call it, downsized? *

ANGEL

It's a message. From Magnus
Hainsley. And I'm gonna reply to it,
personally.

Angel hands Gunn the file and heads for his elevator.

WESLEY

You can't take Hainsley on yourself.

ANGEL

Not gonna risk him turning somebody
else into chowder.

WESLEY

Angel, you've got a multi-billion
dollar company at your disposal.
With armed and trained personnel...

ANGEL

They cramp my style.

WESLEY

Your style's not going to cut it with
a necromancer. We should probably
avoid an eye-for-an-eye escalation
here.

The elevator doors open and Angel steps in.

CONTINUED

A11 CONTINUED: (2)

A11

ANGEL

I'm not going for his eyes, Wes.

GUNN

I know what you should go for.

The doors start to close on Angel. He reaches out an arm, stops them. Gunn moves toward him.

GUNN (cont'd)

It'll hurt him. Bad.

Off Angel's questioning look --

11 INT. WOLFRAM AND HART - PARKING GARAGE - SOON AFTER 11

CLOSE ON THE ELEVATOR DOORS as they part. Angel steps out.

SWING AROUND behind to see him walking toward the sleek, cherry, muscle cars. Angel heads toward a Ford coup.

He opens the door and suddenly freezes, his face dropping.

REVERSE TO reveal SPIKE, in the driver's seat.

ANGEL

Spike... Get out of the car.

Spike stares at him a moment, then...

SPIKE

No.

ANGEL

What?

SPIKE

This "haunting you til the end of time" idea of yours is starting to sound appealing. I could drive you completely starkers. Right outta your gourd.

(chuckling to himself)

Yeah. And you wouldn't be able to do a sodden thing about--

Angel slams the door shut, moves to the car next to the Ford and gets in, only to find

SPIKE already sitting in the passenger seat.

CONTINUED

11 CONTINUED:

11

SPIKE (cont'd)
Fancy a road trip. This'll be fun,
eh? You and me, together again.

Angel, exasperated, starts the engine.

SPIKE (cont'd)
So where we off to then?

ANGEL
To see the wizard.

ON THE CAR, as it peels out.

12 EXT. BEL AIR HILLS - NIGHT

12

Flashes and stuff. Ending with a BIG, WIDE ESTABLISHING SHOT
of a big, wide, gated, ivy covered secluded estate in the
hills over Bel Air.

13 INT. HAINSLEY MANOR - FOYER - NIGHT

13

CLOSE ON a tall, bald, thin MANSERVANT in a black suit as he
admits Angel and Spike into the dark and richly decorated
entryway of the house.

MANSERVANT
Do you have an appointment with Mr.
Hainsley?

SPIKE
Let's just say he sent us an
invitation.

ANGEL
We're--
(irritated with
himself)
I'm from Wolfram and Hart.

The Manservant shifts his gaze to Spike.

SPIKE
I'm his date.

Angel sighs.

MANSERVANT
Mr. Hainsley is with a customer at
the moment. I'm afraid he does not
suffer interruption lightly.

CONTINUED

13 CONTINUED:

13

ANGEL

Not so worried about his suffering.
Go ahead and interrupt.

MANSERVANT

(odd little smile)

As you wish. Please wait here,
gentlemen.

He turns and heads off into the house. The entryway opens into a grand front hall, dimly lit. Angel moves through the foyer, toward the hall.

SPIKE

Ah, life among the power elite. It's
all so civilized. Hainsley grinds
one of your people into chum, and you
drop by for tea.

A14 INT. HAINSLEY MANOR - PARLOR - CONTINUING

A14

As they enter.

ANGEL

I'm planning to avoid a body count
here. Unless it's necessary. *

SPIKE

(sees something OS)

Shouldn't be. Looks like this
Hainsley keeps one on hand. *

WIDE ON THEM - from the other side of the hall. They're framed in the FG by a number of CORPSES, dressed for the ball, frozen in party poses.

Spike and Angel approach the warped scene; about TWENTY BODIES arrayed to simulate a lively cocktail gathering.

SPIKE (cont'd)

Man likes to play with dollies. *

ANGEL

This isn't for him.

Angel sees a SWITCH near him and flips it. SPOTLIGHTS come on, accenting the various groups of dead. The fireplace glows with fake firelight, and a SOUNDTRACK of lounge piano, clinking glasses, and murmured conversation plays out over the room. EEE-RIE.

CONTINUED

A14 CONTINUED:

A14

ANGEL (cont'd)
It's a showroom.

14 INT. HAINSLEY MANOR - INNER SANCTUM - MEANWHILE

14

OVERHEAD SHOT looking down on Hainsley's work room. A large, iron frame PENTAGRAM serves as a table, upon which the BODY OF A WOMAN is laid out (blandly, blondly attractive, mid-20's, her skin is PALE BLUE WITH DEATH). HAINSLEY, a bear of a man, face obscured by the overhead angle, issues a DEEP, TWO-THROATED TUVAN HUM (which goes on 'til noted otherwise).

ANGLE BEHIND HAINSLEY, his head bowed, he snaps his arms out, righting his cuffs. His fingers curl as he summons his magic -- we hear a low CHORUS OF SPECTRAL WHISPERS rise.

CAMERA PUSHES IN and starts slowly to swing around Hainsley.

DEMON (O.S.)
I thought about going older with it,
I dunno, more distinguished, kind of
fifty-something Shirley Temple Black
with it... That ultra-respectable,
ambassador-to-somewhere feel...

CAMERA GETS AROUND raking past Hainsley's chest and hands as a DEMON, hulking, hideous, with an extra helping of crawdad, steps into frame from behind him, looking down at the body. His eyes glow ORANGE.

*
*

DEMON
(sighs)
But in the end, I went with pretty.

The demon chats on throughout as Hainsley (head still cropped out of frame, still humming TUVAN) works his fingers in the air, conducting the WHISPER CHORUS --

DEMON (cont'd)
I suppose we all do, in the end,
don't we? I mean pretty people just
have it easi--Whoa!

*

Hainsley suddenly PLUNGES HIS HAND INTO THE CORPSE'S CHEST. The demon watches, transfixed.

*

DEMON (cont'd)
Well, there's something you don't see
every-- AH!

*

*

The DEMON starts to break apart in particles, as if he's made of sand.

*

*

CONTINUED

14 CONTINUED:

14

The particles are drawn into Hainsley's other hand, as if getting sucked into a vacuum--

The demon looks down. After a beat:

DEMON (cont'd)
(quietly queasy)
Yeah. That's feelin' kinda weird.

The door opens, and Manservant pokes his head in discretely.

MANSERVANT
Excuse the interruption, sir. There are some more men from Wolfram & Hart asking to see you. They seem rather adamant.

MANSERVANT POV - revealing Hainsley, one hand stuck in the corpse, other receiving the last of the demon's body.

CLOSE ON HAINSLEY, flush with power, as he looks up at his servant and says, simply:

HAINSLEY
Kill them.

MANSERVANT
Very good, sir.

Manservant withdraws.

15 INT. HAINSLEY MANOR - PARLOR - CONTINUOUS

15

Angel and Spike move among the eerie, motionless party scene. They stop near a piano. Seated at it, the corpse of a HANDSOME MAN, mid-forties, sits, fingers splayed over the keys, jaw hanging slackly open.

Leaning against the piano, an ELEGANT WOMAN, stiff, rigor-mortised, holds a CUP OF TEA, with a small TEASPOON sticking out.

SPIKE
I dunno. Maybe the geezer's just lonely. Throws himself a surprise party every night. Picks out one of these painted pigeons and shows her a good time, if you know what I mean--
(off Angel's distaste)
What? I'm sure they don't mind.

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED:

15

ANGEL

I mind.

Angel reaches over to the slack-mouthed Pianist and shuts his jaw with a wet 'CLUP!'

SPIKE

Why? They're the lucky ones, aren't they? It's over for them. They've shuffled off, cleanly, the one time. Nobody's shoving them back into this stinking world against their will.

ANGEL

I mind.

Put off-balance by Angel's touch, the handsome corpse tips forward, face pitching into the keys with a sustained, discordant SMASH.

SPIKE

Never could just leave well enough alone, could you?

Angel winces with annoyance, then senses something and turns. At the far side of the room, Manservant comes to a stop in the doorway, staring at them, arms behind his back.

MANSERVANT

Mr. Hainsley has asked that I send you back to Wolfram & Hart, gentlemen...

He brings his arms out from behind him; he's holding a pair of WICKED-LOOKING MEAT CLEAVERS.

MANSERVANT (cont'd)

(thin smile)

...in a manner of speaking.

Manservant whirls the meat cleavers in his hands as he comes at them.

SPIKE

Uh oh. Looks like it's buckets for you, Angel.

Thinking quickly, Angel grabs the TEASPOON out of the dead woman's cup and FLINGS IT hard at the Manservant.

THUNK! The spoon hits the Manservant square in the forehead, imbedding deeply. The cleavers drop out of his hands and his eyes roll up as if mortally wounded.

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

Angel relaxes. Spike's annoyed.

SPIKE (cont'd)
A bloody spoon?! That's just--

He stops as the Manservant refocuses on Angel, reaches up, and with some effort, pulls the spoon out of his head.

ON ANGEL, readying himself for a new attack.

SPIKE (cont'd)
(encouraged)
Well, okay, that's more--

CLOSE ON THE MANSERVANT as he falls over, dead.

SPIKE (cont'd)
--disappointing, really.

Angel looks at Spike.

ANGEL
I know you can't help me... But could you maybe not root for the other team?

SPIKE
Hey, I'll root for anybody with half a chance at taking you down a notch.

ANGEL
What is your problem?

SPIKE
You, ya ponce. You're my problem. You've got it too good.

Not wanting to hear it, Angel walks out. Spike follows.

SPIKE (cont'd)
You're the king of a thirty floor castle, with all the comforts, cars, power, and glory you could ever want--

16 OMITTED
AND
17

16
AND
17

A18 INT. HAINSLEY MANOR - HALLWAY - CONTINUING

A18

As they continue down the hall.

CONTINUED

A18 CONTINUED:

A18

SPIKE

And here I save the world, throw myself onto the proverbial hand grenade for love, honor, and all the bloody right reasons-- and what do I get?! Bloody well toasted and ghosted is what I get! In'nit?!

(a beat; petulant)

It's just not fair.

Angel stops and turns to him, too pissed not to rebut.

ANGEL

Fair? You asked for a soul. I didn't! It almost killed me! I spent a hundred years trying to come to terms with infinite remorse!

Through Angel's harangue, Spike has started to slowly BLUR OUT, as he did earlier.

ANGEL (cont'd)

You spent three weeks moaning in a basement --AND THEN YOU WERE FINE! WHAT'S FAIR ABOUT THAT!?

SPIKE

(a little woozy)

Are you getting blurry, or is it--

Spike DISAPPEARS. Angel glances around, frustrated, then shakes it off, storming toward --

18 INT. HAINSLEY MANOR - INNER SANCTUM - MOMENTS LATER

18

Hainsley stands at the far end of the room, washing his hands in a wide, water-filled BRONZE DISH. The large doors to his sanctum FLING OPEN, tearing off at the hinges. Angel marches in, pissed already.

HAINSLEY

(friendly laugh)

Well, well... Come in, it's open.

*

ANGEL

Hainsley.

*

Hainsley is warm, engaging, charismatic; he talks to Angel with infuriating casualness.

CONTINUED

18 CONTINUED:

18

HAINSLEY

Didn't know it was the head cheese
himself. I thought for sure you were
another lackey.

(then, coldly)

You should show more respect.

Out of the corner of his eye, Angel suddenly notices movement
and turns to see

THE WOMAN, who'd been lying dead on the table earlier.

WOMAN

Oh, uh, listen -- I can see you guys
have a-- a thing going on. Don't let
me get in your way.

She starts to walk past Angel, toward the exit.

WOMAN (cont'd)

I'll let myself out--

Angel catches her by the arm and spins her roughly back
around. Her eyes flash to GLOWING ORANGE and she HISSES
DEMONICALLY. Angel's fist slams into her face and she goes
down, unconscious. He turns back to Hainsley.

ANGEL

So, how much do you charge?
Installing the average demon in a
human body? I'm sure a lot of them
would love to pass as people... You
know, walk among the sheep...

HAINSLEY

Believe me, friend, the average demon
can't afford it. Which begs on the
question:

(a little hurt)

Why would you want to mar the beauty
of such a mutually profitable
business arrangement?

ANGEL

I'm cutting off your supply,
Hainsley. Your body shop's closed
for--

*
*

Hainsley lifts a hand, fingers contorting, and the SPECTRAL
WHISPERS rise again. Angel's body stiffens, caught in
Hainsley's telekinetic grasp.

CONTINUED

18 CONTINUED: (2)

18

HAINSLEY

Who do you think you're talking to?

Angel is drawn forward, struggling, heels dragging on the floor. He's paralyzed by Hainsley -- can't move or talk.

HAINSLEY (cont'd)

I eat the dead for breakfast, son.
And you're just another plate o'bacon
and eggs.

*
*
*

Suddenly, Spike appears in the doorway (actually APPEARS, winking back into existence). He sways for a beat, regaining his composure.

HAINSLEY (cont'd)

A ghost, huh? You brought a ghost as
your back-up, vampire?

*
*

Spike stops reeling, gets back to his senses.

SPIKE

Not here to back him up. I just
haunt the bastard.

*
*

ANGEL

(to Spike)

Stay out of this--

SPIKE

Oh, stick it. Far as it'll go.

(to Hainsley)

You go ahead, Wiz. Do what you want.

Hainsley turns back to Angel. Then he starts to curl his hand closed, as the WHISPERS GROW LOUDER.

Angel writhes in pain. We hear his muscles shifting, bones and joints popping as Hainsley's grasp begins to CRUSH HIM.

ANGEL

[pained grunt]

HAINSLEY

What I want is to turn you inside out
like a shirt. I could dust you right
now, boy. Wouldn't even need a
stake...

Hainsley lets Angel fall to the floor, releasing him.

CONTINUED

18 CONTINUED: (3)

18

HAINSLEY (cont'd)

But that'd be too big an insult for
the Senior Partners to overlook.
Seems they got plans for you.

ANGEL

I've got plans of my own.

Angel, battered, gets to his feet, reaches into his coat.

Hainsley eyes him warily, as Angel pulls out a CELL PHONE.
He presses speed dial.

ANGEL (cont'd)

(into phone)

Gunn. Do it.

Angel snaps the phone shut.

HAINSLEY

And what was that? You just call in
an airstrike?

ANGEL

I just froze all your accounts in our
banking network, terminated your
paper assets, and turned your books
over to a very motivated contact we
have at the Internal Revenue Service.
Five minutes from now, you'll have
nothing but this house. Ten minutes
from now, that will go into
foreclosure.

HAINSLEY

You can't do that.

Angel walks toward the door, too cool for school.

ANGEL

I'll let myself out.

HAINSLEY

That's not legal. You think you're
gonna get away with that?

(confident chuckle)

I'll sue you to Hell.

Angel doesn't look back, just keeps on walkin'.

ANGEL

Good luck. We're your lawyers.

CONTINUED

18 CONTINUED: (4)

18

Spike shrugs indifferently and goes out after Angel.

HAINSLEY

(calling after him)

This isn't over, vampire.

19 INT. HAINSLEY MANOR - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

19

Angel and Spike cross to the front door.

SPIKE

That's it, eh? That was your big move. That's how you're gonna fight the forces of evil now. Call the IRS.

ANGEL

Whatever it takes.

SPIKE

(pantomiming cell phone)

'Hello, IRS? Will you fight my battles for me? And while you're at it, could you wipe my wide, spotty--'

Then Spike just DISAPPEARS. It isn't the same blurring out we've seen before, but the end result is: no Spike.

ANGEL

Thank God.

Angel exits the house.

20 INT. HAINSLEY MANOR - INNER SANCTUM - MEANWHILE

20

Spike appears still pantomiming the cell phone:

SPIKE

--arse?

He looks around, sees Hainsley.

SPIKE (cont'd)

You--

HAINSLEY

Power over the dead.

(smiles openly)

But let's not talk about me. Let's talk about you.

(more)

CONTINUED

20 CONTINUED:

20

HAINSLEY (cont'd)

You're a ghost -- close enough,
anyhow.

(shakes head,
sympathetic)

Which is just a horrible way to be.
Not here, not there, but lost
somewhere in the middle. Can't fight
against it, can't fix it. Hell, you
can't even lift a finger, 'cause you
just simply don't have any.

SPIKE

(eying him,
suspiciously)

Yeah? So what's it to you?

HAINSLEY

I can give you back what's been taken
from you. Freedom. Power of choice.
I can put your destiny back in your
own flesh-and-bone hands.

ON SPIKE, taking that in.

HAINSLEY (cont'd)

(grins)

That's right. A corporeal body. I
can make it happen.

(treading lightly)

But for that, I'd need you to do
something for me. Something that
might require--

Spike excitedly interrupts.

SPIKE

(jazzed)

Hurt Angel? That it? Want me to
hurt Angel?

ON HAINSLEY, taken aback by Spike's enthusiasm.

HAINSLEY

Well, uh, yes, actually--

ON SPIKE, grinning.

CONTINUED

20 CONTINUED: (2)

20

SPIKE

You've come to the right ghost.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

*
*

ACT THREE

21 INT. WOLFRAM AND HART - ANGEL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

21

Come up on Angel and Gunn entering. The lobby is dimly lit and empty now, save for Harmony at her desk.

GUNN

Wiped out every asset we could find on Hainsley. Wasn't easy. Man had his fingers in a lot of dirty pies.

ANGEL

Yeah, well, pies gonna be off his menu for a while.

GUNN

Gotta hurt. I mean, damn, who doesn't love pie?

Wesley and Fred enter. Fred's holding the amulet.

ANGEL

Great. What've you got--

WESLEY

Hainsley out of business?

ANGEL

For the time being.

FRED

So we haven't heard the last from him.

ANGEL

I think -- "This isn't over yet, vampire" may be the tip off. Look, guys, can we get back to my... spiritual crisis.

WESLEY

Yes. Spike.

ANGEL

(nods)

Popped out on me at Hainsley's place. But we know he'll be back. And back. And back. And I really don't want that to keep happening. So explain to me how we're gonna get him out of here.

*
*

Fred looks at Wesley, uneasily, then offers:

CONTINUED

21 CONTINUED:

21

FRED

He can't get out of here.

ANGEL

Please don't tell me that.

FRED

Okay.

(then)

Wesley, you tell him.

WESLEY

I've had everyone in my department do a thorough research on the amulet. There's not much. Not in the way of releasing Spike from it, anyway.

(then)

At least not in the conventional sense.

Angel eyes him, seeing something's on his mind.

ANGEL

And what's the unconventional sense?

WESLEY

Something he asked for. Eternal rest.

INTERCUT WITH:

22 INT. WOLFRAM AND HART - LOBBY - MEANWHILE

22

ON CLOSED ELEVATOR DOOR as SPIKE ghosts through. He glances around, getting his bearings then makes his way toward Angel's office. As he passes Harmony's desk...

HARMONY (O.S.)

Fine. Don't talk to me.

Spike stops and turns to see

HARMONY, purposefully straightening her desk, including her little menagerie of ceramic unicorns, avoiding eye contact.

SPIKE

What?

CONTINUED

22 CONTINUED:

22

HARMONY

Whole time we were a thing you
treated me like day-old rat blood,
why should now be any diff? Just
'cause you've gone all Patrick Swayze.

SPIKE

(squinting at her)

What are you on about?

She turns and tries to glare at him.

HARMONY

Well, gee, nothing much. Just since
you're all soulful now, I thought,
maybe, just maybe, you might've
learned to open up a little. Y'know,
talk? But I guess a leopard can't
change his stripes.

SPIKE

Spots, you dink. Leopards have spots.

HARMONY

(casually sarcastic)

Oh, excuse me, Mr. Brainy. Thank you
so much for sharing. Wow, what a
break-through.

She storms off. Spike watches her go, shaking his head in
disbelief. Then he moves toward Angel's office, stopping
when he overhears:

WESLEY (O.S.)

-- It's what we'd do in any case of
a haunting, isn't it... An exorcism.
Of sorts.

FRED (O.S.)

We're talking about killing him...

INTERCUT WITH:

23-24 OMITTED

23-24 *

25 INT. WOLFRAM AND HART - ANGEL'S OFFICE - MEANWHILE

25

Angel's now sitting behind his desk as they confer.

CONTINUED

25 CONTINUED:

25

FRED

I mean, I know he's already dead,
but... He'll be **gone** dead. Forever.
Just doesn't seem right.

WESLEY

I agree. But neither is leaving him
here, trapped between realms. With
no control over his fate...

26 INT. WOLFRAM AND HART - LOBBY - MEANWHILE

26

ON SPIKE, reacting to Wesley's words.

WESLEY (O.S.)

Not able to touch anything. Affect
anything. Unable to fight...

27 INT. WOLFRAM AND HART - ANGEL'S OFFICE - MEANWHILE

27

Wesley looks over at Angel.

WESLEY

Letting him cross over seems the most
merciful thing we can--

Angel enthusiastically interrupts.

ANGEL

Yeah, yeah, mercy. All for it. Just
tell me how we do it.

WESLEY

The amulet's protected. Invulnerable
to anything. But the magic
protecting it won't work on hallowed
ground.

GUNN

Hallowed. Like a church.

WESLEY

Or cemetery, yes. It has to be taken
there and destroyed.

FRED

Destroyed how?

WESLEY

I think a sharp blow would do the
trick.

CONTINUED

27 CONTINUED:

27

GUNN

Angel. What do you think?

Angel looks at him, then at the others. After some pause...

ANGEL

Think I want to sleep on it. *

The others look around at each other for a moment, before making a move to leave. Fred leaves the amulet on Angel's desk.

28-29 OMITTED

28-29 *

30 INT. WOLFRAM AND HART - LOBBY - MEANWHILE

30

ON SPIKE - He backs away, then turns and crosses off-frame. We hear the "whoosh" of him disappearing into a nearby wall. As everyone exits Angel's office into the empty lobby.

A31 INT. WOLFRAM AND HART - ANGEL'S OFFICE - MEANWHILE

A31

Angel crosses to and enters his private elevator. The doors close.

31 EXT. WOLFRAM AND HART BUILDING - LATE

31

TILTING UP on the exterior of the building bringing us to the top floor.

32 INT. WOLFRAM AND HART - ANGEL'S PENTHOUSE SUITE - NIGHT 32

CLOSE ON a shirtless Angel exiting from his bathroom, drying his face with a towel. As he crosses in...

WIDEN to see his enormous bedroom -- double kingsize bed, exquisite fixtures, oversize windows revealing a virtual panoramic view of the city. Through double doors we get a glimpse of the rest of the suite (whatever we can afford).

Angel flicks off the light and drops onto the bed. He closes his eyes, about to drift off, when we hear a familiar "whoosh" sound and...

SPIKE (O.S.)

Well, look at you...

CONTINUED

32 CONTINUED:

32

ANGEL

Aw, no no no...

He opens his eyes and sits up to watch

SPIKE crossing to the window, admiring the view. He speaks quietly, earnestly.

SPIKE (O.S.)

Sitting in luxury's ample lap. Top
o' the world. Looking down on...
well, everyone.

(turning to Angel)

Good to be the king, in'it?

ANGEL

Okay, ground rules. Haunt me all you
want during business hours, but this
space is off-limits to you. Got
that? You're not gonna pull this--

Spike crosses to him, holding up his hands.

SPIKE

Relax, beefcake. Didn't come for a
fight.

ANGEL

(skeptically)

Really...

SPIKE

Not that I could, right? Can't
touch, can't affect anything.

Angel eyes him.

SPIKE (cont'd)

Yeah. Overheard your little group
pow-wow about me.

ANGEL

How much?

SPIKE

Enough of enough.

ANGEL

Look, Spike--

SPIKE

Necromancer tried to make a deal with
me.

CONTINUED

32 CONTINUED: (2)

32

ANGEL

What?

SPIKE

Said he could bring me back. In the flesh. Body and soul, if I used our... close personal relationship to doublecross you.

ANGEL

(studying him)

Tempting. So what'd you say?

SPIKE

(getting peeved)

See, right there, that's the problem. You having to ask me that.

ANGEL

Still asking.

SPIKE

Why do you think I'm telling you, ya git? I don't play for that side anymore or haven't you heard? 'Sides, even if Mr. Death could do what he promised, I trust him about as much as you trust me.

ANGEL

So what do you want from me?

SPIKE

Can't live like this, Angel. Being useless. Being nothing.
(looks at Angel)
I want it to end.

Off Angel's questioning reaction...

33 EXT. LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

33

Yes, more flashes. Gotta pad out this episode somehow. Anyway, city skyline flashes into a MATCH CUT of

34 EXT. CEMETERY - LATE

34

TOMBSTONES and MAUSOLEUMS. ARM UP to a HIGH ANGLE of Spike leading Angel in til they come to a stop.

CONTINUED

34 CONTINUED:

34

SPIKE

Suppose this'll do. Feels hallowed enough.

Angel reaches into his pocket and produces the amulet.

ANGEL

Spike. You sure you wanna do this?

Spike considers, then shrugs.

SPIKE

What, think I could really stand hanging out with you and your lot, now and forever? Wise-cracking ghost side-kick? No bloody thanks.

Angel just looks at him.

SPIKE (cont'd)

C'mon. You know as well as I do. It's for the best.

ANGEL

(after a beat)

Okay.

CLOSE as Angel places the amulet on top of a large tomb stone, then picks up a large rock lying nearby. As he straightens...

SPIKE

I'm just glad it's you. Finally doing me in. Seems right. You being my grandsire and all. Circle of Death, eh?

Angel raises up the rock, poised to bring it down on the amulet.

CLOSE ON HIM as he looks up at Spike one last time.

ANGEL

Goodbye, Spike.

CLOSE ON SPIKE, as a sly grin comes to his lips.

SPIKE

See you around, Angel.

Angel moves to bring down the rock, when suddenly he hits himself hard in the head with it.

CONTINUED

34 CONTINUED: (2)

34

SPIKE (cont'd)
Uh... Think you missed.

Again, though struggling against the impulse, Angel slams himself in the face with the rock.

Then, just as suddenly, he's LIFTED OFF HIS FEET, hovering helplessly above the ground. Sensing something he turns his head and sees

HAINSLEY - His outstretched hand manipulating Angel like a puppet master.

HAINSLEY
(evangelically)
And the dead shall rise...
(simply)
Just 'cause I say so.

ANGEL
Hainsley...

HAINSLEY
Vampire should think twice before
messing with a man who wields power
over all things lifeless.

With a casual wave of his hand...

ANGEL sails back, slamming wickedly hard into the side of a crypt, debris flying off it from the impact. He drops to the ground, unconscious.

HAINSLEY (cont'd)
If you ask my advice.

Spike glares at him.

SPIKE
Took your sweet time stepping in,
Hainsley. Came this close to getting
a one-way to the great Beyond.

HAINSLEY
Relax, son. Wasn't going to let
anything happen to you. You're the
linchpin of my plan.

SPIKE
Our plan. And you'd bloody better
hold up your end of it. Not gonna be
used by you.

CONTINUED

34 CONTINUED: (3)

34

Hainsley looks at him and smirks.

HAINSLEY

Yes, you are.

(off Spike's glare)

But afterwards, I'll give you your
reward. Just as you asked. Put you
back in the driver's seat of your
afterlife.

He turns to look at an unconscious Angel.

HAINSLEY (cont'd)

Control. That's all anyone really
wants. Isn't it?

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

35 INT. HAINSLEY MANOR - INNER SANCTUM - NIGHT

35

CLOSE ON ANGEL - He stirs and awakens. As he tries to get his bearings...

PULL OUT to find him lying atop the pentagram table.

HAINSLEY (O.S.)

Hello, vampire...

Angel sees Hainsley standing at the foot of the table.

HAINSLEY

Nice nap?

Angel tries to sit up. Hainsley raises his hand and Angel SLAMS back down onto the slab, his arm and legs spring out across the points of the pentagram.

HAINSLEY (cont'd)

Naw, don't get up. You've had a rough day.

(eyes narrowing)

And, y'know... So have I. Thanks to you.

ANGEL

Yours is about to get a helluva lot worse.

HAINSLEY

(chuckling)

I don't think so. Me, necromancer. You, dead.

(indicating himself)

Can't touch this.

ANGEL

Maybe I can't. But what do you think the Senior Partners are gonna do to you when I turn up missing?

HAINSLEY

Oh, you won't be missing. You'll show up for work bright-eyed and bushy-tailed tomorrow morning. When you reverse the seizure of my personal assets and reinstate the Internment Acquisitions Department.

CONTINUED

35 CONTINUED:

35

ANGEL

And why will I do that?

SPIKE (O.S.)

Not you...

Spike crosses over next to Hainsley.

SPIKE

Me. Wearing your body.

ANGEL

(sardonic)

And to think I didn't trust you.

SPIKE

Oh, c'mon, Angel, what choice did I have? Bloody exorcism? Letting you and yours banish me to oblivion? No thanks.

(re: Hainsley)

Necro here's gonna get me my body back after I've taken yours for a test drive. Fix his little problems.

Spike moves toward Angel.

SPIKE (cont'd)

Here's the kicker. I go in and you go-- pfft. Off to Never-Never-Come-Back Land. Then yours very truly'll be running the show. Your cars, your fancy digs, everything I deserve... They'll be mine. Including Buffy.

He smirks as Angel stares at him hard, seething.

SPIKE (cont'd)

And maybe I'll have a go at that Fred. She looks like a goer. And she really seems to look up to you--

ANGEL

Shut up, Spike.

SPIKE

Y'know, you're right. 'Nuff talk.

(to Hainsley)

Let's do this all ready. I'm itching to get physical.

Hainsley crosses in to Angel.

CONTINUED

35 CONTINUED: (2)

35

HAINSLEY

I've never installed anyone into a
"conscious" dead body before. I
imagine this is going to be extremely
painful.

With that, he emits his TUVAN HUM and plunges his hand deep
into Angel's sternum. Angel GRUNTS in agony...

ON HAINSLEY, relishing the pain he's inflicting on Angel as
the chorus of spectral whispers rises again. He looks at
Spike, extending his other hand toward him.

SPIKE's form starts to be drawn toward Hainsley's hand - less
like sand, more like wisps of smoke through a vacuum --
spiraling around Hainsley's arm as it makes its way across
his body. *

ON HAINSLEY continuing to hum as Spike's ghostly presence
disappears into him. The spiraling smoke continues halfway
down Hainsley's other arm toward Angel, then suddenly stops.

Hainsley's eyes open, reacting to something and he stops
humming.

HAINSLEY (cont'd)

What-- What are you... DOING? *

ON ANGEL, still in agony, peers up at him expectantly.

ANGEL

(through his pain)

Spike... Would you mind...

Hainsley, clearly not in control of his arm, removes his hand
from Angel's chest.

HAINSLEY

(struggling)

No! NO!!!

Angel swings himself off the table and kicks Hainsley across
the jaw. Hainsley reels back.

ANGEL

Can touch you now, Hainsley.

He comes at him again, but before he can reach him,
Hainsley's arm snaps out and Angel's blasted across the room,
slamming into the wall.

ON HAINSLEY, struggling and concentrating.

CONTINUED

35 CONTINUED: (3)

35

HAINSLEY

Think you're clever. But...

(grunt)

Your ghost can't control me for long.

I hold the power. I... rule the dead.

Angel recovers and rushes him.

ANGEL

Not today.

Hainsley's arm comes up to fend him off, but gets pulled away, deflecting his aim. Angel hits Hainsley in the gut, doubling him over, then grabs him and flings him across the room, sending him crashing into the pentagram table. Hainsley's head snaps back on impact and he lands with a thud. Still for a moment.

ON ANGEL, eyeing Hainsley on the ground.

ANGEL (cont'd)

(approaching him)

Spike...?

Suddenly, Hainsley kicks Angel hard in the face. As he shakes it off, Hainsley gets up. Angel throws a couple of punches that Hainsley manages to deflect. Hainsley pops Angel once, then backhands him.

ANGEL stumbles back, and notices the nearby tray of mystical objects. He grabs it, dumping off the contents and flings it at Hainsley.

ON HAINSLEY as he's decapitated, but still standing, with Spike's ghost head sticking out of his neck.

SPIKE

Oh, bollocks...

Hainsley's body falls away revealing the rest of Spike.

SPIKE (cont'd)

I was just getting warmed up.

ANGEL

That was YOU hitting me?

SPIKE

Those last bits, yeah. Hainsley's been dead since he hit the table.

(off his look)

Well, c'mon... Had to get a few licks in, din' I?

CONTINUED

35 CONTINUED: (4)

35

ON ANGEL, eyeing him with annoyance as a pleased smirk crosses Spike's face.

36 EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAYBREAK

36

Flashes of night turning to sunrise, ending up on the offices of Wolfram and Hart.

37 INT. WOLFRAM AND HART - LOBBY - EARLY MORNING

37

CLOSE ON THE ELEVATOR DOORS as they part. ANGEL emerges from the elevator with Wesley. They cross toward Angel's office.

WESLEY

So Spike came to you with this plan...

*
*

ANGEL

More or less. Once he learned Hainsley used himself as the conduit for body transfers... our trap fell into place.

*
*
*
*

WESLEY

Still. I think it was reckless of you going off with him alone.

*
*

They pause at Harmony's station as she hands Angel papers and a mug of blood.

WESLEY (cont'd)

If he's sticking around, it'd be more prudent for him to share his plans with the rest of us in the future.

*

ANGEL

Yeah, well, sharing's not something Spike does very well.

HARMONY

(under her breath)

Preaching to the orchestra.

*

Angel and Wesley look at her, then at each other, before continuing on toward his office.

ANGEL

Anyway, the only plan he's interested in is one that gets him far away from here.

*

CONTINUED

37 CONTINUED:

37

As they disappear into his office...

38 INT. WOLFRAM AND HART - FRED'S OFFICE - MEANWHILE

38

ON FRED, entering for the morning. The lights in the room go on automatically as she moves to her desk. She drops off her shoulder bag on the desk, peruses some papers there for a moment, then turns and GASPS when she notices

SPIKE, standing near the other end of the room, looking out onto the lab floor.

FRED

Spike! What are you--

She stops when he doesn't turn to her at first.

FRED (cont'd)

Can I help you?

SPIKE

Well... That's the heart of it, isn't it? The crux. The nub...

FRED

(squinting at him)

I'm sorry?

Spike turns to look at her. She's a little uneasy.

SPIKE

You're the smart one, aren't ya? The Go-To Gal who knows about all this... ghost mumbo jumbo.

FRED

Well, actually, Wesley's the occult expert. He was trained as a Watcher. He knows about supernatural--

SPIKE

Yeah, but you're the science queen. The hows, the what ifs... That's your cup of tea. You figure stuff out in that cute little noggin o'yours.

FRED

I-- I guess. What-- Spike, is something--?

He looks up at her for a moment, then the words erupt with a laugh, like it's some big joke.

CONTINUED

38 CONTINUED:

38

SPIKE
I'm slipping.

FRED
What?

SPIKE
Don't want to go. But... It's
like... Like the ground under me's
splitting open. And my legs are
straddling both sides of a... bloody
big chasm. Getting wider. Pulling
me in.

FRED
(understanding)
Is that-- Is that what's happening
when you keep vanishing?

Without answering, he turns away again, consumed in his
thoughts.

NEW ANGLE on Spike, PUSHING IN on him as he speaks. Fred
behind him, listening empathetically.

SPIKE
I know what's down there. I know
where it's trying to take me.
(chuckling wryly)
And it's not the place heroes go.
Not by a bloody long shot.
(a beat, sobering)
It's the other one. Full of fire and
torment. And it's happening. And
I'm terrified.

REVERSE as he looks back at her, his eyes imploring,
desperate.

SPIKE (cont'd)
Help me.

BLACK OUT.

END OF SHOW