

WK 2

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ANGEL

"The Cautionary Tale
of Numero Cinco"

Written

&

Directed by

Jeffrey Bell

SHOOTING DRAFT

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ANGEL "The Cautionary Tale of Numero Cinco" (SHOOTING) 9/17/03

ANGEL

"The Cautionary Tale of Numero Cinco"

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

NUMBER FIVE.....

ANGEL

"The Cautionary Tale of Numero Cinco"

SET LIST

INTERIORS

WOLFRAM AND HART

ANGEL'S OFFICE

HALLWAYS OUTSIDE ANGEL'S OFFICE

FRED'S LAB

WESLEY'S OFFICE

LOBBY

APARTMENT HALLWAY

NUMBER FIVE'S APARTMENT

WRESTLING RING (FLASHBACK)

PANELED REC ROOM

AZTEC WARRIOR POWERSHOT

WRESTLING ARENA (REDRESS)

CLOSE ON ANGEL

*

EXTERIORS

L.A. - FLASHY CUTS - NIGHT

CADILLAC (MOVING) - STREET - NIGHT

EAST L.A. - STREET - CONTINUOUS - WIDE

EAST L.A. - ALLEY - NIGHT

WOLFRAM AND HART (STOCK) - NIGHT

PARKING LOT OUTSIDE ARENA - NIGHT

SAN GREGORIO CEMEMTERY

ANOTHER AREA

TEASER

1 INT. WOLFRAM & HART - ANGEL'S OFFICE - EVENING

1

CLOSE ON A LEGAL DOCUMENT - A Mont Blanc pen point enters frame. A few strokes begin a signature in red: A-n-g-e--. The pen stops.

REVEAL - ANGEL and GUNN sitting close to one another on the sofa near the windows. A stack of documents on the table in front of them. Angel stares down at his signature.

ANGEL

Is that blood?

He sniffs at the nib of the pen.

GUNN

(untroubled)

Yeah, but it's okay. It's yours.

~~Angel nods, "oh," as if that explanation makes sense,~~
~~finishes his signature. Gunn picks up the document, sets~~
~~another one down. Angel starts to sign, then...~~

ANGEL

(realizing)

And how is that okay...?

GUNN

Demon law requires blood signatures
on all legal documents.

Gunn points to the signature line.

GUNN (cont'd)

Your Herbie Hancock here, locks and
loads these docs. Then I take 'em to
court and fire away.

ANGEL

Locks, loads... Got it.

Angel signs the document. Gunn gathers the papers.

GUNN

As CEO and President of Wolfram & Hart,
you just bankrupted a company that dumps
raw demon waste into Santa Monica Bay,
banished a clan of Pyro Warlocks to a
hell dimension and started a foster care
program for kids whose parents have been
killed by vampires. -- Not bad for a
day's pay.

CONTINUED

ANGEL
(a bit flat)
Yeah. It's great.

Gunn misses the lackluster tone in Angel's voice.

GUNN
Damn straight. -- I know legal
weasels and business deals aren't as
heroic to you as rescuing young
honeys from tumescent trolls, but I
love what we do.

ANGEL
Tumescent tr...?

GUNN
(bit of a smile)
Went a little Johnnie Cochhran on ya.

Gunn slips the pile of documents into an INTER-OFFICE ENVELOPE.

GUNN (cont'd)
Y'know, for the first time in my
life, I can't wait to get to work in
the morning. -- You've always had
your special powers...

Gunn PLOPS the inter-office envelope back onto the table.

GUNN (cont'd)
...Now I have mine.

SPIKE (O.S.)
Isn't that special.

WIDEN AND REVEAL - SPIKE: Sitting in a chair diagonally
across from Angel, a coffee mug on the chair's wide arm.

SPIKE
We all have special powers. Anybody
wanna trade? -- I'll swap you two for
one, walking through walls and...
(picks up the mug)
picking up mugs in exchange for, I
don't know..., how 'bout me not being
dead?

ANGEL
How 'bout you not being here?

Angel stands. Moves away.

SPIKE
If wishes were horses...

CONTINUED

Angel stares pensively out the windows. Gunn watches him for a beat.

GUNN
You, okay...?

ANGEL
Yeah. Fine. Like you said. Not bad for a day's pay.

Gunn stands. Moves toward Angel.

GUNN
I know you hate working here. What with the bureaucracy and the fact that most of our employees want us dead. But in-house attacks are down thirty percent this week. And we've done more good in a month, than Angel Investigations did in a year.

ANGEL
I know...

Angel crosses back toward the sofa.

ANGEL (cont'd)
I'm just feelin', I don't know, a bit...

SPIKE
...squishy?

Angel glances at Spike.

ANGEL
Disconnected.

CLOSE ON SPIKE - Irked at Angel's comment.

SPIKE
Are you serious? Here you are, finally living a piece of the high life; new clothes, new cars, my old tumble bringing you tasty snacks and what's your gripe...?
(makes a face)
You feel disconnected? You wanna feel disconnected, try being a bloody ghost for a bit. Try bobbin' around with no touch or taste or smell. Not many fates worse than that I'd wager.

In the b.g., the Mail Guy, NUMBER FIVE, enters pushing his cart.

CONTINUED

He wears a blue and red full-hood mask with a number 5 on the forehead. We get the sense that he is a very old man. Spike watches him angle toward Angel's desk in the b.g.

SPIKE (cont'd)
Okay, maybe that.

GUNN
(to Angel)
I know what you're sayin' about the disconnect. Much as I love the legalese, gotta admit I miss mixing it up sometimes. Miss getting my hands dirty.

WESLEY (O.S.)
Then you'll be interested in this...

REVERSE ON WESLEY: entering through the open conference room doors.

WESLEY
Three people have been found with their hearts cut out in East Los Angeles. All within the last couple of hours.

He hands Angel a print out. Angel peruses it.

In the b.g., Number Five picks up a stack of mail on Angel's desk, quickly turns to leave.

WESLEY (cont'd)
The police are on it, but my sense is this is more demonic than just some murderous nut job.

SPIKE
So we're ruling out the demonic nut jobs, then, are we?

GUNN
(to Angel)
We should check it out.

ANGEL
(lacking conviction)
Right.

Gunn notices Number Five exiting in the b.g. Sees the inter-office envelope on the coffee table, picks it up.

GUNN
(calls after)
Yo, you missed one...!

CONTINUED

Number Five doesn't stop. Gunn's blocked on the far side of the table. Angel takes the envelope from Gunn.

ANGEL

I got it.

(calls after)

Wait...

Angel lopez after Number Five and into the hallway.

2 INT. W & H - HALLWAY OUTSIDE ANGEL'S OFFICE - EVENING 2

STEADICAM trails Angel as he catches up to Number Five, reaches out...

ANGEL

Would you stop for a sec...

CLOSE ON NUMBER FIVE'S ARM as Angel grabs it.

Number Five suddenly spins, and impossibly throws Angel CRASHING through the partition windows back into his office.

WIDE - A GAGGLE OF EMPLOYEES stare in surprise as Number Five turns back to his mail cart and calmly squeaks away. Hold for a beat on the tableau of the broken windows as we hear Angel call out from o.s.,

ANGEL (O.S.)

Really hate this place.

Off that tableau:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

3 INT. WOLFRAM & HART - ANGEL'S OFFICE - EVENING

3

Moments later. Angel slowly gets to his feet amid the broken glass. ADJUST WIDE to include Wes, Gunn and Spike, all in shock at Angel's violent entrance. Wes hurries to help Angel.

WESLEY

What happened?

Angel's more embarrassed than angered.

ANGEL

The mail guy threw me.

GUNN

(concerned)

What...?

Gunn heads toward Angel's door.

SPIKE

Number Five...?

(glances at the
shattered window)

He did this?

Spike cracks up.

SPIKE (cont'd)

Isn't he like a hundred years old?

ANGEL

(annoyed)

Kinda hard to tell with the mask.

CLOSE ON GUNN - AT ANGEL'S DOOR: Peering out into the lobby. A CROWD OF RUBBERNECKERS, but no sign of Number Five. He pulls out his cell phone. Hits speed dial. After a beat:

GUNN

(into phone)

Angel was attacked. Lock it down. --
No. One of ours. -- The mail guy.
Number Five.

REVERSE ANGLE ON: ANGEL, WES AND SPIKE

WESLEY

Why did he attack you?

CONTINUED

ANGEL
(unsure)

I was trying to give him the mail?

Gunn joins up with the guys.

GUNN
Security's on it.

ANGEL
(embarrassed)
Look, it was just a thing. Maybe I surprised him or something.

GUNN
I'm not takin' chances. This is Wolfram & Hart. You have enemies everywhere.

WESLEY
We should find him.

SPIKE
Absolutely. Wanna buy him a pint.
Bloody made my day.

In the b.g. FRED peers in through the broken window. Spike sees her.

SPIKE (cont'd)
(jumping in)
Hey Fred, didja hear? -- Angel attacked the old mail guy.

ANGEL
What?!

FRED
(grave concern)
Not Number Five?
(to Angel)
You didn't hurt him?

ANGEL
No, I... He attacked me.

Fred moves into the room as Gunn's phone rings.

CLOSE ON GUNN as he answers.

GUNN
(into the phone)
Gunn. -- Good. Great.

Pockets his phone. Turns to Angel.

CONTINUED

GUNN (cont'd)
Security found him. They're
escortin' him from the premises.
(off Angel's look)
You do want to fire his masked ass,
don't you?

ANGEL
(unsure)
Ummm..., I don't...

WESLEY
I think it's best.

Angel's still trying to downplay the whole thing.

ANGEL
Look, I'm fine. Really. Let's get
back to the bod--

LORNE (O.S.)
--Holy tornado! It's true!

REVERSE ON LORNE: Flying in at the speed of fabulous.

SPIKE
Yeah, it was amazing. Angel went
right off on the mail guy.

Lorne's taking in the destruction.

LORNE
Must've been one major smack down.

ANGEL
(this is ridiculous)
There was no smacking.

LORNE
That's not the hub bub I'm hearing,
honeybuns. Word on the web has you
sucker punching grandpa Moses.

ANGEL
The web...?!

In the b.g. a CUTE, BOOKISH YOUNG WOMAN enters, crosses to
Wes and hands him a piece of paper.

LORNE
(to Angel)
Don't sweat it, sweetie pie, I've got
my flak catcher spinning it into P.R.
gold.
(more)

CONTINUED

LORNE (cont'd)

-- Once word spreads that you beat up an innocent old man, the truly terrible will think twice before going toe to toe with our Avenging Angel.

SPIKE

Yes, you'll have the geriatric community soiling their nappies when they hear you're on the case. Bravo.

CLOSE ON ANGEL: Tired of being on the defensive.

ANGEL

I didn't beat anybody up!
(then)

Now can we get back to more important things? -- Like Wesley's bodies.

FRED

Wesley has bodies?

GUNN

Somebody found three bodies.

WESLEY

Four.

What?! Angel swings his gaze to Wes.

WESLEY (cont'd)

Another one was just discovered in a church after an All Souls mass.

ANGEL

All souls?

WESLEY

Prayers for the departed.

SPIKE

You should know that..., being departed and all.

WESLEY

Tonight was a special service. It's the Mexican Day of the Dead.

4 EXT. L.A. - FLASHY CUTS - NIGHT

4

Streets, murals and signs in Spanish give us a taste of Latino Los Angeles.

CONTINUED

A VINTAGE CADILLAC CONVERTIBLE enters frame. Angel's driving. As they zip through frame we jump into:

5 EXT. CADILLAC (MOVING) - STREET - NIGHT

5

CLOSE ON ANGEL: Stoic. His attention on driving, not really listening to the conversation going on around him. Spike rides next to him. Gunn and Wes are in the back.

GUNN
(to Wes)
Still not sure why Blondie Ghost
tagged along.

SPIKE
(overhears)
Not much choice really, is there?
Can't drink, smoke, diddle my willy. *
Doesn't leave much to do other than
watch you blokes stumble about
playin' Agatha Christie.

Angel continues to focus on driving. Turns his head a bit as if sensing something.

WESLEY
And remind me again how you ended up
in the front seat.

SPIKE
(satisfied)
Called shotgun, mate.

WESLEY
Oh...

Wesley glances down at the PUMP SHOTGUN in his lap.

WESLEY (cont'd)
I thought we were doing a weapons
check.

Gunn lifts his AXE.

GUNN
Nothin' wrong with that. We may need
these bad boys if we're going up
against some Mexican Day of the Dead
heart-sucking monster.

Wesley pulls out his map.

CONTINUED

WESLEY

Angel, the church we're looking for
is about a half mi--

Angel SLAMS his foot on the brake. SPINS the wheel hard.
CLOSE ON THE GUYS, surprised, as,

6 EXT. EAST L.A. - STREET - CONTINUOUS - WIDE

6

Angel fishtails the Caddie 180 degrees and skids it violently
against the curb. He quickly shifts the car into park.
Turns it off. Grabs his sword. Hops out and hurries away.

HOLD ON THE CAR: The Guys take a silent moment to recover
from the power turn. After a long beat.

SPIKE

Always was a bit of a drama queen.

CUT TO:

7 EXT. EAST L.A. - ALLEY - NIGHT

7

HIGH AND WIDE, on a dark street. Wesley, Gunn and Spike
ENTER FRAME in the the deep b.g., weapons in hand. As they
hurry toward us, they angle into an alley full of dumpsters,
shipping pallets and trashy debris. Some giant piñata's hang
from above. CAMERA CONTINUES TO DROP,

REVEALING ANGEL in the f.g., staring down at something just
below frame. They hurry up to him. See what he sees.

REVERSE - ANGEL'S POV - A BODY

A Homeless Guy. Body splayed unnaturally amid the trash. A
gaping wound in his chest. After a long beat.

SPIKE

Too late.

Gunn looks around, axe in hand.

GUNN

So you, what? Heard his scream?

Angel doesn't answer. Walks away. After a beat.

SPIKE

(knowing)

He smelled the blood. Nothing grabs
a vamp's attention like the ruby red.

CONTINUED

Wes stoops down to examine the butchered body. Sets down his shotgun. Pulls out a small flashlight.

CLOSE ON WES - Examining the o.s. corpse. Gunn watches from over his shoulder. Takes in the environs.

GUNN

You notice that no matter how uptown
we go, we always end up in some
stanky hole in the middle of the
night.

ANGLE ON ANGEL: DEEPER IN THE ALLEY

Reaches out to touch a wall. Finds blood. *

WESLEY (O.S.)

(calling out)

Angel...!

Angel moves back toward the guys. *

REVERSE ON WES, GUNN AND SPIKE as Angel steps up. *

WESLEY

His heart's missing. Looks like it
was cut out with some sort of crude
knife.

(glances at the ground)

And based on these blood splatters,
I'm fairly certain it was still
beating as it was removed.

That gives everyone pause for a moment. They stare down at
the body.

ANGEL

The blood's fresh. This just
happened. *

WESLEY

So whatever did this, may still be
close. *

GUNN

How close? *

SPIKE

I'd say ten, eleven feet. *

CAMERA PULLS UP AND AWAY REVEALING A LARGE FIGURE looming in
the f.g.

Angel, Wes and Gunn follow Spike's gaze, turn and see a
HUMANOID DEMON right behind them.

CONTINUED

He has the bearing of an Aztec Warrior. In fact, let's go out on a limb and call him, THE AZTEC WARRIOR. His muscled demon chest has a GOLD or COPPER BREAST PLATE.

CLOSE ON THE AZTEC WARRIOR: Though mainly humanoid, his face has an animalistic, demonic quality; amber feline eyes, an oversized mouth with long, sharp teeth. A helmet or headdress covers his long black hair. The bottom half of his face has been painted blood red (or maybe it's just blood).

In one hand he holds a WOODEN SWORD; jagged pieces of black obsidian along its edge. In the other, a round SHIELD.

The Aztec Warrior SNARLS. Starts to attack.

RAMP TO SUPER SLO-MO as Wes dives into a shoulder roll from his stooped position, grabs his SHOTGUN and comes up BLASTING both barrels. KA-BLAM! KA-BLAM!

REVERSE ON THE WARRIOR as the buckshot hits him square in the chest, SPARKS glint off his armored chest piece and leave him unscathed.

He steps up to Wes, who's still close to the ground, and kicks him hard under the chin. MORE SLO-MO sends Wes into a back flip that leaves him in a crumpled heap.

ANGEL CHARGES the Warrior. Sword to sword. The WARRIOR fights gladiator-style. Not flashy, just lethal. With enough brute force to PUNCH Angel with his shield and send him SLAMMING several yards into a brick wall.

GUNN takes the opportunity to SWING HIS AXE and SINK IT DEEP into the Aztec Warrior's back.

GUNN
How ya like that, Sparky?

The Warrior spins around, UNFAZED, the axe still lodged in its back.

GUNN (cont'd)
Okay... So next time, I hang onto the axe.

Spike sees the Warrior advance on Gunn. Gunn's getting backed against a loading dock.

SPIKE
Not that way ya git!

Spike wants to help. Glances down. Sees a length of 2x4.

CONTINUED

SPIKE (cont'd)
(to himself)
Now focus...

Grabs at the 2x4 and SWINGS... empty handed. -- Looks down.
Sees the 2x4 still on the ground.

SPIKE (cont'd)
(frustrated)
Bloody useless.

Gunn picks up a giant piñata, holds it in front of himself as the Aztec Warrior swings its sword at Gunn. Smashes the piñata. Gunn spins, YANKS his axe back out of the Warrior. The Warrior counters with a back hand that sends Gunn flying into a STACK OF PALLETS AND PIÑATAS.

ANGEL, ON HIS FEET AGAIN: CHARGES, sword raised.

The Warrior grabs a DUMPSTER nearby and SHOVES it; sends it SPINNING into Angel with tremendous force. Angel gets bowled over. Disappears behind it. After a beat, he scrambles to his feet. Looks around.

ANGEL'S POV: The Aztec Warrior gone and his guys battered.

PUSH IN ON ANGEL, still reeling:

8 EXT. WOLFRAM & HART (STOCK) - NIGHT

8

To establish.

A9 INT. WOLFRAM & HART - FRED'S LAB - NIGHT

A9

CLOSE ON GUNN'S AXE as it's laid on a table. There's some crusty, demony slime along its blade.

WIDEN ON - FRED AND GUNN: standing next to the table.

GUNN
We shot it, chopped it, hacked and whacked it. -- Only souvenir we got is the gunk on this blade. Thought you might run some tests.

Fred bends close. Squints at it.

FRED
Sure, maybe hematological... Cellular
rH enzymes...
(of course)
Obviously a full SMA-20...

*

CONTINUED

GUNN
(already lost)
Obviously.
(starts to back away)
Give a shout when you know something,
okay?

Gunn exits. Fred doesn't really notice. She's focused on the challenge in front of her. Pulls out a swab.

FRED
(considers)
Demonoid entropy patterning couldn't
hurt...

Fred swabs the blade. Smears the swab on a glass slide. We hear an o.s. WHOOSH and Spike enters frame. Fred continues with her process.

FRED (cont'd)
If you're here to find out what this
thing's made of, it's gonna take a
while.

Fred takes another swab and smears it into a test tube.

SPIKE
Couldn't care less. I'm just looking
to put as much distance between
myself and General Grumpypants as my
ghost leash allows.

FRED
He just gets like that sometimes.
Not easy being a champion. You know
that.

SPIKE
Really don't.

Fred stops what she's doing. Looks at Spike.

FRED
C'mon, you saved the world.
Sacrificed yourself, closed a
hellmouth...

SPIKE
Didn't do much really. Just stood
there. Let the fire come. Nothin'
real heroic about that.

Fred locks eyes with him.

CONTINUED

FRED

Well, you did save my life. *

Spike holds her look for a beat. Hadn't really considered.

SPIKE

When you say it like that... *

As Fred goes back to her work, PUSH IN ON SPIKE, thinking about his heroics:

9 INT. WOLFRAM & HART - WESLEY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

9

CLOSE ON A STACK OF BOOKS as a RESEARCH ASSISTANT picks them up and crosses to Wesley, who stands at his desk. He's bruised and cut from his encounter with the Warrior, but completely engaged in the tasks at hand.

WESLEY

Now if you'd cross reference the
weapons list against both Aztec and
Incan artifacts...

The Assistant nods, moves to a book shelf. Wes crosses to the BOOKISH YOUNG WOMAN from the teaser. She's at a LAP TOP. She shows Wesley an o.s. image of a demon, similar to, but not what he saw.

WESLEY (cont'd)

(shakes his head)

Less reptilian. And its mouth was
larger. Think predatory bird meets
demonic gladiator.

Wes steps over to his Craftsman library table. We see a couple of the OVERSIZED LIBRARY BOOKS we set up in last season's finale.

Wesley picks one up, holds it close to his mouth, says,

WESLEY (cont'd)

Xiochimayan Codex.

Then opens the book to a blank page. After a moment, a series of pictographs magically fade up (VFX).

In the b.g. Angel enters. He has a small cut on his forehead from the fight.

ANGEL

How we doing?

Wesley sets the large book down on the table.

CONTINUED

WESLEY

Based on the creature's appearance
and weaponry, I'm focusing my team on
Pre-Hispanic texts.

(indicates the book)

Specifically Meso-american.

ANGEL

Good.

Wes smiles at Angel.

WESLEY

We're not there yet, but I'm
confident.

ANGEL

(genuine)

I can see that.

He looks around the room at the bustle. Wesley in his
element and in command. Angel nods to himself.

ANGEL (cont'd)

You'll find it. Then we'll figure
out a way to stop it. Then I'll...
stop it. -- 'Cause that's what we do.

He nods again.

ANGEL (cont'd)

I'll be in my...

He gestures toward his office and wanders off. Wes stares
curiously after his boss. He turns back to his book.

CLOSE ON WES: Focused on the text. After a long beat...

WESLEY

(without looking up)

I wasn't aware you could read
Cuauhtitlan pictograms.

WIDEN AND REVEAL - SPIKE: Peering curiously at the book over
Wesley's shoulder.

SPIKE

Who me? Nah. I was just...

(then; casual)

This one of those books on
prophecies?

CONTINUED

WESLEY

No, it's one of our source books.
Each ties into a discipline within
the Wolfram & Hart archive. This is
linked to historical narratives.

Wes points at a second source book on his desk.

WESLEY (cont'd)

That's the one dedicated to prophecies.

Spike steps toward it

SPIKE

So you could look up that Sans shoes
thinga-ma-bob...

Wes isn't quite following.

SPIKE (cont'd)

You know, the prophesy that says
Angel gets to be a real boy again.

WESLEY

Oh, the Shanshu prophesy. -- Yes.
Though the prophesy's a bit more
complicated than that.

(remembering)

It describes an epic, apocalyptic
battle and a vampire with a soul, who
plays a major role in that battle.

(then)

And there is the suggestion that the
vampire will get to live again.

Spike's trying to put the pieces together in his head.

SPIKE

When you say, plays a major role in
an apocalyptic battle... you mean
like..., heroically closing a
hellmouth that was gonna destroy the
world?

Wesley sees where this is going.

WESLEY

The text isn't specific about the
battle.

SPIKE

But it's specific about the name of
the vampire with a soul?

Wes locks eyes with Spike.

CONTINUED

WESLEY

No, I imagine it could be any vampire
with a soul... who isn't a ghost.

Wes' attitude is clear. Angel's the chosen one. Spike holds
Wesley's gaze for a beat then laughs.

SPIKE

A bunch of nonsense. A bedtime story
to get the vampires to play nice.

WESLEY

Says you.

SPIKE

No, says Angel.

That catches Wes off-guard.

SPIKE (cont'd)

Yeah. Tall, dark and dreary told me
he doesn't believe in that Shanshu
bug-a-boo. Said it's a sucker's game.

A Woman's o.s. VOICE calls out,

VOICE (O.S.)

Sir...?

That snaps Wes out of his reverie. He crosses over to the
BOOKISH WOMAN at the lap top. Stares at her o.s. monitor.

WESLEY

That's it. Okay, print it out. --
We'll need to pull some files.

ANGLE ON SPIKE: Staring down at the enchanted book. Still
thinking about the prophesy:

10 INT. WOLFRAM & HART - ANGEL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

10

CLOSE ON A RENDERING. A black and white, Meso-american style
drawing of the Aztec Warrior. It's two-dimensional and a bit
cartoony, but clearly the monster.

WIDE - Angel's at his desk staring at the drawing. Wesley
stands across from him. Spike sits in a chair next to Wes.

WESLEY

It's an Aztec Demon named Tezcatcatl.

Angel sets the drawing down on his desk.

CONTINUED

WESLEY (cont'd)

We don't know a lot about it yet.
Our codex is missing several key
pictographs.

(a beat)

What we do know is that it's been in
Los Angeles before. -- Fifty years
ago to the day.

ANGEL

The Day of the Dead.

WESLEY

Yes, though that could be a
coincidence. -- I'll know better once
we determine why it's here in L.A. or
what it wants.

SPIKE

I'll go out on a limb and say it's
the year round sunshine and endless
supply of fresh human hearts.

Angel ignores the comment. Wesley opens a folder.

WESLEY

Wolfram & Hart have a brief record of
what happened.

(perusing the file)

According to this, Tezcatcatl rose in
the same place, East Los Angeles.
Killed over a dozen people before it
was defeated.

*
*
*

ANGEL

Defeated...?

*

WESLEY

Yes, by five heroes.

*
*

Angel's surprised to hear that there were that many heroes.

*

WESLEY (cont'd)

Brothers. They were the champions of
that time.

*
*

ANGEL

And they destroyed the Demon?

*

WESLEY

Yes, but at quite a price. The
brothers were all killed. All but
one.

*

Wes closes the file.

CONTINUED

SPIKE

Not to be Captain Obvious, but either the brothers didn't really finish the demon off. -- Or it's figured out a way to come back from wherever they sent it. Either way...

(to Angel)

Best of luck, mate.

Angel's thinking.

ANGEL

You said one of the brothers survived. Is he still alive?

WESLEY

Yes.

ANGEL

Okay. Then I'll talk to him. I'm sure he'll want to help. Do we have his number?

WESLEY

As a matter of fact we do.

Off the curious expression on Wes' face:

11 INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

11

Angel knocks on a well worn apartment door. After a long beat, the door swings open. REVEAL NUMBER FIVE. Off his masked face:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

12 INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

12

Right where we left off. CLOSE ON NUMBER FIVE. In addition to his mask he's wearing a Banlon shirt, sans-a-belt slacks and some old house slippers.

ANGEL

Hi, umm...

Number Five grabs Angel by the lapels, yanks him inside, over the threshold and...

13 INT. NUMBER FIVE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

13

SLAMS Angel against a wall.

*

ANGEL

Stop doing that!

*

*

Number Five gets up in his face.

*

NUMBER FIVE

Perhaps I was not clear in our last conversation.

*

There's a gentlemanly dignity to Number Five. Not the doddering old man that Angel expected. Still, Angel's had enough. He jerks free. Reverses and SLAMS Number Five against the wall.

ANGEL

What conversation? You threw me through a window.

NUMBER FIVE

I heard you speaking. You were going to drag me into your quest for the Aztec demon.

*

ANGEL

No, I wasn't. I was gonna give you some mail.

NUMBER FIVE

(a long beat)

Oh. Sorry.

ANGEL

But now I am dragging you back in.

*

CONTINUED

Angel suddenly throws Number Five flying across the room.
The old man lands with a crashing THUD.

Number Five gets to his feet. He's remarkably spry for a man
in his seventies.

Angel crosses toward him, glances around the tiny apartment:
an ancient TV, a well-worn Lazyboy, an arrangement of
inexpensive furniture, some religious iconography. The
detritus of an old Mexican man.

ANGEL (cont'd)

I need your help. You and your
brothers beat this Aztec Warrior-thing
first time round, and I need to know
how.

NUMBER FIVE

I'm sorry. In case you haven't
noticed...

(indicates his modest
surroundings)

I have retired from that life.

Number Five moves over to a small Dia de los Muertos altar in
the corner. It's covered in candles, photographs and food,
but we don't get close enough to see many details.

ANGEL

Wearing that mask doesn't exactly
hide your past.

NUMBER FIVE

It reminds me that only a fool would
want to be a champion.

Angel moves toward Number Five.

ANGEL

Fool? Is that what you think of your
brothers?

Number Five suddenly SLUGS Angel in the jaw.

NUMBER FIVE

(flares)

Never disrespect the memory of my
brothers.

CLOSE ON NUMBER FIVE:

CONTINUED

NUMBER FIVE (cont'd)
(builds)

They were honorable men. They were
"Luchadors." Mexican wrestlers. The
greatest who ever lived. -- Together
we were known as the "Hermanos
Numeros!"

Angel steps close. Takes a look at the altar.

ANGEL
(translates)
The Number Brothers?

ANGEL'S POV - THE ALTAR: B&W PHOTOS of FIVE YOUNG MEN, all
wearing NUMBERED MASKS (1,2,3,4,5,). In some photos they
wear their masks with wrestling tights. In others, masks and
business suits. Angel picks up a photo.

ANGEL (cont'd)
Boy, you guys had no problem getting
past the whole irony thing, did you?

NUMBER FIVE
It was a different time. One that
no longer exists.

Over one of the WRESTLING photos we PRELAP an announcer
yelling:

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
!Lucharaaaan! !Lucharaaaan!

14 INT. WRESTLING RING - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

14

Hard cut into a wrestling match circa 1953. The Hermanos
Numeros in action; high-flying, lucha libre-style wrestling
as they take on a team of masked rudos (bad guys).

The Brothers are in their 20's and each of the five has a
numbered mask and coordinating tights and boots.

As opposed to the slow moving style of American Professional
Wrestling, this stuff's like synchronized swimming. A
constant flurry of action with an ever changing number of
luchadors in the ring.

BROTHERS ONE and TWO are in the ring. They're fighting a
PAIR OF RUDOS. The other Number Brothers are on the curtain.
A THIRD RUDO stands on the opposite curtain. Brother Number
Two squares up against one of the rudos,

CONTINUED

NUMBER TWO
(in Spanish)
!Let's dance, milk maid!

The rudo charges and Number Two SLAMS him to the mat.

PERIOD EXTRAS sit ringside cheering and watching the action.

NUMBER FIVE (V.O.)
We were great warriors in the ring.
Great heroes. Children worshiped us,
women loved us, men wanted to be us.

We get a WRESTLER'S POV from the ring (40fps): KIDS STARING in wonder, A MAN CHEERING, A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN blowing one of the Brothers a kiss.

Number One catapults from the ropes into a Hurricane Frog (head scissor) around one of the rudos' neck. He spins into a victory roll, throws the rudo across the ring and comes up taunting the other team.

NUMBER ONE
(in Spanish)
?You ballerinas still wanna square dance?

Evidently they do. THE THIRD RUDO, climbs up on the ropes and dives into the fray.

NUMBER FIVE (V.O.)
In all the years we fought, we never
lost. Never quit. Never
compromised. We were the best.
(a beat)
But not all of our battles were in
the ring.

A WOMAN SCREAMS. CAMERA SWISH PANS from the ring to a GANGSTER IN THE CROWD. He stands. Raises a SHOTGUN at the Brothers.

REVERSE - IN THE RING: The Brothers quickly respond, flip Number Five high into the air.

GANGSTER'S POV: As Number Five flies toward Camera, FREEZE FRAME on Number Five in mid-air:

DISSOLVE TO:

15 INT. NUMBER FIVE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

15

CLOSE ON ELDERLY NUMBER FIVE. Now sitting in his Lazyboy. Angel sits across from him in a small wooden chair.

CONTINUED

NUMBER FIVE

You need to understand, we were more than just luchadors. No one else cared about Chicanos or Mexicans. So we protected our own.

Number Five holds his hand up; five fingers extended.

NUMBER FIVE (cont'd)

The five of us were always joined, always connected, and when necessary, we came together and became a fist.

He clenches his hand to illustrate.

NUMBER FIVE (cont'd)

We fought monsters and gangsters...
(locks eyes with Angel)
vampiros. We were heroes. We protected the weak and helped the helpless.

*
*

ANGEL

I know a little something about doing that.

NUMBER FIVE

We spent every waking hour together.

16 INT. PANELED REC ROOM - NIGHT

16

A fairly n.d. space. Noirish lighting. The Five Brothers hanging out. They're wearing slick 1950's-style suits and their ever-present wrestling masks. Some kind of mambo music fills the room.

NUMBERS ONE, TWO AND FIVE sit at a table smoking cigarettes and playing cards.

NUMBER FIVE (V.O.)

We fought hard and we played hard.
Brothers in the truest sense.

A SEXY DAME sashays through frame wearing a Chinese-style, red satin dress.

NUMBER FIVE (cont'd; V.O.)

Never jealous. Never bickering.
Those were the happiest days of my life.

We TRACK WITH HER PAST NUMBER FOUR, who's on a sofa with A SECOND SEXY DAME curled up in his lap. She is also dressed of the genre and the period.

CONTINUED

The First Sexy Dame crosses over to NUMBER THREE, who stands off to one side lifting weights. He's casually curling an insane amount of weight. She kisses his masked cheek.

ANGEL (V.O.)
Wait a second...

17 OMITTED
AND
18

17
AND
18

19 BACK TO NUMBER FIVE'S APARTMENT

19

ANGEL
So you guys always wore your masks?

NUMBER FIVE
What you are failing to see, my friend, is that we had to be ever vigilant. Ready for action at a moment's notice.

As if on cue:

PRELAP A PHONE RING

20 BACK TO THE PANELED REC ROOM

20

CLOSE ON A BLACK PHONE. Number Five picks it up, puts the receiver to his ear.

NUMBER FIVE
Si...

CAMERA PUSHES INTO ECU as he listens. Then,

NUMBER FIVE (cont'd)
SI...!!

He hangs up the phone. Stands.

NUMBER FIVE (cont'd)
Hermanos, the devil has built a robot!

WIDE ON THE OTHER BROTHERS: They immediately drop what they're doing -- the curling bar, the cards, the Sexy Dame. They all stand up and in unison, shout,

ALL FIVE BROTHERS
!Andale!

And rush out of the room.

21 INT. NUMBER FIVE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

21

Number Five still sits across from Angel.

NUMBER FIVE
Surely you have heard about our great
victory over the devil's robot?

ANGEL
(shakes his head)
Sorry.

Number Five shrugs.

NUMBER FIVE
Nobody remembers the good stuff.

He stands. Moves away. Angel stands. Calls after him.

ANGEL
Tell me about the Aztec Warrior.

PUSH IN ON NUMBER FIVE as he turns to face Angel.

FLASH CUT TO:

22 A POWERSHOT OF THE AZTEC WARRIOR

22

Stylized, low angle, lots of smoke.

BACK TO:

23 INT. NUMBER FIVE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

23

NUMBER FIVE
What can I say about a demon who
killed the people who mattered most
to me?

ANGEL
You can start by saying how you
killed it back.

NUMBER FIVE
I don't know. Can't remember.

ANGEL
Can't remember or don't care?

CONTINUED

NUMBER FIVE

(shrugs)

Do not misunderstand me. After my brothers were killed, I tried to carry on.

24 INT. PANELED REC ROOM - NIGHT

24

Number Five sits alone at the table, a cigarette burning in an ashtray, the silent phone to one side. CAMERA SLOWLY CIRCLES him.

NUMBER FIVE (V.O.)

I played the game. Tried to help people. But after a while..., the phone stopped ringing. The people went away. -- Until one night when a Man walked in.

We see a SILHOUETTED MAN enter in the b.g. He's dressed in an expensive, 1950's style suit. We never see his face as he approaches the table.

NUMBER FIVE (cont'd; V.O.)

He said his company could use a young man with my abilities.

The Silhouetted Man hands Number Five a business card.

A25 CLOSE ON ANGEL:

A25

*

ANGEL

Wolfram & Hart...

CLOSE ON THE BUSINESS CARD: Wolfram & Hart. The name and title listed are: Holland Manners, Legal Associate.

25 INT. NUMBER FIVE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

25

Number Five faces Angel.

NUMBER FIVE

I needed a job, they needed some muscle. I knew Wolfram & Hart was everything my brothers despised.

*
*
*

He moves back over to the altar. Sets a new item on it.

*

NUMBER FIVE (cont'd)

But what did I care? Nothing mattered after I buried them behind San Gregorio.

*
*

CONTINUED

NUMBER FIVE'S POV - THE ALTAR: The photos, the candles, the little skeletons.

NUMBER FIVE (cont'd)
Every year on Dia de los Muertos, I prepare this altar for them and every year, they never come. They never visit.

(a beat)
Because I am unworthy.

ECU as he pokes at a small, GOLD TALISMAN on the altar.

NUMBER FIVE (cont'd)
But it does not matter anymore. Not after this year.
(to himself)
I should have died with my brothers.

Angel hates hearing Number Five's self-pity. *

ANGEL
But you didn't. You got stuck with the hard part. The carrying on. And clearly that's more than you can bear. *

Angel steps close to Number Five.

ANGEL (cont'd)
(not cruel) *
No wonder your brother's spirits never come to visit. Listen to yourself. You've quit. -- Tell me, 'cause I wanna understand, how'd you manage to completely stop caring?

CLOSE ON NUMBER FIVE:

NUMBER FIVE
It was not hard. -- I will show you.

Off his masked face:

26 INT. WRESTLING ARENA - NIGHT

26

[This is a re-dress of the flashback arena.] HIGH AND WIDE FROM THE BALCONY. Dark auditorium, spotlights, throbbing music: A modern lucha libre fight is in progress.

IN THE RING: FIVE MIDGET WRESTLERS, dressed as caricatures of Brothers 1-5, fight a FAT WRESTLER dressed to lampoon the Aztec Warrior. The colorful spectacle is played mainly for laughs.

CONTINUED

REVERSE ON: ANGEL AND NUMBER FIVE

At the back of the dark arena. Watching the match.

NUMBER FIVE

This is how my brothers are
remembered. What their good deeds
earned.

NUMBER FIVE'S POV: THE RING - One of the Midgets rides the
Fat Wrestler piggyback around the ring as the other Midget
Wrestlers give chase.

NUMBER FIVE (cont'd)

They sacrificed their lives as heroes.
And it is played out as a farce.

ANGEL

Maybe you expect too much from people.

NUMBER FIVE

Is it too much to expect them to
remember their past? To honor those
who fought and died?

NUMBER FIVE'S POV: THE RING - The Fat Wrestler spins one of
the Midgets and sends him sailing out of the ring. The crowd
roars with laughter.

NUMBER FIVE (cont'd)

My brothers are dead and Tezcatcatl
is back to kill again. Why did we
bother? What difference did we make?

CLOSE ON ANGEL as he tries to find the right words.

ANGEL

You made a difference in the lives you
saved. And you did it because it was
the right thing to do.

Angel stares down at the action in the ring.

ANGEL (cont'd)

Nobody asks us to go out and fight.
To put our lives on the line. -- We
do it because we can. Because we
know how. And we do it whether
people remember us or not, and in
spite of the fact that there's no
shiny reward at the end of the day
other than the work itself.

CLOSE ON ANGEL:

CONTINUED

ANGEL (cont'd)
I think some part of you still knows
that. Still believes in being a hero.

Angel turns to see Number Five's reaction to his speech.

POP WIDE: Angel is alone. Number Five has left. Walked out mid-speech.

ANGEL (cont'd)
Then again, maybe not.

Angel looks back down at the ring.

ANGEL'S POV: THE RING - The tide has turned and the Midgets are besting the Fat Aztec Warrior. The Warrior falls over as if dead and the Midgets pin him to the mat. THE CROWD ROARS.

WESLEY (V.O.)
I'd forgotten that Aztec culture was
so violent.

27 INT. WOLFRAM & HART - WESLEY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

27

Wes leans against a wall with a book. Gunn sits at the library table, completely focused on the papers and files spread out in front of him.

GUNN
(without looking up)
Yeah, 'cause our culture's so at
peace.

Gunn pushes aside a PHOTO of the DEAD HOMELESS GUY from the alley. Digs through other papers. Wesley hands a folder to an ASSISTANT who exits the office.

WESLEY
Perhaps, but by and large we don't
eat our victims.

GUNN
You have the file on the lady from
the All Souls mass?

Wes closes his book and picks a file up off the bookcase. Hands it to Gunn. Sits across from him.

WESLEY
She's the most puzzling. The Demon
passed by almost twenty people to
attack her.

Gunn's still tunneled on the research.

CONTINUED

GUNN

I know. We need to find its m.o. so
Angel can guess its next move.

*
*

Gunn sets a file aside. Wesley looks up from his research.

*

WESLEY

Does Angel seem alright to you?

GUNN

(more focused on files)
Yeah. Still adjusting to the
corporate life, I guess. Bit of a
disconnect.

WESLEY

Disconnect?

GUNN

His word, not mine.
(shrugs)

But he's still doing his hero thing...

(then)

Wait a minute...

*
*

A light goes on in Gunn's brain. He grabs a different folder.

GUNN (cont'd)

Didn't you say that homeless guy in
the alley was a vet?

WESLEY

Yes. During the Gulf War.

GUNN

...And something about a Purple Heart.

Wes nods. Gunn finds what he was looking for. Stands, walks
around next to Wes, spreads the files.

*
*

GUNN (cont'd)

(points at the
different files)

Purple Heart... Lady in church worked
with gangs. This dude, a fireman.

WESLEY

(sees the file)

Saved his men in a fire.

(understands)

That's the thread... That's the
demon's m.o.

*
*

GUNN

It's taking the hearts of heroes.

*

CONTINUED

Off Gunn and Wes:

CUT TO:

28 EXT. PARKING LOT OUTSIDE ARENA - NIGHT

28

CLOSE ON ANGEL: Scanning the parking lot. Lots of cars, but no people. Everyone's still inside watching Lucha Libre.

Angel hears the ROAR of a bus, turns as a CITY BUS cruises by.

ANGEL'S POV - NUMBER FIVE: On the lit bus, sitting by a window, staring vacantly into the night.

ANGEL

So much for the stirring speech.

*

REVERSE ON ANGEL: Disheartened. As the bus recedes into the distance, Angel turns back toward the parking lot.

REVEALING - THE AZTEC WARRIOR: Right in front of him.

This isn't even a fight. The Warrior SMASHES Angel in the face with his shield. Knocks him into a car.

It picks Angel up. SLAMS him onto the hood of a car. It then takes its sword and SPIKES it into Angel's stomach.

Angel lets out a GROAN as the sword PIERCES him to the hood.

CLOSE ON THE WARRIOR'S BELT: As it pulls out a ceremonial dagger with a stone blade. TILT UP to its demonic face.

The Warrior steps close. Angel struggles in vain. The Warrior takes its free hand, presses it to Angel's throat.

It raises the blade above Angel's heart ready for the kill, pauses, reads him for a beat then stops....

CLOSE ON THE AZTEC WARRIOR: Making a decision. Backing away.

CLOSE ON ANGEL: Not understanding why he was spared.

WIDE - THE PARKING LOT: Angel, alone, pinned to the car.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

29 INT. WOLFRAM & HART - LOBBY - NIGHT

29

CLOSE ON ELEVATOR DOORS as they open. STEADICAM LEADS Angel, flanked by Wes and Gunn, out of the elevator and toward Angel's office.

ANGEL

So you think this demon's eating the
hearts of heroes...? Huh?!

*
*

Angel's clean shirt hangs open, and there's a wide bandage wrapped around his recently pierced middle.

Angel's being perfectly reasonable.

ANGEL (cont'd)

It's an interesting theory... and I
can see where your research might
seem to support it...

(slight smile)

But your theory kinda fell apart in
the field.

He grimaces a bit, touches his bandaged gut. Begins to button his shirt.

WESLEY

Angel, you've just been through a
horrible ordeal, and I'm not trying
to--

ANGEL

(interrupts)

-- The reason I know this Aztec
Demon's not taking the hearts of
heroes...

(trying to remain
cool)

...didn't take mine.

There, he said it.

ANGEL (cont'd)

Am I really supposed to believe that
it had no problem sticking a sword in
my stomach, but then decided, 'oh
wait, his heart's not heroic enough?'
I don't think so.

STEADICAM LEADS THEM into,

30 INT. WOLFRAM & HART - ANGEL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

30

Angel heads toward his desk.

GUNN

Are you maybe gettin' too hung up on this?

WESLEY

I understand feeling... rejected. But, Angel, this Aztec Warrior eats hearts for sustenance. It wants it for the meat, not the metaphor.

ANGEL

What are you saying?

GUNN

That as meat goes, your heart's a dried up, hunk of gnarly-ass beef jerky.

Angel moves behind his desk, finishes buttoning his shirt.

ANGEL

Yeah, well, stick a piece of wood in it and I still die. Must mean something.

*
*

Wes steps to the front of Angel's desk.

WESLEY

Can we get back to figuring out how to kill this creature rather than figuring out why it didn't kill you?

ANGEL

(defensive)

Sure. -- You're the guys who brought up the whole...

(he makes air quotes)

... 'hero thing.'

Angel, in pain again, touches his mid-section. Gunn steps next to Wes.

GUNN

Before ol' Numero Cinco bolted on the bus... did he drop any details 'bout how he and his brothers defeated this Aztec thing?

Angel shakes his head. After a long beat.

CONTINUED

ANGEL

Wes, you ever hear that the devil
built a robot? *

Wesley, after a beat, straightens his posture and answers
with profound respect: *

WESLEY

El Diablo Robotico.
(then)
Why?

ANGEL

(after a long beat)
Nobody ever tells me anything.

Gunn starts to back out of the room. *

GUNN

I'm gonna go check on my guys in
contracts. *

WESLEY

Gunn, this should take precedence--

GUNN

Relax, it's warrior-related. -- I got
to thinkin'..., if this Aztec Demon
managed to come back after fifty
years, maybe it made some kinda
supernatural deal with something.
(shrugs)
And if there's a deal, might be a
contract.

As Gunn exits, Angel moves toward his windows, stares out,
lost in thought. Wesley approaches.

WESLEY

Angel, what Gunn said about your
heart... The dried up bit. I don't
think that's the problem.

Angel looks at Wes, wary.

ANGEL

But you do see a problem?

WESLEY

It's the work.

ANGEL

Right... The eighteen hour days, the
non-stop slaying of evil, the being
shish-kababed to a Chevy.

CONTINUED

WESLEY

I didn't say you weren't working.
I'm just saying your heart's not in
the work.

ANGEL

So I've been feeling a little...

WESLEY

...Disconnected. Yes, I've heard.

Angel turns away, heads toward the conference table.
STEADICAM LEADS. Wes follows.

WESLEY (cont'd)

But I think it's more serious than
that. You blame your melancholy on
your new position, but I don't think
it's about the type of work. I think
it's because you've lost hope that
the work has meaning.

ANGEL steps up to the conference table. Starts flipping
through files.

ANGEL

Of course it has meaning. We save
people's lives.

Wes is over Angel's shoulder.

WESLEY

I'm not talking about them. I'm
talking about you. It's lost meaning
for you.

That stops Angel for a beat. Wesley presses.

WESLEY (cont'd)

Spike says you don't believe in the
Shanshu prophesy anymore.

Angel turns. Surprised that Spike had said anything to
Wesley. After a beat.

*
*

ANGEL

Of course not. Prophecies are
nonsense. You know that.

*

Wesley's look indicates otherwise.

ANGEL (cont'd)

Come on, Wes. After everything we've
seen the last couple years?
(more)

CONTINUED

ANGEL (cont'd)
(a beat)
'The father will kill the son...'

Wes stares at Angel, confused.

WESLEY
What are you talking about?

CLOSE ON ANGEL: Realizes he slipped -- that Wes doesn't remember anything having to do with Connor.

ANGEL
(not unkind)
Look. We're getting the work done.
Long as I keep doing what I do,
doesn't matter whether I believe in
the Shanshu or any other prophesy.

Wesley steps close to Angel.

WESLEY
I'm sorry, but nothing matters more.
Angel, hope... it's the only thing
that will sustain you. That will keep
you from ending up like... Number Five.

A long beat of silence, punctuated by the conference room
phone RINGING. Angel picks it up.

ANGEL
Yeah.

He listens for a moment, then hangs up and looks at Wes.

ANGEL (cont'd)
Fred. She's got something.

Angel exits. Off Wes, worried his words fell on deaf ears,

31 INT. WOLFRAM & HART - FRED'S LAB - NIGHT

31

CLOSE ON an ELECTRON MICROSCOPE image of the DEMON'S TISSUE
SAMPLE on Fred's computer monitor. ADJUST OFF TO ANGEL:

ANGEL
So it's eating the hearts of heroes
and their blood is what keeps it
alive?

WIDEN AND REVEAL: Fred stands at a table in her lab. The
ELECTRON MICROSCOPE with a monitor in front of her on the
table. Angel, Wes and Spike stand across from her.

CONTINUED

FRED

Yeah, but it does more than that. It acts like a kind of super charged, rocket fuel. Makes it, y'know....

WESLEY

...nigh invulnerable.

SPIKE

Oh, I could kill it.

Everyone looks at him skeptically.

SPIKE (cont'd)

(off their looks)

I mean ghostiness to the contrary.

He steps forward.

SPIKE (cont'd)

C'mon lads, everything has an Achilles heel.

ANGEL

And you just happen to know this creature's Achilles heel?

SPIKE

I'll wager it's the heart.

Hmmm. Actually makes a bit of sense. Fred glances at the tissue sample on the monitor.

FRED

You see that in the science?

SPIKE

No, luv, in the poetry. -- We're talking about a mythic creature. A kill or be killed kind of creature.

(then)

If I was gonna kill something that wanted to take my heart, I'd try and bloody well take its heart first.

GUNN (O.S.)

And you'd be doin' the right thing.

Gunn enters the lab. Has a file folder.

GUNN

That'd stop it for the time being.

ANGEL

The time being?

CONTINUED

GUNN

Yeah. He's kinda got a get out of
jail free card. It's in his contract.

FRED

Contract?

GUNN

Figure of speech. Curse, hex, any
kinda shady supernatural deal,
Wolfram & Hart has a record of it.

Gunn opens the folder.

GUNN (cont'd)

Tezcatcatl was one of the Aztec's
most powerful warriors. He forged a
mystical talisman that would harness
the power of their sun god. Make him
supernova powerful. But he got found
out. Was sentenced to die on the
Aztec version of Day of the Dead.

WESLEY

So he made a mystical deal?

GUNN

It was pretty clever, really. He had
their shaman put a curse on him to
return from the dead every fifty
years. Been doing it for
centuries. -- Usually, that'd be a
bad thing, but in his case, it allows
him to keep searching for the
talisman.

FRED

Any idea what happened to the
talisman?

GUNN

It was given to a great hero who was
charged with protecting it.

Angel finishes the thought,

ANGEL

Which gets passed down through the
generations. -- So each time this
Demon returns, it's searching for
that talisman.

CONTINUED

SPIKE

And if it finds it, the demon becomes
sun god powerful while we become a
series of hearty snacks.

Gunn nods.

WESLEY

Is there a drawing of it?

GUNN

Negative.

(checks the file)

All I know is that it's gold, about
the size of a quarter and has the sun
and some spooky mumbo jumbo carved
into it.

CLOSE ON ANGEL: As Gunn describes the talisman.

FLASH CUT TO:

THE TALISMAN on Number Five's Day of the Dead altar.

BACK TO:

CLOSE ON ANGEL: who bolts from the room.

WIDE ON THE OTHERS: as Angel dashes from the lab.

SPIKE

See...? Drama queen.

32 INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

32

Angel knocks, no answer. The door isn't locked. Angel steps
inside the apartment.

33 INT. NUMBER FIVE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

33

WIDE ON THE ROOM: Angel enters, looks around. He crosses
TOWARD CAMERA.

ANGEL'S POV - THE DAY OF THE DEAD ALTAR has been taken down.
Off Angel, hurrying out.

34 EXT. SAN GREGORIO CEMETERY - NIGHT

34

CLOSE ON A LARGE HEADSTONE: "Los Hermanos Numeros" carved
across it. In smaller type below, Numeros Uno, Dos, Tres,
and Cuatro are listed with their birth and shared death date.
Numero Cinco is listed with his birth date only.

CONTINUED

CAMERA ADJUSTS UP: The ALTAR ITEMS from Number Five's apartment are spread across the headstone. Number Five stands behind the headstone, lights a candle.

CLOSE ON THE TALISMAN: Number Five lifts it over the candle, moves it in a small circle and says,

NUMBER FIVE
(in Spanish)
Tezcatcatl. Come, I wait for you.

35 EXT. SAN GREGORIO CEMETERY - ANOTHER AREA - NIGHT 35

HIGH AND WIDE on this very Catholic cemetery. Lots of statuary. Lots of Day of the Dead offerings resting on and around headstones. ANGEL ENTERS FRAME in the distance, crosses quickly amongst the graves.

36 EXT. SAN GREGORIO CEMETERY - NIGHT 36

Number Five stands next to the headstone. Pours steaming coffee out of a thermos.

ANGEL (O.S.)
It won't work, you know.

Number Five turns around. Sees Angel approach.

ANGEL
You want the Aztec Warrior to come.
To kill you so you can be with your
brothers. But he won't.

Number Five sips his coffee.

NUMBER FIVE
He will be here. I summoned him.

Angel steps up to the headstone.

ANGEL
(sure you did)
Maybe. But he won't kill you. Or
me.
(taps his heart)
Missing the secret ingredient. -- Now
give me the talisman and I'll leave
you to your misery.

NUMBER FIVE
I don't have it.

CONTINUED

ANGEL'S POV - THE ALTAR: He searches for the talisman.
Doesn't see it. Turns to Number Five.

ANGEL
Where is it?

NUMBER FIVE
You are a strange man, Señor Angel.

ANGEL
I'm not the one in a mask standing in
a cemetery in the middle of the night
waiting for an ancient demon to show
up and finish the job it started
fifty years ago.

NUMBER FIVE
No. But you will be.

CLOSE ON ANGEL: Uncertain what Number Five means when he
senses something, SWISH PAN TO:

ANGEL'S POV - TEZCATCATL, THE AZTEC WARRIOR: In the distance,
moving toward them.

Angel grabs Number Five. The coffee spills. Angel starts
digging through Number Five's clothes for the talisman.

ANGEL
You want this thing to punch your
ticket..., fine. But I'm not gonna
let it get the talisman.

Number Five looks over at the approaching Demon.

NUMBER FIVE
Say you stop it. Then what? In
fifty years, it is back and nothing
has changed.

Angel can't find the talisman. Grabs Number Five by the suit
lapels. YANKS him close.

ANGEL
Give it to me!

There's an odd calm to Number Five.

NUMBER FIVE
You are right about Tezcatcatl not
wanting to kill me. That I am not a
hero.
(more)

CONTINUED

NUMBER FIVE (cont'd)
(smiles)
So I had to find a way to fool him.
To make myself worthy.
(then)
I swallowed the talisman.

CLOSE ON ANGEL: Not believing what he's hearing.

NUMBER FIVE (cont'd)
If he wants it, he will have to cut
it out of me.

NUMBER FIVE SUDDENLY GRABS ANGEL, and not unlike earlier,
THROWS him sailing several feet.

Angel CRASH LANDS into an iron picket fence that encircles a
MEMORIAL STATUARY.

ACROSS THE WAY: Number Five quickly turns and marches toward
Tezcatcatl. Steps right in front of it and starts taunting.

NUMBER FIVE (cont'd)
You want your talisman...
(in Spanish)
Come and get it. It's in my belly.

ANGEL GETS TO HIS FEET. He glances over at Number Five.
Sees what's going down. Realizes he has no weapon.
Improvises. Strains to pull one of the IRON PICKETS off of
the fence.

ACROSS THE WAY: NUMBER FIVE continues to taunt the Aztec
Warrior.

NUMBER FIVE (cont'd)
(in Spanish)
What's the matter, Red Beard? Are
you afraid to fight an old man?

Number Five pounds his chest.

NUMBER FIVE (cont'd)
Don't you remember? I'm the hombre
who destroyed you last time. -- Come
on. It's in here. Come and take it.

Number Five punches the Aztec Warrior.

CLOSE ON THE WARRIOR: It roars and PUNCHES Number Five with
its SHIELD. Number Five goes flying. SLAMS INTO A
HEADSTONE. He stands back up.

NUMBER FIVE (cont'd)
That's it! Again!

CONTINUED

The Aztec Warrior pulls out his sword. Charges toward him. Number Five doesn't move. Arms at his side. He's ready for the Warrior to finish him off.

The Aztec Warrior raises his sword, SWINGS a killing blow down at Number Five.

CLANG! REVEAL ANGEL, as his IRON PICKET deflects the sword. He trades a couple of parries back and forth with the Warrior; maneuvers close to Number Five.

ANGEL

(to Number Five)

Not gonna make it that easy for you. *

Angel KNOCKS NUMBER FIVE ON HIS ASS. Then turns his attention back to the Aztec Warrior. *

ANGEL AND TEZCATCATL square off. This is a re-match of the alley fight in Act One. They attack. Nothing fancy, just TWO WARRIORS trying to kill each other.

Tezcatcatl is super strong. Knocks Angel to the ground. But Angel doesn't quit. Gets back up.

NUMBER FIVE'S POV - ANGEL: Battling Tezcatcatl. Not giving up. Not willing to quit.

CLOSE ON ANGEL: Tezcatcatl connects with Angel's iron picket. Sends it flying. The Demon knocks Angel to the grass.

ANGLE OVER TEZCATCATL - DOWN AT ANGEL:

ANGEL (cont'd)

We already did this little dance,
remember?

This time though, the Demon doesn't back away. It strikes at Angel who dodges a vicious sword blow.

CLOSE ON NUMBER FIVE: Watching Angel battle. Something dormant in him awakens.

CLOSE ON THE DISCARDED IRON PICKET: A HAND reaches into frame and grabs it.

ON ANGEL - STARING UP AT THE AZTEC DEMON: NUMBER FIVE swings the picket like a golf club. Connects under the Demon's chin. Gives Angel a chance to ROLL out of the way.

ANGEL GETS TO HIS FEET. Takes a moment to catch his breath. To watch Number Five go toe to toe with the big Aztec Demon.

CONTINUED

NUMBER FIVE
(to the Warrior)
If you're looking for heroes, you're
wasting your time. We're just a pair
of Josés doing our jobs.

A brief weapons exchange between Number Five and the Aztec Warrior. The Warrior spins, runs its sword through Number Five's gut.

ANGEL
Nooo!

CLOSE ON NUMBER FIVE - SHOCKED: Blood comes out of his mouth.

Angel sees it. Charges back in. Forces the Aztec Warrior away from Number Five.

NUMBER FIVE staggers against his brothers' grave, accidentally knocks some Day of the Dead offerings to the grass. He falls to his knees.

His BLOODY HAND PRINT wipes against the face of the tomb. Camera lingers on the BLOOD as it drips to the ground.

ANGEL AND THE AZTEC WARRIOR continue to battle.

ANGEL (cont'd)
It's time I taught you som--

SWAAPPP!!! Angel goes flying across the cemetery and SPLATS to the ground in front of Los Hermanos Numeros headstone.

CLOSE ON ANGEL - DAZED: He rolls onto his back as A HAND shoots up from the grave next to his face. Off Angel, freaked by that supernatural development:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

37 EXT. SAN GREGORIO CEMETERY - NIGHT

37

Right where we left off. CLOSE ON ANGEL, a HAND FROM THE GRAVE next to his face. He rolls to one side of the grave.

ANGEL'S POV - A MASKED MAN claws his way out of the earth. A SECOND HAND bursts through. Then A THIRD. And a FOURTH.

CLOSE ON ANGEL: Watching the miraculous.

ANGEL'S POV: BROTHERS ONE THROUGH FOUR: Struggle up through the dirt, out of the ground. Stand slowly. They're all a little worse for wear, dressed in suits, ties and their trademark masks. Los Hermanos Numeros; back from the dead and ready to rumble.

CLOSE ON NUMBER FIVE - SLUMPED against the side of a nearby headstone. Barely alive. Can't believe what he sees.

NUMBER FIVE
(a whisper)

Mi hermanos...

LOW ANGLE ON TEZCATCATL: Watching the brothers. RAPID PUSH IN POWERSHOT as he raises his sword in a warrior's challenge.

MATCHING LOW ANGLE AND RAPID PUSH IN ON THE BROTHERS.

In unison they shout,

ALL FOUR BROTHERS
!Andale!

And race out of frame.

ANGLE ON - THE BROTHERS RUNNING: Number One, a half step ahead of the others, launches into a cartwheel, back flip, back flip, sticks his landing next to the iron picket fence.

CLOSE ON THE FENCE: Number One YANKS off a picket. Tosses it as if it were a rifle to Number Two.

QUICK CUTS of a couple more PICKETS coming off. Of Numbers Three and Four each catching a picket.

ON ANGEL getting to his feet.

THE BROTHERS, each armed with an iron picket, charge toward the Aztec Demon. Number Four, bringing up the rear, stops, looks back at Angel,

CONTINUED

NUMBER FOUR
Amigo..., andale!

He indicates for Angel to follow. Angel picks up his discarded picket and follows.

HIGH ANGLE: Angel and the Number Brothers surround Tezcatcatl. Angel's directly in front of the demon.

One at a time the Brothers attack the demon, exchanging blows with their pickets and fists before getting knocked aside.

Number Two holds his picket like a quarterstaff. He does a quick flourish. The Aztec Demon meets him strike for strike. Sends Number Two CRASHING INTO A TOMBSTONE.

Numbers Three and Four attack simultaneously. Straight forward gladiator vs wrestlers. Eventually the Demon sends each one flying.

CLOSE ON ANGEL as he attacks. He trades volleys with the demon. Back and forth until Angel does a cool move and manages to knock the Warrior's sword away.

In that moment, Number Two swings the end of his picket toward Number Four who grabs it.

Number One turns away from the Demon, races toward his brothers, LEAPS UP ONTO THE PICKET, and they LAUNCH him BACKWARDS into a high-flying, lucha libre-style, DOUBLE FLIP.

CLOSE ON THE AZTEC DEMON as Number One lands with his legs locked around the Demon's neck. A perfect hurricane frog. Number One spins into a victory roll, takes Tezcatcatl to the ground for the first time in the fight.

CLOSE ON ANGEL, watching the action.

ANGEL
We're trying to kill it, not pin it.

CLOSE ON THE WARRIOR: Sprawled on its back.

WIDER as each of the Four Brothers suddenly dives at the Demon, take their picket spikes and JAM them into the Demon's arms and legs, effectively nailing it to the ground.

ANGEL (cont'd)
Okay, pinning works.

Angel races to the Warrior, grabs its DAGGER.

CLOSE ON THE BREAST PLATE: Angel JAMS the dagger through the protective armor and into the creature's heart. He then gives it a brutal twist.

CONTINUED

CLOSE ON THE AZTEC WARRIOR as it lets out a gasp. WIDEN as it crumbles into dirt and collapses into the ground.

ANGEL'S POV - NUMBER FIVE: Slumped against a headstone.

REVERSE: Angel hurries over to him. Sees he's still alive. Number Five struggles to speak.

NUMBER FIVE
You did pretty good.

ANGEL
Yeah. You too.

Number Five glances down at the blood on his shirt.

NUMBER FIVE
Need practice.

ANGEL
You'll do better next time.

Number Five shakes his head no.

NUMBER FIVE
I told you. I am retired.
(then)
The demon knew. He did not want my heart.

ANGEL
Didn't want mine either.

NUMBER FIVE
But of course. Who would want that dried up walnut of a dead thing?

Number Five smiles. Tries to laugh, but can only cough. He starts to look around.

NUMBER FIVE (cont'd)
(weak)
C-c-coffee...

Angel leans in close.

ANGEL
What?
(really?)
You want coffee?

NUMBER FIVE
Closer... Come closer.

Angel leans in close. Number Five SMACKS him.

CONTINUED

NUMBER FIVE (cont'd)

Stupido.

(then)

The talisman..., it's in--

ANGEL

(understands)

Got it... The coffee.

Angel reaches over. Grabs the metal thermos. Unscrews the top and pours the coffee out.

CLOSE ON THE THERMOS: As the gold TALISMAN slides out and into the grass.

NUMBER FIVE

I may not be a hero, but I am not a fool.

A SHADOW falls across Number Five. Angel turns, sees Numbers One Through Four step up. He then turns back to Number Five.

ANGEL'S POV - NUMBER FIVE: Dead. His chin lolled against his chest. A long beat.

Angel picks up the talisman. Stands. Stares silently at Numbers One through Four. Nods. They nod back. Angel steps aside as the Brothers move forward.

WIDE: One of the Brothers bends over. Picks Number Five up in his arms. Carries him over to the turned earth in front of the headstone. The other three Brothers follow.

We do a cool 360 around Angel as he watches the Five Brothers standing on the grave. When we get back to the grave, all Five are gone. Off Angel, holding the talisman.

38 OMITTED

38

39 INT. WOLFRAM & HART - ANGEL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

39

ON WESLEY as Angel hands him the talisman.

ANGEL

If you could put this someplace safe.

Wes nods. Closes his hand around the talisman. After a beat.

WESLEY

Angel..., are you okay? I know you've been feeling...

CONTINUED

ANGEL

I'm fine. Got the job done. That's what's important.

Angel glances over at Gunn, Fred and Spike on the sofa and chairs by the window.

ANGEL (cont'd)

Been a long day. See you in the morning.

They nod or say "night" as STEADICAM LEADS Angel toward his elevator. Fred stands in the b.g.

FRED

So Number Five jumped in and helped at the end?

CLOSE ON ANGEL, the gang in focus behind him.

ANGEL

He died a hero.

Angel exits frame. The gang starts toward the door, CAMERA PANS off them and onto the windows and our view of downtown Los Angeles.

40 INT. WOLFRAM & HART - LOBBY - NIGHT

40

HIGH AND WIDE. The lobby's empty. Everyone's gone home. After a beat, the door to Angel's office opens. Angel steps out, slowly crosses toward CAMERA as it ADJUSTS down to lead him. CAMERA HINGES around behind him as he passes the elevators and steps up to Wesley's office and enters.

41 INT. WOLFRAM & HART - WESLEY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

41

Angel enters the dark room. Closes the door behind him. Crosses over to the library table. Picks up one of Wesley's source books.

He sits down in a chair. After a long beat he lifts the book close to his mouth and softly says,

ANGEL

Shanshu prophesy.

CAMERA OVER ANGEL'S SHOULDER: He opens the book in his lap. As the runic text of the prophesy FADES UP on the page (VFX), Angel begins to read and we FADE TO BLACK:

END OF SHOW