

Episode #: 2ADH07

Story #: E01024

ANGEL

"Darla"

Written

&

Directed by

Tim Minear

ANGEL

"Darla"

CAST LIST

ANGEL.....	David Boreanaz
CORDELIA CHASE.....	Charisma Carpenter
WESLEY WYNDAM-PRYCE.....	Alexis Denisof
CHARLES GUNN.....	J. August Richards
LINDSEY.....	Christian Kane
DARLA.....	Julie Benz
DRUSILLA.....	Juliet Landau
SPIKE.....	James Marsters
THE MASTER.....	Mark Metcalf

ANGEL

"Darla"

CAST LIST

HOLLAND MANNERS.....Sam Anderson
GYPSY MAN.....Zitto Kazann
SECURITY GUARD.....Bart Petty

ANGEL

"Darla"

SET LIST

INTERIORS

ANGEL'S HOTEL

ANGEL'S APARTMENT

LOBBY

ANGEL'S OFFICE

CONDO

COLONIAL HOUSE - 1609

UNDERGROUND CATACOMBS - 1760

WOLFRAM AND HART

LINDSEY'S OFFICE

ANGEL

"Darla"

SET LIST

INTERIORS

HALLWAY

PARKING GARAGE

PARLOR OF A CHINESE PERIOD HOME - 1900

TUNNEL UNDER ABANDONED BANK

EXTERIORS

CONDO

LONDON STREETS - 1880

WOLFRAM AND HART - DAY (STOCK)

ANGEL

"Darla"

SET LIST

EXTERIORS

GYPSY VILLAGE - 1898

CHINESE VILLAGE - 1900

ANGEL

"Darla"

TEASER

1 INT. ANGEL'S HOTEL - ANGEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Angel sits his arm chair, a sketch pad before him, His face full of concentration as he draws. He's working on a pencil drawing of (present day) Darla. He adds some detail to her delicate features. So immersed is he that he doesn't seem to notice Wesley appearing at his door behind him. Wesley watches him for a beat, wants to speak. Hesitates.

ANGEL

(without looking up)

What is it Wesley?

WESLEY

"It?" There's no "it." "It's"
nothing, really. Just popping 'round
to see if everything's alright.

ANGEL

Fine.

WESLEY

Oh, good, good.
(then)

You're certain? Because, you know,
we haven't seen you downstairs at all
today --

ANGEL

Uh-huh. G'night, Wesley.

WESLEY

Goodnight.

More strained silence. Wesley not leaving.

ANGEL

You're still here.

WESLEY

Apparently. So... you're sure
there's nothing on your mind, then?
That is to say, nothing you'd like
to perhaps, share?

Angel looks up from his pad, thinks then back with:

ANGEL

Nope.

WESLEY
(flatly)

Really?

WIDER -- we see what Wesley sees: Angel's room is littered with dozens of such drawings, all of Darla. Different angeles of her face. Various eras depicted. Angel acts like he's seeing them for the first time, too.

ANGEL

I've been...thinking. That's all.

WESLEY

Thinking?

ANGEL

Yes. It helps me sometimes to think with my hands.

Wesley has picked up a nude drawing of Darla. Admires it.

WESLEY

And occasionally... just the one hand?

Off Angel, snatching that one away from him --

2 EXT. CONDO - DAY

A PROSTHETIC HAND

RAPS against a door. Knock-knock. The one-handed Lindsey continues to knock on the door to this ND condo. Getting no response. He takes off his sunglasses, cranes his neck around, tries to see into the windows. Finally he produces a set of keys. Unlocks the door, enters into...

3 INT. CONDO - DAY

But it might as well be night. All the shades are

drawn. He steps gingerly into the room, waiting for his eyes to adjust. Lindsey's shoes CRUNCH over broken glass as he moves deeper into the place.

LINDSEY

Darla -- ?

Schmucky the bait. Getting a bad feeling now, as:

DARLA (O.S.)

Hello. Lindsey.

Now he sees her. A figure sitting there alone, stone still in the dark. He's relieved. She's not dead. He moves to her.

LINDSEY

Is everything okay? You haven't been answering your phone.

DARLA

Is it ringing?

Now he notes --

LINDSEY

You're bleeding --

Her hand is bloody. Not gushing, mostly grazed with tiny bits of glass. She seems to be registering it for the first time.

DARLA

Huh. I guess I am. That's funny.

He looks from this to the broken glass and general semi-busted-up state of place.

LINDSEY

Did something happen?

DARLA

Oh, god, yes. So many things. I remember them all. Which one were you thinking of?

Ho-boy. Lindsey looks at her. Then back to her hand, carefully removing the tiny shards of glass.

LINDSEY

It was too soon. We shouldn't have sent you to him. We should have waited.

He's looking down at her hand. She's looking right at him. Just sort of taking in his Lindseyness. She likes to say:

DARLA

Lindsey.

(then)

You never talk about yourself, Lindsey. Got a

Girlfriend? Boyfriend? Someone special?

A beat. He looks at her. Then back to her hand.

LINDSEY

There's no one.

DARLA

(in the larger sense)

No. There really isn't, is there? You can be with someone for a hundred and fifty years.

Think you know them. Still it doesn't work out.

(then)

You should have seen us together. We were a plague. A curse. A savage pestilence. It was glorious.

LINDSEY

He was a different person then.

DARLA

Yes. Yes he was. But then, so was I...
(then)

Now do you know what we are? What we've become?

LINDSEY

Enemies.

DARLA

Oh, no. Much worse.

Lindsey looks at her, they meet eyes. A smile creeps over her face. Her own private joke.

DARLA (cont'd)

Now we're soul mates.

She tries to stifle a giggle. Lindsey's not laughing. But, now Darla is. And it is a laugh full of four hundred years of pain and irony. And off that laugh —

BLACKOUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

4 INT. ANGEL'S HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

We can see into Angel's office. Someone is leaning down into a mini-fridge.

GUNN (O.S)

Oh, man. This is nasty.

GUNN comes up, a small bottle of what appears to be tomato juice to his lips. He grimaces.

GUNN

Maybe ya'll shouldn't buy in bulk. This V-8 has gone seriously bad.

Cordelia appears in the f.g., gathering up notebook, pen, etc. She glances at him, eyebrow raised.

GUNN (cont'd)
(horrible realization)
Not tomato juice...

CORDELIA
Might want to ask before you take next time.
That's Angel's fridge.

Gunn sets it aside, horrified. We move off this with Cordy to find Angel and Wesley also nearby. This discussion started before we got here.

CORDELIA (cont'd)
Am I the only one who thinks this is just a really bad idea?

ANGEL
We can't just sit around here waiting for Wolfram and Hart to make their next move.

It's time we got ahead of the game.

CORDELIA

This won't involve kidnapping again, will it?

ANGEL

All we're going to do is find her.

Gunn, still lemon-mouthed, now appears, casts a distasteful glance back toward the mini-fridge.

GUNN

Hey, uh, no chance I'm gonna turn into something evil, is there?

ANGEL

It's just butcher's blood. You're fine.

Somehow this is not making Gunn feel any better.

CORDELIA

(to Angel, on point)

Okay. So we find Darla. Then what?

ANGEL

Then... we'll figure it out.

CORDELIA

And this would be the same woman you didn't actually notice was in your bedroom every night for like three weeks straight?

ANGEL

That was different.

CORDELIA

Different in the sitting-right-on-top-of-you sense, yeah.

WESLEY

Cordelia does have a point.

CORDELIA

Finally!

WESLEY

The last time Darla emerged she wanted to be found. Now she's out there among six million other people.

CORDELIA

She could be sitting on top of anybody!

ANGEL

Come on, guys. We're a detective agency. We investigate things. That's what we're good at.

CORDELIA

No. That's what we suck at. Let's face it,

unless there's a website called "www dot oh
by the way, we've got Darla stashed here dot
com," we're pretty much out of luck.

WESLEY

It certainly won't be easy.

CORDELIA

Well, before he said he could smell her.

(to Angel)

How 'bout we cruise around with the top down
and you take big whiffs?

(off their looks)

We'll wait until after the sun sets,
obviously.

GUNN

Big law firm like that, they gotta have some

kind of housing for their out-of-towners,
right?

Wesley chuckles at the newbie's naivete.

WESLEY

"Out-of-towner?" It's not as though they flew her in from Miami. She was raised from the very pits of hell by way of an ancient and dangerous ritual.

GUNN

Yeah, and? They still gotta put her up, don't they? That's an expense.

(off their blank looks)

You telling me these lawyers haven't figured out a way to write that off?

ANGEL

Let's start digging into Wolfram and Hart's real estate acquisitions. Not just their primary holdings, but any subsidiaries. She'd want something with a view. Darla always loved a view...

5 INT. CONDO - DAY

SUNLIGHT UNFOLDS over Darla as she sits on the couch. Lindsey is pulling open the drapes. She squints against it. Not loving the view. Lindsey reaches for a bowl of water, bottle of hydrogen peroxide, dish towel. He crosses to her, kneels in front of her --

LINDSEY

Give me a hand.

She does. He takes it gently. Examines it. She let's

him, yields to his touch.

LINDSEY (cont'd)

Doesn't look too bad. Don't want it to get infected...

Now, casually, as he opens the bottle of hydrogen peroxide:

LINDSEY (cont'd)

Looks like you smashed every mirror in the place -- you wanna tell me why?

DARLA

(quite simply)

They bothered me.

LINDSEY

I'd think after 400 years it'd be good to see

yourself again —

DARLA

So you would think.

They hold the look for a beat. He breaks off the connection.

LINDSEY

This might sting a little —

He gently takes her hand, holds it over the bowl of water, pours the hydrogen peroxide over her hand.

Darla leans back a bit, shuts her eyes, maybe against the sunlight, maybe against the sting of human pain.

WE MOVE DOWN the stream to the clear water... and now the STREAM coming from the top of frame TURNS RED...

the water in the bowl CLOUDS CRIMSON... we move back
up the now dripping red to...

6 INT. COLONIAL HOUSE - DAY - 1609

DARLA on her death bed, wincing from the sunlight
coming from a window. The blood drips are coming from
her arm. She's being bled by a SURGEON. She's drawn,
pale, lesions are in evidence. Standing nearby, two
SHROUDED NUNS whisper to each other. We're playing this
from Darla's point of view. Everything is slightly
surreal and dreamlike.

The surgeon wraps the latest doctor-inflicted wound.
Then he removes a leech from her chest. Red mark
underneath.

DARLA

Someone close those shutters. It seems wrong I should die while the sun is still so bright.

ROBED PRIEST (O.S.)

You'll not see it again —

One of the Nuns moves to the window, closes them. Darla looks over. A ROBED and HOODED PRIEST has entered the room.

ROBED PRIEST

By the time it sets, you will have left this life.

DARLA

I didn't ask for a priest. Who invited him in here?

ROBED PRIEST

You did. You called out for me last night in your delirium.

DARLA

I don't remember... Do you even know what I am?

ROBED PRIEST

A woman of some property. No husband. No inheritance. Yes. I know what you are. As does God.

(then)

You should have asked for a priest long ago, child. Your life may have turned out the better for it.

DARLA

And you should have paid me a visit before this day, father. Your life may have been more

interesting because of it.

ROBED PRIEST

Are you prepared now to renounce Satan? Beg
God his forgiveness?

She laughs with what little energy she has left.

DARLA

Why? God never did anything for me.

ROBED PRIEST

(to the others)

Leave us.

(off their hesitation)

You can't save her life. Perhaps I can still
save her soul.

Now the others exit the room. The Priest roams the
room.

DARLA

My soul is well past saving. Let the devil
take me if he'll have me. It doesn't matter.
Either way, I die.

She breathes heavily, her eyes close. She hasn't the
energy to go on. He considers her for a moment...

ROBED PRIEST

No. You will not die.

His hand emerges from his cloak... and WE SEE that
is TALON-LIKE.

ROBED PRIEST (cont'd)

You will be reborn...

He moves his right clawed hand to his left wrist... he
cuts his wrist, blood beads there. He holds it over

her face...

A drop of blood to her lips. Her eyes flutter open, she looks startled. And if she wasn't before...

Now he pushes back his hood -- it's THE MASTER. And so he shall be referred to as THE MASTER from here on out --

DARLA

I know you...

THE MASTER

I came to you last night. Sang to you from that window...

DARLA

I remember now... you're death...

THE MASTER

No.

DARLA

What, then?

THE MASTER

Your savior.

(then)

God never did anything for you... but I will...

And as he bares his fangs and leans down, ready to make
with the eternal embrace thing —

7 INT. ANGEL'S HOTEL - ANGEL'S OFFICE - DAY

Angel in his office, scans large book. Wesley knocks,
enters.

ANGEL

Darla. Anglo-Saxon derivation. Meaning

"dear one." It didn't come into common usage until more than a hundred years after she was born... he must have given it to her..
(closes the book)

I never knew her real name.

Angel tosses the book onto his desk. Rubs his eyes.

ANGEL (cont'd)

Any Luck?

WESLEY

Not yet. We're working on it.

ANGEL

Something'll turn up.

WESLEY

Yes. That's my fear...

Angel looks at him. Wesley pulls the door shut.

WESLEY (cont'd)

Angel, you must admit your track record when it comes to Darla has been spotty at best.

Angel takes a beat, can't really argue with that.

ANGEL

Yeah. Seeing her again... it threw me. I killed her, Wesley. And she came back. They brought her back. Now I need to know why. And why like this — why human?

WESLEY

Perhaps human was the only way Wolfram and Hart could bring her back — at least and hope to control her with any degree of success.

Angel can't help but smile at that, remembering
Darla...

ANGEL

And even then...

(then)

Darla was never just about the fangs.

Wesley regards Angel who is having a nearly fond
memory.

WESLEY

Angel — I don't suppose it's occurred to you
that this may be why they've brought her back?

Angel looks at him questioningly.

WESLEY (cont'd)

You've got all your resources, all your

attention focused on finding this one woman —

ANGEL

She's not a woman —

WESLEY

Oh, yes. That's precisely what she is. She may have all the memories of a four hundred year old vampire — but she's a woman now. A human woman. And you mustn't forget that.

Angel considers that.

ANGEL

So you think Wolfram and Hart went to all this trouble just to keep me distracted? Take me out of the game?

WESLEY

It is a possibility. And, if that is the case --

ANGEL

It's working?

Wesley shrugs, well...

ANGEL (cont'd)

So, what, Wesley? You think I should just give up? Ignore all this?

WESLEY

No. I don't see that you have that option. I would just caution pragmatism. Sober thinking in the event we do locate her.

Angel digests that, nods.

ANGEL

She does kind of bring it out in me... she
always has...

Off Angel —

8 INT. UNDERGROUND CATACOMBS - DAY - 1760

THE MASTER finishes feeding on the young dandy. HENCH
vamps in evidence. The Master drains his victim, drops
the body to the ground. HENCH vamps move in and remove
it as he speaks to Darla and Angel, who stand before
him.

THE MASTER

Angelus. The Latinate for "Angel."
How marvelous.

DARLA

His name would already be legend in his home village — had he left anyone alive there to tell the tale.

THE MASTER

You had a nice trip. I'm so glad.

DARLA

On the way back, we cut a bloody swathe through South Wales and Northern England. He was magnificent.

ANGEL

(aside to Master)

Yorkshiremen — tough as leather.

They both laugh. Now:

ANGEL (cont'd)

So Darla here tells me you're some sort of master?

DARLA

The Master. He commands our order.

ANGEL

There's an order?

THE MASTER

The Order of Aurelius. We are the select.
The elite.

ANGEL

(considers that)

And ya live in the sewers, do you?

Darla reacts. The master exhibits elder statesman patience.

THE MASTER

We lurk below, giving tribute to The Old Ones, until that promised day when we will arise! Arise and lay waste to the world above!

ANGEL

Why'dja wanna do that?

THE MASTER

Heh?

ANGEL

Well. I mean, have you been above lately?
It's quite nice.

The Master just blinks; Darla's getting nervous.

ANGEL (cont'd)

Me, I could never live in a rat infested stink hole, if you'll pardon me for sayin' so.

I've got to have myself a proper bed or I'm
a terror.

(to Darla)

Isn't that right, love?

DARLA

(quickly, to Master)

He's young.

ANGEL

(re: Darla)

And this one. Down and goosefeathers and the
finest silks and linens. Oh, and the view.

She's always got to have the view, don'tcha, my
lamb?

The Master's eyes burn on Darla.

DARLA

We fed very recently. The blood is still hot
in his veins.

ANGEL

(nuzzling her)

You noticed that, did you?

THE MASTER

We stalk the surface only to feed and grow our
ranks. We do not live among the human
pestilence.

ANGEL

(snorts)

Well be honest -- you really couldn't with
that face, now could ya?

DARLA

Angelus!

The Master shoots Darla a look -- what's the deal?

ANGEL

It's not stuck like that, is it?

ROAR! The Master whips his head at Angel, bares his fangs. If a vampire can sweat, Darla's doing it now.

DARLA

Angelus, The Master is centuries old. He has grown past the curse of human features.

ANGEL

Am I gonna get a bat nose like that?

THE MASTER

Very few vampires are cunning enough to live

as long as I. As you now demonstrate -- whelp!

WHAM! The Master's arm flashes out, catching Angel and sending him sailing across the chamber, crashing into a wall. That hurt. He rises, looks from The Master to Darla:

ANGEL

Naples. You and me. Whaddya say? Italians have
have got to be more supple than the Welsh --

DARLA

(fearful)

Angelus --

The Master hits him again.

THE MASTER

You will show proper respect!

Angel ignores the pain, gazes at Darla.

ANGEL

Ahh, but you're a lovely thing. This is no place for you. Bowing to the likes of him.

WHAM! He's finding it harder to get back up. But won't cow.

ANGEL (cont'd)

(in between blows)

You belong by my side. Out in the world.

Takin' what we want. Feedin' as we like --

I'll give you that view you crave, darlin'.

I'll give you everything.

A kick to the head. Angel's head lolls, his face swollen and bloody. His eyes finding her anyway.

ANGEL (cont'd)

Tell the truth — whose face you wanna look at for eternity? His or mine?

THE MASTER

Idiot! I made her!

But Angel hasn't taken his eyes off her. The Master follows Angel's gaze... and sees Darla locked-eyes with Angel. Angel smiles at her through all the blood and shit. She can't help it, becomes Stella Kowalski. Grins right back.

THE MASTER (cont'd)

Darla — ?

She shifts her eyes to The Master, a daughter caught
lusting by her father.

THE MASTER (cont'd)

You're leaving with the stallion, aren't you?

He silence is her answer. Angel's been getting to his
feet.

THE MASTER (cont'd)

Go, then. Now.

He turns his back. Darla moves to join Angel. She helps
Angel to his feet. They start off together. The nearby
Hench Vamps start to make a move — The Master stops
them with a gesture —

THE MASTER (cont'd)

It won't last. I give it a century. Tops.

Off the Master's POV of the retreating figures of
Darla and Angel --

FLASHY CUTS TO:

9 INT. WOLFRAM AND HART - LINDSEY'S OFFICE - DAY

The door opens, revealing the silhouetted figures of
Lindsey and Darla. He helps her into the room.

LINDSEY

Are you hungry? I can run down the hall and get
some sandwiches out of the vending machine. Not
exactly gourmet cuisine, but...

He notes that she's looking past him at something. He
follows her gaze to see... HOLLAND MANNERS standing in
the open doorway, watching with interest.

HOLLAND
(that smile)

Lindsey.

LINDSEY

Holland...

Holland moves past Lindsey, to Darla, all smiles.

HOLLAND
Darla, how are you?

DARLA
I'm fine, Holland. Good to see you again.

HOLLAND
Always a pleasure. Lindsey. A word.
(to Darla)
You'll excuse us.

LINDSEY

I'll be right outside.

She smiles, nods, looking a little dreamy. Holland moves past Lindsey, back out to the hall. Lindsey looks to Darla briefly, then exits to --

10 INT. WOLFRAM AND HART - HALLWAY - DAY

HOLLAND

I thought we were very clear on this matter -- now that she's made contact, it's not prudent to have her on the premises.

LINDSEY

I know... I just... I didn't feel I could leave her alone.

Holland looks at him with interest. Lindsey guards himself, comes out with it:

LINDSEY (cont'd)

I think we may have a problem, sir. Darla seems to be displaying some sort of post-traumatic...

HOLLAND

(cutting him off, but mostly to himself)
She's cracking up.

LINDSEY

No. I wouldn't say that —

HOLLAND

She's way ahead of schedule.

LINDSEY

Sir?

HOLLAND

We'll have to accelerate matters.

(that confident smile)

But I think we're ready. You did the right thing, Lindsey. Good work. Don't let her leave the building.

Holland pats Lindsey on the shoulder, starts to go, pauses:

HOLLAND (cont'd)

Oh -- and letter openers, staple gun, even ball point pens. Anything with a sharp edge. You may want to remove those sorts of items from your office. Just in case.

He winks, heads away. Off Lindsey, a little rattled --

BLACKOUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

11 EXT. LONDON STREETS - 1880 - NIGHT

ANGLE ON - A DEAD SAILOR. Eyes wide dead and staring.

DARLA (O.S.)

So beautiful. Not a blemish. Not a freckle.
Perhaps we should have preserved that beauty
for eternity --

ANGLE UP - on our couple -- Angel and Darla, looking
down at the fresh kill, regarding it as one might a
houseplant.

ANGEL

Still — he won't now age.

DARLA

No, but he'll rot. Seems a pity.

Now we PULL WIDER to reveal that a third has been added to this little family — DRUSILLA is with them.

DRUSILLA

When I bit into him, I could hear the ocean.

DARLA

Of course you could.

TRACKING now with the three of them as they emerge into the bustling London streets.

DRUSILLA

I'm full and warm, yet all alone. And the clouds haven't laughed since Sunday.

ANGEL

That's not true, precious. You've got us.

DRUSILLA

Not in the least. You won't even hurt me just a little bit.

DARLA

All you have to do is ask.

DRUSILLA

No. His head's too full of you,
Grandmother.

DARLA

Stop calling me that.

DRUSILLA

Don't be cross. I could be your mummy....

ANGEL

If you're lonely, why don't you make yourself a playmate, Dru?

DRUSILLA

I could! I could pick the wisest and bravest knight in all the land and make him mine forever with a kiss.

Now A MAN carrying a stack of papers and hurrying along the streets bumps into them.

SPIKE

Bloody... watch where you're going!

He didn't see them for his weepiness. He continues on.

DARLA

Or you could just take the first drooling idiot that comes along.

She and Angel laugh at that thought. Dru looks back over her shoulder — DRU'S MOVING POV — moving away from the top as he rips up his poems. Off Dru, eyeing this...

12 INT. ANGEL'S HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

Angel, Wesley and Cordy. The latter are reporting to Angel on their findings. Angel's looking at Cordy's notes.

CORDELIA

According to the building manager, only about twenty percent of the units are occupied.

ANGEL

And the property's owned by Wolfram and Hart?

WESLEY

Annapolis Olive Oil Import/Export. A corporate client of Wolfram and Hart.

ANGEL

And based on this we think the search is over?
It's pretty slim.

CORDELIA

It has a view!

ANGEL

It's not enough.

CORDELIA

And hardwood floors!

ANGEL

We need to narrow it down further. Keep looking.

Angel starts to move off. Cordy stops him with:

CORDELIA

And my sister's living in unit 319.

ANGEL

You don't have a sister.

CORDELIA

Sure I do. My older, like way older, like four hundred years older, blond sister, Darla. No last name. I'm desperately trying to find her because my Mom and Dad are in the coma. Sue, the property manager, was very helpful. She even cried.

ANGEL

Wait a minute — they're both in the coma?

CORDELIA

Oh, and what luck. Our long lost brother who

was born with just the one hand, yet still harbors dreams of being a concert pianist, has apparently been seeing a lot of sis.

ANGEL

Let's go.

Angel tears off the sheet of notes. Wesley blocks him.

WESLEY

Or not.

(off his look)

Perhaps it'd be best if you let me call Gunn and he and I could check this out.

Wesley tugs at the note paper with the address.
Angel's having a hard time handing it over.

WESLEY (cont'd)

We could do the reconnaissance, give you a full report -- then we can all decide how to proceed. As a team.

CORDELIA

Probably a good idea since it's one o'clock in the afternoon and that address is in Sun Valley.

Angel reacts to that.

ANGEL

Right.

Releases the address. Wesley takes it.

ANGEL (cont'd)

Sun.

CORDELIA

Actually I was thinking "Valley." I mean,
why go there if you don't have to?

She moves away. So does Wesley. Off Angel, alone --

13 EXT. WOLFRAM AND HART - DAY

To re-establish, as...

14 INT. WOLFRAM AND HART - LINDSEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Darla sits in Lindsey's office, gazing out the
window. Lindsey enters.

LINDSEY

Darla? You've got a choice --

He holds up two wrapped vending machine sandwiches.

LINDSEY (cont'd)

-- ham and cheese on white or cheese and
ham on white.

DARLA

Say that again.

LINDSEY

You've got a choice —

DARLA

No, not that. The first thing you said.

LINDSEY

I just... I said your name... Darla.

DARLA

It sounds so odd, doesn't it?

LINDSEY

I don't know what you mean —

DARLA

It wasn't my name when I was human. The last

time I was human, I mean.

Lindsey takes a seat next to her. Fascinated.

LINDSEY

What was your name?

She turns, gazes back out the window. Thinks for a moment.

DARLA

(without sentiment)

I don't remember.

(then)

I'm not her, anyway. Whoever she was. I was Darla for so long. And then... I wasn't. I wasn't anything. I just... stopped. He killed me, and I was done.

(she looks at him)

But then you brought me back.

LINDSEY

Yes...

DARLA

What did you bring back, Lindsey?

He looks at her, doesn't quite understand the question.

DARLA (cont'd)

What am I now? Did you bring back that girl whose name I can't recall? Or did you bring back something else? The other thing?

LINDSEY

Both. Neither. You're just... you. And whatever that is, whatever that means...

DARLA

Why haven't you kissed me? You've been dying for it, haven't you?

LINDSEY

I didn't know if you wanted me to...

DARLA

Why should that matter? Do you think I ever hesitated when I wanted something? Life's too short. Believe me. I know. Four hundred years and still too short.

He moves in, sincere. He kisses her. She lets him.

DARLA (cont'd)

This is how humans get what they want — I remember that much.

LINDSEY

Do you like it?

DARLA

It's nice. But it's not me you want to screw —

LINDSEY

What?

DARLA

It's him. You all think you can use me to get to Angel.

A beat as Lindsey looks at her. Is that hurt we see flashing across his face? His features harden again —

LINDSEY

Maybe...

And he goes at her again, kissing her all the more violently. She returns that hunger — in between mouthfuls:

DARLA

What am I?

LINDSEY

I don't know what you are -- and I don't care.

And she bites his neck. Somehow with her blunt, human teeth it's all the more shocking. He recoils.

DARLA

Now do you care?

LINDSEY

No.

DARLA

That's how vampires get what they want. What am I?!

LINDSEY

(take it easy)

Darla --

DARLA

Is that it? Am I Darla?

LINDSEY

Yes—

DARLA

Careful. Darla would snap you in half. Is that who I am?!

A beat as they stare at each other. Her rage turns to deep sadness. She winces against it. Turns away from him. He moves to her out of compassion.

LINDSEY

I understand what you must be going through --

DARLA

No. Nobody understands! Nobody can understand!
I can feel this body dying, Lindsey! I can
feel it decaying moment by moment! It's
being eaten away by the thing inside of it.
It's a cancer, this soul...

15 EXT. GYPSY VILLAGE - NIGHT - 1898

OFF SCREEN SOUNDS OF SLAUGHTER. A gypsy upturned,
burning. Violence has happened here and continues to.
A GYPSY MAN, who anyone with any sense will recognize

from "Becoming," backs up hard INTO FRAME
Darla looming --

DARLA

You took him from me! You stole him away! You
gave him a soul!

GYPSY MAN

He must suffer as those he has wronged have
suffered.

Darla laughs crazily at that.

DARLA

That's no justice! Whatever pain he caused your daughter was momentary. Over in an instant. Or an hour. But what you've done to him will force him to suffer for an eternity.

GYPSY MAN

The soul he has been given does not make him suffer. The evil he has caused does that.

Dru appears from around a corner, clearly in the midst of slaughtering.

DRUSILLA

My love has gone all way. Where is my love?

DARLA

Drusilla. The camp. Go on. Kill things.

DRUSILLA

My Angelus shall be very cross if he finds we had a lovely mass slaughter without him.

DARLA

He'll join us soon. Now do as you're told.

Dru wanders off. Darla turns back to Gypsy Man. She indicates a nearby covered (not burning) wagon.

DARLA (cont'd)

In that wagon is your family. They live now only through my protection. You have other daughters — I had only him. You can leave this place. Your family can live. But only if you release him. Remove the filthy soul so my boy

might return to me.

He's about to respond to her offer when — SPIKE hops out of the back of the covered wagon, lets out an enormous BELCH. Darla looks at him, eyes wide.

SPIKE

(no clue)

What?

Darla sighs, reaches out and TWISTS the Gypsy Man's head — CRACK! She lets his lifeless body drop to the ground. Dru wanders up beside Spike.

DRUSILLA

Pretty song. Pretty, pretty song. Hear it?
They cry out for mercy.

DARLA

(moving off)

Show none.

DRUSILLA

Grandmother's not having any fun at all.

SPIKE

Some people just can't hold their gypsy...

16 INT. ANGEL'S HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT

THE SCREEN OF A DIGITAL CAMERA. Image after image of Darla's self trashed condo clicks by.

Angel, Wesley, Gunn and Cordy looking at the photos. Gunn's eating a sub sandwich, lots of groceries on the lobby counter.

CORDELIA

What happened? Did someone break in?

GUNN

(chewing)

Well -- us.

CORDELIA

(re: photos)

You guys did this? Real mature.

WESLEY

No. This is how we found it. There was no evidence of forced entry.

GUNN

Well, not before we got there, anyway.

WESLEY

It appears she did this herself.

GUNN

Didn't look to me like she was planning on coming back anytime soon, either. Half the stuff in the ice box had gone bad.

Cordy glances at the stock-piled food.

GUNN (cont'd)

The other half.

(then)

Hey, she wasn't eatin' it.

ANGEL

She's smashed all the mirrors --

CORDELIA

Why?

ANGEL

Isn't it obvious?

WESLEY

Angel, I don't think anything's obvious.

ANGEL

The weight of her soul. She's feeling it —

WESLEY

We don't know that for certain.

ANGEL

It makes sense. She was a vampire. Now she has a soul.

CORDELIA

That makes sense? So how come you don't go around smashing mirrors?

ANGEL

Because I don't have to look at myself in them.

The PHONE rings. Cordy goes off to answer it.

ANGEL (cont'd)

She's in trouble. We have to find her.

WESLEY

Angel —

ANGEL

She needs help.

WESLEY

That's quite possible. Or that's what someone would like you to think.

CORDELIA

(re: phone)

Angel?

ANGEL

Take a message.

(then, to Wes)

You think this is a set up?

WESLEY

You mustn't rule it out.

CORDELIA

Angel?

ANGEL

Cordy! Take a message, alright?

CORDELIA

(into phone)

Hi, Darla? He can't talk to you right now.

He'll call you back once he's found you. Okay,
buh-bye --

Angel lunges for the phone.

ANGEL

Darla?

INTERCUT WITH:

17 INT. WOLFRAM AND HART - LINDSEY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Darla alone in the office, whispering into the phone.

DARLA

My boy -- my darling boy...

ANGEL

Where are you?

She laughs. Sing songy.

DARLA

Better question -- where was I? I don't
remember anything. It was a great big nothing.
Could it be there's no hell?

ANGEL

There's a hell. I've been there.

DARLA

I told him no one could understand... but I was wrong, wasn't I? My boy knows...

ANGEL

Yes, I know.

DARLA

You said you'd give me everything -- do you remember that? I believed it then. I still do.

ANGEL

I'll do whatever I can...

Suddenly she looks like a frightened child.

DARLA

It's been four centuries since I've had to be afraid of anything. And now I'm sick with it.

ANGEL

I know.

DARLA

Angel...

LINDSEY (O.S.)

Darla -- ?

She turns, sees Lindsey has re-entered the office.

LINDSEY

What are you doing?

DARLA

(a whisper)

Help me...

LINDSEY

Hang up the phone.

She just stares at him. Not sure what to do. Her end of the phone conversation has gone silent.

ANGEL

Darla?

Lindsey slowly approaches her --

LINDSEY

It's okay. Just put it down --

Now a SECURITY GUARD passing by appears at the open door --

SECURITY GUARD

Mister McDonald, is everything okay in there?

LINDSEY

Yes, we're fine --

SECURITY GUARD

Mister Manners said you might need some help
with her --

LINDSEY

No. Leave!

DARLA

I have to go to him, Lindsey --

LINDSEY

Please don't say that.

DARLA

I'm sorry. He's the only one. He can help me.

LINDSEY

I can help you, too.

DARLA

No. You can't. You don't have it in you. I'm sorry.

WHAM! She brings the receiver down on his skull. He staggers back. The Security Guard enters the office, pulling his gun. Lindsey shakes off the blow, a cautioning hand out toward the Security Guard.

LINDSEY

I can handle this! Get out of here!

SECURITY GUARD

I'm sorry sir. She's not leaving the building.
Why don't we all take a walk down to Mister
Manners' office?

LINDSEY

I said go!

He shoves at the guard. Darla takes the opportunity and tries to bolt past. The guard and Lindsey struggle. The guard grabs Darla, pulls her back into the room. She crashes into some furniture. More struggling, and now...

18 INT. ANGEL'S HOTEL - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Angel on his end, hearing the scuffling.

ANGEL

Darla? DARLA?!

And now, A GUNSHOT. Silence. Off Angel --

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

19 INT. WOLFRAM AND HART - LINDSEY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

WE OPEN on BLACK AND WHITE security camera footage. The footage picks up when Darla bolts for the door. Now we see what happened — The Guard knocking Lindsey out of the way. Getting between the fleeing Darla and the door.

A struggle for the gun. The guard going down. Darla staggering back, stunned by the blood on her hands. Lindsey moving to her, taking her by the shoulders and leading her from the room. STATIC.

WIDER

Holland has been rolling the tape for Lindsey. Shuts

off the monitor, looks to his young protege.

HOLLAND

You not only allowed her to escape -- you facilitated it.

LINDSEY

Things were confusing...

HOLLAND

Things are often confusing for you, aren't they, Lindsey? Especially, it seems, when it comes to this woman. You've allowed yourself to be ruled by your emotions.

Lindsey just sort of stares off into space.

LINDSEY

The Guard?

HOLLAND

His family has been notified. The police have
a suspect in custody. It's handled.

Lindsey looks away, guilt eating at him.

HOLLAND (cont'd)

You're off this project, Lindsey.

He starts, looks to Holland, worried for Darla.

LINDSEY

I can find her.

HOLLAND

You don't have to find her. We picked her up
two blocks from here.

LINDSEY

She's safe?

HOLLAND

We won't discuss it any further.

LINDSEY

If you're thinking of giving this project over to Lilah, I really feel that bringing her in at this stage --

HOLLAND

I'm not giving it over to anyone. The situation has gone too far out of control. I'm terminating the project.

LINDSEY

Terminating -- ?

We get from Lindsey's reaction just what that might mean.

HOLLAND

Go home, Lindsey. Get some rest. We'll start fresh tomorrow.

Holland exits. leaving Lindsey with his words.

20 INT ANGEL'S HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT

Angel on the move, pulling on his coat.

GUNN

You want me to go with you?

ANGEL

No. This is something I have to do on my own.

Cordy brings him his car keys.

WESLEY

Angel --

ANGEL

I know, Wesley. I could be walking into a trap. I get that.

WESLEY

I'm not convinced you do.

ANGEL

She asked for my help. I can't turn my back.

WESLEY

No. And you shouldn't — not for a moment. You more than anyone know what she was.

ANGEL

What we were. I also know what she's going through. Maybe unlike me, she won't have to go through it alone.

CORDELIA

You're not alone.

That catches him a little off guard, he looks at her.

WESLEY

You may be right. Darla may very well be experiencing all of this exactly as you did. But Angel — you yourself wandered for a hundred years before ever seeking redemption.

ANGEL

She's human. She doesn't have a hundred years to wander —

21 INT. PARLOR OF A CHINESE PERIOD HOME - 1900

Darla enters, dressed in the local fashion. She's been shopping. She puts down her wrapped packages on a

table. She senses something, looks up as — HANDS take her from behind, holding either side of her head. Angel's face comes up close to her, cheek to cheek. He's filthy. Unkempt.

ANGEL

You're so warm. You've just fed.

She's breathless, quickly running through her options in her mind.

DARLA

You found me —

ANGEL

You could never resist a religious war. And you always talked about China... I just followed the bodies. You didn't used to be so careless.

DARLA

Maybe I wanted to be found --

ANGEL

Spike and Dru?

DARLA

They're here. Probably out in the riots. Maybe starting some new ones.

She's still got her back to him, her hands have been quietly and carefully working at the tissue paper of the package before her. Now she whips around, has a big ass bowie like knife in her hand. She brandishes it at Angel's throat. He doesn't look surprised. Doesn't struggle.

DARLA (cont'd)

I should kill you right now.

ANGEL

Go ahead.

DARLA

Is that why you've come all this way? Too much of a coward to end your own existence? You want me to do it for you? Release that filthy soul?

ANGEL

If you like.

DARLA

I can still smell it, you know.
(then, re: his odor)
That's not all—

ANGEL

Steamer. I had to stow away.

DARLA

You reek of vermin. Is that what you've been living off of?

ANGEL

This should be nothing for you, Darla. Go on, now — be sure to cut clean through the bone. Put the blade in the wall.

He presses his throat against the blade. Blood beads there. They're face to face, very close. She doesn't look strong. She looks weak. A long beat as she regards him. Finally she withers, lowers the blade, steps back.

DARLA

What do you want?

ANGEL

A second chance.

DARLA

What?

ANGEL

I want things to be like they were. You and me together. Darla — I miss the view.

She looks at him looking at her. She sadly shakes her head.

DARLA

It's impossible...

ANGEL

It's not impossible.

DARLA

You still have a soul.

ANGEL

And I'm still a vampire.

DARLA

You're not. Look at you. You're not even that careless youth I found in that tavern so many years ago. I don't know what you are --

ANGEL

You know what I am. You do. You made me, Darla. I'm Angelus.

DARLA

Not anymore.

ANGEL

I can be again. Just give me the chance to prove it to you.

DARLA

You almost make me believe you...

ANGEL

Believe it. We can have the whirlwind back...

She's drawn into the eyes, his conviction.

DARLA

We can do this...

ANGEL

Yes we can.

DARLA

We can do anything...

ANGEL

Anything we like.

They come to together, drawn by a force not unlike gravity. And as their passion mounts...

22 INT. WOLFRAM AND HART - PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Lindsey walks down the ramp, moves to his BMW. Pops the trunk, tosses his briefcase inside. Slams the trunk closed as he dials his cellphone. Suddenly -- a cord wraps around his throat. Is pulled taut. He's yanked up to his tip-toes. Straining against this.

Angel is there, the wire looped up over a pipe as a fulcrum.

ANGEL

Where is she?

Angel lets it go just little slack. Lindsey coughs --

LINDSEY

I was --

Yank! Back up on his tip-toes.

ANGEL

Nope. You get just enough breath to tell me where she is. My advice -- don't waste it.

Lindsey can't exactly speak for the gagging part. He thrashes, holds out his cellphone toward the stone-faced Angel. Angel reacts as he hears, coming from it --

CORDELIA (V.O.)

(filtered, on phone)

Angel Investigations -- hello?

Angel reacts to that, lets it go just a little bit

slack. Enough for Lindsey to croak out:

LINDSEY

-- trying to call you

Angel regards him with the appropriate suspicion.

LINDSEY (cont'd)

They're going to kill her. You have to stop
it --

A beat as Angel digests that. Not sure what to make of
this.

LINDSEY (cont'd)

She needs you. Please.

For some reason those words coming from this guy really
piss Angel off. He gives the wire another good yank.
Lindsey goes up again.

ANGEL

You're a liar.

LINDSEY

(just a gasp)

It's true —

ANGEL

Where — ?

He releases the tension.

LINDSEY

An abandoned bank. Figueroa and Ninth. Wolfram
and Hart own the property. I'm pretty sure
they've taken her there.

ANGEL

You're pretty sure?

LINDSEY

I'm not exactly in the loop on this one. But that's where they do this sort of thing — they'll be underground. Where the vaults used to be.

Another beat. Another yank. Lindsey gags.

ANGEL

If this is a trick, just know I'll be back for you, Lindsey.

Lindsey nods as best he can. Angel looks down on him with loathing.

ANGEL (cont'd)

Hell. I might just be back for you anyway.

Now Angel lets the whole thing go. Lindsey staggers

back onto his car, setting off the BLARING ALARM.
Lindsey rubs his throat, looks up -- Angel's gone.

LINDSEY
(to himself)

Hurry...

23 EXT. CHINESE VILLAGE - BOXER REBELLION - NIGHT - 1900

Riot and violence. The boxers are rebelling already.
Angel appears in the fray, cleaned up since the last
time we saw him. He searches the crowd for someone.

ANGEL
(calling)

Darla!

A burst of violence right at his shoulder, he moves on,
searching. He comes upon an alley-like alcove between

buildings. Reacts as he sees a terrified MISSIONARY FAMILY, Mother, Father, children of varying ages and an INFANT (in distinctive basket and blanket.) Hiding, cowering and Bible clutching. Angel meets their eyes. He hesitates.

DARLA (O.S.)

Angelus!

Angel starts. Eyes still on the family. He backs away, turns to meet up with —

— Darla emerges from the chaos, giddy with it.

DARLA

The whirlwind, Angelus!

She's flushed with excitement, kisses him hard on the mouth. As she disengages —

DARLA (cont'd)

What's over here -- ?

ANGEL

Nothing. Bodies. Let's find something warm --

She looks at him, just a split second of uncertainty flashing across her features. Then:

DARLA

Yes. Some missionaries. We'll drain the piety right out of them.

They start to move away from the hiding family when now --

Spike and Dru walk out of a burning building and into the bloody chaos of rebellion all around them. Spike's long period-era coat flows out behind him as he walks.

He's no longer the unsure, overcompensating vamp he was before. Now he radiates true confidence.

They see Angel and Darla.

DARLA (cont'd)

Where have you two been?

Spike and Dru share a conspiratorial look.

DRUSILLA

May I tell?

Spike nuzzles her.

SPIKE

No need to be humble.

DRUSILLA

My Spikey's just killed a Slayer!

DARLA

What?

(to Angel)

Did you hear that?

Angel stares.

ANGEL

(not pleased)

Congratulations. I guess that makes you one of us.

SPIKE

Don't be so glum, mate. Way you tell it, one Slayer snuffs it, another one rises. I figure there's a new Chosen One, getting all chosen as we speak. Tell you what: if and when this new bird does show up - I give you first crack at her.

Angel nods, stone-faced.

DRUSILLA

I smell fear —

Her head turns back toward the alcove where the family hides.

ANGEL

This whole place reeks of it.

DRUSILLA

It's intoxicating.

A REBELLING BOXER comes at them with a lethal weapon. Angel drops the guy, twisting his neck nearly off his body. The others react, impressed.

ANGEL

Let's get out of here. This rebellion's

starting to bore me.

Angel starts off. The others follow. Darla watching him closely for a moment. The four of them to move off together. This becomes the POWER SHOT we saw in Buffy as the four of them stride through the chaos and destruction in slow motion. The four move towards us, blacking out frame --

24 INT. TUNNEL UNDER ABANDONED BANK - NIGHT

A BLACK FRAME -- we're inside the back of a van as the back doors are pulled open, revealing the white coveralled BULLET BOYS. They reach in, pull out --

DARLA

Bound and gagged, pulled roughly from the back of a

van and tossed onto the hard cement floor. One of the men raises a gun. Aims. They pause at the SOUND of SQUEALING TIRES, look up to see —

— car headlights beams glancing off the wall, then Angel's car appears, careening down the ramp before them, SCREECHING to a top, HI-BEAMS big in the frame. Angel pulls himself up from the driver's seat, ready to rumble. And off this standoff —

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

25 INT. PARLOR OF A CHINESE PERIOD HOME - 1900

Angel enters the place. Strains to see in the darkness.

ANGEL

Darla?

Now he sees her, a figure sitting stone still in the dark.

ANGEL (cont'd)

What's going on?

DARLA

Where have you been?

ANGEL

Just out -- why?

DARLA

Feeding?

ANGEL

Yes --

DARLA

On vermin?

ANGEL

No.

DARLA

Don't lie to me.

ANGEL

I've killed men. You've seen it --

She rises, moves to him — boy is she pissed.

DARLA

Rapists and murders. Thieves and scoundrels.
Did you think I wouldn't notice? Only evil-
doers. That's all you hunt anymore —

He just looks at her, busted.

DARLA (cont'd)

You swore to me. You said if I took you back,
you'd prove yourself.

ANGEL

And I will —

DARLA

Good.

She has moved to a table, something there under a blanket. She whips the blanket off — revealing the GURGLING INFANT. We recognize it as the infant and basket from the missionary family.

DARLA (cont'd)
Now's your chance.

He looks in shock from the child to her.

DARLA (cont'd)
I went back before dawn. They were still cowering there. Praying to their God for salvation. They didn't know that their only savior was at the waterfront — dining on rats.

Angel has no defense. Says nothing.

DARLA (cont'd)
I won't be made a fool, Angelus. Not by you.
Not by anyone.

ANGEL

I didn't mean to.

DARLA

No? For godsake, while Spike — Spike — is off
killing a Slayer — you're saving missionaries.
(hurt)

From me.

It does sound pretty awful the way she says it.

ANGEL

I'm sorry...

He takes a step toward her; she backs away.

DARLA

No. No more words. Act.

And off Angel returning his gaze to the innocent
gurgling baby in the basket and Darla's defiant glare...

26 INT. TUNNEL UNDER ABANDONED BACK - NIGHT

Angel comes leaping over the hood of his car. The armed Bullet Boy gets off a shot, but Angel kicks the gun from his hand. It goes into the air. Angel catches the gun and has a fist full of it which he brings hard against the guy's face. He goes down.

Angel exchanges some moves with the second guy. Takes him out.

Darla tries to escape, scooting back, trying to get to her feet. The third guy sees this, goes after her. They struggle. Darla is knocked hard against the wall.

Angel finishes off the second guy, comes after the last guy. Dispatches him. Now he moves to Darla's side. She's unconscious.

FLASHY CUTS TO:

27 EXT. WOLFRAM AND HART - DAY

To established the new day, as...

28 INT. WOLFRAM AND HART - HALLWAY - DAY

Lindsey moves down the corridor toward his office. He reacts as he spots, at the end of corridor, near reception, Holland talking and laughing with the supposedly dead Security Guard, now in civilian clothing. Holland spots Lindsey watching him. Shakes not-dead guy's hand, excuses himself, approaches Lindsey. Lindsey enters his office, his mouth a straight line.

29 INT. WOLFRAM AND HART - LINDSEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Holland follows Lindsey in.

LINDSEY

Did you re-notify his family?

HOLLAND

Lindsey —

LINDSEY

You played me. You played her.

HOLLAND

We had to make you believe it, Lindsey.

LINDSEY

Why?

HOLLAND

Because she had to believe it... because Angel
has to. The crisis needed to be real.

LINDSEY

You think now that you've driven her back to him she'll give him that perfect moment of happiness? That he'll come to our side? It won't happen. He's noble. He'll never take advantage of her in this state. Not now.

HOLLAND

You don't understand our friend at all, Lindsey. We know there's no prospect for physical intimacy here. So you needn't torture yourself...

LINDSEY

Then what do you expect him to do?

HOLLAND

What he will do. What he must do. Save her soul.

A beat — then Lindsey bursts out laughing. Holland is perplexed.

LINDSEY

I may not understand Angel — but you don't understand her. You can't hope to...

Off that pronouncement —

30 INT. ANGEL'S HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

Darla being tended to by Angel and company. She's resting on a sofa in the lobby. The scene echoes her 1609 deathbed scene. She comes around.

ANGEL

She's going to be okay —

CORDELIA

Maybe we should get her a doctor.

Darla's eyes open. She's coming around.

DARLA

No doctors.

(she sees him)

Angelus --

CORDELIA

Um... sorry, I know you're like concussion gal
and all, but it's Angel. Around here, just
Angel. 'kay?

ANGEL

Guys -- you mind? Can you give us a minute?

WESLEY

Of course.

GUNN

No problem.

The others exit. Angel moves to Darla's side.

DARLA

I thought I was dead --

ANGEL

You're not dead.

DARLA

(after a beat)

Not sure how I feel about that.

ANGEL

(he smiles)

I know what you mean.

She looks him, studies him.

DARLA

God, I'm so lucky. To have someone who understands. Who knows.

(realizing)

That's something you never had, is it?

(then)

I'm sorry for that.

ANGEL

It wasn't your fault.

DARLA

No... but there's so much that is.

ANGEL

It's going to be okay.

DARLA

You mean that, don't you?

ANGEL

I do.

DARLA

I knew you'd help me. I knew if I could get to you... it's funny. That's why they brought me back -- to get you. Now I find I need you. Just like I've always needed you.

(then)

You'll make the pain stop, won't you?

He looks at her, the realization just slowly sinking in...

ANGEL

It takes time...

DARLA

It takes moments. Do it now.

That sends Angel back up on his feet.

ANGEL

What?

She rises, faces him.

DARLA

Make me what I was again —

ANGEL

Darla...

DARLA

You said you'd help me —

ANGEL

And I will — I want to...

DARLA

Then turn me back! My god! I can't bear this
pounding in my chest for another instant.

ANGEL

You have no idea the gift you've been given.
To feel that heart beat. To know you're alive.
Really and for once — alive. You're human
again, Darla. Don't you know what that means?

DARLA

Of course I do. It means pain and suffering
and disease and death. I released you from that
world once. I gave you eternal life. Now it's
time for you to return the favor.

ANGEL

Favor? You think that was a favor? You think I
wanted to be turned into a monster? Is that
really what you think? You damned me.

She turns stony. Defiant.

DARLA

Fine. If it's such a punishment -- take out
your revenge. Pay me back.
(smaller)

Please...

A long beat as he looks at her, finally:

ANGEL

(with real regret)

I can't...

She stares at him, splayed open, in the kind of pain he
knows only too well... and off this --

31 INT. PARLOR OF CHINESE PERIOD HOME - 1900

DARLA

...what do you mean you can't?

Angel stares down at the innocent child...

DARLA (cont'd)

You won't.

ANGEL

No... it's more than that. There's something in me. It prevents...

He looks at her, tears in her eyes.

ANGEL (cont'd)

I can't seem to be what I'm not...
I've tried.

DARLA

You disgust me.

He moves toward her, grabs her hard by the shoulders,
pulls her toward himself.

ANGEL

I'm sorry.

And he shoves her away, hard. Then he sweeps up the basket with the baby in it and crashes out through the window, onto the night --

32 INT. ANGEL'S HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

Darla continues to stare. Now she starts to back away from him. She turns, runs to the garden door. He starts to go after her -- she pauses, turns back --

DARLA

Don't look for me again.

Then she turns and is folded into the morning. Off Angel, just watching her go, unable to follow...

FADE OUT

THE END