

Episode 1ADH19

Story # E00817

ANGEL

"Sanctuary"

Written by

Tim Minear

&

Joss Whedon

ANGEL
"Sanctuary"
CAST LIST

ANGEL.....	David Boreanaz
CORDELIA CHASE.....	Charisma Carpenter
WESLEY WYNDAM-PRYCE.....	Alexis Denisof
BUFFY SUMMERS.....	Sarah Michelle Gellar
FAITH.....	Eliza Dushku
KATE LOCKLEY.....	Elisabeth Rohm
COLLINS.....	Alastair Duncan
WEATHERBY.....	Jeff Ricketts
SMITH.....	Kevin Owers
LINDSAY MCDONALD.....	Christian Kane
LEE MERCER.....	Thomas Burr
LILAH MORGAN.....	Stephanie Romanov
DETECTIVE KENDRICK.....	Adam Vernier

ANGEL
"Sanctuary"
SET LIST

INTERIORS

ANGEL'S BUILDING

ELEVATOR

APARTMENT

OUTER OFFICE

WOLFRAM & HART BUILDING

LINDSEY'S OFFICE

CONFERENCE ROOM

ENGLISH PUB

DOWNTOWN LOFT APARTMENT (Episode 18 - "Five By Five")

POLICE PRECINCT

CHOPPER

JAIL CELL

ANGEL
"Sanctuary"
SET LIST

EXTERIORS

ANGEL'S BUILDING - DAY (STOCK)
WOLFRAMS AND HART BUILDING - DAY (STOCK)
DOWNTOWN LOFT APARTMENT (Episode 18 - "Five By Five")
ANGEL'S BUILDING
 ROOFTOP
CHOPPER
PARKING LOT
POLICE PRECINCT - NIGHT (STOCK)

ANGEL
"Sanctuary"

TEASER

WE OPEN with a big fat "previously on 'Angel' and 'Buffy The Vampire Slayer'." Faith wakes from her coma, menaces Buffy. Detectives talk about how Faith's wanted for murder and "has a lot to answer for." Faith comes to Los Angeles, tortures Wesley in an attempt to get Angel to put her out of her misery -- and ends up reduced to a whimpering mess in Angel's arms. And off that last image we GO TO BLACKNESS...

IN BLACKNESS:

A GENTLE WHIRRING SOUND. WE FADE UP on...

INT. ELEVATOR IN ANGEL'S BUILDING - NIGHT

ANGEL'S FACE

Stoic. Bruised and cut and still soaking wet from his big battle with Faith. CAMERA DRIFTS, finding FAITH at Angel's side. She's conscious, but wiped out, wet hair in her face, eyes staring blankly. Neither speak.

The elevator comes to a stop in --

INT. ANGEL'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Angel steadies Faith as he pushes open the sliding

elevator door. He's also got her battered bag she was carrying when she got off the bus in episode 18. Faith doesn't register the stop.

ANGEL

Faith?

(no response, then)

Come on.

He gently leads her into the apartment, maneuvers her over to his bed. Sits her on the edge of it. He grabs a towel, gently pats her dry. She lets him. It's all very tender and big brotherly.

ANGEL (cont'd)

It's okay... you're safe here.

She says nothing. She yields to him as he helps her on to the bed. Her face a blank.

ANGEL (cont'd)

You rest, now. Just rest.

She lets out a slight hollow gallows laugh. We can't be sure if it was in response to him, or some other voice only she can hear. She curls up a bit, doesn't go totally fetal, but it's not far from that, her head turned away from him.

Angel puts her bag on a side table.

ANGEL (cont'd)

I'm putting your stuff here.

She gives no indication that she even heard him, Angel regards her for a moment.

A beat.

ANGEL (cont'd)

I'll be close.

He starts to move off, but pauses now, as --

FAITH

Angel -- ?

He turns, looks at her. She's still turned away from him. He moves closer.

ANGEL

Yes?

A pregnant beat. Suddenly she spins around. A FLASH OF METAL! She's got a scary looking bowie knife. She plunges it into Angel's face, again and again and again. It is violent and shocking... and it never happened.

We CUT BACK to the scene. She's still turned way from him. He still looks at her expectantly. That violent flash was all in Faith's tortured mind. Finally --

FAITH

(flatly)

Nothing.

Off her unreadable expression --

BLACK OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. ANGEL'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Cordy moves about the office, looking in drawers. Wesley appears at the door, battered from his torture session. Cordy turns to him -- and now WE SEE the huge shiner she's sporting from her own encounter with Faith. They move to each other, stare at their mutual damage.

WESLEY

(taking in her shiner)

Bitch.

(quick to add)

Not you, obviously.

(then)

WESLEY (cont'd)

I can't tell you how sorry I
am that I allowed this to happen.

CORDELIA

Uh, I believe it was Faith who
allowed her elbow to collide with
my face. Not your fault.

WESLEY

(ashamed)

At least you only got the elbow...

CORDELIA

Well, if it's any consolation,
it really does look like you

CORDELIA (cont'd)
were tortured by a much larger
woman.

Wesley takes a quick look around, makes sure they're alone.

WESLEY
(under his breath)
She's still here, I assume?

CORDELIA
(confidentially)
He gave her his bed.

Wesley is insulted by the very notion. Now Angel appears
from his office door, is about to say something to Cordy,

but stops short, surprised to see...

ANGEL

Wesley.

WESLEY

Angel.

ANGEL

Didn't expect to see you in
today. How are you feeling?

WESLEY

As well as can be expected.

ANGEL

Good. Good...

(to Cordy)

Uh... donuts?

She indicates a pastry box at the coffee station. Angel moves to the box, opens it, looks inside.

WESLEY

(he knows better)

Developed a sweet fang, have you?

ANGEL

Ha.

(to Cordy)

You get jelly?

CORDELIA

Whole selection.

Angel notes Wesley hovering. Looks at him -- yes?

WESLEY

Won't she have trouble
enjoying delicious jelly filled
donuts if she is, one assumes,
bound and gagged?

ANGEL

(a beat; sigh)

Wesley, we went through all
this last night --

WESLEY

Yes. And you were right. The police would be ill equipped to hold a Slayer against her will... I understand why you chose not to turn her over to them. I do not, however, understand why the woman who brutally tortured me last night, this morning... gets pastries.

ANGEL

(awkwardly holds box)

Well... I... don't really have anything else downstairs.

Wesley hardens at that.

ANGEL (cont'd)

What do you want to do, Wesley?
Let her starve?

WESLEY

Certainly not.

(then)

There are far more humane ways
to deal with a rabid animal.

Angel darkens, gets a little in Wesley's face.

ANGEL

She's not an animal.

WESLEY

No?

ANGEL

She's a person -- and in case you've forgotten, we're not in the business of giving up on people.

WESLEY

Don't you dare take the moral high ground with me, not after what she did. I believe in helping people. I don't believe in coddling murderers.

Beat.

ANGEL

Wesley... wasn't too long ago,
you were the one making the case
for her rehabilitation.

WESLEY

It wasn't that long ago that I
had full feeling in my right arm.

A beat. Then, more calmly:

ANGEL

She wants to change.

WESLEY

There is evil in that girl,
Angel. It doesn't matter what
she wants, or says she wants.
You set her free and she'll
kill again. Sooner or later.

A beat as he lets that sink in, then he turns and goes.
Cordy finds what she's been looking for -- a bound
corporate check book. Angel keeps his eyes on the door Wes
left by.

ANGEL

He'll come around.

CODELIA

Wesley? Sure. People are
always a little funny right
after they've been sadistically
tortured. Well, you'd know that.
I need you to sign these.

She indicates where to sign, he does, absently, mind on
Wes.

ANGEL

You understand why we have to
help Faith, don't you?

CORDELIA

Oh, totally. And here.

ANGEL

I mean, we can't arbitrarily
decide whose soul is worth
saving and whose isn't.

CODELIA

Oh, I know. And this one.
(then)
Thanks.

She pockets the signed checks. Marks the check registry.

ANGEL

(realizing)

Those were all made out to you --

CORDELIA

Yeah.

ANGEL

(off registry)

"Paid vacation?"

CORDELIA

Like I'm gonna stick around
here while psycho case is
roaming loose downstairs with
three tons of medieval weaponry.
Not.

Angel just blinks as she slips on her coat, heads out. As
she goes, pointing to donut box he absently holds --

CORDELIA (cont'd)

Oh, and I'm not thinking sugar
high? Maybe not such a great
idea.

And she's gone. Off Angel...

EXT. ANGEL'S BUILDING - DAY (STOCK)

Flashy flash cut to --

INT. ANGEL'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

The elevator carrying Angel stops in the apartment. He's
got the donut box... He pushes open the sliding door.
Moves into the apartment. He glances over towards the

bed -- no Faith.

ANGEL

Faith -- ?

WE MOVE with him. She's nowhere to be seen. Schmuck the bait as he moves through the space, looking around corners.

He slows, senses a presence, turns to see --

FAITH

in the shadows. Lurking - ish. She's still a bit of a zombie girl. Feral.

ANGEL (cont'd)

Faith.

She doesn't respond.

ANGEL (cont'd)

I, uh...

(temptingly)

I got donuts.

Nothing from her. All righty... Angel sets the box aside,
slowly approaches her.

ANGEL

Faith... I understand what you're
going through. And I want to help.

ANGEL (cont'd)

But there are a few things you
have to do. First... I need you
to give me that knife --

Only now do we see she's got a butcher knife from Angel's
kitchen dangling at her side. What's more, she seems to be
noticing it for the first time, too... regards it with
curiosity.

Angel puts his hand out, open palm up. A tense beat. She
brings the knife up... then places it handle first into his
hand. A tiny bit of progress.

ANGEL (cont'd)

You should be resting.

She shifts her eyes up at him.

FAITH

I been asleep for eight months.
You rest.

She turns and shuffles away. Off Angel, wishing he could --

EXT. WOLFRAM AND HART OFFICES - DAY (STOCK)

Flashy cut to establish the offices of Wolfram and Hart.

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

Lindsey's at his desk. We may or may not notice that he's looking at someone who is presently OFF CAMERA. His

attention goes to the door, however, as LILAH enters.

LILAH

We found her.

Lindsey rises. This is news he's been waiting for.

LINDSEY

Where?

LILAH

With him.

LINDSEY

Is he dead?

LILAH

He's a vampire. So technically --
yes, he's dead. But not by her
hand.

(as she sits)

She's his house guest.

LINDSEY

What?

LILAH

That's right. The reason our
little assassin hasn't made good
on her contract is because she's
now rooming with the mark.

Lindsey shakes his head. Can't believe it.

LINDSEY

We hired her to kill him --

LILAH

I believe I covered that with
the "assassin" part.

LINDSEY

-- and he ends up inviting her
to spend the night?

LILAH

I told you he wouldn't be easy.
He can't be bought -- and

LILAH (cont')

apparently can't be killed,
either. Even by a Vampire
Slayer.

(then)

Rumor has it he used to actually
date one.

LINDSEY

Please.

Lindsey dismisses that. Doesn't have time for urban
legend. He's thinking.

LINDSEY (cont'd)

Who else knows about this?

LILAH

No one outside this room.
Not yet, anyway.

LINDSEY

When word gets back to the
senior partners this won't go
well. For any of us. We
conspired with her, paid her
half up front -- and now she
makes us look like fools.

(then)

So, question is -- how do we
fix this?

Now both Lilah and Lindsey look across the room to --

REVERSE - LEE MERCER

Sits on the couch across from Lindsey's desk. His face is bloated and swollen. He's wearing a neck brace. His jaw is wired shut. Another Faith fan.

MERCER

(through clenched,
wired teeth)

I say we kill her.

INT. ENGLISH PUB - NIGHT

WESLEY

His face all focused control. He's sitting on a bar stool

in this English pub, lobbing darts at --

DART BOARD

THWANG! Another goes in. From the state of the board, we can see he's pretty damn good at this. Nothing in the center of the bull's eye, but high scoring nonetheless.

WESLEY

lobs the last of his darts. Reaches over to the bar, picks up his glass of beer, takes a healthy swig, replaces it as he rises.

WE MOVE with him to the dart board as he collects his darts. As he's pulling the last of them out something

WHIZZES past his ear. Very near his face. Now a DART is embedded right in the center of the bull's eye.

Wesley, pissed, turns back to see who did this. His face registers recognition and surprise when he sees...

REVERSE

Sitting on his barstool is WEATHERBY, who we'll recognize as one of the COUNCIL ASSASSINS from Buffy 16 and 17. He looks at Wesley, gives him a sinister lopsided smile. He's also polishing off Wesley's beer.

Now WE SEE SMITH, the second assassin leaning on the bar. And stepping up to Weatherby's side is COLLINS. You guessed it -- Council assassin #1.

COLLINS

Hello, Wesley.

Off Wesley, taking in a potentially dangerous situation...

INT. ANGEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

FAITH

Sits on the edge of Angel's bed, rocking slightly, zombie girl, hair in her eyes, those eyes vacant, her stare turned inward. As WE PUSH slowly in on her she jerks slightly, plagued by...

FLASH! FAITH'S INTERNAL POV

Disturbing images from her past. She stakes the Mayor's assistant. Touches the wound. Looks at the blood. Buffy's voice haunting her...

BUFFY (V.O.)

You killed a man...

FAITH (V.O.)

I don't care.

But she does care and we can see how these memories, flooding back on her, disturb her.

FAITH

(tortured, weak)

No...

She has to get away from them. Her breathing quickens.
Through sheer force of will she throws off the feelings.
Transforms, hardening.

FAITH (cont'd)
(then, hard)

No.

Her eyes flash determination. She rises.

INSERT - FAITH'S BAG

Being tossed on the bed, ready for packing.

WIDER

Faith is packing her bag. Muttering to herself. Doesn't

take long. She grabs her shoes, puts them on the floor in front of her. Now WE SEE Angel has appeared in the threshold.

ANGEL

Faith --

She stands into her shoes, grabs her bag. Moves past him.

FAITH

Leave me alone.

He dogs her.

ANGEL

You're in no condition to leave here.

She keeps her face away from him, doesn't want him to look at her. She's leaving.

ANGEL (cont'd)

You go out that door now,
you'll be running for the
rest of your life -- and my
bet is it'll be a pretty
short run.

FAITH

Doesn't matter.

ANGEL

It does matter.

He catches up to her, grabs her by the arm. Tries to make her look at him. She won't.

ANGEL (cont'd)

It matters to me.

She jerks her arm away from him, furious, ashamed that he ever saw her at her weakest.

FAITH

Why are you doing this? Why
are you being nice to me?
STOP IT!

He keeps his hand off her for the moment, but doesn't move. Looks at her. Finally she looks back at him, gets all

tough and blustery.

FAITH (cont'd)

You gonna stand aside -- or do
we throw down? I mean, am I
your prisoner here, or what?

He look at her with something like pity.

ANGEL

No. You're not my prisoner.

FAITH

So I'm free?

ANGEL

Don't know about that.

(as he steps aside)

But the door's open.

Good. She moves past him, toward the exit.

ANGEL (cont'd)

Where you gonna go?

(then)

Back out into the darkness?

She doesn't turn back, but that rattled her. She stutters in her step.

ANGEL (cont'd)

I once told you you didn't
have to go into that darkness.
Remember? That it was your
choice. Well, you chose.

He's moving up behind her, taunting her.

ANGEL (cont'd)

You thought you could just
touch it. That you'd be okay.
Five-by-five, right, Faith?
But it swallowed you whole --

She's frozen to the spot. He's right up behind her now.

ANGEL (cont'd)

So tell me -- how'd you like it?

A beat. Then she whirls around again. This time leading with her fist.

She connects, cracking him hard against the jaw. His head snaps back, but his expression doesn't change as he looks back to her. Hers does, however. Deep sadness.

FAITH

Help me.

He looks back at her.

ANGEL

Yeah.

And as we hold on this silent moment of connection...

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOFT APARTMENT - NIGHT

Flashy cut to --

INT. DOWNTOWN LOFT APARTMENT - NIGHT

The scene of Faith's last crime. Wesley torture chamber.
CAMERA TRACKS through the rubble.

The COPS are here now, FORENSICS TEAM, etc. We find
DETECTIVE KENDRICK giving some orders to a couple of

uniforms.

Now he spots something, reacts with surprise, then moves to join --

KATE LOCKLEY

Who is doing her own examination of the scene.

KENDRICK

Kate -- what are you doing here?

KATE

I'm a detective, Kendrick.

With tweezers, she picks up pieces of the rope that bound

Wesley. Notes some blood in the surrounding area.

KATE (cont'd)

See? I'm detecting.

As she does this, she absently hands him a fax of Faith's surveillance photo and arrest warrant.

KATE (cont'd)

Heard we have a fugitive.

He takes it, gives it a cursory glance.

KENDRICK

Yeah. Felony arrest warrant from
a place up north called Sunnydale.

KENDRICK (cont'd)

I've seen it.

KATE

So do we think she was the
one who threw the party here?

KENDRICK

Guy who lives here identified
her as the woman who mugged him,
put him in the hospital. Stole
his keys, wallet. We're lifting
prints now. My bet is we get a
match.

She's absorbing that even while she's continuing to put her

focus into her crime scene examination.

KATE

Anything else?

KENDRICK

That's about it -- so you mind
telling me why you're here
examining a crime scene on a
case that wasn't assigned to you?

KATE

It looked interesting ---

KENDRICK

Right.

He takes her by the arm, pulls her to a private-ish corner.

KENDRICK (cont'd)

You heard rumors, didn't you?

KATE

What rumors?

KENDRICK

You know what I'm talking about --
how this girl supposedly has some
kind of supernatural powers.

KATE

Really?

KENDRICK

Come on, Kate. Everyone knows
you've gone all Scully. Anytime
one of these weird cases crosses
anyone's desk, you're always there.

(then)

We used to be friends -- what's
going on with you?

She stares at him for a beat. Doesn't look away from his
gaze, her expression unreadable. Finally--

KATE

Scully's the skeptic.

KENDRICK

Hunh?

KATE

Mulder's the believer. Scully's
the skeptic.

KENDRICK

Scully's the chick, right?

KATE

Yeeesss. But she's not the one
that "wants to believe."

KENDRICK

And you wanna believe?

KATE

Oh. I already believe.

(then)

That's the problem.

And she moves away from him, back to her detecting. Off Kendrick, watching her, concerned...

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. ENGLISH PUB - NIGHT

Wesley, looking uncomfortable, sits surrounded by the Council men. Collins is open faced, friendly even. Which makes him all the more ominous. Weatherby makes no attempt to disguise his contempt for the ex-Watcher. Smith drinks a lot.

COLLINS

So -- Los Angeles.

WESLEY

California.

COLLINS

Who would have predicted this
is where you'd end up?

WESLEY

Well, it seemed as good a spot
as any to re-evaluate my situ-
ation after being asked to resign
my position with The Council.

(dead air)

And the weather. I find it. Dry.

WEATHERBY

Wouldn't cough up the dosh for the
air fare home, would they?

WESLEY

No. They wouldn't.

SMITH

Three alchemists on the Board
of Directors and still they make
us fly coach.

(takes a drink,
muttering)

Miserly bastards.

Collins glares at his slightly drunken colleague.
Continues, segueing with...

COLLINS

A frugal lot, to be sure.

COLLINS (cont'd)

But not stupid. And, I think
you'll find, willing to acknowledge
when they've made a mistake...

Wesley looks at him.

WESLEY

What do you mean, mistake?

COLLINS

How would you like to come home,
Wesley? Back to England with us.

WESLEY

Home?

COLLINS

The Council is prepared to reinstate you, return you to your rightful position as Watcher.

Wesley reacts, wide-eyed, unbelieving.

COLLINS (cont'd)

That was nasty business back in Sunnydale, Wesley. But nobody blames you.

WESLEY

Really? Because I rather got the impression they did -- when they sacked me.

COLLINS

As I said... a mistake.

Collins produces a DOSSIER.

COLLINS (cont'd)

One that can now be corrected.

He hands the dossier to Wesley, who opens it --

COLLINS (cont'd)

With your help...

-- a file on Faith. The first thing that strikes us is an
8 X 10 of FAITH.

COLLINS (cont'd)

We know where she is ... and we
know you have access.

Wesley closes the dossier, tries to push it back into
Collins' hands.

WESLEY

No, I couldn't possibly...

WEATHERBY

(snapping)

Loyalty to a vampire, now is it?

Wesley shoots Weatherby a look. Collins intervenes, puts a
calming hand on Wesley's arm.

COLLINS

It's alright. That's not why
we're here.

(then)

A Rogue Slayer, Wesley. Far more
dangerous than any single vampire.
Surely you understand that.

Wesley's hand goes absently to one of his wounds.

WESLEY

All too well.

COLLINS

Then you'll help us.

WESLEY

Why come to me? You know where
she is. Why not simply take
her yourselves? You three are
the best, the Council's elite,
the...

They exchange uncomfortable looks.

WESLEY (cont'd)

(realizing)

She cleaned your clocks, didn't
she?

COLLINS

(avoiding the direct
answer)

She's betrayed her calling, the
Council -- you. She has power
and the willingness to use that
power for evil. She must be
stopped.

Off Wesley, hardly able to disagree with that...

INT. ANGEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Angel sits at his kitchen table. He's quietly regarding
Faith who has her back to him, both hands on the kitchen
counter, her head bowed. There's no telling how long

they've been in this posture. Finally, she speaks.

FAITH

So how does this work?

Angel considers the enormity of that question.

ANGEL

There's really no simple answer to that. I won't lie to you and say it'll be easy. It won't be. Just because you've decided to change doesn't mean the world will be ready for you to. And the truth is, no matter how many good deeds you do to try and make up for the

ANGEL (cont'd)

past -- you may never balance out
the cosmic scale. The only thing
I can promise you... is that you'll
probably be haunted. And maybe for
the rest of your life.

She turns to him. Seems to be weighing that. Finally,
pointing to a small microwave oven on the kitchen counter:

FAITH

So how does this work?

He blanches, moves to help her with it.

ANGEL

(pushing buttons)

Power level, time, start.

The MICROWAVE WHIRS.

ANGEL (cont'd)

You sure that popcorn's going
to be enough for you?

FAITH

Yeah. I can live off the stuff.
Tell Cordelia I'll pay her back.

ANGEL

Actually, I think it belonged to Wesley.

FAITH

Ahhh. Maybe we just don't mention it, then.

ANGEL

Or maybe we do.

The OVEN BEEPS. Her attention stays on Angel.

FAITH

What are you saying? I gotta
apologize?

ANGEL

(a challenge)

Think you can?

She looks at him. Seriously considers the question.

FAITH

I dunno. How do you say, "gee,
really sorry I tortured you
nearly to death."

ANGEL

Well, first off, I'd leave out
the "gee." And secondly, I think
you have to ask yourself -- are
you?

FAITH

What?

ANGEL

Sorry.

She shuts her eyes for a moment --

FLASH! FAITH'S INTERNAL POV

We FLASH back to her staking of the mayor's assistant.

FLASH! His eyes shocked at the moment of death.

FLASH! Faith looking at the blood on her hands. FLASH!

BACK TO SCENE

Faith recoils. Has to sit down.

FAITH

What if I can't say it? I mean,
there're some things you can't
take back, no matter how sorry
you are, right?

He looks at her, instinctively understands what that means.

ANGEL

Yeah... there are. I've got some
experience in that area...

That just hangs there for a moment.

FAITH

Right. And you been doin' this

FAITH (cont'd)

for a hundred years. I'm not
gonna make it through the next
ten minutes --

She rises, moves away unsteadily. He rises, follows her.

ANGEL

So make it through the next five.
The next minute.

FAITH

I don't think I can --

ANGEL

Yes. You can.

FAITH

It hurts. God, I hate that it hurts like this!

ANGEL

Oh, well.

Her grabs her, turns her to face him.

ANGEL (cont'd)

It's supposed to hurt. All the pain, all the suffering that you've caused is coming back on you. Feel it. Deal with it. Then maybe you've got a shot at being free.

A beat. She laughs.

FAITH

I gotta be the first Slayer in
history to be sponsored by a
vampire.

ANGEL

(wryly)

Well, I've got some experience in
that area, too.

FAITH

(a little panic)

Oh God -- B. How am I ever going
to make things right with her?

ANGEL

This isn't about Buffy, Faith.

FAITH

All my life, there was only one
person who tried to be my friend.
Who went out of their way. When
I had no right or reason to expect
her to... and I screwed her. Not
to mention her boyfriend.

(off handed)

Only him, literally.

Angel's wondering if she's confusing her coma with reality.

ANGEL

Faith -- you and I never actually ...

FAITH

(quickly)

Oh, not you. The new one.

Angel reacts to that. It takes a second, but Faith realizes she's just dropped a bomb.

FAITH (cont')

Oh god, Angel -- I'm sorry.

ANGEL

(trying to be cheerful)

There. See? You can say it.

ANGEL (cont'd)

That was good. Good.

Angel moves away this time. Off Faith -

INT. WOLFRAM AND HART CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Lindsey and Mercer (still in his neck brace, bruised and jaw-wired-ness) sit at the conference table, their attention on someone sitting across from them who we DON'T YET SEE.

LINDSEY

We want to thank you for coming
down here on such short notice.

Lilah is beyond Lindsey and Mercer, at a coffee station/side table preparing a tray. She pours four cups, loads the tray up while she addresses the OFF SCREEN PERSON.

LILAH

We trust we can rely on your professionalism.

MERCER

We've had some trouble with freelancers in the past.

Lindsey smiles to the offscreen party at his colleague's possibly offensive attitude. Lilah breaks the moment with:

LILAH

Do you take cream?

(a beat, shakes her
head, mirroring the
unseen person)

No? Alright.

Lilah continues to prepare the tray. Lindsey opens a file,
revealing a photo of Faith. He slides it across the table.

LINDSEY

Here's the target.

MERCER

Don't let the picture fool you.
She's tougher than she looks.

LINDSEY

We don't want anything elaborate.
No slow, painful death.

MERCER

(to Lindsey)

Well, some pain would be good --

LINDSEY

The point is, we want her dead.

MERCER

Yes, dead. A lot.

Lilah crosses with the tray toward the table.

LILAH

And just so we're clear --
we won't be putting any of
this down on paper. This is
strickly a handshake deal...

The CAMERA has been pulling back slowly...

LINDSEY

Not that it's necessary for
you to actually have hands
in order for us to do business.

...now we're LOOKING OVER THE BACK OF THE CREATURE -- an
insecty looking demon.

LILAH

(setting out tray)

Yes, that was species-ist of me.

I apologize if I...

Insecty demon lunges forward, insect-like, frankly, "beak" going right into the sugar bowl... much slurping and head bobbing as it laps it up. The three lawyers react to this with thinly veiled distaste.

LILAH (cont'd)

(grossed out)

...offended you...

REVERSE -- INSECT DEMON as her head comes up INTO FRAME, beak covered in drippy thick sugary spittle. A beat,

then it dives back for the sugar.

LINDSEY, LILAH AND MERCER

As they watch, basically disgusted. And as we hold on them and hear the off screen SLURPING...

INT. ENGLISH PUB - NIGHT

CLOSE - A SYRINGE

A high-tech version as it's laid out on the table, unwrapped from a handkerchief.

WIDER

The men sitting around the table are no longer old friends catching up -- they've moved on to being conspirators.

Wesley picks up the syringe.

COLLINS

Careful. The sedative contained in that syringe is powerful enough to bring down a man twice your size... or a Slayer.

WESLEY

How does it work?

WEATHERBY

How do you think? You jab her with it, don'tcha?

COLLINS

This is the delivery end. Just a little pressure to the flesh, and in moments she'll feel the effects.

WESLEY

So you intend to take her alive, then?

COLLINS

Of course.

Wesley may or may not notice the very brief look that

flickers between the men, Smith studies his drink.

COLLINS (cont'd)

She'll be out long enough for us
to secure her for transport back
to England -- and there she will
begin rehabilitation.

WESLEY

And does the Council really
believe she can be rehabilitated?

COLLINS

We have every confidence.

(then)

You'll signal us when it's done.

COLLINS (cont'd)

Then we'll come in and take care
of the rest.

Wesley weighs that, nods. Now:

WESLEY

I have some conditions of my own.

The others exchange looks.

WESLEY (cont'd)

Just one actually. No harm
must come to the vampire.

WEATHERBY

Oh, don't be a ponce!

Wesley sets aside the syringe.

WESLEY

That's it. Unless you agree to that, you'll get no help from me.

COLLINS

Wesley, we've no quarrel with the vampire --

WEATHERBY

Unless you count the fact that he is a vampire!

WESLEY

He's a special case. He's reformed.
He has a soul.

Weatherby flat out scoffs. The others look politely
dubious.

WESLEY (cont'd)

In point of fact, I've slain more
demons, confronted more evil, in
short -- done more good -- working
with Angel than I ever did when I
was in the Council's employ.

COLLINS

We'll make every effort.

WESLEY

(cutting him off)

No. Not "every effort." No harm.

I must have your word.

Boy does Weatherby hate this. Wesley is resolute. Finally
Collins nods --

COLLINS

Done.

INT. ANGEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Faith is perched on a chair in Angel's study, the blue glow of the TV reflecting on her face. She's a bit spaced out, too wired to sleep, too exhausted to do anything else except stare.

Well, that and absently munch popcorn. She has a glass of soda perched on the arm of the chair. We can HEAR the SHOWER in the b.g.

Faith absently clicks over the channels. And as she does we SCHMUCKY THE BAIT INTERCUTTING Faith zapping the channels with...

UNKNOWN INTRUDER POV

SOMETHING gaining entrance into the apartment area,
watching her... creeping...

FAITH

We're looking up at her as she ZAPS the channels. In the
deep b.g., OUT OF FOCUS and on the for-god's-sake-
ceiling... A SHADOW MOVES.

WE HEAR the SHOWER turn off. Faith registers that. Still
clicking at the channels.

ANGEL'S BEDROOM

Angel emerges from the shower in a towel. Out of view of
Faith. He listens for her, calls in to her:

ANGEL

Everything okay in there?

ANGEL'S STUDY

FAITH

(calling back)

It was touch-and-go for those
four minutes you left me alone,
but somehow I got through it.

ANGEL'S BEDROOM

Angel starts to get dressed, as...

ANGEL'S STUDY

Faith still absently flipping the channels. She stops flipping. Reacts to something on the TV. She's glued to whatever it is... it has made her go very still. Her hand absently reaches out for the glass... and she overshoots it, knocking it off the arm of the chair. It CRASHES to the floor. She doesn't seem to even notice, but --

ANGEL'S BEDROOM

As Angel reacts to the sound, still only half dressed.

ANGEL

Faith? Faith?

Angel, sans shirt, heads out toward --

Faith still absently flipping the channels. She stops flipping. Reacts to something on the TV. She's glued to whatever it is... it has made her go very still. Her hand absently reaches out for the glass... and she overshoots it, knocking it off the arm of the chair. It CRASHES to the floor. She doesn't seem to even notice, but --

ANGEL'S BEDROOM

As Angel reacts to the sound, still only half dressed.

ANGEL

Faith? Faith?

Angel, sans shirt, heads out toward --

ANGEL'S STUDY

Faith has pressed herself back in the chair, eyes wide at what she sees on the tube --

Angel comes around the corner, onto the scene. Moves to. Faith's side.

ANGEL (cont'd)

What is it?

He follows her gaze to see --

THE TV SET

ANGEL'S STUDY

Faith has pressed herself back in the chair, eyes wide at what she sees on the tube --

Angel comes around the corner, onto the scene. Moves to. Faith's side.

ANGEL (cont'd)

What is it?

He follows her gaze to see --

THE TV SET

It's a photo of FAITH. We recognize it as the same
SURVEILLANCE PHOTO Kate gave Kendrick in Act One.

KATE (V.O)

... considered extremely
dangerous...

BACK TO SCENE

Angel tries to calm her.

ANGEL

Faith, it's okay. We knew about
this. Nothing's changed -- alright?
Nothing's...

But now something else captures Angel's attention...

ON TV SET

KATE at a bouquet of microphones. She's giving a press conference. FLASH BULBS explode, etc.

KATE

Anyone with any information regarding the whereabouts of this suspect should get in touch with law enforcement immediately. Do not approach her. She's violent and unpredictable --

ANGEL

Aims the channel changer at Kate's face, ZAPS it. Kate's face is sucked onto BLACKNESS. He looks to Faith who is still staring at the screen, like she's seeing the afterburn.

ANGEL

Listen to me, Faith...

He makes her look at him --

ANGEL (cont'd)

You're safe here. Do you hear me?

You're safe.

She looks at him, forces herself to believe it. Nods. And it's just at this moment of calm --

THE DEMON ATTACKS

The thing from the ceiling, we'll call it BUG DEMON, knocks Angel over, it's snappy, lightning fast insecty attack thingies (oh, not those again) leaving a trail of blood on his naked shoulder or chest.

Then it goes for Faith. She's too freaked to fight back at first as it comes at her.

Angel quickly gets back into the fray. Fighty McFight. The hatefully quick Bug Demon snapping its razor feelers out at him as he lays into it. Fight moves across the living area.

The thing's getting the better of Angel, as...

Faith is coming out of her stasis... her Slayer instincts coming to the fore. She's been backed up to the kitchen. She finds the butcher knife we saw earlier. Grabs it, joins the party.

Faith slashes at the Bug Demon, slicing off one of the Razor Feelers. It flops around on the floor. Angel continues to battle as well, but it's Faith who delivers the killing blow.

When it's all over, the thing convulses in a death rattle, Angel is on one side of the room on his ass, Faith on the other, sinking to her knees, the knife still in her grasp.

Angel moves to her.

She's staring at the blood on her hands. Demon blood, but blood none the less.

FAITH'S INTERNAL POV

FLASH! Again with the staking of the mayor's assistant.

FLASH! Blood on her hands...

FAITH

Begins to shudder, her eyes wide, looking at her bloody hands as if they were something apart from her. Or as if she were that broad from The Scottish Play.

Now she's rubbing at her hands, clawing at them.

Angel is at her side, puts his hands over hers.

ANGEL (cont'd)

Hey, hey, hey --

He gets her to stop. Gathers her in his arms. She's breathing hard. More from the blood freak out than from the fight.

She's crying softly now. He holds her. Rocks her.

ANGEL (cont'd)

It's okay. It's going to be okay.

And it is in this intimate posture that (the still half naked, and now very sweaty) Angel catches something out

of the corner of his eye...

He's holding Faith close as he glances up to see --

BUFFY

Standing in the doorway, looking at them both stunned, betrayed, and maybe just a little pissed off. Off the connection between Angel and Buffy --

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. ANGEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Angel stands. Faith doesn't even look up at Buffy -- she's still in her own world of hurt.

ANGEL

Buffy...

Buffy starts to form a word, but it doesn't pan out. She looks from Angel to Faith and back as he starts hesitantly toward her.

ANGEL (cont'd)

I didn't know you --

BUFFY

Wh-- What-- How is-- What are
you doing?

ANGEL

She's...

(indicates demon)

We were attacked.

BUFFY

"WE". You and...

ANGEL

... Faith.

BUFFY

You and Faith.

ANGEL

It's not what you think.

BUFFY

You actually think I can form
a thought right now?

Angel moves around Buffy, subtly drawing her attention away
from Faith as Buffy continues.

BUFFY (cont'd)

Giles... heard that Faith was ...
that she tried to kill you.

ANGEL

That's true.

BUFFY

So you decided to punish her
with a severe cuddling.

ANGEL

Is that why you're here?
To punish her?

BUFFY

I was worried about you.

Faith comes out of it, sees Buffy for the first time.

Blankly:

FAITH

Buffy...

Buffy whips around to look at Faith, who realizes only now who she's looking at. Faith draws back in quiet horror, remembering past sins.

FAITH (cont'd)

Oh, God...

BUFFY

(stonily)

You didn't think I was gonna
find you?

ANGEL

Buffy, let's talk.

BUFFY

I don't think talk is in order
right now.

ANGEL

She needs help.

BUFFY

Help? Do you have any idea what
she's done to me?

ANGEL

Yes.

BUFFY

(small voice)

Do you care?

A beat before Angel comes back with:

ANGEL

She wants to change. She has a
chance to --

BUFFY

No! No chance. Jail.

Faith begins standing slowly.

ANGEL

You think that'll help?

FAITH

Buffy.

Buffy turns back to Faith.

FAITH (cont'd)

I'm sor--

BUFFY

(cold, calm)

If you apologize to me I will
beat you to death.

A moment, as Faith regains a bit of her fatalistic composure.

FAITH

Go ahead.

Buffy actually makes a move -- but Angel steps in her way.

ANGEL

This isn't gonna happen.

BUFFY

You gonna stop me? 'Cause you're gonna have to.

Big ass tension -- she is ready for a fight.

FAITH

Don't do this.

ANGEL

Faith, go upstairs. Go on.

BUFFY

There's no way I'm letting her--

ANGEL

Buffy, just back off!

BUFFY

I'm not letting her out of my
sight!

ANGEL

Faith. Go.

Faith starts to move to the stairs.

BUFFY

Don't you move a--

Buffy breaks for her -- Angel grabs her roughly, spins her around.

Buffy throws a punch at Angel, which he blocks. Another punch, this one connecting. She is following with a third when Angel hauls up and clocks her, fist to face, whipping her head back.

She takes a moment, feeling her lip. Shock beyond the telling of it.

Faith can't deal -- she runs upstairs. Buffy watches her go, still amazed. Turns slowly back to Angel.

ANGEL

I'm sorry.

She can't speak.

INT. WOLFRAM AND HART CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Lilah enters the conference room. Lindsey and Mercer (still neck braces, etc.) are already here, waiting, pacing or sitting on the edge of the table.

They rise, come to attention upon Lilah's entrance.

MERCER

Well?

LILAH

(shakes head)

Strike two.

Mercer would shake his head were it not for the neck brace, he can't believe it, pissed.

MERCER

This is getting ridiculous. The first assassin kills the second assassin sent to kill the first

MERCER (cont'd)

assassin who didn't assassinate
anyone until we hired the second
assassin to assassinate her!

Both Lindsey and Lilah do a take, look at Mercer.

LINDSEY

Alright. This obviously isn't
working.

LILAH

Ya think?

LINDSEY

We've gone about this all wrong.

MERCER

Meaning?

LINDSEY

We're lawyers. It was a mistake
for us to ever try and work out-
side the law.

Mercer and Lilah look at him, deadpan.

LILAH

(aside to Mercer)

He's being ironic.

LINDSEY

Not at all. It's time we

LINDSEY (cont'd)
moved this fight to our own turf.
(then)
Let me handle this. I know what
to do.

Lilah and Mercer eye him, unsure.

LILAH
Are you sure?

LINDSEY
I can make all our problems go
away -- I promise.

MERCER

I don't know --

LINDSEY

Look, would you just trust me?

LILAH

There's that irony thing again.

LINDSEY

(pleasantly)

I'll handle it.

Lindsey has moved them to the door. Ushered them into the hall. He flashes his winning smile.

Lindsey shuts the door, leans up against it. Suddenly looks stricken. He's fucked and he knows it. Finally he lets out a big breath. Shuts his eyes... and when he opens them again he's wearing his game face. He pulls open the door, exits.

INT. ANGEL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Faith enters, listens a moment at the top of the stairs, then shuts the door. Turns and bumps into--

ANGLE: WESLEY

Looking at her stonily.

WESLEY

Faith.

She looks at him with sullen guilt.

WESLEY (cont'd)

Going somewhere?

FAITH

No. Just, wanted to be alone.

WESLEY

Of course.

(looks about him,
briefly)

Angel's downstairs?

FAITH

Yeah.

WESLEY

All right, then.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - NIGHT

We're CLOSE ON KATE sitting at her desk, speaking to someone who is at the moment OFF SCREEN.

KATE

And why should I listen to anything
you have to say? I despise you.
You... and everything you represent...
and when I say "represent" and
"thing," -- I do mean your clients.

WE COME AROUND to see LINDSEY sitting across from her,

unfazed by her litany.

LINDSEY

Be that as it may, I believe the information I have will be of interest to you. Because while it's true we differ on a great many issues... We do have one thing in common.

KATE

Uh... our bodies are both eighty percent water?

LINDSEY

An enemy...

Lindsey takes a photo of Angel out of his briefcase and sets it before Kate. Kate is poker faced.

KATE

I don't know what you're talking about.

LINDSEY

No. Of course you don't. And we can't be completely clear because the law isn't clear on these matters, is it? Take, for example, the creatures who murdered your father.

She stiffens at that...

LINDSEY (cont'd)

They could never have been brought
to any kind of traditional justice
-- even if they had survived.

He leans in, gets a little friendly.

LINDSEY (cont'd)

Personally, I feel you were
totally justified in taking
whatever... extra-legal
measures ... you found
necessary.

(beat)

In fact I admire it.

KATE

What do you want?

LINDSEY

There are beings, Detective.
Beings who are not governed by
the laws and structures we as
humans have devised. They do
not fall under our laws... and
so they feel they are above
them.

Lindsey's finger goes down to the photograph of Angel...

THE ANGEL

LINDSEY (cont'd)

This man is such a being. He
feels he is above the law. Which
is why he gives aid and comfort
to a known murderer.

LINDSEY (cont'd)

(then)

The woman you're looking for?
She's with him.

Off Kate...

INT. ANGEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Angel and Buffy are still staring at each other, wary as cats.

ANGEL

She's not gonna run, Buffy.

BUFFY

Well, why would she when she's got
her brave knight to protect her?
What got you? Did she cry? Pouty
lips, heaving bosom... I thought
you needed help.

ANGEL

You think I wanted this to happen.

BUFFY

You hit me.

ANGEL

Not to go all schoolyard on you, but
you hit me first. And in case you've
forgotten, you're a little bit stronger
than I am.

BUFFY

(it's almost
disgusting)

You did it for her.

ANGEL

You were about three seconds from making her run, you know that?
She's at a crucial stage.

BUFFY

She's playing you! Angel, she
tried to kill you!

ANGEL

That was just... That was a cry
for help.

BUFFY

A cry for help is when you say "help"
in a loud voice.

ANGEL

I know Faith did some bad things to you --

BUFFY

You can't possibly know.

ANGEL

And you can't possibly know what she's
going through.

BUFFY

But of course you do. I'm sorry I
can't be in the club, but I've never
murdered anybody.

He stares at her, truly pissed. Looks over to see:

ANGLE: FAITH

Is back on the stairs. Clearly, she heard this last bit.

ANGEL

Faith, I told you to --

But now Wesley appears behind her, nudges her forward.

WESLEY

Slight change of plan.

He follows Faith to the bottom of the stairs. Nudges Faith to Angel's bedroom.

WESLEY (cont'd)

Get your coat.

Faith obeys, Buffy watching her all the way to the bedroom.

ANGEL

Wesley, what's going on?

WESLEY

In about 20 minutes the council's operations team is coming in here. They'll expect to find you gone and her drugged.

ANGEL

How many?

WESLEY

Three. Hello Buffy. Afraid you've come
at a bad time.

Buffy looks back at him.

BUFFY

I'm feeling that.

ANGEL

Why'd you bring them here?

WESLEY

Couldn't shake them, had to pretend I
was helping them.

ANGEL

Why aren't you?

Wesley looks at Angel, considers his answer. But Buffy doesn't wait.

BUFFY

I know these guys. They're killers.

WESLEY

They've surrounded the building.

ANGEL

I'll check the sewers. If they're clear, we'll all go out. Faith.

There is no answer. Buffy looks to the bedroom...

BUFFY

No...

...then furiously whips her head back to Angel.

WESLEY

She must've slipped out.

ANGEL

She'd head for the roof--

Buffy is off like a shot.

ANGEL (cont'd)

They may have it covered!

WESLEY

We need a plan. Buffy can protect
Faith.

ANGEL

I'm not sure that's her agenda.

WESLEY

Sewers are still our best route.

ANGEL

If they don't know about our access.

Angel moves to the trap door. Wes follows.

WESLEY

It wasn't for her.

ANGEL

I know.

WESLEY

It's because I trust you.

Angel opens the trap door, goes down.

WESLEY (cont'd)

More than three gun-toting maniacs,
at any rate.

EXT. ANGEL'S BUILDING - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Faith looks over the edge, seeking an escape, or an adversary. When Buffy appears, she is clear across the way.

BUFFY

You're not running away from this.

Faith turns. She's had enough.

FAITH

What do you wanna do? You gonna
throw me off the roof... again?

BUFFY

Any reason why I shouldn't?

FAITH

There's nothing I can do for
you, B. I can't ever make it
right.

BUFFY

So you're gonna take off. Leave
us to clean up yet another one
of your messes.

FAITH

It'd make things easier for you.

BUFFY

'Til you get bored with the whole
guilt deal and come back to shake
things up again.

FAITH

That's not gonna happen.

BUFFY

You're right. It's not.

FAITH

Angel said there was no way you were gonna give me a chance.

BUFFY

(closing on her)

I gave you every chance! I tried so hard to help you and you spat on me! My life was just something for you to play with. Angel, Riley... Anything you could take

BUFFY (cont'd)

from me you took. I've never lost battles but nobody else ever made me a victim.

FAITH

And you can't stand that. You're all about control. You got no idea what it's like on the other side, where nothing is in control, nothing makes sense. There's just pain, and hate, and nothing you do means anything... and you can't... even...

She's breaking down crying again. Buffy hates that she is responding to this: she weakly protests:

BUFFY

Shut up.

FAITH

(tearing up)

Tell me how to make it better.

BUFFY

Shut up!

And Buffy lunges at her, taking her down -- but that's
because:

MACHINE-GUN FIRE

strafes the area where they were just standing --

COLLINS

Is at the rooftop entrance, machine-gun in hand, cursing, looking for his prey, as...

BUFFY AND FAITH

Have rolled to temporary safety behind a chimney or some such rooftop shield.

Faith looks at Buffy, realizing she just saved her life.

BUFFY (cont'd)

It was instinct --

INT. ANGEL'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Angel and Wesley come up out of the trap/pit. They react to the OFF SCREEN sound of MACHINE GUN FIRE.

ANGEL

It's coming from the roof --

They make to move in that direction but --RAT-A-TAT-TAT!
Bullets are now flying down here, too.

WEATHERBY

Is coming off the elevator, pinning the two men down with gunfire.

WESLEY

I didn't give you the signal.

WEATHERBY

Shut up!

Weatherby and Angel meet eyes. Angel glances down to the machine gun. He could make it. Weatherby's eyes narrow.

WEATHERBY (cont'd)

Vampire...

Weatherby holds the machine gun steady with one hand. With the other he reached over his shoulder, behind his back, coming up with a SHORT CROSSBOW with WOODEN STAKE, ready to fly. He draws it down on Angel. Wesley reacts with

horror, knowing this man won't be reasoned with.

EXT. ANGEL'S BUILDING - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Collins stalks across the rooftop, searching for the two Slayers, letting off ROUNDS every now and then, as...

BUFFY AND FAITH

Pinned down. Looking for a way out.

BUFFY

I think we can make it to that other building.

FAITH

Go.

BUFFY

NOW!

And they spring up --

COLLINS

Sees them across the roof, lets loose with another round,
takes off after them, calling into a walkie talkie, as...

BUFFY AND FAITH

Literally outrunning bullet hits that chew up the tar roof. They're tearing ass across the rooftop, racing to the edge, ready to make the big leap, when a THUNDERING SOUND BUILDS and now...

A HELICOPTER

RISES up from just below the edge of the rooftop, a BLINDING SEARCHLIGHT SWEEPING into lens. As the big bird shifts sideways, WE SEE another GUNNER hanging out of the side of the craft.

BUFFY AND FAITH

Caught up in the wind and light of the chopper -- and now
diving out of range of the BULLETS that rain down on them
from all sides as we --

BLACK OUT..

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. ANGEL'S BUILDING - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

The CHOPPER soars over the rooftop, SEARCH LIGHT sweeping the roof, GUN FIRE FLASHES from the craft, as --

BUFFY AND FAITH

Duck for cover. Look for a way out. The CHOPPER circles around them, looking for the kill shot. The women search for an exit, and all they see is --

COLLINS

Striding across the rooftop, moving toward them--

INT. ANGEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Angel and Wesley pinned down by Weatherby. The machine gun on Wesley, the crossbow and most of Weatherby's attention and interest on Angel.

WESLEY

Weatherby, listen to reason.

WEATHERBY

(eyes on Angel)

Reason? A Watcher working for a vampire! It's perversion! Do the sacred oaths you swore to uphold as Watcher mean nothing to you now?

Wesley darkens. Who does this asshole think he is?

WESLEY

As a matter of fact, they do. I swore
to protect the innocent.

(quickly to Angel)

Get to the roof, help them.

ANGEL

What?

WESLEY

Now!

And even as he commands that, Wesley's diving into the
room, behind some furniture, drawing Weatherby's fire.

WEATHERBY

turns back toward Angel -- who is gone.

WEATHERBY

Bastard!

Furious, he shucks the crossbow aside, takes the machine gun in both hands with renewed purpose, turns back toward --

WESLEY

Weatherby?

-- Wesley has popped up behind the fallen furniture, has the sedative syringe between thumb and forefinger, like a dart, lets it fly, expertly catching Weatherby in the neck.

WESLEY (cont'd)
(quietly, to himself)
One hundred eighty!

Weatherby involuntarily drops the machine gun, his hand going to his pierced neck. The drug is fast acting. He's teetering already.

Wesley approaches, takes him down with a well placed punch.

WESLEY (cont'd)
Ponce.

Off Wesley, standing triumphantly over the fallen Weatherby --

The onslaught on the roof continues. Collins closing in on the women.

BUFFY

I'm going to have to take this guy out.
No doubt the gunner up there'll come
for me when I go for his buddy.

(then)

When he does, you should be able to
make it across to the next building.

FAITH

Okay.

Buffy springs into action, a clear target now. She does the martial arts moves, knocking the gun from Collins' hands. They fight as above them --

THE CHOPPER

Swings around, SEARCH LIGHT flashing, getting her into range...

COLLINS AND BUFFY

Fighting. They take it across the rooftop. Rolling, punching, bashing. All in the THUNDER and WIND of the CHOPPER as the gunner tries to get Buffy in his sites.

Buffy finally takes Collins down for good, but before she can leap to safety --

THE CHOPPER

Appears, zooming up over the edge of the building. She can see the whites of the GUNNER'S eyes... she's toast and she knows it. She looks back to --

FAITH

Who hasn't run. Who looks back to her, knowing she's the cause of this, but powerless to help...

BUFFY

In that suspended moment, lit up by the searchlight, but now...

ANGEL

Appears. He sprints at the Chopper, makes a flying leap and grabs onto the craft's runner.

INT./EXT. CHOPPER - NIGHT

The craft wobbles in the air. Angel pulls himself up, reaching up, grabs the Gunner and drags him out of the craft, sending him sprawling hard onto the roof below. Down for the count. Angel finishes climbing aboard...the dazed PILOT looks over to the VAMP FACED Angel.

ANGEL

Down.

EXT. ANGEL'S BUILDING - ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

Buffy watches as the helicopter wheels around, reversing course and disappearing. She breathes that needed sigh of relief, looks over to...

...Faith. Who isn't there anymore.

WIDER

Buffy, alone on the rooftop.

EXT. PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

(Or someplace city-like but open where a chopper can land.)

The chopper lands, rotors slowing. Angel gets out -- and suddenly -- one GIANT WHEEEERP!, and --

COP CARS

Are everywhere, surrounding the thing, GUMBALL LIGHTS flashing. Out of one of the marked cars alights...Kate. She marches over to Angel. She flashes the Faith photo/warrant.

KATE

Where is she?

He just looks at her, doesn't offer any answers.

KATE (cont'd)

You've got one shot here, Angel.

Where is she?

He just looks at her, closed mouthed. A beat. Finally she looks to her UNIFORMS.

KATE (cont'd)

Arrest him.

(as she walks away)

Start with aiding and abetting
a wanted felon.

The UNIs slap on the cuffs, start the pantomiming of the
Miranda Rights --

EXT. POLICE PRECINCT - NIGHT (STOCK)

Flashy cut to establish...

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - NIGHT

Kate leads the way as she hustles Angel, in cuffs, into the precinct house. It's a lot of chaos as Buffy appears, pushing through cops, etc., Wesley bringing up the rear.

KATE

I think you're gonna like the cell we have for you, Angel. Faces east. Give you a great view of the sunrise in about... Four hours.

BUFFY

What?

ANGEL

It's okay.

BUFFY

(to Kate)

You know what he is?

KATE

Who are you?

ANGEL

She's nobody.

Buffy registers that, doesn't like it. Keeps pushing.

BUFFY

This is murder --

ANGEL

Buffy, it's alright.

Kate mouths the name "Buffy?"

BUFFY

It's not alright!

KATE

(to Unis)

Get her out of here.

BUFFY

(struggling)

You're not going to take the fall for her,
Angel!

KATE

Out!

BUFFY

It's not going to happen!

ANGEL

Buffy.

Angel has spotted something off screen. Silence begins to
fall as one by one, all follow Angel's gaze to see...

LONG WIDE SHOT

Of FAITH sitting at Kate's desk in the bullpen. Quietly waiting. A UNIFORMED OFFICER standing over her.

Buffy, Kate, Wesley, etc. react to the sight.

The Uni with Faith sees Kate, prompts her to stand. She does. Kate approaches her.

WE MOVE between Kate and Faith, approaching each other. Meeting up. Face to face.

FAITH

I'd like to make a confession.

Off each in turn, reacting to this moment. And as Faith and Angel meet eyes for a beat, silently making a final connection...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - LATER

Buffy heads for the exit, Angel with her. They are in a different part of the precinct, separate from where Faith turned herself in. A beat. They both have something on their minds.

BUFFY

You should have told me what was going on.

ANGEL

I didn't think...I didn't think it was your business.

BUFFY

Not my business?

ANGEL

I needed more time with Faith. I'm not sure --

BUFFY

You needed -- Do you have any idea what it felt like to see you with her? That you would, behind my back --

ANGEL

Buffy, this wasn't about you! This was about saving someone's soul. That's what I do here and you're not a part of it. That was your idea, remember. We stay away from each other.

BUFFY

I came because you were in danger.

ANGEL

I'm in danger every day. You came because of Faith. You were looking for vengeance.

BUFFY

I got a right to it.

ANGEL

Not in my city.

She stares at him a moment.

BUFFY

You know, I have someone in my life now.
That I love. It's not what we had, it's
very new. You know what makes it new?
I trust him. I know him.

ANGEL

That's great. That's nice. You've moved on.

ANGEL (cont'd)

I can't. You've found someone new. I'm not allowed to. Remember? I see you again it cuts me up inside and the person I share that with is me. You don't know me anymore so don't come down here with your great new life and expect me to do things your way.

(beat)

Go home.

She starts to leave, looks back with wry regret.

BUFFY

See? Faith wins again.

ANGEL

Go.

She exits (maybe down those stairs). A moment, then Angel punches a wall.

Wesley walks up.

WESLEY

Are you alright?

ANGEL

For a taciturn, shadowy guy, I got a big mouth.

WESLEY

Do you want to go after her?

ANGEL

(not moving)

Yes.

WESLEY

Well, I don't know how much my
opinion counts for, but I think you did
the right thing.

ANGEL

Yelling at Buffy?

WESLEY

No, the other thing.

ANGEL

I didn't do it. Faith did.

WESLEY

I just hope she's strong enough to make
it. Peace is not an easy thing to find.

Angel takes that in, thinking of himself. Then.

ANGEL

She has a chance.

He looks over at the door Buffy left through, then starts downstairs.

INT. JAIL CELL - DAY

Faith sits in her cell, looking out the little window. Sunlight dazzles her face. There is more peace on it than we have ever seen.

We hold on her for a bit.

BLACK OUT.

THE END