

Episode #: 2ADH17

Story #: E01197

ANGEL

"Disharmony"

Written by
David Fury

Directed by
Fred Keller

ANGEL

"Disharmony"

CAST LIST

ANGEL.....	David Boreanaz
CORDELIA CHASE.....	Charisma Carpenter
WESLEY WYNDAM-PRYCE.....	Alexis Denisof
CHARLES GUNN.....	J. August Richards
HARMONY.....	Mercedes McNab
WILLOW ROSENBERG.....	Alyson Hannigan
HOST.....	Andy Hallett
DOUG.....	Pat Healy
MEXICAN VAMPIRE #1.....	Luis Contreras

ANGEL

"Disharmony"

CAST LIST

MEXICAN VAMPIRE #2.....Luis Chavez
CAGED GUY.....Adam Weiner
CAGED GIRL.....Rebecca Avery

ANGEL

"Disharmony"

SET LIST

INTERIORS

ANGEL'S HOTEL

RECEPTION

OFFICE

LOBBY

CAR

CORDELIA'S APARTMENT

LIVING ROOM

BEDROOM

ANGEL

"Disharmony"

SET LIST

INTERIORS

WILLOW'S DORM ROOM

ABANDONED MOVIE THEATER

SIDE DOOR

REAR AREA

CARITAS

ANGEL'S CAR

CAVE

ANGEL

"Disharmony"

SET LIST

EXTERIORS

PLAZA PARK - LATE EVENING

PLAZA PARK - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

PLAZA PARK - PLAYGROUND - NIGHT

CARITAS - NIGHT

DOWNTOWN STREETS - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

ABANDONED MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

ANGEL

"Disharmony"

TEASER

1 INT. HOTEL - RECEPTION - DAY

Though we probably DON'T KNOW WHERE WE ARE as we open CLOSE ON CORDELIA and GUNN, both scrutinizing off-camera, perhaps squinting at some unpleasant crime scene.

GUNN

Found 'em just like this. Blood all over.

CORDELIA

Dried blood. This wasn't recent. No telling how long they've been here.

GUNN

(shaking his head)

Look, I don't care what darkside detour Angel goes off on...

WIDEN to reveal Gunn holding up a couple of COFFEE MUGS with DRIED BLOOD caked inside and around the edges.

GUNN (cont'd)

The man's gotta stop leaving his dirty cups all over the damn place.

In the WIDENING, we also find that Cordy is dressed for cleaning — rolled-up sweatshirt, ratty, torn jeans. She's opening up and locking in place the legs of a CARD TABLE. There are some CLEANING SUPPLIES on the decidedly dusty reception desk along with a few BOXES OF FILES.

ON CORDELIA, pensive, throwing a glance toward the closed door to Angel's office.

CORDELIA

Yeah, well... Change has come. Angel's gonna have to get used to a lot of things...

2 INT. HOTEL - OFFICE - MEANWHILE

ANGEL sits behind the desk, a pained look on his face, as he listens to WESLEY, who stands before him, mid-lecture.

He pauses, noticing the distressed look on Angel's face, and eyes him with what appears to be sympathy.

WESLEY

... Engage your co-workers from time to time.

Be sensitive to their feelings, their opinions. Especially before you take some action one might construe as, oh, let's just call it: insane? Goes a long way to show you respect and appreciate them.

(beat)

This is torture for you, isn't it?

ANGEL

Yes.

WESLEY

Good. I think that's all for now.

ANGEL

(quickly)

Okay, well I just need to, you know, sit and absorb it all.

Wesley looks at him, uncomfortably. Angel notices, suddenly remembers and stands.

ANGEL (cont'd)

Somewhere else. Not here. 'Cause, hey, this is your office now. You're the one that should be sitting. You were shot.

WESLEY

It was your idea. Well, giving me this office, not shooting me.

ANGEL

(moving to the door)

Let me... I'll just get out of your hair.

WESLEY

You're sure about this?

ANGEL

Absolutely. I work for you. Just have to figure out a place for me to —

Exiting, he turns and notices the now upright CARD TABLE and metal FOLDING CHAIR set up next to Cordelia's desk, just as Cordy sets down a small desk blotter and a cup of pencils on the table. She glances up at Angel and wordlessly moves off.

WESLEY

I took the liberty of providing you with a new workplace.

Angel eyes the "desk" and forces a game smile.

ANGEL

That's great.

Angel starts to go; Wesley stops him with:

WESLEY

And I'd love a cup of coffee.

ANGEL

(wryly appreciates
the joke)

Very funny.

Now Cordy passes in front of Angel, saying:

CORDELIA

Two sugars in mine.

Off Angel as he slowly realizes they're not kidding,
his smile fades and he turns to get coffees.

ANGEL

Man, atonement's a bitch.

3 OMITTED

END OF TEASER

BLACKOUT.

ACT ONE

A4 EXT. PLAZA PARK/INT. CAR - LATE EVENING

ANGLE: CITY SKYLINE. MUSIC (probably sexy alternative rock) wafts through the air, emanating from a CAR STEREO.

TILT DOWN to find a mid-size CAR, parked on the edge of a concrete city park. Inside, a GUY and a GIRL, twenties (natch), are making with the dancing tongues. CUT OUT TO:

SOMETHING'S POV (from behind shrubs) - THE SMOOCHING COUPLE.

IN CLOSER, ON THE PASSENGER SIDE WINDOW. A half-beat then...

A FLASH OF BLUE wipes the screen, from RIGHT to LEFT, reflected in the glass of the window.

ON DRIVER SIDE, as the oblivious Girl and Guy continue their kissing. ANOTHER FLASH OF BLUE - this one wiping from LEFT to RIGHT.

CUT INSIDE THE CAR, ON THE GUY, still kissing. His eyes open, and he squints at something just past the girl.

GUY'S POV - BLUE ROBED, HOODED FIGURE, his face obscured in shadow, standing just outside the window, watching them. At the same moment...

THE GIRL opens her eyes. They go wide with fear.

GIRL'S POV - ANOTHER BLUE ROBED, HOODED FIGURE, face also hidden, stands just outside the driverside window.

THE GIRL SCREAMS and SMASH!!! A FIST comes through the passenger window, spraying the couple with glass and a HAND grabs her.

4 INT. HOTEL - LOBBY/RECEPTION - NIGHT

CLOSE ON A HAND gripping the handle of a SPIKED CLUB. As we TRAVEL UP with it, we find Gunn who looks the weapon over, then tosses it into a box filled with assorted armaments as he takes inventory. He lifts the BOX and MOVES OFF, revealing Wesley at the reception desk, pulling papers out of file folders and cross referencing invoices. DOLLY IN as Cordelia exits the inner office, crosses to a CARDBOARD BOX on her desk, and starts flipping through the file folders inside.

ON ANGEL as he descends the stairs and approaches. Wesley glances up, catches Angel's eye, and with a

nod, gestures toward Cordelia. Angel gets the message: Engage. He draws a breath, crosses to Cordy, then after watching for a moment:

ANGEL

Uh --

CORDELIA

Don't.

ANGEL

Don't--?

CORDELIA

You're gonna start trying to make small talk. Get all stammering. Don't. You might strain something.

An uncomfortable beat. Angel looks over to catch Wesley watching them. Then, caught, he casts his

eyes back down at his work again.

Angel turns back to Cordelia and tries again.

ANGEL

Just... wanted to know how you were. Are. I mean, we haven't really--

Ignoring him, she picks up the box and turns to bring it into the office. Angel, instinctively, moves to take it from her.

ANGEL (cont'd)

Oh, here. Let me get that...

CORDELIA

It's okay--

ANGEL

No, I'm glad to--

CORDELIA

I GOT it!

Angel withdraws. Cordelia addresses him with cold detachment.

CORDELIA (cont'd)

Okay, you wanna know how I am? Tired, mostly. With "sweaty" running a close second. But, truthfully, I'm also jazzed. Can't wait to get our business up and sputtering again. Ready to help those helpless..

(stepping in to him)

But, just so we understand each other... You and I? We're not friends.

ON ANGEL - he stares at her, stunned, unsure what to say.

ANGLE: Wesley looks at them. Gunn steps into frame behind him, also having witnessed the exchange.

ON CORDELIA - She tries to keep steady eye contact with Angel, as if to emphasize the sincerity of her words.

He opens his mouth to say... something, when she suddenly closes her eyes and SHOVES THE BOX at him. He takes it, wondering, at first, if this is some gesture on her part, then understanding as her face turns to a grimace and her hand goes to her brow...

ANGEL

Wesley!

THE CAMERA ROCKETS IN ON CORDELIA as Wes and Gunn rush to her, prop her up. Angel drops the box and drags a chair over. Cordelia sits, GRUNTS in agony, as her

eyes roll up, her head snaps back, and her VISION
kicks in:

FLASHES OF IMAGES -

- The girl from the prior scene being dragged BY HER
HAIR out of the car through the shattered window. The
glass shards cut her, tear her clothes. A HAND clamps
over the girl's screaming mouth.

CORDELIA

She's screaming... They're pulling her from a
car... Guys in robes... Blue robes...

- The two blue-robed assailants drag the couple away.
The Guy struggles and one of the figures powerfully
backhands him;

CORDELIA (cont'd)

Ow! They're taking...

MANY ARMS reaching out, desperate, from behind
iron bars, in a dark place; and

CORDELIA (cont'd)

People... and...

- QUICK, CLOSE-UPS of what looks like a RED IDOL or
STATUE of a nondescript BIRD OF PREY, its wings
spread wide, seemingly giving off a fiery RED AURA.

CORDELIA (cont'd)

Whoa. Big Bird.

GUNN

Bigbird?

CORDELIA

Not the Muppet, dumbass...

WESLEY

Where's the car, Cordelia?

CORDELIA
(the pain subsiding)
Um, Lafayette Park. South-east corner...
Near the fountain.

WESLEY
Right. Let's move.

Wesley and Gunn hurry off toward the exit. Angel hangs back a moment, eyeing Cordelia, slumped in the chair, recovering.

ANGEL
Are you--?

CORDELIA
Fine.

ANGLE ON WESLEY, realizing Angel's not right behind him.

WESLEY

Angel!

Angel glances at Wes, who gives him a look, then exits.
He turns back to Cordy.

ANGEL

You should.. take off. The rest of the night, I
mean. Go home early.

Cordelia looks up at him for a beat, then offers a
small nod. Angel backs away, then turns, grabs his
coat, and takes off. ON CORDELIA, watching him go.

5 INT. HOTEL - LOBBY - A SHORT TIME LATER

CLOSE ON A FEMALE HAND, flipping off a light switch.

CUT OUT to find Cordelia, exhausted, moving through

the lobby, her bag over her shoulder.

She hits another switch, starts to move toward the exit. Then, she stops in her tracks, sensing something.

CLOSER - She spins, scanning the dark, schmuck-baity, lobby.

CORDELIA
(calling out)

Hello...?

Nothing. She listens a moment more, turns back to leave, and SHRIEKS when she suddenly finds herself face to face with...

HARMONY
That the way you greet an old friend?

Cordy SHRIEKS again... this time with delight, and
throws her arms around HARMONY, who looks sensational.
As they hug...

CORDELIA

Oh my god! Harmony? Harmony! I don't believe
it!

HARMONY

Yep. It's me.

CORDELIA

I haven't seen you since...

HARMONY

Our high school blew up.

CORDELIA

(remembering fondly)

Right, right... Seems like a lifetime ago.

HARMONY

For me, too. Totally.

CORDELIA

(taking her in)

Wow, look at you. The clothes... You look...
wow!

HARMONY

I know!

CORDELIA

Different.

HARMONY

Hey, not the same person I was back at
Sunnydale High. And you...

(looks her over)

You... Cut your hair.

CORDELIA

Oh.. yeah.

HARMONY

Well, I think it looks adorable off your neck.

CORDELIA

Thanks. I was just, you know... looking for a change.

HARMONY

Sure. Change is good. Sometimes.
(looking around)

So this is where you... do what it is you do.

CORDELIA

Detective agency.

HARMONY

Right. But you're not a detective.

CORDELIA

Well, not me. Technically. I'm... mostly I manage things. The office.

HARMONY

Huh. Sounds rewarding.

CORDELIA

It is. Really. It's, uh...

(changing subjects)

So what are you doing in town? Business?

HARMONY

No, no business. Play, play, play. Just broke up with someone. Real smothering relationship. You know the kind, when they just can't live without you?

CORDELIA
(nope)

Oh, sure. That one. Hate that.

HARMONY
Thought this was a good time to finally check
out the LA nightlife. Look up certain old
friends.

CORDELIA
Got a place to stay?

HARMONY
(a sly smile)
You offering?

CORDELIA
Do I have to say it?

HARMONY
Yah!

CORDELIA

Okay, you're coming home with me.
(starting out)

Hope you don't mind the couch.

HARMONY

No, you kidding? It'll be fun. Like camping
out. Roughing it.

CORDELIA

It's a nice couch.

ON HARMONY, as they exit.

HARMONY

Whatever. Hey, I'm just glad for the
invitation.

6 EXT. PLAZA PARK - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

That flashy, cutty thing they do on the ANGEL program.

7 EXT. PLAZA PARK - NIGHT

CLOSE ON THE SMASHED WINDOW of the car from the vision.
A tiny trickle of blood on the broken glass. WIDEN as
Angel, Gunn and Wesley come upon it. They look around.
All's quiet.

GUNN

Now what?

WESLEY

Fan out. Gunn, search the area near the
fountain. I'll take this path toward the picnic
area. Angel, you--

A WOMAN SCREAMS, in the distance.

ANGEL

Follow the screaming woman?

He takes off, Wesley and Gunn right behind him.

8 EXT. PLAZA PARK - PLAYGROUND - NIGHT

A GREEN-ROBED FIGURE, face hidden under his hood, grips a HOMELESS WOMAN by the throat. Sensing something in his periphery, he looks to see.

ANGLE: Angel and crew charging him.

The Robed Figure suddenly picks up the Woman, raises her OVER HIS HEAD and HURLS her at them. She SCREAMS.

Angel catches her. Meanwhile, Gunn, not missing a beat, lunges at the retreating Robed Figure and tackles him. The Figure gets up and turns to face Gunn. His hood has fallen away and we see he's a VAMPIRE in full-on VAMPFACE.

GUNN

Now, see, what you wanna go hiding such a

pretty face for?

The Vamp takes a swing at Gunn. He ducks it, slugs the Vamp, then grabs the lapel of his robe. The Vamp pulls away, slips out of the robe and turns to flee, then freezes...

ANGLE: Angel's there, waiting. The Vamp GROWLS and rushes him. A stake ratches into Angel's hand and, with a clean move, he deftly impales his attacker. POOF goes the Vampire.

ANGLE ON GUNN, holding the green robe as he crosses to Wesley, tending to the shaken Woman. Angel joins them.

GUNN (cont'd)

Cordelia said blue robes, didn't she?

WESLEY

It's dark. Perhaps she was mistaken.

ANGEL
(defensive)

Hey, I think we should give her the benefit of the doubt before just condemning her like that, don't you?

Wesley and Gunn look at him a beat. Angel starts to feel a little self-conscious.

GUNN
I'll do another quick sweep, see if those blue boys are still around.

He moves off. Wes notices something on the robe.

INSERT: A small insignia emblazoned on the front, over the heart: A triangle inside an oval. Inside the triangle - what looks like a serpent twisted into a calligraphic numeral "2".

WESLEY
(off symbol)
Religious sect?

ANGEL
I don't know.

WESLEY
(pulls out a cell
phone)
I'll put Cordelia on it.

He starts to move off. Angel hangs back.

ANGEL
Um...
(Wes stops)
Actually, I gave Cordelia the night off.

WESLEY
Did you?

ANGEL

I just thought... Well, she looked so tired.
And that vision really took a lot out of her.
And...

(new thought)

You think maybe I should send her something?
Flowers, maybe?

WESLEY

Flowers?

ANGEL

Yeah, You know, to say "thanks." And "sorry
about the migraines." You know... "I appreciate
you."

WESLEY

Yes, by all means. And while you're at it, pick
me up one of those "SORRY YOU WERE SHOT IN
THE GUT" bouquets!

ANGEL

Right. Sorry.

WESLEY

You can't buy back her trust, Angel. Or her affections.

ANGEL

She said... She said we're not friends, Wesley.

WESLEY

(not unsympathetic)

I know. There is only one thing you can give her, Angel. That's time. Cordelia's got a lot of pain to work through.

9 INT. CORDELIA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

ON CORDELIA, her hair wrapped in a towel, LAUGHING and evidently feeling no pain, whatsoever.

CORDELIA

And then... Remember, in ninth grade remedial Spanish? Donnie something...

WIDEN to find her on the couch with Harmony, also with the towel-wrapped hair, also LAUGHING her ass off. They both wear bathrobes (post-shower) and each holds a wine glass and, on the coffee table, is a nearly empty bottle of Merlot.

HARMONY

Donnie Wray! Yes!

CORDELIA

That's him. Followed me everywhere...

HARMONY

Oh! Oh! And he wrote that love song to you...
How did it—

CORDELIA
(singing)

"Oh, Cor-or-delia..."

CORDELIA/HARMONY
(singing)

"How I long to fee-eel ya..."

They collapse in hysterics. Cordelia pours herself more wine, as their laughter subsides. A beat of wistfulness.

HARMONY
God, we totally ruled.

CORDELIA
Yeah. That we did.

HARMONY
We were powerful, rich, popular...

CORDELIA

None of that's changed for me. Apart from
the "powerful, rich and popular."

(looks at Harmony)

But... tell you one thing... I'm happier now
than I was then.

HARMONY

Get out.

CORDELIA

It's hard to explain, but... It's like... I had
these... I dunno, air pockets inside me... and
the work I'm doing... we're doing... It's like
the pockets keep getting... filled up and I'm
becoming me and... Me has had way too much to
drink so me shut up. You now. You've barely
told me anything.

HARMONY

Um, okay... What can I say? Things are faboo. Having a ball and a half. I mean, I did just get out of that really, unhealthy relationship... But I'm feeling really good about it. Getting out of it. I mean... And just, you know, like... feeling good about... me... in general...

Cordy eyes her a little skeptically.

CORDELIA

Well... good for you. In general. You must be doing something right, 'cause you look...

She suddenly notices Harmony holding her stomach.

CORDELIA (cont'd)

Crampy. Are you okay?

HARMONY

Hmm? Oh, yeah. Just...

(looks at her)

...hungry, I guess.

CORDELIA

Got the cure for that.

She leans across Harmony to grab the phone on the table.

ON HARMONY, eyeing Cordy's bare throat before her.

CORDELIA (cont'd)

Pizza.

Harmony suddenly MORPHS into VAMPFACE, though Cordelia doesn't see. She hovers over Cordy's neck, fangs bared.

CORDELIA (cont'd)

Thin crust, heavy on the sauce...

ON CORDELIA as she straightens up. As she clears

Harmony, we see she's NO LONGER IN VAMPFACE.

CORDELIA (cont'd)
(dialing, oblivious)

You like pineapple and tandoori chicken?

Harmony shrugs, still watching her intently.

HARMONY
Oh... It's all good.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

10 INT. CORDELIA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

CLOSE ON CORDY, sleeping on her side, in her bed. The room is dark, save for ambient moonlight filtering in.

PANNING OFF her and along the floor, we come to her bedroom door, which now opens, slowly, with a slight CREAK. Stepping into the room are a pair of FUZZY PINK SLIPPERS. The slippers move stealthily toward the bed.

REVEAL (no surprise) HARMONY in a nightie, standing over Cordelia, eyeing her neck with a predator's intent. She sits on the bed, behind Cordelia, her breathing shallow. The door SLAMS shut behind her, by the invisible hand of Dennis.

CLOSE ON CORDELIA'S FACE. Her eyes suddenly flutter open.

CORDELIA

Huh—?

HARMONY

(re: door slam)

I didn't do that.

WIDEN as she rolls over and sees Harmony.

CORDELIA

(confused)

Harmony?

Harmony turns away and says nothing. Cordy quickly reaches over and switches on her lamp.

CORDELIA (cont'd)

I have a ghost—

(waking up)

What... what are you doing in my—

HARMONY

Nothing.

CORDELIA

Harmony...?

HARMONY

I'm sorry. I-- thought I could... control myself... I thought I could resist these urges...

CORDELIA

Urges...?

HARMONY

You've got no idea how hard it is to stay away from you. I mean, seeing you there, looking... so luscious.

Cordelia takes a moment, then it suddenly dawns on her.

CORDELIA

Oh... Ohh! You're...

Harmony turns back, barely able to look at her.

HARMONY

I should've told you. I was scared... Scared that if you found out... what I was... You'd kill me.

CORDELIA

No! Harmony... God, you really think I'm that narrow-minded? I don't care about that.

HARMONY

(squinting)

You— you don't?

CORDELIA

No, not as long as you're happy.

Harmony SNORTS, bitterly.

HARMONY

Happy. What's that? The last time I remember
being truly happy was back in school with you.
(disgusted)

Now here I am, taking advantage of you.

CORDELIA

No, it's... I just had no idea you, you know...
thought of me... that way.

HARMONY

I don't! I swear. It's just... Well, I haven't
had any in a while and... Forget it.

She gets up and moves to the door.

HARMONY (cont'd)

Look, it was stupid. I'll just go back to the
couch. I'm really sorry.

CORDELIA

Don't be. If you wanna stay and talk-

HARMONY

No, I'd better—

(turning back)

Oh, God. I hope this doesn't, like ruin our
friendship.

CORDELIA

Please. As if.

Harmony exits and starts to close the door behind her.

Then:

HARMONY

And, I'd appreciate it if you didn't, y'know,
mention this to anyone.

CORDELIA

It's our secret.

Harmony smiles gratefully and closes the door.

11 INT. CORDELIA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Cordelia paces, speaking on her phone in a hushed tone.

CORDELIA

(into phone)

How could you guys not tell me about Harmony?
Sunnydale's so far away you couldn't afford a
little phone call?

INTERCUT WITH:

12 INT. WILLOW'S DORM ROOM - MEANWHILE

WILLOW is on her bed, a towel draped over her
shoulders, in mid-teeth brushing.

WILLOW

(into phone)

Hahmomy?

(she spits toothpaste into her towel)

What about Harmony?

CORDELIA
She's here. In LA.

WILLOW
Yikes. Big yikes! What happened? Did she come after you?

CORDELIA
Geeyah. Practically attacked me in my bedroom last night.

WILLOW
Your bedroom? How did she—

CORDELIA
Came in while I was sleeping. Good thing I woke up, too. She was ready to jump me right there. But I think she got the message that I don't go for that sort of thing when I shot her down.

WILLOW

You wounded her?

CORDELIA

Maybe a little, but she'll get over it. Never should've invited her to stay with me.

WILLOW

Say what?!

CORDELIA

Yeah, I know. Awkward much?

WILLOW

Cordelia—

CORDELIA

Meanwhile she's been in my bathroom for almost half an hour.

WILLOW

Cordelia!

CORDELIA

God knows what she's—

WILLOW

(interrupting)

We are all clear on the fact that Harmony's a vampire, right?

A beat as Cordelia registers that.

CORDELIA

Ohhh! Harmony's a vampire! That's why she— Oh my god, I'm so embarrassed.

(chuckling wryly)

All this time I thought she'd become a great big lesbo...

Stay with her as she listens, then stops laughing.

CORDELIA (cont'd)

Oh, really?... Hey, that's... great. Good for you. That's, yeah... It's good.

13 INT. WILLOW'S DORM ROOM - MEANWHILE

WILLOW

Thanks for the affirmation, Cordelia, Harmony's dangerous. You've got to get out of there.

14 INT. CORDELIA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MEANWHILE

CLOSE ON CORDELIA, apprehension and fear mounting.

CORDELIA

Okay, yeah... I'll call you back when I'm somewhere sa--

She leans over to put the phone down, revealing Harmony standing right behind her.

HARMONY

Where you going?

Cordelia jumps out of her skin, dropping the phone.

A 15 INT. HOTEL - LOBBY - A MOMENT LATER

Several old books lay open on the reception desk.

Wesley is scanning them as Angel enters frame,
examining the robe.

ANGEL

There's a label in here. Maybe I can locate
the manufacturer.

WESLEY

Already looked into it. The name's a fake. No
listing anywhere.

ANGEL

Okay. I should go out, see if I can pick up
any information on the street.

WESLEY

You mean the street bathed in morning sunlight?
Relax. I've already got Gunn contacting his
sources.

A beat.

ANGEL

Any suggestions of what I can do?

The phone RINGS.

WESLEY

You can answer that.

With a sigh, he does.

ANGEL

(into phone)

Angel Investi—

(then)

Willow? Willow, slow down, what's—

He stops. Wesley looks at Angel, who looks back with an expression of grave concern.

15 INT. CORDELIA'S APT. - LIVING ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

CLOSE ON CORDELIA'S FRONT DOOR. WHAM! Angel and Wesley burst through it. Wesley wielding a crossbow. Angel has a stake in hand.

WESLEY

Get away from her...

THEIR POV: Cordelia and Harmony are on the couch, looking up. Harmony is in the midst of polishing Cordelia's toenails.

WESLEY (cont'd)

... foot.

CORDELIA

What do you think you're doing?

Angel looks to Wesley, then back to Cordelia.

ANGEL

We're... Willow called. She said you were in trouble.

WESLEY

Your friend Harmony here's a--

CORDELIA

Vampire. Yeah. I know.

WESLEY

(elaborating)

An evil vampire.

HARMONY

Yeah, we covered that, too.

An awkward silence falls between them.

ANGEL

So...

CORDELIA

So you thought you'd just bust into my house
and kill my friend without giving her a chance
to explain herself.

Angel and Wesley share another look.

ANGEL/WESLEY

Yeah./Pretty much./That was the plan.

CORDELIA

Well, holster your guns, boys. She came to me

for help.

(lets that sink in)

That's what we do, right? Help?

WESLEY

(pointing at Harmony)

That's not your friend. That thing may have
your friend's memories, her appearance... But
it's just a filthy demon, an unholy monster.

(notices Harmony listening)

Um... no offense.

HARMONY

(genuinely confused)

About what?

He raises the crossbow at Harmony. Cordelia is about
to protest, when Angel gently pushes the crossbow down.

ANGEL

Wes. You can't. Cordelia feels her friend
doesn't pose a threat. I think we should
respect her wishes.

Cordelia eyes Angel, warily. As does Wesley.

ANGEL (cont'd)

I'm just saying...

Wesley looks at him for a beat. Then at Cordelia.

WESLEY

Cordelia, we need you at the office...

CORDELIA

Let me get my coat.

She moves off.

WESLEY

And, what, you're just going to leave her here?

A vampire alone in your home, risking your neighbors' lives?

Cordelia reappears, holding her coat.

CORDELIA

Hey. I told you. Harmony's my friend I trust her completely and with every fiber of my being.

(to Harmony)

Harmony, you can stay here.

HARMONY

(nervous)

I don't wanna stay here alone with a ghost.

Off their reactions...

16 OMITTED

17 INT. HOTEL - LOBBY/RECEPTION - DAY

ON WESLEY, looking through an ancient, moldy book.

WESLEY

The triangle evokes a pyramidal imagery, but there's nothing with both a serpent and pyramid symbol...

Harmony appears, looking over his shoulder, chewing gum.

WESLEY (cont'd)

Doesn't appear to be hieroglyphic or--

Harmony POPS her gum. Wesley reacts and turns to her.

WESLEY (cont'd)

Do you mind?

HARMONY

Well, I'm kinda bored, but go ahead.

She innocently POPS her gum again. Wes seethes, crosses to Cordelia, working at the computer. Angel standing over her.

ANGEL

The red bird sculpture you saw in your vision -
Was it an eagle... a hawk... a falcon..?

CORDELIA

What am I, the Bird Lady of Alcatraz? It had wings and a beak. For all I know, it was a duck. A big, red duck.

WESLEY

Perhaps it's an idol, a totem, the cult uses
in its rituals and—

A DERISIVE SNORT. Cordelia, Wesley and Angel look over
at Harmony, leaning on the reception desk, lazily
flipping through the moldy book like it's the latest
issue of ELLE.

HARMONY

(snickering)

Duck worshipers.

She senses everyone's eyes on her and looks up.

HARMONY (cont'd)

What? It's funny.

She POPS her gum again.

BACK ON CORDY, ANGEL and WESLEY, turning back to each other.

ANGEL

Could also be a landmark of some kind, telling us their hiding place.

WESLEY

Well, I'm unaware of any red bird statuary in downtown Los Angeles, and unless you are, I suggest—

POP goes Harmony's gum.

WESLEY (cont'd)

(not missing a beat)

--someone put a stake through that woman's heart if she persists on popping her bloody chewing gum!

Cordelia stands, trying to quell the tension.

CORDELIA

Harmony. Do me a favor, lose the gum.

HARMONY

Okay, okay. Sorry. I thought it would help my cravings...

She RIPS a page from the ancient, moldy books and spits her gum into it.

ANGLE: The others, particularly Wesley, stare at her, aghast.

HARMONY (cont'd)

(wadding up the page)

I mean, you'd think I'd get a thank you for not biting any—

WESLEY
(livid)

What are you doing?!

She looks at him, oblivious to her faux pas. Wesley
grabs the book away from her.

WESLEY (cont'd)

This book is twelve centuries old!

HARMONY

Okay, so it wasn't like I messed up a new one.

Wesley takes a threatening step toward her. Cordy
jumps up.

CORDELIA

Wes, she didn't do it on purpose.

HARMONY

That's right. And I could've 'cause, you know,
I am evil.

Wes moves on Harmony again.

CORDELIA

Wes!

WESLEY

(rounding on her)

Cordelia--

Angel jumps in, takes Harmony, and escorts her away.

ANGEL

Harmony, there's blood in the fridge. Why don't
we go get you some...

They cross away, Wesley glaring at her.

ANGEL (cont'd)

(looking at Wesley)

And let everyone work.

Wesley and Cordy move back to their stations in

tense silence.

ANGLE: Angel pours some blood into a mug and hands it to Harmony. She drinks and grimaces.

HARMONY

Eww. Tastes funky.

ANGEL

It's pigs blood.

HARMONY

Uch! Well, that's gonna go straight to my hips
(then)
How do you stand this?

ANGEL

You get used to it.

HARMONY

I mean, how do you stand everything? Being

what you are. How can you deprive yourself
of the taste... the sensation of rich warm,
human blood flowing into your mouth...

Angel appears to be stirred by her sensuous
description.

HARMONY (cont'd)
Bathing your tongue... caressing your throat,
with it's sweet, sticky--

GUNN (O.S.)
I'm back.

Angel snaps out of his reverie and breaks away from
Harmony.

ANGEL
Me too!

He crosses to Gunn, who glances over at Harmony.

GUNN

I, uh, see we got company.

He smiles at her.

ON HARMONY, pouring a shitload of sugar into her mug o'blood. She smiles back.

CORDELIA

That's Harmony. She's visiting for a few days.

WESLEY

It's all right to speak freely in front of her.
She's a vampire.

Gunn loses his smile, looks at Angel.

GUNN

(sotto)

Don't kill them anymore?

ANGEL
(changing subjects)
What'd you find out?

GUNN
Robed vampires been grabbing people off the street for a while now. Almost a month.

CORDELIA
A month? How could we not know about this?

ANGEL
Maybe because we've all been a little...
distracted lately.

GUNN
Yeah. Or maybe we haven't heard 'cause not a lot of bodies are turning up...

ANGEL

(understanding)

They're not feeding. They're turning them.

CORDELIA

Into vampires?

WESLEY

Someone's recruiting. Building an army.

GUNN

Question is, for what?

18 INT. ABANDONED MOVIE THEATER - DAY

A LOW DRONE echoes throughout what appears to be one of the last of the old-style movie palaces, now fallen into some disrepair. Though, at the moment, it seems more like a church. Free-standing candelabras illuminate the space.

DOLLY down the center aisle, past what appears to be a HUNDRED or so VAMPIRES, standing at their seats, most in robes (of various colors: blue, green, yellow, black, etc.), many with hoods covering their faces. We come up, FROM A LOW ANGLE, on a FIGURE on stage, shrouded in a WHITE HOODED ROBE, gold trim, standing before the empty, stained, MOVIE SCREEN. Obviously, their leader, whom we'll come to know as DOUG.

DOUG

The time is here.. The time is now... Are you ready?

CROWD

Yes!

DOUG

ARE YOU READY?!

CROWD

YEAH!!!

DOUG

Because it's time...

He lowers his hood revealing a shaggy-haired, droopy moustached VAMPIRE. Despite the usual vamp features, he exudes an uncommon cheerfulness.

DOUG (cont'd)

Time to actualize your potential, maximize your personal input, and get the most out of your afterlife. You owe it to yourself to be the best vampire you can be...

PANNING across faces in the crowd, listening raptly, nodding.

DOUG (O.S.)

To those of you here for the first time, I want to say...

ON DOUG, connecting with his congregates.

DOUG

Hi! You are special. You each have it in you to be, not just any vampire... but a master.

That's right. A master of your own destiny.

How? Through my personally devised multi-level, exponential flow cooperative. Now, I know what some of you are thinking... "Hey, Doug! Speak English!

(chuckles)

Okay, don't stake me. Here's how it works...

He holds up a remote control and clicks a button. On the movie screen, over his shoulder, a FLOW CHART

appears. It is, in fact a pyramid-like structure, with color-coded levels in the same hues as the robes, "white" being at the top. Arrows point a single stick figure to two other figures.

DOUG (cont'd)

One vampire turns two humans into vampires...

He CLICKS the remote. Arrows now lead from each of the two figures to two others. The illustration continues with each CLICK of the remote.

DOUG (cont'd)

Each of those two make another two.

(click)

Then they make two vampires.

(click)

And they make two vampires.

(click)

And so on...

(click)

And so on...

He cups his ear, prompting a response from those assembled.

CROWD

And so on!

DOUG

And all it takes for each new vampire to buy their way into our co-op, is just one... you heard me... one human being to be deposited here... in our very own food bank.

A BACK LIGHT goes on behind the screen/scrim, and a silhouette appears of A LARGE CAGE, in which we see the shadows of a dozen or so PEOPLE, trapped. Some reach out from the bars. Others cower as the silhouette of a ROBED GUARD jabs them with a cattle

prod. The crowd "OOHS.

DOUG (cont'd)

I'll say it again: Turn two into vampires,
bring one for the food bank. And no one will go
hungry again. Turn two, the rest is food. Let
me hear ya: "Turn two... the rest is food."

CROWD

(repeating)

Turn two, the rest is food... Turn two, the
rest is food...

ON DOUG, smiling warmly at his chanting congregation.

19 INT. HOTEL - OFFICE/RECEPTION - EVENING

CLOSE ON A MAP of downtown, many colored pins stuck
into it.

WESLEY (O.S.)

Next.

CUT OUT to find the map is taped to an easel set up in the office. Wesley and Angel stand poised with pins as they look to Gunn, reading from a piece of paper.

GUNN

(referring to paper)

Two USC students. Grabbed in a parking garage.
4th and Figueroa.

Wesley sticks two more pins into the map.

ANGLE: Cordelia, at her desk, typing into her computer, searching. Harmony sits next to her, feet up on the desk, blithely sipping her pig blood, an open magazine on her lap. After a bit, Cordy notices Harmony's watching her.

CORDELIA

What...?

HARMONY

Nothing. Just... I can't believe this is what you do now. We always said we were gonna do something cool with our lives. Now look at us: You're an office manager and I'm dead.

CORDELIA

Yeah, well, life takes some funny turns sometimes. Maybe I'm not where I thought I'd be, but it's still — Ho!

(looks at screen)

Hey! Hello! Guys, found something. And there's nothing mystical about it.

ANGLE: Wesley, Gunn and Angel come running.

INSERT - LCD SCREEN - a logo nearly identical to the insignia on the robe, though, instead of a serpent, there's just a simple numeral "2".

CORDELIA (cont'd)

Department of Justice Website: It's a logo for a defunct pyramid scheme.

GUNN

Vamps running money scams now? That's low.

CORDELIA

This particular one was run by a motivational speaker and... lord help me, self-described "Life Coach," named Doug Sanders. Held meetings all over the city, until the Feds caught up with him.

ANGEL

He was arrested?

CORDELIA

According to this, he disappeared. Still at large.

WESLEY

Sounds like he has the makings of a cult leader.

CORDELIA

(clicks on key)

Hold on, here's something: a list of his known meeting sites. And a picture.

GUNN

Now we're talking.

HARMONY

Ooh. Lemme see.

Harmony leans over to get a better look. As she does, her mug accidentally tips, SPLASHING blood all over

the keyboard and screen. There is a series of BUZZES and BEEPS...

ON THE LCD SCREEN - The picture suddenly BLIPS OUT into nothingness.

Once again, all eyes fall on Harmony.

HARMONY (cont'd)
Okay, that was my fault.

WESLEY
(to Cordelia)
Get her out of here. Now.

CORDELIA
C'mon, Harm.

Cordelia takes Harmony's arm and leads her away.

WESLEY
Such a fitting nickname.

ANGLE ON CORDELIA and HARMONY, as they sit in the lobby.

HARMONY
(distraught)

This was a mistake. I should never have come here. I'm just getting in the way. Messing up, like always.

CORDELIA
Don't talk like that.

HARMONY
Easy for you to say. You've got friends. I don't have anyone who understands what I'm going through.

Cordelia glances over her shoulder.

CORDELIA'S POV - Angel, in the doorway to Wesley's office.

Cordy thinks for a moment, then...

CORDELIA

I know someone who understands a little
something about pain.

(calling)

We're going out!

And with that, she and Harmony turn and walk away.

Angel, Wesley and Gunn share a look.

20 INT. CARITAS - EVENING

ON HARMONY, mike in hand, tunelessly, but fearlessly,
belting out the last verse of "Memories" (theme from
The Way We Were.)

HARMONY

(singing)

"Memories may be beautiful and yet... What's
too painful to remember..."

(straining)

We simply choose to forget.

ANGLE ON CORDELIA and the HOST sitting at a booth, listening. It's a slow night, the place is nearly empty.

Cordelia peeks over at the Host, watching Harmony intently.

CORDELIA

What do you think?

HOST

I think your friend should reconsider the name "Harmony."

(turns to Cordy)

So the League of Justice is back together. Must be tinkled pink that Angelfood's returned to the fold.

Cordelia nods with unconvincing enthusiasm.

HOST (cont'd)

Hmm. You're positively giddy.

ANGLE ON HARMONY - her big finish.

HARMONY
(singing)

"The way we... werrrrre"

She happily accepts a SMATTERING OF APPLAUSE from the tiny audience, steps down off the stage and crosses to the booth.

HARMONY (cont'd)
(pleased with herself)

That was SO! FUN! I can't believe I did that.

HOST

Color us incredulous. Mercy, you're one

plucky minx.

CORDELIA
(prompting)

Who's looking for a little guidance.

HOST

Yeah, I'm picking up on the "betwixt and
between, gotta find my corner of the sky"
vibe, loud and clear, kitten.

HARMONY

So you can help me?

HOST

No. But I can treat you to a
complimentary carafe of plasma.
(to Harmony)

The AB-negative here is superb. Or so I'm told.

He signals the bartender and stands.

CORDELIA

Wait a minute. That's it?

HARMONY

Yeah, I thought you were supposed to do some mind mojo, show me my path.

HOST

You're already on it, my little Cacophony. Only I'm not your travel agent for this trip.

(re: Cordelia)

Brown eyes here is. Stick with her and let your pal be your guide.

He blows a two-fingered kiss and moves off.

HARMONY

"Cacophony..." That's pretty. What's it mean?

Before Cordelia can say anything, she looks up to see Angel, Wesley and Gunn approaching.

ON CORDY, as she gets up and goes to meet him.

CORDELIA

If you came for Harmony's singing debut, you just missed.

(aside)

Lucky bastards.

WESLEY

I realize you have...

(looks at Harmony)

Other concerns at the moment, but we need you.

CORDELIA

Why?

GUNN

Most of the attacks have been taking place within a 10-block radius. We figure the cult's headquarters must be somewhere near the center.

ANGEL

We want to drive around the area, maybe you can pick up some vibe from your vision... or see something...

CORDELIA

Like a red bird.

ANGEL

For instance.

Cordy nods then crosses back to the booth. Harmony's carafe has arrived and she's perusing a songlist.

CORDELIA

Harmony... I've got to go. Work stuff. Will you be okay here?

HARMONY

You kidding? Free blood. And potato skins.
(re: list)

Hey, I'm thinking about doing another number.
What do you think: "Candle in the Wind" or the
"Princess Diana Candle in the Wind?"

CORDELIA

Go nuts. Do 'em both.

HARMONY

Ooh, yeah. Okay. Like the green man said...
you're my guide.

Cordelia smiles and goes off to join her team.

ON HARMONY, as a thought dawns on her. She looks up as
someone who's had a sudden epiphany.

ANGLE ON CORDY rejoining the others.

GUNN

Just so we're on the same page, when we find

this vampire cult, we are gonna kill 'em, right?

CORDELIA
Shut up, Gunn.

WESLEY
(pointedly, to Cordy)
We're all aware of what needs to be done.

ANGEL
Let's do it.

He turns to lead them all out, then stops.

ANGEL (cont'd)
Oh, sorry, Wes.

WESLEY
That's all right.
(beat)
"Let's do it."

Wes turns and leads them toward the exit.

21 EXT. CARITAS - A MOMENT LATER

TRACK with WESLEY, ANGEL, CORDELIA, and GUNN, exiting the place, striding down the sidewalk, side by side - A TOTAL POWER SHOT, accompanied by heroic music.

PANNING ACROSS their faces: Gunn, Wesley, Angel, Harmony, Cordelia... then, as a doubletake, back to Harmony as Cordy suddenly realizes she's there, striding alongside them.

CLOSE ON CORDELIA, as she comes to a halt.

CORDELIA

Harmony? What are you--?

HARMONY

I just got it. Stick with you, he said. I understand now where my place is.

CORDELIA
(dreading her answer)

Where?

HARMONY
With you.

She puts her arms around Angel and Cordelia's shoulders
squeezes them to her, excited.

HARMONY (cont'd)
I'm one of the good guys now.

As the others share horrified looks...

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT TWO.

ACT THREE

22 EXT. DOWNTOWN STREETS - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

Quick flashes and cuts of buildings whizzing by... and Angel's car with everyone (including Harmony) cruising along.

23 INT. ANGEL'S CAR - NIGHT

CLOSE ON HARMONY in the back seat, between Cordelia and Gunn. She's all jazzed, chatty and all over the place. Cordelia is focused on the passing buildings, trying to pick up a vibe.

HARMONY

Woo-hoo! This is gonna be great. I'm an evil fighter. That's why I suck at being evil.. I

was meant to fight evil. It's so clear to me now.

(to Cordelia)

Is this what it feels like to have a purpose?

Wow. Look at us, working together. Never had a job before.

(realizing)

We can meet at the water cooler and gossip.

(then)

Do we have a water cooler?

CORDELIA

Harm, I'm trying to concentrate here.

HARMONY

Ooh, sorry.

(beat, to Gunn)

So how long you been fighting evil?

As she continues blathering on... [SEE ADDENDUM AT
END OF SCRIPT]

ANGLE: In the front seat, Wesley looks over at Angel.
They keep their voices down so as not to be heard.

WESLEY

Angel...

ANGEL

(shaking his head)

It's your place to tell her.

WESLEY

She's not listening to me.

ANGEL

Welcome to my world.

Angle: The back seat passengers.

HARMONY

Do we get paid vacations? I'm only asking
'cause I promised myself I'd do one of those

hot spring spas—

CORDELIA

Stop!!

Harmony immediately shuts up.

HARMONY

Okay! I get a little chatty when I'm excited—

CORDELIA

(ignoring her)

Stop the car!

(pointing)

Here. Pull over here.

The car comes to a halt at the curb across from...

24 EXT. ABANDONED MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

PULL UP and OUT to see a large, PALE GREEN, plaster representation of a PHOENIX THEATER. The dark, unlit

marquee below it reads: "Closed for Repair."

ANGEL

Is that--?

CORDELIA

I don't... I'm not sure.

ANGLE: They get out of the car to take a closer look.

WESLEY

The bird you saw was red.

CORDELIA

It is. I mean, it was...

GUNN

Looks more like a puke green.

HARMONY

And nothing like a duck.

ON ANGEL. His eyes drift over to the adjacent building. He notices something and moves off. The others are unaware.

CORDELIA
(staring at it)
There's just... something familiar...

GUNN
We've passed this place before. May be all it is.

WESLEY
(waiting)
Cordelia?

CORDELIA
No. No, I guess it's not it.

WESLEY
Right then. Back in the car and lets keep—

He stops and looks around.

WESLEY (cont'd)

Where's Angel?

At that moment, they hear a BUZZING noise and look up to see

ANGLE ON a huge NEON sign - attached to the adjacent building, and reading "KRAZY KELLY'S DISCOUNT ELECTRONICS" (this is how we spell it), along with a BIG, RED ARROW. It hums to life and glows BRIGHT RED.

ON ANGEL, walking over from the building next door.

ANGEL

Electronics store forgot to turn on its sign.

He points up at the theatre marquee. They all look up. THE PHOENIX now glows RED from the reflected neon light.

CLOSE ON CORDELIA

CORDELIA

Told ya this was it.

ON WESLEY, handing off a crossbow to Gunn.

WESLEY

Right. Angel, you and Cordelia cover the front.
Gunn and I will take a pass around the
building, see if there's another way in.

Angel nods.

HARMONY

What about me? What's my job?

Wesley hesitates, at a loss. He glances over to see
Cordelia looking at him, expectantly.

WESLEY

Um... Guard the car.

Harmony reacts, pleased with her assignment.

HARMONY

You got it, boss!

She moves to the car as Wesley and Gunn start off.

HARMONY (cont'd)

Anybody comes near this car, I'll rip his
throat out.

Wesley stops and turns back.

WESLEY

No! No killing!

HARMONY

Oh. Okay. Maiming, only.

WESLEY/ANGEL/CORDELIA

No!!

GUNN

(forceful, but hushed)

Hey, can we yell a little louder? Not sure the
crazed cult of vampires heard us sneaking up on
them.

CORDELIA

(to Wes)

Just go. I'll talk to her.

Wes shakes his head, then he and Gunn take off again.

Cordy starts to move toward Harmony. Angel takes her
arm and pulls her aside. Cordelia eyes his hand on her
elbow.

CORDELIA (cont'd)

Touching... with the hand.

He lets go of her.

ANGEL

Y'know, I've tried not to say anything... Tried to step back and wait for things to sort themselves out but...

(pointedly)

Harmony can't work with us.

CORDELIA

(begrudgingly)

I know. It's just temporary. I mean, look at her. She's loving this. Giving her a reason to go on--

ANGEL

I don't want her going on. And neither should you. She's the enemy.

She looks at him a moment.

CORDELIA

Now you're sounding like Wesley.

ANGEL

Because he's right. Look, I know how painful this is. Believe me. But you're letting your personal feelings cloud your judgment...

CORDELIA

(cannot believe him)

Said the pot to the kettle.

ANGEL

Yeah, okay, irony not lost on me. I screwed up. Difference is, I never, once, lost sight of what Darla was... or what she was capable of. Harmony will turn on you.

CORDELIA

Why? Because you did?

ANGEL

Because it's her nature. She's a vampire.

CORDELIA

So are you.

ANGEL

She doesn't have a soul.

CORDELIA

Oh. That's it, is it? You're better than her
because you have a soul.

ANGEL

(not... defensive)

Well... yeah.

CORDELIA

I noticed yours didn't get in the way of

betraying the people you work with.
Who cared about you.

ANGEL

I never—

CORDELIA

And you didn't just betray me, Angel. You
didn't just hurt me... You gave away my
clothes!

ANGEL

(hopes this helps)

To the needy...

CORDELIA

I am the needy. Do you know how scared I was
you were on your way to becoming Angelus again?

(then)

Imagine what could've happened if you'd gone

nuts and slept with Darla.

Angel looks at her a moment, then, with convincing earnestness:

ANGEL

You know I would never do that.

ON Wesley and Gunn, returning

GUNN

Building's shut tight. No way to see what's inside.

WESLEY

Or how many.

ANGEL

All right. I'll go in. Pretend like I'm looking to join up... Get a headcount, lay of the land.

GUNN

C'mon, man. You'll get made ten feet from the door. Too many nightcrawlers in this town know what you look like.

WESLEY

And some can sense your soul.

CORDELIA
(light bulb)

Harmony!

Harmony appears over Cordelia's shoulder.

HARMONY

Yeah?

CORDELIA
(to others)

She doesn't have a soul. And nobody knows her here. She can be our inside spy. Tell us

what's the what.

HARMONY
(apprehensive)

Me?

WESLEY
Out of the question.

GUNN
I got a bad feeling about this.

CORDELIA
C'mon. I know she can do this.
(to Harmony)
You can do this, right?

HARMONY
Well, I kinda thought I'd be starting out with
a little light typing, car guarding, something
low pressure...

Cordy pulls Harmony to the side.

CORDELIA

Harmony, this is the chance you needed. To find a purpose.

HARMONY

I thought I had a purpose, guarding the...
(giving in)

Yeah, okay, I wanna do this.

WESLEY

No.

CORDELIA

Please. Give her a chance to prove herself.

ANGEL

I say we should give it a try.

Cordelia shares a look with Angel.

WESLEY

All right, Harmony. You're on.

Harmony holds her head high and with a perky, puffed up manner, MORPHS into VAMPFACE. As she does...

HARMONY

Watch out evil. Here comes Harmony!

Cordelia smiles proudly as Harmony heads off.

CORDELIA

We'll wait for you in back.

25 INT. ABANDONED MOVIE THEATER - SIDE DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE ON A SIDE DOOR, at which stands a large VAMP DOORMAN in a yellow robe. We hear chanting from the crowd: "Turn two, the rest is food..."

We also hear hear a RAP on the door. The DOORMAN

pushes the door open and a VAMPFACED Harmony enters, a little intimidated by the Doorman's size. Before she can say anything, the Doorman holds up a finger indicating she should be quiet.

He turns to a TABLE set up next to the door on which we see various literature, brochures, boxed sets of audio cassettes and video cassettes, all sporting Doug's picture.

ON HARMONY, as the Doorman presents her with various pamphlets and a small paperback book entitled:

INSERT: "Selective Slaughter - Turning a Blood Bath into a Blood Bank." Doug's smiling picture on the front.

26 INT. ABANDONED MOVIE THEATER - CONTINUOUS

ANGLE ON DOUG standing beside TIBOR, a large vampire who's being helped out of his GREEN ROBE by one vamp as another helps him into a YELLOW ROBE.

DOUG

Let's give a nice hand for Tibor, graduating to the yellow level...

The CROWD applauds.

ANGLE: Pick up Harmony making her way down the aisle, closer to the front. She looks around, taking in the place.

DOUG (O.S.)

And with each level ascension, there are rewards...

ANGLE: A side curtain next to the screen is pulled away.

THE STEEL CAGE filled with HUMANS, many in shock, some weeping, is ROLLED OUT to the LIP OF THE STAGE. The crowd "OOHS."

DOUG

Pick yourself a nice juicy one, Tibor. You've earned it.

Tibor crosses to the cage, grabs an outstretched arm and starts drinking.

Again, the crowd CHEERS. Harmony joins in, not wanting to appear suspicious.

DOUG (cont'd)

You're probably thinking "Wow. That Tibor."

He's motivated. He's actualized his potential. But, hey, he's bigger and stronger than I am. Maybe I don't have what it takes..."

ON HARMONY, her lips moving as she takes a headcount.

DOUG (O.S.)

That's just the voice of your inner human, spreading the ghostly remnants of neuroses from your past life... Ignore it. Suppress it. Instead...

A BLACK ROBED VAMP next to Harmony glances at her as she counts. She becomes aware of his gaze, and, self-conscious, immediately turns toward Doug, pretending to listen.

DOUG

Say "I'm in control of my unlife," become

a more active and involved sire...

27 EXT. ABANDONED MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Angel, Wes, Gunn, Cordy are waiting. From the looks of it, they've waited a while. Weapons lay their sides: crossbows, a battle-axe, etc. Wesley checks his watch.

WESLEY

She should've been back by now.

ANGEL

Maybe she ran into trouble.

CORDELIA

Give her a few more minutes.

Beat.

WESLEY

I knew this was a bad idea.

ANGEL

If she's been caught, we'll rescue her.

GUNN

Now we're saving a vampire from vampires. I got two words for that: Nuh and uh.

CORDELIA

That is so—

(spotting something)

Harmony!

They turn to see Harmony standing there.

CORDELIA

You okay?

HARMONY

Fine. There's maybe a hundred of them in there. Give or take. And there's a cage holding about a dozen people.

CORDELIA

You did it. You so rule.

HARMONY

I know! Oh, and I left the back way open.

C'mon.

She starts off. The others share a look, grab their weapons and follow.

TRACKING with them, they make their way around the building.

HARMONY (cont'd)
(to Cordelia)

You know, Cor, I gotta thank you again for giving me this opportunity. And the rest of you--

28 INT. ABANDONED MOVIE THEATER - REAR AREA

They enter a catwalk in a DARK area, presumably backstage. As they make their way down the metal staircase. It's strangely QUIET. Except for...

HARMONY

Really, you've all been so great. I mean, you could've totally staked me back in Cordelia's apartment, and hey, who would've blamed you? One more incredibly sexy vampire turned to dust. But you guys gave me a chance to find my destiny, and I appreciate that, you know? I never felt like I belonged anywhere before.

They reach the bottom of the stairs.

WESLEY

Yes, yes, you're welcome. The vampires...

Where are they?

HARMONY

Oh. Right behind you.

They turn around just as a SPOTLIGHT BANGS ON the other side of the screen, silhouetting DOZENS OF ROBED VAMPIRES.

The screen raises, revealing them all in the flesh. Others spill out from the wings. They're surrounded.

ON HARMONY, smiling.

HARMONY (cont'd)

I belong with them.

BLACKOUT.

29 INT. ABANDONED MOVIE THEATER - REAR AREA - NIGHT

As before, our heroes surrounded.

DOUG (O.S.)

Now that is what I call an impressive display
of potential-actualization...

ANGLE: Some of the vampire cultists part and DOUG
emerges. He regards Harmony, smiling, pleased with
herself.

DOUG

A member of our organization for less than
twenty minutes and look what she's delivered...

(re: Wesley and Gunn)

Two to turn...

(re: Cordelia)

One for food. And, as a bonus...

the infamous Angel.

He and Angel stare each other down for a beat, then
Doug turns back to Harmony.

DOUG (cont'd)

I think someone just made the ascension to blue
robe status. Congratulations, Harmony.

HARMONY

Just taking that first step toward mastering my
destiny, Doug. Like you said.

An ACOLYTE helps a delighted Harmony into her new blue
robe, not far from Cordelia.

CORDELIA

Well, Harmony, aren't you just the most weak-
willed, soft-brained—

HARMONY

Uh uh uh. Doug says those kinda comments are

self-growth inhibitors. I tune out
mental roadblocks.

ON DOUG, as he regards Angel and the others.

DOUG

Oh, I'm sorry. You can put your weapons down
now.

Angel and others don't move. Doug eyes them, curiously.

DOUG (cont'd)

Really, Angel... You don't want all your
friends to die horribly.

ANGEL

No I don't.

DOUG

Tell them to put their weapons down.

ANGEL

Sorry. Can't do that.

DOUG

(losing patience)

And why can't you?

ANGEL

I don't tell these people what to do -
we're a team.

WESLEY

That's correct - And I believe I'm speaking
for the entire team when I say:

(barking order)

KILL 'EM ALL!

And, with that, Angel, Wesley, Cordy and Gunn turn
into The Wild Bunch. A CHAOTIC BATTLE ENSUES.

Stakes ratchet into each of Angel's hands and he deftly
DUSTS two vamps off the bat. Gunn and Wesley bring

up their crossbows and fire away. Cordelia goes straight for Harmony, punching her in the jaw.

Wesley fights with a VAMPIRE, gets kicked in his wounded gut, doubles over in pain. He looks up in time to see the Vampire on the attack. Angel decks Vampire from the side, STAKES him OFFSCREEN. He steadies Wesley.

ANGEL

Are you okay?

WESLEY

Yes.

ANGEL

Find the cage and get those people out.

Wesley moves off — Angel is blindsided by Doug. They FIGHT.

ANGLE: Wesley gets to the cage and pulls at the locked door. A ROBED GUARD with a cattle prod is there. He jabs Wesley with it and he goes down.

ANGLE: Cordelia struggling with Harmony.

ANGLE: The ROBED GUARD is about to prod Wesley again when he gets staked and EXPLODES into DUST. A KEY on a chain clinks to the floor. Wesley looks up to see Gunn there.

ANGEL AND DOUG - fight. Doug gets the upper hand.

DOUG

Angel, why are you working with these humans? You should be maximizing your inner potential, empowering your vampire self.

ANGEL

'kay.

With stunning speed, Angel twists the axe out of Doug's hand and beheads him.

ON HARMONY - she kicks Cordelia to the ground then jumps on top of her. They struggle. Harmony tries to bite Cordelia who looks over at something out of frame.

Suddenly an arrow pokes Harmony under her chin. WIDEN to see Cordelia holding a crossbow. Cordelia gets to her feet. Harmony rises with her and starts to LAUGH. Cordelia squints at her.

CORDELIA

Something funny?

HARMONY

Your crossbow. You've got it aimed at my throat.

(chuckling)

God, you could be so stupid. That won't kill me.

CORDELIA

No, it'll just hurt like hell...

She brings up the other crossbow in her hand and jabs it into Harmony's chest. Harmony stops laughing. She's scared now.

CORDELIA (cont'd)

This is the one that'll kill you.

HARMONY

Okay, you're angry. I don't blame you. But, you know it wasn't personal. I'm evil. We're still friends, right?

Cordelia glares at her for a few moments.

CLOSE ON CORDY'S FINGER squeezing the trigger.

Harmony squeezes her eyes shut.

CLOSE ON HARMONY as she carefully opens her eyes.
Cordelia's still in her face.

HARMONY (cont'd)
We're still friends right?

CORDELIA
No, we're not friends. Now get out of here.

HARMONY
Really?

CORDELIA
Not just here. I want you out of my city.
You're gonna want to be as far away from me as possible.

Harmony backs away.

HARMONY

I left a few things at your pla--
(off Cordy's murderous look)
'Bye!

Harmony scampers away. Stay on Cordelia, then WIDEN to see Angel, in the background, having watched the exchange. Without turning her head, sensing him there:

CORDELIA

Don't say anything. Not a word.

She walks away. Angel watches her.

30 INT. HOTEL - OFFICE - DAY

Angel enters the office, looks toward the desk where Wesley sits.

ANGEL

You wanted to see me?

WESLEY

Yes. Please, come in. Close the door.

Angel does. Wesley rises, moves around to the front of the desk.

WESLEY (cont'd)

I just thought we should touch base before Cordelia arrived this morning. I know things remain... strained between the two of you. And working in such close quarters can often...

ANGEL

It's okay, Wesley. Really.

Wesley looks at him. Angel continues.

ANGEL (cont'd)

Cordelia has every right to feel the way she does. And I'm willing to give her the room she needs.

WESLEY

Good. I think that's just the right attitude. Time and space. That's really the only thing one can give in a situation like this. And so long as we understand that, the healing process can...

Suddenly the door bursts open and Cordy enters, arms full of new outfits and shopping bags/boxes.

CORDELIA

(to Angel)

Oh, my god! These are gorgeous! You have the most amazing taste! You have, like, a gay man's taste! And that's saying something. I love them so much!

She hugs him, kisses him on the cheek. Wesley glances past them to Cordy's WORKSPACE beyond where more

such items are piled, gifts left there for her by Angel.

CORDELIA (cont'd)

Thank you, thank you, thank you. You are the best. Ooh!

Wesley and Angel meet eyes, Wesley's look and slight shake-of-the-head saying "you are such a whore."

CORDELIA (cont'd)

I have to try these on! La la la... new clothes...new clothes...I have new clothes...

She breezes out again, singing her little "new clothes" song.

Wesley stands stunned for a moment then looks at Angel, who offers a shrug, gets up and crosses out. Wesley follows...

WESLEY

I could use a DVD player...

31 OMITTED

32 INT. CANTINA - DAY

CLOSE ON HARMONY, wearing a SOMBRERO, speaking in stilted High School Spanish.

HARMONY

Escuche y Repitan: Turn dos, um... the rest is food."

WIDEN to see she's dressed in her blue cult robe, holding a crudely drawn illustration of Doug's pyramid structure. She addresses two MEXICAN VAMPIRES, who repeat:

MEXICAN VAMPIRES
(repeating)

Turn *dos*, um... de rest es food.

HARMONY
(clapping)

Muy bueno.

BLACKOUT.

THE END

Addendum for Eps. 17

HARMONY (blathering)

I mean, I'm just getting started but, you know, I got some moves. I read a lot. Hey, do we get some kind of badges or something? That would be cool. I could flash it and yell: "Freeze, demon!" And if it was one of those Ice Demons that would be funny...