

Between
The Lines
STUDIOS

Episode 007

Hide and Seek

ANGEL
between
the lines
season 1

Angel Between the Lines Season 1

Episode 7 - "Hide and Seek"

by Ryan Bovay and Tabitha Grace Smith

Cover Art by Kayla14

Cast:

Wesley

Justine

Otto - A sleazy barfly who imagines himself Justine's lover.

Carl (Bartender) – Sympathetic to Justine, but still serves what is ordered.

Julia – Justine's twin sister. Having overcome the abuse their mother inflicted upon her by training as a Potential Slayer in London, Julia returns to L.A. to reconnect with Justine and help her do the same. Julia is intelligent, articulate, and acutely aware of the emotional obstacles she's battled through.

Diana - Early-mid 30's, mercenary working for Wesley

Hawkins - Late 30's, mercenary working for Wesley

Mason - Lilah's legal assistant and is in his early 30's. He's sharp, an egotist and an expert self-preservationist, which is what has allowed him to survive at Wolfram and Hart thus far.

Lilah

Wolfram & Hart Commando #1: these three are generic commandos

Wolfram & Hart Commando #2

Wolfram & Hart Commando #3

British Vampire: Articulate and depraved, late 20's in appearance.

Relishes rare kills like a chef does rare ingredients.

Eric the Vampire: Freshly turned, early 20's

007_001 Setting: Dark Alley

(SFX: LA CITY SOUNDS, CARS, ETC) (SFX: HEELS ON THE GROUND, WALKING, STOPS SEVERAL SECONDS
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	LATER AS JUSTINE STOPS)
JUSTINE:	(TAKES A DRINK FROM A BOTTLE) (MUTTERING, DRUNK, DESPAIR) Do this for me Justine... you have to do this for me. (DRINKS FROM BOTTLE) You have to kill me so you're alone again... always alone.
WESLEY:	(CREEPY MAN WHO JUST SHOWS UP CREEPILY) Not always alone Justine.
JUSTINE:	(ALMOST DISGUSTED) You.
WESLEY:	Me.
JUSTINE:	What do you want?
WESLEY:	(EXTREMELY DRY) A nice leather jacket... my motorcycle back... maybe my throat not cut?
JUSTINE:	I've heard about you Wesley. Been killing all sorts of evil haven't you? Big guy in town now aren't you?
WESLEY:	(SLIGHTLY SURPRISED) You've heard?

JUSTINE:	Too bad you haven't learned the truth yet. (BITTER) Never kill it all.
WESLEY:	So instead I should go from bar to bar, drinking myself stupid?
JUSTINE:	(TAKES A DRINK) Smart guy like you, it'd take awhile wouldn't it?
WESLEY:	I saw you and Connor together. What do you know about Angel?
JUSTINE:	Angel? Angel who?
WESLEY:	(GRABBING JUSTINE AND PUSHING HER AGAINST THE WALL) Ugh
	(SFX: SLAMMED AGAINST THE WALL)
JUSTINE:	Umph! Ow.. watch it buddy, you may break something.
WESLEY:	I don't have time for games Justine. Where is Angel?

JUSTINE:	(MIRTHLESS LAUGH) Where he belongs.
WESLEY:	And where do you belong Justine? Where shall I put you until you're ready to tell me where to find Angel?
JUSTINE:	You don't scare me big bad watcher... you have no idea where I've been.
	(MUSIC: ANGEL BETWEEN THE LINES THEME)

007_002 Setting: MacLaren's Bar

	<i>(SFX: PEOPLE CHATTER, THOUGH IT'S NOT A BUSY NIGHT. ICE CLINKS AGAINST GLASSES AND CARL CALLS OUT ORDERS. THERE MAY BE LAME MUSIC IN THE B.G. AT THE FOREFRONT OF THIS CACOPHONY, A SET OF KEYS JINGLE.)</i>
OTTO:	Drive me home Justine....
JUSTINE:You've got to be joking.
OTTO:	Come on. You know you wanna.

JUSTINE:	(TIPSY, AND QUICKLY GETTING TIRED OF THIS GUY) You know what they say Otto... fool me once, shame on you. Fool me twice... shame on me.... I've been at your place twice. Just twice. Shame on me... I'm not making it a third time. I don't know what you see here, but it can't be me. Or us. (THINKS ON THIS) Ew. "Us."
OTTO:	Maybe I just want you to drive me home.
JUSTINE:	"No," You...Jack-In-An-Ass...does not mean "two drinks and I become a whore." "No" means "I'll kick you right in the face."
OTTO:	I assure you Justine, my motives are pure.
JUSTINE:	Nothing to do with my breasts I'm sure.
OTTO:	Definitely not. (REALIZES) Not that I mean...
JUSTINE:	Your eyes are broken. Also, I can't drive. See me drink? Anyway, there's a movie on TV I'm watching tonight.
OTTO:	We could watch it at your place.

JUSTINE:	How many times does a girl gotta say it Otto? No.
OTTO:	You say no... but you keep coming over..
JUSTINE:	Twice doesn't mean "keep coming over" Otto. Now, piss off.
OTTO:	Come on! (LOWERS HIS VOICE TO A TOTAL CREEP'S) I'll give you a ride if you give me one.
	<i>(SFX: A CHAIR <u>GRINDS</u> ACROSS THE FLOOR.)</i>
OTTO:	Ok ok! I'm going!
	<i>(SFX: A CHAIR SLIDES, HE GETS UP, FOOSTEPS FADING. A BEAT, AND THEN FOOSTEPS APPROACH.)</i>
CARL:	(SWEET AS SUGAR) I love it when you do that. You want a cab home tonight?
JUSTINE:	Come on Carl, you know I live down the street. I'd drink there, but I'm here, right?

CARL:	Right. Another round of your usual?
JUSTINE:	Shot of irish cream, pint of stout and a sleeve o' lager. Kill Otto too.
CARL:	Come'on Justine.. it's late. You've already drank everyone in here under the table, you don't need all that...
JUSTINE:	You can skip the drinks if you just strangle that ass... just a bit...
CARL:	(CHUCKLES) Come on, seriously Justine, you want all that?
JUSTINE:	(DRUNKENESS DEEPENING) Yeah. Then it'll be like... the world will be warmer, feel more open. Like it wants me here, you know? Besides, that door, you know the one that goes outside? It's way over there. Probably locked.
CARL:	Go over and find out.
JUSTINE:	Pffft! Hydration. Drinkies. Want.
CARL:	Well. Can your dedicated hydration attendant of almost five years make a suggestion?

	Change it up. You ordered the same thing the first time you came here, and with the rare and odd exception of a glass of wine...
JUSTINE:	Consistency is a thing Carl, you know that.
CARL:	Right. Right. I know that... I'll get your order.
JUSTINE:	I'll be here. Haven't I always been here?

007_003 Setting: MacLaren's Bar – FLASHBACK (1997)

	<i>(SFX: TRANSITION TO FLASHBACK.)</i>
CARL (SAME ONE):	Welcome to MacLaren's. What can I get you?
JUSTINE:	(SOBER) Shot of irish cream, pint of stout, and a sleeve of lager. What are the wings like?
CARL:	They're from chickens.
JUSTINE:	Drinks then.
	<i>(SFX: FOOTSTEPS FADING. ANOTHER PAIR OF FOOTSTEPS APPROACH</i>

	<i>PATIENTLY, CAUTIOUSLY.)</i>
JULIA:	Hey.
JUSTINE:	Uh, hi...you are?
JULIA:	(IN DISBELIEF) Justine? It's you.
JUSTINE:	(DISTRUSTING) You know me?
JULIA:	I've been looking all over for you. I can't believe you're still so close to home.
JUSTINE:	I have a condition where I respond to vague things with fists. Call it impatience, but it seems to sort the world out. How do you know me?
JULIA:	(IMPATIENCE) Look at me Justine. Brown eyes, with those flecks of green you were jealous you didn't have. This jawline? Same as yours. It's Julia. Your twin. (LAUGH) Fraternal.. twin.. but still twin.
	<i>(SILENT BEAT)</i>

JUSTINE:	Siddown.
JULIA:	(EXCITED) Couldn't stop me.
	<i>(SFX: A CHAIR IS PULLED OUT, THEN BACK IN.)</i>
JUSTINE:	(GENERALLY UNIMPRESSED) I doubt that.
JULIA:	Wow. It's really you. How are you?
JUSTINE:	I'd say I can't complain, but then I'd have to complain about what I liar I am. You look well rested.
JULIA:	Thanks. Alive and well.
JUSTINE:	(STILL DISTRUSTING) Wasn't a compliment. When did you get here? You want something to drink?
JULIA:	Nothing for me. I don't drink. (GRINS) You're very forward, aren't you? Hm, lets see... I got into LA a couple of days ago. Been bumming around since, trying to figure out where you went to.
JUSTINE:	(DISBELIEVING) So you came to bond with me. Over water.

	Not to come off as crass but what the hell are you doing here?
JULIA:	I'm here because I can be. I wanna be. That's good enough. That <i>was</i> crass of you, though. Grade of fail. (LAUGHS)
JUSTINE:	Yeah, I don't care, school-girl. You drink <i>water</i> at a <i>bar</i> .
JULIA:	You'll have to forgive me; alcohol has a bit of a stigma for me. By the way, we may be famous for snits in between mom's drunken rants, but we should actually talk seriously.
JUSTINE:	You think so now, do you?
JULIA:	Where's mom at anyway? Our old house was boarded up.
JUSTINE:	And our time is up. Bye. You can hang out with the shady looking guy checking you out. Oh, look: he has a water. Maybe he's annoying people too.
JULIA:	That guy in the corner?

JUSTINE:	Why don't you drink some water with him and discuss good times... I've gotta go iron my socks. Bye.
	<i>(SFX: CHAIR SLIDES AGAINST FLOOR, B.G. NOISE PERSISTS.)</i>
JULIA:	(WITH SUDDEN URGENCY) Yeah. Hot. Let's go.
JUSTINE:	Let's? I don't think so. You two can hang out and I can go home alone to some peace.
JULIA:	I'm – going – with you. That's final, understand?
JUSTINE:	(SENSING HER URGENCY) Alright. Come on. I'm down the street.
JULIA:	(MILD DISGUST) You live in Jasper? (REALIZES) Right. Let's go.
	<i>(SFX: TRANSITION OUT OF FLASHBACK.)</i>

007_004 Setting: Wesley's Apartment

(SFX: DOOR OPENS)

WESLEY:	Bring him in.
DIANA:	We shouldn't have taken that exit. We were probably seen.
WESLEY:	That's part of the plan.
HAWKINS:	It went well then. You sure your apartment is the best place for this?
WESLEY:	I said it was, didn't I? On this chair here. Tie him up.
	<i>(SFX: A HEAVY THUMP)</i>
DIANA:	Jones is already setting up downstairs.
WESLEY:	Then the two of you go meet him. Travel light. Pistols, silencers. Cover a half-block radius and track all foot traffic and slow-moving cars.
DIANA:	He's all tied up. No going anywhere for him. Let's move out, Hawkins.
	<i>(SFX: TWO SETS OF FOOTSTEPS FADING, DOOR OPENS, THEN CLOSES)</i>

WESLEY:	You'll have to excuse the sensory deprivation. Standard safety procedures for myself and my affairs...
MASON:	(PANICKY, LIKE THE WEASEL HE IS) (COUGHS, SPITS) I didn't know earplugs could get that tight. Whoever you are, you're clearly a pro, so from one professional to another, I have to say that a ball gag and earplugs on top of this blindfold seems a bit excessive. Not that I'd know anything about all that, or try to tell you your job. Aren't you taking the blindfold off?
WESLEY:	That depends on how well you and I get along.
MASON:	You kidnapped me. I don't know what you expect. I'm sure it's nothing we can't work out though.
WESLEY:	I'm glad you feel that way. There's someone I'm looking for. A woman. I believe she has information about the disappearance of an old colleague of mine, and I intend to find her.
MASON:	Ok. Those are your terms. I think you can guess what mine are. What do I need to do to help you help me?

WESLEY:	All you have to do is sit still and avoid testing my patience, and I might consider removing the blindfold.
MASON:	Wait, you're going to leave me here? What for?
WESLEY:	You'll forgive me if I don't spill the entirety of my plan to you so you can run back and tell your boss....
MASON:	Lilah? I won't tell her anything... I'm just her assistant.. a BAD assistant at that... Whoever this woman is I can help you find her, just...
WESLEY:	(TOTALLY COOL) I can put the gag back in.
MASON:	("FINE!") Shutting up.

007_005 Setting: Justine's House – FLASHBACK (1997)

	<i>(SFX: TRANSITION TO FLASHBACK. DOOR OPENS.)</i>
JUSTINE:	Don't worry about taking off your shoes. (SARCASTIC) The maid loves tracked in dirt.

	(SFX: DOOR CLOSES.)
JULIA:	I guess I'll have to forgive the mess.
JUSTINE:	(WORRIED) What was <i>that</i> back there? If you didn't want to have water with the reject from the 80's you could have just left....
JULIA:	It would be good if you had bars on your windows. People can throw things through windows.
JUSTINE:	I don't know why you gave me that snot-nosed comment about Jasper, the crackheads are funny and the hookers never ask for cigarettes. Has that guy been following you around or something?
JULIA:	I got a vibe off him. Something about the way he was looking at me.
JUSTINE:	A vibe? You sure you don't know him, he's not stalking you? I'll kick your ass if you don't tell me!
JULIA:	I'm not some easily-rattled child. I just got a vibe and wanted to leave. Let's drop it.

JUSTINE:	(CALMS) Alright. You're here, so I guess you can stay tonight if you need to shake it off, but after that...
JULIA:	I spent my money getting here. Front door's solid. Presumably we're safe, though I don't know if I trust the drywall in here to resist any kind of attack.
JUSTINE:	That's right. The crackheads will come through the drywall to make jokes.
JULIA:	I'm sorry for the panic. Now that we're here..we should talk. It's been a while.
JUSTINE:	(DOUR) Don't need to remind me.
JULIA:	You need to know how bad I feel about that.
JUSTINE:	But not enough to come back til now. If I sound bitter it's likely cause I am.
JULIA:	Justine...
JUSTINE:	Don't get teary on me now. (SINCERE) Me and my bitter feelings are best friends. Sleep on the couch in here. You can listen to the stereo if you want, I'm down the hall.

JULIA:	I'm not one to tear up so don't concern yourself. Hey! Get back here! We shared something, Justine. All that pain and abuse, it meant something. We both survived it. I'll tell you why I left if you - oh my god are there ants on the coffee table? It's a nice table but...
JUSTINE:	Aren't you a pain in the ass. I'm going to bed.
JULIA:	Wait. Sorry (DEEP BREATH) I'll tell you. But first I have to preface my explanation with something. It's gonna be hard to believe, but just bear with me. (BEAT) There are things out there in the world you can't imagine. Horrible things that most people wouldn't even believe. For years now it's been my job to deal with them. (<u>TENSE</u> , DRAMATIC BEAT) Vampires and demons...are real.
JUSTINE:	<u>(GIGGLESNORT.)</u>
JULIA:	What?
JUSTINE:	Nothing. Just that dramatic pause. I live in LA, I know plenty of "vampires."

JULIA:	Again with the what?
JUSTINE:	What am I, four? I know about vampires. I <i>have</i> a TV.
JULIA:	I'm sure glad to know the discovery channel now features programming on Undeath between Shark week and third world nakedness day. Now once again: huh?
JUSTINE:	You remember Jesse Martin?
JULIA:	Middle School. First crush. Bean-pole arms.
JUSTINE:	After you took off, he had sort of a thing for me. He invited me out one night and asked if he could show me his thing. Turns out the "thing" was still pointy, but was his teeth. He was way into the biting. I think he might have even drawn blood, the little freak. If you and me hadn't done track together the year before I woulda never outran the skinny turd.
JULIA:	(CHUCKLES) You and Jesse. Wow. But...
JUSTINE:	(INTERRUPTING) So you thought that guy at the bar was a vampire, right? That's why you're going Martha-Stewart's-latest-prison stay on my décor?

JULIA:	Fair guess.
JUSTINE:	I know you. You're not exactly what they call "subtle." (THINKS) But I wouldn't let some random guy in. Why are you checking windows and drywall?
JULIA:	I've read about some clever vamps. One Molotov cocktail through the window and they've gotten you to come out. I once heard from my Watcher about a construction worker in Bruges who decided her boyfriend would make a good first kill. She took a wrecking ball to his house.
JUSTINE:	(BEAT) That's it. No jokes about balls?
JULIA:	No...
JUSTINE:	(DISAPPOINTED) Weird.
JULIA:	I'm what's called a Potential. I work for an ancient organization based in England called the Watchers' Council. They train young women at an early age to fight vampires and demons, in case they're called to be the Slayer.

JUSTINE:	(CONFUSED AND CONVINCED HER SISTER IS NUTSO) Julia, that's...great. Whatever. You're still going now or tomorrow.
JULIA:	(STOPPED IN HER TRACKS) ...I'm explaining.
JUSTINE:	All I'm hearing are excuses. When you explain I'll listen.
JULIA:	(HURT AND PISSED) Jesus, Justine. Fine. Where's mom then?
JUSTINE:	Why do you care?
JULIA:	Because I want to see her.

007_006 Setting: Graveyard – FLASHBACK (1997)

	<i>(SFX: TRANSITION TO FLASHBACK.) (SFX: CRICKETS CHIRP, FOOTSTEPS PACE ON GRASS.)</i>
JULIA:	“Annette Cooper. 1947-2000. Beloved daughter, sister, wife, and mother.”

JUSTINE:	All lies. Except the dead part. (SFX: SWIGS FROM A BOTTLE) Yeeech.
JULIA:	I don't know how to feel. This is weird.
JUSTINE:	If you feel like you need to dance, that's cool. Peeing on graves would be tasteless.
JULIA:	Heh. That takes care of the part I wasn't sure about. I know how the rest feels. Black, sinking pit. Egggh. Like an accident you're sure no one you know is involved in, but you're still looking at this like: this is someone's death.
JUSTINE:	Funny lookin isn't it? Like Aunt Gladys' mole.
JULIA:	That sums this mess up.
JUSTINE:	Wasn't anything special. Cancer. Hell if I remember which kind. She called to tell me she was doing some tests, and six months later a funeral home sent me a letter.
JULIA:	(SAD) Were you sad?
JUSTINE:	Pfft! (SWIGS AGAIN) Yecch.

JULIA:	Can you give me a minute?
JUSTINE:	Whatever.
JUSTINE:	<i>(SFX: FOOTSTEPS FADING, ANOTHER “YECCH” IN THE DISTANCE.)</i>
JULIA:	<p>Hey, mom. I’ve been wanting to see you for awhile. Never had the guts, I guess. I made up a thousand different speeches in my head to get ready for this, and now I find out you got away. Time was I’d be mad seeing how you took everything else from me, but I’m finished with that.</p> <p><i>(WITH ALL THE WORLD’S CONFIDENCE...)</i> This is my life. It’s really great, I oughta tell you. I never, ever, had a place to feel safe or loved and you locked away the only person who made me feel... But that’s ok, cause now you’re dead. (...AND A DARK EDGE) You lose, bitch.</p>
JULIA:	<i>(DEEP BREATH) (VOICE LOUDER... TO JUSTINE)</i> Ok, I’m done.
JUSTINE:	No kidding. Kudos, by the way. That was good. I usually dance.

JULIA:	Teach me a two-step and I might trade you a little speechifying talent.
JUSTINE:	Huh. You tired?
JULIA:	Wide awake actually.
JUSTINE:	Alright. What's a Slayer?
JULIA:	Thrash band. Too loud to be taken seriously. (BEAT) One of us had to say it. Gimme that bottle.
JUSTINE:	(AMUSED) Freak.
JULIA:	(SWIGS) Bleggggh.

007_007 Setting: Wesley's Apartment

	<i>(SFX: A SERIES OF RATHER INTIMIDATING-SOUNDING GUNS ARE BEING LOADED, COCKED AND FIDDLED WITH. SHARP KNIVES ARE PREPARED; THEIR BLADES RATTLE AS THEY'RE HANDLED.)</i>
MASON:	I realize we had an agreement, so I hope this doesn't seem like a violation of trust, but given what I'm hearing I need to ask...

WESLEY:	You're curious as to whether or not I intend to torture you with this vast array of pain-inflicting weaponry?
MASON:	Somewhat.
	<i>(SFX: A GUN COCKS. WES <u>FIRES.</u>)</i>
MASON:	(STARTLED SOND) HOLY -- (GASP) YOU ALMOST HIT ME!
WESLEY:	That was your only warning. Understand that I have no issue whatsoever about terminating someone who becomes more trouble than they're worth. Especially since you work for Wolfram and Hart.
MASON:	You're crazy. (THINKING, HE REALIZES:) No, no you're really not are you? Crazy people don't calculate.
WESLEY:	Dead people don't talk.
MASON:	(HIS TONE PICKS UP, CONFIDENCE SEEPING IN. HE SMELLS BLOOD IN THE WATER) I think if you were crazy you wouldn't be waiting. You wouldn't be planning and

	preparing all those weapons. You need me alive because if you didn't, you wouldn't have even given me a warning shot.
WESLEY:	(HE KNOWS HE'S BEAT) What do you want?
MASON:	I want you to tell me how you think you're gonna keep my mouth shut.
WESLEY:	I'll get the gag.
MASON:	OR! (SIGHS) Ok. We both have objectives. Let's work this out.
WESLEY:	I'm not interested in negotiating with a <i>legal assistant</i> . Though I am curious about how that title feels given that you hold a law degree.
MASON:	Everyone starts somewhere. I'm young, willing to work my way up.
	(SFX: WES RESUMES HIS WORK: WEAPONS ARE HANDLED.)
WESLEY:	At the very least you profit off whatever suffering your firm inflicts. You have nowhere to go but down.

MASON:	Oh, goody two shoes bullcrap. I get that from everyone. Nothing happens without someone making it happen in this world, and someone getting something for it. It may as well be me.
WESLEY:	You think that?
MASON:	You bet your ass.
WESLEY:	And what if suddenly everything you believed was turned over on itself? You say you're young. You'll grow old. People will leave, reveal things you never knew about them. Do you have a family?
MASON:	Wife and two kids who'll grow up without me if you actually do go crazy and kill me.
WESLEY:	(SKEPTICAL, LIKE HE KNOWS SOMETHING) Right. That will last as long as it can, and when it's near its end, then you'll know what you think.]
MASON:	Seems like you need the ball gag more than me.

WESLEY:	(DEEP AND DARK) You really ought not damage my calm. I can always find someone else who will tell me what I want to know...
MASON:	Seriously. Please don't kill me!
WESLEY:	(IRRITATED) God, would you shut up!
	<i>(SFX: HEAVY FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING MASON.)</i>
MASON:	No, no, you were good way back there! Not the face please not the face!
WESLEY:	You don't have a family, you own a cockatoo and two cats. I wouldn't hold a man for ransom without finding out what I can use against him. The only thing you're tied to save that chair is yourself. If I were to point this gun at your face...
	<i>(SFX: GUN COCK)</i>
MASON:	(BEGGING FOR HIS LIFE) Ok, fine. I don't have the family or the picket fence. You got me. But I have everything I need. I know exactly what I want and how to take it. That's what makes me the man I am and nothing can destroy that. So..there it is, truth told. We can be reasonable.
WESLEY:	I think we're way past reasonable. Don't you Mason?
MASON:	Pleaseeeee just tell me what you want.
WESLEY:	I need to find a girl...
MASON:	(HALF TERRIFIED, HALF FALSE BRAVE) (COUGH) Don't we all?

WESLEY	This isn't just any girl. She's special. She helped show me who I was, so I'm going to show her. Ms. Morgan, your boss, is going to help me find her.
MASON:	(<u>NOT</u> COMFORTED) You ever met my boss? (SNIFFLE) She won't do anything for anyone.
WESLEY:	We'll find out soon enough.

007_008 Setting: A Different Graveyard – FLASHBACK (1997)

	<i>(SFX: TRANSITION TO FLASHBACK.) (SFX: NIGHT SOUNDS. CRICKETS CHIRP, CHIRP, ETC.)</i>
JUSTINE:	(PLAYING ALONG) So you've been in "training" since you were a pre-teen for a job you might never get. Is that why Slayers hang around graveyards? Low job satisfaction leads to high suicide rates?
JULIA:	You were the one who happened to know where another graveyard was right off the top of your head. Can I tell you how this works before we get killed?

JUSTINE:	Start talking and we'll find out.
JULIA:	When vampires emerge from their graves they're at their most vulnerable. Their world is new, their senses aren't yet honed. Some of them will smell blood and come right up, but others need time to figure out exactly what's happened to them. Death plays funny with the memory.
JUSTINE:	Problem here, school girl. The brain needs blood to work. If they're technically dead...
JULIA:	It's mystical. Run with it.
JUSTINE:	I don't tend to go looking for things with pointy teeth. My first boyfriend turning out to be a sleaze was kind of traumatic. Did ya think o' that?
JULIA:	But you can fight, can't you?
JUSTINE:	Oh yeah. Little bit of boxing, tae kwon do, mostly self-learned. The first time I hit mom back...
JULIA:	Must've been a hell of a day.
JUSTINE:	Gold. My last day there.

JULIA:	I -
VAMPIRE	<i>(A VAMPIRE EMERGES FROM ITS GRAVE AND BELLOWS A HUNGRY ROAR.)</i>
JUSTINE:	CRAP!
JULIA:	GO! Get behind him! (FIGHTING SOUNDS, OMPHS, OOFS, GRUNTS AND GROWLS)
	<i>(SFX: PUNCHES AND KICKS FLY FURIOUSLY BACK AND FORTH AS THEY ATTACK THE VAMPIRE. IT ROARS, SNAPS AND GROWLS, ITS NOISES QUICKLY BECOMING DESPERATE.)</i> <i>(SFX: MORE PUNCHING AND KICKING AND THEN <u>A STAKING</u>. IT FALLS TO DUST.)</i>
JUSTINE:	WHOA!
JULIA:	(BREATHING HEAVILY) What?
JUSTINE:	THAT... WAS... - AWESOME! (FIGHTS FOR BREATH)

JULIA:	Guess I have a pretty cool job after all.
JUSTINE:	Tell me about it. After we stake another one.
JULIA:	You're nuts.
JUSTINE:	That was the best fight I've had in years. I'm not stopping now.
JULIA:	(PLAYFUL) Then try me.
JUSTINE:	(PERKS UP) Yeah? Ok, little bitch let's..
	(SFX: SMACK!)
JUSTINE:	Ow! How'd you get in so quick?!
JULIA:	Your face was talking. Ha! Now -
	(SFX: SMACK!)
JULIA:	Ow! (Ooff! PLAYFUL LAUGHING, FIGHT SOUNDS)
JUSTINE:	Ha-hah! (OOF! Umph! PLAYFUL FIGHT SOUNDS, LAUGHING)

	<p><i>(SFX: FIGHTING. LIGHT PUNCHES WHIRL ABOUT AMIDST THE HEART-WARMING LAUGHTER. AWW!)</i></p> <p><i>(SFX: TRANSITION OUT OF FLASHBACK.)</i></p>

007_009 Setting: Wesley's Apartment

	<p><i>(SFX: A BEER CAN CRACKS OPEN. A TV PLAYS A LEGAL DRAMA SOFTLY IN THE BACKGROUND. WES DRINKS HIS BEER: SIP, SIP.)</i></p>
MASON:	(MEEKLY) Can I have a beer?
WESLEY:	No.
	<p><i>(SFX: KNOCK ON THE DOOR.)</i></p>
WESLEY:	Enter.
	<p><i>(SFX: DOOR OPENS.)</i></p>
HAWKINS:	It's me.

MASON:	Who are you?
HAWKINS:	Your mother. (TO WES) Can I talk to you for a minute?
WESLEY:	Alright. I'll deal with him.
MASON:	Deal with me? Hey, no ear plugsss...
WESLEY:	We're safe. What is it?
HAWKINS:	Update. Plenty of foot traffic, no slow-moving vehicles, but nothing relevant so far. I'm gonna survey the lobby.
WESLEY:	Fine.
HAWKINS:	Another thing: I didn't get a chance to mention this, but we got a call just before we started this job. New case. Nesters. We should be able to clear the buggers by tomorrow night.
WESLEY:	Good work. You can take your position.
	<i>(SFX: A HANDHELD RADIO BUZZES.)</i>

DIANA:	(OVER RADIO) Hub this is Delta, do you read?
HAWKINS:	(INTO RADIO) Delta this is Hub, go ahead.
DIANA:	(OVER RADIO) We have an approach on foot coming in the back. Single intruder, female, seems to have no problem picking a lock.
HAWKINS:	Stand by for instructions. (TO WES) What do you think, boss?
WESLEY:	Fall back to the West side of the building near the elevators. If she comes this way keep your distance, then follow her in.

007_010 Setting: Justine's Place – FLASHBACK (1997)

	<i>(SFX: TRANSITION TO FLASHBACK.)</i> <i>(SFX: MUSIC PLAYS SOFTLY, MASSAGING THE ROOM. IT'S SOMETHING ACOUSTIC AND MELANCHOLY.)</i>
JULIA:	(LAUGHING HER FACE OFF) You call this tea? This is-it's poison sumac. It smells like the crotch end of a punching bag if it had one, after two weeks of getting beaten on by a turd pile.

JUSTINE:	(LAUGHING TOO) It tastes like-like my drain! And I didn't even live..in..England. Ah ha. Hahaha!
JULIA:	(CONTAINING HERSELF A BIT) Ohhh. I went backpacking on the continent once, right? Stayed in this seedy hostel in Budapest, and next door was this run-down, World War 2 era, shelled-to- bits stone shack playing house, and I gotta say your couch is that house. In couch form.
JUSTINE:	(CALM) I am sorry about the mess. Truth is I don't live here. I live a lot of places. I squat, go from place to place every week or so. (SOMBER) Money gets tight.
JULIA:	You do what you have to. Interestingly enough, the couch-house was a tattoo parlor.
JUSTINE:	(RELIEVED) Cool. But I try not to stay here more than a couple days at a time. Jasper <i>is</i> nasty.
	<i>(SFX: A BEAT. THEY LAUGH IN AGREEMENT, THEN CONTINUE WITH THEIR TEA: SLURP.)</i>
JULIA:	Really. No more tea. Happier times, though: your fighting back there. Not bad. I mean it. Don't look down at the floor all falsely-bashful, I said I meant

	it. In fact, I keep thinking how lucky I am you managed to keep your punchy-capacity bottled in my sisterly presence.
JUSTINE:	You're lucky. I could take you.
JULIA:	Aha. Even with my training?
JUSTINE:	You're quicker, I'm meaner.
JULIA:	You fight like hell, I'll give you that. You don't quite have precision, but that's something we can easily work on. The passion of a fighter can't be trained.
JUSTINE:	(BEWILDERED) Why do you always have to do that? Here I am trying to enjoy this little after-school moment and you take a dump on it.
JULIA:	I complimented you.
JUSTINE:	Compliment was good, not that part about how I lack at something else.
JULIA:	I'm trying not to build you up too much. Everyone's flawed, I'm only pointing out what can be improved.

JUSTINE:	(BEWILDERMENT TURNING DEEPLY SOUR) I don't need to be reminded of how screwed up I am, thanks. I look at where I live, and how I can count the people I know on four fingers. I mess up and I piss people off. What do you want from me? (GETTING ANGRY NOW) You know...
JULIA:	(IRRITATED SCHOOLTEACHER VOICE) Show some empathy! (BEAT, COLLECTS HERSELF) You think I never felt that way? How could I not? It took everything I had to overcome it.
JUSTINE:	You keep assuming I wanna overcome it.
JULIA:	Like hell you don't. I got fed up with all that namby-pamby self-pity. So did my Watcher. I was taught where to pry at myself to make the changes I needed. I can't help it if I see the potential in you too. I know you could do it.
JUSTINE:	(BACKS DOWN, CONSIDERS) What did you do?
JULIA:	I got tired of letting what mom did to me get in my way, and I embraced a new way of life. I didn't question it. You don't even need to be a Slayer, you just need to break some chains. (SFX: BRIEF BEAT AS THE MUSIC PLAYS.)

JUSTINE:	(CAUTIOUSLY) Say I did it. What do I have to do? Do I have to find someone to “watch” me, a Watcher?
JULIA:	Physical regimens. Discipline, basically. Learning to dedicate yourself to something, have faith in yourself. It didn’t do anything for me until I gave myself over completely.
JUSTINE:	(UNEASY) I – I don’t know. That’s a lot. You walked up to me at a bar a few days ago, Julia. That’s big.
JULIA:	I could train you. I don’t need to submit you to the Council. They might think you’re too old anyway. But think about it: (SAD) this...this is no way to live and you know it.
JUSTINE:	(BACKED INTO A CORNER, SHE ANGERS AGAIN) Right, cause you lived my life. I had to take everything mom could throw at me for years after you left.
JULIA:	(NOT TAKING THE BAIT) There’s nothing you can’t beat. Even that. I remember, I was on the boat on the way over, watching the water for what must’ve been a day, thinking about absolutely nothing. It came to me like a light. I figured mom out: a zero-tolerance control freak who probably went through the same things we did. And I felt sorry for her. In that moment, I won.

JUSTINE:	(DISGUSTED) You felt sorry, huh? Did you feel sorry when she'd lock us in the basement, or leave for days without telling us, or put cigarettes out on me?!
JULIA:	(CHOKING UP) You're not being fair.
JUSTINE:	Fair? What's fair? Come back into my life after abandoning me to that devil-bitch and act like I need saving! That's the only thing more annoying than actually needing help! Maybe I don't need it from you.
JULIA:	(BREAKING DOWN) Please stop. I'm sorry. I wish I could've been there to help you. Every day. I know we were always supposed to stick together.
JUSTINE:	I don't need to deal with your guilt, Julia. Training me, or giving me the story of your awesome, continental life doesn't make up for anything. Or do you just need to prove that you beat mom and I didn't?
JULIA:	<i>How dare</i> you speak to me like that!!! You can't even take so much as a compliment cause then you wouldn't be able to be so self-righteous about your pain. You narcissist! I'm your sister. (BROKEN) I love you.

JUSTINE:	Right.
	<i>(SFX: JULIA'S TREMBLING SOBS FLOW INTO THE ACOUSTIC MUSIC, STILL PLAYING.)</i>

007_011 Setting: Wesley's Apartment

	<i>(SFX: DOOR OPENS.)</i>
LILAH:	Where is he?
WESLEY:	Lilah. Kind of you to drop by. I'm afraid I'm a little busy at the moment...
LILAH:	Don't play games with me.
WESLEY:	<i>(DEADLY SERIOUS)</i> That's all we ever do. <i>(NORMAL)</i> Come in.
	<i>(SFX: FOOSTEPS, HIGH HEELS APPROACHING, DOOR CLOSES)</i>
LILAH:	So, you beat him and tied him up. No points for originality. Now if you wanted to tie him naked to a tree in the desert I would've helped. Not to mention throw a party.

WESLEY:	And yet you're here to rescue him.
LILAH:	Well, that "party" would've been on my terms. I would've also taken time to find a replacement first. Training assistants is so time-consuming. This needle-nosed gob-nobler here took months before he even remembered I don't drink diet soda. Thank all that is evil that he can dispose of a body or two when I need him. Speaking of which...
WESLEY:	Working late?
LILAH:	No better time to run my evil errands. So how do we do this, English-man?
	<i>(SFX: DOOR OPENS OFF TO THE SIDE.)</i>
HAWKINS:	<i>(OFF TO THE SAME SIDE AS DOOR)</i> This her?
WESLEY:	Yes. She's seen him. Take him downstairs.
	<i>(SFX: RUFFLING, JAMES GRUNTING AND STRUGGLING)</i>
MASON:	Hey! Who..get..get off!

	<i>(SFX: JAMES'S COMPLAINTS FADING, FOOTSTEPS FADING, DOOR CLOSES.)</i>
WESLEY:	I need information on someone I know your people would've been tracking since I left my previous employer.
LILAH:	No joy on Holtz. Not that I care, which is why I'm willing to tell you, if you were wondering. That and watching you suffer kinda cooks me.
WESLEY:	I'm looking for Justine Cooper. I'm sure you've kept tabs on her as well.
LILAH:	Ooh, bedding a bad girl? I'm so jealous.
	<i>(A SILENCE IN WHICH WE CAN HEAR HOW DEEPLY UNIMPRESSED WES IS)</i>
LILAH:	<i>(LAUGHS, REALIZES)</i> Oh. Oh! Wow. I am so glad I came here. Dish best served cold eh? <i>(PAUSE)</i> So how are you gonna do it? I mean, we have guns at the office, but holy crap. Wait. Let me guess. At least a dozen weapons along this nice kitchen table of yours...
	<i>(SFX: HIGH HEELS PACING)</i>

LILAH:	...a few pistols, shotgun, stakes. Standard, but all prettied up nonetheless. All pretty and nowhere to go. You definitely have a problem. Don't know which one to use... or which one to use first huh?
WESLEY:	Look again.
	<i>(A SILENT BEAT)</i>
LILAH:	<i>(REALIZING, PLEASED)</i> Well. Can't say I'm not impressed, Wes. Hunting knife. Prosaic, but I'm tickled by the image of you in a slasher flick. Rowr.
WESLEY:	Justine's address.
LILAH:	You got it, tiger. And just so you know there's no hard feelings about this whole kidnapping-my-assistant business, I'm gonna let you do him as a freebie. <i>(SHE ALMOST HISSES THIS:)</i> I wanna watch.
	<i>(SFX: THE KNIFE SCHWINKS.)</i>
WESLEY:	Give me the knife, Lilah.

LILAH:	(BURNING IN EXCITEMENT) Come on, doesn't that little rat just bug the ever-living crap out of you? Talk, talk, talk is all he ever does. I want to see Wesley Wyndam-Pryce show the whole world what he's made of. Take it.
WESLEY:	I said: put – it – down.
LILAH:	(TESTING HIM) Hm. Now why...should I do that?
WESLEY:	Everyone has limits.
	<i>(SFX: THE KNIFE CLINKS AS IT'S SET DOWN.)</i>
LILAH:	You haven't changed a bit. Still the prideful, moral Wes, holding it over everyone. Isn't that what got you in trouble in the first place, champ?
WESLEY:	Someone has to stand up to people like you.
LILAH:	Not you, though, huh? (SULTRY) Not tonight. (NORMAL) Alright, you win. The address is 223 Jasper. We stopped monitoring it a couple weeks ago. She comes and goes between a bar on the corner and that's it. Now hand my cowardly minion over and I'll be on my way. I've got an errand to run. I hate hospitals.

WESLEY:	(NOT CARING) I'll radio my people.
	<i>(SFX: RADIO BUZZ.)</i>
WESLEY:	(INTO RADIO) Hub, this is Waco. Report.
	<i>(SILENCE)</i>
WESLEY:	Hub, Waco. Report.
	<i>(SILENCE. SILENCE...)</i>
HAWKINS:	(OVER RADIO, OUT OF BREATH) Waco, Hub. Gotaway-h-he-fled. Got away. Was ready to jump me. On the move. He headed out back – the alley!
LILAH:	Great.

007_012 Setting: Alley behind Wes' Apartment

	<i>(SFX: FEET RUNNING ON STREET, SPLASHING IN WATER. POLICE SIRENS WAIL AND CARS PASS IN THE DISTANCE.)</i>
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MASON:	(BREATHING FAST AS HE RUNS) Crazy - sonofa -bitch!
	(SFX: <i>THWACK!</i> A BODY CRUMPLES TO THE GROUND. THE KNIFE <i>SCHWINKS.</i>)
MASON:	NO! Please don't!
WESLEY:	I warned you not to test me.
MASON:	No! We had a few laughs right? The old ball and gag? Good times!
WESLEY:	You broke the deal.
MASON:	I-I don't...don't. Please don't. (WHIMPERS) Please! (<i>LONG BEAT... REALLY PUSHING IT AND...</i>)
WESLEY:	No. You're not worth it.
JAMES:	(SFX: JAMES <i>EXHALES</i> BIG TIME. MANY FOOTSTEPS RAPIDLY APPROACHING, MANY GUNS COCK)

WOLFRAM AND HART COMMANDO #1	Stand down!
WOLFRAM AND HART COMMANDO #2	Drop the weapon!
WOLFRAM AND HART COMMANDO #3	Drop it! Stand down!
WESLEY:	(CALMLY) Alright.
	<i>(SFX: A GUN FALLS TO THE GROUND.)</i>
MASON:	Are you cops?
WOLFRAM AND HART COMMANDO #1	Home Office Mobile Security, sir. We're taking you back with Ms. Morgan.
	<i>(SFX: MANY FOOTSTEPS RAPIDLY FADING.)</i>

007_013 Setting: Justine's House

JUSTINE:	(GASPS) Ah. Ugh. (DEEPLY DRUNK, COLLECTS HERSELF) I hate that dream. (GROANS, GROGGY) And I got home and passed out on my nasty couch. Grrreat..(MUMBLING)..tattoo parlor. Ugh.
	<i>(SFX: COUCH SQUEAKS AS SHE GETS UP. HER SLOW, WOBBLY FOOTSTEPS MAKE THE FLOOR CREAK.) (BUTTONS CLICK. THE MELANCHOLY, ACOUSTIC SONG FROM THE EARLIER SCENE PLAYS.) (SFX: JUSTINE LISTENS IN SILENCE. ONLY HER UNSTEADY, LABOURED BREATHING CAN BE HEARD.)</i>
JUSTINE:	Son of a bitch. (SOBS) Damn it.
	<i>(SFX: KNOCK KNOCK ON THE DOOR. BUTTONS CLICK, THE MUSIC STOPS. FOOTSTEPS APPROACH. DOOR OPENS.)</i>
CONNOR:	You.

007_014 Setting: Justine's House

JUSTINE:	The hell do you want.
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CONNOR:	In.
JUSTINE:	You think you can just –
	<i>(SFX: SMACK! THE TWO SCUFFLE, BUT IT DOESN'T LAST LONG. SOMEONE IS PINNED TO A WALL WITH A SLAM!)</i>
JUSTINE:	Pin me to a wall in my own damn – get off me!
CONNOR:	You're not going anywhere. (SNIFFS) You've been broken by that poison you drink.
JUSTINE:	What do you care?
CONNOR:	Cordelia's missing... where is she?
JUSTINE:	That bitch? What would I want to do with her? Angelus got sunk to the bottom of the ocean where he belongs. I don't care what his freak friends do.
CONNOR:	(GRIM) Don't call them that.
JUSTINE:	(LAUGHS MOCKINGLY) You like them?

	Cuuute.
CONNOR:	Cordelia is important there. I like...things the way they are there. (FORCEFULLY) That also means Angelus stays away.
JUSTINE:	That was the whole idea moron. Now get off me!
CONNOR:	I think you should help me find Codelia.
JUSTINE:	Why the hell would I do that?
CONNOR:	Because I could tell Gunn and Fred where <i>you</i> put Angelus.
JUSTINE:	You do that and I'll tell him everything about you. Everything you did, where Angelus is...wouldn't be the first time I took someone at that place down.
CONNOR:	(FRUSTRATED) I thought you'd understand. My father told me vampires took your family.
JUSTINE:	Everyone has their troubles Connor. Finding Cordelia isn't mine.

CONNOR:	(SNARL) You're coming with me.
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007_015 Setting: Wesley's Apartment

DIANA:	You sure about going it alone on this one, boss?
HAWKINS:	The plan was we go together.
WESLEY:	I changed my mind. You stay in the area and keep an eye on the building. Diana: you and Jones are free to go for the night. Get some rest. You'll have Nesters to deal with in the morning.
DIANA:	Will do.
	<i>(SFX: THE PHONE STARTS RINGING. CONTINUES RINGING AS THEY TALK.)</i>
WESLEY:	Ignore it.
HAWKINS:	I don't think going alone is a good idea.
WESLEY:	Thank you. You can go.

(SFX: FOOTSTEPS FADING, DOOR OPENS, THEN CLOSES.)

007_016 Setting: City Streets

(SFX: CITY NOISE: VOICES IN THE DISTANCE, CARS PASSING. TWO PAIRS OF FOOTSTEPS STALK THE STREET SOMEWHERE RELATIVELY QUIET.)

CONNOR: Stop.

(SFX: SILENT BEAT.)

JUSTINE: (STILL VERY DRUNK) What's going on now?

CONNOR: I'm picking up Cordelia's scent.

JUSTINE: In the middle of a street at night. Get that talent from dear daddy?

CONNOR: My father taught me every form of tracking known to man.

JUSTINE: (SAD) He was a good man.

CONNOR:	("HE WAS") He taught me to live. He cared for nothing else. (PAUSES, TAKES A WHIFF OF THE AIR) I have Cordelia. You've been no help.
JUSTINE:	Great. I'll walk some where else. Don't want to look like I'm stalking you.
CONNOR:	To think my father called you an ally.
JUSTINE:	I was, you brat. I believed in him. I gave him everything, completely. You have no idea. You wanna know how he died?
CONNOR:	(MATTER OF FACT, BUT ANGRY) Angel killed him... but it doesn't matter now.
	<i>(SFX: FOOTSTEPS RUNNING AWAY.)</i>

007_017 Setting: Justine's Place – FLASHBACK (1997)

	<i>(SFX: TRANSITION TO FLASHBACK.)</i>
	<i>(SFX: DOOR OPENS, THEN CLOSES. MUSIC IS PLAYING IN ANOTHER ROOM. IT IS SOFT AND SOOTHING. IT WARMS THE HEART.)</i>

JUSTINE:	(CALLING OUT) You still up?
	<i>(SFX: FOOTSTEPS WALKING, MUSIC GROWING LOUDER.)</i>
JUSTINE:	I'm sorry, ok? I thought about it and we should try that little talk agai- (JUSTINE SCREAMS SHARPLY ENOUGH TO SHATTER TO GLASS.)
	<i>(SFX: A LOW GROWL RUMBLES IN THE B.G. IT IS THAT OF A <u>VAMPIRE.</u>)</i>
JUSTINE:	Julia? (PIERCING) JULIA?!!!!!!
BRITISH VAMPIRE:	I found her asleep on the couch. (RELISHING THE KILL A LA HANNIBAL LECTER: THE DARKEST CHEF) I expected a Slayer-to-be to provide me with a great fight, but it was like drinking a baby. Her skin is so smooth.
JUSTINE:	GET AWAY FROM HER! GET OUT OF MY HOUSE!!!!
BRITISH VAMPIRE:	But it's not yours. You must not really live here, or I couldn't have walked in uninvited. A home without an owner is such a delicacy. (SALIVATING) A Potential's sibling must be no less a treat.

JUSTINE:	(HORRIFIED, REALIZING) Poten-...you...
BRITISH VAMPIRE:	I followed her from London. Yes, I saw you at that bar. She knew what I was, yet here she lies dead, in spite of all her strength. (THRILLED BY JUSTINE'S PAIN) Doesn't that make your blood boil?
JUSTINE:	(FIRM, TREMBLING FURY) Get out of my house.
BRITISH VAMPIRE:	You want me to go? (LAUGHS) Do something about it.
	<i>(SFX: TRANSITION – ESPECIALLY QUICKLY THIS TIME – OUT OF FLASHBACK.)</i>

007_018 Setting: Wes' Apartment

	<i>(SFX: THROUGH WATERY HAZE, A DRILL WHIRRS AND SCREECHES AGAINST METAL.)</i>
JUSTINE:	(WAKING UP GOAN) (SOBER) What. Where. What is this?! (PANICKING) What the hell?! LET ME OUT! LET.. (LOWLY) You.

	<i>(SFX: THE DRILL STOPS. A BOLT CLANKS.)</i>
WESLEY:	(PLAIN, MIRTHLESS) Hello, Justine.
JUSTINE:	Where the hell am I? How'd you get me in this cage...is this a closet?!
WESLEY:	You don't remember? I did think I knocked you out rather easily.
JUSTINE:	Is that what this is about? (DESPAIRING) Why didn't you just do it? Why doesn't someone just do it?
WESLEY:	(BLUNT) Where's Angel?
JUSTINE:	What do you care after what he did? Yeah I heard what happened. I <i>know</i> you don't care. And I'm not letting you keep me in here for some sick game being your slave-girl or letting you torture or starve me! Kill me or let me go! I deserve it. (DESPERATE) I know you want to.
WESLEY:	What you deserve is irrelevant. In fact, what anyone deserves is irrelevant at this point. (BEAT) Angel is needed by this world. Tell me where he is, and I'll let you go.

JUSTINE:	(SHE TURNS ON A DIME: COLD AS ICE) I locked him in a crate and dropped him in the ocean.
WESLEY:	Where?
	<i>(SFX: SILENCE. NO ANSWER.)</i>
WESLEY:	Very well. I left you a bucket.
	<i>(SFX: CLOSET DOOR CLOSES.)</i>