

SARAH MICHELLE GELLAR
Buffy Summers

ALYSON HANNIGAN
Willow Rosenberg

MICHELLE TRACHTENBERG
Dawn Summers

JAMES MARSTERS
Spike

ANTHONY STEWART HEAD
Rupert Giles

NICHOLAS BRENDON
Xander Harris

EMMA CAUFIELD
Anya Jenkins

DB WOODSIDE
Principal Wood

ALEX BRECKENRIDGE
Kit Holburn

"Title"

by

Your Name

Angel is counting loose change as he puts it into a piggybank.

ANGEL
Sixty, seventy, eighty. One, two,
three.

CORDELIA
(holding Connor)
Angel...

Angel raises a hand to stop her as he picks up the piggy and locks it into the picture safe beside the desk. Fred looks up from her laptop.

FRED
How is the Connor fund?

ANGEL
There was a dollar eighty three in
change in the cushions out there.
That's perfectly good money just
lying around.
(Closes the safe)
Now, how's it going?

FRED
Moments away.

Steven walks down the stairs, whistling happily.

STEVEN
(grins)
Good morning, guys.

FRED
(smiles)
Hi, Steven.

ANGEL
Hey, Steven. Sleep well?

STEVEN
(stretches a little)
Yeah, I did. Thanks again for
puttin' me up, Angel. I really
appreciate it.

ANGEL
No problem.

Steven walks over to Cordelia.

STEVEN
(smiles)
It's so nice to see you
alive...especially after before.

CORDELIA
Yeah, well, we can definitely put
that in the "That's Something I'll
Never Do Again" pile.

Steven looks at Connor.

STEVEN
(smiling)
Aww...he's so adorable.

CORDELIA
(offering)
You wanna hold him?

STEVEN
(bashful)
Naw, I couldn't...I--I wouldn't
want to do it unless Angel said it
was okay.

ANGEL
(smiles)
It's fine, Steven.

Steven smiles a little at Angel.

STEVEN
(appreciative)
Thank you.

He takes Connor from Cordelia and holds him in his arms.

STEVEN
(smiling)
(to Connor)
You are just the cutest wittle
thing...yes you are...

He tickles his stomach and Connor laughs.

STEVEN
(smiles)
He's so adorable.
(to Angel)
One second, though.

He hands Connor back to Cordelia.

STEVEN
I'll be right back.

He walks back upstairs.

Angel looks over Fred's shoulder at the new website for Angel Investigations and points at the 'No Case Too Small' under the 'We Help The Helpless' part.

ANGEL
Ah. Can you make that bigger? Bold, but, you know, tasteful.

FRED
Hmm. Tasteful. Sure.

CORDELIA
(to Connor)
You are so cute! Yes, you are. You are just the best little boy in the whole world.

Angel comes up behind her and smiles down at Connor over her shoulder.

ANGEL
How's my little man?

CORDELIA
Oh, he wonders where his father's been.

ANGEL
Papa's got mouths to feed.

CORDELIA
Ah. I have a mouth, too. Always have had one. Kind of known for it and we've fed it fine for years. Yeah.

Cordy puts Connor down in a baby carry-bed.

CORDELIA
Angel - I'm glad you wanna take care of your son. I am. I just wanna make sure we don't lose sight of the mission.

ANGEL
Well, we have to earn a living. I mean, not just for Connor, but for all of us.

CORDELIA

I agree. But first and foremost we work for the Powers, help the helpless. Promise me we won't neglect that.

ANGEL

I promise.

(Sees Gunn coming in)

I promise.

(Turns to Gunn)

Well?

GUNN

Well, we hired some guys. Six thousand of these babies all over town.

They hear footsteps descending the stairs.

Gunn holds up a flyer with 'Angel Investigations' and their logo on it. 'We help the helpless. No case too small. Paranormal Specialists. 313-555-0126'

ANGEL

Nice!

(To Cordy)

I'd call me, wouldn't you?

Steven walks back in.

STEVEN

(catching the last part)

I'm straight, so...no.

FRED

Hey! The website's up. We're live.

Angel picks Connor up.

ANGEL

We're live, little guy. Come on.

Angel walks over to the desk and turns the laptop so everyone can see the screen.

ANGEL

There, beautiful. We're online. We got flyers, we got yellow pages. Ladies and Gentlemen, boys and girls, welcome to a new area of Angel Investigations.

(MORE)

ANGEL (CONT'D)

All we have to do now is wait - for that phone to start ringing and the money to start rolling in.

(To Connor)

Because someone's got to clothe and feed and educate this little guy, yeah?

(Connor yawns)

Yep - all we have to do is wait. - Just a matter of time.

(Connor fusses)

Don't you worry, this town is full of people who have problems."

A man is running through the pouring rain. He looks back over his shoulder at some looming shadows following him on the wall of the alley behind him, and runs right into a pile of trashcans. As he picks himself back up, he sees one of Angel's new flyers.

AI is still standing around the phone, waiting.

The man, flyer in hand, runs over to a payphone, dials, listens to it ring.

MAN

Come on, come on, come on!

Split screen - the phone at AI is *not* ringing. Triple split screen, a guy picks up the phone in what looks like a kitchen.

GUY

Fabrizio's Pizza.

Fred picks up a flyer from the desk and takes a closer look at it.

FRED

Is this the right phone number?

Everyone turns to look at Wesley.

Intro

Hyperion, day, Wes walks in, carrying a stack of flyers.

WESLEY

That's the last of them. Six thousand new ones.

Wes stops to see what has **Steven and** Gunn's attention so riveted. Fred is out in the lobby cuddling Connor.

WESLEY

Adorable.

GUNN

So sweet.

STEVEN

Cutest thing I've ever seen.

WESLEY

I meant the baby.

GUNN

I meant the hot mama.

STEVEN

(smiles)

(whispers)

Got that right.

Gunn, **Steven** and Wes look at each other.

Angel comes in.

WESLEY

Sorry about the mix up last night.

ANGEL

It's not important. But we can't afford any more mistakes. Making mistakes cost money, and making money right now is our number one priority.

(Lorne comes down the

stairs in a silk housecoat)

Hey, Lorne.

STEVEN

(impressed)

Nice housecoat.

LORNE

If this is about the baby formula that I snagged from the fridge last night - sorry. I was feeling a little peckish and it was that or a glass of pig's blood. By the way, baby formula and Kaluha? Not as bad as it sounds.

ANGEL

Lorne, I need you to use your contacts to find out what Holtz is up to. He's out there somewhere. We can never forget that. Finding him is our number one priority.

STEVEN

Who's Holtz?

ANGEL

Long story.

GUNN

I thought you said...

ANGEL

Finding Holtz and making money are our two number one priorities.

Cordy walks by behind him and clears her throat.

ANGEL

Helping the helpless, finding Holtz, and making money are our *three* number one priorities.

STEVEN

You can't have three number one priorities. It's one, then two, then three.

ANGEL

(slightly annoyed)

Do you always have to be so picky?

STEVEN

Actually, I think the word you're searching for is "analytical".

Angel gives him a look.

STEVEN

(smiles)

Sorry, Angel; Can't really help it. It's a flaw.

CORDELIA

Hey, look! We got some hits on our website.

The phone on Cordy's desk rings and Wes picks it up.

WESLEY
Angel Investigations, may I help you?

The phone on the counter rings and Gunn picks it up.

GUNN
Angel Investigations, can I help you?

Yet a third phone rings somewhere.

ANGEL
(smiling)
We're in business!

Justine is sitting at a small table in Holtz lair with Holtz pacing behind her.

JUSTINE
You should be thanking me.

HOLTZ
For disobeying an order?

JUSTINE
For dusting two vamps!

HOLTZ
Two vampires from whom I had told you to walk away.

JUSTINE
Guess I misunderstood.

HOLTZ
Which is why we're here.

JUSTINE
And speaking of here, would a couple of light bulbs and indoor plumbing kill you?

HOLTZ
We are here to determine whether or not - you - have the commitment necessary for the work at hand.

JUSTINE
At hand? -That's a joke, right?

HOLTZ
Why are you wasting my time?

JUSTINE
What do you want from me?

HOLTZ

I just told you: commitment.
Something you must now convince me
you have.

The camera pans down from Justine looking up at Holtz to reveal that her left hand is pinned to the desk with an awl.

HOLTZ

So I've explained why I'm doing
this. Why are you?

JUSTINE

Let's just say, feeling something -
is better than feeling nothing.

HOLTZ

Take it out any time you like. If
you're still here when I return,
we'll consider the next phase of
our - partnership.

Justine watches Holtz walk out and slide the grate shut behind him.

The Hyperion lobby is full of people (not all of them human).

Fred takes a clipboard from one of the non-humans. Angel, holding Connor, walks up beside her.

FRED

Welcome to Angel Investigations Mr.
(looks at the clipboard)
Blee - Lee - Shushngrung. Uhm,
please have a seat and one of our
associates will be right with you.

ANGEL

Hey, Lorne. Non-human on deck.

LORNE

Coming.

Lorne is talking to three gray aliens, wearing long robes and silver facemasks in a language that seems to be mostly clicks, whirrs, and popping sounds. He leaves them to talk to Angel.

LORNE

Hey, the guys with the chrome faceplates, they're called Nahdrahs. I speak their lingo, sort of. If I understand them correctly they've got a job for our leader and a great deal of money.

ANGEL

Oh, let's not keep them waiting, huh?

LORNE

Well, our leader in this instance being Wesley. They saw his web articles on DNA fusion comparisons in Tri-ped demon populations.

Angel sees Wes coming out of the office with some other people and flags him.

ANGEL

Hey, Wes. Wes, talk to the Nahdrahs.

Gunn comes up to Angel leading a young blonde.

GUNN

Hey, office free? It's kind of personal.

ANGEL

Yeah. Go.

(To Connor)

If this keeps up, little guy, we may have to incorporate, huh?

Cordy is sitting at the counter, phone in hand.

CORDELIA

We're getting stretched a little thin here, Angel.

ANGEL

Come on. Nonsense. We can handle it.

CORDELIA

Really? Well, then why don't you handle it by picking up lines two, three and four?

Angel shrugs and walks towards the phones.

ANGEL

Angel Investigations, your problems are our problems. - Okay. How urgent is it? Uh-huh. And what do you do for a living? That's a good company. You own it? Okay, hold on.

(Puts down the receiver)

Pen, paper, quick.

Gunn is pouring some tea for the Blonde in the office.

ALLY

I don't sleep. I'm afraid to go out or answer the phone.

GUNN

Yeah, I hate stalkers. Look, don't worry. We'll put a stop to it.

(Hands her the tea)

Have a seat.

ALLY

Thank you.

GUNN

So, do you know who this guy is?

ALLY

Yeah, well, it's- it's Brian, my ex-boyfriend.

GUNN

Have you - been to the police?

ALLY

Yeah. They act like I'm some kind of nut. Just - like I'm making it all up.

GUNN

Yeah, you go to the cops for help they don't do a thing until somebody ends up dead.

ALLY

Somebody **is** dead.

GUNN

Who?

ALLY

Brian.

(Holds up the flyer)
Isn't that the kind of stuff you
guys deal with?

(The number at the bottom of the flyer now ends in 0162)

GUNN

Yeah. All the time. So - Brian,
your dead boyfriend, is stalking you?

ALLY

Well, I mean, he's not my boyfriend
now.

Wes is talking to the Nahdrahs with Lorne translating.

WESLEY

The Internet article I'm currently
writing posits a formula for the
genome mapping of creatures who
don't have genes. - It's an
exciting arena.

LORNE

One I'm sure we can all download at
'I'll never know the love of a
woman dot com.'

(Wes gives him a look)

Ah, can we get down to business?
They want to buy your head. -
Little rusty with the language. I
should probably clarify that.

Lorne clicks away at the Nahdrahs. One of them holds up a
metal suit case.

LORNE

They want your mind. They're
celebrating their prince's, uh -
it's - it's like a birthday, only
they're not born so much as
disgorged. They - they need you to
solve one of their traditional
puzzles so they can give it to him.
It's quite an honor.

WESLEY

Could be interesting.

Fred has come up and looks at the Nahdrah's robes.

FRED

Sure. These are puzzle people. Did you notice the designs on their tunics?

(Traces the design)

Geometric shapes. Each a prime number, if you count their edges, arranged in ascending order of exponential accumulation.

WESLEY

(smiling at her)

Yes, I did - not - notice that at all.

Fred grins back at him, while the Nahdrahs start clicking away at Lorne.

LORNE

Ah, they wanna know why your girlfriend was pointing at them. I better tell them what she said before we have an international incident.

WESLEY

Ah, she's not my...

Lots of excited clicking going on by the Nahdrahs.

WESLEY

Silly.

The Nahrdahs leave in a hurry.

FRED

Did I say something wrong?

LORNE

No. No, they liked *you.*

FRED

So much they ran away?

LORNE

They either have to consult with their prince or go eat a cheese monkey. Did-did I mention rusty with the lingo?

GUNN

Wes? I think I'm gonna need you on this one.

ANGEL
(on phone)
Great. I'm on my way.

Angel hangs up the phone and picks up the piece of paper from the desk. Walks over to Cordy and thrusts Connor into her arms.

ANGEL
Big case. Got to run.

CORDELIA
Oh...

ANGEL
(already leaving)
I think he needs changing. Oh, and
bottle, three o'clock.

CORDELIA
(to Connor)
Well, hi there.

Shot of a car driving down a street at night.

A man dressed in a suit is talking on a hands-free phone headset of a large office as Angel enters through the glass doors. The side wall of the window are large windows overlooking a manufacturing floor.

HARLAN
Yeah. Okay. That's good for us.
Tell him a six month million dollar
guarantee and we'll cover the extra
cost. Yeah. No, I get that, but we
got to get a decision by tomorrow.
Listen, somebody just walked in my
office. I'll call you back.
(Takes the headset off)
Mr. Angel.

ANGEL
Just Angel.

Guy gets up to shake Angel's hand

HARLAN
Harlan Elster. Thanks for coming to
meet me.

ANGEL
No problem. I know what it's like
when your name's on the letterhead...

HARLAN

Hmm. I got to say, you're not exactly what I pictured.

ANGEL

No?

HARLAN

You're pretty well coifed, I guess. You're not afraid to get a little mussed, are you, Mr. Angel? Because 'mussed' you're gonna be just by stepping foot in there.

ANGEL

In where?

HARLAN

Eighty third and Vermont.
(Hands Angel a folder)
Used to be low-income housing. Now it's a nest. Boarded up windows. No Electricity. Sewer access. They like it dark.

ANGEL

Vampires.

HARLAN

A whole gang of them. Those photos were taken by the last guy I had on this job.

ANGEL

What happened to him?

HARLAN

He got mussed. You have much experience dealing with vampires?

ANGEL

Some.

HARLAN

Yeah, well, not like these. They're not out for blood. They want money."

ANGEL

Money?

HARLAN

Yeah. I know. Whoever heard of a vampire out to make a buck, right?

Angel lets out a half-hearted laugh and drops into a chair.

HARLAN

Anyway, they've been putting the squeeze on some local business men. We pay them a protection fee and they don't eat our employees. They're demanding five thousand dollars by midnight.

ANGEL

Whoa.

Harlan starts to make out a check.

HARLAN

Now, I'm prepared to pay you ten to make this problem go away. Five thousand now
(rips out the check)
the remainder when the jobs finished.

ANGEL

That'll make ten - which is more than they're asking you for.

HARLAN

But this isn't about money.

ANGEL

No, no, of course it's not - about - that.

(Takes the check)

Money.

(Lets out a short laugh as he looks at the check)

I'll get right on this.

Harlan shakes Angel's hand again.

HARLAN

Thanks.

ANGEL

Sure.

Harlan watches the doors close behind Angel. A door behind Harlan opens and an older man walks in.

MAN

What the hell are you doing in my office?

HARLAN

Mr. Elster.

With that the imposter hauls back and knocks the real Harlan Elster out.

Break

Justine's head is resting on the table in Holtz' lair, her hand still pinned to the table by the ice pick. Holtz walks in, crouches down and lays his head on the table, so their eyes are on a level.

JUSTINE

Decided to stick around.

HOLTZ

You asked me what I wanted from you.

(Wraps his hand
around the handle of
the ice pick)

I want you to go out and find
others like you. People who have
suffered as we have, people with
the same rage, the same fire.
You'll know them when you see them.
Their eyes - will look like this
feels.

Justine lets out a scream as Holtz pulls the ice pick free.

Holtz hands her a handkerchief.

HOLTZ

Are we clear? Have we learned our
lessons, Justine?

Justine wraps the handkerchief around her hand.

JUSTINE

We're clear.

As Justine gets up she hits Holtz hard across the chin with her wrapped left fist, knocking him back.

JUSTINE

You son of a bitch.

She drops back into her chair, breathing hard, as Holtz watches her, fingering his chin.

Angel walks into the lobby of the Hyperion, which is deserted, except for some papers strewn here and there and Cordy and Fred sprawled on the settee next to Connor's bassinet. **Steven is kneeling on the other side of Connor's bassinet, looking inside at him, smiling.**

ANGEL

Is this country great or what? Five thousand smackeroos and all I have to do to collect five thousand more, is clean out a vamp nest downtown.

STEVEN

Great country, ain't it?

ANGEL

Where's Wes and Gunn? I wanna show 'em this.

CORDELIA

Out on a case.

FRED

There's a young woman whose dead boyfriend is stalking her.

ANGEL

That's terrible. Did you...

CORDELIA

I ran her credit. She's solvent.

ANGEL

Nice.

Steven gets up and walks over behind Angel and Cordelia.

ANGEL

(Crouches to look
into the bassinet)

Hey, how's my little magnum cum laude, Notre Dame, class of two thousand twenty?

CORDELIA

Angel - I don't think it's such a great idea to be working on so many cases at once. I mean, what if we're all out making money and some poor devil stumbles in here and needs our help?

The doors open and Lorne stumbles in.

LORNE
Bon giorno, everybody, bon giorno.

STEVEN
(chuckles)
Like him?

ANGEL
You've been drinking?

LORNE
Oh, I can hold my liquor, Mister.
Unfortunately I can't say the same
for my firewater.

Lorne giggles.

FRED
Aren't they the same thing?

LORNE
Hey, Fred-girl! No, this is special
firewater, used to loosen the
tongue of my Gar-wak snitch. They
light the water on fire and there's
chanting and a bong, and look out,
Houston!

ANGEL
Did you learn anything about Holtz?

LORNE
Oh yeah. He is *really* not fond of
you.

STEVEN
(like it's obvious)
We knew that.
(wondering)
What else did you find?

LORNE
I'm led to believe that he and his
Grapplar demons had plans to
(makes sound and
cutting motion across
his throat)
you.
(Angel leans back a
little closing his
eyes for a moment)
Is my breath stinky?

Lorne exhales into Angel face.

ANGEL

Yeah.

Angel fans the air in front of him with the check in his hand and backs away.

ANGEL

Holtz is using the Grapplars as soldiers.

LORNE

Not anymore, Bucko. He poisoned them and he's looking for replacements. Humans.

ANGEL

Do we know where he is?

LORNE

Bro, I'm on it. I've got rats looking all over this town. Well, not actual rats - except two of them. Ooh, I don't feel so good.

Cordy picks Connor up out his bassinet.

CORDELIA

Uh, we've got company.

Angel turns to see the Nahdrahs walking in, clicking away as soon as they enter.

CORDELIA

Lorne? It's all snap, crackle, pop to me.

ANGEL

Ah, these are the guys that wanted Wesley.

LORNE

Not anymore. Now they want Fred.

ANGEL

For what?

Lorne clicks away to the Nahdrahs then turns back to Angel.

LORNE
Her enormous brain. They're
convinced she can solve the puzzle
they wanna give to their prince.

(To Fred)
They weren't offended by you
before, they were impressed.

FRED
Really?

STEVEN
(smiles)
Who wouldn't be?

ANGEL
Where would she have to go and how
long would it take?

LORNE
(after clicking to
the Nahdrahs)
They live on a barge, currently
docked in the marina. And a day or
two, depends no how long it takes
her to solve it.

ANGEL
(to Fred)
You game?

FRED
(shrugs)
Sure.

ANGEL
(to Lorne)
You'll have to go with her to
translate. Tell 'em it won't be
cheap. They're getting two of our
top employees. That's salary, per
diem, overtime...

LORNE
Okay, okay.

Clicks and pops away at the Nahdrahs. One of them lifts the
metal suitcase up.

LORNE
 They apologize for their paltry
 offering and hope you'll accept
 (the Nahdrah opens
 the case revealing
 bundles of cash)
 Fifty thousand dollars!?!

ANGEL
 Fifty...

CORDELIA
 ...thousand...

FRED
 ...Dollars?

STEVEN
 (grins)
 (chuckles)
 Oh my God.

Angel reaches out and grabs the suitcase, a big smile on his face.

ANGEL
 We accept.

Gunn and Wes are guarding the Blonde from earlier at her home.

ALLY
 You know, I consider myself
 independent and it's hard for me to
 ask for help, but - it really feels
 good for you guys to be in the
 house. You know that woman you work
 with was right. You inspire
 confidence.

WESLEY
 Which woman?

ALLY
 Brunette, really cute, Texan maybe?

Gunn and Wes both smile.

GUNN AND WESLEY
 Fred.

Turn to look at each other.

GUNN
 Said I inspire confidence.

WESLEY

Actually, I-I believe the comment was directed at me.

GUNN

Really? 'cause I don't think so.

ALLY

(holds out a photograph)
Here, this is Brian. Not exactly a rocket scientist, but, ah, he's so sweet. You ever meet somebody and you just know that you belong together? It just feels...

GUNN AND WESLEY

Comfortable.

They look at each other.

WESLEY

You read all the same science journals.

GUNN

You laugh at the same dumb jokes.

ALLY

And the sex. Oh, god, do I miss the sex.

GUNN

(to himself)
Tell me about it.

WESLEY

Hmm.

ALLY

So, explain something to me. How can Brian be stalking me if he's dead?

Gunn opens his mouth but Wes, looking out the window answers before he gets a chance to say anything.

WESLEY

There are any number of explanations. Witchcraft, black magic, voodoo, zombification, demon possession, even vampirism.

ALLY

But why? Why is he hanging around here? What does he want?

Gunn tries to answer, but Wes beats to it again.

WESLEY

Perhaps there is something he left unfinished, something he wants to tell you.

GUNN

Or maybe he just wants to eat your intestines.

WESLEY

Gunn. We don't know that he's a zombie, and besides the flesh eating is a myth. Zombies merely mangle, mutilate and occasionally wear human flesh. So there is no reason to be frightened until we have a better idea...

The door, beside which Wes is standing, cracks open and a pale hand grabs a hold of him. Wes throws himself against the door, trying to force it shut again.

WESLEY

Gunn!

Gunn runs over and starts to beat on what's visible of Brian with his baseball bat. Brian retreats and they slam the door shut.

WESLEY

Right then. Zombie it is.

Lorne moans as he and Fred climb on to the Nahdrah's barge.

(Nahdrah's Barge)

(Fred and Lorne have arrived. Lorne is still moaning.)

FRED

Are you okay?

LORNE

I was feeling seasick when we were still on dry land. Do I look greener than usual?

FRED

A little.

(They are lead into a big open room on the deck of the barge.)

LORNE

Oh, nice décor! It's sort of a Jules Verne meets Leona Helmsly.

(The Nahdrahs click away as they lead them further into the room.)

Oh, great! They wanna take our picture.

(He and Fred pose and one of them takes the picture.)

Terrific. Hey, this is the puzzle they want you to solve.

(There are irregularly shaped hunks of glass, softly glowing from within, spread out on a table.)

FRED

I'm guessing it fits together in some sort of algorithmic sequence? Any hints?

(Lorne clicks at the Nahdrahs.)

LORNE

Yeah, just one. He said if they knew how to do it themselves you wouldn't be here.

(Fred sits down at the table, opens her laptop and takes a closer look at the pieces.)

FRED

So. Causation. Corollary. Causatu Corollary. Are we talking a closed curve of finite length in a simply connected domain of zero? That would be too easy, wouldn't it?

(One of the Nahdrahs comes over with a tray.)

LORNE

Oh, hors d'oeuvres.

(Sees that they are Eyeballs and insects on round crackers)

Oh, really I couldn't. I had eyeballs and insects for breakfast.

(Vamp Nest)

(Angel walks into the vamps' lair, looking around.)

ANGEL

Ooh, aren't we just the scary
serial vamps - with the spooky
lair -and the taking of trophies of
our victims?

(He picks up some of
the stuff

(like watches,
wallets, purses, etc)

on one of the tables then drops it
back down.)

Lame.

(He pulls out a stake
and flattens himself
against the wall next
to the door as
footsteps approach. A
man comes in,
carrying more loot,
and Angel attacks him
from behind. The guy
drops the stuff and
turns on Angel,
revealing his vamp
face and the two of
them fight. Angel
gets thrown around a
bit. He lands on the
floor and picks up a
broken table leg.)

Next time you hit the yard sales,
I'd avoid the wooden furniture.

(Angel stakes the
vamp as it charges
him again.)

I hear Wicker is nice.

(He gets up to see
two other vamps
standing there.)

Oh, great. Two more.

VAMP1

Dibs on the coat.

(Harlan Elsters Office)

(Angel walks in. The real Harlan Elster is looking through
some papers.)

ANGEL

Excuse me.

ELSTER

What do you want?

ANGEL

I-I'm looking for Harlan Elster?

ELSTER

I'm Harlan Elster.

ANGEL

That's bad.

ELSTER

How's that bad?

ANGEL

Well, because the Harlan Elster I'm looking for

(pulls out the check)
gave me this.

(Elster steps up to
take a closer look at
it, then points at
his chin.)

ELSTER

Really. Well, he gave me this.

(Hands the check back
to Angel)

At least mine's real. The man who
forged my name, about your height,
less beat up?

ANGEL

Yeah, that's him.

ELSTER

Sam Ryan. Used to work for me.
Press Foreman. Fired him six months
ago. He kept coming to me to
bankroll his kooky scheme.

ANGEL

Kooky scheme?

ELSTER

The guy's been a little bit off his nut ever since he lost his friend. Wanted me to pay some charlatan ghostbuster to clean out an abandoned rathole in midtown. He was convinced vampires were nesting there. Some people would take advantage of a guy like that.

ANGEL

Yeah.

(Holds up the check
and rips it in two)

Yeah.

(Starts to leave.)

ELSTER

Immortal creatures living in a rat infested building, guarding their treasure. Right.

ANGEL

(turns back)

Treasure?

(Nahdrah's Barge)

(Fred is putting some of the glass hunks together.)

FRED

There is a ascending and descending causation instantly proved by
(the pieces stick together)
- that!

(Giggles)

I think I'm on to something here.

LORNE

Yeah, me too. Unfortunately it requires a vomitorium.

FRED

Oh - I'm sorry.

(Lorne clicks to the Nahdrah watching Fred's progress. The Nahdrah points and clicks in answer.)

LORNE

I'll just go use the facilities.
Keep up the good work.

(Lorne leaves as Fred slides another glass piece into place, causing the Nahdrah to hurry away. Lorne is walking up some stairs and turns down a gangway. He hears some soft whirring and clicking and turns the other way. He traces the sounds to a curtained off alcove. Parting one of the curtains slightly he sees a sick looking Nahdrah without a mask sitting in a chair, attended by several others. Lorne watches as one of the Nahdrahs turns a laptop so the big one in the chair (and Lorne) can see the screen. It shows a picture of Fred's head sliding over onto the shoulders of the guy sitting in the chair.)

SUBTITLES

She is solving the puzzle, sire. We
have found a head worthy to rest
upon your noble shoulders.

(The prince in the chair nods. Lorne turns away - only to get hit over the head with a metal bar from behind.)

SUBTITLES

(as we zoom in on the
picture of Fred's
head on the prince's body)
We will sew it on this very night.

(Hyperion)

(Cordelia is hopping up on her toes and dropping back down in front of Connor's bassinet. **Steven sits on the chair by the desk.** She gives up after a few tries and bends down to pick Connor up.)

CORDELIA

Hmm. Well, I figured it was a long
shot. But I really can float, you
know. Well, I did that one time
during my last vision.

Steven gets up and walks over to the bassinet, kneeling down to Connor.

STEVEN

(smiling)

**She's right, pal; I saw her do it.
Incredible.**

CORDELIA

Who-ee - somebody needs a change.

STEVEN

(offering)

Want any help, Cordy?

CORDELIA

(shrugs)

Naw, I got it; no big.

CORDELIA

(Puts Connor back down)

But before that, believe me, there was no floating up piece of mind destiny to my visions. No there was just - killer pain. And unfortunately, that's not an exaggeration. They really were killing me.

(She moves the tea tray and puts a cloth down)

So, the Powers That Be put a little demon in me, and as far as side effects go

(Picks Connor back up)

The visions are a breeze now.

(Puts him down on the cloth and starts to change him)

I don't know what else might be in store. I'm keeping an eye out for horns and a tail. Wow. It just occurred to me what a weird life you're in for, little guy. Your aunt Cordy gets visions and your daddy is a... - Well, you won't see him aging whole lot, or catching surf and sun in Malibu. But he is a good man, a champion, and he loves you very much. Plus, he's quite the natty dresser.

(The change done, she picks Connor up)

And your daddy is out there right now fighting evil - for money.

(Vamp Nest)

(Sam Ryan walks into the vampires' nest and looks around. He picks up a watch off one of the dressers and looks at it. Angel grabs Sam's arm from behind and takes the watch away from him.)

SAM

Give it back.

ANGEL

No, I think I earned it, don't you? What is it? Rolex?

SAM

Timex.

ANGEL

Oh.

(Twists Sam's arm a little harder)

What is it, really? Considering all the trouble you went through to get it, we both know it's not just a watch.

SAM

That's true. It's not.

ANGEL

Probably worth more than ten grand, too.

SAM

A lot more.

ANGEL

What's it do? Open a portal? Raise an army?

SAM

It glows in the dark. Probably about all of them do now. Looks like they cracked it when they took it off him.

(Angel lets go of Sam

and Sam turns to face him.)

I told him to let them have it, but - he wasn't about to give it up. It was the first thing I ever bought him.

ANGEL

These vampires killed your friend.

SAM

(nods)

Look. I'm sorry about what I did. I needed help. I didn't know what else to do.

ANGEL

So you lied to me.

SAM

I'm sorry.

ANGEL

I didn't kill three vampires for nothing. Ten grand - that was the deal.

SAM

Seven.

ANGEL

Okay. Fine. I'll take seven.

SAM

No, no, no. You said three vampires. There were seven.

(They both look around.)

ANGEL

Which would make four more.

SAM

Four more.

(Hyperion)

CORDELIA

You're gonna discover there's a lot of cool things in this world.

(Holds up two handful of the Nahdrah's money with a big smile)

Fifty grand - way up there on the list.

(She goes to put the bills back into the suitcase with the other ones.)

We're just gonna lock this up in the safe and...

(The camera zooms in close as she kind of freezes, a wide-eyed expression on her face.)

Right after this vision.

(We get blurry shots of Fred solving the puzzle, of the prince and the laptop screen, then of a knife blade coming at Fred.)

Steven rushes over to Cordelia, standing next to her.

STEVEN
(worried)
Cordy? You okay?

CORDELIA
Oh god. Fred, don't solve that puzzle.

(Nahdrah's Barge)

(Fred puts another piece of glass into place, smiling.)

FRED
Shouldn't be long now.

(Ally's Home)

ALLY
Do you guys know how much longer
we're gonna be? I've got plans this
evening.

WESLEY
We've taken every precaution,
secured every entrance...

(We hear glass breaking and Gunn and Wesley stand up,
weapons at the ready.)

GUNN
With the possible exception of the
skylight in the kitchen.

BRIAN
(walks in)
Ally! Ally - baby, I just...

(Ally flinches as Gunn hits Brian over the head with the
baseball bat.)

WESLEY
Into the bedroom.

(Brian pushes Wesley and Gunn away from him, as Ally runs
for the bedroom. They pick themselves back up and Gunn clubs
Brian again before they hurry after Ally.)

(Hyperion)

(Cordelia hangs up the phone)

CORDELIA

Well. Your uncle Wes and uncle Gunn
not picking up either. And your
daddy, he doesn't know how to work
his voicemail...

STEVEN

(smiling at Connor)
(cooing)

'Cause he's what we call
technologically inept.

(smiles)

Can you say "inept"?

Connor gurgles.

STEVEN

(grins)

Give it a couple years, kiddo.

CORDELIA

(Picks Connor up)

or keep a promise. So we'll go down
to the Marina, return the money and
explain it was all just a big mistake.

STEVEN

I'm comin' with you, Cordy.

CORDELIA

No problem. Just hurry.

Cordelia holds Connor in one arm, picks up the money case
with her free hand and heads out, **followed by Steven.**

(Ally's Home)

(Gunn and Wesley are sliding a dresser in front of the
bedroom door as Brian pounds on it.)

BRIAN

Ally, why won't you talk to me?

ALLY

Because you're dead. Now, go away!

(To Wesley and Gunn)

You know, I'm paying good money
here. Can you please get rid of him?

(Gunn and Wesley try to brace the dresser, but it is slowly
pushed back to the point where Brian and stick his head in
through the crack in the door.)

BRIAN
Just give me another chance, baby.
(Looks at Gunn and Wesley)
Who are these guys?

WESLEY
We are here to protect her from
you, actually.

BRIAN
Protection?
(Lets out a deep
breath and smiles at Ally)
I thought you were dating them.

ALLY
You know, this is exactly why I
broke up with you. You're
suffocating me! Now, get lost!

(Ally tries to help push the dresser. Gunn lifts his bat one handed and bashes at Brian's hand and head with it. They manage to shut the door. They all wait and listen for a moment, then Wesley motions for Gunn to take a look as he slides the dresser back.)

WESLEY
What's he doing?

GUNN
Pouting.

ALLY
Okay. That's it.
(She walks past Gunn
out into the living
room, where Brian is
sitting, hunched over.)
You know, this is so typical of you.
You're all bluster and then you pout.

BRIAN
I thought we had fun together.

ALLY
We did, but you're so - needy.

BRIAN
Needy? Because I cared?

ALLY
Caring didn't entitle you to read
my diary, follow me to work...

BRIAN
 I never... Okay, I read your diary
 once or twice. Does that give you a
 reason to poison me?
 (Ally notices Gunn
 and Wesley looking at her.)

ALLY
 What? You're gonna believe
 everything a zombie says?

WESLEY
 Are you saying *she* killed you?

BRIAN
 I'd forgive her if she'd take me back.

GUNN
 You're kidding, right?

BRIAN
 No.
 (To Ally)
 Baby, I've seen the guys you've
 been going out with. You're not
 having any fun! Come on. Lets give
 it another shot.
 (Ally stays silent,
 just looking at Brian.
 Brian gets up, smiling.)
 What do you say? Me and you?

ALLY
 (half smiling)
 Eew, I-I can't. It's creepy.

BRIAN
 Come on. I miss you.
 (Gunn shakes his head.)

ALLY
 Oh. I don't know. - Maybe I was a
 little - hasty.

(They grin at each other then hug. Gunn and Wesley look at
 each other, as Brian gives Ally a kiss.)

WESLEY
 (turning back)
 Will that be cash or charge?

(Vamp Nest)

(Sam is bracing his back against the door of the vampire nest as someone is pounding on it from outside.)

SAM

Alright. You're kidding me, right?

(Angel is sitting on a table on the other side of the room.)

ANGEL

Sorry. I don't get paid I can't fight.

SAM

I don't think I can hold this by myself.

ANGEL

Yeah. I see that.

SAM

They're coming through.

ANGEL

(gets up)

Okay. You know what, I'll help barricade, but that's it.

(Angel leans his back against the door beside Sam.)

SAM

I'm sorry I lied to you. I shouldn't have.

ANGEL

No. You did the wrong thing. But your heart was in the right place. Your motives were noble

SAM

Thank you.

ANGEL

It's not as though I haven't been accused of nobility myself once or twice.

SAM

Then you understand.

ANGEL

Yeah. But being a champion is not all good deeds and happy endings. There's a lot that goes on behind the scenes. People don't seem to consider that.

(The thudding on the door gets harder.)

SAM

I think - I think we're in real trouble here.

ANGEL

All right. Maybe we can work something out. You own a car?

SAM

The bank owns it.

ANGEL

House?

SAM

I rent.

ANGEL

How's your credit. Can you borrow?

SAM

I'm kind of out of a job. Spent all I had tracking these guys.

ANGEL

I don't know what to tell you, Sam. I can't kill on deferment. Sets a precedent.

(Nahdrah's Barge)

(Fred slides the last piece of the puzzle into place the glass pyramid she has formed lights up. The Nahdrahs around her click away in excitement. Fred takes off her glasses, a big smile on her face.)

FRED

Oh, it was nothing.

(The Nahdrahs take a hold of her and pull her along)

Oh. Are we going somewhere to celebrate?

(MORE)

FRED (CONT'D)

Say, has anyone seen my friend with the horns? He wasn't feeling so good and I'm a little worried about him.

(They enter another room and Fred sees Lorne lying tied up on the floor.)

And me now.

LORNE

Yeah, I know. We're in a bit of a situation here.

(The Nahdrahs push Fred down in a chair across from their prince and close the clamps to hold her in place.)

FRED

Oh god. I don't have to marry him, do I?

LORNE

In fact, no. And that's something we can be grateful for.

FRED

What are they gonna do?

LORNE

Well it seems the prince's head or heads, I should say, wear out every so often, and they uh...

FRED

Cut off someone else's and give him a new one?

LORNE

Uh, ah...

(One of the Nahdrahs his holding a blade up.)

FRED

Lorne, help. Help!

(A sharp whistle sounds and everyone turns to look at Cordelia standing in the door, holding the money and Connor, **along with Steven standing next to Cordelia, holding a stake.**)

CORDELIA

Hey! I'd just like a word here.

LORNE

Oh-ho-ho, you guys are so gonna get your butts kicked!

CORDELIA

Lorne.

LORNE

Sorry. I yield the floor to the person not tied up on it.

CORDELIA

Translate. There's been a terrible misunderstanding. And I know you're men of honor and I know we can make a simple exchange - in a - a civilized manner.

(She looks at Lorne and he starts to click away at the Nahdrahs. Cordy sets down the suitcase.)

We return your gracious gift and you return Fred. Sorry about the confusion, but we kind of need her head at work.

FRED

Firmly attached to her body.

CORDELIA

That goes without saying.

(Lorne is staring at her)

Say it!

LORNE

Ah, uh...

(Clicks away to the Nahdrahs, who answer back and raise their weapons.)

I told them what they had to do, and told them what would happen if they didn't do it.

CORDELIA

Lorne, we're in no position to be threatening these nice people.

LORNE

Oh, sure we are. Angel, Wes, and Gunn can take 'em! Can't see them from down here. Where are they anyway?

CORDELIA
Out making money.

LORNE
Oh. So, when I told the Nahdrahs
that they were surrounded by killer
warriors I was stretching the truth
a little?

CORDELIA
Just enough to get us all killed.
(She gives the
Nahdrahs a big smile.)

STEVEN
(annoyed)
Great.

(Vamp Nest)

(Angel steps away from the door.)

SAM
Uh, yeah, hello? What happened to
the complimentary barricading?
(Angel throws a chair
up to break a window
high up in the wall.)

ANGEL
It's gonna give. I'm getting you
out of here. Lets go.

SAM
(closes his eyes for
a moment)
No. You go.

ANGEL
What?

SAM
I'm not leaving. I can't.

ANGEL
You think you can take on four
vampires by yourself?

SAM
Probably not. But these things
killed Jack. If I run now, I'll be
running the rest of my life.

ANGEL

(rubs his eyes)

Yeah, that's noble, Sam, but do you really think that's what Jack would want?

SAM

No. I think Jack would probably wanna be here with me. But that's never gonna happen.

(Angel sighs and picks up a wooden chair leg. He goes over to the door and pulls Sam away from it, talking to him.)

ANGEL

You take on a job in good faith - you expect to be compensated. You provide the best service you can offer.

(The door behind Angel burst open and four vampires rush in. Angel stakes one of them without even looking around, throwing another to the side, never taking his eyes off Sam.)

ANGEL

A quality service. But you know, there's overhead.

(The vamp in the doorway hesitates as Angel grabs another one and stakes it off hand, still ranting.)

There's rent, three phone lines, advertising, it adds up.

(The remaining vamps run as Angel pulls out the watch and throws it at Sam.)

Here.

(Angel starts to leave.)

SAM

Thank you. I can't even begin to express my...

(Angel throws the chair leg to the side on his way out the door. We hear some beeping. Angel pulls out his phone.)

SAM

(calling after him)

I owe you. You're a real - champion.

ANGEL

Yeah whatever.

(To phone)

Hello?

(Beeping continues)

Hello?!

SAM

Hey - I think - I think that's your
voice mail.

(Nahdrah's Barge)

CORDELIA

Lorne - do these guys have groins?

FRED

Is that really important right now?

CORDELIA

Work with me here, kids.

LORNE

I think so. I never knew one
intimately.

(Cordelia steps forward and kicks one of the Nahdrahs
between the legs. We hear a metal clang, and Cordy hops back
on one foot.)

CORDELIA

Oh. Ow! Ow! Ow!

(She hops backwards through the curtain, only to come back
in, bracketed by Wesley and Gunn, who proceed to attack the
Nahdrahs. The Nahdrah standing next to Fred holds the sword
blade against her throat and Fred begins to scream.)

CORDELIA

Fred! Help her!

(Wesley and Gunn pop up out of the fight.)

WESLEY/GUNN

Fred!

(Gunn grabs a metal rod, while Wesley grabs the suitcase,
and hurl them. The rod knocks the Nahdrah with the sword
backwards, away from Fred. The suitcase decapitates the
prince before bursting open against the wall. All the
fighting and screaming stops as the Nahdrahs stare at their
headless prince.)

GUNN
Well, I guess you cut off the
snake's head...

(All the Nahdrahs start clicking and raise their weapons.)

WESLEY
You piss the other snakes off.

(Wesley and Gunn go down under the assault. The skylight
burst and Angel drops in on them joining the fight.)

(Time Lapse)

(Wesley and Gunn are working on freeing Fred. There are
Nahdrah bodies littering the floor.)

ANGEL
(to Cordelia)
I should have listened to you.

STEVEN
I coulda told ya that.

CORDELIA
Well, yeah.

STEVEN
(grins)
See?

ANGEL
(takes Connor from her)
I should never have left you and
the baby alone like that.

CORDELIA
Well - yeah.

STEVEN
**She wasn't really alone, but that's
not the point.**

(Wesley and Gunn help Fred up out of the chair.)

FRED
If you can keep your head when
those about you are losing theirs
guess you're pretty lucky. I could
kiss you both.

(MORE)

FRED (CONT'D)
(Wesley and Gunn both
move closer. Lorne
clears his throat,
and they all look
down at him.)

LORNE
Uh, still tied up down here.

FRED
Oh...

(The three of them proceed to untie Lorne.)

LORNE
Yeah, come on. My hands are turning
pink.

ANGEL
Guys, can I say something?
(Angel looks at the
spilled money)
Money's important but it - it isn't
everything. - I got - I got carried
away. - I just
(looks down at Connor)
I never had a life that was totally
dependent on me before.
(Looks at the money again)
But that's no excuse.
(To Cordelia)
Where was I?

CORDELIA
Money's not the most important.

ANGEL
No, it's not. What's - important is
(looks from Connor to
the other)
family - and the mission.

CORDELIA
(beat)
They tried to cut Fred's head off.
We earned every penny.

ANGEL
Hold the baby.

(Cordelia takes Connor from Angel as everyone but her rushes over to the spilled money and starts to stuff it into their pockets.)

GUNN
Spending money...

STEVEN
(grins)
Disney World, here we come!

(Hyperion - Angel's Room)

(Cordelia is singing a lullaby.)

CORDELIA
Go to sleep, my baby peep...
(She and Angel are
falling asleep lying
on top of Angel's bed
with Connor in
between them, feeding
from a bottle.)
I'm just saying a boat.

ANGEL
No. College fund.

CORDELIA
Yes. College fund - and pay our
bills - and put a down payment on a
boat.

ANGEL
We're not getting a boat.

CORDELIA
Hmm, they're fun.

ANGEL
They're expensive. And when would I
go on this boat, hmm?

CORDELIA
Moonlight sails. Okay. College
fund - pay our bills - and rent a
ski condo in Aspen.

ANGEL
Ski condo?

CORDELIA
There's got to be some fun in our
lives.

ANGEL

Hmm - I like a ski condo.

CORDELIA

Sure. Snow. Trees. Chipmunk robots
on ice...

ANGEL

Chipmunk robots... - on ice...