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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

"Forgiving"

Written by Jeffrey Bell Directed by Turi Meyer

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Angel Episode #61

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Television for Twentieth Century Fox Television.

The camera pans over a floor strewn with blackened rubble to  
reveal Angel standing in his apartment staring at Connor's  
empty, soot-smudged crib.

Wes' apartment, night

Fred is replaying the message she left on Wes' answering  
machine.

WESLEY

(voice)

You've reached Wesley Wyndham-  
Pryce, please leave a message after  
the tone.

FRED

(voice)

Wesley? Wesley it's Fred. Please,  
if you're there pick up. Please.

Fred plays her message again as Gunn walks into the room  
behind her.

GUNN

Uh, Fred?

FRED

It doesn't make sense. He wouldn't  
take Angel's child.

GUNN

He did.

FRED

(turns to face him)

It's Wesley! Why would he do that?

GUNN  
We find him we can ask him.

FRED  
If Angel **or Steven find** him before  
we do...

GUNN  
**They'll** kill him and we won't be  
able to ask him.

FRED  
(after a beat)  
I think I should stay here in case  
he comes back and you better go and  
find Angel **and Steven** before...

GUNN  
Wesley's not coming back. No  
toothbrush, no razor, no Mossberg  
twelve gauge he kept in the closet.

FRED  
He wouldn't betray us. He wouldn't.  
(Starts to rummage  
through the stuff on  
Wes' desk)  
And he wouldn't leave without  
saying something to me, not unless  
not unless he had a hell of an  
urgent reason!

Fred dumps out Wes' wastebasket.

GUNN  
I don't think you're gonna find it  
there.

FRED  
Where are his diaries? He kept lots  
of diaries.

GUNN  
Well, they're not here and they  
weren't at the office. Which is  
where we should be getting back to,  
get a heads up on Angel.

Gunn and Fred walk out of Wes' apartment building towards  
Gunn's truck parked at the curb. Fred is dialing her cell  
phone.

FRED  
We got to find his diaries.

GUNN

We go to find him. I think if he was answering his cell phone he would have the first forty times you called.

FRED

You're telling me to quit trying?

They stop and look at each other.

FRED

Sorry.

GUNN

Don't be. Keep trying.

They get in the truck as Fred listens to the ring tone on her cell.

FRED

Come on, Wesley, give us something.

As the truck pulls away the camera pans over from it into the park to reveal Wes' cell phone lying open, ringing. As it continues to ring, the camera pans from the phone to Wes' hand, inches away from the phone, then up to his slumped body.

Justine enters Holtz dark headquarter to see two vampires with their hands fastened with chains to the ceiling overhead.

JUSTINE

What are they doing here?

Some men turn away from a table to look at her.

MAN

So we can continue training.

Justine stakes the two vampires in quick succession.

JUSTINE

No more training and no more practice. From here out--- everything is real.

Justine starts to walk out.

MAN

Where is Captain Holtz?

Justine stops walking.

JUSTINE  
 He escaped---with the vampire's  
 child  
     (after a beat she  
       turns to face the men)  
 as he and I planned. The Captain  
 asked me to pass on his praise. He  
 wanted me to say that you fought  
 valiantly and with honor.

MAN  
 Where are they---the Captain and...

JUSTINE  
 Gone!---For good.

MAN  
 What are we supposed to do?

JUSTINE  
 He charged us to finish the work he  
 started.

Angel is sitting on the floor of his burnt apartment,  
 staring at Connor's crib.

JUSTINE  
     (voice over)  
 We're going to kill Angelus.

Intro

Fred and Gunn are standing across from Lorne in the lobby of  
 the Hyperion. **Steven is leaning against the wall, with a  
 shocked look on his face.**

FRED  
 I just don't believe it.

LORNE  
 Yeah. It's true.

STEVEN  
     **(shocked)**  
**No way...**

FRED  
 No. It can't be. The baby's not gone.

LORNE  
 I'm sorry, sweetie, but he is.

FRED  
Not like that.---Not a portal.  
(Gunn turns to look  
at her)  
There-there is pulling and there is  
noise, and there is nothing to hold  
on to. Nothing at all...

GUNN  
Baby...

FRED  
He must have been so scared.

As Gunn wraps her in his arms:

GUNN  
Shh. I know.

Steven punches the wall, leaving a considerable hole in it.

STEVEN  
God...  
(gritting teeth)  
I hate that little pompous British  
bastard...I swear, if I see him,  
I'm gonna...

He exhales and his eyes begin showing tears.

STEVEN  
(sniffles)  
(near tears)  
It's not fair. Why? Why did  
Wesley do this?

GUNN  
(strokes Fred's hair)  
This is making less and less sense.

STEVEN  
(sighs)  
He's right.

GUNN  
(Turns to face Lorne)  
You expect us to believe that  
Wesley---our Wesley---just walked  
up to Holtz and handed over Connor?

LORNE

They'd been meeting secretly.  
 (Gunn throws up his hands)  
 I read that much before Wesley  
 attacked me.

GUNN

Then you read him wrong!

LORNE

He was not taking Connor for a  
 stroll, Charles. When he left here  
 with that child he wasn't planning  
 on coming back---ever.

STEVEN

(yells)

That's bull!!

FRED

God.---Why?

ANGEL

(coming down the steps)

I don't care why. All I care about  
 now is getting my son back. Then  
 I'll deal with those responsible.  
 They'll all pay. Including Wesley.

(To Lorne)

Quor-toth dimension. Ever hear of it?

LORNE

No.

ANGEL

That's where the portal lead.  
 That's where my son is now. Quor-  
 toth. Find out everything you can  
 about it.

LORNE

Yes.

Lorne leaves.

GUNN

We're going there, aren't we?

ANGEL

I am.

FRED

You're not going alone.

GUNN  
Right. We're with you all the way.

STEVEN  
**Definitely, Angel.**

ANGEL  
Good.

GUNN  
It's just...

ANGEL  
What?

GUNN  
Well, don't we need to open one of those portals first?

ANGEL  
Yeah.

GUNN  
Right. But the last time we had to do that...  
(Angel just looks at him)  
I mean, well, it wasn't any of us that knew how. The guy that figured it out...Angel, how're we gonna do this without...

ANGEL  
We don't need him.

FRED  
We don't?

ANGEL  
No. We're gonna find that son of a bitch who opened up the portal in the first place.  
(Drops a sketch pad on the desk and sits down in Wes' chair)  
His name is Sahjhan. He's some kind of inter-dimensional demon.  
(Fred and Gunn look at the drawing of Sahjhan)  
He's been behind this from the beginning.

STEVEN  
**So he's the one we gotta kill.**



Headquarters of Wolfram and Hart, night.

LINWOOD

So---Sahjhan.

Lilah looks up from her desk to see her boss walk in.

LILAH

Linwood.

LINWOOD

Not much of a handshake, what with being incorporeal and all. You didn't mention that you'd met. And with Angel, too, apparently. All behind my back.

LILAH

It wasn't behind your back. It's all right here in my report, which I was making sure would be on your desk first thing in the morning.

LINWOOD

Very considerate of you.

Linwood chuckles as he pours himself a drink.

LINWOOD

That Angel. He sure keeps us hopping, doesn't he? We're in a war you can never win, Lilah, full of sticky, moral quandaries. The side you choose should always be mine.

LILAH

If it's any consolation, sir, I did have a gun to my head tonight.

LINWOOD

Yes, I know. I'm sorry that happened.---So, Sahjhan opened a door to the Quor-toth and in went Holtz and baby?

LILAH

That's the long and short of it.

LINWOOD

I know you made every effort to preserve that baby for us.

LILAH

Gun---at my head.

LINWOOD  
Still---big win for Holtz.

LILAH  
If you call jumping into a cesspool  
hell dimension a win.

LINWOOD  
Well, it's certainly not for us.

Wes' office, Gunn, **Steven** and Angel are looking through  
files and books, Fred is working on the laptop.

FRED  
I'm not finding anything on Sahjhan.  
Are you sure that's what you heard?

ANGEL  
I'm sure. Maybe you're not spelling  
it right.

FRED  
I tried every permutation---in  
English anyway. It could be a  
nickname, which would probably be  
referenced in Phisto's Dictionary  
of Demons and Dimensional Spirits.

ANGEL  
Okay?

FRED  
But's in Ga-shundi and---I don't  
read Gashundi.

ANGEL  
(to Gunn)  
Did we check the files?

GUNN  
They're in English. Cordelia's  
filing system isn't.

ANGEL  
She was keeping some kind of list  
of Time and Space shifting Entities.

GUNN  
Okay. Would that be under Time,  
Space, Shifting, or Entities?

ANGEL  
Let's just check them all.

Fred picks up the phone.

FRED  
It's Monday. What time is it in  
Mexico?

Angel hurries over and puts his finger on the phone, hanging  
up the connection.

ANGEL  
What are you doing?

FRED  
Calling Cordelia.

ANGEL  
Why?

FRED  
Why?

Angel takes the receiver from her and hangs it up.

ANGEL  
I don't wanna ruin Cordelia's holiday.

FRED  
Angel---don't you think she would  
want us to call?---Shouldn't we be  
telling her what happened? Maybe  
she could help.

ANGEL  
No!

FRED  
Angel...

ANGEL  
She'll be back soon. And when she  
does she'll have presents, for  
Connor.-----And he's gonna be here  
so she can give them to him, okay?

FRED  
(in a whisper)  
Okay.

ANGEL  
(looks around the office)  
I'm sorry.

FRED  
No.

STEVEN  
(sympathetic)  
Don't be sorry, Angel. I can  
understand how you feel.

ANGEL  
(turning on him)  
No you can't! You never lost one  
of your children!!

Everyone gives him a look of surprise.

FRED  
Angel, calm down...he's just trying  
to understand.

ANGEL  
This---this isn't working. Forget  
about all this. I gotta go.

Angel walks out.

FRED  
(staring after him)  
Did he just say to forget about all  
this?

GUNN  
Yeah, he did.

FRED  
You don't suppose he's decided to  
skip right to the 'dealing with  
those responsible' part, do you?

GUNN  
I think we need to find Wesley.

FRED  
Yeah.

STEVEN  
And we need to find him now before  
Angel gets a hold of him.

They hurry out.

A homeless man is rummaging through the trash in the park  
across from Wes' apartment. He spots Wes' body and hurries  
over to it.

MAN

Bro---bro---You alive? Can you talk?  
Muggers. Bastards. They---they  
leave you any ID?

As he pats down Wes' body and finds his wallet. Wes begins to stir. The man flips through the hundreds in Wes' wallet.

MAN

This was no mugging.  
(Pockets the wallet  
and gets up, looking around)  
No you---you...

The man grabs Wes by his jacket and drags his body behind a bush, glances around furtively, then scuffs the ground where he dragged Wes and hurries away.

Angel is staring at his weapons cabinet. Lorne walks into the lobby and comes to stand behind him.

LORNE

Hey. I---I talked to a couple of  
different sources like you asked.  
Angel the news isn't good. This---  
this Quor-toth dimension is...---  
everyone I spoke to is afraid of it.

Angel walks over to the desk and looks through the drawers. Pulls out a staple remover and holds it up next to his ear, clicking it.

LORNE

And these are not easily rattled  
people. And that's---that's not all.

Angel drops the staple remover and picks up the spike holding old notes and starts to pull them off.

LORNE

The portal you saw opened? It was  
no portal---because there are no  
portals to Ouor-toth.

Angel examines the tip of the spike.

LORNE

The only way in---is to rip right  
thorough the fabric of reality.

Angel walks past Lorne and starts up the stairs. Lorne sighs and follows him.

LORNE

This isn't a matter of finding an inter-dimensional hotspot or conjuring an opening it with a simple incantation. To punch through to Quor-toth would require dark, dark magics, the kind of power it takes centuries to build.

Angel, still apparently ignoring Lorne, stops in front of the door of his old apartment.

LORNE

Angel, I know this isn't easy for you but you got to hear it. If you somehow managed to get in, finding Connor would be like looking for a needle in a haystack---the size of China.

ANGEL

Needles. Should have thought of that.

Angel enters his old apartment.

LORNE

You just don't have the resources to conjure up that much dark power.

Tied to the chair in the middle of Angel's scorched apartment is Linwood.

ANGEL

Oh, I think we do.

Break

Angel is taking a pair of scissors out of one of the kitchen cabinets.

LORNE

Angel?---Who is this?

LINWOOD

Linwood Murrow, division president of Special Projects at Wolfram and Hart and---you are?

LORNE

Ah, deeply troubled.

LINWOOD

Then you and Angel have a lot in common. Abducting an employee of Wolfram and Hart---then again---he might be too troubled to consider the consequences.

Angel is arranging different implements on the table behind Linwood.

LINWOOD

Once the firm finds out what you've done...

ANGEL

(inspecting a razor blade)  
...they'd kill you before they kill me.

LORNE

Angel---this isn't some slimy demon you got trussed up here. He's human  
(glances at Linwood)  
marginally, but still. This isn't gonna bring Connor back.

ANGEL

He better hope it does.

LORNE

Do you even know what you're doing?

LINWOOD

At last count the charges were kidnapping, assault and battery and attempt...

Linwood trails off as Angel sets down the tray holding his chosen implements on the table next to Linwood, and stares as Angel picks up the note-spike.

LINWOOD

...none of which---I intend to press.---In fact, let's not press anything, shall we?

(Angel sits down  
across from him,  
spike in hand)

Wanna find your son? I can guarantee that the full force and faith of Wolfram and Hart will be at your disposal.

Angel leans in close, the tip of the spike hovering in front of Linwood's right eye.

ANGEL

Who is Sahjhan? How do I get my hands on him?

LINWOOD

If you'll just hit 'three'---on my speed dial... Cell phone in my jacket pocket.

After a beat Angel pulls out Linwood's cell, and does so. Holds the ringing phone to Linwood's ear.

LINWOOD

Hello Lilah. I'm sending over a client, and I want you to listen very carefully because I have explicit instructions on how to deal with him.---Give him anything he wants.

Justine is sitting on a table in Holtz's dark, deserted headquarters, carving a stake. Gunn, **Steven** and Fred walk in.

GUNN

You should get a yard dog or something---'cause anyone could just walk in off the street.

**STEVEN**

**Yeah, like us.**

JUSTINE

Getting in isn't the hard part.

GUNN

Really? Is that what happened to Wes? You and Holtz lured him in here then made sure he couldn't get out?

JUSTINE

He's a big boy. He knew what he was doing.

FRED

So, where is he now?

JUSTINE

Why should I care?



GUNN  
(stepping closer)  
Because I'm telling you to.

FRED  
(stepping in his path)  
Great! Let's have more violence.  
It's such a help.

STEVEN  
How's this for help?!

He grabs Justine, lifting her off of the table.

He grips her throat tightly.

STEVEN  
(very angry)  
Where...is...Wesley?!

Fred runs up to Steven and pushes him off of her.

FRED  
Stop it!

Steven backs up, but still visibly angry.

Justine sits back down.

FRED  
(turns to Justine)  
We lost a child, you lost Holtz.  
Isn't that enough already?

JUSTINE  
No.

FRED  
So, kill everybody? That'll make  
you happy?  
(Justine just looks  
at her)  
Oh. There is no happy for you.

Justine goes back to carving and Fred surveys the mess on  
the floor of the room.

FRED  
You were living in here together,  
sharing everything.---Except taking  
out the trash, I guess.---I imagine  
losing Holtz is like losing a  
father.

(MORE)

FRED (CONT'D)  
(Justine stops  
carving for a moment)  
Or worse.  
(Justine goes back to  
carving and Fred  
turns to face Gunn)  
The trash! I'll explain that later.

JUSTINE  
(gets up)  
I think it's time for you to go.

GUNN  
We're not going anywhere until you  
tell us what happened to Wes!

JUSTINE  
Well, you're half-right. About the  
not going part.

Gunn looks around to see what remains of Holtz' men file  
into the room behind him. He pushes Fred behind him and  
turns to face them.

As Gunn parries the first attack from the men, Justine  
knocks Fred down. **Steven punches Justine in the face.** As  
Fred picks herself back up she sees that one of the men has  
a knife at Gunn's throat.

FRED  
No!

Justine flashes back to her slitting Wes' throat.

JUSTINE  
Wait!

Everyone freezes.

JUSTINE  
Get the hell out of here.

Fred jumps up and pulls Gunn out of the room with her, **along  
with Steven following,** as Justine watches them go.

Lilah and Angel are walking down the halls of Wolfram and Hart.

LILAH

Kidnapping Linwood. You're really stepping up to it. The white room. I mean, they just don't talk about it. God, the white room. I was here three years before I even heard of it. Did he tell you what was in it?

ANGEL

Answers.

(They come to an elevator)

Up or down?

LILAH

Up.

Angel pushes the up button and they enter. Once inside Angel pulls out a piece of paper then punches the floor buttons in a certain sequence.

LILAH

He tell you how to get there?---  
There was a guy in litigation. He  
went to the white room in September.  
He's in an asylum now.

Angel pulls out one of the buttons, and a new, bigger button appears above the other ones.

LILAH

Wow. I should probably hold on to...

Lilah reaches for the paper in Angel's hand, but he stuffs it in his pocket. Angel pushes the button and the elevator dissolves into a blinding white light. When the brightness dims, Angel and Lilah find themselves in a big, white, empty room.

GIRL

Hello.

Angel and Lilah turn around to see a little girl sitting primly on a chair.

GIRL

Angel. Lilah. Your fingernails are pretty. I love red.

(To Angel)

You have a taste for red, too---and revenge. I know. It's so much more fun than forgiveness. So what's up?

ANGEL

A demon named Sahjhan has taken my son.

GIRL

Oh, do you want you little baby back?

Angel takes a step forward, but Lilah puts a hand on his arm and he stops.

GIRL

Baby's gone.---You want Sahjhan. Nowadays you can walk right through him, but in the past they were something else.

We see Sahjhan cutting off one warrior's head then turn to engage another armored warrior in a scraggly forest.

GIRL

They were all about torture and death. You can relate. Well, they caused a lot of trouble. Don't get me wrong. I like trouble. But I hate chaos. So we changed 'em.

ANGEL

You made them immaterial.

GIRL

Smart boy.

We see Sahjhan attack another warrior, but their weapons go right through the other without causing any kind of damage.

GIRL

Now they watch, and they can no longer touch.

ANGEL

How do you capture them?

GIRL

Well, there is a special urn.

We see an urn and some chanting monks. A demon like Sahjhan comes into the chamber. One of the monks opens the urn and the demon is sucked into it in a streak of light.

GIRL

They're expensive and hard to come by.---But you don't want his essence in a jar. You want something you can sink your teeth into.

(Angel slowly turns

his head to look at Lilah)

You know these things always come at a price.---Kill her.

Lilah looks from the girl to Angel, who is reaching over without hesitation to break Lilah's neck. The girl let's out a giggle, but stops him before he can complete the action.

GIRL

That's good for now.

(Angel lets Lilah go)

I can see why they respect you.

Now, as to your demon made flesh.

It's a big ritual. All here.

The girl holds up her hand. On it lies a folded piece of parchment. The paper disappears from her hand and reappears in Angel's.

GIRL

Can't wait to see how it turns out.

The scene dissolves back into white.

Gunn, **Steven** and Fred are standing in front of a trash dumpster.

FRED

Okay. Throw me away.

GUNN

You want me to put you in the trash?

FRED

Well, either Wesley took the diaries with him or he trashed them. We're lucky we got here while it's still full.

GUNN

(wrinkles his nose)

Yeah.

Gunn offers his folded hands and Fred uses them to climb into the dumpster.

**STEVEN**  
**(smiles)**  
**You okay there, Winifred?**

**FRED**  
 God, somebody ate that?

**GUNN**  
 Any luck?

Fred comes up with a notebook in her hands.

**FRED**  
 Yes.

**STEVEN**  
**(smiles)**  
**Awesome.**

Gunn and Fred are in Wes' apartment, looking through his recovered diaries and notes. Gunn lets out a sigh.

**GUNN**  
 You getting anywhere?

**FRED**  
 Well, he was meticulous. He kept separate diaries for all the major players: Darla, Connor, Angel.--- And he's frightened.

Gunn moves over next to her.

**GUNN**  
 Well, what's he frightened of?

**STEVEN**  
**Probably Angel.**  
**(sighs)**  
**Find anything, Fred?**

**FRED**  
 I'm not sure yet. Pending doom sort of thing, in the later entries, some sort of prophecy he was trying to repudiate. It says here: it can't be coming. It can't be true.

**GUNN**  
 That's doomy.

Gunn stand up and flips through more of the pages he is holding.

FRED

So I guess what we're looking for is this prophecy. I just don't know where we're gonna...

GUNN

I do.

Gunn hands Fred the note that has 'The Father will kill The Son' written on it. **Steven steps around to look at the note.**

FRED

The father will kill the son.

**STEVEN**

**(surprised)**

**Oh my God...**

GUNN

Wes thought Angel...

FRED

...was going to kill Connor.

**STEVEN**

**So that's why he took him...**

Fred looks back through her documents and smiles.

FRED

Yes! That's the prophecy. Wesley couldn't accept it. He kept trying to disprove it, but the text and the commentaries---everywhere he turned kept bringing him back to the same place. This is great! I told you he had a reason for taking Connor.

GUNN

Yeah.

FRED

Wes did the right thing. The only thing he could do under the circumstances. Now we have to find Angel and tell him right away.

GUNN

And he'll forgive Wesley for taking his son and giving him to his mortal enemy?

FRED  
Well---maybe begin to forgive.

Angel straightens up from painting a circle and pentagram on the floor of the Hyperion's lobby.

LORNE  
Angel, please do not do this thing.  
We'll find some other way.

LILAH  
There is no other way.

LORNE  
You know, not speaking would be a  
really good look for you.

ANGEL  
How's that?

LILAH  
Looks about right.

ANGEL  
What's next?

LORNE  
What's next is we reconsider this.  
Angel, you're messing with  
primordial powers of darkness here!

ANGEL  
(to Lilah)  
Next?

LORNE  
Buddy, is this really how you want  
to get Connor back?

ANGEL  
(to Lorne)  
What's...next?

Lilah consults the notes.

LILAH  
Human blood.

Angel takes the paper from her and reads, then looks from Lorne to Lilah. Lilah turns and both she and Angel look at Linwood sitting bound to his chair across from the pentagram.

Lilah picks up a knife and walks over to stand in front of Linwood.



Never taking her eyes off his face she slowly slices the knife across the palm of her left hand, then goes to dribble some of her blood into the middle of the pentagram. Angel turns out the lights and starts to read from the paper.

ANGEL  
Corpus granok Sahjhan demonicus.

A blue light begins to swirl around the painted circle, then congeals into a vaguely humanoid shape in the middle of the pentagram. Angel reaches for his battle-ax. There is a flash of light and a burst of wind and then pentagram is dark and empty again.

ANGEL  
Where is he? Huh?

Angel bangs the ax into the floor then levels it at Linwood.

ANGEL  
Where is he?!

Linwood has no answer.

On a street there is a flash of light and Sahjhan suddenly appears in the middle of the road.

SAHJHAN  
What the...

The breaks of a pickup truck scream, but, unable to stop, the truck runs over Sahjhan, then collides with an oncoming car. The driver of the truck sits behind the wheel in shock---when his vehicle is suddenly overturned by Sahjhan getting up underneath it.

SAHJHAN  
Now this is more like it.

Break

Angel is dragging the chair with Linwood still tied to it up the stairs.

LINWOOD  
Lilah! Do something!

LORNE  
Angel, killing this creep isn't going to solve anything. You don't wanna do this.

ANGEL  
That's where you're wrong.

LINWOOD

Angel, we had a deal! I gave you everything you asked for. What more do you want from me?

ANGEL

I want my son back.

LINWOOD

Lilah!

Lilah comes running, cell phone in hand.

LILAH

Hey, whoa! Flag on the play. The firm's tech team just registered a sever bio-plasmic disturbance at Tabor and National at the same time as the spell.

ANGEL

Sahjhan?

LILAH

Whatever it was flipped a two ton truck like a Tonka toy.

Angel lets go of the chair and Linwood tumbles down the steps, the chair breaking to pieces, and lands at Lilah and Lorne's feet. Fred, **Steven** and Gunn come running in, stopping Angel at the bottom of the steps.

FRED

We need to talk.

ANGEL

Not now.

Angel tries to get past her, but Fred steps in his way again.

ANGEL

Fred!

FRED

There's something you need to know before...

Angel moves around her and runs for the doors.

FRED

The father will kill the son!

Angel stops on the landing and slowly turns around.

FRED

There is a prophecy in the Nyazian Scrolls. Wesley checked the translation, the commentaries, even went to the mystical oracles, but he couldn't disprove it.

GUNN

They already fed you Connor's blood, bro. You said it yourself. He smelled like food.

FRED

He was trying to protect Connor.

GUNN

He was trying to protect you---same as we're doing right now.

**STEVEN**

**Angel, please...**

After a moment Angel turns back to the doors. Fred hurries to step between him and the doors.

FRED

Angel, the prophecy...

ANGEL

It's a lie. I'd never hurt Connor.

FRED

How can you know that for sure?

ANGEL

I'd never hurt someone I care about.---Now move.

With a sigh Fred steps aside and Angel leaves.

As Fred hurries to Gunn:

FRED

We have to go after him.

GUNN

We can't. He lays a finger on you, I'll have to kill him myself.

**STEVEN**

**He's not the only one who would.**

Gunn turns and sees Lilah help Linwood to his feet.

GUNN

What are they doing here?

LORNE

There was kidnapping, a spell, dark magic. It's bad, kids.

LINWOOD

He's gonna to pay for this.

LORNE

Really bad.

As Angel walks out of the Hyperion a Crossbow bolt buries itself in his shoulder. Angel looks up and sees Justine shooting a second bolt at him. Angel twists to avoid the second shot while pulling out the first bolt. He throws down the bolt and continues on his way. The remainder of Holtz' men attack him and he takes them down in short order, then continues on. As he steps out through the gate Justine hits him with a hard right cross.

JUSTINE

Don't run off now. The fun's just staring.

Angel intercepts the stake and pushes Justine up against the fence.

ANGEL

I'm not your boyfriend. Find somebody else to smack you around.

Angel tosses Justine to the ground and by the time she rolls onto her back, hands raised to parry the next blow, Angel is nowhere in sight. Justine gets to her feet and hurries towards her car just as Fred, **Steven** and Gunn come out of the hotel.

FRED

It does matter. It has to matter.

GUNN

Fred, he's not thinking about  
(sees Holtz' minions  
picking themselves up)  
What the hell?

**STEVEN**

**What's goin' on here??**

Justine gets in the car. Holtz' minions limp out of the hotel gate and run for the car, but Justine ignores their attempts to get in as well.

Fred and Gunn run to the gate and see Justine drive off.

FRED

It's her.

STEVEN

**That chick workin' with Holtz.**

GUNN

Yeah. In Wesley's car. Let's go.

The driver of the pickup sits hunched up on the curb of the street.

ANGEL

Are you alright?

DRIVER

I tried to stop it. It's all my fault.

Angel crouches down next to him.

ANGEL

Hey. What's your name?

DRIVER

Uhm, Al---Stokley. Not even my truck.

ANGEL

Hey, Al, you wanna tell me what happened here?

DRIVER

Ah, I hit... Oh god. I-I hit a guy, a man.

ANGEL

This man you hit, where is he?

DRIVER

I don't know. There---there's no way he could have gotten up.

(Looks over at where  
paramedics are  
working on a guy on a stretcher)  
God, those poor people.

ANGEL

You didn't do anything wrong.

DRIVER

It's all my fault.

ANGEL  
 (after a beat)  
 No.---No, it isn't.

Angel stands up and walks over to look at the underside of the overturned pickup. He reaches to touch the front bumper then examines his fingers.

Justine is in the underground chamber where Holtz first awakened, looking around. She puts her hand on the table in the spot where Holtz had it pinned and we see flashbacks of Holtz: their first meeting, their second meeting, him pinning her hand to the table, sitting at their new headquarters.

HOLTZ  
 I knew you were meant for this.

Justine sits down on the edge of the table, slowly lifting her hand and looking at it. A grate slides to the side and Gunn, **Steven** and Fred enter.

GUNN  
 Where is Wes?

JUSTINE  
 He's not coming back.

STEVEN  
 We didn't ask if he was. We asked where he is.

JUSTINE  
 (repeating)  
 He's not coming back.

GUNN  
 What?

JUSTINE  
 It was all lies---every bit of it. All he wanted was that kid---to punish Angel. He never cared about anything else.

GUNN  
 I'm talking about Wesley. His car is parked up top here. You obviously took it from him. Where is he?

FRED  
 We just wanna hear his side.

JUSTINE

His side? His side's kinda funny.  
He sacrificed everything he  
believed in to save that kid.

GUNN

By helping Holtz take him to hell?  
I'd like to hear it from the  
horse's mouth.

JUSTINE

Your friend's innocent.

**STEVEN**

**Not from what we know.**

FRED

Is he alive?

Justine doesn't answer.

FRED

Where is he?! Will you just tell us?!

JUSTINE

Heaven? Hell?---I slit his throat.

Fred hits Justine. Justine tries to hit back, but Gunn steps between them and intercepts the hit, then tosses Justine off the table. Justine comes back up and attacks Gunn. Gunn tosses her on the ground. **Steven kicks her in the chest.**

GUNN

Stay down!

**STEVEN**

**You get up, I swear to God I will  
lay the smackdown on you.**

JUSTINE

Uhm---no.

Justine jumps back up and launches herself back at Gunn. After a quick exchange of blows Justine again ends up on the floor.

JUSTINE

I trusted the wrong man.

As Gunn grabs her by the lapels:

GUNN

You're gonna take us to him and he  
better be alive!

SAHJHAN  
 You call that a fight?  
     (They turn to see  
     Shajhan standing in  
     the door)  
 Let me show you how we used to do it.

Break

SAHJHAN  
 So. My home. Uninvited guests. This  
 can't end well.

GUNN  
 That's the guy right?

FRED  
 Uh-huh.

STEVEN  
**That Sahjhan guy?**

GUNN  
**Yeah.**

SAHJHAN  
 Hi Justine. I remember you. One of  
 Holtz' groupies. You tried to cut  
 off my head.  
     (Shajahn hits Justine  
     and she goes flying  
     across the chamber)  
 Can't tell you how much I missed  
 doing that.  
     (Turns to face Fred,  
     **Steven** and Gunn)  
 I also missed gravity, friction,  
 and smashing things to pieces.

He picks up a chair and smashes it to pieces on the table.

SAHJHAN  
 Let's start with your skulls.

ANGEL  
 Or yours.

SAHJHAN  
 Angel. I'm guessing I have you to  
 thank for the whole mortal coil thing.



ANGEL

Yeah.---Tell you what: you take me to the Quor-tooth world, help me find my son, we'll call it even.

SAHJHAN

Really? You and me? Buddy cop, summer release? We iron out our wacky differences and bond? I don't think so.

ANGEL

You're taking me there.

SAHJHAN

Couldn't, even if I wanted to.

ANGEL

You're lying.

SAHJHAN

No. That I'm telling the truth about. Your kid's gone, for good. I could open the Quor-tooth exactly one time. That's why I chose it. Try again---the whole universe could go kaplooeey. Bad for me, bad for America.

FRED

So, what are you lying about?

SAHJHAN

Oh, well, I don't like to brag, but---read any good prophecies lately?

**STEVEN**

**(realizing)**

**Oh my God...**

GUNN

You wrote the prophecies.

SHAJHAN

More a re-write.

FRED

The father will kill the son.

**STEVEN**

**You son of a bitch.**

SAHJHAN

Yeah. I flitted back and forth in time. Changed the one that threatened me, polished some others. Flitted in a manly way---just so we're clear.

(To Angel)

You're not really my enemy. Your in my home and I'm gonna kick your ass, but you where never the point.

ANGEL

It was Connor.

SAHJHAN

Boy! Can't put one over on you, can you? Oh, wait---already did. It's pretty freaky the first time you see your name in a true prophecy all carved in blood on an official scroll. "The one sired by the vampire with a soul will grow to manhood and kill Sahjhan." Me!

FRED

So you planted false prophecies, that Angel would kill his son, and Wesley believed them.

SAHJHAN

Thank God he had some spine. Holtz was useless. He wanted to raise your kid as his own! I'm living with a knife over my heart for eleven hundred years and he's into petty revenge! If he'd just killed the damn thing while it was still in its mother we could have avoided all this!

Angel morphs and attacks Sahjhan, but Shajhan deflects him into the wall. Gunn hits Shajhan and Sgets knocked down. Before Shajhan can do any more, Angel is back and the two of them start slugging at each other.

Fred takes a hold of one of the fire bowls and tosses the burning coals into Sahjhan's face.

Sahjhan shakes them off and looks at Fred.

SAHJHAN

Do I look like I need more skin problems?

Sahjhan goes to attack Fred, but Angel knocks her out of the way.

ANGEL

Fred!

Angel attacks again. They exchange more blows, then Sahjhan tosses Angel hard against the wall. Gunn attacks and gets batted away. **Steven goes to attack, but Sahjhan grabs his throat and throws him into the wall.** Sahjhan grabs Angel by the throat and throws him around a bit more, in the end tossing Angel onto the table. Angel's face morphs back to human. Sahjhan picks up one of the legs from the broken chair and raises it to stake Angel.

SAHJHAN

Had to put your boy down. Pity. The kid had a big future. I mean big.

Justine appears in the door behind, cradling something in her arms.

SAHJHAN

(to Angel)

Oh well, we all gotta go sometime.

As Sahjhan gets ready to stake Angel, Justine opens the jar she is holding and Sahjhan is sucked into it in a swirl of light.

SAHJHAN

No. No! Don't do that! Nooo!

Justine closes the lid of the urn and sets it on the floor as the others pick themselves back up.

JUSTINE

Holtz left it.

FRED

What about Wesley?

JUSTINE

The park next to his place, that's where I left him.

Gunn, **Steven**, Fred and Angel are looking around the area where Wes was earlier, but he is nowhere to be found.

FRED

Maybe she was lying.

Angel is standing where Wes fell, staring at the sky.

ANGEL  
No. He was here.

FRED  
How can you... Right. The blood.

STEVEN  
**Still one thing I cannot get used to.**

GUNN  
We should get going. Sun's coming up.

ANGEL  
He can't be dead.

STEVEN  
**I'm sure he's all right, Angel.**

FRED  
We'll keep looking. Lorne's been  
calling hospitals all night.

GUNN  
Need to get you indoors, man. We'll  
find him.

Angel keeps staring at the lightning sky.

**Steven walks up to Angel and puts his hand on his shoulder  
gently.**

STEVEN  
**C'mon, man...let's go back inside.**

Hyperion, day, Angel is staring at Wesley's tea set.

LORNE  
Hey, I, ah, cleaned the pentagram  
as best I could. The dry blood,  
well, that's starting to be a look  
out there.

ANGEL  
Thanks.

LORNE  
Yeah, well, you know me. Like to  
keep busy.

Angel walks around the desk and leans on the back of Wes'  
chair.

ANGEL

It's not right.---All I could think about was getting my hands on Sahjhan. Fred, **Steven** and Gunn tried to keep me from...

LORNE

Going to far?

ANGEL

Nearly got them killed.

LORNE

Yeah, you did. I'm glad it didn't work out that way.

Angel walks over to the sideboard and picks up one of the teacups.

ANGEL

You think Wesley is...

LORNE

I don't know. I hope for the best. You know, there is a bigger picture here, Angel. And in that bigger picture there is a glass.

ANGEL

If the words 'glass is half full' are about to come out of your mouth---don't.

LORNE

No. No, this is more a glass half full of spiked blood. If Sahjhan and that lady lawyer pulled off their feeding plan, you'd have Connor's blood on your hands.

ANGEL

Don't I anyway?

LORNE

No! You think there is something more you could have done? You did everything you could with the knowledge you had. Just like Wesley.---You know, maybe the way to start forgiving yourself is by starting to forgive him.

The telephone rings and Lorne picks it up.

LORNE

Angel Investiga... Hey, Fred!---  
They did? And? Okay, where? Uh-huh.  
Yeah, he's right here. I'll tell  
him. Okay, thanks.

ANGEL

They found Wesley.

Angel walks into a hospital waiting room to find Fred,  
Steven and Gunn getting up from a couch.

GUNN

Hey. It's good you came, man.

STEVEN

**Nice to see you trying to make  
amends. It's a start, Angel.  
It'll take time, but...it's a start.**

Angel lets out a sigh.

ANGEL

He ask for me?

GUNN

Nah, he can't speak yet. Trachea is  
all messed up. Lost a lot of blood.  
It's just good you came.

FRED

He's not completely out of the  
woods yet. You're being here can  
only help.

ANGEL

Can I see him?

FRED

I'm sure he'd like that.

Angel moves past them to the door of room 319 and opens it.

Angel walks into Wes' hospital room. There are x-rays of his  
throat hanging on the wall. Wes, an IV in the back of his  
left hand and a bandage around his throat, is lying on the  
bed with his eyes closed. A heart monitor is beeping in the  
background. Angel closes the door and walks over to the bed  
as Wes' eyes blink open.

ANGEL

Hey, Wes. I just---I want you to know I understand why you did it. I know about the prophecies and I know how hard it must have been for you to---do what you did. You thought I was gonna turn evil and kill my son. I didn't. It's important you know that. This isn't Angelus talking. It's me, Angel. You know that, right?

Wes blinks his eyes once.

ANGEL

Good.

Angel suddenly pulls the pillow out from under Wes' head and pushes it down on Wes' face.

ANGEL

You son of a bitch, you're gonna pay for what you did! You took my son! You son of a bitch! You bastard!

Gunn, **Steven** and Fred's heads jerk up out in the waiting room as a heart monitor alarm goes off and orderlies run past them to reach Wes' room.

ANGEL

You think I'd forgive you?! Never! You're gonna die! You hear me? You're gonna pay!

Wes' hands are fumbling over Angel's arms and shoulders.

The first orderly runs in and pulls Angel and the pillow off Wes for a moment. Angel shrugs him off and pushes the pillow back down on Wes' face.

ANGEL

You took my son! You took my son!

FRED

Stop it!

**STEVEN**

**Angel, let him go!!**

ANGEL

You took my son!

Two more orderlies and Gunn grab a hold of Angel and pull him off Wesley.

GUNN  
Angel! Stop!

ANGEL  
Never! Never!

GUNN  
Come on, man, stop!

ANGEL  
I'll kill him! You're dead!

The orderlies, **Steven** and Gunn wrestle Angel backwards out of the room.

GUNN  
Angel, stop, man!

**STEVEN**  
**Angel!!**

Wes is lying on his bed, gasping for breath.

ANGEL  
You're dead! You're a dead man,  
Pryce! You're dead! I'll kill you!  
I'll kill you. You're a dead man!  
Dead!

The camera pulls in close on Wes' face, then the end credits come up on the black screen.

ANGEL  
(v.o)  
(screaming)  
Dead!