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NICHOLAS BRENDON
Xander Harris

EMMA CAUFIELD
Anya Jenkins

DB WOODSIDE
Principal Wood

ALEX BRECKENRIDGE
Kit Holburn

"Title"

by

Your Name

Wesley is sitting in front of a book open to a woodcut of a demon.

WESLEY

Honestly, have you ever seen anything lovelier? So - graceful, so full of life. And those eyes... make you feel like you're the only man in the room.

CORDELIA

Plus, six breasts Any man is gonna love that.

WESLEY

Fred doesn't have six breasts! - Right?

CORDELIA

(writing on a notepad)

Sorialis the Ravager.

(Looks down at the book)

And, yeah, she's the one from my vision.

WESLEY

Coming to destroy the humans that killed her mate.

CORDELIA

But not for another month or so. I'll file her under 'pending.' - You're gonna ask her out?

WESLEY

The Ravager?

CORDELIA

Fred.

WESLEY

Oh. - Yes - but, you know - timing. I'll make my move when I feel the iron is hot.

CORDELIA

Well, get it done, Johnny Reb. So I can hear about something else, and you can do something else besides feeling your hot iron.

WESLEY

Am I very boring on the subject?

CORDELIA

(smiles)

You know, there was a time when you thought I was the loveliest thing in the world.

WESLEY

Well, I... You're an extraordinary woman.

(Cordelia raises an eyebrow)

I...

CORDELIA

At ease, soldier. Just like to hear it every now and then. I was the ditziest bitch in Sunnydale, could have had any man I wanted. Now I'm all superhero-y and the best action I can get is an invisible ghost who's good with the Loohfah.

Steven walks into Wesley's office.

STEVEN

(smiles)

That's too much information.

He looks at Cordelia.

STEVEN

Hey, Cordy.

CORDELIA

(smiles)

Hey.

She turns from filing away her notes to look at Wes. Wes looks at her for half a moment then looks back down at his book.

WESLEY

I'm sorry. I missed that last part.

CORDELIA

(smiling)

You **are** a gentleman.

ANGEL

Who's doing what with the Loofah?

WESLEY

(getting up)

ot Loofah, Looh-fah. Nooctm... Skumth. It's a demon.

CORDELIA

(to Angel)

So, you went with the dark clothes today.

ANGEL

Ask me why I'm smiling.

CORDELIA

I will, because it's scaring me.

Angel pulls some tickets out of his back pocket and holds them up.

ANGEL

We - are stepping out.

Shot of the Hyperion by day.

GUNN

You are a remarkable woman.
Particularly the way you can shovel
a mountain range of food into your
mouth. That is some Olympian feat,
that much eatin'.

Gunn and Fred are walking into the Hyperion's garden court from the street.

FRED

Oh, was I a pig? It's just that
that first breakfast seems to go so
quick, and I'm always still...

GUNN

Nah, I was wondering where it all
goes in that little stick-figure
body you got.

FRED

Stick? You're a beast.

GUNN

Ah, come on. You know you're gorgeous.

Fred looks at his back as he walks up the steps into the Hyperion.

GUNN

(entering the lobby)

Morning friends and neighbors.

STEVEN
(smiles)
Hey, Gunn. Hi, Fred.

GUNN
Ooh, are those the tickets? You got 'em?

ANGEL
Well, I got to the ticket place and...

GUNN
I'm paying you back. This one's on me.

FRED
Morning.

GUNN
Mahta Hari is the tightest band in LA. You guys are gonna be trippin' out.

ANGEL
The only thing is...

Gunn puts a hand on Angel's shoulder.

GUNN
Look, I said I'm good for it, man. Don't have to worry about dippin' in the Connor college fund.
(Takes the tickets from Angel)
The time I saw the Mahta Hari at the Troubadour they where the
(reads tickets)
Blinnikov World Ballet Corps.
What's going on?

ANGEL
I was trying to tell you. I got to the ticket place and boom! Tonight only!

GUNN
But - you got ballet on my Mahta Hari tickets.

ANGEL
This is the Blinnikov World Ballet Corps.

CORDELIA
He's been saying that like it has
meaning.

Steven chuckles at that.

ANGEL
This is one of the premier
companies in the world. And they're
going Giselle!

STEVEN
Is that a lesbian thing?

ANGEL
No! It's their signature piece.

GUNN
This is all like some horrible dream.

WESLEY
I think I've heard of them. Very
ahead of their time.

ANGEL
Oh, yeah. Yeah. I saw their
production of Giselle in eighteen-
ninety. I cried like a baby. And I
was evil!

FRED
I-I think it sounds exciting!

WESLEY
Yes.

GUNN
No. No! This is not Mahta Hari.
This is tutus, and guys with their
big-ass packages jumping up and
down. This is just...
(To Angel)
I will never trust you again. The
trust is gone.

CORDELIA
Oh, get over it. Do we get dressed up?

ANGEL
Of course.

CORDELIA
I'm in.

STEVEN

Me too.

ANGEL

Guys, seeing real ballet live
it's...

(sighs)

it's like another world. Gunn,
these guys are tight, and you're
gonna be trippin' out.

GUNN

Don't be usin' my own phrases when
we lost the trust.

CORDELIA

Come on, guys. Working day, cases
to solve.

GUNN

Okay. But I'm not still paying,
right. Because this is...

(Looks at the tickets)

this is... It's like a nightmare.

STEVEN

(smiles)

Doesn't sound that bad...

GUNN

Don't you be talkin' to me about
this tutu-fruti ballet bull.

STEVEN

(grins)

Gunn, c'mon...give it a shot. I
mean...what's the worst that could
happen?

Gunn looks at him, face-to-face.

GUNN

(seriously)

You know, you'd think bein' from
Sunnydale you'd learn not to say
that around brothers.

The director of the ballet company, wearing a Russian cross
with a red stone in the middle on his tie and another man
are walking backstage at the theater.

MAN

It's such an honor to have the company here, I have to say. All of LA is buzzing. To have the Blinnikov performing Giselle... I can't imagine what's tonight's going to be like.

DIRECTOR

It will be the performance of a lifetime.

The camera angle changes so that we are looking down on them from the rigging past some gray-skinned hands while hearing some strange giggling.

DIRECTOR

I guarantee it.

Intro

Cordelia and Fred are in a fancy clothing store.

FRED

Are you certain this is the place for us?

CORDELIA

Well, we could always get our outfits at 'Cave-girl's House of Burlap,' but that's just so last season. The guys are all renting tuxes. We gotta step up.

FRED

But aren't we - you know - poor?

CORDELIA

There is a custom amongst my people. It's called 'buying a dress, wearing it once, and returning it the next day.' It's all about hiding the tags while it's on.

FRED

Oh. Okay. I'm very excited about tonight. I love the ballet! I mean, I haven't seen that much, but my family used to go to the Nutcracker every Christmas, and I had my first sexual dream about the Mouseking.

Cordelia gives Fred a look and half nods before holding up a dress.

CORDELIA

Face me.

Holds the dress up against Fred then shakes her head and puts it back on the rack.

FRED

Can I ask you something?

CORDELIA

(looking at another dress)

I think you guys are perfect for each other.

(Turns to smile at Fred)

I have magic powers, remember?

FRED

It -it's not like we've said anything or... but he's so sweet... and commanding, and I feel so comfortable around him...

(Looks down)

I mean, I don't even know if he feels...

CORDELIA

He feels.

FRED

(looking up)

Feelings?

CORDELIA

Oh, there is definite feelings. We find the right outfit for tonight, there may be actual feeling.

FRED

And then we have to find a dress for you. Something that will make Angel crazy.

CORDELIA

Fred, sweetie. Angel **is** crazy.

FRED

Well, I know he's gonna wanna look his best for you.

CORDELIA

That's right. The world's champion is gonna spend all day worrying about his outfit!

Lorne is wiping at the back of Angel's tux jacket with a rag.

ANGEL

Is it gonna to be alright? Is there a stain?

LORNE

Oh, relax, crumb cake. I've got the soda water working overtime. Man, little Connor burps like a champ.

ANGEL

At least he's sleeping.

LORNE

Who wouldn't? With that sweet Irish lullaby you crooned. Just a hair flat on the bridge, but - more to the point - Cordelia?

ANGEL

What about her?

LORNE

I read you while you were singing, you big corn muffin, and uh, can't say as I blame. I mean, what a woman she's become.

ANGEL

You're not supposed to be reading me. Anyway, you read me wrong.

Angel sits down on the edge of his bed and starts to put his shoes on.

LORNE

Sorry, strudel. It's not just when you're singing. We got a little term back in Pylea. Kyrumption?

ANGEL

I know it.

LORNE

Okay. When two great heroes come together...

ANGEL

There will be no coming together, okay? Everything we've been through together and all anybody wants to talk about is...

LORNE
Can't fight Kyrumption, cinnamon
buns. It's fate. It's the stars.
Kyrumption is...

ANGEL
(gets up)
Stop saying that. And stop calling
me pastries.

LORNE
(after watching Angel
for a moment)
You're a man of many limitations,
Angel. But you're a man. You got a
heart. And Cordelia is a hell of a
lady. I mean, if I thought she'd
like to wear green, I'd be elbowing
you out of the way. But she's out
of my league. She's a champion,
Angel, old school. And besides, we
all know you got a thing for ex-
cheerleaders.

Lorne drops into a chair, chuckling, but Angel only looks down.

ANGEL
What have I got to offer her?

LORNE
Do I even have to answer that? You
just have to act, Angel. You gotta
let her know what's brewing inside.
'cause, man, it's real and - and
you don't wanna miss that shot!

ANGEL
(shaking his head)
Lorne, Cordelia, she's...

CORDELIA
She's what?

Both of them turn to look at Cordelia standing in the
doorway, showing off her dress.

ANGEL
(after a beat)
I-I was just saying that you're not
much of an ballet fan.

LORNE

(aside to Angel)

You - you know, disregard everything
I said. I forgot how homely she was.

ANGEL

You - you look like...

CORDELIA

Like a ballet fan?

(Comes swaying into
the room)

An aficionado? A devotee, in fact?

(Reaches up to adjust
Angel's bow-tie)

Tonight I've decided that we don't
have to be our incredibly dreary
selves.

(Smiles at Angel)

Tonight we're just a couple of
young sophisticates enjoying an
evening of classical dance. How
does that sound?

ANGEL

Sounds just right.

GUNN

You got to promise not to laugh.

FRED

I promise.

GUNN

It's gotta come from the heart.

FRED

Will you stop being such a little
girl? I said, I promise.

Gunn steps out into Fred's view and spreads his arms so she
can get a look at his tux, not looking at her. Fred's eyes
go wide. After a moment she bursts out laughing.

GUNN

This is what your promises are
worth? I'm having a lot of trust
issues at this time in my life.

FRED

It's just - my god, you're so pretty.

GUNN

(smiling)

You know there's not a lot of people could say that to me and live. But - the way you look - there is no way I can fight you.

FRED

Tonight feels... I don't know - kind of magical. Is that stupid?

Wes comes up and drapes Fred's stole over her shoulders.

WESLEY

Not at all.

(Notices Gunn)

Finally came out of hiding.

Gunn motions towards Fred.

GUNN

And look at my reward.

WESLEY

Yes. Isn't she a vision.

GUNN

A lot of that going around.

STEVEN

(from behind Gunn)

(smiles)

Got that right.

Cordelia is walking down the steps on Angel's arm.

CORDELIA

Thank you, but no thank you. There will be no visions tonight.

ANGEL

How can you be sure?

CORDELIA

I had a vision.

Wes drapes her jacket over Cordelia's shoulders.

CORDELIA

Thank you.

(Whispering)

The iron is hot.

Wes looks from Cordelia to Fred. They all walk out of the lobby.

Fred looks around the theater lobby with a big smile on her face.

The gang settles into their seats. Wes, Fred and Gunn are sitting together in one row. **Steven**, Angel and Cordelia have seats in the row just behind them.

ANGEL

Sorry they're not closer. Getting **six** seats together...

WESLEY

Don't be silly. Best place. We get the whole panorama from here.

CORDELIA

Besides, back here we stand less chance of setting off the 'under seventy' alarm.

ANGEL

Back in the day I'd always get box seats. Or I'd just eat the people who had 'em.'

CORDELIA

Don't "let's reminisce". We're here. Enjoy.

The camera pans down to the stage as the curtain opens. As the ballet begins we pan up to a box, where the Russian director is watching the performance.

We get a shot of Cordelia snoring in her seat. She jerks and moves, without waking so her head is now lying against Angel's shoulder, still quietly snoring away.

In the row in front of them Wes glances at Fred, while Gunn is leaning forward, intent on the stage, a smile on his face. Fred looks over at Gunn and smiles. Angel, Cordelia still snoring, is watching the performance, a frown spreading over his face. **Steven, in awe, continues watching the performance, riveted by the moves of the ballerinas.**

The act comes to an end and people begin to applaud.

GUNN

(clapping)

Bravo! Bravo!

STEVEN
(clapping)

Whoo!

CORDELIA
(jerking upright)
I loved it.

ANGEL
It's just intermission.

CORDELIA
(wiping at her face)
Oh.

GUNN
Bravo! Bravo!

Cordelia looks at Angel's jacket where her head was resting.

CORDELIA
That isn't drool, is it?

ANGEL
It's okay. Matches the back.

The group is walking out in the lobby.

GUNN
I say it once, and gloat all you
want: these guys are tight, and I
am trippin' out.

STEVEN
He told you you would.

WESLEY
They certainly live up to their
reputation. Has the choreography
changed much since...

ANGEL
No. Nothing's changed.

WESLEY
Well, it's wonderful they're able
to...

ANGEL
No. I mean, nothing's changed.
These are the same dancers I saw
before.

FRED

That's impossible. We're watching the exact same troupe you saw in nineteen-ninety?

GUNN

I think he said eighteen-ninety.

FRED

Oh. Okay, that's much more impossible.

ANGEL

So, somebody wanna tell me how we're watching a show starring people who should have died sixty years ago?

The gang exchanges looks but no one volunteers any ideas.

CORDELIA

Well, it's a puzzler. Are there snacks?

Break

WESLEY

So what are we thinking? Vampires?

CORDELIA

Well, they're not a deeply tanned bunch.

STEVEN

Maybe gymnastic vampires?

GUNN

That would explain the precision and the athleticism. I mean, some of those jumps were...

(Sees the others
looking at him)

You know, I was cool before I met you all.

STEVEN

(taps Gunn's shoulder supportively)

Sure...

CORDELIA

Dancing vampires. Who's not scared?

ANGEL

Not it. I'd know. I'd sense it.

WESLEY
Even all the way back there...
(Angel looks at him)
...with the - panoramic view?

ANGEL
We should check it out.

FRED
Maybe after the show we should head
backstage?

ANGEL
I was thinking now. You guys should
go back. I'll snoop.

CORDELIA
I'm with snoopy. The magic of the
ballet - not really getting to me.

WESLEY
How will the dancers keep time
without your rhythmic snoring?

The lights flicker and a soft chiming sounds to indicate the
end of the intermission.

CORDELIA
(to Wesley)
Don't think that's not coming back
to haunt you.

ANGEL
Go.

GUNN
Hurry.

Angel and Cordelia are descending some stairs and spot a big
security guard standing in front of the door at the bottom.

CORDELIA
Check out the zeppelin.

ANGEL
Awful lot of muscle for a ballet
company.

CORDELIA
You want I should distract him?
Make with the nice, nice while you
slip by?

ANGEL

Don't be stupid. I'm that guy and the most beautiful girl I've ever seen is making eyes at me? It's either bachelor party or a scam.

CORDELIA

What did you just call me?

ANGEL

I'm sorry. You're not stupid.

CORDELIA

No. After that.

ANGEL

I think I'll just have to go with my patented sudden burst of violence.

CORDELIA

Hey, hold on. I think I might have an approach that is a little more subtle.

CORDELIA

(to guard)

Hey! Do you like bribes?

GUARD

(smiling)

Do I ever.

CORDELIA

(holds up some money)

Well, we *really* wanna go backstage.

GUARD

(taking the money)

Yeah, okay, but this isn't so much a bribe as it is a tip. And since I'm not parking your car, there's really no way that...

The guard is handing the bill back to Cordelia when he is knocked out by a sudden cross from Angel.

ANGEL

Okay. That's how we do it.

CORDELIA
 (as they walk through
 the door)
 Okay. You saw the building as we
 drove by. Do you remember it going
 on forever?

Angel glances past her down a corridor that stretches on
 without an end in sight.

ANGEL
 It's clearly a spell, or a time
 flux, or something. I don't think
 we wanna be rushing in here.

CORDELIA
 Well, lets get the others and talk
 options.

They turn back to the door they just came through, but
 instead there is just another corridor, stretching on forever.

ANGEL
 Works in theory.

Wes, **Steven**, Fred and Gunn are watching the dance. So is the
 director up in his box.

Angel and Cordelia are walking down the corridor. Angel
 opens one of the doors and they enter.

ANGEL
 This is her dressing room.

CORDELIA
 The prima ballerina.

ANGEL
 It's unchanged.

Cordelia sits down at the dressing table and picks up a
 little chain with a cross on it.

CORDELIA
 She would wait for him here.

ANGEL
 It's warm. It's very warm.

CORDELIA
 (turns to look at him)
 I feel it.

ANGEL
Something happened here.

CORDELIA
(stands up)
Angel?

ANGEL
Yeah?

CORDELIA
I want you - to undress me.

ANGEL
You what?

CORDELIA
It's just another costume. I want
you to see who I really am. You're
the only one who can.

ANGEL
(shaking his head slightly)
I... - This isn't us. Cordelia
(licks his lips)
we're acting this out. Someone is...

CORDELIA
Whoa! - Did - did I actually just
ask you to undress me?

ANGEL
(steps closer)
Is that what you want?

CORDELIA
Please... I...

ANGEL
You want me to make love to you
right here?

CORDELIA
You know I do.

Angel caresses her cheek and leans in closer.

ANGEL
(whispering)
But you're afraid.

CORDELIA
What if he finds us?

ANGEL
I'm not afraid. I'm not afraid of
anything.

CORDELIA
(whispering)
I'm only alive when you're inside me.

They start kissing.

Break

We see the prima ballerina dancing with the lead dancer.

Cordelia and Angel are still kissing passionately. Suddenly there is a hissing sound and Angel jerks away, putting one hand up against the side of his mouth and cheek.

ANGEL
Ah! Cordelia.

CORDELIA
Yes.

ANGEL
I'm sorry.

CORDELIA
No. We so need to be out of here.

ANGEL
Yes.

They're both breathing rather fast as they move back together.

CORDELIA
(not trying to get away)
This isn't out of here.

ANGEL
I know. - Right.

Remaining on the verge of another kiss they move across the room. Cordelia turns so that her back is to Angel, snaking one of her arms up behind his neck.

CORDELIA
(breathless)
Open the damn door.

ANGEL
Kinda hard.

CORDELIA
Kinda noticed.

Never losing touch with Cordelia's body, Angel reaches around and twists the door handle. Breaking apart, they hurry through the open door, and Angel slams it shut behind them.

CORDELIA
Whoa!

ANGEL
(leaning with his
back against the door)
That's a fair assessment.

CORDELIA
(points at the door)
What the hell is that place?

ANGEL
There's spirits in there. Energy
trapped in time. It took us over.

CORDELIA
Yee. Scary. - Well, it's a good
thing it wears off right away.

Cordelia laughs as both of them look down. Angel takes off his tux jacket and folds it over his arm, strategically positioned in front of his body.

ANGEL
Yeah. Good thing.

Lorne places Connor into the crib in Angel's room singing softly.

LORNE
(singing)
Go to sleep/Lullaby/You've been fed
and you're sleepy/You'll be
with/Uncle Lorne/Who in no way
resents not being asked to go to
the ballet./

Lorne sits down by a desk and picks up a magazine.

LORNE
(singing)
And is certainly/not thinking/of
selling you to the first vampire
cult that makes him a decent offer...

The camera moves through the lobby, and up the stairs. Turns down the hallway.

Lorne is reading the magazine, humming to himself. He stops and glances towards the door. Puts the magazine down as he gets up.

LORNE
Hey, you just sleep on, little nipper. Uncle Lorne is gonna make sure we're alone.

Lorne picks up Angel's fighting ax, leaning against the nightstand next to the rubber ducky, and heads for the door.

LORNE
Won't be gone a moment.

The door opens as Lorne reaches it and his eyes go wide.

LORNE
Oh my god.

Angel and Cordelia are wandering down a hallway.

CORDELIA
Are you sure this is the way?

ANGEL
I'm sure it's *a* way. Place is a maze. I'm just hoping there's another room. We can just go...

CORDELIA
Damn it!

ANGEL
What?

CORDELIA
I said something. Back in that room. Something important. Do you remember?

ANGEL
Uhm - you-you're only alive when I-I'm...

CORDELIA
Not that.

ANGEL
No. Of course. I-I was just... Oh. Hey! I said you were afraid.

CORDELIA

And I said - what if he finds us?

ANGEL

She had a secret lover.

CORDELIA

They were afraid of someone. And I'll bet you anything that someone is the reason why we're stuck here! We left too soon.

ANGEL

We... who? The room?

CORDELIA

It's a clue! Those spirits or - or energy or - or whatever are still in there. So we can figure out what happened. We have to go back in!

ANGEL

I'm marveling at the wrongness of that idea.'

CORDELIA

You wanna wander around backstage like Spinal Tap for the next - ever?

ANGEL

I'm sure there are other rooms that...

CORDELIA

All we have to do is play the scene. Get in, get out. No one gets happy.

ANGEL

What if there is - no more talking in that scene? - Look, I've been possessed by the spirits of old lovers before. Never goes well.

Cordelia pulls out the necklace with the cross and holds it up.

CORDELIA

Well, I've got my little cross if things get out of hand.

(Angel won't look at her)

Hey - it's awkward, but it's not *us.* So long as nothing is removed or - inserted it's all forgotten.

ANGEL

It is us - Cordelia. It's you and me. - Kissing you, it's... - It's not something I can just...

CORDELIA

Oh, come on. It's not **that** horrible.

(Turns to walk down the hall)

Up to his ass in demon gore - fine! But ask him to mack on a hottie and he wigs.

(Turns back to indicate Angel)

My champion, ladies and gentlemen.

Up in the theater, Fred is watching the ballerina and the lead dance. Wes' hand slowly moves towards Fred's hand, resting on her knee - just as Gunn's hand does the same.

FRED

(whispering)

Angel!

Wes and Gunn jerk their hands back.

GUNN

Huh?

FRED

And Cordy. They've been gone way too long.

STEVEN

(whispers)

She's right.

WESLEY

(after a beat)

You're right. Come on.

GUNN

(even as he gets up with them)

We're gonna miss the end!

WESLEY

I'm sorry.

Cordelia and Angel are back in the dressing room of the ballerina, standing a few feet apart.

ANGEL
Anything coming?

CORDELIA
Uhm...

Cordelia paces a little circle, then turns to face Angel.

CORDELIA
Okay. Let's take it from the
middle. - I want you to undress me.

ANGEL
You want me to have sex now with
you here.

CORDELIA
Yes, but I'm scared.

ANGEL
But you're afraid.

CORDELIA
And afraid. What if we-he! - finds us?

Angel awkwardly takes a hold of Cordelia's shoulders and
pulls her closer.

ANGEL
Well, I'm not afraid of anything.

CORDELIA
Only good inside, blah, blah, blah...

Cordelia squints her eyes closed and leans in to give Angel
a quick smooch. Then they both look around the room.

ANGEL
Maybe it only works the one time.
You know, when the energy...

Cordelia reaches up and pulls Angel into a passionate kiss.
The cross necklace drops from her fingers behind Angel's back.

Fred and the guys come across the unconscious security guard.

GUNN
At least Angel left us a trail.

STEVEN
Oh my God.

We hear mixed laughter and crying and two shapes move away as Gunn, Fred and Wes step over the downed guard and through the door.

STEVEN
(worried)
You guys hear that?

The director is up in his box, watching the ballerina dance. We see two pairs of white-gloved hands on the back of his chair and hear the same mix of laughter and crying.

DIRECTOR
 Deal with them. I can't be bothered right now.

The two shapes move away.

Angel is laying Cordelia back on the lounge in the ballerina's dressing room, covering her neck with kisses.

CORDELIA
 This is wrong.

ANGEL
 Hush.

CORDELIA
 You don't know him. - He has power.

ANGEL
 The power to do this?

Cordelia gasps, takes a deep breath - and another.

CORDELIA
 Stephan, his power is unnatural. He could...

ANGEL
 What? Kill us?

CORDELIA
 Worse.

ANGEL
 Kurskov owns the company. He doesn't own you.

CORDELIA

He doesn't know that. He thinks I'm his.

(Sits up as a Russian
accent enters her speech)

That I dance for him. He is nothing but a deluded fan. He thinks I love him.

ANGEL

Come away with me. Now. Tonight. We'll disappear. Even *he* won't find us.

CORDELIA

I... - Stephan, everything I worked for is here.

ANGEL

You can still dance.

CORDELIA

Can I? I don't... Not yet. - Maybe when we're...

ANGEL

Don't. Don't make promises.

CORDELIA

Help me. - Help me be not afraid.

She sinks back onto the lounge and Angel goes back to kissing her neck.

Fred, **Steven**, Gunn and Wes are walking the corridors.

GUNN

This is very not right.

STEVEN

What was your first clue?

GUNN

The unconscious security guard.

FRED

Do you hear it?

WESLEY

There is something.

Two shapes flit across the corridor behind them, unnoticed. We can hear low moaning.

WESLEY
Someone's in pain.

FRED
Either that, or someone's in fun.

STEVEN
Too much fun, from the sounds of it.

Angel is working his way south of Cordelia's belly button, covering her bare skin with kisses.

CORDELIA
(moaning)
Oh, no.
(Suddenly her eyes
widen and she sits up)
Oh, no!

Angel straightens up just in time to get knocked to the floor by one of the director's minions. Cordelia peeks over the back of the lounge and watches as the minion, wearing a gray 'comedy mask' hits Angel across the chin with a hard right.

CORDELIA
Oh, thank god!

Angel hits back, knocking the minion to the floor.

CORDELIA
(pulling the straps
of her dress up onto
her shoulders)
Okay. So. Good. They were probably
interrupted by this Count Kurskov,
or his lackeys, right? So we're
done with the...

Cordelia throws up her hands to shield herself as Angel charges at her. Cordelia lets out a scream as Angel launches himself over her, tackling the minion set to attack Cordelia from behind.

The others out in the corridor follow the sounds of the fight.

GUNN
Now that sounds less like fun.

One of Kurskov's minions, wearing a gray 'tragedy mask' come up behind Gunn. Gunn lets out a scream as the minion stabs him from behind with a sword.

FRED
(spinning around)
Charles!

Break

Another sword wielding minion is confronting Wesley.

WESLEY
Fred, stay between us.

GUNN
I need to...

Fred picks up a prop and wallops the tragedy minion as Gunn drops to his knees with a groan.

FRED
Wesley!

Wes catches the tragedy minion's sword as Fred tosses it to him and engages the 'comedy' minion.

WESLEY
Can you handle the other?

Wes glances back to see Fred continuing to wallop on the sobbing 'tragedy' minion, before turning back to face his own foe.

WESLEY
Well, then. Just us.

Cordelia is throwing cushions and whatever else comes to hand at a laughing 'comedy' minion, while Angel has the 'tragedy' minion on the floor, choking it. The 'comedy' minion slashes at Cordelia with its sword. Cordelia picks up a short stick, decorated with swaths of ribbons. Looks at it as she dodges another swing, then over towards Angel.

CORDELIA
A little help!

The 'tragedy' minion pulls out a stiletto and stabs Angel through the heart with it.

ANGEL
Thank you.

Angel pulls out the stiletto, knocks the 'tragedy' minion across the chin, then stabs it through the heart with its own sword, at the same time throwing the stiletto to skewer the 'comedy' minion through the throat.

Cordelia watches the minion drop to the floor then hurries over to Angel.

ANGEL
You alright?

CORDELIA
Yeah. We gotta move.

Angel looks from one minion to the other.

ANGEL
You think they're not dead?

CORDELIA
You just looked **really** hot doing that.

ANGEL
Oh.

CORDELIA
(nods)
Yeah.

ANGEL
Run.

They jump up and run out the room, Angel taking the minion's sword with him.

Wes is fencing with the 'comedy' minion out in the corridor. The minion, with its grotesque comedy mask, is laughing the whole time. After some fancy sword and curtain work, Wes manages to run it through with his blade.

WESLEY
Who is laughing now?

The minion lets out a weak laugh.

WESLEY
Well, you. But I still win.

Steven walks over to him.

STEVEN
Nice job, Wes.
(smiles)
**Who'd have known that all those
years fencing would've helped ya.**

Fred is performing some impromptu first aid on Gunn's wound.

GUNN
That's good. That should hold.
(Fred lets out a
shaky breath)
You okay? You hurt?

FRED
I'm fine. I just thought...
(Takes a deep breath
and looks away)
I'm sorry. I shouldn't fall apart
like this.

GUNN
(with a slight smile)
You scared I'm gonna die on you?

FRED
Charles, don't even...

GUNN
(looks up at the
ceiling and starts declaiming)
And all I ask - is one last kiss -
as the light is dimming.

He breaks up in laughter.

FRED
You think that's funny?

GUNN
It's just a scratch!

FRED
I thought it was... - I...

GUNN
Hey.
(Gunn carefully
reaches out and pulls
Fred against him)
Hey.
(Gunn strokes Fred's
shoulder then pulls
back and tries to
look into her eyes)
You really that worried about me?

FRED
(not looking at him)
You probably think I'm an idiot.

GUNN
 (quietly)
 I think if you care that much - the
 wound is definitely deep.

FRED
 (raises her eyes to
 look at him)
 The light is dimming?

GUNN
 And all I ask
 (looks at her lips)
 is one
 (slowly leans forward)
 last...

They kiss softly. The camera pulls back and we see Wesley
and Steven standing a little way away watching them, his
 face reflected in a polished brass mirror. Wesley slowly
 turns and walks away. **Steven continues to watch, a
 disappointed look on his face.**

We hear the sound of a sword tip dragging along the floor,
 see black clad legs shambling into view. Their owner drops
 to his knees and we see that it is Wesley. He bows his head,
 then turns it to look at the camera as and ominous music
 begins to play. The shot of Wes' face blends into a shot of
 Kurskov watching the prima ballerina dance on stage.

Gunn and Fred are getting to their feet as Angel and
 Cordelia come up a branch of the corridor.

ANGEL
 You guys alright?

FRED
 Charles got stabbed.

STEVEN
**But other than that, we're all fine.
 No cuts and bruises...with the--the
 exception of that.**

Gunn pulls up his shirt as Cordelia hurries over to take a
 closer look.

GUNN
 Yeah. A couple stitches worth.

Angel looks at the dead minions.

ANGEL
 The same guys that attacked us.

FRED

Cordy - your tag's showing.

Fred tucks the tag back away.

GUNN

Any idea where we are or what the hell?

ANGEL

(shifting on his feet)

Yeah. Cordy and I hit kind of a mystical hotspot back in one of the dressing rooms.

CORDELIA

Well, it seems the prima ballerina had a lover back in the day. And there was this Count Kurskov, who owned the company, and I guess he had a thing for the girl and - they were mightily afraid of him.

ANGEL

He had powers of some kind.

WESLEY

He was a wizard.

They all turn to see Wes standing on the threshold of one of the corridors archways, sword carried loosely by his side.

STEVEN

(wondering)

(to himself)

Where'd you come from?

He sighs.

STEVEN

Never mind. Look, what's the story between Swan and Lake?

Wesley gives him a partially confused look.

STEVEN

(sighs)

The two people we're tryin' to find out the story of.

WESLEY

He was obsessed with the girl. -
When he found her with the other
man, he went insane with jealous
rage - pulled her out of time
(slowly walks towards them)
out of any reality beyond *his*
theater, his company. He swore she
would dance for him forever.

FRED

How did you...

WESLEY

I - ah, - I hit a hotspot, too.

GUNN

And now we're stuck here?

WESLEY

Well, ah, this kind of temporal
shift can't just exist. It has to
be maintained. That requires power
and concentration. If we can
overload him somehow, we might be
able to slip back to the real world.

GUNN

The man with the plan!

ANGEL

Great. So, how do we overload him?

WESLEY

Well, I'd imagine *that* requires
some energy.

The others turn to look at what Wes is indicating. One of
the dead minions is slowly rising, begins to shake, then
splits in two, one wearing a tragedy mask and sobbing, the
other wearing a comedy mask and laughing. Angel grabs them
both in a head lock under each arm and breaks both their necks.

STEVEN

(grins)

**It's been so long since I've seen
you do that.**

As soon as they hit the floor they start shivering and
splitting each into a new pair of theater minions.

FRED

The more we kill, the more he makes.

CORDELIA
(pointing)

Look!

For a moment the wall of the corridor wavers, revealing another reality behind it.

WESLEY
And that is draining his energy.
Angel, try and find a way to the
stage. The count will be watching.

Angel starts to walks away.

ANGEL
(muttering under his breath)
I bet *he* has a box.

STEVEN
(annoyed)
(under his breath)
Why don't you kill him too?

Wes puts a hand on Angel's arm as he walks past and Angel stops to look at him.

WESLEY
Find his power center and destroy
it. We'll try and loosen his hold.

GUNN
By making more monsters? Man with
the frightening plan!

A minion comes up the corridor and Angel spin kicks it, breaking its neck before heading past it.

CORDELIA
(pointing)
Back here. They can't surround us.

They all move into the corner Cordelia indicated. Cordelia picks up one of the minion's swords, handing its stiletto to Gunn as he, **Steven** and Fred walk past her. Wes puts a hand on Gunn's arm.

WESLEY
You two -
(Looks from Fred to
Gunn, then back to Fred)
- stay close together. I'll take
point.

CORDELIA
 (coming up beside him)
 I hope you're in a killing mood.

WESLEY
 I should do alright.

STEVEN
 You're sure this is a good idea?

WESLEY
 It's the best one we have at the
 moment.

We get intercut shots of the ballerina dancing on stage, the gang fighting the minions, and Angel looking for a way out of the corridor maze. The wall next to Angel flickers and after a split second's hesitation, Angel leaps at it - and lands in the wings off the stage. Angel sees the ballerina standing there watching from just off stage, waiting, at the same time the ballerina also comes dancing off the stage, her image shivering and dissolving as she passes from the view of the theater audience.

ANGEL
 Hello?

The ballerina's head whips around and she stares at Angel.

BALLERINA
 (speaking with a
 Russian accent)
 Who are you? - There's no one... -
 You're new.

ANGEL
 I'm pretty old, actually.
 (Slowly walks closer)
 I've seen you dance.

BALLERINA
 (looking out on the stage)
 Everyone sees me.

ANGEL
 It was Giselle then, as well.

BALLERINA
 Always.

Angel looks past the ballerina and sees Kurskov up in his box.

ANGEL

I know what's happening. Count Kurskov - he's punishing you.

BALLERINA

He made me. He owns me. And when I dance it is only for him.

Beside Angel the air shivers as a row of dancers materializes and passes out onto the stage.

ANGEL

Do you believe that?

BALLERINA

It really doesn't matter. I'll dance. I'll wait here. And then I'll dance again. That's all.

ANGEL

A hundred years - doing the same piece - every night. Is that enough? What about Stephan?

BALLERINA

(takes a deep breath)

I waited too long. I should have gone when he asked me, should have disappeared, but...

(swallows hard)

I wanted this. This dance, this... I hesitated and... - I lost everything that mattered. Now all I do is wait.

ANGEL

You dance.

BALLERINA

There is a section in the first act, during the courtship dance, where - my foot slips. My ankle's turned and - and I don't quite hold - every time.

(Glances at the box)

He doesn't notice. He doesn't even know ballet that well. But always, at that same moment, I slip. - It isn't just the same ballet.

(Looks at Angel)

It's the same performance. I don't dance.

(MORE)

BALLERINA (CONT'D)

(Returns to watching
the stage)

I echo.

(After a moment she
turns back to Angel)

Please - can you make it stop?

The gang all have swords now, fighting the minions.

WESLEY

It's working!

GUNN

Yeah, there are dozens of them. Yay
us!

WESLEY

It has to be weakening his hold.

Steven is sword-fighting a minion as well.

STEVEN

By the time

(clang)

Angel

(clang)

destroys the

(clang)

power center, we're probably gonna

(clang)

be deader than

(clang)

these ballerinas were

(clang)

supposed to be!

Angel reaches out his hand towards the stage and it vanishes
from view in mid-air.

ANGEL

I can help you. But you have to do
something.

BALLERINA

What?

ANGEL

Change the ending. Dance something
new.

BALLERINA

I can't.

ANGEL

He doesn't control all this. He's losing it.

(Looks to see the
1890 backstage
dissolve for a moment
into the present day stage)

But you have to take the stage. -
It's not too late. You can change things.

The ballerina looks from Angel to the stage. She slowly steps towards the stage, looking back at Angel once, then goes out and begins to dance around the lead dancer, lying stretched out in the middle of the stage as the rest of the company leaves the stage. She raises her head from bowing down over the fallen body to look towards Angel, waiting in the wings, then steps back and strikes a different pose. Up in his box, Kurskov jumps up out of his chair.

KURSKOV

No!

As the ballerina begins to dance again, the body of the lead dancer shivers and dissolves. The ballerina stops, holding a pose, and looks up defiantly at Kurskov's box. Angel run out onto the stage and with two great leaps lands in Kurskov's box. He grabs him by the lapels and pulls him close.

ANGEL

Hey, where is your power center?

KURSKOV

How dare you?

ANGEL

I'll guess.

Angel smashes the jewel in the center of the Russian cross-shaped medal hanging around Kurskov's neck.

A wave of blue light races out, washing over the ballerina on the stage, washing over the minions attacking the gang. Gunn stops in mid-swing to look around as his sword, the minions and the corridor dissolve into a modern day back stage room.

On the stage the ballerina looks up at Angel. Angel gives her a slight nod and she sinks down, folding her body on top of her outstretched leg, in something like a deep bow, before dissolving away.

KURSKOV

You have no right.

ANGEL

Save it.

Out in the audience people begin to applaud.

KURSKOV

She - was my love. She danced only
for *me!*

ANGEL

Yeah. You love her that much?
(Hauls back and
clocks Kurskov on the
chin, dropping him to
the floor)
Start a website.

Angel leaves the box.

Hyperion, night. In his office, Wes is working on the wound
in Gunn's back.

WESLEY

We'll have to clean the wound. Do
you want something for the pain?

GUNN

(looking at Fred
sitting across from him)
What pain?

Fred smiles at Gunn. We see that Angel was watching them. He
turns away, a slight smile on his face. Out in the lobby
Cordelia is brushing at her dress.

CORDELIA

Do you think I can still return it?
Because otherwise we're gonna have
to take on a lot more cases.

ANGEL

Cordy.

CORDELIA

You know, we should probably just
not talk about - our little
adventure. Anything that might have
been seen, anything that might have
been, oh
(lets out a laugh)
perky.

ANGEL
 (turning away)
 I just wanna pretend it never
 happened.

CORDELIA
 Exactly.

ANGEL
 Wipe it from my memory.

CORDELIA
 What? - Was it, like, disgusting?

ANGEL
 No! I, ah... I would, I would just
 want... If we were to... - I would
 just want it to be... - new. Start
 at the beginning.

CORDELIA
 (shaking her head)
 Lost me in the middle.

ANGEL
 Cordy - you and I, we've been
 working together for - a long time.
 (Cordelia lets out a
 short 'duh' kind of laugh)
 What I mean is, you've become a
 truly extraordinary woman.
 (Cordelia grins)
 I know we haven't always gotten
 along, but - I think that we, you
 know, we...

CORDELIA
 Groo?

ANGEL
 Yes! We - we-we grew - closer
 together, I think...

Cordelia runs past Angel.

CORDELIA
 (yelling)
 Groo!

GROO
 Princess!

Angel turns to see Cordelia throw herself into the
 Groosalug's arms as he comes down the stairs.

Groo catches her in a tight hug, swinging her around.

CORDELIA
Oh god! I can't believe it!

Fred, **Steven** and Wes come out of the office at the noise.

GROO
(looking deep into
Cordelia's eyes)
I feared you'd forget who I was.

CORDELIA
(running a hand down
the side of his face)
Remind me.

They kiss.

Lorne walks over to stand next to Angel, who isn't taking his eyes off Cordelia and Groo.

LORNE
He just showed up. Apparently once everyone in Pylea got their freedom, the political situation got a little sketchy. The Groosalug here got deposed and they set up some kind of people's republic. So, he came looking for his - true love.

ANGEL
Huh. That's good-good for her.

LORNE
Yeah.

ANGEL
(turning away)
I'm gonna check on Connor.

LORNE
Ah, he's sleeping.

Angel keeps walking up the stairs.

FRED
Well, that's a surprise. I thought for sure she was meant to be with Angel. I guess you never can predict those things.
(Turns to look at Wesley)
You know?

WESLEY
(looking at her,
after a beat)
No. I guess you never can.

Fred gives him a smile, then turns back to watching Groo and Cordelia.

Blackout.

STEVEN
(confused)
Now...who's the weird lookin' guy
with the Axl Rose haircut?