

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

Close up on a bedraggled and shaken looking Cordy.

CORDELIA

I'd - just like to say thank you.

(Deep breath)

You believed in me when no one else would. Even in my darkest hours you were there for me

(almost starts crying)

and that means more to me that you'll ever know.

(sniffs)

I guess what I'm really trying to say is - I love you. - To all my fans:

(Holds up a scrub

brush in plastic

gloved hand)

this is for you!

Shot widens to show that Cordy is sitting on the floor of the Hyperion lobby. Fred is sitting a little ways away, wearing yellow plastic gloves and applauding wildly.

FRED

Wow! That was just - wow. 'cause... oh, and with the tears! I-I got chill bumps all up my arms.

CORDELIA

Yup. That's the famous speech. Not that I'll ever use it of course - unless they start handing out awards for best slime and grime. - Oh, I swear. Next time Angel decides to blow something up he's cleaning his own scorch marks.

Gunn walks in wearing a hairnet and facemask and carrying a spray bottle.

GUNN

Ladies. Less yammering, more scrub.

CORDELIA

My, Gunn. Don't you look - sterile.

Gunn takes the facemask off.

GUNN

Couple more hours of sniffing that industrial cleanser, I think I might be. Hey, I don't suppose you ladies wanna trade jobs?

CORDELIA

Ah - hmm. Scrape up Wolfram and
Hart's entrails off floor, hmm - Fred?

FRED

You're screwed.

Cordy chuckles and goes back to scrubbing the floor.

Gunn leans in closer to Fred.

GUNN

Wes back yet?

CORDELIA

No. He's still at the store picking
up some more extra strength ick
remover.

Gunn salutes Fred with his bottle and leaves.

ANGEL

Look who's up from his nap.

Cordy pulls off her gloves and gets up.

CORDELIA

Oh, Conner!

Angel curls up protectively around the baby as Cordy
stretches out her hands.

ANGEL

Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa - dirty
people. Not touching the baby.

CORDELIA

But pig-drinking bloodsuckers are
okay? - I meant that in a nice way.
Okay, I'm gonna go wash my hands,
but when I get back I get first
dibs on baby snuggles.

Angel calls after her:

ANGEL

Don't forget to get under your
fingernails.

(Quietly to Fred)

Does she know?

Wes burst through the door carrying a couple of bags.

WES

Where is she?

Cordy is in the bathroom popping some pills from a prescription bottle.

She comes out of the bathroom to find **the lights out and** Gunn and Wes holding a cake with six lit candles and the picture of a female superhero on it. All four start singing 'happy birthday.'

CORDELIA

(grinning)

Oh you guys. I can't believe you did this.

GUNN

Don't just stand there. Blow out the candles, girl.

Cordy blows out the candles and they guys cheer.

FRED

Did you make a wish?

CORDELIA

I sure did. Ah, Jude Law was a little busy, huh?

VOICE

(from behind her)

Jude Law may have been busy...

Cordelia gasps and turns to see who's behind her.

It's Steven Windsor.

STEVEN

(smiles)

But I wasn't.

Cordelia squeals and hugs him.

CORDELIA

(happily)

Hey!!

Steven hugs her back.

STEVEN

Hey, Cordy...how are you?

CORDELIA
 I'm great!! Surrounded by my
 friends with a big, huge cake...
 (smiles)
 I've never been better. How are you??

STEVEN
 (unhappy)
 Not so good...Willow's off the
 wagon concerning her magic. Almost
 killed Dawn with it.

Cordelia looks worried.

STEVEN
 (smiles)
 (reassuringly)
 Don't worry, though; she's okay now.

CORDELIA
 What about Willow?

STEVEN
 (annoyed)
 Frankly after the abuse she took
 with her magic, I could care less.

Gunn clears his throat.

CORDELIA
 (embarrassed)
 I'm so sorry!
 (to Steven)
 You have to meet everyone...

She leads him over to Gunn.

CORDELIA
 This is Charles Gunn.

STEVEN
 (smiles)
 Hey.

GUNN
 (smiles)
 Wussup?

She leads him over to Fred.

CORDELIA
 This is Winifred Burkle.

STEVEN
(dreamily)
Hey...

FRED
(giggles)
Hello.

Cordelia points to Wesley and Angel.

CORDELIA
And of course you know Wesley and
Angel.

STEVEN
(joking tone)
I don't know...it's been kind of a
long time...can you refresh my
memory a little? Which is Wesley
and which one's Angel?

CORDELIA
(laughs)
Wesley's the one not wearing all
black.

STEVEN
(grins)
Cordy...I'm kidding.

CORDELIA
(smiles)
I know.

STEVEN
(thoughtful)
(smiling)
So you wanted Jude Law for your
birthday, huh?

CORDELIA
(disappointed)
Yeah...

STEVEN
I know the feeling. I wanted
Alyson Hannigan as my wife for my
birthday, but it never happened.
Some other guy got to her first.
Some dude named Alexis.
(laughs)
Can you believe that?

WES

(a little sarcastic)

Oh, how disappointing for you.

(to Cordelia)

Well, I guess you won't be wanting the presents we...

CORDELIA

Oh, wanting. Wanting presents.

Gunn and Wes put the cake on the lobby counter.

ANGEL

Do you want to hold the baby now?

CORDELIA

Yeah.

(Takes Connor)

Oh, thank you. Hey, honey. Yeeh, the baby, baby.

STEVEN

(smiles down at Connor)

He's adorable, Cordelia...

CORDELIA

(smiles)

Yeah, he is.

STEVEN

Is he yours?

Angel and Cordelia say nothing.

STEVEN

(wondering)

What'd I say?

Angel shifts awkwardly then pulls a small box out of his pocket.

ANGEL

Uhm - ah, I - I got you a - a little something.

Cordy takes it.

CORDELIA

Oh, Angel, you didn't have to do that. You have enough to take care of as it is.

ANGEL
Well, I'm a champion.
(Chuckles)
We do important stuff. Hey, and
who's more important then...

WES
You have to forgive the wrapping.
Some of us seem to have fostered a
strange addiction to Scotch tape.

Wes, Fred, and Gunn come up, each of them carrying a big,
wrapped box with a big bow on top.

STEVEN
(impressed)
(smiles)
Wow. You guys went all out.

WES
(smiles)
She's worth it, Steven.

STEVEN
I--I got you a little something too.

He holds up a thin box.

CORDELIA
Oh - what a cruel dilemma: presents
or sweet little baby face.

Cordy looks down at Connor and coos. Then her head whips up
all smiles gone.

CORDELIA
(to Angel)
Take the baby.

ANGEL
You're choosing birthday gifts over
my kid?

CORDELIA
Take the baby! Take the baby!

Angel quickly takes Connor as Cordy gets hit by a vision.

CORDELIA
There's a teenager, a girl, she...
she...

Cordy is suddenly blasted backwards into the glass doors of
the weapons cabinet.

Steven quickly looks over at her.

STEVEN
(worried)
CORDELIA!

He runs over to her, kneeling down to her.

The others cluster around her as she lies motionless on the floor.

FRED
Is she alright?

Close on Cordy as she gasps and sits up.

CORDELIA
I'm fine - you guys. I'll be okay.
I'm just...

Cordy turns to see all of the guys clustered around her body - lying a few feet away from where she is.

WES
(from far)
Can you hear me?

ANGEL
(from far)
Is she breathing?

STEVEN
(from far)
(to Angel)
(worried)
Is Cordy okay?
(to Cordelia)
(worried)
C'mon, Cordy...wake up...c'mon...

CORDELIA
Dead?

Intro

Right back where we left off.

FRED
Oh, no.

ANGEL

Take him.

(Hands Connor to Wes)

Come on Cordy, wake up. It's all over. Come back to us.

STEVEN

C'mon, Cordy...you gotta wake up...

CORDELIA

I haven't gone anywhere. Angel...

ANGEL

Please wake up.

WESLEY

Angel, is she...

ANGEL/CORDELIA

No!

CORDELIA

I'm not?

ANGEL

She's still breathing. Her heart's still beating.

CORDELIA

Yes! But - If I'm not dead then...

ANGEL

She's just in some sort of trance or a coma.

STEVEN

That would make sense.

CORDELIA

Like hell I am!

ANGEL

Well, let's get her over to the couch.

Angel and Gunn pick up Cordy's body and carry it over to the couch.

ANGEL

Easy.

GUNN

All right.

ANGEL

Easy.

CORDELIA

(watching)

O...kay. I get it. This is some kind of bizarre birthday present you guys cooked up.

Fred spots the bottle of prescription pills on the floor where Cordy's body was lying and picks it up.

CORDELIA

Alright. The joke's on me. Now put me back in my body!

ANGEL

It was a vision, wasn't it? I mean, she just started saying something about a girl...

STEVEN

A teenager.

CORDELIA

That's right. She's in a house on Oak street

(the others keep talking, but we can't hear what they're saying anymore than they can hear or see Cordy) the middle of Reseda. It feels like we have some time here, but - but (looks at the others) you can't hear me at all, can you?

Lorne coming down the stairs.

LORNE

What's all the hubbub, bub?

CORDELIA

Lorne! Thank god! You can hear me, right? 'cause if there's some weird, other-worldly thing going on you'd still be able to...

Cordy trails off as Lorne walks right through her, never noticing her.

CORDELIA
Oh. That's not good.
(A black shadow
passes overhead)
Did anybody else just see that?'

LORNE
Jumping Judas on a unicycle. What
happened?

ANGEL
All we know is that she had a vision.

STEVEN
**And it, like, torpedoed her over to
the weapons cabinet.**

FRED
There is a lot we don't know. I
think she dropped this.

Holds out the bottle of pills to Angel.

CORDELIA
No Fred! Put that away. That's not
important.

FRED
Seltrex.

WESLEY
Oh god.

ANGEL
What's Seltrex?

CORDELIA
Nothing! It's just...

WESLEY
Seltrex is a highly powerful
migraine medication.

STEVEN
(confused)
Since when did Cordy get migraines?

ANGEL
The visions must've started giving
her some really bad headaches.

FRED
And they must've turned into
migraines.

GUNN

Maybe we should get her to a hospital.

ANGEL

So they can do what? Do what they did last time, strap her to a bed and tell us there's no hope?

WESLEY

Angel is right. Seltrex is potent but - it doesn't cause the catatonia.

LORNE

I'm picking up some hardcore woo-woo vibes in the room. This ain't medical, kids. It's mystical.

FRED

That's what I'm saying. There is so much we don't know. If Cordelia is taking a drug this powerful in secret, the visions are probably doing a lot more damage than she lets on.

GUNN

This last one must have overloaded her.

ANGEL

Don't say last! Okay? She'll come out of this. She has to.

STEVEN

(calm)

He didn't mean "last" as in "final", Angel. She'll be fine, trust me.

CORDELIA

She will!

ANGEL

Okay. Look, if this is a mystical problem there has to be some kind of mystical solution.

CORDELIA

There you go. Great idea!

ANGEL

Gunn, you and Fred go to Cordy's place.

CORDELIA
No! Bad idea. Bad idea!

Angel picks up Cordy's body.

ANGEL
See if she's been hiding anything.
Anything that could tell us what's
wrong with her. Wes?

WESLEY
I'll hit the books.

STEVEN
I'll join him.

LORNE
I'll take the little peanut.

The group disperses, leaving Cordy behind in the lobby.

CORDELIA
Does nobody care that there is a
girl in Reseda that is about to be
fed to a no-eyed, three-mouthed
monster?
(Hears indistinct
whispering and looks around)
What? - Hello? - Message. I'll
leave a message.

Cordy walks over to the counter top but her hand goes right
through the pens sitting there. Tries again, with the same
results.

Gunn and Fred stand inside the door of Cordy's apartment
facing a floating party hat and noisemaker, confetti
floating down from the ceiling and a 'happy birthday' sign.

GUNN
I think Phantom Dennis was
expecting the birthday girl.

Fred smiles and steps forward.

FRED
Oh. Hi there. I-I know we haven't
been formally introduced...
Actually I'm not sure how to
introduce myself to someone who is,
you know - former. But, I'm Fred.
(MORE)

FRED (CONT'D)
(Reaches out and
shakes the top of the
party hat)
It's nice to meet you.

GUNN
(smiling)
Fred, you are - you are so cool.

FRED
I think we should tell him.

Gunn takes a deep breath and steps forward.

GUNN
Okay. Uh. You might wanna...
(To Fred)
Do ghosts sit down?

Wes is sitting at his desk reading a book. Cordy is standing in front of it, yelling at him. **Steven walks into the room, holding a book.**

CORDELIA
Wesley. Wesley! WESLEY!
(Waves her arms wildly)
Yoo-hoo!

WESLEY
But if she's in the astral plane,
she could be here unable to
communicate.

STEVEN
**That's true. It could be like
she's here but we just can't see her.**

WESLEY
Exactly.

CORDELIA
(sighs)
Yeah. Here! Unable to communicate.
(Slowly walks over to
take a look at Wes' book)
'Astral Projection.' I should read
up.
(Wes turns the page over)
Wait, don't turn - turn...

FRED
It doesn't make any sense.

GUNN
What doesn't?

FRED
It's all - normal.

Shuts the door to Cordy's bathroom vanity.

GUNN
And that's wrong?

FRED
No
(turns and sees Gunn
standing in the door,
one of Cordy's bras
in his hands)
what's wrong is you picking through
Cordy's
(falls around as Gunn
raises his eyebrows
at her)
support - things.

GUNN
What - this? Come on, you're
telling me you never hid anything
in your underwear drawer?

FRED
I don't know. I mean, for five
years I didn't even have... Can we
not talk about my underwear,
please? - And put that down.
(Gunn does)
I just figured if Cordy was taking
something serious like Seltrex
she'd have tried other stuff first.
But - there is not even any Aspirin
in here.
(Leans in closer to Gunn)
I think he's protecting her.

Gunn looks around the room, the steps back into Cordy's
bedroom.

GUNN
Phantom Dennis? Listen, we would
never ask you to betray Cordelia,
but we need to see whatever it is
she's been hiding from us. I mean,
unless you're so hyped on the
ghosting life that you want her to
join you?

After a moment, Gunn sighs and drops down on the end of Cordy's bed. A storage container slides out from under the bed. Fred and Gunn open it.

FRED

Hmm. You looked through the underwear drawer first, didn't you?

(They pick up several prescription bottles)

The date on this prescription? It's from a year ago.

Cordy's body is lying on Angel's bed. Angel is sitting in a chair beside it, holding her hand. Through the opening to the next part of the suite we can see Connor's crib.

ANGEL

Cordy - Look, I know that you can't hear me, but - there is something I have to say.

(Puts down her hand)

You really piss me off, you know that? I thought we trusted each other. But you've been lying. MRI's and CAT scans? It's been going on for over a year. Why couldn't you let me in? I could have helped you. You make me so furious.

CORDELIA

You're furious? I get body-jacked on my birthday, and *you're* the one that's furious?

Lorne walks in.

LORNE

Knock, knock. How is she?

ANGEL

The same. You ready?

LORNE

As I'll ever be.

CORDELIA

For what? What's he gonna do?

Lorne sits down on the edge of the bed.

LORNE

Although I'm sort of wishing I brought my helmet. Last time I tried this I got blown across the room.

CORDELIA

Oh, god, please let this work.

Lorne puts his fingers on the temples of Cordy's body and closes his eyes. Cordy closes her eyes as well.

LORNE

Cordelia? Are you there?

CORDELIA

It's me. Lorne, I'm here.

LORNE

Cordelia?

Cordy's eyes pop open.

CORDELIA

Yes! One seven one Oak street. Can you hear me? Lorne?

Lorne takes his hands away and looks at Angel.

Angel looks from Cordy's body to Lorne.

ANGEL

What?

LORNE

Cordelia's not in there. She's just gone.

CORDELIA

I'm standing right in front of you.

Angel sighs and rest his head on his hands. Cordy looks up as she hears the indistinct whisperings again.

CORDELIA

And - I'm afraid.

Angel raises his head.

ANGEL

No. This isn't gonna happen.

(Gets up)

I don't care how many favors you have to call in. I don't care how many gods you have to cross. You have a connection to the Powers That Be and you're gonna find me a way to talk to them. Understand?

Lorne backs up a step.

LORNE

A-angel honey, it-it's not that easy. I mean, contacting the Powers is a muddy, not to mention dangerous, area. But this is a - this is a bit much to ask.

ANGEL

I'm not asking.

Lorne sighs and leaves. Angel sits back down on the chair beside the bed.

Blend to Cordy sitting on the floor at the end of the bed. She looks over as Angel begins to snore. Cordy gets up.

CORDELIA

Finally!

(Walks over to Angel)

Okay, Wes, let's hope your books know what they're talking about.

Cordelia sits down on the chair, melting into Angel's body as she positions herself to match Angel's. Angel's head comes up and he exhales slowly as he straightens. He sees a permanent marker on the nightstand, and knocks over a glass sitting beside it as he picks it up. Moving slowly, he starts to write 171 Oak on the wall above the bed. We hear indistinct whispering and a dark, smoke-like shadow writhes across the wall beside Angel. Suddenly Cordelia is thrown out of Angel's body and Angel falls the floor.

Wesley walks in, **followed by Steven.** just as Angel picks himself up off the floor.

WESLEY

Angel - what are you doing on the floor?

STEVEN

What happened??

ANGEL

I don't know. I had this dream that, uh - Cordy was here. She was -ah, trying to tell me something. Something really important.

CORDELIA

Yes! And, and...?

STEVEN

Like what?

ANGEL

It's weird.

CORDELIA

How are *you* a champion? In what *way* are *you* a champion?

WESLEY

Fred studied Cordy's latest CAT scans. The news isn't good. The tests show widespread neuro-electrical deterioration.

CORDELIA

That's just a fancy way of saying...

ANGEL

She's dying.

STEVEN

(worried)

Ohh....Oh, God...Cordelia...

CORDELIA

(after a beat)

I think I like the fancy way better.

WESLEY

I'm still working on, ah, the mystical aspect: trance states, astral projection, spiritual possession. But so far I haven't been able to... Why don't you take a break? I-I'll watch her and Connor.

Angel leaves, not meeting Wes' eyes.

CORDELIA

(looking down at her body)

I'm not ready yet.

A wind starts blast through the room affecting only Cordy. She backs into a corner and slowly slides down to the floor, watching as the dark shadow seeps out of the wall opposite her. The air ripples like a pond and Skip (the demon from TVT) materializes from it.

SKIP
Hey. How's it going?

Break.

Cordy slowly stands up takes a few steps closer to Skip.

CORDELIA
You're - you're - death? You've
come to take me.

Skip burst into echoing laughter.

SKIP
Kidding.
(Offers her his hand)
I'm Skip.
(Cordy just looks at him)
You're Cordelia Chase, right?
(Cordy nods slightly)
Sorry it took me so long, I...
(Indicates her body)
Is this you? Most people go astral,
their spiritual shapes tend to be
an idealized version of themselves.
You know, straighten the nose, lose
the gray, sort of a self-esteem
kind of thing. You're pretty
confident, aren't you?

CORDELIA
What is this? Who are you? What the
hell is going on?!

SKIP
You have questions. I get that. And
I'll answer them, too, but first we
got to get out of here.

CORDELIA
But why? Here is good. I feel
really comfortable here. I-I like
here.

SKIP
But you see, there is a slight
problem: you - don't belong here
anymore.

CORDELIA
Because I'm dead?

SKIP
Not yet. But you will be - very
soon - unless - you - come with me.

Cordy looks over towards Wes sitting on the chair beside her bed.

CORDELIA
Well, I'll follow you on-on one
condition. You have to tell my
friends about this vision that I had.

SKIP
Sorry. No can do. I'm not a
messenger. I'm just a guide.

Skip holds out his hand to Cordy.

Cordy looks at it.

CORDELIA
I don't wanna die.

SKIP
So don't.

Cordy slowly puts her hand into Skip's. There is a blue flash of light.

We see a stack of CAT scan prints lying on Wes' desk.

FRED
That's from eight months ago. The
red spots are what they call hot
areas or what you'd expect from a
healthy, functioning brain. This
one is dated one month ago.

GUNN
Cordy's doctors couldn't explain it.

Fred moves the print, revealing one that's mostly green and yellow underneath.

FRED
See - green is a cold color,
usually signifying dead areas of
the cerebrum. Normally you wouldn't
see a scan like that...

GUNN
Unless the person was a cucumber.

ANGEL
How could we not know?

Lorne comes in.

LORNE
(moaning)
Oh, for the love of god, somebody
get me a seabreeze.

Lorne's clothes are torn and his left horn is dangling by a thread.

FRED
Lorne! What happened?

LORNE
I can't really talk about it.

GUNN
Then how the hell are we supposed
to find them so we can kick their
asses?

LORNE
Ah, no. I mean I *can't* talk about
it. They cast a spell. I went down
to the lo...
(his speech turns to
incoherent mumbling)
See?

ANGEL
Did you get the information?

LORNE
Oh, why yes, Angel. My horn should
grow back in a couple of days. So
kind of you to be concerned. -
Well, they didn't say I couldn't
write it.

Lorne holds out a piece of paper. Angel takes it, grabs his coat and heads for the door.

LORNE
Angel, all kidding aside, this
isn't something to be taken lightly.
Only a champion can deal with the
conduit. And even then you have to
la-argh arr...

ANGEL
I'll keep that in mind.

Angel leaves and Lorne shakes himself.

Steven walks in.

STEVEN
How's it goin' with finding what's
going on with Cordy?

GUNN
We found some CAT scans, but
nothin' that'll get us closer to a
cure.

STEVEN
We have to save her...we just...
(determined)
We have to.

LORNE
Hey, take it easy, cowboy. We'll
find a way to save her. Angel's
talkin' to the conduit now.

STEVEN
(angry)
Well, by then it may be too late!

Cordy looks around as a flash of white light resolves itself
into a deserted open room.

CORDELIA
Is this... This is a mall.

SKIP
We just figured you'd be more
comfortable here.

CORDELIA
We?

SKIP
The Powers That Be.

CORDELIA
The Powers That Be popped me out of
my body and sent me to a mall?'

SKIP
Actually, this is more a construct
of a mall. You know, like in the
Matrix.

CORDELIA
You've seen the Matrix.

SKIP
Oh, I love that flick. When Trinity
is all 'dodge this' and the agent
just crumples to the
(Cordy sighs)
and I'm not really instilling any
awe anymore, am I?

CORDELIA
Why did you bring me here?

SKIP
To give you a choice. But, we'll
get to that later. Right now there
is something I want you to see.

Skip touches an info-TV-screen and motions here over as a
picture of Doyle appears on it.

CORDELIA
Oh my god. - Doyle.

The screen shows the kiss that transferred the visions for
Doyle to Cordelia.

SKIP
This is where it happened, big
cosmic whoops. - Doyle was never
meant to give you those visions.

CORDELIA
The why did the Powers let him?

SKIP
Well, they're usually pretty good
at catching that sort of thing.
What they didn't count on where his
feelings for you.

CORDELIA
You mean - Doyle gave me the
visions because - he loved me?

SKIP
I can't answer that. What I *can*
tell you is that it was a mistake.

Cordy turns away.

CORDELIA

But I thought the Powers That Be
knew everything.

SKIP

Life and death, that sort of thing,
they got a handle on. Who someone
chooses to love, well, that's just
good old free will. See Cordelia,
the visions are an ancient,
powerful force. Demons are the only
ones who can withstand them.

CORDELIA

But I've had them for more than two
years now. Doesn't that mean I'm
strong?

SKIP

Strong, yes. Demon, no. Just ask
Tammy here.

CORDELIA

Tammy where?

Skip steps aside to reveal a girl dressed like a peasant.

TAMMY

(in Cockney accent)

Hello, miss?

Cordy spins to face her.

SKIP

This is Tammy. She had the visions
back in - sixteen thirty?

TAMMY

Aye. Had 'em well neigh on a year,
and a hellish year it was, too.
Town fathers called me a witch,
wanted to burn me at the stake.

CORDELIA

They killed you because you had
visions?

TAMMY

No, miss. They didn't have to.

(Turns so her back is

facing Cordy)

Last vision I had blew out the back
of me skull.

(MORE)

TAMMY (CONT'D)

(Tammy turns back
around and we see the
hole in the back of
her head)

We wasn't mean to have the visions,
us humans. Look, you want my
advice, you listen to our man Skip
here. He won't steer you wrong,
this one.

Skip smiles: Aw, get out of here. (Turns serious) Really.
Get out. I've got work.

Tammy leaves.

SKIP

(to Cordelia)

You okay?

Dissolve to a white light and whisperings that resolves into
chamber. Its walls are hidden in the shadows. The only thing
in it is a square cube of stone with a fire burning on top.

We hear a scream and Angel drops into frame to land face
down on the floor beside the cube.

ANGEL

Thanks Lorne.

VOICES

It is come. The champion is come.

(Angel picks himself
up and looks around)

Come for what? Answers not to be
had. Death is certain. Death awaits.

ANGEL

I wanna talk to the conduit.

VOICES

We are the conduit. We are the
gateway, the all the time, the ever.
It wishes to speak to us.

ANGEL

Yes, it does. Are you gonna show
yourselves?

VOICES

We are unseen. Formless. It speaks
unknowing. Send it away.

ANGEL

I'm not going anywhere until I get my message to the Powers That Be. My friend - Cordelia - has visions given to her by the Powers. They're killing her. I want the Powers to take them back. - Let her go. She's suffered enough!

Suddenly Angel flies across the room to smash into one of the walls.

VOICES

Suffering? Does it know suffering?

Angel flies across the room to smash into the opposite wall then drops to the floor.

VOICES

Yes it does. - The Powers owe nothing. Send it away. Send it away.

Angel picks himself back up.

ANGEL

I'm not finished.

Cut back to Skip and Cordelia, walking through the mall.

SKIP

You ever have the vague sensation that maybe you left the oven on? Or that you're supposed to call someone back, you just forgot who it was? More to the point, have you ever felt that way about your acting career?

CORDELIA

I don't have an acting career.

SKIP

Which sort of brings me to my next point.

Skip points to a stack of TV screens and they come to life, showing scenes of a Hollywood party.

CORDELIA

Hey! I remember that night.

SKIP

You'd been in LA for a few months,
things had been kind of lean, and
who should you run into?

Angel appears on the screen, making his way through the
party goers.

Cordy watches with a slight smile on her face as she and
Angel meet at the party from "City Of"...

SKIP

Your entire life changed that night.
In ways you couldn't imagine.
Indescribably painful ways, I think
you'll agree. Now, what if the play
ran a little different?

(The picture on the
screen rewinds)

You're on the sideline over here,
(Skip points and a
white x appears on
the lower right
corner of the screen)

talking to a couple wanna-be moguls.
Angel is down field here.

(A circle appears
around Angel's head
in the back of the screen)

Instead of cutting through the
middle to meet Angel,

(two white
intersecting lines
appear on the screen)

what if you'd been forced to
counter? What if **this** guy,

(a circle appears
around another man in
the crowd)

who happens to be a very powerful
talent agent, flanks you

(A white line
connects the circled
agent to the X
denoting Cordy's position)

and drew you off side?

(A white line leads
from the X in the
right lower corner of
the screen over to
the left corner and
another X)

What would happen then?

CORDELIA

I'd, ah, score a touchdown?

SKIP

Metaphorically speaking, heck, yeah! Inside every living thing there is a connection to the Powers That Be. Call it instinct, intuition. Deep down we all know our purpose in this world.

CORDELIA

Are you saying that - I was meant to be an actress?

SKIP

No. I'm saying you were meant to be an incredibly famous and wealthy actress. And the Powers That Be can make that happen.

CORDELIA

They can do that? They can turn back time?

SKIP

They don't go for that - much. Think of it as 'writing over history.' From this moment on you could live the life you always wanted. No monsters, no visions, no dying. Well, not for a long time, anyway.

CORDELIA

But no Angel.

SKIP

Cordelia, I want you to listen to me. If you go back inside your body, you **won't** wake up. You will lie there, unable to move, unable to speak - until the next vision hits you and then you will die.

CORDELIA

But that's not fair. How's Angel gonna know to save that girl if I don't tell him where she is? He needs me.

SKIP

(after a beat)

Let's go in here.

Skip takes a hold of Cordy's hand and pulls her through one of the walls of the mall - into the space where Angel is arguing with the Conduit.

VOICES

Its pleas are pointless. Her path is chosen. We will not interfere.

ANGEL

The visions are too much. She's not strong enough to handle them.

VOICES

Obstinate. It speaks and does not listen.

Angel spins around.

ANGEL

(yelling)

No, you're not listening! Cordelia is not a champion. She is a rich girl from Sunnydale who likes to play superhero. She doesn't have what it takes to do this! Don't the Powers get that? Stop whispering and listen to me, damn it! She's weak.

CORDELIA

Skip. Get me out of here. Now!

Skip and Cordy melt away.

ANGEL

You're killing her. She's unconscious, and she's alone. Who knows if she's in pain?

VOICES

It is angry. It is afraid.

ANGEL

(after a beat)

I'm more afraid of her dying than she is. - What is that?

Skip and Cordy are back at the mall.

SKIP

Cordelia - are you sure?

CORDELIA

You gave me a choice, so I'm choosing.

SKIP

Okay, kid. Here goes. I'm gonna make you a star.

Cordy closes her eyes.

ANNOUNCER

And now, ladies and gentlemen, the two time Emmy award winning star of our show, the gal with the million dollar smile: Cordelia Chase!

The mall has changed into the set of a sit-com around Cordy. She is caught in a spotlight and opens her eyes to wild applause from the audience and crew. She is now wearing a tight, blue, sparkly dress and smiles brilliantly at her fans.

Break

We get to see the opening credits of her show, titled Cordy!

(The opening credits include: Cordelia Chase, Gregory Dunne, Elliott Sims, and Carol Wright. Created by Phlegmont and Mendoza)

CORDELIA

2,3,4

SINGERS

Yes, you can hear it in her laughter. - Ooh, you can see it in her smile. - Yeah, you'll be hanging from the rafters. - Ooh, you better stay awhile. - Ooh, better stay awhile. - - Yes, the whole world is full of laughter. - Ooh, you got my heart a little wired. - Yeah, you'll be hanging from the rafters. - Ooh, better stay awhile. - Ooh, you better stay awhile. - Ooh, better stay awhile...

(Note: The theme song was sung by Marti Noxon and David Greenwalt. Words and music by David Greenwalt.)

Audience claps wildly.

We see Cordy walk down a corridor from the stage, dressed in a dark outfit now, wearing her hair different.

MAN

(off screen)

Great show, Cordy!

CORDELIA
Thanks, you too.

Cordy's assistant falls in beside her, holding a PDA.

NEV
Okay. There are stars and there are
stars, and then there is you!

CORDELIA
God, that is sweet, Nev. Am I
paying you enough?

NEV
Well, as a matter of fact...

CORDELIA
Good. What's cooking?

NEV
Okay. You got a costume fitting.
The Producers want to run some
ideas past you for next weeks show.

Cordy walks up to some fans lying in wait backstage, and
begins to sign some of the autograph books held out to her.

CORDELIA
Hi, how are you? What's your name?

NEV
We want to record that breast
cancer PSA, but tomorrow is pretty
booked. Maybe next week.

CORDELIA
(still signing)
No, make it tomorrow. I wanna get
it on the air.
(Turns to Nev with a sigh)
Nev, you ever get that nagging
feeling that you're supposed to be
somewhere, doing something, but you
can't remember what?

NEV
No. I'm highly organized. That's
why you pay me - pretty well. But
with the holidays coming I really...

Cordy hands the autograph and pen back to one of the fans.

CORDELIA
I have to go, I'm sorry. I have to go.

Starts to walk on. Nev dogs her, pulling out his phone.

CORDELIA
I want something. Hypo-something.
Hypothermia?

NEV
(to phone)
Josh, lets get a large tub of ice
water to Miss Chase's dressing
room, pronto.

CORDELIA
(to herself)
No, that's not it.

NEV
Canceling ice water.

CORDELIA
Hyper... hyperbaric?

NEV
Josh, make it an oxygen tent.

CORDELIA
(to herself)
No, that's not it either.

NEV
Canceling tent.

CORDELIA
(spins to face Nev)
Hyperion! That's it!

NEV
The hotel.

CORDELIA
Yes. I wanna go there.

NEV
Terrific. When would you like me
to...

(Cordy is already
walking on)
Now? Now you would like to...
(Cordy snaps her
fingers in the air
without looking back
at Nev)
Without security? Without an
entourage of me? Right.

(MORE)

NEV (CONT'D)

I'll give them a call.

(To phone)

Josh, car, side door, now.

Cordy enters the Hyperion. A string of lights are decorating the plants framing the entrance. Jazzy music is playing. People are scattered around the lobby. A bellboy pushes a baggage cart towards the elevators. Lights are decorating all the plants around the lobby.

Cordy walks up to the concierge writing something in the book lying open on the reception counter.

CORDELIA

Hi. Excuse me.

CONCIERGE

Ah, yes, how can we help...

(Looks up)

Oh, Miss Chase. How can you help me?

Ah, how can I help with...

(Gives a little laugh)

How can we help you?

CORDELIA

I believe my assistant made a reservation.

CONCIERGE

(checks the book)

Ah. The, ah, luxury suite. I will take you right up to my room.

Your room, I meant. - Welcome to the Hyperion.

Cordy is following the concierge down a corridor of the Hyperion.

CONCIERGE

And here we are, Ms. Chase.

(Pulls out a key and

starts to unlock a door)

The luxury suite.

Cordy slowly walks past him looking around.

CORDELIA

No.

(Points at a door)

This one.

(Closes her eyes for a moment)

I want this one.

CONCIERGE

That's ah - that's a *standard*
Miss Chase. It's hardly fitting for
someone of your...

CORDELIA

Open it?

CONCIERGE

Yes, certainly.

Cordy slowly enters the suite she picked and looks around it. The standard warm décor of the hotel room is intercut with flashes of the same suite, but the way it looked when Angel was using it, including Connor's crib.

Cordy slowly walks over to the bed as the concierge watches her from just inside the door.

CORDELIA

This wallpaper...

CONCIERGE

Ah, yes. Designed by renowned
artist Jacques Latour. Part of the
remodeling we...

(Cordy starts to rip
some of it off the wall)

Ha, ha... - Mmm, I hate that
wallpaper. That's bad, bad wallpaper.

Cordy has ripped enough paper off the wall to reveal the address she wrote on it while 'borrowing' Angel's body.

CORDELIA

One seven one Oak.

(Turns to the Concierge)

Where is that?

CONCIERGE

Ah...

Cordy rings the doorbell of house 171. A teenage girl answers the door.

CORDELIA

Oh, hi. I'm - I'm really sorry to
bother you...

CYNTHIA

Oh, my god. You're - Cordelia Chase.
(Cordy smiles and nods)
You're - Cordy!

CORDELIA

Yeah, hi. Listen, I know you don't know me, but would you mind if I...

CYNTHIA

Oh! Please, come in.

CORDELIA

Oh, thanks.

Cordy walks in, and the girl closes the door behind her.

CYNTHIA

I'm Cynthia. Cynthia York. And - I love your show. Like, *love* love. You're just - you're my idol, Cordy. I wanna be just like you, and have my own design firm and...

(Frowns)

Wait a second. What are you doing in Reseda?

CORDELIA

(laughs)

Yeah, uhm, hmm. Good question. Uhm, this is - gonna sound a little bizarre, but, uhm, is everything okay here? Nothing - bad - happened, has it?

CYNTHIA

(half shrugs)

My dad left us a couple months ago.

As Cordelia reaches out to touch the girls shoulder:

CORDELIA

Oh. Honey, I'm sorry. Is your mom here?

CYNTHIA

(shakes her head)

She's up in Ojai visiting friends.

CORDELIA

Oh. - Well, ah... - That's, ah... Well, okay, then, ahem...

Cordy turns to the door to leave.

CYNTHIA

Hey! You wanna see something cool?

CORDELIA
(turns back)

Sure.

Cynthia takes Cordy's hand and leads her over to a pentagram drawn on the floor on the other side of the couch.

CYNTHIA
It's a retrieval spell. I'm gonna make my dad come back and live with us again. - I'm pretty sure I did everything right. Even though I - spilled some diet coke on the book I was using and had to improvise a little. Pretty cool pentagram, huh?

CORDELIA
Cynthia? I think we should get out of here before...

A blue light flashes and suddenly there is a big demon standing in the middle of the pentagram.

CORDELIA
...that happens.

Break

Cordy pushes Cynthia towards the door.

CORDELIA
Get our of here, Cynthia. Go!

Cordy picks up a table lamp and smashes it over the monster's head, then turns to run. The monster trips her, then grabs a hold of her ankle. Cordy grabs a hold of a book (?) lying on the coffee table and rams it in the monster face, making it fall back.

The door behind her opens and Cordy turns to stare up as Gunn and Wes enter. Wes is carrying a drawn sword in his right hand. His left sleeve is pinned up, empty, against the side of his jacket.

WESLEY
(to Gunn)
Get the girl.

GUNN
(to Cynthia)
Lets go! Outside.

Gunn pulls Cynthia towards the door as Wes runs the demon through with his sword.

CORDELIA

Wesley, what are you doing here
and - what - happened to your other
arm?

WESLEY

(pushes her aside)

Look out.

The monster comes at Wes again and he fends it off with his sword. Gunn comes in and tries to beat the monster with his baseball bat. After a brief struggle they manage to down the monster, and Wes skewers it with his sword.

CORDELIA

So, you - like - kill things now?
Cause last time I saw you, you just
kind of fainted in front of them.

WESLEY

Cordelia, why on earth are you here?

CORDELIA

I know, I know. Reseda. It's
practically the ninth circle of hell.

WESLEY

Not Reseda. Here in this house. Is
that girl a friend of yours?

CORDELIA

Oh, look, I know we haven't seen
each other in a while, Wesley,
and...

(Laughs a little)

But there is something *weird*
going on with me. Like

(whispering)

Sunnydale weird.

CYNTHIA

Oh, my god.

(Looking at the dead monster)

My mom is gonna freak.

Gunn is sticking the appendage of the monster hanging over the gate of his truck under the tarp spread over the bed of it. Cordy and Wes are walking down the walkway from the house to the truck.

CORDELIA

...and underneath the wallpaper was an address. This address. So, for absolutely no sane person reason I can think of, I come out here and whammo! Slimy monster fun time. What's up with that?

Wes throws his sword in the back of the truck and turns to face her.

WESLEY

I'm not sure. I'd have to consult my books.

CORDELIA

(smiles at him)

Some things never change.

Gunn clears his throat behind them.

WESLEY

Oh, sorry. This is my partner, Charles Gunn.

GUNN

Man, Wes told me he knew you, but I-I didn't believe him.

CORDELIA

Yeah, we go way back.

(Gives a laugh)

Back to, uhm, when - you had two arms, which, by the way...

WESLEY

Ah, Kungai demon a couple of years ago.

GUNN

Hey, is it true that you and Wes were... You know, that you had a little...

CORDELIA

...humiliating kiss where he drooled all over my chin?

(Gunn looks from Wes to Cordy)

Yeah. But I worked *really* hard to repress it.

WESLEY

Right. Well, as much as I'm
enjoying this forced death march
down memory lane...

Wes goes over to the passenger side of the truck and opens
the door.

GUNN

Hey, what is it with you Sunnydale
folks and repression? I mean, you
three are the most denying it folks
I've ever met.

CORDELIA

Three? Who else is here in LA?

We get flashes of Gunn's truck driving down the road and
different shots of the city at night.

Wes walks into his apartment, followed by Cordy and Gunn.

WESLEY

Cordelia, I want you to think about
this. Angel's not the person you
knew. He came to Los Angeles in
pain, vulnerable - and when Doyle,
his only friend died he - he
retreated into himself.

GUNN

Him getting the visions didn't help
either.

CORDELIA

So, let me get this straight. Angel
gets the visions of people who are
gonna die, and he tells you, and
you go out and slay, and - this is
how you make your living? This -
got to be the suckiest job in the
world.

GUNN

It pays the bills - occasionally.

Wes walks over to a door.

WESLEY

Don't be shocked by his condition.

(Takes a key from a
hook beside it)

The visions have taken a toll - and
the isolation. Sometimes he sends
us out to save people he killed two
hundred years ago.

(Cordy looks from Wes
to Gunn, then looks down)

So, why don't we just tell him you
stopped by and said hi?

CORDELIA

Wesley. I've gotta see him.

Wes opens to the door to a room empty except for some
shackles dangling from the ceiling and a mattress lying
cockeyed in the middle of the floor. Angel, bare footed, is
sitting on the edge of the mattress, his arms wrapped
tightly around his knees. As the door opens he gasps, then
curls up even tighter.

Cordy looks at the shackles.

WESLEY

Restraints. Sometimes the visions
make him violent.

Angel scrambles to his feet, arms wrapped tightly around
himself and begins to ramble.

ANGEL

One seven one Oak drive, do you
hear me? I feel better now. I can
be alone here. I won't run away...

CORDELIA

Oh my god.

WESLEY

This is one of his good days.

ANGEL

No, I - I won't. I won't do that. I
won't do... I didn't mean... I
didn't mean... Only if it's dead.
It's me.

(Drops back down on
the corner of the mattress)

It was my fault. It was me. I'm
okay. I didn't mean... I didn't
mean...

Cordy takes a step closer, but Wes takes hold of her arm.

WESLEY
Don't get too close.

Angel covers his head.

ANGEL
Ah! I won't run away.

Cordy walks towards him.

CORDELIA
Angel. - Do you remember me?
(Squats down beside him)
Cordelia?

Angel looks up and scrambles away from her on all fours.

ANGEL
No. I'm afraid.

Angel goes to cower in a corner of the room.

ANGEL
I'm afraid. I'm afraid.

Cordy slowly walks over to him.

CORDELIA
Shh. Don't be afraid. I won't hurt you.

ANGEL
I'm fine. Fine. One seven one. One seven one. You'll see. You'll see, one seven one. My head doesn't hurt.
(Bangs his head back against the wall)
My head doesn't hurt. Now I'm warm. My head doesn't hurt.

CORDELIA
You don't remember me, do you?

ANGEL
I was there. I wanted to die. But - but I was - was afraid to die. So afraid to die. One seven one.

Angel repeats the number over and over as he keeps writing it with his finger on the wall beside him.

CORDELIA

Shh, Angel, it's okay. Everything is gonna be okay.

ANGEL

It was my fault. I was there. I couldn't do anything. There was nothing I could do.

CORDELIA

Everything is gonna be okay.

Cordy leans in and softly kisses Angel on the mouth. Wes and Gunn watch in slow motion. There is a whoosing sound and a blue light passes from Angel's lips to Cordy. Cordy sits back on her heels and turns to look at Wes and Gunn, then stands up.

CORDELIA

I remember everything. The visions
(Walks over to where
Skip is suddenly
standing in the room)
They're mine.

SKIP

We made a deal. You gave up the visions, not to mention the certain death that goes with them, and you get to live out your dream. Call me crazy, but I thought that was a pretty fair trade.

CORDELIA

Sure it's fair. But it wasn't me.

SKIP

We've been over this. I respect what you're trying to do. It's noble and heroic, and all that other Russle Crowe 'Gladiator' crap.

CORDELIA

You've seen...

SKIP

Didn't love it. The fact remains that humans are not strong enough to harbor the visions! Period. Even the Powers That Be can't change that.

Cordy steps closer.

CORDELIA

Then find a loop hole, Skip. I know my purpose in this world and it includes the visions. And if the Powers That Be aren't complete dumb-asses, they know it, too.

SKIP

There maybe a - tiny - loophole.

CORDELIA

I'll take it.

SKIP

You may wanna think about that. The only way *you* get to keep the visions is by becoming - part demon.

(Cordy looks down)

The process isn't easy. It'll make your vision pain feel like a stroll through candyland. And even after the pain subsides the effects of the transition will be numerous and unpredictable. You may never be able to lead a human life again.

Cordy looks over at Angel (who appears to be frozen in time), then back at Skip.

CORDELIA

So - demonize me already.

SKIP

(after a beat)

It was an honor being your guide, Cordelia Chase.

Cordy gives him slight smile.

Skip raises his hand, a blue light illuminates the room and Cordy arcs back, screaming in pain.

On the bed in Angel's room Cordy arcs back, screaming in pain. Angel rushes to her side as the rest of the gang come running.

FRED

What's happening to her?

STEVEN

Cordy!! Is she--is she okay??

Cordy sits up on the bed, gasping, and opens her eyes. Angel catches her in a hug.

ANGEL
I thought I'd lost you.

CORDELIA
Angel.

Cordy gasps, pulls back and grabs a hold of her head.

CORDELIA
No horns.

Checks her backside.

She smiles up at Angel.

CORDELIA
No tail.

Angel looks at the others, but no one volunteers an opinion.

CORDELIA
Whew! Just checking.

Cordy scrambles up out of bed and stretches, while Angel takes a suspicious look under the pillow before slowly trailing after her.

CORDELIA
It feels *so* good to be solid again.

Angel joins the rest of the gang and they all pivot to keep watching Cordy.

WESLEY
Cordelia, what is the last thing you remember?

CORDELIA
When? I've been so... Oh. You mean the vision downstairs. No, I had a vision, but it's been taken care off. There was this actress, and an one-armed guy.
(Everyone watches her silently)
It's a long story. But right now, we have to solve my vision.

LORNE
The one you just said was taken care of?

CORDELIA
No. The one I'm having right now.

STEVEN
(confused)

Huh?

CORDELIA
There is a young man in a park in
Glendale. Uh, somewhere near a pond.
There is a demon waiting for him.
He's red with four, no make that
five horns.

Angel looks at the others then back at Cordy.

ANGEL
Uh, Cordy?

STEVEN
(impressed)

Wow.

The camera pulls back and we can see that Cordy is floating
about a foot off the ground.

CORDELIA
What?