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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

"Loyalty"

Written by Mere Smith Directed by James A. Contner

Co-Producer Skip Schoolnik, Co-Producer Jeffrey Bell,
Consulting Producer Marti Noxon, Executive Producers Sandy
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Tim Minear,

Angel Episode #59

Gunn, **Steven** and Fred walk into Wes' office to find him
asleep at his desk.

GUNN

You got to admire the loyalty. All
night here, hitting the books.
Logging serious alone-time, delving
into the secret mysteries of...---
Man, Wesley needs a life.

STEVEN

(laughs)

I could've told you that.

FRED

I wonder if he found anything new
about Connor.

Fred reaches for the papers on Wes' desk.

WESLEY

Don't touch that.

Wes' jerks awake and straightens his glasses.

WESLEY

They're just in a specific order.
I'll be lost...

(blinks up at Fred,
Steven and Gunn)

What time is it?

ANGEL

Time for Wesley to wakey-wakey!
Isn't that right Connor?

Angel comes in carrying Connor.

WESLEY

(gathers his papers together)

I must have lost track of the time.
I meant to, ah---go home.

ANGEL
Road to hell, right?

GUNN
So, Wes, you find any answers in
all these stuffy books of yours?

ANGEL
He already knows the answer. He's
just looking for the question.

WESLEY
So, have we heard anything from
Cordelia recently?

ANGEL
Do you wanna see Connor do
something cool?
(Angel morphs into
vamp face)
I'm teaching him how to die!

WESLEY
Don't!

Angel buries his fangs in the side of Connor's neck as the
baby begins to cry.

Wes looks down at his hands, palms down on the open book in
front of him. Blood is seeping out from under them, coating
the pages. Gunn, **Steven** and Fred smile at Wes.

GUNN
Tick-tock, Wes.
(Gunn's voice
suddenly gets deep
and strange sounding)
Running out of time.
(Echoing)
Running out of time.

Wes looks over as Angel straightens up, blood smearing his
vamp face, then lifts his hands off the book and stares at
his bloody palms. Wes' head come up from the open book he
was sleeping on and he glances around the office.

Angel walks in, carrying Connor.

ANGEL
Morning, Wes. You been here all night?

Wes just stares up at Angel.

Intro

A baby is crying.

1.WOMAN

You'd think something was killing him.

The camera pulls back to show us two women, each holding a baby sitting in a doctor's waiting room.

1.WOMAN

All night long, the screaming and crying.

2.WOMAN

Colic is the worst.

1.WOMAN

I hold him. I walk him. Nothing seems to work.

ANGEL

Have you tried the vacuum?

The woman looks over where Angel is waiting with Connor, a slightly disheveled looking Wes sitting beside him.

ANGEL

Sometimes the white noise from a motor will put a colicky baby right to sleep.

1.WOMAN

You know, I've read about that. The problem is my older one---I can't run the vacuum while he's sleeping.

ANGEL

You could try taping it. The sound. Just leaving playing by the crib kind of low.

1.WOMAN

I should have thought of that!
(smiles at Angel)
Mr. Dad to the rescue!

NURSE

Missus Ferguson?

1.WOMAN

(gets up to follow
the nurse)

Oh, excuse me.

ANGEL
 (aside to Wesley)
 Mr. Dad! Check me out! I'm Mr. Dad.
 (Sees the way Wesley
 looks at Connor)
 You okay, Wes?

WESLEY
 Well, just a bit tired, is all.

ANGEL
 Probably good you got out of the
 office. We haven't seen you for the
 last couple of days. You've been
 all holed up with all those
 (quietly)
 prophecies and books.

WESLEY
 Yes, I've been working on a---
 particularly difficult translation.

ANGEL
 Is it about Connor? Anything we
 have to worry about?

NURSE
 Mr. Angel?

ANGEL
 (gets up)
 We're up, kiddo.
 (Sees Wesley get up)
 You're coming in?

WESLEY
 Just in case you forget to ask
 anything. Always better to have an
 extra pair of ears, right?

The Doctor is examining Connor as Angel hovers over him.

ANGEL
 It's like a---like a soft gurgle or
 a wheeze. It might be a wheeze. I
 heard it last night when I was
 feeding him. You hear it?

DOCTOR
 All I hear is a normal, healthy
 little heart.

ANGEL

You-you don't understand. I-I got,
like, really good hearing. I mean
really good hearing.

DOCTOR

Well, most first time parents do.
You said this wheeze or gurgle
happened while you were feeding him?

ANGEL

Is that bad? What is it?

DOCTOR

In my professional opinion---it's
called digestion.

ANGEL

Oh.

WESLEY

Doctor. During your exam you didn't
notice anything---abnormal about
him, did you?

ANGEL

Wes! What kind of question is that?
(to Doctor)
Did you?

DOCTOR

No. Your son is just fine.

ANGEL

So---when will we get the results
form the blood test?

DOCTOR

In about a week. It's just
precaution, really.

ANGEL

But he's okay. Connor's healthy?

DOCTOR

As healthy as a human being can
possibly be.

ANGEL

(to Connor)

Did you hear that?

(shakes the doctors hand)

Thank you.

DOCTOR

No problem.

Wes walks to the door and opens it.

ANGEL

(grinning)

Thanks.

WESLEY

Angel?

(Angel looks over to Wes)

You can let go of the doctor now.

ANGEL

Oh. Right.

Angel stops shaking the doctor's hand and gathers up Connor.

ANGEL

Come on, kiddo.

(To Doctor)

Thanks.

DOCTOR

Take care.

Angel, carrying Connor, and Wes walk out. The doctor looks down at his hand.

DOCTOR

And they bitch about my cold hands.

The Doctor lays the chart down next to a tube of blood labeled 'Angel, Connor' and leaves the room.

The other woman from the waiting room comes in carrying her baby. She takes the tube of Connor's blood and replaces it with another one, looking exactly the same. The door opens and the nurse comes in.

NURSE

There you are! Did you get turned around? You're supposed to be over in exam three.

2.WOMAN

Oh. My mistake.

She follows the nurse out.

Outside shot of the Hyperion during the day.

GUNN

I wanna know how he does it. No last name, no bank account. How are you ordering stuff off the web?

Angel is getting a dagger from the weapons cabinet to open the box sitting next to Gunn on the reception counter. Wes is busy translating. **Steven is standing next to Fred.** Fred is holding Connor.

FRED

It's not that hard, really. All you have to do is hack into the shipping database, find someone who is ordering what you want, then substitute your information.

(Sees Gunn and Angel looking at her)

Except that would just be high-tech robbery.

ANGEL

I memorized Cordelia's credit card number.

FRED

Oh. Low-tech robbery.

STEVEN

(laughs)

Cordy's gonna be pissed.

Angel pulls two miniature hockey sticks out of the box and holds them up.

GUNN

Some kind of boomerang vamp stake?

ANGEL

(hands one to Gunn)

No! They're itty-bitty hockey sticks!

Angel demonstrates, then pulls a small jersey out of the box and holds it up. It says 'Connor 03' on the back.

ANGEL

Check this out! How cute is this? Huh? Seriously.

GUNN

Seriously, I think you got way too much time on your hands.

STEVEN

Aw, Gunn; leave him alone. It's adorable.

FRED

Come on. You think it's adorable.

GUNN

Well, yeah, but at least I'm manly enough to deny it.

ANGEL

Okay, okay. I admit things have been a little slow since Cordelia and the Groosalug went on vacation.

Angel takes the puck out of the box and tosses it to Gunn.

GUNN

I can't believe I'm saying this, but I'm actually jonesing for a throw-down with something mean and nasty.

Angel is taking a drink from a glass of blood, sitting on the counter.

FRED

Cordelia hasn't called once with a vision. Do they even have phones there?

Gunn drops the puck on the floor and tires out the small hockey stick.

ANGEL

Maybe they're not near a phone. Come on, it's a vacation! They're not gonna waste it all on a dark hotel room---you know, together, where the food's delivered and there is no reason to go outside. You know, hockey is a great sport.

GUNN

You realize this is the whitest sport known to man?

ANGEL

True. But the games are indoors, and they usually play at night.

GUNN

Got you.

ANGEL

I know it's a little bit too early to be thinking about stuff like this, but I---I can't wait to watch him, you know, grow up.

(Takes another sip of blood)

For him to lose his first tooth.

(Gunn straightens up

and watches Angel

with a slight smile)

Learn how to ride a bike. Ha.

Wes un-hunches from his book as Angel's voice drifts into his office.

ANGEL

I want to help him pick out a tux for his senior prom. I just can't wait to see who he's gonna to be. I know it's mushy, but it's just... He makes me so happy.

STEVEN

(smiles)

Well, I think it's adorable, Angel. It's really sweet how you care about him so much.

Gunn bats the puck past Angel and throws up his arms.

GUNN

He shoots, he scores! Ha!

ANGEL

Well, sure. Of course, with no defender.

Angel picks up the other stick.

GUNN

Ha. Bring it on.

ANGEL

I think Connor? He's gonna be center, you know?

GUNN

What you got?

ANGEL

Control of the puck.

Angel takes the puck around Gunn.

ANGEL
Yeah. Ditching the left wing.

GUNN
Come on.

ANGEL
Taking it all the way to the crease...

Angel shoots. The puck flies and shatters the glass of the door leading out into the garden court. Wes looks up at the sound of the breaking glass.

STEVEN
**And if that was somebody else's
window, they woulda taken us all
the way to the bank.**

ANGEL
(holding up his
hockey stick)
Yeah, you know, these---this isn't
regulation size.

AUBREY
Excuse me. Is this Angel
Investigations?

They turn to see a woman with short, dark hair standing in the lobby.

AUBREY
I need your help.

Fred is putting Connor into the bassinet.

AUBREY
Last Monday night, my son Timothy
snuck out of the house. He loved to
go to the pier. He loved the lights
of the Ferris wheel there.
(Angel looks down at Connor)
So I went after him. I searched the
pier, the arcade---nothing. So---I
sat up all night and waited for him
to come home.

ANGEL
When did he return home? Right
before dawn?

AUBREY
Yeah. But his face was... There was
something wrong with his face--

STEVEN

PCP.

(off her look)

Everyone's doin' it.

AUBREY

He doesn't do any drugs...and---he was so angry. He was calling me names, and pounding on the door, and screaming at me to let him in.---It scared me. I was afraid of my own son.---Then he just---went up in flames.

Everyone is quiet for a moment.

WESLEY

If you'd let him in---he would have killed you.

AUBREY

At least he'd still be alive.

GUNN

No. What came to your door that wasn't your son. It looked like your son, but it wasn't him.

AUBREY

Maybe I could have found a way to turn him back.

ANGEL

When somebody becomes a vampire there is no turning back.

(Wes looks over at Angel)

No matter how much you want to believe there is some part of him you can save, all that's left is an evil thing.

Wes looks down at his hands, then back at Aubrey.

WESLEY

You say your son went to the pier that night?

(Aubrey nods)

Gunn, why don't you do a little recon while it's still light out.

GUNN

I can just gear up and take care of it.

WESLEY

No. If there is a nest at the pier,
we go as a group. Strictly
reconnaissance.

GUNN

Okay. Fred and I will check it out.

STEVEN

**I can keep an eye on the little
guy, Angel.**

ANGEL

(greatful)

Thanks.

AUBREY

If I could have found that thing
myself, I would have killed it with
my bare hands.---It made me afraid
of my own little boy.

(Angel looks down at Connor)

I don't understand any of this. I
don't know what to do.

Smash cut to Aubrey reporting to a group of people ranged
around a seated Holtz.

AUBREY

Wesley Wyndham-Pryce heads the
staff at Angel Investigations.
Doles out assignments, specializes
in reference and research.

Aubrey moves from a picture of Wes to one of Fred.

AUBREY

This woman nicknamed Fred appears
to be the resident science expert.
It's unclear whether she is a
fighter. **The individual named
Steven Windsor appears to be very
good with computers, however at
times speaks up when it's not
needed.** Finally, Charles Gunn:
big, very strong, could be a
formidable opponent. Though he
seems to be a bit impulsive. We may
be able to use that in the future.

HOLTZ

(gets up)

Good work, Aubrey.

AUBREY
(smiles)
Thanks, boss.

Break

We get an outside shot of an older mansion by day. In a darkened room, two men with quarterstaffs fight against a chained vampire. Justine sits to one side, looking at the pictures of Angel, Wes, Gunn, **Steven**, and Fred pinned up on a board.

JUSTINE
I don't understand. How can these people work for a vampire.

HOLTZ
I once made a pact with a demon.

JUSTINE
So you could get to Angelus. So you could kill a vampire.

HOLTZ
I'm sure they believe their reasons are good, how ever misguided. Things aren't always black and white, Justine, good and evil.

JUSTINE
What about Angelus?

HOLTZ
He is evil.

Justine sees the vampire attacking the two men as the anchor of its chains come loose. While Holtz sits back and watches, Justine jumps up and engages the freed vamp. After a short fight, she manages to knock it to the floor. She turns to take a sword from a stand and rams it through the vampire's torso, pinning it to the floor.

JUSTINE
Chains would be good now.

Some men chain the vampire back up. Justine pulls the sword free, steps back, and looks at Holtz.

HOLTZ

I knew you were meant for this.

(Turns back to the
papers on the table)

We need to get moving. Events are
happening even quicker than I could
have hoped.

SAHJHAN

Thank god. I was starting to get
bored.

Holtz turns as Sahjhan materializes out of a shivering air
behind him. Justine swings the sword around to decapitate
Sahjhan, but it just goes right through him.

SAHJHAN

You know, my barber has the same
problem with his scissors---hence
the bad haircut.

(Justine looks from
Sahjhan to Holtz)

Love the whole chained, un-dead
look you got going on. Really sets
off your fern.

HOLTZ

You can stand down, Justine. It's
only Sahjhan.

SAHJHAN

Only Sahjhan? See that's the
trouble with you, Holtz. If you'd
only done what you...

(Looks at Justine)

Can we have a little privacy here?

Justine looks to Holtz.

HOLTZ

No.

SAHJHAN

Fine. You owe me a dead vampire.

HOLTZ

Yes. Well, how shall I put this?
What are you going to do about
it?---Nothing. That's what you'll
do. That's all you can do---or else
you wouldn't have brought me here
in the first place.

(MORE)

HOLTZ (CONT'D)

(Holtz turns back to
the table)

You've done your part, Sahjhan. Now
let me do mine.

SAHJHAN

What is your part? Recruiting a
bunch of paramilitary moonie
freaks, who run around playing
Candid Camera with Angel's buddies?
That's crap. Admit it. You're a
coward---and I bet Caroline would
agree. You remember her, don't you?
Your dead wife? Mother of your dead
kids? How'd they die? Who swore
revenge?---Any of this ringing a bell?

HOLTZ

(after a beat)

Get out.

SAHJHAN

Or what? You can't kill me.

HOLTZ

(turns to face Sahjhan)

But I can trap your dimensional
essence in a Resikhian Urn.
Wonderful devices the urns. They
last a lifetime. That is, if you
live forever.

SAHJHAN

This isn't over, Holtz

Sahjhan shivers back out of existence.

WESLEY

I know it's dangerous. I don't
care.---You're a wizard.

Wes is on the phone at his desk looking down on "The Father
will kill The Son" on his notepad.

WESLEY

Because it's the right thing to
do.---Then because I'm paying you
an obscene amount of money. Just do
it, and call me back.

Wes hangs up the phone.

Fred bounces in the door, smiling, **followed by Steven.**

FRED

Hey. Wes?

STEVEN

(grins)

Wussup, English?

WESLEY

What is it?

Fred's smile melts away.

FRED

I'm sorry. You're busy. I'll come back.

WESLEY

(more quietly)

What can I do for you?

FRED

Nothing. Uhm,---I just wanted to compliment you, that's all. You were really there for that woman, Aubrey, who lost her kid at the pier.

Wes shuffles a bit, and gives her a small smile.

WESLEY

Thank you.

FRED

And working so hard, staring at all those books. And as a book-starer myself I know how crazy making that can be. You should get out of here for a while. Go for a walk. You deserve it.

Wes looks away. A big grin spreads over Fred's face.

FRED

I was thinking: maybe you could call Aubrey.

(Wes looks at her)

She is real attractive and her paperwork says she's single. She probably needs a friend.

WESLEY

(looking down)

Fred---we're not here to date.---
We're here to do a job.

STEVEN

Well, if we're doin' a job, who's to say we can't date in our spare time?

Fred's grin disappears.

WESLEY

Now why don't you go to the pier and do your job.

Fred looks at Wes for a moment then turns and quietly walks out of his office.

STEVEN

(annoyed)

Now, that was just rude.

WESLEY

We're not here to date.

STEVEN

You're just jealous 'cause Gunn got his hooks into Fred first and now you're takin' it out on Fred 'cause she likes him better.

Wesley lowers his head and his face conveys a look of disappointment.

WESLEY

(after a beat)

(quietly)

You don't know anything about Fred. Or Gunn. Or me, for that matter.

STEVEN

I know enough. I've seen the way you look at her. You want her for yourself and the fact that Gunn got her first is just eating you up inside.

(flippant)

Hey, it's okay. I can understand that. I think she's cute, too.

(smiles)

But the difference between you and me is I would never do anything to jeopardize it. The point is...you're not in high school, Wesley.

(annoyed)

Grow up.

He walks out of his office, leaving Wesley to consider Steven's words to him.

Lilah is on the phone in her office.

LILAH

Is everything alright? Are they taking care of you?--No, mom, this is Lilah. You called Lilah. Do you need anything? Do you need money?--No--mom, I can't come over. I'm in Los Angeles. You know that.---Don't cry. Mom, please, stop it.

Lilah looks up as the air in front of her desk shivers and Sahjhan appears.

LILAH

I'm gonna have to call you back.

Lilah hangs up the phone.

LILAH

You don't have an appointment.

SAHJHAN

That's it? No 'wow, how did he do that?' No screaming in terror? You twenty first century types are so jaded.

LILAH

You're Sahjhan, aren't you? I may be jaded, but I do my homework. And there's a girl downstairs, she's got records on everything that ever happened.

(Sits back)

My company rocks.

SAHJHAN

Yes. I'm familiar with your firm---in this and other dimensions.

LILAH

Great. Let's shorthand. You're a time-shifter. You recruited Holtz in the eighteenth's century, put him on ice for a couple hundred years, so he could pop up and stake Angel when he's least expecting it.

(MORE)

LILAH (CONT'D)

And considering that I have yet to put on my boogie-shoes and dance on Angel's pile of dust, I'm imagining that Holtz isn't working fast enough for you. Which leads me to believe, you think my firm can expedite the process.

SAHJHAN

More or less.

LILAH

I hate to disappoint you, but Wolfram and Hart's official policy is to let Angel live until he becomes useful.

(Lilah is scribbling

on the notepad on her desk)

I'm sworn to obey that policy.

Lilah holds up the notepad so Sahjhan sees that she has 'count me in' written on it.

LILAH

Is there some other way I can help you?

Sahjhan looks around the office and clears his throat, then leans in a little closer.

SAHJHAN

I have a plan. But for it to work, I require a very rare and valuable ingredient. Getting it will be difficult, if not impossible.---I need the blood of Angel's son.

LILAH

Got it.

SAHJHAN

Got it? What do you mean 'got it?' How'd you get it?

LILAH

I swiped it from his doctor's office. I don't know what good it'll do you though. Boys in the lab looked it over, said it was utterly run-of-the-mill. Completely normal.

SAHJHAN

That's because they're looking for
the wrong thing.

The camera pans across sunny LA, then zooms in on the pier.

FRED

So I'm looking for anything
suspicious. Like small dark places
where somebody could get grabbed,
or any blacked out cars or vans, or
pale, bumpy people with sharp teeth.

GUNN

I don't think we got to worry about
seeing any actual vamps, Fred. The
sun's still kinda up in the sky.

FRED

Even so, as professionals shouldn't
we always be aware of our
surroundings?

GUNN

(grins)

Hey, ring toss! You want me be all
macho and win you a prize?

FRED

Charles...

GUNN

Alright. You can be the macho one.

Gunn takes a hold of Fred's arm and pulls her over to the
booth.

GUNN

Oh! Look at that stuffed little
bunny up there! Think you could win
it for me?

FRED

This is so wrong.

GUNN

You're right. I don't want the bunny.

FRED

We're supposed to be working.

GUNN

No, we're supposed to be doing some bogus, half-assed recon. That's different then working.

FRED

Still. It's our job.

GUNN

Actually, this was my job. Wes never said to bring you along. Probably wanted me out and about so he could chat up my girl.

FRED

Wesley wouldn't do that.---I'm your girl?

Gunn smiles at her.

FRED

Wes knows about us and you knew he knew and you didn't let me know?

GUNN

Come on. You know he was interested in you. And now he knows we're seeing each other, so what?

FRED

So, he's our boss, and I don't think he likes the idea of us dating while we're working together.

GUNN

He said something to you, didn't he?

Fred just looks at him and Gunn lets out a sigh.

GUNN

Well, you-you-you got my back, right? You stood up to him and said we're two adults and what we do with our personal lives is none of his business, right?

FRED

(nods)

You bet I, uh---didn't. Charles, I like you and I wanna keep liking you.

GUNN

(takes a step closer)

Then do!

FRED

Maybe when we're out like this we should---we should just work.

GUNN

No. Can't do it that way. Maybe I'm greedy, but I want it all: the great girl and the great job. I don't care what Wesley says, but I'm not giving up either without a fight.

(Crouches down so his face is level with Fred's)

How about you?

Fred shakes her head, her face breaking into a big grin.

GUNN

Good.

(He leans down and gives her a kiss)

Now, how about we go looking for some vampires?

Fred smiles up at him. Gunn wraps an arm around her shoulders and the two of them walk off.

Angel is crouched in front of Connor's bassinet, holding a stuffed animal with a rattle inside, playing with Connor.

ANGEL

Look at what's coming at you. Woosh!

Wes walks up behind him.

WESLEY

I have to leave the office for a moment.

ANGEL

Wes, what's going on?

Angel picks up the glass of blood sitting on Wes' desk and takes a sip.

ANGEL

You've been on edge for days. Talk to me.

WESLEY

I just wanna make sure everything's okay.

ANGEL
You mean with Connor.

Wes nods.

Angel turns back to cooing at Connor.

ANGEL
You didn't mean to give Uncle
Wesley such a headache now, did you?

WESLEY
I won't be long.

ANGEL
(still smiling at Connor)
Give us a smile.
(Connor smiles)
Yeah!

Wes turns to leave.

ANGEL
Hey, Wes.

Wes turns back, and their eyes meet.

ANGEL
Thanks. You're a good friend.

Wes leaves as Angel goes back to playing with Connor.

ANGEL
Here's the monkey. Yay-yay-yay!

Fred and Gunn walk through the dark and deserted pier.

FRED
We should be getting back.

GUNN
Hang on.---I'm getting a tingle.

FRED
Ah---I thought we were gonna try to
keep that out of the workplace.

GUNN
Not that kinda tingle.

FRED
(looking around)
Oh.---I don't see anything
suspicious---except for that guy
trying to break into that building
over there.

GUNN
Carousel closed hours ago.

Gunn and Fred enter the dark building housing the carousel.
Fred spots a figure climbing the middle column of the carousel.

FRED
Is that a vampire?

GUNN
(pulls out a stake)
One way to find out.

FRED
Charles, what are you doing?

GUNN
My job. I didn't spend all day
walking the pier just to go home
and file a report with Wesley.
Let's finish this now.

FRED
We're not supposed be doing this.

The carousel begins to turn silently (no music). A door in the middle column opens and a growling vampire steps out between the turning figures. Behind Gunn and Fred another vampire drops from the ceiling, and a third comes up from the other side. Gunn and Fred exchange a look.

Break

Justine and another man are watching it all from an opening up in one wall of the building. Justine is also recording it all on a video camera.

GUNN
When I say go, run!

Gunn engages two of the vampires, tricking the third to take down one of his own fellow vampires by ducking out from under his attack.

GUNN
(to Fred)
Get out of here!

FRED

But...

GUNN

Go!

Fred runs out, and Gunn turns back to the fight.

MAN

They're gonna kill him.

JUSTINE

Maybe.

One of the vampires has Gunn down on the ground. Gunn hits it across the chin, then catapults it off over his head. It flies into the wooden railing surrounding the carousel, breaking it. Gunn picks up his dropped stake and runs after it, plunging the stake home. But even as the first vampire turns to dust, another one throws him across the room. Gunn's stake skitters across the floor as he loses his grip on it. As the man watches, Gunn picks himself back up to resume the fight. After a few blows the vampire grabs him by the throat and lifts Gunn clear off the ground.

MAN

Shouldn't we do some...

JUSTINE

No. That's no why we're here.

Fred comes back in just as the second vampire comes up behind Gunn.

FRED

Behind you!

Fred tosses Gunn one of the broken spokes of the wooden railing and tosses it to Gunn, while picking up another for herself. Gunn catches it and stakes the vampire coming up behind him, while Fred dusts the one holding him.

JUSTINE

Well, what do you know?

Justine and the man leave.

GUNN

(gasping)

Fred---why are you still here?

FRED

I got your back!---Well, actually I got his back.

Fred smiles at Gunn.

GUNN

Thanks.

Gunn pulls Fred close and kisses her, then wraps her into a tight hug. They just stand there holding each other as the carousel turns silently beside them.

Wes is walking through some bushes looking down at an electronic compass.

WESLEY

Thirty four degrees twelve minutes
north. One eighteen, twenty one, West.

The compass lets out a soft chime.

WESLEY

This
(looks up from it)
---must be it.

Wes is standing in front of a giant hamburger face with arms and legs and an 'order here' speaker for a nose, outside of a fast food place. Wes takes quick look around. The lights in the place go out and two guys walk out.

WESLEY

You're supposed to be a statue. I
guess you are
(Wes throws a look at
the two guys as they
start to laugh)
sort of.

The two guys walk off and Wes pulls out a small leather bag.

WESLEY

If this doesn't work, I'm gonna
kill that wizard.

Wes sprinkles the powder in the bag over the hamburger statue, then holds his hand up, palms out, in front of him.

WESLEY

Mange sec Loa, alegba, accept this
offering---and open the gates of
truth.

A red light flashes and the hamburger comes to life, growing bigger in front of Wes' eyes. Its eyes begin to glow red.

LOA

How dare you call on the Loa?!

WESLEY

I-I---I come in supplication, oh great one, begging for answers to questions only your power can reveal.

LOA

You have answers, human. You search now, only for the question.

WESLEY

Is it true? Will Angel really kill his son as it says in the prophecies?

LOA

That the vampire will devour his child is certain. The dark question you harbor is only 'when.'

WESLEY

No.---The dark question I harbor is 'how do I stop it?'

LOA

It can not be stopped.

WESLEY

It has to be stopped!
(The Loa growls)
There must be a way...

Red lighting flashes from the Loa's eyes into Wesley, knocking him to the ground.

LOA

Your insolence is displeasing.

WESLEY

(picking himself back up)
You try chatting with a cranky hamburger.

LOA

You risk your life, human, calling on the Loa. Perhaps what you really seek is death. The pain in your heart begs for it.

WESLEY

Then do it and be done. Nothing else will stop me.

LOA

Simple mortal, your pain is just beginning. Betrayal and agony lie in wait, and time---is running out, yet still you ignore the question.

WESLEY

Alright then, when? When will this happen?

LOA

The first portent will shake the earth. The second will burn the air. The last will turn the sky to blood.

WESLEY

An earthquake? That's the first portent? We live in California!

LOA

Earthquake, fire, blood. Be heedful of the signs, human, and trouble the Loa no more.

With that the hamburger shrinks down in size and turns back into a lifeless statue.

Lilah is sitting at a bar.

LILAH

I need a drink. Scotch, thirty-year-old, two ice cubes.

BARTENDER

Certainly.

A guy sits down in the chair beside her and Lilah smiles at him.

LILAH

Not on your best day. Bye.

The guy gets back up and moves further down the bar, sitting down next to another girl.

The bartender hands Lilah her drink and she takes a sip. Sahjhan drops down into the chair next to Lilah.

SAHJHAN

Sorry I'm late. Kind of ironic, my being a time-shifter and all.

LILAH

It's on.

SAHJHAN

It's on?

LILAH

Our plan? The Angel plan? On. I outsourced the labor, buried the cost. We shouldn't have any problems with the firm. Good seeing you.

Lilah finishes her drink and gets up.

SAHJHAN

Okay, but lets skip the small talk and get right down to business. I just time skipped a hundred thirty-three years for this meeting. Would a little conversation kill you?

LILAH

(smiles)

Right. Because we're on a date? The only reason I met you here was so we could talk freely.

SAHJHAN

So, lets talk freely. Would it impress you if I told you I invented daylight savings time?

LILAH

Why do you want Angel dead? That's the only thing I couldn't find in the archives.

SAHJHAN

Boy. All work and no play.
(Turns away from her)
I have my reasons.

LILAH

Hmm.

SAHJHAN

How about you? Died-in-the-wool company gal? Why risk it all to kill Angel?

LILAH

We have our history.

SAHJHAN

Well---same here.

LILAH
Are you afraid of him?

SAHJHAN
Nah!

LILAH
Then what are you afraid of?---You
may be insubstantial but---I can
still smell the fear.

SAHJHAN
Wow. Where does the time go?
(Gets up)
So, when does this plan go into
effect?

LILAH
It's already started.

Hyperion day, Wes is sitting in a chair by Cordy's desk,
staring at Connor in his bassinet. He looks up when someone
knocks on the counter and sees Aubrey standing there.

AUBREY
Hi. Sorry to interrupt your staring.
You looked really into it.

WESLEY
(getting up)
Aubrey. I didn't hear you come
in.---Please.

Wes indicates his office and Aubrey walks over to meet him
in there. She takes his hand and shakes it.

AUBREY
I got your message that everything
was taken care of. I---can't tell
you how grateful I am to you.
(Hands him a check)
It might have been too late for
Timothy, but---at least those
monster will never get a chance to
take someone else's son.

WES
(walks around his desk)
Monsters.---I don't recall
mentioning that there were more
than one.

AUBREY

Well, you did say before that there could be a nest.

WESLEY

Oh.

(Puts the check into
a desk drawer)

Well, thanks for the check. We'll mail you the receipt.

AUBREY

Look, I know it's none of my business, but---are you okay? I mean, no offense, but you look a little rough around the edges.

WESLEY

I'm not sleeping very well.

AUBREY

Would you like to go out? Maybe get a cup of coffee or something?

WESLEY

You mean---with you?

AUBREY

To be perfectly honest with you---I could use a friend right now. Ever since my son was...---It gets lonely.

WESLEY

You're good.---I like the---
'lonely' thing.

AUBREY

Wh-what?

ANGEL

Yeah, lonely. That was a nice touch.

Aubrey spins around to see Angel standing behind her. Her hand dives into her purse and comes out with a stake. Angel catches her upraised arm and sends her stumbling to the side, making her drop the stake, then follows her, wrapping one hand around Aubrey's throat.

ANGEL

(to Wesley)

Moves more like a fighter than a victim, wouldn't you say?

WESLEY

Yes, I would.

ANGEL

You set up my friends. Let them walk right into an ambush. They could have been killed.

AUBREY

But they weren't. Your friends are still alive. My little boy isn't.

Angel lets go of her and takes a step back.

ANGEL

I'm sorry about your son.

WESLEY

Is that how Holtz found you?
Because of what happened to your son?

Aubrey just looks from Wes to Angel.

ANGEL

You're right to protect him. Holtz is one of the good guys. He has every right to hate me. And if he ever---comes close to one of my people ever again, or tries to touch a hair on my son's head--- I'll kill him---and anyone who gets in the way. You might wanna mention that.

Aubrey takes on last look at Angel and runs out.

Angel turns to look at Wesley. The book on Wes' desk starts to rattle as the whole hotel begins to shake from a minor earthquake. Angel's hurries out of Wes' office, but by the time he gets to Connor, everything is stable again.

ANGEL

Hey.

(Picks Connor up)

Good boy. That's my little guy.
Your first earthquake, huh?

The video recording Justine made earlier is playing on a TV screen.

FRED

Behind you!

Holtz pauses it as Fred tosses the wooden spike to Gunn.

HOLTZ
This tiny girl, outsized,
outmatched, outnumbered---and she
survived.

(Turns to his group)
Why?---Because she was willing not
to. She was prepared to die for the
cause rather than abandon her
comrade. We, too, must be willing
to die---but more so. Study this
carefully. You'll be fighting these
two very soon.

(Hears footsteps)
Perhaps sooner than I expected.

Holtz, together with everyone else, turns to look at Aubrey.

HOLTZ
They found you out.

AUBREY
I am sorry.

HOLTZ
It's not important. Of course I am
rather annoyed you allowed yourself
to be followed.

WESLEY
Don't blame her.

Aubrey and the others spin around to see Wesley standing in
the doorway behind them.

WESLEY
I would have found you eventually.

Break

One of Holtz followers draws a knife and stalks closer to Wes.

FOLLOWER
Maybe we should cut out his
tongue---send a message to Angelus.

WESLEY
Maybe.

Wes hauls back and hits the man, dropping him to the ground.
Holtz raises a hand to stop others from attacking Wes.

WESLEY

Or perhaps you could lie on the floor and gag for a while.

(Glances around at the rest of the group)

I didn't come here to fight. I'm not your enemy.---But then I've noticed you do have trouble making that distinction. You're fighting the wrong man.

HOLTZ

Angelus.

WESLEY

No. Angel. He's not Angelus anymore. He's a good man.

HOLTZ

He's not even a man.

WESLEY

Nevertheless---he has a soul now.

HOLTZ

Yes. That he might know the pain that he has inflicted on his countless victims. A brilliant curse, I must admit. Gypsies **do** have a knack for creative vengeance. Where they fail, however is in the execution of justice. And that I will have.

WESLEY

If it's a sacrifice you require, take me. Angel's no more responsible for the crimes of Angelus than I am.

HOLTZ

Really?

WESLEY

Yes.

HOLTZ

And was it your hands that held down my beloved Caroline as she was violated and murdered? That wrapped themselves around my son's neck and snapped it like kindling?

(MORE)

HOLTZ (CONT'D)

Where yours hands that clutched at my daughter as she was turned into a creature damned for all eternity?---Angelus is in his nature. The beast will re-emerge. You've seen it. You know it. And that is why you are here.---You're afraid he's going to kill the child.---

(Wes looks from Holtz to Aubrey)

---And you're right.

WESLEY

Your infiltration was more successful than I'd realized.

HOLTZ

I don't need prophecies to tell me what is plain. So long as the child remains with the demon, it's not safe.

Wes sticks his hands into his pockets.

WESLEY

Well, I must have misunderstood.--- Here I thought it was a simple blood vendetta, when---what you really want is to protect Angel's son.

HOLTZ

You don't believe me.

WESLEY

Hmm. Not sure really. Could be the low scary voice that's giving me trouble.

Holtz' followers look from Wes to Holtz.

HOLTZ

It's time to make a decision, Mr. Wyndham-Pryce. My army is strong and will only increase in number. Fight against us---and this war will become a bloodbath.

WESLEY

This isn't war. It's revenge.

JUSTINE

What's wrong with revenge? It's all some of us have left.

WESLEY

Look. I can't know what it's been like for any of you.

HOLTZ

You might soon enough.

Wes just looks at Holtz.

HOLTZ

When I put my son's body into the ground, I had to open the coffin, just to know that he really was in there. You also may discover---that a child's coffin, Mr. Wyndham-Pryce---it weighs nothing.

Wes stands there, not saying a word.

Fred and Gunn are sitting in the diner.

FRED

You barely touched your food.
(Gunn looks up at her)
You feeling okay?

GUNN

Yeah. Yeah.
(Gunn puts down his fork)
Look. I've been thinking a lot about yesterday. I'm not really mad at Wes.

FRED

You were right though, right? I should have stood up to him.

GUNN

But I understand his position. He's the boss and we got to respect that. His job is to keep things tight and---that's a lot of pressure.

FRED

You aren't changing your mind, are you?---I mean, about---the wanting it all?---As long as we're not smooching on the job, or, you know, being sucked underground by a plant demon.

(Gunn laughs a little)

I say, why not go for it?

GUNN

What if we can't manage it all? The job, the romance... Emotions are tricky. They can cloud our judgement, you know, like at the carousel last night. What if it doesn't work?

FRED

(quietly)

So we're back to that?---What if Wesley makes us choose?

Gunn sits back and sighs.

GUNN

I've been fighting vamps and demons since I was a kid. That sense of doing good---of waking up in the morning and making the world safer---better... I've always had that.

Fred looks down. A slow smile spreads across Gunn's face as he looks at her.

GUNN

But I never had a Fred before.

Fred slowly raises her head and looks at him. Gunn leans forward.

GUNN

If we have to---I choose you.---I came on too strong, didn't I?

Fred looks at him, starts to smile.

FRED

No.---You came on just right.

Gunn steals a fry off Fred's plate.

GUNN

Look. Lets try not to worry too much. Wesley is a good man.

We see Wes walk down the upstairs hallway in the Hyperion.

GUNN

(voice over)

He'll do the right thing. He always does.

Wes stops in front of Angel's door.

Angel is carrying Connor to his crib as he hears a knock on the door.

ANGEL

Come on in.

Angel lays a fussy Connor down into the crib.

ANGEL

It's okay. Shh. I'll get you some food. You're hungry, aren't you?

(To Wes as he walks
over to the kitchenette)

Have a nice walk?

(Lights the gas stove)

How're you doing?---Really?

WESLEY

(after a beat)

I've had better days.

Angel sets a bottle into a pot of water on the stove.

ANGEL

I know the feeling.

(Turns to look at Wes)

I figured it out.

Angel goes to sit in a chair beside his bed and starts to fold Connor's laundry as Wes stares at him.

ANGEL

How I really knew about Aubrey.---
All that pain, that rage... the
only way she could deal was to join
Holtz, take her revenge.---You know
how I knew that?

Wes walks over to him.

WESLEY

Because you would have done the same.

Wes sits down on the edge of the bed.

ANGEL

It scares me.---You know?---If
anything like that ever happened to
Connor, I don't know what I'd...

(Angel looks down at
the laundry he's holding)

I love my son.

WESLEY

Love can be a terrible thing.

ANGEL

I used to think that. I thought love was---something that swallowed you whole, ripped you up inside, but, you know, what I feel for Connor, even that fear...---Wes, it's---it's not terrible.

(Sighs and looks down)

It's beautiful.

Wes looks at Angel. Looks down and begins to laugh quietly. Looks back up at Angel, grinning.

ANGEL

(smiles back)

What's so funny?

Angel gets up and goes to check on the bottle.

WESLEY

Life. Life is funny. Listening to stupid people talking to hamburgers is funny. Worrying about things that will never...---It's all so incredibly funny and---and beautiful.

Angel is drying off the bottle as a second, harder earthquake hits. Pots and pans fall out of the cupboards.

Lilah is looking around her shaking office a smile on her face.

Justine is standing in Holtz mansion, legs braced against the shaking. Holtz turns and looks at her.

The lit stove in Angel's suite topples over. A huge column of flame shoots out, throwing Angel across the room. A burning beam drops from the ceiling between Wes and Angel.

Holtz tackles Justine out of the way of a shelf as it come crashing down. Justine looks up into Holtz face as he is lying on top of her.

Angel runs to Connor's crib and gathers his son up in the sky-colored blanket he is lying on.

ANGEL

Come on, kid.

Angel, holding Connor, jumps over the burning girder and heads for the door. Looking over, Angel sees that Wes is just standing there, staring into the flames.

ANGEL
Wesley, get out!

Angel grabs a hold of Wes and tosses him out into the hallway before hurrying after him. Angel, bleeding from a cut on his forehead, looks back into his apartment as another chunk of ceiling crashes down where Wes had been standing. Wes, coughing, sits up against the wall.

ANGEL
(to Connor)
It's okay. It's okay. It's alright.

Wesley looks at the blood from Angel's head wound dripping down onto Connor's blanket. A light blue blanket with fluffy white clouds on it.

WESLEY
Earthquake. Fire. Blood.

ANGEL
(breathing hard)
I thought we were gonna be trapped
in there, huh?
(Looks down at the
bloodied blanket,
then smiles at Wes)
At least I would have had something
to snack on.

Off of the look on Wes' face.