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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

Couplet

Written by Tim Minear & Jeffrey Bell Directed by Tim Minear

Co-Producer Skip Schoolnik, Co-Producer Jeffrey Bell, Consulting Producer Marti Noxon, Executive Producers Sandy Gallin Gail Berman, Executive Producers Fran Rubel Kuzui Kaz Kuzui, Produced by Kelly A Manners, CoExecutive Producer Tim Minear,

Angel Episode #58

Angel is leaning on Connor's crib, looking down at his son. Lorne comes up beside him.

ANGEL

It's strange.

LORNE

Hmm.

ANGEL

I remember him being taller.

LORNE

A trick of the light. They don't actually get smaller until they're very, very old.

ANGEL

I didn't mean the baby.

LORNE

I know you didn't.

ANGEL

I meant the Groosalug.

LORNE

I know you did.

ANGEL

Did he seem, ah,---I don't know---short?

LORNE

Oh, absolutely. Clearly the guy shrank---all over, probably.

(Lorne helps Angel  
out of his tux jacket)

Why, he's nothing but a muscley midget.

(MORE)

LORNE (CONT'D)

I'm sure once Cordelia gets him home, she'll just pop him into a smallish drawer, and that will be that.

ANGEL

(adjusting his cuffs)  
She took him home. Well---well, that's good. At least we won't have to put him up here. The place was starting to turn into a hotel.

LORNE

So---so you don't have a problem with that then?

ANGEL

Of course not. Why would I?

Lorne sniffs Angel's tux jacket.

LORNE

Oh, I don't know. Maybe because I don't remember you wearing this perfume when you left this evening?

Angel takes the jacket from him.

ANGEL

Okay. There may have been some magic.

LORNE

There. You see?

ANGEL

Actual magic, Lorne. Whatever happened, it was a spell. It's worn off now. There's nothing between Cordelia and me.

LORNE

Sure there is. And it got arms like steel cables and a deeply ironic sense of timing.

Angel goes to hang his jacket into a closet.

ANGEL

You know, it's good that the Groosalug showed up when he did. You were right. Cordelia deserves a champion, and now she's got one.

LORNE  
Well, what about you?

ANGEL  
I'm fine. I've been a solo-act most  
of my two hundred forty plus years.  
And when I wasn't? Never turned out  
well. I like being alone.

The camera frames Angel and Lorne from inside the closet as  
Angel hangs up the jacket.

LORNE  
Fine, Ms. Garbo. Have it your way.  
Be alone.

The closet door closes, and the screen goes dark---only to  
show us Angel again as he opens the door again a moment  
later. Angel reaches in, takes out the jacket on its hanger  
and sniffs at it for just a moment before hanging it back up  
and closing the door as he turns away.

The camera looks out of another closet, this time at Cordy  
changing out of her evening dress.

CORDELIA  
So, ahem, you got deposed, huh?

GROO  
(pacing in her living room)  
Yes.

CORDELIA  
Huh. That sucks.

GROO  
The people turned against me.

CORDELIA  
Yeah, well, they'll do that.

GROO  
Endless committees were formed.  
Committees splintered into  
factions, the factions into  
coalitions, the coalitions turned  
into subcommittees, until finally  
the more radical element, spurred  
by a charismatic leader, did the  
dance of revolution.

Cordy comes out of her bedroom, wearing a red sweater and  
jeans.

CORDELIA  
And here you are.

GROO  
Yes.

CORDELIA  
So---you don't miss it? You know,  
the power, castle, concubines, and  
the royal chippies.

GROO  
There was never anyone else.

CORDELIA  
Oh.

GROO  
I welcomed the overthrow. The  
tedium of government was too much  
to bear after a life on the  
battlefield.

CORDELIA  
(running a finger  
down the side of  
Groo's face)  
Your heart wasn't really in it.

GROO  
No. That left when you did.

Groo slowly leans forward and they kiss. The camera circles  
around them and as we come back to see the Groosalug's face  
he has suddenly turned into an ugly, spiny, black monster.

Cordy pulls back, staring at him.

GROO  
(voice coming from  
the monster)  
Princess?

Cordy takes a step back.

GROO  
(looking like himself again)  
Is something wrong?

Intro

Angel comes down the stairs into the lobby, carrying Connor.  
Wesley is moving about behind the reception counter.

ANGEL

Hey.

WESLEY

Morning.

ANGEL

You, ah, you're the only one here?

WESLEY

So far.---How's young Connor today?

ANGEL

He's good. Cordelia, she's---  
usually in by now, isn't she?

WESLEY

It's early. I imagine she and  
Groosalug where up late. They have  
a lot of catching up to do.

ANGEL

Right. Ah. 'They.'

The door opens and Steven walks in, carrying a tray of cups  
in one hand and a bag in the other.

STEVEN

(smiling)

Hey, guys.

He walks over to the two and sets the tray and bag on the desk.

STEVEN

(grins)

I come bearing coffee and doughnuts.

ANGEL

(greatful)

Thanks a lot, Steven.

STEVEN

No problem.

He walks over to Connor.

STEVEN

(cooing)

And how's the little man doin' today?

Connor gurgles.

ANGEL

He's good.

Angel goes to put Connor down in a bassinet in Wes' office.  
Wes follows him.

WESLEY  
Actually, I was hoping you and I  
could talk before the others got here.

ANGEL  
Sure. What is it?

STEVEN  
(sensing)  
I'll go in the other room, guys.

WESLEY  
No, it's all right, Steven.

After a beat:

ANGEL  
What's up, Wesley?

WESLEY  
Well---it's the fact of him. I know  
his sudden arrival was something we  
all needed a moment to digest.---  
Still, there are questions.

ANGEL  
You're suspicious.

WESLEY  
'Cautious' might be a better word.

ANGEL  
You think he's evil.

WESLEY  
Evil?

ANGEL  
Okay, maybe not evil, but---he's  
definitely hiding something. Does  
he seem shorter to you?

Wes glances down into the bassinet.

STEVEN  
Who are you referring to, Angel?

WESLEY  
We are both talking about Connor,  
aren't we?

ANGEL  
What about Connor?

WESLEY  
He shouldn't exist.

ANGEL  
His birth was foretold. How many  
people can say that?

STEVEN  
(grins)  
Not many.

WESLEY  
He has a role to play, that's true,  
but we still don't know what that  
role is.---Angel, we can't be  
afraid to ask the questions,  
because your enemies, his enemies,  
certainly won't be.

ANGEL  
You're right. We should be prepared.

WESLEY  
I'm glad you agree. However, with  
the loss of the Nyazian Prophecies,  
we'll probably have to look  
elsewhere for our answers.

ANGEL  
Well, we both know where those  
prophecies went. Maybe it's time to  
make another assault on Wolfram and  
Hart.

STEVEN  
(grinning)  
Works for me. Let's go bash some  
lawyers.

WESLEY  
That might not be necessary. Not  
yet, anyway. There should be other  
sources. Ancient works accumulate  
scholarship, commentary over the  
years.

ANGEL  
Huh. You think somebody else has  
already done the work for us.



WESLEY

That's my hope. I've been looking into it. I just... I felt you should know.

ANGEL

I wanna be involved, completely.

CORDELIA

Involved with who?

Angel spins around to see Cordy put some stuff down on the reception counter, and walks out of Wes' office.

ANGEL

You're here. And...  
(Sees Groo standing  
in front of the  
weapons cabinet,  
trying out one of the swords)  
... so is he.

GROO

Angel. Your weapons are most impressive.

ANGEL

Thanks. Thank you.  
(Grabs a hold of  
Cordy's arm, never  
taking his eyes off Groo)  
Can you, uh, ask him not to handle  
my weapons?

CORDELIA

Oh, relax. If there's one thing Groo knows, it's how to handle a weapon.---Poor guy. Looks like that's about all he's gonna be handling.

ANGEL

You mean, ah, you two didn't...

CORDELIA

I got him home last night and we started... you know.---But then---I couldn't go through with it.

ANGEL

You couldn't?

CORDELIA  
No. Not after seeing that  
disgusting, spiny thing!

Angel throws a look at Groo before following Cordy into Wes' office.

**Steven hears that last comment and follows Cordelia and Angel into the office.**

ANGEL  
Spiny?

STEVEN  
(confused)  
**Cordy...what disgusting, spiny thing?**

CORDELIA  
Right up in my face! That's what  
the visions are like now. No pain,  
less artsy, sometimes floaty,  
though not lately, and very often  
stinky.

WESLEY  
You had a vision?

CORDELIA  
Yeah. Big as life  
(Shows them a sketch  
she drew of the monster)  
last night, while Groo and I were  
getting reacquainted. Kind of a  
mood killer, I got to say.

STEVEN  
(laughs)  
**I can understand that.**

WESLEY  
You should have called one of us.

CORDELIA  
Oh, please! Like I'm gonna bother  
you guys in the middle of the night  
because I want sex and can't have it.

WESLEY  
Actually, I meant the vision.

CORDELIA  
Oh. That. Well, it's not rising up  
until sometime later today.

WESLEY

Oh. Why can't you have sex?

STEVEN

**That's a little personal, don't you think, Wes?**

CORDELIA

I could lose my 'visionity.'

WESLEY

If you wanna play it that way.

CORDELIA

Vision-ity! The visions. When that one hit my last night, it hit me. In Pylea the visions were supposed to pass to Groo if we ever did the royal com-shuck. How do I know that won't happen here?

ANGEL

Good point. You really don't.

WESLEY

But your recent transformation could have changed all that. It might be possible to...

Angel kicks the side of Wes' desk as he moves his foot.

ANGEL

Still, you know, better safe than sorry.

(To Cordy)

You're doing the right thing.

CORDELIA

I know. I know. I can't risk it. It's just---I'm so...

(Looks out of the office to where Groo is still swinging that sword)

And he's such a... Rrrr..

(Turns to smile at Wes and Angel)

Don't you think?

Angel, **Steven** and Wes look down.

ANGEL

Yeah, sure.

WESLEY

Certainly.

STEVEN

Maybe.

CORDELIA

I mean, there's gotta be other things we can do to relieve the tension!

ANGEL

Jogging could be the thing.

WESLEY

Perhaps some form of paranormal prophylactic...

ANGEL

Because, you know, jogging...

CORDELIA

(still watching Groo)

I guess we could probably 'com' without actually 'shucking.'

ANGEL

Well, I don't know. That could be a slippery slope that once you're on, that you could--slide.

CORDELIA

At least I won't be upsetting the average around here. Nobody in this office is ever gonna get any.

Gunn is sitting across from Fred in a diner, watching her eat.

GUNN

It's funny.

FRED

The way I chew?

GUNN

No. Until that kiss last night, I would have thought you and Wesley had a thing for each other.

FRED

Wesley?

GUNN

Yeah.

FRED  
No, we're just good friends.

GUNN  
You want another order of those?

FRED  
Yes, please.

Fred puts a hand on Gunn's wrist as he looks around for a waitress.

FRED  
Oh. No. No, I'm not hungry.

GUNN  
You sure? I love watching you eat.

FRED  
Wow.  
(They both look down,  
fidgeting and smiling)  
---We should probably go. People  
might start to talk.

GUNN  
(laughs)  
Why would they?

FRED  
Well, you know, us.

GUNN  
'Us' has been doing breakfast for  
weeks now. Everyone knows that.

FRED  
I know, but now that we've kissed,  
things are different.---I mean,  
they are, right?

GUNN  
(smiling at her)  
Oh yeah.

FRED  
So---so you don't think they can tell?

GUNN  
(looks around)  
From here?

FRED

(laughs)

I'm sorry. I'm being ridiculous, I know. It's just---I don't have a lot of experience in this area. I spent the last five years in a cave.

GUNN

Yeah, I know what that's like.

FRED

How could you?

GUNN

Because now everything's so bright my eyes hurt.

As they get lost in each other's eyes, the waitress drops the tab on the table.

WAITRESS

Here you go.

FRED

Thank you.

GUNN

Thanks.

They both reach for it without losing eye contact, and their hands touch.

FRED

(looks down)

How are we gonna work this?

GUNN

Like we always do. We split it.

FRED

But you hardly ordered anything. I'd be getting so much more value.

GUNN

(smiling)

I think I'm making out okay.

They lean across the table to kiss when their beepers go off. They both fumble for them and look at the number.

BOTH

Wesley.

At the Hyperion.

WESLEY

We've identified the demon from Cordelia's vision as a Senih'd.  
 (Hands Gunn an open book)  
 We believe it will rise in the mid-city area sometime before nightfall.

STEVEN

(determined)

Then we kill it.

(to Wesley)

Why is it here?

Gunn looks at the illustration, then hands the book over to Fred, sitting beside him. Wes notices their smiles as their hands linger during the hand-off.

WESLEY

The Senih'd manifests in its physical form for one purpose only---to feed.

Fred hands the book to Cordy.

CORDELIA

Seen it.

Cordy passes the book to Groo, standing beside her.

WESLEY

Immediately upon rising it will go to ground to search for a victim. We've got to make sure it doesn't find one.

Angel comes to look at the book as Groo is holding it. He glances at Groo. Lifts up on his toes for a moment, then drops back down.

WESLEY

Angel will take the sewer tunnels. The rest of us will go by car to Sorensen Park. We'll enter the underground from the water treatment plant there, double back. Hopefully by the time we meet up again...

GROO

I know this creature. It resembles the Bleaucha, which nest in the scum pits of Ur. I've slain many.

WESLEY

Really?

GROO

Tracking it will be simple. Killing it, more difficult.

ANGEL

Well, yeah.

WESLEY

Alright then. Groo, you go with Angel. Let's move out.

Everyone starts to leave as Angel stares at Wes, turns to look after Groo, then turns back to Wesley.

ANGEL

I don't think that's such a good idea, me and him. You know, I'm more of a loner. Plus, he's so--- bulky. He could really slow me down!

WESLEY

He's an experienced warrior. He should be a great asset.

Angel looks over to where the others arm up in front of the weapons cabinet. He sees Cordy hand Groo a sword.

CORDELIA

Here's a nice one.

ANGEL

That's my favorite broadsword!

WESLEY

You'll be fine, Angel.

Wes pats Angel on the shoulder and walks past him.

CORDELIA

(to Groo)

Are you sure you're gonna be warm enough? The sewers are pretty damp.

GROO

I shall be fine.



CORDELIA

Okay.

(Hands Angel a weapon  
without taking her  
eyes of Groo)

Here.

Angel turns the ax in his hand, looking at the small head on it. Looks at Cordy, only to see her kiss Groo's cheek.

ANGEL

(turning away)

Lets go.

Angel and Groo walk off together.

GROO

I shall present this beast's head  
to my princess as a token.

ANGEL

Right. 'cause, ya know...she'll  
love that.

Angel and Groo are walking along some dark sewer tunnels.

ANGEL

You sense anything?

GROO

A deep sadness.

Angel stops and turns to look back at Groo.

GROO

My princess. She is unhappy. I fear  
I am the cause.

ANGEL

No. No, she's not unhappy you're  
here, Groo. She's---thrilled.

They walk on.

GROO

Then what keeps her from me? There  
is a distance---as if her heart is  
not free.

ANGEL

I-I think, that maybe she's afraid  
to get too close.---She's, ah,  
scared if she does, she'll, ah,  
lose something.

GROO

But I would give myself to her.

We hear a low growling sound. Angel holds up a hand to stop Groo, then takes a couple steps forward and crouches down. Angel touches some liquid spots on the ground, then rubs his fingers together, looking at them.

GROO

It is wounded. It bleeds.

ANGEL

It's better than bread crumbs. Lets go.

Angel and Groo enter what looks like the water treatment plant Wes was talking about. The Senih'd drops off of some pipes behind them. Angel and Groo turn and attack the demon together. The Senih'd manages to disarm both of them fairly early into the fight, but neither Angel nor Groo let that slow them down. Angel is taking a bit more of a beating than Groo, but other than that they're doing about the same against the monster. Until it lets out a scream and breaks through the wall to escape into the sunny park outside. Angel scrambles back out of the sunlight streaming in through the opening. Groo picks up his dropped sword, then holds out a hand to help Angel up.

GROO

Come.

Angel just looks at Groo, not moving. Screams sound from outside, and Groo turns to run after the Senih'd.

Angel slowly gets up and watches as Groo goes to rescue the young woman the Senih'd has grabbed. The demon tries to use the woman as a shield against Groo's sword, but Groo manages to knock them apart.

Cordy, Wes, **Steven**, Gunn, and Fred come running over a rise in the park, just in time to see Groo catch the woman in one arm, while knocking the Senih'd down and stabbing it deep into the back of its neck. The demon dissolves into an oily black puddle that seeps away into the ground. Angel watches the rescued woman cling to Groo.

WESLEY

Well, done.

Angel watches as Cordy throws her arms around Groo, a big smile on her face.

WESLEY

I must say, excellent work.

The people in the park gather around them, applauding. Wes reaches out to pat Groo on the shoulder.

WESLEY

Well done.

Wes turns and looks towards the hole in the side of the building. He sees Angel standing in the shadows of it, watching them.

Break

MS. FRAKES

(voice over)

You think you know someone. You think your place is secure and that there's a future there.

Angel is sitting across from Ms Frakes behind Wes' desk, watching Groo as he reenacts his fight with the demon for Cordy, Gunn, **Steven**, and Fred.

MS. FRAKES

And then something happens. No, strike that. Someone happens!

(Angel watches Groo drop down beside Cordy, catching her in a hug)

They insinuate themselves, pushing you out, taking your place.

Angel turns his attention back to Ms Frakes.

ANGEL

And what makes you think this other woman is a witch, Ms---Frakes?

MS. FRAKES

Why else would Jerry cheat on me? We've been engaged for eight years! She had to have put some kind of a spell on him.

Wes is talking on the phone, while also watching the group out in the lobby.

WESLEY

I'm looking for the original Greek if it's at all possible.

Watching as Fred is laughing at Groo's antics, Wes slowly moves backward until the wall beside him hides Gunn, sitting beside Fred, from his view---leaving only Fred and Cordy in his sights.

WESLEY

You do? Excellent. Ah, can I get a quote on that?

Angel leans back in his chair.

ANGEL

Well, if you give me the woman's name I'll have someone check her out. See if we can find out if she's a---witch.

MS. FRAKES

HotBlonde37159

(She hands Angel some papers)

I got these off the e-mails that I took from Jerry's computer.

ANGEL

It's, ah, gonna...

(glances up as Wes  
walks into the office)

uh, it's gonna be pretty difficult to find her based solely on this.

MS. FRAKES

Well, just follow Jerry! I'm sure he'll lead you right to her.

Angel looks up at Wesley.

ANGEL

Ms Frakes here wants us to stake out her fiancØ. I was trying to explain to her that...

WESLEY

I think we can spare someone to keep an eye on Ms Frakes' fiancØ. Gunn?

(Gunn gets up from  
the settee)

If witchcraft is involved we should probably look into it.

GUNN

What's up?

WESLEY

Ah, Gunn, Ms Frakes here needs some surveillance work. I thought, if you were free...

GUNN

Yeah, not a problem.

WESLEY

Good.

(Takes the papers  
from Angel and hands  
them to Gunn)

She'll give you the details. I'll leave it in your hands.

Wes takes the printed up emails from Angel and hands them to Gunn.

GUNN

Sure thing.

Fred smiles at Wes as she comes into the office.

FRED

We won't let you down.

Angel and Wes are entering the rare books shop.

ANGEL

I don't know. Maybe they should just do it, you know? Get it over with.

WESLEY

I'm sorry?

ANGEL

Cordy and Groo. She's being all noble for the good of the team. She should just make it with the com-shuck. That's what she wants.

WESLEY

Oh.

PROPRIETOR

May I help you?

WESLEY

Yes. I phoned earlier about Grammaticus Third Century Greek Commentaries.

PROPRIETOR

Of course. The G.T.C.G.C. I'll be just one moment.

WESLEY

Thank you.

ANGEL

I mean, why not? You know, life is short. Okay, not mine, but, you know, most people. And if Groo does it for her, she should go for it.

(Walks over to a shelf to flip through some books)

Make him happy. Make her happy.

(Almost inaudible)

Everybody happy.

WESLEY

But still---office romance---complicates things. What if they should have a row, or break up?

ANGEL

All of us fight with each other at some point. It's not like anybody else is having a romance. I don't see it changing things much.

WESLEY

Well---

(leans closer to Angel and drops his voice after a glance around)  
she said it herself. It could risk the visions.

ANGEL

Okay. So the visions pass to Groo. He gets them instead of her. So what?

WESLEY

Are you suggesting Groosalug could replace Cordelia?

ANGEL

(still browsing the books)

Maybe not Cordelia.

WESLEY

I see.---You think he could replace you.

Angel slowly puts the book he's holding back on the shelf and turns to face Wes.

ANGEL

I don't know. Seems to me, here is a guy who can do everything I can---and a few things I can't.

WESLEY

That's not true.

ANGEL

You saw what happened this afternoon. If Groo hadn't been there...

WESLEY

Then the rest of us would have.--- Angel,---you're the reason we've all come together. It's your mission which animates us. We each contribute, it's true, but you--- you're unique.

(Indicates the shelves)

You're like one of these rare volumes. One of a kind.

Angel smiles ever so slightly.

The proprietor walks through in between them, carrying three old books.

PROPRIETOR

I've got three of them.

Angel blinks, smile gone as his brows draw down for a moment.

Groo is sitting in a chair in Wes' office with Cordy leaning down for a kiss.

CORDELIA

(pulling back a little)

Are you sure?

GROO

I'm sure.

CORDELIA

Good. Don't worry. I practiced plenty on Cousin Timmy when we were kids.

They smile at each other. Cordy takes a step over towards the desk, then turns back.

CORDELIA

Oh, wait. It's not like your strength is in your hair, or anything like that, right?

GROO

No. I---believe it is in my muscles.

CORDELIA

(laughs)

Okay. So, we lose the Battlefield Earth hair, and get you out of these animal skins, and it'll be a whole new you!

GROO

And will this 'new me' be one that you can allow yourself to love?

CORDELIA

What?

GROO

Will the 'new me' please you in ways that the 'old me' could not?

CORDELIA

Groo, it's a haircut. It's not gonna make me like you any better.

GROO

Oh.---I understand.

After a beat Cordy puts the scissors down, takes a deep breath and crouches down in front of Groo.

CORDELIA

You didn't give up your throne and come all this way for a make-over, did you? You came for something I can't give you---me.---It's not that I don't want to. I do. I've never met anyone like you, Groo. You're so open, and sweet, and there is a definite thing here. It's just...

GROO

(puts a hand on hers)

You are afraid that with me, you will be less than what you were.

The camera shows a tree with a lot of roots visible around the bottom of the trunk.



A car pulls up at the curb across the street from it. A man gets out and walks over to stand beneath the tree. Gunn's truck pulls up.

GUNN  
Looks like this is it. Better get  
the camera.

FRED  
(setting up the video camera)  
Do you really think he's possessed  
or under some kind of spell?

GUNN  
Well, it's hard to say. There's all  
different kinds of magic. You've  
got demony love spells, mojo sex  
chants, voodoo bootie rituals...

FRED  
Voodoo bootie rituals?

Gunn gives her serious nod, then they both start laughing.

FRED  
(leaning towards him)  
You're makin' that up.

GUNN  
Then there is the all-powerful,  
big, brown, soulful eyes kind of  
magic.

FRED  
(smiles)  
Kind of familiar with that one myself.

They start to kiss, but Fred pulls away.

FRED  
Hmm. We should...

GUNN  
Right. Because we're all about the  
work.

Fred turns to watch Jerry, standing under the tree, holding  
a single red rose, waiting.

FRED  
Maybe it's not so much magical but  
chemical when two people are  
attracted. Maybe it's like the DNA  
knows what it needs and when it  
finds it, nothing can get in its  
way. It just takes it.

GUNN  
It does?

Fred nods at him with a smile. Gunn leans forward and they  
kiss.

FRED  
(after a moment)  
Charles...

GUNN  
Yeah?

FRED  
We're not supposed to be the ones  
having the rendezvous.

GUNN  
We're not?

FRED  
No. He is.

GUNN  
But he's cheating on someone. You  
and me, we got a right.

Gunn pulls her close, but Fred, while smiling doesn't give in.

FRED  
I know. But we're supposed to be  
working.

Gunn lets out a sigh, and sits back.

GUNN  
You're right.

He looks towards the tree---no Jerry in sight.

GUNN  
Damn!

Outside the Hyperion. Angel, **Steven**, and Wesley are walking  
up the steps.

WESLEY

I'll get started translating this material right away.

ANGEL

Well, ah, Wesley---thanks---for what you said before. You put things into perspective for me.

WESLEY

Glad I could. While I do believe having another warrior for good may be an asset in the coming days, Truth is, you and the Groosalug are two totally different---people...

Wes trails off as they enter the lobby and see Groo, his hair cut short, dressed in a set of Angel's clothes.

STEVEN

(shocked)

Oh my God.

GROO

Ah, hello.

WESLEY

...who look exactly alike.

ANGEL

(under his breath)

He's wearing my clothes.

WESLEY

Good fit.

Groo smiles up at them. Angel returns the smile.

ANGEL

Where's Cordelia?

Cordy gets up from Wes' chair as Angel walks into the office, a set smile on his face.

CORDELIA

Oh, good. You're back.

ANGEL

He's wearing my clothes.

CORDELIA

What? Oh, yeah. I-I didn't think you'd mind. Turns out you guys are about the same size. I think he's a little taller. Looks great though, doesn't he? Angel, I need your help.

ANGEL

What happened?---You had a vision?

CORDELIA

What? Oh, no. No, it's nothing like that. Uhm. This is---personal.

ANGEL

What is it?

CORDELIA

I wouldn't ask, except, ah, there's really no one else I can trust with this. It's something only you can do.

Angel puts his hands on Cordy's arms and leads her over to a chair before sitting down on the edge of the desk in front of her.

ANGEL

Tell me.

CORDELIA

(lets out a deep breath)

You've done so much for me already and... Well, this is just one more thing for the list, I guess.

ANGEL

There is no list. You know that. Just---just tell me what I can do.

CORDELIA

I need you to help me have sex---with Groo.

Angel slowly turns his head to look out into the lobby where Groo is standing talking to Wesley **and Steven**. Cordy grins at Groo behind Angel's back and waves. Groo waves and smiles back. Angel lifts a hand, wiggles his fingers a little and raises his eyebrows, while trying to smile back.

Break

CORDELIA

I realized something today.---It's not the threat of losing the visions that's been keeping me from being close.---It's me. The Visions are just an excuse. I mean---there's always some excuse.

ANGEL

Right.

CORDELIA

I'm tired of being lonely.

ANGEL

Yeah.

CORDELIA

So I worked it out.

ANGEL

You did?

CORDELIA

Yes! It was something Wesley said---a paranormal prophylactic. And that got me thinking. I couldn't be the only woman on earth that had some supernatural gift that could be lost through physical intimacy.

ANGEL

Stands to reason.

CORDELIA

So I started researching and anyway, I'm right. There is a potion, a protective potion. I take it and bang! I can.

ANGEL

Hmm. A potion.

CORDELIA

Yeah. Anyway, this woman's name is Anita, and she's kind of in the business. Makes love potions, elixirs, things like that. She says she's got just the thing at this address.

Cordy hands Angel a paper with a scribbled address.

ANGEL

You want me to--get this for you.

CORDELIA

I went to my ATM, got cash.

(Hands Angel a wad of bills)

Nearly cleaned me out, but I think it's worth it.

ANGEL

So you and Groo can...

CORDELIA

...com-shuck like bunnies. You betcha.

ANGEL

Why don't you just send him?

CORDELIA

I am sending him. He kind of insists on it, but that's why I need you.

ANGEL

Huh?

CORDELIA

He doesn't know this world. I can't send him into a demon brothel all by himself! I mean, I trust him, but I'm not crazy.

ANGEL

(takes a step back)

Brothel.

CORDELIA

(follows him)

You'd be safe there. No woman's gonna tempt you, right?

ANGEL

(looks down)

R-right.

Groo walks into the office.

GROO

Are we ready?

CORDELIA

I think so.

GROO  
We're most grateful for your help,  
Angel.  
(Groo puts an arm  
around Angel's  
shoulder and pulls  
him close)  
You've been a true friend to us both.

Cordy laughs.

ANGEL  
Yeah.

Steven walks into the office.

STEVEN  
Cordy, I got a question.

CORDELIA  
No problem.

STEVEN  
What's the deal with you and Groo?

CORDELIA  
Well, I'd gotten sucked through a  
dimensional portal, then they made  
me queen because of my visions.

STEVEN  
(understanding)  
Uh-huh...

CORDELIA  
Then I met Groo, and we sort  
of...fell in love.

STEVEN  
(smiles)  
Uh-huh.

CORDELIA  
After that, we left Pylea...  
(off his look)  
that's the name of the dimension we  
were in...  
(smiles)  
Then we came back here.

STEVEN  
You and Groo left Pylea?

CORDELIA

No, Angel, Lorne, Wes, Gunn, and Fred.

STEVEN

Ah. I understand now. So Groo didn't show up until later?

CORDELIA

(smiles)

Exactly.

Fred and Gunn are walking around tree where they last saw Jerry.

FRED

There is nothing.

GUNN

More like a whole lot of nothing.  
How are we gonna explain this?  
'Sorry, Wes. We lost the dude  
because we were macking on the job.'

FRED

We didn't lose him so much as...  
Okay. We lost him. But his car's  
still here. So he's got to be  
close, right?

Gunn bends down and picks up the single red rose Jerry was holding earlier.

FRED

I'm sure there is an explanation.

GUNN

The camera.

FRED

Yeah, the camera. Maybe he saw the camera.

GUNN

No, I mean, whatever happened, we got it on tape.

FRED

Right.

Fred looks down at the camera she is carrying.

Fred flips the side screen of the camera open and rewinds the tape to where Jerry was still standing under the tree.



FRED

There he is.

GUNN

Push play.

On the screen we see some roots come up out of the ground, wrap around Jerry and pull him straight down into the ground.

FRED

Well, that can't be good.

Roots shoot up out of the ground, wrap around Gunn and Fred and they vanish into the ground as well.

We get an outside shot of a lit mansion. Then see a dorky looking guy walk down a hallway on the arm of a 'lady' with an oversized smile and three boobs. Another lady comes around a corner of the hallway, followed by Angel and Groo.

ANITA

Oh, I love your outfits.

ANGEL

Well, I really wouldn't call them 'outfits.'

ANITA

But you are together.

GROO

(puts a hand on  
Angel's shoulder)

Yes! Two champions here together.

ANGEL

(pushing Groo's hand off)

Not 'together' together. Just 'get the potion' together.

GROO

So I may com-shuck my princess.

ANGEL

Just to reiterate,  
(Angel points at himself)

not

(is distracted by the  
sound of laughter)

the princess... Angel is looking through an open door into a reddish room, watching a couple having a pillow fight.

ANITA

The room is enchanted. Everything that happens in there, every touch, every emotion, every desire is extended for maximum pleasure. I can check the schedule if there is someone special you would like to bring.

Anita takes a hold of Groo and leads him down the corridor, after a moment Angel turns away from the room to follow.

ANITA

Just right in here.

Anita leads Groo into a big bedroom. A man wearing dress pants and shirt is manacled to one of the walls.

MAN

Oh, hello.

GROO

Fear not, friend. We are here to save you!

Groo rushed over and tries to pry the shackles open.

MAN

Hey! Get off!

Angel comes in, takes one look, and hurries over and grabs a hold of Groo's shoulders.

ANGEL

Groo! Groo, I think he's happy there.

GROO

As a slave?

MAN

Don't judge me.

Angel pulls Groo away.

ANGEL

Come on.

(To man)

Sorry.

(To Anita)

If you'll just give us the potion, we'll be...

ANITA

You brought cash?

Angel pulls out the money Cordy gave him and hands it to Anita.

Anita takes it then lifts one hand up into the air. We hear a little tinkling sound and her hand is enveloped in a deep blue light. As she brings her hand back down she is holding a small metal bottle.

ANITA

Make sure to tell your princess to  
drink it all at once.

Groo takes the bottle and Anita looks at Angel.

ANITA

I know why your earnest friend is  
here, but why are you? What's in it  
for you?

Angel just stands there looking at Anita, ignoring the ringing of his cell phone.

GROO

Angel, your coat is singing.

Angel pulls out the phone and flips it open.

ANGEL

Hello.---What? Gunn?  
(He turns away from  
the others plugging  
his other ear)  
I can barely hear you.

We see Gunn and Fred wrapped in a net of roots in what looks like a cave.

GUNN

Yeah, reception's not so great, is it?

ANGEL

Where are you?

GUNN

Under Plummer park.

ANGEL

Under it?

GUNN

Pretty much. We were tailing that  
woman's fiancø...

FRED

Jerry.

GUNN  
...and we kind of lost him.

FRED  
But then we found him---sort of.

GUNN  
Him and his date. Some root-crazy,  
tree-like demony thing.

FRED  
With what looks like a DSL  
connection.  
(We see some computer  
screens and keyboards  
wrapped around by  
more roots.)  
We're pretty sure he chats up  
lonely hearts online, and then  
sucks them down here for food. Or  
maybe it gets its power that way.

GUNN  
Monster's got a big, old, leathery  
joint jammed up into guy. I think  
it's sucking the life out of him.

We get a shot of a gnarly face in the main trunk and hear it  
growl.

ANGEL  
What... have you called Wesley yet?

GUNN  
We were kind of hoping we wouldn't  
have to.

ANGEL  
I don't understand.

FRED  
We just didn't want to bother him  
with this.

ANGEL  
Bother him?

GUNN  
Look. Nothing against Wes, but I'm  
not sure he can help us out at the  
moment. What we really need...

Angel listens to his phone.

ANGEL

Oh. Ah-huh.

(Angel turns and  
holds the phone out  
to Groo)

Uhm. It's for you.

Groo is leading the way through the sewers.

GROO

I am honored they requested the  
Groosalug to save them.

ANGEL

I wouldn't say requested, more like  
included.

(Puts a hand on  
Groo's shoulder to  
hold him up)

Hang on. Here. Here. Did you feel it?

GROO

(strides forward)

Something Evil.

ANGEL

(grabs a hold of Groo again)

Whoa, easy. Slow down, Champ! We  
have to be very careful here.

GROO

You're right.

(Groo pulls out the  
bottle Anita gave him)

Will you keep this safe?

Angel looks from Groo to the bottle. After a moment he takes  
it and puts it in his pocket.

ANGEL

Fine. But we just got to be, you  
know, a little bit more...

Groo charges forward with a loud battle cry.

ANGEL

...patient.

Groo slashes away at the roots as he runs into the cave.

FRED

It's Groo!

GUNN

Over here!

Groo lets out another battle cry. The face in the trunk roars back. A root shoots out and buries itself in the middle of Groo's chest. Groo drops the sword as he is pulled up beside the now released Jerry, who is lying motionless on the ground.

FRED

What are we gonna do now?

Angel makes his way into the cave between some of the hanging roots.

ANGEL

That's my shirt!

Break

ANGEL

This thing is not actually made out of wood, is it?

FRED

No, it's flesh.

ANGEL

Good.

(Picks up the sword  
Groo dropped)

Flesh I can deal with. Flesh I can kill.

FRED

But I don't think hacking it is going to do any good. It doesn't seem to have any vital organs. It uses people as batteries. It draws its power from its victims.

Angel looks from the root-demons snarling face to Groo, who is groaning and straining against the root buried in his chest.

GUNN

And it's been getting stronger since it tapped into Groo.

ANGEL

Really. Stronger.

(Groo suppresses  
another scream)

Come on! He can't be that great.

FRED

He is the Groosalug.

Gunn throws a look at Fred as he sees Angel drop the sword and walk closer to the root-face.

ANGEL

What do you think?---Honestly. Does he seem really 'better' than other men?

DEMON

He's magnificent.

ANGEL

Really?---I'd say more like magnificently stupid.

(Gunn and Fred exchange another look)

Because him with the beer tap in his chest and me with the, you know, just walking around

(Angel walks up to Groo)

And I'm really getting tired of the 'Groosa-worship' thing.

(Slugs Groo in the face. The root-demon lets out a roar)

Nothing personal, champ. Oh! Everyone makes such a big deal about the Groosalug.

(Slugs Groo. The root-demon roars.)

He's such a champion.

(Slug. Roar.)

He's so rugged.

(Slug. Roar.)

He's so emotionally available.

(Slug. Roar.)

Look at him in the daylight.

(Slug. Roar.)

But you know what? I'm smarter, and I'm stronger, and I pick out my own clothes!

Angel kicks Groo. The demon roars, withdraws its tap-root from Groo and buries it in Angel's chest instead.

Angel drops to his knees, catching himself on his left hand, while his right wraps around the taproot.

ANGEL  
Okay. Oh, jeez. Well, it's okay.  
You know, no one is using my heart  
at the moment anyway.

DEMON  
Kill you.

ANGEL  
Sorry. Already dead.

DEMON  
Vampire!

ANGEL  
Yeah. Did I mention that?

DEMON  
(moans)  
Cold.---Cold.

ANGEL  
Oh, yeah. It's kinda cold in there.  
But, hey, don't let that stop you.

The tree demon moans. The root bindings around Gunn and Fred shrivel and drop away. Gunn jumps up, grabs Groo's dropped sword.

DEMON  
So cold.

GUNN  
So dead!

Gunn buries the sword in the root-demon's face. A yellowish green liquid pours out. Fred goes to check on Groo, while Gunn checks on Angel.

ANGEL  
How is he?

FRED  
Pretty beat up. Still alive---  
thanks to you.

Wes is talking on the phone in his office. Gunn and Fred are sitting in chairs in front of his desk.



WESLEY

Yes, Ms Frakes. We are, too.---  
You're welcome.---Good bye.

(Hangs up phone)

Well, Ms Frakes is very happy. You  
saved her fiancø's life.

FRED

So he's gonna be okay?

WESLEY

Yes.

GUNN

That's good.

WESLEY

Yes.

There is a long pause.

WESLEY

Well, good work. You should  
probably get cleaned up, then.

FRED

(getting up)

Yeah. Good idea.

WESLEY

Ah, Charles, a word?

Gunn and Fred look at each other for a moment.

FRED

Well, good night.

GUNN

Good night.

(Smiles as he watches

Fred leave)

What is it?

Gunn turns back to face Wes.

WESLEY

When you knew this was more than  
just a tryst you should have told me.

GUNN

It happened so fast. The thing just  
grabbed the guy and he was gone.

WESLEY

That's...---That's not what I meant.

GUNN

Oh.---You mean...

(points a thumb back  
over his shoulder)

---Well...---I'm not so sure that's  
any of your business.

WESLEY

No. You're probably right.---  
Still... She could get hurt.---I  
trust that won't happen?

GUNN

What are you, her brother?

WESLEY

Apparently.

GUNN

(after a beat)

Wesley, I...

WESLEY

She chose.---It's just important to  
me that she's taken care of.

GUNN

She will be.

WESLEY

Good.

Wes picks up his pen and goes back to working on translating the open book in front of him. Gunn watches him for a moment then turns to go. Halfway to the door he turns back and opens his mouth, but closes it again without speaking and leaves. Wes looks up.

We hear a ripping sound and see Angel scrunch up his face, then hear buttons rain to the floor.

CORDELIA

Sorry.

As he watches her dab at Groo's bared chest:

ANGEL

It's, ah---it's okay. It, ah, was  
already ruined.

CORDELIA  
 Well, if it's any consolation, I  
 planned to rip it off him later  
 anyway.  
 (Her head whips  
 around to looks at Angel)  
 You did get the potion, didn't you?

Angel holds up the slightly dented flask.

ANGEL  
 Yeah. We---we got it.

Cordy goes back to doctoring Groo.

CORDELIA  
 Well. This isn't so bad. You heal  
 almost as fast as he does.

GROO  
 Princess, I---I have a confession  
 to make.

ANGEL  
 Groo.

Groo looks over at Angel, who silently shakes his head 'no'  
 at him. Cordy pulls his face back around to look at her.

CORDELIA  
 A confession? What---what confession?  
 Did something happen at the brothel?  
 (To Angel)  
 You were supposed to look after him!

ANGEL  
 Nothing happened! Except your---  
 boyfriend here was---very brave,  
 and---saved the day.

CORDELIA  
 (to Groo)  
 You did?  
 (Slaps his shoulder)  
 You big hero!

GROO  
 No. I was reckless! I put everyone  
 in grave peril.---Angel is the true  
 champion.  
 (Looks over at Angel)  
 He saved us all.

CORDELIA  
(never taking her  
eyes off Groo)  
Did you hear that?

ANGEL  
Yeah, but...

CORDELIA  
How many guys would just give away  
the credit like that? That is just  
so noble.  
(Holds out her hand)  
The potion.

Angel puts the flask into her outstretched hand. Cordy takes it then grabs Groo by his shirt and pulls him up off the settee.

CORDELIA  
Let's get our of here! See ya!

Cordy hurries Groo towards the exit doors of the Hyperion.

ANGEL  
Cordelia.

Cordy stops and looks back at Angel.

CORDELIA  
What?

When Angel only stands there, Cordy holds up a finger to Groo then walks back to Angel.

CORDELIA  
(quietly)  
What is it?

Angel takes one of her hands and puts a roll off dollar bills tied with a string into it.

CORDELIA  
What's this?

ANGEL  
Just some money I saved up.

CORDELIA  
Why? What for?

ANGEL

I did something for you tonight.  
Now I want you to do something for  
me.---Don't come in tomorrow. In  
fact, don't come in for a couple of  
weeks. Take Groo some place---nice.  
Somewhere where there is---sun.---  
He'd like that.

CORDELIA

Angel...

ANGEL

Promise me.

Cordy shakes her head a little as she looks down at the  
money, hitches one shoulder a little.

CORDELIA

Okay.

Cordy turns to leave, then turns back and touches the hole  
in Angel's T-shirt where the tentacle went into his heart.

CORDELIA

You sure you don't need some  
patching up yourself?

ANGEL

(looks down at his chest)

No, I---I'm good. Didn't hurt a bit.

Cordy looks at him for a moment, then turns and walks out  
with Groo. As the door closes Wes comes out of his office.  
Angel looks at him then turns towards the stairs.

Lorne is laying Connor down in his crib.

LORNE

Alright now. You get some rest, big  
boy. Yes. You go to sleep. Get you  
nice and tucked in... yes.

Lorne looks up as Angel walks up to them.

ANGEL

Thanks for looking after him.

LORNE

Yeah. Sure.

(Gives Angel a look)

You okay?

Angel looks down at Connor, a slight smile spreading over his face.

ANGEL

Yeah.

Lorne leaves as Angel keeps watching Connor.

We see Wesley writing 'the son.' The camera pulls back to show us Wes staring down at his notepad. Angel walks in, carrying Connor.

ANGEL

Working late?

WESLEY

Yes.---You startled me.

ANGEL

Oh, we didn't mean to.

WESLEY

I thought I was alone.

ANGEL

Yeah.

(Looks at Connor with  
a smile)

So did I.

Wes watches as Angel kisses Connor's cheek and walks back out of the office. Wes lets out a sigh and looks back down at his notepad where we can read 'the father---will kill---the son.'