

ANGEL

"Doubles Trouble"

by

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ANGEL

TEASER

EXT. HYPERION - ESTABLISHING

INT. HYPERION - OFFICE - DAY

Wesley sits at a desk surrounded by books. He's engrossed in his reading.

Cordelia bustles about the room. She's on the phone, juggling folders and typing at the same time. She hits a button and the printer whirs to life.

CORDELIA

Yes, Mrs. Jacobs. We've received your payment.

(pause)

Thank you.

(pause)

Umm hmm. Bye, bye.

She hangs up and grabs more folders from the desk and goes to the file cabinet where she files them. The phone RINGS on her desk.

Wesley gets up, walks by it and retrieves another book. He goes back by the ringing phone and sits at his desk again.

Cordelia stares at him incredulously.

CORDELIA (CONT'D)

I guess you'd have suffered a slow, painfully tortuous death had you picked up the phone.

Wesley doesn't look up. Answers distractedly.

WESLEY

Yes. You're quite right.

Cordelia rolls her eyes. She drops the files on the desk and stretches to get the phone.

CORDELIA

Angel Investigations.

(pause)

No we don't need life insurance.

Thanks.

She hangs up the phone. Her hip grazes the precarious stack of files and they all slide to the floor. She glares at Wesley.

CORDELIA (CONT'D)

What are you doing anyway? We're not on a case.

WESLEY

I thought I'd be a little more proactive. Be prepared, as my father always says.

CORDELIA

As do some certain Scouts. Can't your proactivity include keeping things running smoothly around here.

Wesley has already become absorbed in his books again.

CORDELIA (CONT'D)

Of course not. Maybe if there were more of me, some real work might actually get done around here.

WESLEY

Yes. True.
(beat)
What?

EXT. RESEARCH LAB - DUSK

A tall cloaked figure, LEGERE IGNAVA DEMON, lurks around the brick building. It peeks inside a window.

ANGLE - WINDOW

DR. EVE ST. CLAIRE, a woman in her late forties, bustles efficiently around the lab. She often consults a tiny notebook in her hand.

The cloaked figure leans forward and rests his hand, large with long sharp nails on slender tapered fingers, on the window sill. The skin is stretched taut and smooth over his bones and is lavender tinted.

INT. RESEARCH LAB - EVENING

Eve looks through a microscope and takes notes. She hears a footfall behind her, but doesn't turn around.

EVE

We're almost there, Adam. Come take a look at this.

The cloaked figure glides up behind her. She turns around. Her smile dissolves and her eyes widen in fear. She shakes off the fear and steps aside to allow him to look through the microscope.

EVE (CONT'D)
You were right. The adenine was
the problem. The molecule that
adheres it to the thymine was too
acidic.

She flips open her notebook and makes a mark.

EVE (CONT'D)
One more wrinkle to iron out.
You've been incredibly helpful.
We never could've achieved so
much so quickly without you.

He turns to face her. She backs away a little bit. He crooks a finger beckoning her towards him.

LEGERE IGNAVA
About that last problem...Come.
Take a look.

Eve swallows her fear and steps closer. As soon as she steps within arm's reach, he slits her throat with the sharp claws.

The notebook, now splattered with blood, drops to the floor.

LEGERE IGNAVA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I've just taken care of it.

EXT. L.A. ARBORETUM - NIGHT

The LEGERE IGNAVA sits cross-legged on the ground. A cloak, identical to the one he wears is spread out on the ground in front of him. He holds the blood splattered notebook in his hand. He reads rapidly through it.

LEGERE IGNAVA
(RE: Book)
Fools.

He jots something into the notebook and keeps flipping through it, jotting a note here and there. After another moment, he puts it aside.

The demon pulls out a test tube filled halfway with a green solution. He clips one of his sharp claws and drops it in the tube.

ANGLE - TEST TUBE

The claw immediately begins to contort and grow. It absorbs the green liquid as it changes its shape. It appears to be a miniature Legere Ignava.

The Legere Ignava smiles to himself. He slides the tube under the cloak and watches.

ANGLE - THE CLOAK

A faint CLINK is heard, then a small lump appears under the cloak. It grows larger and larger.

BLACK OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. HYPERION - OFFICE - MORNING

Wesley strolls in reading the newspaper. He goes to the empty coffee pot and tries to pour a cup.

WESLEY

We seem to be out of coffee.

Cordelia pops up from behind the counter where she strains to reach something.

CORDELIA

You drank the last of it at breakfast. I haven't made anymore yet.

WESLEY

That's okay. I'll wait.

He sits at the desk and props his feet on top of it. Cordelia shoots him an evil look. She pulls up the papers she'd been trying to reach and goes to file them.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

School shooting, hmmm. The parents of the shooters are suing the victims' parents. For malicious defamation of character.

CORDELIA

Of course they are. It's hard to be a parent these days.

WESLEY

And another baby was found in a dumpster. The search for the mother has been inconclusive thus far.

CORDELIA

Barring another demon spawn incident, there's nothing in this world that could convince me to have a kid. Up.

He lifts his feet as she pulls a stack of files from underneath them.

CORDELIA (CONT'D)
What happened to, "Of course I'll
re-file them, Cordy. Do I look
like some sort of heathen?"

WESLEY
I'd have gotten around to it.

CORDELIA
Of course you would. And the
answer to your question is Yes.

WESLEY
What question?

CORDELIA
The one regarding you and the
heathen ranks.

EXT. HYPERION - DAY

ADAM BONET, a bearded and conservatively dressed man in his late 30s, consults a slip of paper in his hand then looks at the door. He takes a deep breath then opens the door and goes inside.

INT. HYPERION - LOBBY - DAY

The bell RINGS as Adam steps inside. Cordelia greets him with a smile. Wesley continues to read, oblivious.

ADAM
Angel Investigations?

CORDELIA
That's us. What can we do for
you?

ADAM
Well...I feel silly, but...under
the circumstances...you're Angel?

CORDELIA
Cordelia Chase.

She steps forward to shake his hand.

ADAM
Dr. Adam Bonet. Nice to meet you.

Wesley springs to attention and looks at Adam. He tosses the paper down and hurries to greet Adam enthusiastically.

WESLEY

Wesley Wyndham-Price. I'm pleased to make your acquaintance, Dr. Bonet. I'm quite a fan of your work at Oxford. Truly fascinating the way you were able to isolate the gene for scales in catfish. Fascinating.

ADAM

Thank you.

Cordelia rolls her eyes.

CORDELIA

What can we help you with?

ADAM

My partner, Eve, was...murdered last night and I need you to track down her killer.

WESLEY

Eve? Not Eve St. Clair. Brilliant lady. Absolutely brilliant. I'm terribly sorry.

Adam nods his acceptance and studies his hands for a moment to get himself together.

ADAM

It seems the police have gotten it in their heads that I'm responsible.

CORDELIA

I see. I'm not sure we can help. We handle cases that are a little more...

ADAM

Occult? Yes. I know.

CORDELIA

Then why come to us?

ADAM

Our third partner. I think...I'm sure he...He's not exactly... human.

INT. HYPERION - OFFICE - DAY

She motions for him to sit. Wesley follows them and sits behind the desk. Cordelia leans against the front of the desk.

CORDELIA

Can you give us a description?

ADAM

I've never actually met him...it.

CORDELIA

What makes you so sure he's not human.

ADAM

Eve told me he wasn't.

CORDELIA

How did you meet him?

ADAM

He found Eve. At first I thought he was a crazed fan.

His eyes slide briefly to Wesley.

ADAM (CONT'D)

But Eve enjoyed having him around, so I left it alone for a bit. Something felt off about him. She said he was just shy about his looks. Finally she admitted that he was a demon.

CORDELIA

How long had he been around?

ADAM

Around three weeks. At first I was concerned, but we started to progress more quickly in our research. Who am I to inspect the teeth of a gift horse?

CORDELIA

Do you know where he is now?

ADAM

No. Can you find him?

CORDELIA

We can't promise anything. You
haven't given us a lot to go on.

Adam slumps, dejected. He stands up and goes to the door then
turns.

ADAM

Please try. He killed her. I know
it. I should've insisted
on...well...whatever you can do,
I'd appreciate.

INT. HYPERION - LOBBY - DAY

Cordelia and Wesley accompany Adam from the office. Cordelia
stays by the counter while Wesley sees him to the door.

WESLEY

We'll do our best.

ADAM

Thank you.

WESLEY

I meant to ask you. What exactly
are you working on now?

Adam fumbles for the doorknob.

ADAM

We're...uh...making progress with
stem cells.

WESLEY

Stem cells. Again. Fascinating.
I'd love to tour your lab
sometime.

ADAM

Of course.

Angel comes down the stairs as the door closes behind Adam. He
joins Cordelia where she pulls folders out.

ANGEL

Who was that?

CORDELIA

New case. I'm just about to open a
file. A murder.

ANGEL

We don't do murders.

CORDELIA

We do when demons are responsible. But there's not a lot of evidence of that.

She takes the files to the cabinet. Angel sits on the arm of a chair across from Wesley who's once again picked up the newspaper.

WESLEY

It made the paper.

(reads)

"Prominent researcher, Dr. Eve St. Claire, was found murdered in her lab last evening." Hmm, strange.

ANGEL

Demon strange?

WESLEY

There's a good case for it. She was found in her lab nearly ripped to shreds. And given what Dr. Bonet just told us--

ANGEL

Suspects?

WESLEY

No suspects, no weapon. Due to the mutilated state of the body and the valuables still present, it's been labeled a crime of passion.

CORDELIA

But if it were a demon, shouldn't I have gotten all visiony?

ANGEL

Probably. Gunn and I'll check it out. To narrow it down to demon or human.

INT. RESEARCH LAB - DAY

Broken beakers litter the floor. Microscopes and slides hang haphazardly from the counter tops. Blood is splattered liberally throughout the room, marring the formerly pristine surfaces.

Angel and Gunn slip in to look around.

INT. BACK ROOM - DAY

Cages of frightened animals line the room. There are two of each. Some are deformed. Others appear stunted.

Gunn enters studies the animals.

GUNN
Regular Noah's Ark.

Just outside the door, Angel picks up a small white object from the floor and looks at it. He comes in and takes a closer look at the animals.

ANGEL
Except same gender.

ANGLE ON: Siamese rabbit.

GUNN
What was this woman working on?

ANGEL
Wes didn't say. Notice anything strange?

GUNN
In addition to the entrails,
blood, and two headed rat?

ANGEL
Yeah.

GUNN
No.

ANGEL
There are no files. No computer,
no notes. Was she some kind of
genius and kept it in her head...?

GUNN
Or paranoid?

ANGEL
Or she was killed for her work.

GUNN
Feels pretty demon-y. But the
million dollar question is what
does a demon need with research?

ANGEL
(holds up a card)
Let's ask our client.

INT. ADAM'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Plaques, awards and diplomas decorate one wall. Meticulously kept bookshelves filled with books and journals occupy any free wall space.

Adam sits unmoving in a huge burgundy leather chair at his large oak desk staring into space.

Angel and Gunn appear in the doorway. Angel knocks.

ADAM
(without looking up)
Come in.

They enter.

GUNN
(to Angel)
That's a pretty dangerous practice.

ANGEL
Dr. Bonet? We'd like to ask you a question or two. I'm Angel. This is Gunn. We're from...

ADAM
Geez. Can't you people share your notes or something? I've done nothing but answer your questions all day.

Angel and Gunn exchange puzzled looks.

ANGEL
I understand your frustration, sir. This is more of a follow-up. We'd just like to know how close you and Dr. St. Claire were to...

Adam explodes angrily from his chair.

ADAM
Follow-up? You've asked that question fifteen million times now. Each additional time is not going to change the answer.
(MORE)

ADAM (CONT'D)

Eve and I have...had a strictly professional relationship. I did not kill her in a jealous rage as I'm sure you've all figured to be the case.

ANGEL

...to finishing your research.

ADAM

So if you're going to arrest me. Do it, but stop harassing...Our research?

GUNN

Yes. How close were you to finishing?

Adam's anger dissipates and he deflates like a balloon and sinks heavily back into his chair.

ADAM

(wistfully)

Our research. We were nearing the end. A few more kinks to smooth out and we were going to pursue governmental approval to use human subjects.

GUNN

Human subjects?

ADAM

Yes. Human's are our ultimate beneficiaries. And result.

ANGEL

So you pursued this research without government approval?

ADAM

We had to. They already frown on stem cell research. Once we moved beyond...well, we didn't want to alert anyone to what we'd achieved until there was no going back.

GUNN

No going back? Are you saying you've achieved human cloning?

Adam guiltily looks away then defiantly meets their gaze. Angel shakes off the shock first.

ANGEL

You said something about a kink?

ADAM

There's always a connection. Between the subject and its clone. The connection is unpredictable and thus far we've been unable to sever it without killing the clone.

GUNN

I'd say that's a kink.

INT. HYPERION - OFFICE - NIGHT

Wesley and Cordelia sit at the desk. Cordelia types on the laptop while Wesley reads the screen over her shoulder.

CORDELIA

Dr. St. Claire was a brilliant researcher according to all the articles I've found.

WESLEY

Anything about any possible enemies? Personal or professional.

CORDELIA

Not a thing. She was well liked in the medical community. I don't think she had too much time for personal exploits.

WESLEY

They were working with stem cells so I'd imagine they faced some opposition.

Angel and Gunn return to the office.

GUNN

They were beyond the stem cells and on to the cloning. She and Dr. Bonet were preparing to clone humans.

WESLEY

What? Then a human is responsible for her death.

ANGEL

No. I don't think so. There was way too much blood. All of it hers. If a person were responsible, he had to have been injured as well or exceptionally strong

CORDELIA

If it is, a demon, maybe the PTBs have given me a vaca...

Cordelia's head snaps back and nearly topples her out of the chair. Angel uses his vampire speed to rush around the counter to catch her.

There are quick flashes of the Legere Ignava demon. We get impressions of a huge nose. It snarls as it stands above us. A hand with sharp claws reaches down. Trees are in the background surrounding this open area. It's dark.

CORDELIA (CONT'D)

Or not.

ANGEL

What'd you see?

CORDELIA

Big lavender demon. Huge nose. Gotta see that thing coming around a corner. Plenty time to run. Long sharp claws.

Wesley pulls out several books and flips through them.

ANGEL

Where?

CORDELIA

It's night, lots of trees. Weird looking plant life.

(pause)

The Arboretum.

ANGEL

It seems like we have a little time. Gunn and I can do a little preliminary recon.

Holding her head, Cordelia goes to the lobby and sits heavily on the couch.

EXT. L.A. ARBORETUM - NIGHT

The Legere Ignava stares expectantly at the lump under the cloak. He sighs heavily when the cloak wobbles then floats flat back to the ground. He consults Eve's notebook.

INT. HYPERION - OFFICE - NIGHT

Cordelia sits at the desk with the computer. Wesley still pours over his books.

Angel and Gunn return.

ANGEL

Any luck?

WESLEY

Quite a bit actually. Cordy's demon is unique. With its lavender skin and sharp claws, it can only be a Legere Ignava demon.

GUNN

Good. How do we kill it?

WESLEY

It's a funny story really. Legend has it, they came here, to our reality, centuries ago. Caroused for a week then left.

CORDELIA

So you're saying our world is like a really big Cancun in March to them.

WESLEY

You could say that. The destruction they leave behind is nearly the same. Just different levels.

ANGEL

Different levels?

WESLEY

Let's just say that there aren't too many people left intact to clean up after them when they do leave.

GUNN

And here I thought I'd had my fill of "Oh gross," for today.

WESLEY

Anyway, they leave two of their kind behind as a gate keeper. When they're ready to come back, the two remaining perform the ritual to allow their entry.

ANGEL

What sort of ritual?

WESLEY

Nothing involving sacrifice. These demons are characterized by their extraordinary intellect. With it, they can channel the energy around them and affect the space in their immediate proximity.

ANGEL

But they need two demons to channel enough energy to open this portal. So then why the killing?

WESLEY

Yes. That. It's more for fun. They don't mix murder with work.

GUNN

Comforting.

CORDELIA

It couldn't have been the ritual in my vision. There was only one Legere Ignava. He was standing over something.

ANGEL

So what's it up to?

WESLEY

She's right. It's not the ritual.

ANGEL

How do you know?

WESLEY

Just after the portal closed the last time, one of the Legere died. Without a partner, the portal can't be opened.

ANGEL

So what is it doing?

GUNN

They need two to open this portal. And we got a dead researcher who successfully clones people. Y'all following?

EXT. L.A. ARBORETUM - NIGHT

The group advances slowly through the Arboretum, careful to stick to the paved path. An owl HOOTS, startling them all. They shake it off after a moment and continue on the way.

CORDELIA

We're getting close.

GUNN

That's what you said 'bout three miles back.

CORDELIA

Hey. It's not my fault the Tree people didn't post any "Demon This Way" signs.

ANGEL

(sniffs)

Yes. We are close.

They come to a clearing and stop short.

ANGLE ON: The Legere Ignava demon stands over the cloaked covered figure laying prone on the grass.

CORDELIA

That's it!

Angel leads the charge with Gunn close behind. The Legere easily deflects their kicks and punches while barely breaking a sweat.

Cordelia hurries to the prone figure and kneels next to it.

Wesley tosses an ax to Gunn then joins the fray with a sword.

The Legere nonchalantly takes the blows from the three of them. He catches Wesley off guard with a punch and sends him flying.

He lands next to Cordelia. She checks to see if he's okay.

The Legere nails Gunn with a roundhouse, knocking him away leaving Angel on his own. Angel lands several blows before the Legere grabs him, pinning his arms to his sides. He lifts Angel several feet off the ground.

Cordelia snatches up Wesley's sword and charges the Legere from behind.

ANGEL

Cordy, no!

She expertly swings the sword slicing through the Legere's cloak and a thin layer of its skin. Angrily, he drops Angel and whirls on her. She backs away still in a fighting stance.

He charges her. Tries to slash her with his claws. Cordelia nimbly dodges his strikes and lands a few of her own. Infuriated, the Legere slashes madly.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

Duck!

Cordelia back flips out of the way as Angel takes a flying leap into the Legere Ignava's back. It flies forward and hits the trunk of a tree. The impact knocks Angel on his butt.

A RUMBLING begins. Hundreds of spiny cones fall from the tree and bury the Legere Ignava.

GUNN

Oooh. That's gotta hurt.

CORDELIA

At least half as much as our collective asses.

WESLEY

Good ole Araucaria bidwillii.
With it's spiny, fifteen pound
cones that drop without warning
from eighty plus feet.

Wesley rolls painfully over to retrieve his glasses which lay irritatingly just out of his reach.

A few feet away from him, another cloaked figure stirs and stands up slowly.

He staggers slightly, but then finally faces Wesley who's sprawled at his feet. He's another Legere Ignava demon.

GUNN

You've got to be kidding. He's who we're supposed to save?

CORDELIA

I couldn't see...well...him. I just felt his pain. And...oh.

The demon advances on Wesley who squints up at it.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. L.A. ARBORETUM - NIGHT

The demon reaches toward Wesley, who feels around the grass for his glasses. He grabs them and slides them on in time to see the Legere getting closer. He doesn't have enough room or weapon with which to attack.

Angel painfully stands. He grabs ax and charges toward the demon.

LEGERE CLONE

May I be of some assistance?

Wesley warily takes the outstretched hand and allows the demon to pull him to his feet.

Angel stops in mid-swing. Cordelia and Gunn look on in surprise.

ANGEL

I don't get it. You're sure there was no one else in your vision. You know. Someone a little more...well...human.

CORDELIA

You should talk, Mr. Vampy pants.

ANGEL

Cordelia...

CORDELIA

Don't say it. I'm sure. The Legere Ignava was standing over me just as we found them.

(RE: Legere Clone)

We were supposed to save him.

Wesley dusts himself off. The Legere Clone imitates his movements. Angel absently rubs his butt where he landed on it.

ANGEL

Didn't you say they're dangerous?

The Legere Clone squats next to a squirrel and studies it curiously. Tentatively, he reaches out a hand and strokes its tiny head.

GUNN

Ooh yeah. He's a fearsome beast alright.

CORDELIA

Don't worry, Angel. We have you to protect us. You're our champion. So what if you get your ass kicked every once in a while. Nobody's perfect.

Wesley walks gingerly away. The Legere Clone follows close behind him. Cordelia and Gunn pick up stray weapons as they walk away.

ANGEL

Hey. He didn't kick my ass.

He realizes he's rubbing his sore butt and stops. He hurries after them.

INT. HYPERION - LOBBY - EARLY MORNING

Wesley is once again buried in his books. Gunn flips through mail. Angel keeps a wary eye on the Legere Clone who sits patiently at a table.

Cordelia comes in and sets a plate of toast and jelly in front of the Legere Clone. He looks at it for half a second then tries it.

CORDELIA

He needs a name.

GUNN

What?

CORDELIA

A name. We can't just call him Legere Ignava, the sequel.
(to Legere Clone)
What's your name?

He looks at her puzzled then answers with his mouth full.

LEGERE CLONE

Name?

CORDELIA

Yeah. You know. What do they call you in your world? Where you're from.

He still gives her a blank look.

CORDELIA (CONT'D)
Okay... I'm Cordelia. That's
Wesley.

Wesley steps forward and shakes the Legere Clone's hand.

CORDELIA (CONT'D)
And that's Angel and Gunn.

As Cordelia introduces the last two, the Legere Clone gets up and shakes their hands as well. Angel looks in disgust at the jelly smear on his hand.

CORDELIA (CONT'D)
What are you called?

LEGERE CLONE
I have never been called anything
in all my 16 hours of life.

GUNN
16 hours?

ANGEL
You were created. That's what the
Legere was up to.

Wesley rushes to the shelves and pulls down a book. He flips through it furiously.

CORDELIA
Pretty much got that.

WESLEY
Yes. Of course. That would
explain it.

GUNN
Explains what?

CORDELIA
(re: Legere Clone)
He looks like a Scott.

WESLEY
Well, why he and his attacker are
identical for starters. Twins are
not indigenous to their species.
Even members of the same family
vastly differ in appearance.

CORDELIA

So I guess Thomas is out. And
Quintin is like asking for
trouble. Morgan's a good name.

WESLEY

He's an exact physical replica of
the Legere Ignava demon.

GUNN

And can we expect any
other...tendencies to be
replicated, too?

WESLEY

As far as I can tell, no. The
chaos they create is learned.
Their physical nature predisposes
them to continue it, however,
once it's learned.

CORDELIA

So we just keep Morgan from
learning chaos and we'll be fine.

ANGEL

As well as keep the original away
so they can't perform this
ritual.

EXT. TOYS R US - ESTABLISHING

INT. TOYS R US - DAY

Cordelia enters and looks around to get her bearings. SHOPPERS,
mostly harried mothers with small CHILDREN, push by her. She
sees what she's looking for and heads in that direction. Her
expression is pained as she fights her way through the rude
shoppers.

A preoccupied WOMAN plows her shopping cart into Cordelia.

CORDELIA

Owww!

The woman gives Cordelia a you-should've-moved look then rushes
away.

CORDELIA (CONT'D)

Excuse me.

She gives up all pretense of being nice and shoves her way
through.

CORDELIA (CONT'D)

Give me a good ole demon any day.
At least they have an excuse.

INT. HYPERION - LOBBY - DAY

Wesley continues to read. Morgan explores the room. Gunn relaxes in a chair. Angel paces back and forth in a tight circle throwing Morgan a wary glance every now and then.

He tenses when Morgan stops by the weapons cabinet curiously. Angel relaxes when he passes the cabinet up in favor of playing with the elevator buttons.

WESLEY

Legend has it that the Legere
Ignava perform this ritual every
few centuries or so. Their last
attempt failed.

GUNN

Why'd it fail? Not that I'm
complaining.

WESLEY

During their last ritual they
tried to perform, the Legere
killed its partner in a jealous
rage.

Angel shifts uncomfortably, glancing at Morgan again.

GUNN

Talk about your short term
planning.

ANGEL

So he had to wait until he could
clone himself to get all rampagey
again? Why, if they're so
intelligent?

WESLEY

They're lazy by nature. After he
killed his partner, he could have
developed the technology himself,
but didn't. He waited for us to
do it for him.

Gunn takes an exploring look at Morgan.

GUNN

And Dr. St. Claire is the one who did his work for him.

WESLEY

Yes. Though not all of it. We're still a step or so away, I suspect. But the Legere should be able to fix it in a moment or so with his heightened intelligence.

ANGEL

The kink.

WESLEY

What kink?

GUNN

Dr. Bonet said they weren't able to completely sever the connection between the original and the clone. When they do, the clone dies.

Wesley looks at Morgan uneasily.

WESLEY

That won't do at all.

GUNN

Could it be that the Legere fixed the kink? I don't see a connection. Do you?

They all look at Morgan where he happily presses all the buttons inside the elevator.

EXT. HYPERION - DAY

The Legere Ignava lurks around outside. Concealed in his heavy cloak, he blends easily into the shadows. He peeks in a window and watches as the group talks. Jealousy clouds his features.

Cordelia strolls right by him loaded down with packages.

CORDELIA

Thank God for billable expenses.

INT. HYPERION - LOBBY - DAY

Cordelia enters triumphantly with a huge stack of kid games and puzzles.

CORDELIA

I've got coloring books, word games, puzzles. These should keep him busy for a moment or two.

Angel taps Gunn as he heads to the door.

ANGEL

You guys hang tight. We'll try to find the Legere and make sure he doesn't clone himself again while we figure out how to kill it.

WESLEY

Good idea.

CORDELIA

Try not to burst into flames while you're out.

As they leave, Gunn stops to dap with Morgan. He holds his fist out, but pulls it back slightly as Morgan raises his.

GUNN

Remember. Gently now.

They dap.

GUNN (CONT'D)

That's it my man. Later.

Morgan grins and basks in Gunn's approval. He looks around to make sure Wesley sees it, too.

Cordelia sets out puzzles and motions for Morgan to join her on the floor.

EXT. ANGEL'S CAR - DRIVING

INT. ANGEL'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY

Angel and Gunn ride in silence. Gunn studies Angel.

GUNN

What's going on with you?

ANGEL

What?

GUNN

You're not as gung ho with the help-the-innocent as usual.

ANGEL

I'm helping. I'm just not completely sure he's all that innocent.

GUNN

He's been such a bad boy in his one day of life.

ANGEL

You know what I mean. He's a demon clone. Even with our good influence, how long do you think it'll be before he turns on us? He's physically disposed to chaos.

GUNN

And you're physically disposed to killing people to drink their blood. What? You afraid there'll be another you?

Gunn stares at Angel who keeps his eyes resolutely on the street. Gunn sees in his expression that he's hit pretty close to home.

INT. HYPERION - LOBBY - NIGHT

Wesley still studies his books, but he's now alone.

Cordelia enters looking a bit frazzled. She now carries a stack of adult puzzles. All 5000 pieces and above. Some are 3D.

CORDELIA

Okay. When I said that they should keep him busy for a few moments, I didn't mean literally.

She looks around the room and drops the boxes on the floor instantly worried.

CORDELIA (CONT'D)

Where is he?

WESLEY

What? Who?

CORDELIA

Who? You should really pay attention sometimes.

(beat)

(MORE)

CORDELIA (CONT'D)

Morgan. I asked you to watch him
for a moment.

WESLEY

He was here a second ago.

CORDELIA

You don't suppose he...

Her sentence is cut off by a loud crash.

CORDELIA (CONT'D)

Oh my God.

Cordelia runs in the direction of the crash. Wesley is close on
her heels.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - DAY

Morgan squats by an overturned trash can. With lightening fast
reflexes, he reaches behind it. A cat HOWLS in pain, then is
silent. Morgan sits back on his haunches and pulls its body out.

Cordelia and Wesley rush out into the alley. They stop short
when they see Morgan and the squirming, squealing cat.

Morgan sees them. Smiling, he stands and proudly brings his find
to Cordelia.

CORDELIA

No Morgan. You've hurt him.

MORGAN

You don't like it?

CORDELIA

No sweety. It's not right to kill
other living things.

MORGAN

Why not?

CORDELIA

It's just...wrong. Killing, in
general, is bad.

MORGAN

It's just an old alley cat.

CORDELIA

How do you know? What if it was
someone's pet who lost its way?
Or what if there are some kitties
who no longer have a mother.

MORGAN
(teary eyed)
They love her? Like you love me?

Cordelia looks taken aback for a moment then nods.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
I'm sorry.

CORDELIA
I know, hon. Put it back then
come back inside and wash up.

MORGAN
Yes ma'am.

Cordelia leads Wesley back inside while Morgan obeys her.

WESLEY
That's it?

CORDELIA
He's learned his lesson.

INT. HYPERION - LOBBY - DAY

Cordelia and Wesley return. Wesley heads back to his book.
Cordelia plants her hands on her hips as she faces him.

WESLEY
It seems that they do share a
connection after all. It's
beginning to corrupt Morgan.

CORDELIA
That's bull. You're corrupting
him. Would it leave you in
traction to give him a little
attention?

WESLEY
What are you...?

CORDELIA
He wants you to notice him. Who
knows why, but he's decided to
model your role and you haven't
slithered up out of your silly
books long enough to notice.

Wesley glances guiltily in the direction of the door.

WESLEY

Maybe I've been a tad insensitive.

CORDELIA

Maybe. You're underestimating his value. Instead of trying to find some mythical account of the past, why not ask him. He was there. In a Whoopie Goldberg in "Ghost" sort of way.

WESLEY

That's brilliant, Cordelia. But how do I...?

She grabs a puzzle box and shoves it at him.

CORDELIA

Here's your ice pic. When you finish with that, let him help with the research. With his intellect, he may see something you miss.

INT. HYPERION - OFFICE - DAY

Morgan and Wesley sit side by side reading. Morgan copies Wesley's every movement, even turning the pages at the same time. They cross their legs at the same time.

Angel and Gunn return. Stop short when they see the room is now wall to wall puzzles. Cordelia balances puzzle pieces in a flimsy box while trying to pick up empty candy wrappers.

CORDELIA

I think I specifically asked for a clone of me. That would have at least been useful.

Morgan and Wesley drain their tea and hold up their cups for a refill without taking their eyes from the pages they're reading. Cordelia refills them both.

ANGEL

You don't have to...

CORDELIA

I know. But I spiked it.

GUNN

There ain't no liquor up in here.

The twins sip the tea. Cordelia grins and throws Angel a mischievous wink.

CORDELIA

I owe you a meal, Angel.

Wesley hears her statement. It's too far down his throat to spit out. He chokes on the tea a little.

WESLEY

What?

CORDELIA

Brings new meaning to "Do it yourself," doesn't it?

ANGEL

Okay. This isn't getting us anywhere. If those books had the answer, you'd have found it by now.

GUNN

That's right. And we've combed a good portion of the city and can't locate this demon. There's only one thing left to do.

(pause)

I can't believe I'm about to suggest this.

INT. CARITAS - NIGHT

The bar is packed with DEMONS of all species and a HUMAN here and there.

On stage, a DEMON with two arms, but six hands, sings.

HANDY DEMON

Tonight. The light. Of love is in your eyes.

The group enters and look around for an empty table. Cordelia spots one and races to it, just beating out a DEMON who suspiciously resembles the woman who ran her down with the shopping cart earlier.

The men join Cordelia and sit at the table. They all look around the room.

GUNN
(RE: Handy Demon)
Shouldn't this place get less
frightening with each additional
use?

ANGLE - STAGE

HANDY DEMON
Will you still love me tomorrow?
Will you still love me tomorrow?

There's a smattering of applause, mostly from LOREN as he steps out from behind an incredibly wide, flat DEMON.

LOREN
Why, yes we will, hon. Come on
over here and let's talk more
about tomorrow.

Loren and the Handy Demon quietly confer in a corner.

Cordelia goes to the bar for a drink. As she turns she finds Morgan huddled close to her. She squeezes his hand as he looks around the bar.

CORDELIA
Don't be frightened. Just like we
practiced in the car. You're a
very good singer. That's all you
have to do for Loren to help us.
Okay?

Morgan nods then lets Cordelia lead him back to the table and sit with the other three.

WESLEY
It's a necessary evil.

GUNN
But does it have to be this evil?

Loren slides up and joins them.

LOREN
As I live and breathe. I would
ask what brought you crazy kids
here this evening. But I already
know.
(to Morgan)
Up on that stage, kiddo.

Morgan glances uncertainly at Wesley who nods his encouragement.

WESLEY

Go ahead. We'll wait right here.

Morgan stands hesitantly and goes to the stage. Loren looks at Wesley in approval.

LOREN

Look at you, being all father
figurely. Good for you. It's very
good for you.

Wesley starts to speak, but Loren stops him with a wave of his hand then gestures toward the stage.

ANGLE - STAGE

Morgan looks nervously around the room. He has a death-like grip on the microphone. He takes a deep breath, raises the mic, and sings surprisingly well.

MORGAN

No one to talk with. All by
myself. No one to walk with. But
I'm happy on the shelf. Ain't
misbehavin'. I'm saving my love
for you.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - ESTABLISHING

INT. BEACH HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The room is a masterpiece of Mahogany and black leather. Bookshelves line one wall. A fireplace is the center of another. Sliding glass doors dominate the third. Everything is meticulously kept. Not a spec of dust to be found.

An unkempt Adam sprawls in a recliner. On the end table next to him is an empty bottle of Scotch. A tumbler lays on its side next to the bottle. Adam clutches the second bottle in his fist. He stares into the fire as he sips from the bottle.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - SLIDING GLASS DOORS - NIGHT

The Legere Ignava peeks inside at Adam. He reaches for the door latch.

INT. CARITAS - NIGHT

Loren pulls up a chair while Morgan sings.

LOREN

You guys got yourselves a clone
here. He imitates very well.

CORDELIA

He's really a clone. Literally.

LOREN

Picked up on that sweetheart.
That connection he shares with
the original is still quite
strong. But don't worry. It can
be broken.

WESLEY

Without killing him, of course.

LOREN

I'm a little shaky on that. It's
going to hurt like hell, but not
kill him. Do that before the
connection snaps. Kills 'em both
Problem solved.

WESLEY

The problem is not solved. We're
supposed to save him.

LOREN

No my man. You got that a wee bit
backwards.

CORDELIA

What does that mean?

ANGLE - STAGE

Morgan finishes his song amid thunderous applause. He takes a
tiny bow then hurries back to the table.

LOREN

(clapping)
Excellent. Absolutely astounding.
(aside to Morgan)
Follow your heart, hon. Destiny
is right around the corner.

ANGEL

Tell us more about this
connection. Can we sever it?

LOREN

Well. It's all in his head.

WESLEY

It's not his imagination.

LOREN

No. I mean the connection is in
his head. It's his intellect.
They're joined. It's like one
mind is sharing two bodies.

WESLEY

Oh.

LOREN

It's certainly not something I
see everyday. And believe you me.
I see a lot.

GUNN

Can you see the Legere?

LOREN

Oh yeah. He needs your friend
here, but can't use him until the
connection is gone. He's trying
to find a way to sever it. Seems
it's holding him back from
realizing his full potential.

CORDELIA

There's nothing like a self-
actualized demon.

ANGEL

How do we stop him?

LOREN

That I don't know. I do know,
however that you can find him
with a bearded man.

They all exchange looks.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. ANGEL'S CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

Angel's car roars by.

EXT. ADAM'S STREET - NIGHT

Angel's car screeches to a halt. He and Gunn hop out and rush to the door.

ANGLE - FRONT DOOR

Is slightly ajar.

Gunn and Angel exchange grim looks. Angel pushes the door open goes in.

Or tries to anyway. He can't cross the threshold.

GUNN

Good sign?

Angel shrugs, but moves aside a little so Gunn can enter the house.

INT. CARITAS - NIGHT

Cordelia, Wesley, and Morgan stand by the door with Loren.

LOREN

What's on your mind, hon?

She looks at him.

CORDELIA

I'm just wondering...I didn't get a vision until after Dr. St. Claire died. Why?

LOREN

That is a tough one. But let go of the guilt, Cordelia. "They" have their reasons. Perhaps the world wasn't quite ready for what the good doctor was cooking.

Cordelia processes his advice for a moment then smiles at him.

CORDELIA

Thank you.

He waves her thanks away and looks off down the street. A cab pulls up in front of them and stops.

LOREN
Here's your ride.

INT. BEACH HOUSE - FRONT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Gunn steps inside cautiously and looks around for any sign of the Legere Ignava.

GUNN
Hello? Dr. Bonet? Are you here,
Dr. Bonet?

ADAM (O.S.)
(drunkenly)
Come on back. More merrier.

Gunn stops and exchanges a look with Angel. Angel steps across the threshold.

ANGEL
He really should work on that.

INT. BEACH HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Adam sits in the same chair as before. The scotch bottles have been replaced by a cup of coffee on the table beside him.

Angel and Gunn enter the room behind him. They look around for any signs of the Legere Ignava. Satisfied the demon isn't there, they step into Adam's view.

ANGEL
You remember us?

ADAM
More questions? Everybody has
questions. Gentleman just left
asking all kinds questions.

ANGEL
Gentleman? What did he look
like?

ADAM
Purple. Familiar.
(giggles)
But that's nonsense.

GUNN
What did you tell him?

ADAM

Didn't really tell him anything.
More brainstorming. That's a
funny word. 'Cause, you know.
Can't have a storm in your brain.

ANGEL

Brainstormed what?

ADAM

Real bright fellow, that one.
Huh? Oh. Breaking connection
between subject and clone.

GUNN

What'd you come up with?

ADAM

Real bright. Did I tell you that?
Talked about connected minds. If
that's the case, simple cognitive
dissonance could sever it.

GUNN

Why?

ADAM

It's simple really. We 'sperience
cognitive dissonance everyday. A
clash of personal values versus
actions. Mind handles it by
getting out of sit-e-ation or
just-fying it. Or mind can just
close off that part for a while.

GUNN

And this relates to the
connection, how?

ADAM

Induce 'nough dissssonance
through one that the other can't
handle. Psst. Their minds split,
'sulting in two com-plete-ly
separate entities.

ANGEL

And this won't kill either
because...?

ADAM

It's a natural defense mechanism.

Angel and Gunn process this news for a second.

GUNN
This "gentleman" tell you where
he was going from here?

INT. HYPERION - MORGAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Morgan lays in the bed with his feet hanging over the edge.

Cordelia comes in with a glass of water and gives it to him. He drinks it slowly while she tucks him in.

CORDELIA
No more stalling, mister. You've
had a fairly busy day. You know
with the coming into existence
and all.

He gives her an impish look and takes another sip from the glass.

CORDELIA (CONT'D)
I mean it.
(softens)
How'd you like singing in front
of everyone this evening?

MORGAN
It was exhilarating! All those
people, clapping and cheering for
me! Even Wesley.

CORDELIA
Wes is pretty proud of you, you
know. So am I.

Morgan beams as she tenderly brushes his forehead. She gives him a quick kiss and puts the glass on the night stand.

CORDELIA (CONT'D)
G'night, sweetie.

MORGAN
Good night, Cordelia.

INT. ANGEL'S CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

Angel and Gunn look grim and frustrated.

GUNN
So now what? We have no idea
where to look for this thing.

ANGEL

No. But we do know what it's up to.

GUNN

We do?

INT. HYPERION - LOBBY - NIGHT

Wesley picks up puzzle boxes and stacks them on a shelf.

Cordelia comes down the stairs. She stops short when she sees what he's doing.

WESLEY

You can go home if you'd like.
Morgan and I should be fine.

She clears away a stack of dishes.

CORDELIA

I don't mind. Besides, Angel and Gunn probably found out something.

WESLEY

Oh. Yes. You're right.

Cordelia turns and studies him for a long moment. He avoids her gaze.

CORDELIA

You're not your father.

WESLEY

What?

CORDELIA

Your father. You're not him.
Never think otherwise.

Wesley finally meets her gaze and gives a slight nod of acceptance. They finish cleaning in silence.

INT. ANGEL'S CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

Gunn stares in irritation out the window. Angel obstinately keeps driving.

ANGEL

Do you see anything yet?

Gunn turns his irritated gaze on Angel.

GUNN

You couldn't tell I haven't by
the No-Legere-over-there silence?

Angel sighs heavily and pulls over.

ANGEL

This is pretty pointless.

GUNN

As far as points go? Yep. We
just need a focus. Some kind of
clue.

Angel's expression becomes a lighter shade of dark. He peels
away from the curb and does a quick U-turn before roaring down
the street.

ANGEL

Let's go get a point.

INT. MERLE'S PLACE - NIGHT

Merle watches Charmed on a tiny nine inch screen. He jumps but
never turns around when there's a loud POUNDING on his door.

MERLE

Can never get here on time. Darn
pizza people. Can't trust 'em.

Without taking his eyes off the tiny television, he goes to the
door and pulls it open.

Gunn stands in the doorway.

MERLE (CONT'D)

What took so long. A fella could
perish.

GUNN

Can we talk?

Merle finally looks at Gunn.

MERLE

Who are you?

Angel steps into view.

ANGEL

He's with me.

Merle's eyes widen in fright. He backs away from them as they enter.

MERLE

What do you want?

ANGEL

Just a little info. That's all.

MERLE

I don't know anything.

ANGEL

Come on, Merle. You know everything that goes down underground.

MERLE

There's nothing going down. Can't a guy just sit at home and enjoy a nice television drama without interruption.

GUNN

Just tell us what you've heard about a nasty purple dude and we'll get out of your hair.

Merle looks between Angel and Gunn then sighs in resignation.

MERLE

Look. I'm not telling you this because I'm a snitch. I'm telling you because I wasn't invited.

GUNN

Invited to what?

MERLE

Huge party. In Manhattan Beach.

EXT. PARTY HOUSE - NIGHT

Crowds of laughing PEOPLE litter the front sidewalk and steps leading up to a house.

ANGLE - STREET

Angel's car rolls up and stops in front of the house. He and Gunn step out and look around for a moment then head to the house.

GUNN

You given any thought to what we're gonna do with him when we catch him? We can't exactly kill him, yet, even if it were possible.

ANGEL

There's too many people around anyway. We'll just lure him out of here. It's simple. Foolproof, really.

INT. PARTY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The place is crowded with young MEN and WOMEN. Some dance to the loud MUSIC, others try to TALK over it. Everyone has a cup in his or her hand. A few people smoke.

COUPLES occupy every enclave where they engage in lewd acts. One couple heads brazenly to the bedroom.

ANGLE - HALLWAY

A line of people wait to get in the bathroom.

INT. PARTY HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

It's crammed with more PEOPLE holding rolled bills. Remnants of white powder remain on the marble sink. They push their way out. Others hurry to take their place.

INT. PARTY HOUSE - FRONT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Angel and Gunn push their way inside. They stop short amid all the dancing and laughing.

GUNN

When Merle said he was going sever his tie by acting immoral, this ain't exactly what came to mind.

ANGLE - SLIDING PATIO DOORS

A crowd gathers outside the doors. They slide open. The Legere Ignava enters, in a smoking jacket, and flanked by two BABES on each arm and smoking a gigantic blunt. He looks across the room.

LEGERE'S P.O.V.

Through the smoke, Angel and Gunn make their way through the party towards him.

The Legere takes another long drag on the blunt smoking it nearly to his claws. He blows out a long leisurely stream of smoke then disengages his arms from the women and goes back outside.

ANGLE - ANGEL AND GUNN

Gunn spots the Legere and taps Angel. They fight their way through the gyrating bodies to go after him.

EXT. PARTY HOUSE - PATIO - NIGHT

Angel and Gunn burst through and look around.

ANGLE - POOL SIDE

The Legere tries to ease his way through the stoned/drunk HUMANS.

Angel and Gunn hurry to catch up with him. Angel tries to grab his shoulder, but the Legere shrugs him off. Gunn attacks him with a table umbrella. Angel regroups and joins the attack.

The humans watch in stoned delight as the three fight. Some cheer. One YOUNG MAN holds up a wad of bills.

YOUNG MAN

Ten to one the purple guy stomps
'em!

People WHOOP and hurry to place their bets.

Gunn flies backwards into the crowd. They pick him up and shove him back towards the fight. He gives them an incredulous glance then ducks just as a sharp claw slices his way.

Angel jumps on the Legere's back and tries to subdue him. Gunn attacks all out, driving the demon back. The Legere steps off the edge and stumbles in the pool. He and Angel make a huge splash.

Water soaks the party-goers and sobers them up a little. They groan or mutter angrily then start to disperse.

Underwater, Angel tries to drown the Legere.

GUNN

No, Angel. The connection!

Furious, the Legere grabs Angel and flings him out of the pool.

Gunn watches in astonishment as Angel lands in a heap on a lounge chair that miraculously holds.

The Legere jumps out of the pool and runs off before Angel and Gunn can renew the battle.

Gunn stands over Angel and gives him an amused look.

GUNN (CONT'D)
Explain that foolproof part
again.

Angel glares at Gunn and rings his shirt out.

INT. HYPERION - STAIRS - NIGHT

Morgan peeks over the banister down to where Cordelia and Wesley are.

ANGLE - LOBBY

Wesley sits on the couch and fidgets with a book. Cordelia paces as she holds the phone to her ear.

ANGLE - STAIRS

Morgan sees that her back is turned and hurries down the stairs and sits next to Wesley. He picks up a book and pretends he's been there all along. Wesley gives him a wink then goes along with it.

CORDELIA
Well? What's the good news?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. ANGEL'S CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

A soggy Angel drives while Gunn talks on a cell phone.

GUNN
He threw a party, kicked our
rears then gave us the slip.

ANGEL
Hey. We almost had him.

GUNN
He was high.

CORDELIA
What?

GUNN

Nothing. We just have to find him again. See if Morgan has any idea where we should look.

CORDELIA

Can't. He's asleep. He's had a pretty big day and needs his rest.

Cordelia turns around and sees Morgan on the couch.

CORDELIA (CONT'D)

But isn't. Hold on. Morgan. Since you're awake and all, can you feel where the Legere's going?

Morgan doesn't look up. He keeps reading as does Wesley.

Cordelia steps closer to tap Morgan's shoulder.

ANGLE - CORDELIA'S FOOT

It comes down on an open book which slides.

CORDELIA (CONT'D)

Ahhh!

Cordelia loses her balance. With lightening fast reflexes, Morgan catches her and eases her down on the couch between him and Wesley.

GUNN (O.S.)

You alright Cordy? What happened?

CORDELIA

(embarrassed chuckle)

Geez, you'd think I haven't been walking for like the last 20 years...

(to Gunn)

I'm fine. Just sli...

She looks at Morgan. He holds his head in his hands and moans in pain.

Wesley hops over Cordelia and kneels in front of him.

WESLEY

Are you okay? What's happening?

MORGAN

Hu...Hurts.

CORDELIA
(into phone)
You guys better get back here.

INT. HYPERION - MORGAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cordelia and Wesley stagger through the door supporting Morgan between them. They struggle to get him to bed and lay him down in it.

Morgan's eyes flutter rapidly and he rubs his head.

Cordelia pulls the blankets up around him, frustrated that she can't make the pain go away. She turns concerned eyes to Wesley.

He looks just as helpless as Cordelia. He reaches his hand to her. She takes it. With another longing look at Morgan, he guides her from the room.

INT. HYPERION - LOBBY - NIGHT

Angel and Gunn burst through the door and look around for Cordelia and Wesley.

ANGLE - STAIRS

Wesley leads Cordelia down the stairs.

Angel notes their grim expressions.

ANGEL
What's wrong?

WESLEY
The connection has been severed.
Morgan's in quite a bit of pain.

GUNN
Great. Now we can kill him.
Except we have no idea how.

ANGEL
Not entirely true.
(pause)
He killed his partner last time,
so we know they can die. Why
don't we let Morgan kill the
Legere? No more ritual.

CORDELIA
Absolutely not. Once he kills,
he'll be like the other one.

WESLEY

He's already come close.

CORDELIA

We're leaving Morgan out of this.

ANGEL

We may not be able to, Cordelia.

WESLEY

Still, we should explore other options as well.

GUNN

Send him home.

ANGEL/WESLEY/CORDELIA

What?

GUNN

Send the Legere home. Let them open the portal and shove him in.

WESLEY

That could work. Once he's in, the ritual stops and Morgan'll be safe.

ANGEL

Along with the rest of the city.

INT. HYPERION - BALCONY - NIGHT

Morgan leans heavily against the wall; eavesdropping from the shadows.

MORGAN'S P.O.V.

Cordelia paces. Wesley fidgets with a puzzle piece. Angel picks up an ax and rolls the handle in his hand. Gunn leans against the desk.

CORDELIA

Are there any other options?

They all shrug and shake their heads.

ANGEL

Let's try Gunn's idea. If it doesn't work, we go to plan B.

Cordelia stares Angel down as she paces. He flinches a little under her gaze.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

I know you don't like it, Cordy,
but if we don't stop this ritual,
people are going to die.

CORDELIA

(breaks eye contact)

I know. We'll probably be first.

Morgan stands perfectly still as he watches them. A sharp clawed hand reaches in to hand him a cloak. He tears his gaze away from the group downstairs and looks at the owner of the hand for a moment. He takes the cloak.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. HYPERION - OFFICE - NIGHT

Angel, Gunn, Wesley, and Cordelia stare at each other.

GUNN

This ain't gonna get any easier.
Let's get Morgan and end it.

CORDELIA

I'll get him.

She heads for the stairs, then stops.

CORDELIA (CONT'D)

Angel, will you help me? He's
pretty heavy.

He accepts her olive branch with a nod then they head upstairs together.

INT. HYPERION - MORGAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cordelia pushes the door open and stops short.

CORDELIA'S P.O.V.

The rumpled bed is empty.

CORDELIA

He's gone.

Angel looks over her shoulder.

ANGEL

The Legere. Come on.

They race from the room.

INT. HYPERION - LOBBY - NIGHT

Gunn and Wesley pack up the weapons.

Cordelia and Angel fly down the stairs.

CORDELIA

He's gone. Let's roll.

She's out the door before the others can react. Gunn tosses Angel a bag of weapons as he follows Cordelia. Wesley and Gunn join the procession.

EXT. ANGEL'S CAR - STREET - NIGHT

The gang jumps in the car. Cordelia floors it soon as they each have most body parts inside.

EXT. L.A. ARBORETUM - NIGHT

Morgan and the Legere march in a slow processional towards the spot where they'll open the portal.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Angel's car zooms by. The three men hold on for dear life.

EXT. L.A. ARBORETUM - NIGHT

Morgan and the Legere Ignava stand face to face. Their hands are linked and their eyes are closed.

MORGAN/LEGERE IGNAVA

Open the gates to come and play.
We bid thee have an Ignava day.

The trees whip around in the sudden wind that kicks up. Sparkles of blue light begin to shoot out and around them. A great circle of lights opens between the demons.

Wesley, Cordelia, Gunn, and Angel race into the clearing in time to see the widening circle in the ground.

GUNN

This is not good.

CORDELIA

Obvious, much?

ANGEL

Which is Morgan?

CORDELIA

Morgan?

Both demons turn and look at her. The power flowing between them makes their bodies tremble as it grows stronger.

Wesley looks at them closely.

WESLEY

Morgan's on the left.

GUNN

You're sure?

Wesley nods.

Angel and Gunn charge the demon on the right. The force of the impact separates the two, but the circle continues to grow.

Cordelia and Wesley run to the other demon. He pushes them away.

CORDELIA

I thought you were sure.

WESLEY

I am.

Morgan hurries to where Angel and Gunn try to pummel the Legere. Morgan pulls Gunn off of his partner. With the evening odds, the Legere gets away from Angel and rejoins Morgan.

CORDELIA

Morgan, if you open that portal,
you are so grounded for life.

The other three give her a weird look. She shrugs.

CORDELIA (CONT'D)

It was worth a try.

All four of them charge the demons. As they get close, a cylinder of light blasts forth from the ground. The power emanating from the portal knocks them all back including the demons.

Dark silhouettes appear in the light. They grow larger as they get closer.

ANGEL

It's open.

Angel and Gunn hop up and rush for the one they think is the Legere.

The dark silhouettes grow larger and more distinct.

GUNN

This Morgan?

WESLEY

No. Push him in.

They struggle to get them Legere into the portal. He fights them off.

A lavender foot steps out from the light.

Morgan grabs the Legere and goes to the edge of the portal as if to watch. Just before the demon can emerge from the portal, Morgan shoves the Legere inside the light. The portal flickers as it loses power.

CORDELIA

Oh my God. He's not.

She hurries forward and grabs Morgan's arm.

CORDELIA (CONT'D)

Don't Morgan.

He looks at her tenderly. Wesley hurries over to them. Morgan includes him in his look. He briefly hugs them both then steps in the portal himself.

The portal reacts like an over-stretched rubber band and snaps back into the ground. Cordelia falls to her knees on the spot. Wesley wanders away.

Angel hurries to Cordelia. He kneels beside her and cradles her.

Gunn goes to Wesley. He puts a comforting hand on Wesley's shoulder as they stand together in silence.

INT. HYPERION - LOBBY - NIGHT

The group comes back subdued. Cordelia goes around the counter and grabs her bag and sweater. She looks wistfully at a puzzle box.

ANGEL

Cordelia, about Morgan. I know you're...

CORDELIA

Morgan's gone. Everything can get back to normal.

WESLEY

We're here if you wish to talk.

CORDELIA

Talk? About what? It's just another day at Angel Investigations. What's with the head shrinking.

WESLEY

I'm just saying...

CORDELIA

I know what you're saying. I'm fine. A little tired, but fine. Stop with the worrying.

She slings her bag over her shoulder and heads for the door. They watch her, worried.

CORDELIA (CONT'D)

Hey. Smiles all around. We saved the world. Again.

She grins and winks at them before slipping out the door.

GUNN

We'll be here when she needs us.

ANGEL

Yeah.

INT. CORDELIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Cordelia opens the door and steps inside the darkened apartment. She closes the door then leans heavily against it for a long moment. The lights flick on just as a tear slides down her cheek.

CORDELIA

No lights, please, Dennis.

The lights go off. She wipes the tear away and pushes away from the door. She drags herself to the couch and flops down. A blanket floats up and covers her.

CORDELIA (CONT'D)

Thanks Dennis. Everyone should have a ghost as good as you.

She sits up then lays back as he "sits" behind her. The blanket depresses as if he's hugging her.

CORDELIA (CONT'D)

I got to play Mommy, today. Can you imagine? Me!? Someone else actually looked to me to teach him about the world and...life.

INT. HYPERION - LOBBY - NIGHT

Wesley sits quietly on the couch in thought. He spies a stack of files on top of the file cabinet.

CORDELIA (O.S.)
I mean...I don't even know that
last one. He was so smart. Picked
up on everything.

Wesley looks at the stack of books on the table where he and Morgan sat. He picks up a couple of the books and stands. He goes to the bookshelf and starts shelving them.

CORDELIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
He learned the entire English
language and the English way of
speaking it courtesy of Wesley.

Wesley finishes shelving the books and moves to the filing cabinet. He opens a drawer and files the folders.

CORDELIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I am so proud...Almost like a
mother. Can you imagine?

INT. CORDELIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

She curls up and begins to drift off to sleep.

CORDELIA
I can.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END