

EPISODE FOUR – THE HITCHHIKER / MINISODE: NAZI ZOMBIE FLESHEATERS

-----[THE BENTLEY]-----

(car engine revving)

AZIRAPHALE: Let's see, could you play something that's got a bit of swing? I'm in the mood for something ~modern~. But not Bebop.

[soft jazz playing]

AZIRAPHALE: Ah. Perfect.

[Sees figure by the road]

AZIRAPHALE: Oh, I wish I could stop and give you a lift, but I'm so late. I'm sure someone will stop for you. [sees the same figure by the side of the road] How odd. I'm so, so sorry. I really do have to get to... [figure appears in the road] Oh!

[car brakes] [Aziraphale grunts]

HITCHHIKER: I'm so sorry, can you be an angel and give me a lift? Only m-my car's broken down and my phone's dead. Just to the next town, there's a garage there.

AZIRAPHALE: Oh... yes, well... I suppose you better climb in, then.

HITCHHIKER: You are the nicest person. I'd given up, thank you.

AZIRAPHALE: Yeah. [the hitchhiker transforms into Shax]

SHAX: I knew you couldn't resist somebody in distress. What a heap of junk this car is. You'd think he would've upgraded sometime in the last 90 years, but no.

AZIRAPHALE: Who are you?

SHAX: It's Aziraphale, isn't it? Former angel of the Eastern Gate.

AZIRAPHALE: You have the advantage on me.

SHAX: I do, yes. Shax. [offers her hand, Aziraphale shakes it] Former Admissions demon, senior grade. Now a Hell's ambassador plenipotentiary to this corner of the planet. Replacing the demon Crowley.

AZIRAPHALE: Ah

SHAX: Crowley's got Gabriel, hasn't he? [car brakes]

AZIRAPHALE: I really have no idea what you're talking about.

SHAX: It's the only thing that makes sense. Crowley is hiding the angel Gabriel.

AZIRAPHALE: I think you must have me confused for someone else.

SHAX: I'm a little bemused as to why Crowley should risk destruction for you. You don't seem his type at all. I can tell Hell Crowley's got him.

AZIRAPHALE: Crowley doesn't have Gabriel. Where would he put him? Gabriel would never go to Crowley, he hates Crowley.

SHAX: He hates you.

AZIRAPHALE: I don't know where he is, but he isn't with Crowley.

SHAX: No?

AZIRAPHALE: No.

SHAX: You know what? Sometime in the last 80, 90 years, I remember hearing that you and Crowley were an item. I didn't believe it then. Not really. Poor old Furfur. He thought you were his ticket to the big time. Now he's in requisitions.

AZIRAPHALE: I'm afraid I have no idea what you are talking about. Nor where this angel Gabriel, who I've never heard of, might be.

SHAX: You can let me out here.

AZIRAPHALE: This is in the middle of nowhere.

SHAX: Sounds about right. It's okay. You've already told me where he is.

AZIRAPHALE: Oh, how? How did I tell you where Gabriel is?

SHAX: You didn't. You have now. [door shuts] [car engine revs]

[OPENING CREDITS]

-----[S1 FLASHBACK:]---

[TITLE CARD: LONDON, 1941]

[bombs exploding]

CROWLEY: If the bomb does land here, it would take a real miracle for my friend and I to survive it.

[explosion and sirens]

AZIRAPHALE: That was very kind of you.

CROWLEY: Shut up.

AZIRAPHALE: Well... It was. No paperwork for a start. Oh, the books. Oh. I forgot all the books. Oh, they'll all be blown to...

CROWLEY: [Crowley grunts] Little demonic miracle of man. Lift home?

(soft music playing)

-----[HELL: ADMISSIONS]-----

INTERCOM: *Hello. Have a miserable eternity. We'd like to apologize for the wait and the conditions, but we won't. Cheer up. Things could be worse, and they will be.*

FURFUR: Chute number four, all the way down. Have a miserable eternity.

SHAX: Next.

INTERCOM: *...for the rest of eternity, worse and worse and worse.*

SHAX: Next. I've had enough of this, I need a cuppa. You'll have to wait.

[People in line complaining]

MAN: Excuse me. Excuse me!

INTERCOM: *Hello. Have a miserable eternity. We'd like to apologize for the wait and the conditions, but we won't. Cheer up. Things could be worse and they will be.*

FURFUR: [burns hand on cup of hellfire] Aargh. Ouch. Unbelievable.

SHAX: Having a rough one?

FURFUR: No, no, it's perfect. I've spent all morning processing 52 men called Otto.

SHAX: You know, if you really want to get out of here, I believe they are looking to move some people from Admissions to Temptations.

FURFUR: Well, it's never come easy to me. Climbing the greasy pole. I get all double tongue tied.

SHAX: The thing is... I do have the ear of the higher demons. I could always put in a word for you.

FURFUR: Really?

SHAX: If you were to hear something on the Hell vine, some demon somewhere up to some good, just let me know. I could get you in front of the Dark Council.

FURFUR: You'd do that for me?

SHAX: Then some day, and that day may never come, I could call on you to do a service for me.

FURFUR: Yeah, yeah I will.

-----[THE BENTLEY (1941)]-----

[the Bentley drives through streets full of fire]

AZIRAPHALE: You know... that was a very nice thing you did for me.

CROWLEY: Shut up.

AZIRAPHALE: There must be something I can do for you in return?

CROWLEY: Forget it, will you? Right. Spot of business to do. Spreading the old demon drink.

[swerves]

AZIRAPHALE: Whooooa!

[Bentley engine revs, parks]

AZIRAPHALE: Ah. The theater. Bravo! Sophocles, Shakespeare.

CROWLEY: Something like that.

AZIRAPHALE: So improving.

CROWLEY: Talking of improving. [shuts the car boot] Time for delivery of some black market joy. Lovely bottles of joy. Thank you for sending proof.

-----[HELL, ADMISSIONS]-----

GLOZIER: We should not be here. I'm telling you now, my planning is always exemplary. I had the Luftwaffe bombing plans and everything was going to the East end of London.

HARMONY: Absolutely. It has something to do with that swine Crowley.

FURFUR: What did you just say?

HARMONY: It was Mr. Crowley's meddling that caused this.

FURFUR: Crowley?

GRETA: Yes, they did say something about... demonic interventions just before the bomb hit the church.

FURFUR: They? Who is they?

GLOZIER: Crowley and his bookseller friend, Mr. Fell. Real sissy type, a proper *fegelah*.

FURFUR: Just schtum for a minute. So this all happened in a church? And this Crowley was there? In a church, on hallowed ground? Tell me... everything.

-----[THEATRE]-----

[Crowley opens suitcase, bottles of alcohol are broken]

MRS H: Broken? All of them? Didn't you have air in your bloody tyres? What's the matter with you, you great lump?

CROWLEY: Right, yeah, I did-- I parked right next to a place where a bomb went off, Mrs. H.

MRS H: Don't you Mrs. H me, you cheeky sod. I paid you for 40 bottles and I bloody well want them. What a day. You smashed my shiskey, the heating's knackered, and the girls won't go on stage because it's so bleeding cold. And to top it all off, tonight's magician has just been arrested as a deserter. I'm f... [piano interrupts]

AZIRAPHALE: Um, I wonder if I might be able to help you out on behalf of my... uh, good friend here. I am no stranger to the art of prestidigitation. [waves handkerchief]

-----[HELL, ADMISSIONS]-----

FURFUR: Right, here is the deal. I can grant you temporary license to go back up to Earth as zombies for 24 hours.

HARMONY: As zombies?

FURFUR: Zombies, yes, the living dead. Then if you are able to find me hard proof that the demon Crowley and this Mr. Fell, who from your description appears to be an angel, are not just associating but actively working together, I will be authorized to grant you freedom from Hell and damnation.

GLOZIER: What if this Angel, Mr. Fell, uses his heavenly powers against us?

FURFUR: No worry about that, I recently qualified as an authorized miracle blocker. I can stop all that very easily, but... if you don't want to do it, no problem, the alternative is this.

DEMON: [looms]

ALL: Oh!

FURFUR: Not him, that's Astoreth, he just brought me the clicker. Thank you.

[mechanical noises] [TV screen appears]

GLOZIER: A spider's web?

FURFUR: Give me a minute, it's fiddly.

[on the TV screen: a large spider and a small man represented in a collaged style similar to the opening theme]

MAN SHOUTING: *Hilfe mich! Hilfe mich!*

[spider eats the man's head]

GLOZIER: Comandant Glupps!

GLUPPS: *Hilfe mich! Hilfe mich!*

FURFUR: He'll be passed through the spider's digestive system, expelled as fecal matter, reconstituted as a Nazi headed fly and then whole sorry business is repeated.

GRETA: [gagging] For how long?

FURFUR: Let me check for you. Eternity. So, if you'd rather take the initial 24 hours as a living dead on Earth, just sign here, otherwise it's straight through there for *spinne* time.

HARMONLY: So... what do we do when we find the proof?

FURFUR: Just twist the jewel on this, that summons me, I'll be right there.

GLOZIER: And then what?

FUFUR: Well, I should be the one to collect the proof with this state of the art device. [takes clipboards]

FURFUR: All done. As newly inculcated members of the undead, you will experience periods of blood lust which you will have to satisfy. These cravings can only be quenched by the consumption of living human brains, just to keep you going. Any questions? Good.

-----[CHURCHYARD RUBBLE]-----

[a drunk man stands at a fire amid the rubble] *I'll... /Tell you a story /That is sure to please / Of the great farting contest / At Burton-on-Tees*

BOY: [tugging at pocketwatch] Cool. I bet that's worth a packet.

GIRL: Here, let me try.

[hand reaches out of the rubble]

[children scream and flee]

[the three zombies rise from the rubble]

[stomach loudly rumbles]

GLOZIER: I am so sorry.

GRETA: Oh, whoops.

HARMONY: All right, I'll say it. I'm starving.

DRUNK MAN [singing] *I'll... Tell you a story /That is sure to please / Of the great farting contest...*

GRETA: I suppose that's dinner

GLOZIER: [sighs]

DRUNK MAN: */Now this year's event / It drew quite a large crowd / And the betting was even / On Mrs...*

[man screams – his shadow shows the zombies tear into him]

HARMONY: I'll be honest, that wasn't... unpleasant.

GRETA: I agree. Almost... chickeny.

GLOZIER: Or chopped liver.

BOTH: Mm...

GLOZIER: Who knew living brains could be quite so... [stomach rumbling] [singing – in drunk man's accent] *But with muscles well-tensed and legs far apart / She started a final and glorious fart / Beginning with Chopin, her bottom did sing / And went right up the scales to God Save the King* [stomach rumbling]

GLOZIER: He's repeating on me, sorry.

[whistle blowing]

GLOZIER: This way, this way.

GRETA: He'll be in his bookshop.

-----[THE BOOKSHOP]-----

CROWLEY: Cheers for, um, getting me off the hook.

AZIRAPHALE: Oh, there's no need to thank me, that's what... friends are for.

CROWLEY: You're aware that you're going to be performing on the West End Stage tonight?

AZIRAPHALE: *The West End, the West End...* (giggles)

CROWLEY: It's just that those stages take some filling.

AZIRAPHALE: You're talking to the angel who fooled Nefertiti with a lone caraway seed and three cowrie shells. Aha! Professor Hoffmann's modern magic. Ah, there you are. "To Mr. Fell," that's me, "a wonderful student."

-----[THE DIRTY DONKEY]-----

GRETA: We must know what they are saying.

HARMONY: Let me look, I'm an expert lip reader. Hand me those.

-----[THE BOOKSHOP]-----

CROWLEY: Go on, then. I'm a lonely GI anxiously awaiting the arrival of the Ladies of Camelot.

Amaze me. AZIRAPHALE: Yeah, erm... [clears throat]

CROWLEY: [in old man voice] Go on, Mr. British man, wow me with your miracles.

AZIRAPHALE: [clears throat] Can I just say that I do only allow myself one tiny weeny miracle? Just to warm the audience and myself. Um... For instance, turning a common turnip into an inkwell. [clears throat] But before... that, everything... I do is accomplished by... skillful conjuring alone. Now... [clears throat] I have here a sixpence and a farthing. But... if I close my hand thusly, for but a blink of an eye...

-----[THE DIRTY DONKEY]-----

GLOZIER: Well? What is he saying?

HARMONY: He says... Banana.

GRETA: Banana.

HARMONY: Fish.

GRETA: Fish.

HARMONY: Gorilla.

GRETA: Gorilla.

HARMONY: Shoe lace.

GRETA: Shoe lace.

HARMONY: A dash of nutmeg.

GRETA: Banana, fish, gorilla, shoe lace with a dash of nutmeg. Dumbkopf!

-----[THE BOOKSHOP]-----

AZIRAPHALE: And... [blows] The farthing... has vanished. [laughs]

CROWLEY: Right. [in old man American accent] What you just did is remarkable, I don't have the foggiest notion how it's done. [slaps knee] [in normal voice] But that's a trick for close quarters, eh? What you do tonight has to be bigger.

AZIRAPHALE: I see, yeah, you're right, of course.

CROWLEY: We need something new, something dramatic. Isn't there somewhere we can... I don't know, buy tricks.

AZIRAPHALE: Well, there is ah... Will Goldstone's magic shop. But that's for professional conjurers only.

CROWLEY: You, my Nefertiti fooling fellow, are about to perform on the West End Stage. If that doesn't make you a Professional Conjurer, I don't know what does.

[Aziraphale and Crowley leave the shop and walk down the street, followed by the zombies]

-----[THE MAGIC SHOP]-----

SHOPKEEPER: Oh, that's marvelous, sir. Are you familiar with it?

AZIRAPHALE: No.

SHOPKEEPER: Well, please hand me the contents and I will gladly show you.

[Crowley opens the lid, snakes fly out]

SHOPKEEPER: (laughing) A lot of fun that, a lot of fun. And it's only two and six.

AZIRAPHALE: Oh, well, that's... not the sort of thing we're looking for. I need a showstopper. Um, oh. Like these beauties. [picks up interlocking rings] Oh, yes. You see, I do have a gift for prop... [drops ring] Um. (clears throat) Well, a sort of natural dexterity. [rings break, one flies away and collapses a card tower. Aziraphale fumbles and knocks several things off the counter]

SHOPKEEPER: What about this? We call this one the professor's nightmare. Now, I've got a big piece of rope, a medium size piece...

[Glozier stumbles into the shop]

SHOPKEEPER: Ah, with you in a few moments, sir.

GLOZIER: (grunts)

SHOPKEEPER: And a wee baby piece. Now, if I gather up the ends here, and collect all of the unequal ends here, a little tug, and they all stretch to become exactly the same length. You see the big piece is the same length as the medium size piece and the short piece is the same length as the other two.

shopkeeper: See, this one here, this one is the long piece. You can tell it apart from the others, right? Perhaps is the light. You see, there's the long piece, there's the medium piece, and there's the short piece. Now this is perfect for a talented amateur such as yourself.

AZIRAPHALE: Talented amateur? Well, I'll have you know I'm booked to appear in the West End. Uh, the Windmill Theater at 8:30 p.m. tonight. Thank you very much. Aziraphale: I'm looking for something with a bit more scale. Something climactic.

[camera zooms in on gun]

AZIRAPHALE: Like that.

CROWLEY: A Bullet Catch, lovely.

SHOPKEEPER: No, no, no. I'm afraid that's not for you, sir. What about this?

AZIRAPHALE: No, no, I've found my showstopper. How much is it?

SHOPKEEPER: You do not understand. Twelve people have died presenting this effect. Years ago, I sold one to a lovely Chinese fella and he ended up six foot under. I'd hate to see the same thing happen to you.

AZIRAPHALE: How much?

CROWLEY: Are you sure? Are you sure you are sure?

AZIRAPHALE: Quite sure. How much?

SHOPKEEPER: Two pound ten. And another four pound 15 shillings for the rifle. But you'll need a firearms license.

AZIRAPHALE: Oh, I have one of those already.

CROWLEY: You what?

AZIRAPHALE: Oh, yes, I keep a Derringer in the bookshop, inside a hollowed out book. In case I get into a scrape.

CROWLEY: You read too many books.

AZIRAPHALE: And seven pounds, and... five shillings.

SHOPKEEPER: Your life is worth a lot more than seven pounds five shillings.

GLOZIER: Hmm...

CROWLEY: [takes bill from Aziraphale's wallet] Well, is a life worth more than... 27 pounds and five shillings?

SHOPKEEPER: On your head be it. I mean, I have warned you. It'll take a miracle for you to be able to perform this safely tonight.

AZIRAPHALE: You just sell us the trick. Leave the miracles to us.

SHOPKEEPER: You don't understand, look. [opening box] Where are we? Here, you need nerves of steel. And a hand as steady as the rock of Gibraltar.

AZIRAPHALE: Well, I have those.

SHOPKEEPER: [to disguised Glozier] Sir, go and take a look at the pocket tricks over there, go on. I'll be with you in a minute. [to Aziraphale] You're going to need a 100% reliable marksman. Someone you can really trust. Otherwise, it's lethal.

AZIRAPHALE: Oh, I've got the perfect man for the job. At least, I think I have--excuse me, for one minute.

[Glozier slides ring onto left hand]

AZIRAPHALE: You'll do the shooting, I'll catch the bullet. I'll do all the hard bits. As a demon, you must have fired off a lot of guns, yeah?

CROWLEY: [hesitates] ...I'll do it.

AZIRAPHALE: Yay.

CROWLEY: But if anything goes wrong, can we agree that we break your... one miracle limit? Neither of us wants the paperwork, do we? [offers hand]

[Aziraphale shakes enthusiastically]

[Greta and Harmony gesture at Glozier; he twists the ring... and gets sprayed with ink on his face]

[Aziraphale and Crowley leave]

SHOPKEEPER: Excuse me, sir. Fake ears are two shillings, thank you very much.

GLOZIER: It's not fake. It's my own.

[Harmony and Greta enter the shop, all three advance on the shopkeeper]

SHOPKEEPER: I didn't mean it, sir. I mean, take everything you want. It's my treat. ...Sir? Sir? Please. Sir! [screams]

[stand with dolls falls over; the doll's brain falls out along with red ribbons]

-----[THEATRE]-----

ANNOUNCER: *And now, a master of misdirection, marvelous in his mystery, with miracles at his fingertips. Let us welcome the death defying prestidigitation of the amazing Mr. Fell.*

MRS H: You're on. Get on with it.

AZIRAPHALE: Those were the Ladies of Camelot, they're the bees knees. I bet you're all thinking, "What's that man doing up there, on the stage? Is he here to amaze and befuddle us all with his prestidigitation and jiggery-pokery?"

MAN IN AUDIENCE: Get on with it!

AZIRAPHALE: Oh. Um... Well, the answer is, yes, I am. Um... To amaze you, first, I shall require the assistance of a gentleman from the audience. Now, is anyone here familiar with using firearms?

[every hand --except Crowley's-- goes up]

AZIRAPHALE: Oh. Um... (curious music playing) Um... you, sir! You look like you might have a steady hand.

[Crowley reluctantly raises his hand as a spotlight falls on him]

AZIRAPHALE: Um, here, we'll escort you up onto the stage.

HARMONY: The ring. Send the signal.

AZIRAPHALE: Um... Before we begin...

[Glozier twists the ring, Furfur manifests next to him]

AZIRAPHALE: ...we just need a little something to check that the magic is working (whispers) today.

FURFUR: [punches card] Miracles blocked.

AZIRAPHALE: What have we here? A common or garden turnip. But in a blink, and before your very eyes, I transform it into an inkwell. Thank you. [flourishes, then realizes it is still a turnip]

MRS H: What on earth is he playing at? I thought you said he was a magician.

CROWLEY: He is.

AZIRAPHALE: I say again. From turnip to inkwell.

FURFUR: Booo!

[crowd boos]

[Crowley gestures, air wobbles]

AZIRAPHALE: Oh, well. Sometimes... you meet a... stubborn turnip.

[Crowley starts frantically reading the Bullet Catch booklet]

AZIRAPHALE: [clears throat] So... best get on to the main event. Tonight... I will take my life in my hands, as I dare to perform... the bullet catch! A round of applause for this total stranger.

[crowd claps]

[Glozier points]

FURFUR: Yeah.

AZIRAPHALE: My miracles aren't working.

CROWLEY: Neither are mine.

AZIRAPHALE: Now, would you be so good as to... take this rifle...

FURFUR: (camera flash)

AZIRAPHALE: Ah! The gentlemen of the press are intrigued already, I see. Uh, now, sir...

FURFUR: Got you.

AZIRAPHALE: ...I would ask that you take this bullet and load it into the rifle. Very carefully. [under his breath to Crowley] It's perfectly simple. Aim for my mouth, but shoot past my ear.

CROWLEY: I just squeeze that bit there, do I not?

AZIRAPHALE: Haven't you fired a gun before?

CROWLEY: Nnn.. Not as such.

AZIRAPHALE: If you would... load the bullet into the gun. That's right.

CROWLEY: Bullet loaded!

AZIRAPHALE: Yes, thank you. Ladies and gentleman, my volunteer here, will on... on my signal, fire the rifle at my head, and in that explosive moment, I will attempt to catch that bullet in my teeth!

[drumroll] Are you ready, sir? When you hear my signal, sir, shoot. [drum roll continues] Ready?

FURFUR: [shows card] Miracles blocked

AZIRAPHALE: Aim.

FURFUR: If that gun goes off in his face now, it'll be a right old mess. Never mind the paperwork, they probably won't be able to put him back together again. [drumroll]

MRS H: Get on with it, for God's sake.

[Crowley's hands shaking]

AZIRAPHALE: Fire! [winces]

[Crowley fires, the bullet hits the wall behind Mrs H as she ducks away]

MRS. H: What the f...

[Aziraphale holds the bullet between his teeth, audience cheers]

AZIRAPHALE: Thank you!

CROWLEY No paperwork.

AZIRAPHALE: Oh, thank you. Thank you! Aziraphale: Oh, thank you!

MRS H: Get on, girls, for God's sake.

-----[DRESSING ROOM]-----

AZIRAPHALE: But do you really think it went well?

CROWLEY: Absolutely. Chalk up a win for the side of the angels.

AZIRAPHALE: Ah! (laughs)

[knocking]

AZIRAPHALE: Enter. (door shuts)

FURFUR: Hmm, well, well, well... What have we here?

AZIRAPHALE: Sorry, have we met?

FURFUR: Oh, no, you never had the pleasure, but... we have, haven't we?

CROWLEY: Have we?

FURFUR: What do you mean "have we?" You know we have. We were in the same legion. Just before The Fall. Doing dubious battle on the plains of Heaven. Remember?

CROWLEY: I remember going into battle, I don't remember being there with you. Sorry.

FURFUR: I was right next to you. We did loads together. You use to jump on me back, little monkey in the waistcoat. Anyway, whether you do or whether you don't, it doesn't matter. I'm here to inform you, as a representative of the Higher Powers of Hell, that you, Crowley, are in breach of the Infernal Code. Consulting and collaborating with an angel, Fell the Marvelous, aka... [opens book] Azirapalala.

Azirapapap. Aziphapalala.

AZIRAPHALE: [annoyed] Aziraphale.

CROWLEY: Pure coincidence. I happen to be here, he asked for a volunteer.

FURFUR: The miraculous Bullet Catch requires the use of a trusted stooge and confidant.

AZIRAPHALE: Where did you get that booklet? It's only available to working Professional Magicians, such as myself.

FURFUR: [walks to the door] *Kommen sie herein bitte.*

[zombies shuffle in]

HARMONY: Be it be. Got it from the man in the magic shop just after you left. It was... (laughs) his last wish that we should have it.

AZIRAPHALE: But you're dead.

FURFUR: Living dead. Now, agents of Hell.

(zombies screaming)

[Furfur hands EVIDENCE envelope to Crowley, Crowley pulls out photo, hands it to Aziraphale]

FURFUR: Don't bother trying any funny business, I think you'll find someone who has great authority has put a half hour miracle block on this entire theater.

CROWLEY: Who?

FURFUR: Me! Who do you think? Come on, come on. [holds out hand for envelope, Aziraphale gives it back] Erm... All right, Crowley. Shall we?

CROWLEY: Oh, we shan't, this is ridiculous. [leans back and puts hat over his face]

FURFUR: No, what's ridiculous is demons like you doing what they please. And somehow still getting on, while demons like me graft for hundreds and hundreds of millennia and never get a sniff of a promotion! Well, not this time. Expect a Legion to come for you first thing tomorrow. Enjoy your last night on Earth.

GRETA: But first, what about our deal? Freedom from Damnation.

FURFUR: Absolutely. You're free to go. Ta-da.

GRETA: But you can't leave us like this.

GLOZIER: You need to make us into living humans.

FURFUR: Oh, no, uh... clause 17. Un-revocable eternal life on Earth as zombies. Granted. [disappears]

HARMONY: Might be all right. [arm falls off]
[they shuffle out]

-----[HELL]-----

FURFUR: Thank you for seeing me, your maleficences. I took this photograph of Crowley and Aziraphale together.

DAGON: So you have your audience for the dark council then?

FURFUR: I hear there are vacancies in... Temptations?

DAGON: Indeed there are. But I'm afraid it looks like you'll be staying right here.

FURFUR: Eh? [opens envelope to find a Ladies of Camelot flyer] Oh, hang on, that's not... (sighs)
But... [looks to Shax, who shrugs]

-----[THE BOOKSHOP]-----

CROWLEY: [looking at the photo] How? There was a miracle blocker in the room, I saw you put it back in the envelope.

AZIRAPHALE: Who needs a miracle when you've had private lessons from the great Prof. Hoffmann himself. I simply say the magic words. Banana, fish, gorilla, shoe lace, with a dash of nutmeg, and...
[drops photo] Well, I got it right the time that mattered.

CROWLEY: You really are... terrible at magic. Shall we retire the act?

AZIRAPHALE: Perhaps. Might be for the best.

CROWLEY: Hmm.

AZIRAPHALE: I ah, I knew you would come through for me. You always do.

CROWLEY: Well, you said "trust me."

AZIRAPHALE: And you did. You could've walked away. If you were truly as evil as you like to paint yourself, you would've done.

CROWLEY: Nah. That's the trouble with you lot. You don't just see things in black and white. Sometimes, you've just gotta blur the edges.

AZIRAPHALE: Well, maybe there is something to be said for. Shades of grey. [glasses clink]

CROWLEY: Well, shades of... dark grey.

AZIRAPHALE: Shades of a very light grey, I rather fancy.

-----[HELL, PRESENT DAY]-----

DEMON JOSH: State your business.

SHAX: Oh, for Satan's sake, you know who I am. I have an appointment with Lord Beelzebub.

JOSH: State your business.

SHAX: (sighs) I am Shax, demon of the fifth house, earthly representative of plenipotentiary of the vastness of Hell. Here to see Lord Beelzebub.

JOSH: Well, you're not on the list. What's it about?

SHAX: Let me in to see Lord Beelzebub or I will rearrange your vital organs and hang them on the wall. In a frame.

JOSH: Ah, fair enough. (door opens) Shax, demon of the fifth house. BEELZEBUB: Well? What news?

SHAX: The Angel went to Edinburgh.

BEELZEBUB: Which Angel?

SHAX: You know which one. Crowley's pet.

BEELZEBUB: Why Edinburgh?

SHAX: Not sure. Maybe they want us to think Gabriel is in Edinburgh. Maybe Crowley wants the angel to make us think Gabriel is in Edinburgh.

BEELZEBUB: Maybe... Maybe he actually is in Edinburgh.

SHAX: Oh, he's not in Edinburgh.

BEELZEBUB: Why not?

SHAX: Because he's in the bookshop.

BEELZEBUB: Gabriel's in the bookshop? You're certain of it?

SHAX: Yes.

BEELZEBUB: Thank you, Shax. Good work. [dismissive wave] ...Yes?

SHAX: Now that we've located Gabriel, what do we do?

BEELZEBUB: Well, we formulate a plan.

SHAX: I formulated a plan. I take a legion of demons and we storm the bookshop, killing anyone and anything that stands in our way. We capture Gabriel and we drag him as tribute before the throne of Satan, our master.

BEELZEBUB: Can you enter the bookshop, without permission?

SHAX: Not technically, no. But give me a legion of Hell's finest troops and see what I can do. It's a chance I've been waiting for, Lord Beelzebub. To be clear, you are hereby authorizing me to storm the angel's bookshop, sending wave after wave of demons to besiege it until it falls and capture the Archangel, destroying anything and everything that stands in our way?

BEELZEBUB: No. I am not authorizing you to do that.

SHAX: Oh.

BEELZEBUB: I am commanding you to do it. I want you there, Shax. On the ground. Bravely leading the attack into the bookshop, leading the army of the damned.

SHAX: [grins] I can do that.

-----[WHICKBER STREET]-----

[The Bentley pulls up outside the coffee shop. Aziraphale gets out and pats the roof]

[Nina arrives on bicycle]

AZIRAPHALE: Oh.

NINA: Oi, you need to put your brakes on. [the Bentley is creeping forward]

AZIRAPHALE: Now go back to where I parked you. [Bentley reverses]

NINA: [checks phone. Text message: IF YOU HAD ANY SELF-RESPECT YOU WOULD NOT HAVE LEFT THIS MORNING. I HAD A LOT MORE TO SAY. I CANNOT BELIEVE HOW SELF-CENTERED YOU ARE]

-----[BOOKSHOP, EXTERIOR]-----

CROWLEY: [shoving box of plants at Aziraphale] There you are! I was worried something might've happened to you.

AZIRAPHALE: Erm, no, nothing happened to me. Very uneventful journey indeed, no strange things at all.

CROWLEY: Good, that's what we want to hear.

AZIRAPHALE: Erm, everything okay with...?

CROWLEY: Oh, yeah, fine. He's singing to himself. I- I think he must've been asleep, I heard snoring coming from his bedroom. [To the Bentley, cooing] Did you miss me? I bet you did.

AZIRAPHALE: I'm sure it did.

CROWLEY: So... Any more clues from the mystery of the missing Archangel?

AZIRAPHALE: Not exactly. Or, if there are, I haven't yet cracked the case. But I'm certainly hot on the

trail of something.

CROWLEY: I'm sure you are. Oh, by the way, the whole sudden rain and awning thing was a complete washout.

AZIRAPHALE: Sorry?

CROWLEY: You know, project mm-mm making Nina fall in love with Maggie. I failed, it's your go.

AZIRAPHALE: Oh, I see. Well, then. Whickber Street Traders and Shopkeepers Association monthly meeting, here we come.

CROWLEY: You're really hosting the meeting?

AZIRAPHALE: Absolutely. And I can guarantee you it will be a night to remember.

[END CREDITS]