

# Ghost Of The Robot, Clips From Buffy And Angel

Spike (imitating woman): How can I thank you, you mysterious black-clad hunk of a knight thing?  
Spike (imitating Angel): No need, little lady. Your tears of gratitude are enough for me. You see, I  
Spike (imitating woman): But there must be some way I can show my appreciation.  
Spike (imitating Angel): No! Helping those in need is my job.  
And working up a load of sexual tension, then prancing away like a magnificent poof is truly thanks  
Spike (imitating woman): I understand. I have a nephew who's gay.  
Spike (imitating Angel): Say no more! Evil's still afoot. And I'm almost out of the nancy boy hair gel  
Quickly! To the Angel-mobile! Away!

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Oz: Hello, L.A.  
Cordelia: Oz? Oh my god, Oz! I am so happy to see you! Good ol' Oz. Oz! Oz!  
Doyle: Lemme just take a stab at this -- you'd be Oz?  
Oz: Good guess.  
Cordelia: This is so cool...I mean here you are, in L.A. and you're the total embodiment of all things  
Oz: Well, it's a burden, but I manage.  
Cordelia: OK! We have serious catching up to do. How's everything?  
How's, How's the Bronze?  
Oz: The same.  
Cordelia: And the gang?  
Oz: They're good.  
Cordelia: Good, GOOD!...GOOD!  
Oz: We done?  
Cordelia: Completely.

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Cordelia: So I've heard. But I doubt very much that the main  
characters are Betty and Barney Rubble, as you so vehemently  
insisted last night. Also, I don't think Oz appreciated being called "my little Bam-Bam"

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Cordelia: Spike's nearly done Buffy in a few times. Did I mention he's killed two slayers already?  
Doyle: You did.  
Cordelia: Oh! And this one time he and Dru raised this demon that burned people alive from the inside  
Doyle: An arm in a box?

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Spike: What is it with you good guys runnin' in packs? Who's this one, then?  
Doyle: More than meets the eye, blondie. Where's Angel?  
Spike: Tall brooding guy? Caveman brow? He's having  
the living Hell tortured out of him.

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Spike: SON OF A BITCH! I do the work, I do the digging, fight off the slayer, drive to L.A. I hire the

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Angel: I don't know about you, but I had a nice day. You know, except for the fact that I was nearly  
Doyle: But you stood up'  
Angel: Oh god, I was this close to telling them everything.  
I mean, one more hot poker and I was giving them the ring, your mom, everything. . . . How is your