

## The Freshman

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*This episode was originally broadcast on October 5, 1999.*

*Revised: October 15, 1999.*

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### Prologue

*It's night in the cemetery and Buffy is pacing back and forth. Willow is seated cross-legged reading papers.*

**Buffy** *sighing* Anything?

**Willow** Ah! 'Introduction to the Modern Novel.' "A survey study of twentieth century novelists." Open to freshmen, you might like that.

**Buffy** 'Introduction to the Modern Novel?' I'm guessing I'd probably have to read the modern novel.

**Willow** Maybe more than one.

**Buffy** I like books. I just don't want to take on too much. Do they have an introduction to the modern blurb?

**Willow** Oh! Short story.

**Buffy** Well, that's good.

**Willow** Oh, no. It conflicts with Psych.

**Buffy** Maybe I shouldn't take Psych.

**Willow** You gotta. I-It's fun, a-and you can use it as your science requirement. Anyway, Professor Walsh is supposed to be great. She's like, world-renowned.

**Buffy** How do you get to be renowned? I mean, like, do you have to be 'nowned' first?

**Willow** Yes, first there's the painful 'nowning' process. Wait! 'Images of Pop Culture.' This is good. T-They watch movies, T-TV shows, even commercials.

**Buffy** For credit?

**Willow** Heh. Isn't college cool?

**Buffy** How'd I miss that one?

*Buffy walks over and sits beside her.*

**Willow** Well, you did sort of wait till the last minute with your course selection.

**Buffy** Sorry, 'Miss I-chose-my-major-in-playgroup.'

**Willow** That's an exaggeration. I just, you know, think it's good to be prepared. Don't want to be caught un-  
awares.

*Behind them a hand thrusts up out of a fresh grave.*

**Buffy** Well I've been busy! It's been a very slay-heavy summer. I just haven't had a whole lot of time to think about life at UC Sunnydale.

*A vampire's head and shoulders emerge from the grave.*

**Willow** It's exciting, though, isn't it?

**Buffy** Yeah! It's gonna be an adjustment.

**Willow** Yeah, it's like, five miles away. It's uncharted territory.

*The vampire struggles to climb up.*

**Buffy** Giles said I have to be secret-identity gal again.

**Willow** That makes sense.

*The vampire makes it out of the grave and starts walking toward them, his face vamped out.*

**Buffy** It's gonna be tough, though... with a roommate.

**Willow** Yeah.

**Buffy** I'm psyched about college. *The vampire smiles as he gets closer.*

**Buffy** Definitely. *He stops as he sees weapons stacked against a gravestone.*

**Buffy** I just need to figure out how it's going to work with my extra-curricular activities. *The vamp looks at Buffy, the smile gone.*

**Buffy** I just can't let it take the edge off my slaying. *Shaking his head, the vampire turns and walks away.*

**Buffy** I gotta stay sharp. *She looks behind her toward the fresh grave.) Is this guy ever gonna wake up?*

### Part 1

*Buffy is standing in the middle of a quad with students milling all around her. She's looking around.*

**Student Volunteer** FRESHMEN! WE'RE DOING THIS BY FOLDER COLOR! IF YOU'RE NOT HOLDING ON TO

A YELLOW FOLDER, YOU'RE IN THE WRONG GROUP. YOU BELONG UP BY WIESMAN HALL. *She points. Buffy looks at the folders in her arms but doesn't see a yellow one. She starts to walk in the indicated direction.*

*Girl standing in front of banner that reads "THIS MUST STOP"*

**Girl** Not gonna take it!

**Crowd** No!

**Girl** Don't take it lying down!

**Crowd** No!

**Girl** What do we want?

**Crowd** *Unintelligible... Food?*

**Girl** When do we want it?

**Crowd** Now!

*A student walks up and hands her a flier.*

**Boy** Rally, tomorrow night. We have to let the administration know how we feel.

**Buffy** Yeah, right.

*Another student hands her another flier.*

**Girl** Have you accepted Jesus Christ as your personal savior?

**Buffy** Uh, you know I meant to and then I just got really busy.

*A third student hands her yet another flier.*

**Boy** Party, Thursday at Alpha Delt, you gotta be there. Free Jello shots for freshman women.

**Buffy** Hey, you guys know where Wiesman hall is?

*But the student is already accosting someone else. Buffy continues walking and Willow meets up with her.*

**Willow** Buffy, Hey!

**Buffy** Oh, boy am I glad to see you.

*They continue walking.*

**Willow** Isn't this cool? There's so much going on.

**Buffy** Yeah. Almost, one might say, too much.

**Willow** I got all my courses... except for 'Modern Poetry', I had to switch to 'Ethno-musicology.' But that's cool, West-African drumming, I think it's going to change everything. Have you met your roommate yet?

**Buffy** No.

**Willow** Me neither. I hope she's cool.

**Buffy** *Indicating the fliers in Willow's hands.* I see you got ticketed too.

**Willow** Yes! I've heard about five different issues and I'm angry about each and every one of them. What'd you get?

**Buffy** 'Jello shots.'

**Willow** I didn't get 'Jello shots!' *She picks a flier out and tries to hand it to Buffy.* I-I'll trade you for a-a 'Take Back the Night.'

*Buffy hands over all her fliers with a smile.*

**Buffy** Are we heading anywhere near Wiesman Hall? I still need to get my I.D. card.

**Willow** Oh, I got mine this morning. The lines are really long now, you should have gone early.

**Buffy** Well, I hope that I learn from this experience, and that I grow.

**Willow** I'm being annoying, aren't I?

**Buffy** No, it's nice that you're excited.

**Willow** It's just in High School, knowledge was pretty much frowned upon. You really had to work to learn anything. But here, the energy, the collective intelligence, it's like this force, this penetrating force, and I can just feel my mind opening up—you know?—and letting this place thrust into and spurt knowledge into... That sentence ended up in a different place than it started out in.

**Buffy** I'm with you, though, I'm all for spurty knowledge. It's just, a little overwhelming. Don't you feel it?

**Willow** Well, I'm... *Gasp* Ooh, boyfriend! My on-campus boyfriend. *Oz comes up and he and Willow kiss.*

**Buffy** Oh no, I forgot to pick mine up. Line's probably really long there, too.

**Willow** How are you?

**Oz** Good. It's pretty much a madhouse, a madhouse.

**Buffy** I know, I was just saying that to Willow. I mean it's just so overwhelming. Don't you feel completely disoriented?

**Paul** Oz! *A student comes up to them.*

**Oz** Hey, Paul.

**Paul** Finally matriculating with us, very cool! Tell me you're playing this week!

**Oz** Thursday night, Alpha Delta.

**Willow** Ooh! *She holds up a flier.* I have that one!

**Paul** I'm bringing the wrecking crew. Jello shots? Hmm? Do you know where they're distributing the work study applications?

**Oz** *Points.* Back of Richmond Hall, next to the auditorium.

**Paul** Thanks. Seeya bro. *He walks off.*

**Oz** Go get'em. *He remembers what Buffy was talking about.* My band's played here a lot. It's still all new. I don't know what the hell's going on. *He sees someone.* Hey, Doug!

*Later, Buffy and Willow are indoors, walking along a hallway.*

**Willow** Library... ooh! Library. C'mon. *They start climbing a flight of stairs.*

**Buffy** It's too bad Giles can't be librarian here. Be convenient.

*They reach a landing and turn left to continue up another flight.*

**Willow** Well, he says that he's enjoying being a gentleman of leisure.

**Buffy** Gentleman of leisure? Isn't that just british for unemployed?

**Willow** Uh-huh, he's a slacker now.

**Buffy** Speaking of slack, have you heard anything from Xander?

**Willow** Not for awhile, he's still on his cross-country-see-America thing. *They reach another landing and turn to climb yet another flight.* He said he wasn't coming back until he had driven to all fifty states.

**Willow** Did you explain about Hawaii?

**Willow** Oh, he seemed so determined.

**Willow** I hope he gets back soon. It'd be fun to have the whole gang back together—you know?—hanging out in the... library. Wow!

*They enter the library, a huge room with a vaulting cupola ceiling.*

**Willow** Oh my gosh! Isn't this amazing?

**Willow** It's... cozy.

**Willow** You know I never wanted to hurt Giles' feelings, but occult books aside, our old library just didn't have the greatest selection. But this!

**Willow** Yeah, this is great, you know, if we ever need a place for the Nuremburg rallies.

**Willow** This is a real library. *Someone shushes them.* See we even have to whisper. It's like a whole new world. *The bookstore. Students are milling about carrying books in shopping baskets. Buffy carries an arm full of books and Willow comes up with a basket.*

**Willow** Here.

**Willow** Thanks. *Buffy puts the books in the basket.* Can't wait till mom get's the bill for these books, I hope it's a funny aneurism.

**Willow** 'Introduction to Psychology.' Oh, up there. *She indicates three of four books stacked on the edge of the top of a bookshelf.*

**Willow** I'll get'em. You know, this store discriminates against short people.

**Willow** Oh, I think there's a protest next week.

*Buffy reaches up and accidentally knocks the books off.*

**Willow** Woah, oh. *They fall on the head of a young man crouched underneath. He staggers back but recovers.* Oh, ahh. Oh god, I'm so sorry.

*He stands up.*

**Willow** I'm okay. It's okay. Well, that was bracing.

**Willow** I'm so... the books were just too high, and then everything was bad. *She bends down to pick up the books.*

**Willow** Let me give you a hand. *He bends down and picks up some books.* Let's put a few of these down here. *He puts them on a lower shelf.* So, uh, are you girls taking Intro Psych, or do you just want me dead?

**Willow** Uh-huh. I mean the first one.

**Willow** Well, you'll have a lot of fun. Professor Walsh—she's quite a character.

**Willow** You've taken it?

**Willow** I'm a TA, I'll be helping the Professor out. I'm sorry, I've forgotten my manners in all the concussion...

I'm Riley.

**Willow** Willow, and this is my friend Buffy.

**Riley** It's nice to meet you both.

**Buffy** I'm nice to meet.

**Willow** Hey, do you know if we're going to be studying 'Operant Conditioning' in the first semester? 'Cause I hear that's kinda Professor Walsh's specialty.

**Riley** Absolutely. Do you know her treatise on Dietricks work?

**Willow** I know of it.

**Riley** It's not in the syllabus, but it's a fascinating read... if you're in to that sort of thing. They have it here.

**Willow** Oh, where?

**Riley** I'll show you. I don't meet that many freshmen that know that much about psychology.

**Willow** Well, it's fascinating.

**Buffy** Yeah, you know, 'cause everyone's got a brain. *Riley half smiles politely and starts leading the way.* Or, almost everyone. *She follows Riley and Willow.*

*Dorm corridor. Buffy works her way through milling students, both male and female. She enters a dorm room with two beds and two desks. She sees another young woman there unpacking a suitcase laying on one of the beds.*

**Buffy** Hi.

**Kathy** *Looks up.* Oh, hi! Are you Buffy?

**Buffy** Yeah.

**Kathy** Kathy.

**Buffy** Hi, it's nice to meet you.

**Kathy** Yeah!

*Buffy puts her things down on a desk and crosses over to the bed and sits down.*

**Buffy** So, it's, ah... it's a pretty nice room.

**Kathy** Hmm! I was surprised, 'cause you hear horror stories about freshmen housing. You took the right side?

**Buffy** Yeah, umm, but if you want it...

**Kathy** No, no. I just wanted to make sure that's what you wanted. Exited for classes tomorrow?

**Buffy** Painfully.

**Kathy** *Laughs* I bet there's going to be a lot of parties to go to this week, too. Not that I'm a crazy partier. Oh, and I'm not always this hyper, either. I'm just excited.

**Buffy** Yeah, me too.

*Kathy crosses the room and picks up a folded poster and carries it to a wall on her side of the room.*

**Kathy** I am really glad they put me with somebody cool... I can tell that you're cool. I just know that this whole year is going to be super fun! *She unfolds the poster onto the wall revealing it to be of Celine Dion.*

*Night time. Buffy is laying in bed listening to Kathy snore, smack her lips and mumble in her sleep.*

*Day time. Buffy is in a lecture hall while Professor Reegert gives his introductory lecture.*

**Professor Reegert** The point of this course is not to critique popular American culture. It is not to pick at it, or look down upon it. And it is not to watch videos for credit. *Small laughter from students.* The point is to examine...

**Buffy** *Whispers to student beside her* Do you know if this class is full yet?

**Professor Reegert** And there are two people talking at once, and I know that one of them is me. And the other is... a blonde girl. You, blonde girl. Stand up. I'm very excited to hear what you have to say that's worth interrupting my lecture for.

*Buffy stands.*

**Buffy** I was just asking if the class was still open, if I could still sign up.

**Professor Reegert** *Picks up a clipboard.* If your name isn't on this sheet then you are wasting everyone's time. Are you on the sheet?

**Buffy** They told me that if I just...

**Professor Reegert** Do you understand? You are sucking energy from everyone in this room. They came here to learn. Get out!

**Buffy** I didn't mean to... suck.

**Professor Reegert** Leave! *She starts to leave.* Thank you. *She walks out.*

*Busy hallway. Buffy is looking around. Riley comes up to her.*

**Riley** If, uh, you're looking for Psych, it's through here. *He points.*

**Buffy** Oh, thanks. How's your head?

**Riley** Sorry?

**Buffy** Yesterday. In the bookstore. You don't remember.

**Riley** Oh no, sure, I remember you. You're Willow's friend.

**Buffy** Yeah.

**Riley** My head is fine, it just stung for a bit and I lost most of my basic motor functions. It's no biggie. *They reach the lecture hall.* We're here. I'm sorry, I'm trying to remember you.

**Buffy** Buffy.

**Riley** Buffy, right. Have fun tonight, ok?

**Buffy** Thanks. *She starts toward the tiers and turns back.*

**Buffy** You know, I was just wondering. Professor Walsh isn't planning on yelling at me and kicking me out of the class, is she?

**Riley** It's not in her lesson plan.

**Buffy** Great. *She turns back to the tiers and spots Willow and Oz. Willow waves to her, and Buffy climbs up to sit beside her.*

**Willow** How was pop culture?

**Buffy** I decided not to take it. It seemed dull.

*Professor Walsh comes into the lecture hall and Riley hands her a sheet of paper.*

**Professor Walsh** Ok. This is Psych 105, 'Introduction to Psychology', I'm Professor Walsh. Those of you who fall under my good graces will come to know me as Maggie. Those of you who don't will come to know me by the name my TAs use, and think I don't know about, 'The Evil Bitch Monster of Death.' Make no mistake, I run a hard class, I assign a lot of work, I talk fast and I expect you to keep up. If you're looking to coast I recommend 'Geology 101,' that's where the football players are.

*It's night time and Buffy is walking along a walkway looking around. She looks behind her and collides with another student.*

**Buffy** Ooh!

**Eddie** Wow, sorry.

**Buffy** No, I-I wasn't looking.

**Eddie** Did you, uh, lose your way?

**Buffy** Me? Oh, no, no, I'm just going to Fischer Hall. Which I know is on the Earth planet. Recently voted 'Most Pathetic.' Uh-huh.

**Eddie** Hmm, well, I'm lost and I have a map. *He holds it up.* So...

**Buffy** Ooh, I come in second. I'm Buffy, by the way.

**Eddie** Eddie.

**Buffy** Ok, so... *They both study the map.* That's Fischer Hall, right?

**Eddie** Ok, and this is Dunwirth Building, that's my dorm... it's just... it's us I can't find.

**Buffy** Are we the blue part?

**Eddie** No... yes!

**Buffy** Ok, right, so I-I came from there, then we just wanna go that way *She points.* to the bike path.

**Eddie** You sound very certain, I'm in. *They start walking and he sees the books in Buffy's arms.* You're taking 'Psych 105' with Professor Walsh.

**Buffy** Yeah, I mean, I'm gonna try. She's not afraid of the long words, huh?

**Eddie** Yeah, she's pretty intense. A lot of the courses are really tough.

**Buffy** I'm a little upset. I had it on good authority that this was a party school.

**Eddie** I think it's supposed to get easier.

**Buffy** I still feel like carrying around a security blanket.

**Eddie** 'Of Human Bondage.' Have you ever read it?

**Buffy** Oh, I'm not really into porn... I mean I'm just... I'm trying to cut way back.

**Eddie** *Laughs.* No, there's no actual bondage, it's just a novel. I've read it, like, ten times. I always keep it by my bed... security blanket.

**Buffy** I don't really have a security blanket... unless you count Mr. Pointy.

**Eddie** Mr. Pointy?

**Buffy** Oh, bike path. So it's nice to know that I'm not the only entirely confused person on this campus.

**Eddie** I suspect there's a lot of us.

**Buffy** Well, I'll look for you in Psych.

**Eddie** Yeah, maybe we can help each other figure out what the hell they're talking about.

**Buffy** *Laughs.* Ok.

**Eddie** Maybe even make it through the year. *Laughs.*

**Buffy** Goodnight.

**Eddie** Night.

*Buffy walks away. Eddie smiles pleasantly at her retreating form and then turns to walk in the opposite direction. He gets a few feet when he's grabbed from behind, a hand over his mouth. He looks up at his assailant and sees that his face is vamped out. He also sees two other vampires, young looking man and woman. They part to reveal a young, attractive blonde woman Face not vamped out. who takes a few steps toward him.*

**Sunday** I'm sorry... did you lose your way?

## Part 2

*Night time. Dorm room, single. The door opens and the vampires enter and start gathering everything up. One sits at the desk and writes something on notebook paper, he tears it out of the book and places it on the bare mattress.*

*Psych class is over, students are gathering their things and leaving. Buffy is looking around for Eddie.*

**Oz** You looking for someone?

**Buffy** Yeah.

**Willow** You made a friend? Good for you.

**Buffy** Thanks, mom.

*The same single dorm room, Eddie's RA is showing Buffy the empty room.*

**RA** Yeah, Eddie just took off, packed his stuff, left a note. Happens sometimes. People just can't handle it. There's always a few kids who lose it early in the first semester and just bail.

*Buffy crosses to the bed and picks up the note. She sits on the bed while reading it.*

*The note says, 'This is too much to handle. I can't take it anymore. No time to say goodbye! Eddie'*

**RA** Weak ones, I guess. *He leaves.*

*Buffy lays the note on the bedside table and notices the drawer is partly open. She opens it to reveal a paperback book. It's Eddie's copy of M. Somerset Maugham's 'Of Human Bondage.' She takes it out of the drawer and looks at it intently.*

*Indoors. A cluttered room. Eddie is lying dead. The vamps are poring through his things, FatVamp is checking out a purple sweater. Sunday is seated in a chair that is raised off the floor somewhat, making it look like a throne. She is going through Eddie's CDs, tossing them aside one by one.*

**Sunday** Boring, boring, boring, boring, boring, boring, sigh astonishingly boring... we... we have to kill some cooler people. Will somebody remind me?

**FatVamp** *Now wearing the sweater.* You were the one who said pick on the weak ones, thin the herd and all that. Does this sweater make me look fat?

**Sunday** No, the fact that you're fat makes you look fat. That sweater just makes you look purple.

**FatVamp** You're such a loser.

**Sunday** Hey, words can hurt like a fist.

**SpicoliVamp** Hey, check it out. *He holds up a folded poster.*

**Sunday** Well? Do we have a Klimt? *He opens it. Yes!*

**SpicoliVamp** *Carrying it over to a wall with two different styles of posters on it. Big score for Klimt! He staples the poster to the wall. Monet still well in the lead, but look out for team Klimt, coming from behind. He makes a mark on a white board under the 'Klimt' heading.*

**Sunday** Freshmen! Man, they're so predictable.

**SpicoliVamp** And you can never eat just one.

**FatVamp** Yeah, I'm hungry!

**Sunday** What a shock. We eat when I say we eat.

**FatVamp** Well, we could hit the tunnels...

**Sunday** We eat *she vamps out and roars* when I say we eat.

**FatVamp** God, lighten up.

**SpicoliVamp** I think it's funny when you scream... it's like... *he roars* whoa!

**Sunday** I got ta get me some better lackeys. I swear, you guys are useless. *she gets up and starts crossing the room* I shouldn't even take you on the hunt.

**FatVamp** Great! Why don't you let dead Eddie get your dinner.

**Sunday** That's pretty much the plan. *She walks past Eddie, who opens his eyes at that moment.*

*Giles' apartment. Buffy opens the door while knocking. She enters, closes the door, and walks to the middle of the room. David Bowie is playing in the background.*

**Buffy** Giles?

*We see an attractive black woman in the kitchen through the opening over the counter.*

**Olivine** Rupert, is this Bleu cheese or is it just cheese that's gone blue? *She reaches the front room and sees Buffy, she appears to be wearing a shirt and nothing else. You're not Giles.*

**Buffy** Uhm... you know the door was open, so I just... uh, Giles does still live here, right?

**Olivia** He does.

Giles coughs in the background and the music cuts off.

**Olivia** He appears. *Giles comes out of the hallway. He's wearing a bathrobe.* Rupert, you have a guest.

**Giles** Buffy! Hello.

**Buffy** Is this a bad time?

**Giles** No! Oh, uh, forgive me. This, uh... this is, uh, Olivia. She's, uh, an old friend, she's staying here for a few days.

**Olivia** Couldn't pass through sunny Cal without looking up ol' Ripper.

**Buffy** Uh huh.

**Giles** Buffy's a, uh, was a student of mine. How's, uh, how is university?

**Buffy** Pretty much the same as high school, in the sense that I need help.

**Giles** Ahh... help... yes.

**Buffy** But, this just looks like a bad time.

**Olivia** No, you guys talk. I'll just go slip into something a little less comfortable. *She and Giles share a look and she leaves the room.*

**Giles** So, uh, trouble with, uh, studies?

**Buffy** This is a bad time.

**Giles** You keep saying that.

**Buffy** Well it looks pretty bad! I think someone had just a little too much free time on their hands.

**Giles** I'm not supposed to have a private life?

**Buffy** No! *In a whiny voice.* 'Cause you're very, very old, and it's gross.

**Giles** Well, before I succumb to the ravages of age, why don't you tell me what brings you here.

**Buffy** There's this student missing.

**Giles** Yes?

**Buffy** Eddie. He's supposed to have left school but... I just don't think he did. I met him outside last night, and then I went back where we met, and it looked there had been a struggle.

**Giles** And?

**Buffy** And we need to stop this! And Eddie's RA said kids disappear a lot. There could be a gang of vampires working the campus. We need research, an-an-and charts and stuff.

**Giles** I-I still don't see where I fit in. You haven't described anything that you can't do yourself.

**Buffy** Ok, remember before you became Hugh Hefner when you used to be a watcher?

**Giles** Officially you know longer have a watcher. Buffy, you know I'll always be here when you need me. Your safety is more important to me than anything but,

you're going to have to take care of yourself. You're out of school and I can't always be there to guide you.

**Buffy** I'm sorry to bug you.

**Giles** Buffy, I...

**Buffy** Oh! No! I mean yeah, you're... you're right. I can handle it. It's just that... I'm on it.

**Giles** I-I'm here if you need me. *She leaves.*

**Olivia** *Walking into the room.* She's gone?

**Giles** Yes.

**Olivia** So, did you help her?

**Giles** I'm not sure.

*Night time, outside. Buffy is walking along and there are students everywhere.*

**Buffy** How am I supposed to hunt in this mob? Don't you people have homes?

*She sees a young man walking away, he looks over at her and she sees that it's Eddie.*

**Buffy** Eddie?

*She runs after him.*

**Buffy** Eddie! Eddie, hey, wait up!

*She catches up with him in a secluded spot next to a bulletin board.*

**Buffy** God I was worried that something had happened to you...

*He turns around all vamped out.*

**Buffy** ...and of course it has, 'cause you're a vampire. I'm sorry.

**Eddie** I'm not.

*He attacks. She uses his own momentum to keep him off balance and stakes him when he charges again. He disappears into dust. Behind Buffy, Sunday watches from a concrete dais.*

**Sunday** Slayer! *Buffy turns and sees her.* Wow, uhm, I heard you might be coming here. *The other vamps come out of hiding and surround Buffy.* This is, I mean, what a challenge! The slayer!

**Buffy** And you are?

**Sunday** I'm... I'm Sunday, I'll be killing you here in a minute or so.

**Buffy** You know that threat gets more frightening every time I hear it.

**SpicoliVamp** Uhh... are we gonna fight? Or is there just gonna be a monster sarcasm rally?

**FatVamp** I'm in for a piece.

**Buffy** Everybody gets to play.

**Sunday** Guys, this is totally mine.

**SpicoliVamp** Ok, but you gotta share the eatin'. 'Cause I'm thinkin' slayer's blood's gotta be-Whoa!-like Thai Stick.

**Buffy** I thought people were suppose to get smarter in college?

**Sunday** Yeah, I think you had a lot of misconceptions about college. Like that anyone would be caught dead wearing that.

*Buffy looks down at her clothes. When she looks up, Sunday punches her. Buffy falls and Sunday tries to kick her, but Buffy blocks it and throws two punches. Sunday ducks one and blocks the other, and lands another punch, sending Buffy sprawling again. When Buffy tries to get up Sunday kicks her in the face. Buffy tries to slug her in the stomach but Sunday grabs her wrist and throws her onto the dais. Buffy tries to hit back but Sunday grabs her by the throat.*

**Sunday** Don't take this the wrong way, but... *She punches her in the face again. You fight like a girl. She throws Buffy off the dais and somersaults off. Buffy*

*gets to her feet and kicks her in the midsection. She misses another kick to the head but lands one to Sunday's face. She throws a punch but Sunday grabs her arm, swings her around and throws her onto the hood of a pickup truck parked nearby. Buffy tries to up but Sunday jumps onto the hood and kicks her in the back, sending her up onto the roof. Buffy tries a left handed punch but Sunday grabs the wrist, jumps onto the roof and brings her knee up into the arm. There is a cracking sound. She throws Buffy, who bounces off the hood onto the ground. Buffy stands up holding her left arm close to her chest. She looks at the other vamps, who are smiling, and takes off. She falls once onto the grass but gets up and runs away. Sunday hops down from the truck.*

**Sunday** Freshmen!

### Part 3

*Buffy's dorm room, night time. Kathy is snoring again. Buffy is sitting on her bed, bruised and tending to her arm. She carefully moves it away from her chest, holding it with her other hand, and grunts in pain.*

*Exterior of a building, day time. Buffy opens the door one handed and exits. She is still bruised. She sees Willow and Oz talking with another student and avoids them.*

*Interior, the vamps lair. Through boarded up windows we see that it's daylight. The vamps are gathered around and laughing. Sunday is sitting on a couch.*

**SpicoliVamp** N-n-n-n-no! The best part was when you ragged on her clothes. She was like, 'No! Not the ensemble!' *All the vamps laugh.*

**Sunday** Those Jeans? With the little patches? She has no one to blame but herself.

**FatVamp** I heard they're coming back.

**Sunday** Not if I kill every single person who wears them.

**FatVamp** I still think you should've let us have a piece, we could've finished here off.

**Sunday** She's not gonna last the night, she's a done deal. In fact, guys, you're gonna hit the tunnels.

*The Summers residence, daylight. Buffy enters through the kitchen door, still favoring her left arm.*

**Buffy** Mom?

*She goes upstairs and Joyce, coming out into the hallway, sees her.*

**Joyce** Buffy.

**Buffy** Hi.

**Joyce** Honey, how are you? *She hugs her and Buffy hugs back, one armed.*

**Buffy** I'm ok.

**Joyce** How's college? You've been fighting.

**Buffy** Oh, uh, they started it.

**Joyce** Just as long as you're being careful. I-I really didn't think you'd show up here for a while.

*They walk towards Buffy's room.*

**Buffy** Oh, I didn't have classes today, and everything's just been so hectic I figured it'd be nice to come and crash for...

*They reach her room and Buffy sees that it's crammed with wooden crates.*

**Joyce** Oh, well yeah. You know, I-I didn't think you'd be back for a couple of weeks. Uh, but I didn't move anything, it's still your room.

**Buffy** You filled it with packing crates.

**Joyce** Yeah, but I didn't move anything.

**Buffy** If it's still my room, shouldn't I still be able to fit in it?

**Joyce** Well it's just for a couple of weeks while we do inventory at the gallery. I just really didn't think you'd be back so soon.

**Buffy** Neither did I.

*Buffy is walking through the kitchen, heading out, when the phone rings. She answers it.*

**Buffy** Hello? Hello? *There's nothing but silence, so she hangs up and leaves.*

*At the dorm, Buffy finds that all of her things are missing. She walks to the bare bed, picks up a note that's lying there and reads it.*

*'This is all just too much for me. I have decided to take off. Sorry I didn't have time to say goodbye but I need to be by myself. Good luck this year. Buffy'*

*She sits on her bed holding the note.*

*The Bronze. There's a band on stage playing a slow, sad song. Buffy enters and looks around not seeing anyone she knows. She walks over to a couch and spots a man across the room turned three quarters away from her*

*that looks like Angel. He turns enough so that she can see his face and it isn't him.*

**Xander** The whole world in front of her, and she comes back to this dive.

*She turns around and sees him.*

**Buffy** Xander! *She gives him a one-armed hug.*

**Xander** Hey, Buff.

**Buffy** Oh, when did you get back?

**Xander** Couple days ago.

**Buffy** You freak of nature. Why didn't you call me?

**Xander** Well I knew you guys were starting the whole college adventure and I didn't want to, um, you know... help you move.

**Buffy** I missed you. How was your trip? Is America nice? I hear it's nice.

**Xander** There's some purple mountains majesty, I'm gonna have to say.

**Buffy** What'd you do? What'd you see?

**Xander** Well...

**Buffy** Tell me!

**Xander** 'Grand Canyon!'

**Buffy** You saw the Grand Canyon!

**Xander** Well, I saw the movie 'Grand Canyon,' on cable. Really lame.

**Buffy** Hunh?

**Xander** Basically, I got as far as Oxnard and the engine fell out of my car, and that was literally. So, I ended up washing dishes at 'The Fabulous Ladies Night Club' for about a month and a half while I tried to pay for the repairs. No one really bothered me or even spoke to me until one night when one of the male strippers called in sick and no power on this earth will make me tell you the rest of that story. Suffice to say I traded my car in for one that wasn't entirely made of rust, came trundling back home to the arms of my loving parents, where everything was exactly as it was except I sleep in the basement and I have to pay rent. How's college?

**Buffy** Male strippers?

**Xander** No power on this earth!

**Buffy** Ok. College is good.

**Xander** Ok, uh, once more with even less feeling.

**Buffy** No, really! I-I mean, Willow's in heaven and Oz has this really cool house off campus with the band. *They both sit on the couch.*

**Xander** And you're sitting here alone at the Bronze looking like you just got diagnosed with cancer of the puppy.

**Buffy** It's just... there was this vampire, and she took me down, and I just... I don't know how to stop her.

**Xander** Then where's the gang? Avengers assemble! Let's get it going!

**Buffy** No, I don't want to bug them. I mean they're just starting school, and they don't need this.

**Xander** Ok Buff, what's the 'what' here?

**Buffy** It's just, what if I can't cut it?

**Xander** Can't cut what? Slaying?

**Buffy** Slaying, everything.

**Xander** Buffy, this is all about fear. It's understandable, but you can't let it control you. 'Fear leads to anger. Anger leads to hate. Hate leads to anger.' No wait, hold on. 'Fear leads to hate. Hate leads to the dark side.' Hold on, no, umm, 'First you get the wimmin, then you get the money, then you...' okay, can we forget that?

**Buffy** Thanks for the Dadaist pep talk, I feel much more abstract now.

**Xander** The point is, you're Buffy.

**Buffy** Yeah, maybe in high school I was Buffy.

**Xander** And now in college you're Betty Louise?

**Buffy** Yeah, I'm Betty Louise Plotnick of East Cupcake, Illinois. Or I might as well be.

*Xander gets up and crouches down in front of her.*

**Xander** Buffy, I've gone through some fairly dark times in my life, faced some scary things, among them the kitchen at 'The Fabulous Ladies Night Club.' Let me tell you something, when it's dark and I'm all alone and I'm scared or freaked out or whatever, I always think, 'What would Buffy do?' You're my hero. Ok, sometimes when it's dark and I'm all alone I think, 'What is Buffy wearing?'

**Buffy** Can that be one of those things you never, ever, tell me about?

**Xander** It's a deal. *He stands up.* Let's put this bitch in the ground! What do you say?

She holds out her right hand and he helps her up.

**Buffy** I think I say thank you.

**Xander** And nothing says thank you like dollars in the waistband. Ok, what do we do first?

Interior. Some type of office with a computer and file cabinets. The glass in the door is broken, Buffy's at the counter working the computer and Xander is examining newspapers at a desk.

**Buffy** Kids disappearing every year. Not too many, just enough so that everyone thinks they up and left.

**Xander** I can't believe the vampires took your stuff. Murder I expect, but petty larceny seems so... petty.

**Buffy** They have to be keeping it somewhere, on campus or at least near by.

**Xander** Hey, how far back do the disappearances go?

*Buffy types at the keyboard, we see she's still not using her left arm.*

**Buffy** Uhh... they weren't too common before '82.

**Xander** Match number! Check this out. *He carries two newspapers over to the counter, and Buffy picks one up*



*and reads it aloud.*

**Buffy** 'Psi Theta loses its charter. Building to be closed for renovation.'

**Xander** 1982. Look at this. *He reads from the other paper.* 'Former Psi Theta fraternity house lies dormant while zoning issues drag on before the city council.' We have a winner.

**Buffy** Looks pretty cherry.

**Xander** You up for a little reconnaissance?

**Buffy** You mean where we all sculpt and paint and stuff?

**Xander** No, that was the renaissance.

**Buffy** Oh. I've had a really long week. Let's go look at the house.

*Nighttime. Exterior of a building with signs posted reading 'This Property Closed to the Public' and 'Keep Out.' Buffy and Xander arrive. Up on the roof, Buffy clears some debris from the skylight she is laying on. The vamps can be seen inside going through Buffy's things. Xander works his way to the skylight.*

**Buffy** Score!

*Sunday is holding a skirt up to herself and mockingly shaking her hips.*

**Sunday** *In a mocking voice.* Look how tough I am.

**Buffy** Oh! That's my skirt! You're never going to fit in it with those hips! We have to kill them!

**Xander** We need weapons.

**Buffy** I don't see my weapons trunk down there. It was right by my bed. Mr. Gordo? *Her voice turns to steele.* Go to my room. If it's not there try Willow's. I'll keep an eye... my diary!?

**SpicoliVamp** Uh-oh, score!

**Xander** I'll hurry! *He works his way back from the skylight.*

**Buffy** Laugh all you want, this time we play it my way. And the rules are just going to be a little bit... *The skylight gives way and Buffy falls into the room.*

**Buffy** *Hitting the floor.* Unh! *The vamps all stop what they're doing and look at her.* Ahh. Ah. *She looks up at the vamps.* Oh.

#### Part 4

**Sunday** Say, don't I know you from... beating the crap out of you?

**Buffy** *Standing up.* I just thought I'd drop in. Get it? Drop in? Boy, tough room.

**Sunday** I must say, you've really got me now. I mean, it's a diabolical plan, throw yourself at my feet with a broken arm and no weapons of any kind. How'm I going to get out of this one?

**Buffy** You got a nice set-up here, but you made one mistake.

**Sunday** Yeah? What was that?

**Buffy** Well, I'm not actually positive, but statistically speaking people usually make at least... *Sunday punches her.*

*Kathy, Oz and Willow are in Buffy's and Kathy's dorm room.*

**Kathy** It seems kind of weird. *She hands the note to Oz.*

**Oz** Yeah, weird's a pretty good word for it.

**Willow** Buffy wouldn't just take off, th-that's just not in her nature. Except for that one time she disappeared for several months and changed her name, but there were circumstances then. There's no circumstances.

**Kathy** Does Buffy have a history of emotional problems? 'Cause on my request form I was pretty specific about a stable non-smoker.

**Oz** I don't think this is her handwriting.

**Willow** I bet there were circumstances! We've probably been so wrapped up in our own petty lives that... that we totally missed the circumstances. We're bad friends!

**Oz** Let's think this through.

**Willow** How can you be so calm?

**Oz** Long, arduous hours of practice. Now either Buffy took off, or she was robbed, or...

**Xander** It's a prank!

**Willow** Xander!

*Xander walks into the room with arms spread wide.*

**Xander** How are my guys? *He hugs Willow, then hugs Kathy.* I don't know you, do I?

**Kathy** No.

**Xander** This is very intrusive, isn't it?

**Kathy** Little bit. *Xander let's her go.*

**Xander** Xander.

**Kathy** Kathy.

**Xander** *Looks at Oz.* Do we hug?

**Oz** I think we're too manly.

**Willow** What's the prank?

**Xander** Prank? Oh, the room. Well some friends of Buffy's played a funny joke, and they took her stuff. And now she wants us to help get it back from her friends who sleep all day and have no tans.

**Willow** Oh! Those friends!

**Oz** Funny guys.

*Xander looks around the bed.*

**Xander** They took the chest. Well, let's go! Let's go to our friend. It's nice meeting you Kathy. *Xander, Oz and Willow leave.*

**Kathy** You too!

*Outside in the hall.*

**Xander** Let's go to Will's, get supplies.

**Willow** Is Buffy in danger?

**Xander** She's in a holding pattern, we've got some time. *Vamps lair. Buffy falls as she gets hit again. On the floor, she looks over and sees her trunk. She starts to crawl toward it. Sunday steps in front of her holding Buffy's 'Class Protector' award.*

**Sunday** Oh, and this. This is my favorite item.

**Buffy** You don't want to touch that.

*Sunday drops it on the floor and stomps down on the handle, breaking it. She moves over to Buffy and grabs her left arm.*

**Sunday** You know this arm's not looking so good. It might have to come off.

**Buffy** You want to know the truth? I only need one.

*She hits Sunday with a roundhouse punch with her right fist, sending her spinning. She rolls to her feet and kicks Sunday in the face and flips her over the couch onto the coffee table. She catches some broken wood from the coffee table with her foot and kicks Sunday in the face with it. Sunday falls into a pile of clutter.*

**SpicoliVamp** This is startin' to suck.

*Sunday gets up all vamped out. FatVamp runs in to help. Buffy grabs a tennis racket, steps onto the arm of a chair and roundhouse kicks Sunday and does a back-hand swing with the racket into FatVamp's face, sending her flying over the couch and braking the frame off the racket making a perfect stake. Sunday moves in for some close-in fighting. A vamp no doubt frightened by the sight of a vampire slayer with a stake decides it's time to leave and moves toward the door, which opens with Xander in the lead and Oz behind him brandishing a cross in the vamp's face. They force the vamp back. SpicoliVamp sees Willow struggling with a crossbow and rushes her. Willow gets the crossbow up just in time and shoots the bolt through SpicoliVamp's heart.*

*SpicoliVamp turns to dust, but before he's gone he says one last thing.*

**SpicoliVamp** Woah!

*Sunday is lying on the floor with Buffy standing above her.*

**Buffy** When you look back at this, in the three seconds it'll take you to turn to dust, *FatVamp decides it's a good time to leave and runs out* I think you'll find the mistake was touching my stuff.

*Sunday gets to her feet and rushes Buffy, who swings one-armed at her which Sunday blocks, eventually catching the arm in a hold.*

**Sunday** What about breaking your arm, *She grabs at Buffy's left arm* how'd that feel.

**Buffy** Let me answer that with a head butt. *She does and sends Sunday staggering.*

*Xander faces off with a vamp. Oz, behind the vamp, hits him on the head with a cross, then ducks down.*

*When the vamp turns, Xander pushes him over Oz who straightens up and flips the vamp onto his back. Xander moves in for the kill and stakes him. He turns to dust.*

**Buffy** And for the record, *Buffy makes a fist with her left hand. the arm is hurt, She uppercuts Sunday, sending her flying. not broken.*

*Another vamp, wearing a black tee shirt with a skull on it, takes off.*

*Besides Sunday, there are no more vamps left in the house. The gang comes up behind Buffy.*

**Oz** Hey, Buff. Need a hand?

**Buffy** *Brandishing a stake with a twirl. No thanks, She twists around throwing the stake into Sunday's heart. I'm good.*

*Sunday shakes her head and puts her hands on her hips as she turns to dust. Buffy goes over and retrieves her 'Class Protector' award.*

*The gang leaves the house carrying Buffy's stuff in boxes, Xander carrying her trunk.*

**Xander** So, all that other stuff in there? That's just gonna sit in there, right? Uh, I mean, no one owns it in the strictest sense.

**Oz** It seems wrong, somehow.

**Xander** Dibs on the rowing machine.

**Giles** Buffy!

*Giles runs up carrying a crossbow in one hand and in his other he has a cross and a battle axe.*

**Willow** Hi, Giles.

**Xander** What's with the arsenal?

**Giles** I've been awake all night. I know I'm supposed to teach you self-reliance, but I can't leave you out there to fight alone. To hell with what's right, I'm ready to back you up. Let's find the evil a-and fight it together.

**Buffy** Great! Thanks! We'll get right on that.

*They step around him and continue on their way.*

**Giles** The evil is this way? *He follows.*

**Buffy** My room is.

**Willow** Hey Giles, could you get this box on top? *He does.*

**Xander** So, college not so scary after all, hunh?

**Buffy** It's turning out to be a lot like high school, which I can handle. At least I know what to expect.

*Elsewhere. The vamp with the skull on his tee shirt is sneaking from tree to tree. He starts across a clear spot when he hears something and turns. Two darts from a tazer hit the skull design right above the eye sockets. The vamp convulses and goes down, but still conscious. From cover, three figures in camouflage clothing and masked faces step forward. One has a coil of rope, another has a pistol and the third has a rifle. They advance on the vamp.*

## Living Conditions

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### Disclaimer

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*This episode was originally broadcast on October 12, 1999.*

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### Prologue

*Buffy and Kathy are in their dorm room. Kathy has an ironing board out and is ironing jeans, Buffy is reading a CD jewel case. Cher's 'Believe' is playing on Kathy's portable stereo.*

**Buffy** Wow, this music is so... so...

**Kathy** I know. This song is super fun. Isn't it?

**Buffy** You bet. It just gets fun-er and fun-er every time you play it.

*Buffy gets a jacket from her closet.*

**Kathy** Going out?

**Buffy** Yeah. I'm seriously caffeine deprived. Figure I'd head down to The Grotto and get a jolt and, you know, do some studying.

**Kathy** Oh. It's late... won't you be up all night?

**Buffy** *Picking up her backpack.* Oh, yeah, but it's cool. I'm sort of an 'up' kind of night person. I mentioned that right?

**Kathy** I guess I just didn't realize you'd be coming and going at all hours. Well, not that I mind. I'm just surprised.

**Buffy** I'll be quiet as a mouse, I promise. Ok. *She starts toward the door.*

**Kathy** Oh! Say, Buffy. I wanted to show you this little system I implemented. *She goes over to the nightstand separating the beds and gets a small notepad and a pen, bringing them back.*

**Buffy** Oh, goody... system.

**Kathy** Just log every call you make in here and that way when the bill comes it won't be a problem. I figure, 'Stitch in time...'

**Buffy** '...catches the worm.'

*Kathy cheerfully makes a 'You got it' gesture.*

**Buffy** You bet. Ok, then. *Turns and starts to go.*

**Kathy** Also... *Buffy stops and turns back.* I noticed that some of my milk was missing. Did you...

**Buffy** Oh! Yeah, actually, I did. I meant to...

**Kathy** No! It's totally ok, I was just wondering.

**Buffy** Yeah, I-I-I was making my coffee and I just...

**Kathy** Buffy, it's fine. I just wanted to make sure...

*The song ends and Kathy goes over to the stereo to restart it. She comes back.*

**Kathy** ...that we didn't have a thief or something.

**Buffy** Like who? Sid the Wiley Dairy Gnome?

**Kathy** I don't know, it's no big deal. Please, feel free.

**Buffy** Ok, I'm really sorry. I have to... *She starts to go, again.*

**Kathy** Have a good time.

**Buffy** Yeah, you too. With ironing. *She leaves.*

*Buffy and Willow are walking along a wooded path at night, there are trees and bushes all over.*

**Willow** So you had trouble getting past Kathy?

**Buffy** Yep. She made big with the questions.

**Willow** And you thought your days of sneaking out of your room were over.

**Buffy** No such luck. Kathy's nice and all, but she's... she's sort of... I don't know, like, 'mini-mom of Momdomonia.' *Willow chuckles* Wait. *Buffy stops, looking around.* Did you just hear something?

**Willow** I'm chewing my gum kinda loud.

**Buffy** That's not it.

**Willow** My sneakers are squeaky.

**Buffy** I'm looking for something lurky here, Will.

**Willow** Oh. *Pauses to listen* Sorry, no. *They start walking again.*

**Buffy** Darn, I could use a little play tonight. Listening to the best of VH-1 all day sort of put me on edge.

**Willow** Oh, Kathy's still spinnin' the divas?

**Buffy** *In a perky-Kathy voice.* "'Cause it's the fun-est!" Well, no big. College is a time of change, right? I bet, before too long, she'll be trip-hoppin' all over the place.

**Willow** Yeah! I mean, this whole dorm thing is just an adjustment we need to make. You know? I mean, my roomie is kind of challenging too.

**Buffy** And what are we if not women up to a challenge?

**Willow** Exactly! I mean, did we not put the 'grr' in girl? Well, here's where I get off. *They stop at a branching path.*

**Buffy** Say 'hey' to Oz for me.

**Willow** Happy hunting.

**Buffy** Wish me monsters.

*Willow makes a 'ick' gesture and walks away. Buffy walks on, not noticing a hooded, orange skinned demon with green glowing eyes watching her from the bushes.*

## Part 1

*Buffy, walking along a path hears a noise.*

**Buffy** Will? *Pause.* Alright, why don't you quit hiding and come out and face me like a... thing.

*Kathy comes running up with a bounce in her step.*

**Kathy** Hey, I caught you.

**Buffy** Is everything ok?

**Kathy** Oh, everything's super. I just decided a decaf latte sounded like heaven after all.

**Buffy** So you're coming along.

**Kathy** Why not? This way you won't have to walk these spooky paths alone. *She goes on ahead with a skip.*

**Buffy** Great! *In a low voice* That's just great. *And she follows.*

**Kathy** This is neat, isn't it? The fresh air, the trees, the smell of... *Buffy hears the growl of something rushing them and pushes Kathy into the bushes where she lands in the dirt.*

*The same demon we saw before runs up and swings a club, Buffy grabs it's arm, breaks it's hold on the club and throws it off balance onto the ground. It gets up and takes two swings, but Buffy blocks them and gives it three quick rights to the face. Kathy, in the bushes, gets to her knees looking dazed. The demon tries a roundhouse punch which Buffy ducks under. She sweeps the demon's legs out from under him and he rolls over his club, grabbing it. Rolling to his feet he runs off. Kathy climbs out of the bushes and Buffy goes to help her.*

**Kathy** What the blizzard was that all about?

**Buffy** Uh, he um... tried to take my backpack.

**Kathy** What were you thinking, taking him on like that?

**Buffy** Oh I, heh, I don't know, I guess I-I panicked.

**Kathy** I mean, it's just you could of gotten hurt or something. *She looks down.* And look at my sweater, it's ruined!

**Buffy** Yeah, sorry about that. Here, w-we'll go get you cleaned up.

*They walk back the way they came.*

*In the bushes, a demon watches them go. Another demon comes up beside him. They speak in subtitles, a strangely visual demon language.*

**Demon1** She may be the one.

**Demon2** We have to be sure. Follow her.

**Demon1** As you wish.

*Daytime in the courtyard outside Giles' apartment. There's a fountain, a table and chairs. Buffy is going*

*through his mail.*

**Buffy** Boring... boring... bill... bill...

*Giles comes running down the stairs wearing exercise clothes complete with sneakers. He's panting.*

**Giles** Hello. *Pant*

**Buffy** You run?

**Giles** And jump. And bend. *Pant* And, occasionally, frolic. *Pant*

**Buffy** Ok, and, uh, *She holds up a magazine.* what's with the motorbike and scooter magazine?

**Giles** Congratulations, you've found me out. I'm a mod jogger.

**Buffy** Ok, you're not having one of those mid-life things, are you? 'Cause I'm still going 'ick' from the last time you tried to recapture your youth.

**Giles** Buffy!

**Buffy** Sorry. *She sits down at a table.* Demon. Last night. Made with the pummeling, but he got away.

**Giles** What sort of demon? *Giles crosses to the fountain and sits on it's outer ledge.*

**Buffy** Umm, had a cloak on, and glowing green eyes, and skin had a, like, super-bad fake rub-on tan.

**Giles** Translate?

**Buffy** Orange-y?

**Giles** Thank you. Anything else?

**Buffy** My roommate Kathy was there, but she didn't see anything.

**Giles** You took your roommate patrolling with you?

**Buffy** Well I invited the whole dorm, but she was the only one that could make it. *The look on Giles' face tells Buffy that he didn't get the sarcasm.* I told her I was going for coffee and she decided to tag along.

**Giles** Right. Well we should discourage her from that habit. From what you described I-I'm not familiar with the creature, but I-I'll look into it and give you a ring when I've found something. *He gets up and starts moving toward his apartment.*

**Buffy** You know, it's nice out here.

**Giles** *Turning back.* Yes, I take my tea out here sometimes. *He starts to go again.*

**Buffy** What are you doing today?

**Giles** *He turns back again.* Uh, it's a good day for me, actually. A friend of mine recently acquired a-uh an original Gutenberg demonography... and it suddenly occurred to me that you've never once asked me what

my day's plans were, which leads me to inquire whether you're feeling entirely yourself.

**Buffy** That's not true. I ask about you all the time. *He gives her a look.* Ok, well, maybe the words don't actually make it out of my mouth, but I think about it.

**Giles** And it's appreciated. Which doesn't explain why you're hanging around here instead of rushing off as usual.

**Buffy** It's no big. I just figured I'd hang here—you know—until my roommate goes to class.

**Giles** Ah, I see. *He sits back down on the fountain.*

**Buffy** I know, it's probably just me having a bitch attack. But it's not... me.

**Giles** Buffy, living with somebody is never easy. Especially for an only child...

**Buffy** Giles, listen to me, ok? When she sharpens her pencils she measures them with a ruler to make sure they're all the same size.

**Giles** Which is fussy, I agree, but everybody has their idiosyncrasies. You'd do well to learn to tolerate them.

**Buffy** Or I'll end up an old lady who can only live with cats?

**Giles** Something like that.

**Buffy** Ok. You know what? You're right. *She stands up.* Take a mental pic, this is the new Buffy. Kinder, gentler... roommate extraordinaire.

*In the dorm room, Kathy is trying, without much luck, to get the stain out of her sweater. She looks down and sees that one corner of a throw rug is turned up and leans down to straighten it. She gives up on the sweater and looks over at Buffy's closet door. She gets up, walks over, unlatches the bolt holding it closed and opens the door. She picks out a sweater and while looking at it notices a satchel with part of a crossbow sticking out. She opens the satchel and takes out a really cool looking pistol grip crossbow and a wooden cross. She pauses for a moment, holding them, then puts them back.*

*At the university dining hall called the Rocket Cafe, Buffy gets a tray and starts back to the end of the line. She notices Kathy and quickly brings the tray up to hide her face. She ducks into the line in front of a male student. The young man takes a quick peek behind him and turns back to Buffy.*

**Parker** Ex-boyfriend? Or loan shark?

**Buffy** Turns around to face him. Excuse me?

**Parker** The person you're hiding from.

**Buffy** Oh... both. Ugly breakup. I'm sorry, I just cut you...

**Parker** No, stay... stay. I'll watch your back. *They get to the self-serve area and start getting their food.* Freshman, huh?

**Buffy** Is it that obvious?

**Parker** There are signs. *He gets a single-serving box of cereal and stuffs it into the breast pocket of his shirt.* For instance, people who've been around for awhile know how to use their dining hall card.

**Buffy** It's not for food?

**Parker** Work it right and you can get three meals worth, which equals fewer punch cards used annually.

**Buffy** And more cash from dad which you get to keep for yourself.

**Parker** Right! The goal is to polish off as much as humanly possible at one sitting. Enough to get you through the rest of the day, if necessary. While chipmunking items for future consumption.

**Buffy** Ahh, got it.

**Parker** Excess dry goods fit nicely in a backpack or your pocket. *He takes something and puts it into his pants pocket.* The wetter items—macaronies, your turkey loaf—then you're into ziplocks. It's not for beginners.

**Buffy** I'll just take it slow.

*They reach the cashier and hand over their cards for punching. Buffy looks over and sees Willow, Xander and Oz seated at a table, Willow sees her and waves for her to come over.*

**Parker** So.

**Buffy** So, those are my... *He sees the gang at the table.* are you...

**Parker** Oh, no, I have someone waiting. Otherwise I'd... heh, uh, Parker Abrams. *He offers his hand which Buffy shakes.* I'm at Kresge hall.

**Buffy** Buffy Summers, Stevenson.

**Parker** Ok, well, I'll see you around Buffy Summers of Stevenson.

**Buffy** See ya, Parker Abrams.

*Buffy goes over to the gang's table and sits.*

**Xander** Hey, say hi to non-college guy.

**Buffy** Not that I mind, but don't non-college guys usually populate the non-campus?

**Xander** Usually. I just thought I'd come around and check on my girls. *He taps Oz to include him without insult.*

**Willow** And eat off my plate.

**Buffy** What's the deal Xand, parents not feeding you?

**Xander** Sure they do, for a price.

**Willow** So, spill! *She indicates Parker, seated across the room.* What was that all about, with the cutie patootie?

**Buffy** I don't know... nothing big, I think. Just random adorableness.

**Xander** Oh, a technique I know well. Hit the girl with your best shot, then hasta.

**Oz** Gotta respect the drive-by.

**Xander** Low rejection, fond memories.

**Willow** It looked like more than that to me. He got all googly-eyed.

**Xander** That's because he got hit by the Buffinator. Now he's powerless.

**Buffy** You think?

**Oz** No question, he'll be back. *Buffy smiles.*

**Xander** So, what else is up with the Buff, any vamp action?

**Buffy** I did get jumped by a demon of non-specific origin last night.

**Xander** Yeah? Something apocalypse-y? Do we need to assemble the scooby gang?

**Buffy** *Holding back a laugh.* No, but thank you for asking.

**Xander** I just got way too excited, didn't I?

**Buffy** You just need to get out of the basement a little more there, Xand.

*Kathy comes up and sets her tray on the table.*

**Kathy** Hi, everybody. *She gets a chair from another table and moves it over.* Squeeze in.

**Buffy** You all know my roomie, Kathy?

**Willow** Hi.

**Oz** Hey, Kath.

**Buffy** Is that my sweater?

**Kathy** I didn't think you'd mind, I mean you got mine all muddy.

**Buffy** I was saving you from a...

**Willow** Bear!

**Buffy** *Giving Willow a look.* Mugger.

**Kathy** It's not a problem, is it? I mean, I figured we're almost like sisters now, living together and everything.

**Buffy** No, it's... it's fine. I just wished you'd asked.

**Xander** So, where're you from, Kathy?

**Kathy** Nebraska, originally. *She picks up a big, sloppy hamburger from her tray.*

**Xander** Ahh, yes. Big sky country.

*Kathy bites into her sandwich. Buffy's senses intensify, focusing in on a blob of ketchup oozing out of the hamburger. She watches it as it drops onto her sweater. Buffy's eyes narrow.*

*That night in the dorm, Buffy is talking to Willow on the phone. The window at the head of her bed is open.*

**Buffy** I mean, can you beleive her? First she acts like she has sit privileges at my lunch table just because some computer had to make us cellmates. *She puts a stick of gum in her mouth.*

**Willow** I'm sure it's not easy for her. She's not like you, she doesn't know anybody here.

**Buffy** Fine. But what about my sweater. You can't believe the stuff that I have to put up with.

*Willow's dorm room. There's a loud party going on. Willows on her bed with the phone.*

**Willow** Yeah, I guess it's hard... uh... but I'm sure the sweater thing was an accident. *A nerf football hits her in the head.*

**Buffy** I don't know Will... I think she's just coming back from the bathroom. I'll call you back.

**Kathy** *Coming into the room.* Don't forget to log those calls. *She sits on her bed and starts flossing her teeth.*

*Buffy takes an apple out of her backpack and takes it over to the mini-refrigerator. While she's up, Kathy gets up and closes the window. Buffy opens the fridge and sees that Kathy has almost completely filled it, labeling everything with her name. Even writing 'Kathy' on each of a dozen boiled eggs. Buffy squeezes the apple into the last remaining space on the door, closes it and turns around to see the window is now closed. She goes over and opens it again and sits back down on her bed. Kathy finishes flossing and picks up a paperback book from the nightstand. There is gum stuck to it and it stretches up from the table.*

**Kathy** Ewww! Who left their gum here?

**Buffy** *Pause.* Gum gnome?

**Kathy** It wasn't me! It had to be somebody, Buffy!

**Buffy** *Swallows the gum she had been chewing.* I don't know.

*Kathy slams the book down and turns off the light near her bed. Buffy turns off her own light, lays down pulling the covers over her and falls asleep. She dreams of a demon very much like the one she fought, holding her down, poring blood in her mouth, putting a scorpion on her bare skin and drawing a light, gossamer substance out of Buffy's mouth and into it's own. She awakes with a start. Kathy is looking at her from her own bed.*

**Kathy** Do you always make that noise when you sleep?

## Part 2

*Daytime and Buffy, Giles, Willow and Oz are seated in comfortable, padded chairs in an open area lounge.*

**Buffy** So then after the scorpion, the demon opened my mouth and sucked some kind of weird light out of me. A-and the worst part? I wake up and there's Kathy, staring at me like I'm some kind of freak.

**Oz** Well, actually, the worst part, I'd have to go with the

demon poring the blood down your throat.

**Willow** Me too, I would vote for that too.

**Buffy** But that's just a dream, and this Kathy thing is real. All she cared about was that her precious sleep had been disturbed.

*Kathy comes up behind Giles.*

**Giles** Perhaps it would be more productive to examine

your dreams, um, determine there meaning.

**Kathy** You can read dreams? Neat.

**Buffy** Giles, Kathy. Kathy, Giles.

**Willow** He's our grown-up friend. N-not in a creepy way.

**Giles** Nice to meet you, Kathy.

**Kathy** Ditto. Maybe you could read the dream I had last night? There was, like, this monster, and he sat on me and did all this stuff to me.

**Oz** Stuff like, scorpions? And Bloody Mary minus the Mary?

**Kathy** That's it! How'd you know?

**Oz** Well, I'm a good guesser.

**Buffy** Me too, and I'm guessing that you need to be on your way to class. Right, Kath?

**Kathy** Hmm hmm, sounds like somebody woke up on the wrong side of the bed this morning.

**Buffy** Hmm hmm, and guess what? You were next to it.

**Kathy** You know, I do need to dash. My whole schedule is off because someone kept me up all night. Well, it's been fun. Toodles. *She turns and leaves.*

**Buffy** Toodles.

**Giles** *Clears his throat.* You know what this means...

**Buffy** Yes. Not only does she take my sweater, but now she has to horn in on my dreams. She is the most ever mooch... Oh, I haven't even gotten to the floss.

**Giles** Buffy, focus, please? If Kathy and you are having the same nightmares, chances are something happened to you both when you met the demon in the woods.

**Willow** So we need to figure out if this ritual their dreaming about has some special use, or meaning.

**Buffy** *Getting up and gathering her things.* Cool, you guys can do the brain thing. I'm gonna go to class.

**Oz** Which could also be construed as the brain thing.

**Buffy** Not when you're minoring in 'Napping 101.' *She leaves.*

**Willow** Ok, so that was the evil twin, right? 'Cause she was bordering on Cordelia-esque.

**Oz** Well, she's definitely pushing the stress meter on this Kathy thing.

**Giles** I concur she's not, uh, herself, but, you know, uh, learning to live with someone can be a challenge.

**Willow** A-and she hasn't been sleeping.

**Giles** Right, then. *He stands.* Nothing to get to concerned about. Still, let me know if she, um...

**Oz** Hits the red zone?

**Giles** Yes.

*Nighttime, in a secluded wooded area Demon2 has a campfire burning. Demon1 walks up. They still speak in subtitles.*

**Demon1** We were correct. She is the one.

**Demon2** Good. I have prepared for the summoning of the great one, Taparrich.

*They remove their hoods revealing bald heads, face the fire and begin chanting.*

*Buffy, returning to the dorm room, stops at the door for a second when she hears Cher's 'Believe' playing again. She goes in and sees Parker half flying on Kathy's bed with Kathy sitting with him, they're talking.*

**Parker** Lots of popular artists don't get their dues. Madonna? Whitney?

**Kathy** That's so totally true.

**Buffy** Parker?

**Parker** *Getting up and going over to her.* Hey, uh, I just dropped by to say... that. Uh, and bring you... *He hands her a box of plastic baggies.* You know, to maximize your dining hall exports. They're heavy duty.

**Buffy** *Reading the box.* Plus freezer guard! That's so...

*Kathy gets up and stands close to Parker, looking at him while she talks to Buffy.*

**Kathy** Parker was just going to leave his number and go, but *laughs* we started talking. He's such a blast, and time just flew.

**Buffy** Time, really? How much time?

**Parker** Uh, I'm not sure, we sort of got caught up talking Red Wings. It turns out that Kathy's a closet hockey fan. I think it's the violence.

**Kathy** *Laughs* Quit it! I told you that was just between us.

**Parker** It could be the sweaty men. *Kathy laughs and pushes him.*

**Buffy** If you two are going to rattle, do you mind taking it outside? I've got a lot of work to do. *She puts her things down on her bed and turns off the music.*

**Parker** Sorry, I didn't realize. *He starts to leave.*

**Buffy** Oh, Parker wait. Look, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to...

**Parker** No, it's totally cool. I should go anyway.

**Buffy** Well, it was great of you to stop by, m-maybe we could do it another time?

**Parker** Another time for sure. Bye, Kathy. *He gives her a wave.*

**Kathy** *Waving back.* Bye, seeya.

*Buffy sees him out, closes the door and turns to face Kathy.*

**Kathy** It wouldn't have killed you to be nice, you know.

**Buffy** *Crossing over to her bed, she retrieves something from her bag.* Looked like you were being nice enough for the both of us.

**Kathy** *Closing the window.* I wasn't moving in on your territory, if that's what you mean.

**Buffy** *Locking the bolt on her closet with a padlock.* Right. Just like you didn't destroy my sweater.

*Kathy is flossing again. Buffy opens the window.*

**Kathy** I'm cold.

**Buffy** Well I'm hot. Deal with it.

**Kathy** Do you know what your problem is, Buffy.

**Buffy** You?

**Kathy** Hardly. Your problem is you're spoiled. Maybe the world revolved around you where you used to live, but it's share time now.

**Buffy** Share time, huh? Fine! I'll show you share time.

*She goes to the fridge and gets out the carton of milk, and drinks it straight from the carton, spilling it all over herself and the floor.*

*Willows dorm building, She and Oz walk along a hall.*

**Oz** You're worried about her.

**Willow** Yeah, both of them. I mean, what kind of demon runs around putting ookie blood dreams into people's heads. Like some kind of nightmare fairy. It's not right.

**Oz** Well, I'm against it.

**Willow** And Buffy's completely being not herself. If it wasn't for this English paper I'd be there right now. Um, listening. Doing the girly best friend thing.

*They stop at the door to her room.*

**Oz** Well, I can do that.

**Willow** You can?

**Oz** Well, I'm not saying we'll braid each others hair--probably--but I can hang with her, watch for signs she's going over the edge.

**Willow** You're the best. Oh, she's probably patrolling by now. Check around the science center. If you need me I'll be *She opens the door, hears the sounds of a loud party and closes it again.* at the library. *She goes back the way they came.*

*Oz walks along a well lighted walkway. He passes a group of three people, two men and a young woman. He senses something, he looks back and sees that the woman is looking back at him. They look at each other for a few seconds before they both turn back. In the bushes, we see three figures in camouflage carrying weapons. They appear to be following the group that Oz just passed.*

*Oz is walking with Buffy along a path.*

**Buffy** ...so then Kathy's like, 'It's share time.' And I'm like, 'Oh yeah? Share this!' *She punches at the air.*

**Oz** So, either you hit her, or you did your wacky mime routine for her.

**Buffy** Well, I didn't do either, actually. But she deserves it, don't you think?

**Oz** Nobody deserves a mime, Buffy.

**Buffy** Hmm, Kathy does. She deserves to be locked in an invisible box and blown away by an imaginary wind and... and...

**Oz** Forced to wear a binding unitard?

**Buffy** Yeah, the itchy kind, it's perfect.

**Oz** Just here to help.

**Buffy** Which I appreciate. But you've never come on routine patrol with me before, Oz. So, what's the deal?

**Oz** Seemed more interesting than homework.

**Buffy** As long as it's an elective. I can handle myself alone, you know.

**Oz** Not in question.

**Buffy** Good. So then, I go into the refrigerator--right?--and the label queen has managed to put...

**Oz** Just a, just a thought, Buffy, but do you think all this ranting is scaring away potential demons? *They stop.*

**Buffy** You're right. Ooh! She's even affecting my work, now. She's the Titanic. She's a crawling black cancer. *She brings her foot up, around and down onto a bench, breaking it in two.* She's... other really bad things.

**Oz** On the plus side you've killed the bench, which was looking shifty.

**Buffy** This isn't funny, Oz. Something has to be done. *She walks away looking determined.*

**Oz** *Pause* Agreed. *And he follows her.*

*Back in her dorm room, Buffy is at her desk, studying. She looks over at Kathy, who is on her bed clipping her toenails. Her senses intensify and she hears every nail being clipped as a loud 'clank' and focuses on every clipping, in slow motion, flying through the air and onto the floor. She starts tapping her pencil on her open book. Kathy looks over and her senses intensify. She hears every tap as a loud 'boom.' She gets up, goes over to her stereo and starts playing Cher's 'Believe' again. Buffy taps harder until she breaks the pencil. She puts on earmuffs and it cuts the volume of the music down... a little. Kathy goes to the fridge and gets out a boiled egg. She takes it to her desk and starts rolling it on the desktop to break the shell. Buffy's senses intensify and she focuses in on the shell, with 'Kathy' written on it, cracking. She watches Kathy peel the broken shell from the egg. She takes off the earmuffs and throws them onto the desk.*

**Buffy** I'm going to bed. *She gets in her bed, turns out the light and closes her eyes.*

*Buffy dreams of the demon again. This time it's painting symbols on her belly before drawing the light, gossamer substance out of her mouth and into it's own. There's a shot of the scorpion on her bare skin again, and she awakens to daylight with a start. Over in her own bed, Kathy moans and opens her eyes suddenly.*

**Kathy** Oh, jeez.

*Later that day, Kathy is talking to Willow in a hallway.*

**Kathy** I do what I can, but Buffy's difficult. She's secretive, for one thing, she comes in at all hours of the night, she leaves her gum all over the place.

**Willow** I-it sounds like things are rough, but don't you want to be talking to Buffy about this?



*Buffy enters the hallway at one end and sees Kathy and Willow. She stops.*

**Kathy** I would, but she is so touchy about all kinds of weird stuff. I mean sometimes I get the feeling that she is not quite normal. You know? *Buffy stare intently at them.*

**Willow** Well, normal is relative. Right?

*They both look over and see Buffy.*

**Kathy** Later, ok? *She leaves.*

*Buffy comes up beside Willow and turns suddenly.*

**Buffy Accusingly.** Why were you talking to her?

**Willow** Buffy, come on, we were only just saying hi.

**Kathy** Yeah, that's what she wants you to think.

**Willow** Buffy, this has to stop. I mean I-I get it, I have a sucky roomie, too. But you just have to deal.

**Buffy** You're right, I've been thinking a lot about this and it's clear to me now.

**Willow** Good, that's better.

**Buffy** Kathy's evil. I'm an evil fighter. It's simple... I'm gonna have to kill her.

### Part 3

**Willow** You have to kill her? Don't you think you could just switch rooms, or something?

**Buffy** Well I would, but it's not just me in danger from Kathy. Look. *She opens the bottom pocket of her bag and takes out a plastic baggie containing toenail clippings.*

**Willow** Toenails?

**Buffy** Evil toenails. I took them off the floor last night when she was in the bathroom. She thought I was asleep.

**Willow** Good thinking, 'cause in the middle of the night those toenails could have attacked you and left little half-moon marks all over your body.

**Buffy** Don't be ridiculous. The point is I measured them before I fell asleep and again this morning, and they grew. After they were cut! That's a demon thing, she has to be eliminated.

**Willow** Of course. I-it makes sense, now. But you better show those bad puppies to Giles before you do anything just to be sure.

**Buffy** Absolutely. I don't want to do anything crazy.

**Willow** Uh, you hurry on to Giles. I'll hang here and- and keep an eye on Kathy.

**Buffy** Great. Good. Thanks, Will. *She leaves.*

*Willow goes to a nearby payphone and punches in a number.*

**Willow** Giles, I-I just talked to Buffy and, yeah, I think she's feeling a little... insane. No, n-not bitchy crazy, more like homicidal maniac crazy. So I told her to come to you. Kay?

*Buffy opens the door to Giles' apartment. No one is there. She walks into the room calling.*

**Buffy** Giles? Anybody home? Hello?

*A net falls onto her from above. Xander and Oz come running out of the hallway, Giles from another direction. They jump on her, forcing her arms behind her back where Xander loops a ready made slip knot over her wrists.*

**Buffy** What are you guys doing? This is... this is ridiculous.

**Xander** Buffy, this hurts me more than it hurts you.

**Buffy** Not yet, but it will.

**Xander** Don't say that. *He stops, realizing what she'd just said.* Oh, PLEASE don't say that.

**Giles** We're doing this to stop you from making a terrible mistake.

*They remove the net and move her over to a wooden bench with a back to it.*

**Giles** Clearly something is amiss.

*Xander ties the other end of the rope to the back of the bench.*

**Buffy** Yeah, something's amiss here, a 'Miss Kathy Newman.' Giles, ow, Giles look in my bag. *He goes and picks up the bag.* Look in the bottom pocket of my bag. *He opens the pocket.* She has parts that can grow after they're detached. *He takes out the baggie.* She irons her jeans. She's evil. She has to be destroyed.

**Giles** *Holding up the baggie.* I fear the demon that Buffy met in the woods has somehow possessed her.

**Buffy** Lite FM. Love songs. Nothing but love songs.

**Xander** *To Giles* You think?

**Giles** Um, you stay and watch her. I-I know a spell that will make the possessing demon reveal itself so that we can fight it, but I-I need to get some supplies from the magic shop. Buffy, I... See you around.

*He leaves, taking the baggie.*

*At the dorm room, there's an insistent knock at the door. Kathy opens it to reveal Willow.*

**Willow** Can I come in?

**Kathy** Sure. *She lets her in, closing the door.* Where's Buffy?

**Willow** I don't know, exactly. But I've been thinking, it might be a good idea for you and Buffy to give each other some apart time. In fact, you might want to be, uh, apart before she gets back.

**Kathy** What do you mean? I should leave the room? Why should I go?

**Willow** I-it's not fair, I know.

**Kathy** You bet it's not fair, having to live with someone who's obviously troubled. Someone who so clearly needs to be in a home, not in a dorm.

**Willow** I don't know about that. Uh, Buffy's going through something, yes, but...

**Kathy** I wouldn't put it past her to drop out, or take off or something. Do something horrible to herself.

**Willow** Herself?

**Kathy** Or worse. She's capable of it, you know? You can see it in those shifty little eyes of hers. One of these days she might even push somebody too far.

*The phone rings and Kathy answers it.*

**Kathy** Hello? *She holds out the handset.* It's Oz. Willow takes it.

**Willow** Hi. You did? She's at Giles, uh, ok. *She hangs up, and starts edging back toward the door.* You know, during that really short phone call I realized you are so right. I mean, it's not fair to make you leave your own room. So, you're good. You just stay, right there. Kay? *She bolts from the room.*

*Oz and Xander are watching Buffy in Giles' apartment.*

**Buffy** I can't believe this, after all that we've been through together and you guys won't believe me when I tell you that Kathy is bad.

**Xander** We want to, Buff, it's just...

**Oz** Shh, don't engage.

*She starts struggling against the ropes.*

**Xander** I don't know if I tightened those ropes enough.

**Oz** Then we'd better go over there and check 'em.

**Xander** *Laughs until he sees that Oz was serious.* Oh, dear god!

**Xander** Avoid the legs. *The start forward.* Avoid the legs. *They lean over her and she brings up her arms, grabs them and knocks their heads together. They both fall to the floor, unconscious. She tosses the rope onto Xander's body.*

**Buffy** Nope, not tight enough.

*The dorm room. Buffy comes through the door and closes it.*

**Buffy** Kathy.

*Kathy's lying on her bed reading her paperback.*

**Kathy** Buffy.

**Buffy** I think we need to talk, don't you?

*Kathy gets up and walks over to her.*

**Kathy** Absolutely. Let's talk.

*Buffy kicks up a corner of the throw rug.*

**Buffy** Oops, look what I did.

*Kathy backhands Buffy across the face.*

**Kathy** Huh, look what I did.

*They grab each others heads and start struggling. Kathy's human face comes off in Buffy's hands, revealing her to be a green eyed, orange skinned demon.*

**Buffy** I knew it!

*Kathy rushes her, throwing her back.*

#### Part 4

*The two demons in the woods are still chanting over the campfire. Suddenly, the ground opens up with a spray of dirt and Taparrich emerges. He is much taller than the other two and wears a different style of robe. He talks in subtitles.*

**Taparrich** Where is she?

*In the dorm room, Kathy forces Buffy down, straddling her with a hand around her throat.*

**Kathy** Quit it!

**Buffy** I knew it! I knew you were one of those demon things.

**Kathy** Oh why don't you just stuff it and let me finish my ritual.

**Buffy** Ritual?

**Giles** *In the magic shop, in what looks like a study, reading from an old book.* 'The ritual of Mok'tagar, a race of trans-dimensional demons, involves the forced ingestion of animal blood while the victim slumbers.' Buffy's nightmares...

**Buffy** ...were real.

**Kathy** I'm sorry, ok? I left my dimension to go to college and they sent these guys after me.

**Giles** 'But while the Mok'tagar can assume many forms and guises, including human, they can always be rec-

ognized by others of their kind due to the lack of a soul.' *He looks at the baggie with Kathy's toenail clippings.*

**Kathy** ...so I'm borrowing yours.

**Buffy** *In a 'how typical' tone.* Without even asking.

**Kathy** Tonight, when they come looking for me, they'll take the one without a soul.

**Buffy** Well, thank God I won't have to watch you floss anymore.

**Kathy** *Shouts.* And I won't have to live with a slob.

*Buffy bites the hand holding her down. Kathy lets up enough for Buffy to get leverage and throw her off. She throws Kathy against the bed and kicks her in the mid-section. They both gain their feet and face off... Buffy charges and Kathy throws her over her back onto the bed. Buffy bounces off and kicks Kathy once in the face, once in the side. Kathy throws a punch which Buffy avoids. The slayer throws a punch which the demon blocks. Kathy grabs Buffy's head and throws her across the room and through Buffy's closet door.*

**Kathy** *Singsong.* It's share time, Buffy.

*With a growl, she runs over, grabs Buffy's feet and drags her out of the closet.*

**Buffy** Fine, let's start with my sweater.

*She has her ketchup-ruined sweater in her hands and wraps it around Kathy's neck, tightening it. Kathy grabs the sweater and rips it in two.*

**Buffy** Oh!

*Kathy picks her up and throws her back down onto the floor. When Buffy tries to get up again she gets a kick in the face.*

*At Giles' apartment, Xander wakes up. His movements wake Oz.*

**Xander** Oow... why couldn't Giles have shackles like any self respecting bachelor?

*Willow comes in.*

**Willow** Guys, I just saw Kathy and she's acting... Oh my God, are you ok? *She runs over and helps Oz to his feet.*

**Oz** Yeah, Buffy's got a pretty good lead on us, though.

**Willow** I-I'll call Kathy, tell her to get out of there. *She goes over to the phone and starts punching numbers.*

*In the dorm room, Kathy is hitting Buffy across the face with the telephone handset.*

**Kathy** Whap All you had to do was Whap write Whap down Whap your Whap calls!

*Giles' apartment.*

**Willow** *Hanging up.* No answer.

**Giles** *Rushing in.* Toenails! He looks at them and shows them the baggie. Buffy was right. He gives it to Willow. Kathy's toenails not only keep growing after they've been cut, they actually regenerate after they've been destroyed.

**Willow** *Examining the clippings.* And that's a demon thing?

**Giles** Oh, unequivocally yes. So... where is Buffy? *Xander shows him the rope.* Oh dear, we have even less time than I feared. He hurries into the kitchen and starts gathering up items. I've looked up all known regenerating demons. Only one species practices the ritual Buffy's been seeing in her sleep. It's used to steal the soul from a human body.

**Xander** W-wait, are you saying that Buffy's been doing a Linda Blair on us because Kathy's been sucking her soul?

*Giles sets items down on the table.*

**Giles** I believe so, yes. Excuse me please.

*He drags Xander off the chair he'd been sitting on and moves it out of the way.*

**Willow** So Buffy was right all along. Later on, big remorse.

*Giles grabs the book he'd been reading earlier*

**Giles** Now, I've found a spell that should reverse the soul transfer procedure immediately. He hands the book over to Willow. Willow and I will perform it at once.

**Oz** Leaving Xander and me to help Buffy in the flesh.

*Oz rushes out. Xander hesitates a moment, clearly not wanting to go. Then he follows.*

*Giles reads from the book held by Willow as he begins lighting candles.*

**Giles** 'Hear me, elders of the upper reaches... elders of the lower reaches... elders of the dry land... elders of the river flats.'

*In the dorm room, Kathy throws Buffy against the demon's desk. Pencils fall to the floor.*

**Buffy** Ah-hah! She stomps on the pencils, breaking them.

*Kathy tries a backhand which Buffy blocks. Buffy grabs her head, swings her around, then gives her an uppercut. Kathy is thrown back into her own bookshelves, breaking them and scattering the items stored there. She rushes at Buffy and throws her against the door to the hall. In the hallway, on the outside of their door, we see that the numbers attached to it read two fourteen... until the shock of Buffy hitting the door causes the number two to break it's upper attachment and swing around upside down. A student leans out of his room, just next door.*

**Student** Do you mind? People are trying to study!

*Kathy runs Buffy across the room and into the window on the side of the room. Not the one they were arguing over earlier meaning their room is in the corner of the building. It breaks leaving Buffy lying across the sill. Kathy grabs her.*

*Giles' apartment.*

**Giles** 'Ancients I beseech you. The soul, abstracted. Let it revert to it's true seat.'

*Dorm room.*

*Kathy drags Buffy up off the window sill.*

**Kathy** The window's open. Happy?

*She throws Buffy over her bed and the slayer ends up leaning against her own bed. Kathy jumps on her and tries to force her mouth open.*

**Kathy** Open up! Let me finish! *She gets Buffy's mouth open.*

*Giles' apartment.*

**Giles** 'Let it be finished. Let the unnatural vessel be emptied, let the essence be returned to it's original host.'

*Dorm room.*

*Kathy tries to draw out the rest of Buffy's soul, but the reverse happens as Buffy's soul material is returned to her. Kathy drops, spent.*

**Kathy** How did you do...

*With a flash of light, what looks like vortex briefly appears, to be followed by Taparrich who materializes inside the room. He and Kathy start talking in subtitles.*

**Taparrich** There you are. Do you have any idea how much trouble you're in young lady?

**Kathy** I'm not going back!

**Taparrich** Don't take that tone with me.

**Kathy** I'm 3000 years old! When are you going to stop treating me like I'm 900?

*Oz and Xander burst through the door and Taparrich turns on them with a roar... they scoot back, but stay in the room. The demon turns back to Kathy.*

**Taparrich** Enough. You're coming home.

*He waves his arm and a vortex forms in the floor. Buffy sees it and quickly crawls around to the other side of the bed. Kathy screams as she's sucked in. Taparrich steps forward and enters the vortex too, it seals leaving the floor unblemished. Buffy, Oz and Xander stare at each other, speechless.*

*Daytime, the dorm room. Willow is moving in, her stuff in boxes around the room. She's hanging up a 'Dingoes Ate My Baby' poster. Buffy has just finished eating half of a sandwich, the other half on a saucer in her hand.*

**Willow** How's that?

**Buffy** Uh-uh, a little to the left... there. Perfect. I'm so glad you're here Will. *She sets the other half of her sand-*

*wich on the dresser. I can already feel all that bad-Kathy-karma just draining away.*

*She starts moving boxes and books around, straightening up.*

**Willow** About that—The Kathy thing?—I'm sorry I doubted you.

*Willow moves things from a box into one of the drawers in the dresser.*

**Buffy** You're completely forgiven. I mean, you had reason to doubt. Except for the soul sucking thing I bet Kathy was pretty regular, as far as roomies go.

**Willow** That's a pretty big 'except.'

**Buffy** I guess. I'm just glad that it was Kathy's demon-y ways making me no-fun Buffy. I've always thought I was pretty easy going—you know?—it's not like I have the big issues. You know, burn incense, or...

**Willow** *Picking up the half-sandwich.* You going to finish this?

*She bites into it. Buffy's senses intensify, focusing in on Willow's teeth as she bites the sandwich. Her eyes narrow.*

## The Harsh Light of Day

Written by **Jane Epon** Directed by **James A. Contner**

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### Disclaimer

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*This episode was originally broadcast on October 19, 1999.*

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### Prologue

*Cut to the Bronze. Oz is onstage with Dingoes Ate My Baby. Four Star Mary Pan over to where Buffy and Willow are sitting at a table chatting.*

**Willow** Hey look. Parker's here. You're not looking? He looks really cute in green.

**Buffy** Teal. He's reflected in the mirror.

*Round security mirror shows Parker shooting pool.*

**Willow** You know when you spend all week with a boy you are allowed to look at him directly.

**Buffy** Not all week. We hung out. Moderately incessantly. But we're not here together tonight. You know, I don't want to crowd him.

*Willow nods. Cut to Oz taking off his guitar and leaving the stage as the crowd applauds. He walks over to Buffy and Willow's table.*

**Oz** Hey. You guys ready to load up and go?

**Willow** Almost. Buffy's looking at Parker. *Cut to round mirror again where Parker is still reflected playing pool.* Who it turns out has a reflection, so big plus there. Buffy's having lusty wrong feelings.

**Buffy** No, I'm not.

**Willow** No, you're not.

**Buffy** Oh, I so am.

**Willow** No, uh, they're not wrong feelings cause you're free, you're both grown-ups. You are free, right?

*Parker walks over and puts his hand on Buffy's shoulder.*

**Parker** Hi.

**Buffy** Hi.

**Parker** I just wanted to let you know I'm headed out. And it's not real safe here, so if you want to walk back to your dorm.

**Buffy** How silly of me not to have planned ahead.

*Willow smiles and Buffy gets her jacket and stands up to leave with Parker.*

**Willow** Bye.

**Parker** See you guys.

*Buffy and Parker have left leaving Willow and Oz at the table. Buffy turns back and smiles at Willow, who nods, happy for her friend. Cut to the back lot at the Bronze. Willow, Oz and another member of Dingoes Ate My Baby, Devon, are taking equipment out to Oz's van.*

**Devon** That was like the best set ever. We'll do great in LA. We're gonna have them glued to their seats.

**Willow** Uh, Devon. Aren't they supposed to dance?

**Oz** Well, we can glue them to the dance floor.

*Oz and Devon head back into the Bronze leaving Willow outside.*

**Devon** I didn't mean with real glue. You got that right? *Willow is sliding a case into the van as she hears a voice, and turns.*

**Harmony** Willow, hi.

**Willow** Harmony, hey. I haven't seen you since -

**Harmony** Since graduation. Big snake huh?

**Willow** Yeah. So, how was your summer vacation?

**Harmony** Well I was gonna go to France. But I didn't. I was dying to see the stores.

**Willow** Yeah, and the museums.

**Harmony** Museums?

**Willow** Yeah, I heard they have them. You know, just a rumor you pick up on the streets.

*They laugh.*

**Harmony** You were always so funny Willow. You haven't changed a bit.

**Willow** No, you neither.

**Harmony** Oh, maybe a little.

*Vamps out and grabs Willow and begins to feed.*

### Part 1

*Oz appears with a mic stand shoving her out of the way, then brandishes a cross.*

**Willow** Back off Harmony.

**Harmony** Okay, fine. Hide behind your boyfriend. But I have a boyfriend too. And he's gonna be mad that you were mean to me.

*She runs off and Willow and Oz relax. Cut to Parker and Buffy walking along the street.*

**Parker** Uh, hobbies. Interests. I feel like there's so much I don't know about you. What do you like to do?

**Buffy** Mostly I hang out. And do ... stuff.

**Parker** Yeah, I was into that for a while. Hey, what's that.

**Buffy** What's what?

*Parker pushes aside the collar of her jacket to reveal the scar from when Angel fed on her.*

**Parker** You have a scar.

**Buffy** Yeah ... right ... angry puppy. So, I get to see any of your scars?

**Parker** Oh, mine are all psychological.

**Buffy** Please, those are the best kind.

**Parker** Well my father died last year.

**Buffy** Oh, God. Parker, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to bring it up, that stuff. Oh, bad, bad Buffy.

**Parker** No, I'm okay to talk about it now. And I'm not doing to deep, get sympathy routine. I mean don't you just hate guys that are all 'I'm dark and brooding so give me love?'

**Buffy** I don't think I've ever met that type.

*They sit on a bench.*

**Parker** I just wanted to say that it was so sad cause there was well, a lot of stuff that he didn't finish. It make me think about, you know, living for now.

**Buffy** I think about that sometimes. I sort of drowned a couple years ago. But I came back. Obviously. But I don't, I don't put stuff off anymore. Like you were saying.

**Parker** That's great. I mean, everybody says they get it. 'Oh, man. Me too. Live for today.' But what they really what is a reason to goof off. Not study for finals.

**Buffy** Also a valid life choice.

**Parker** It's cool to find someone else who understands.

**Buffy** So Parker Abrams. When you go to sleep tonight, what are you going to regret not doing today?

**Parker** I'm going to regret ... being too nervous to ask you to go to the party at Wolfhouse tomorrow night. Do you want to go to the party -

**Buffy** Yes.

*Cut to Giles apartment where Xander is attempting to shelve Giles books.*

**Xander** I am not enjoying this.

**Giles** Well shelve them correctly and we can finish.

**Xander** I don't get your crazy system.

**Giles** System? It's called the alphabet.

*Giles grabs a book and puts it in it's correct place.*

**Xander** Huh. Would you look at that.

*Anya walks in and Giles walks over to where she is.*

**Anya** You should lock your door.

**Giles** Believe me, I'm kicking myself.

*Gets a look from Anya. Xander walks over surprised.*

**Xander** Anya? Last time I saw you fleeing in terror. So how'd that work out for you?

**Anya** I need to talk to Xander. *Gets a nod from Giles. She glares at him. Go away. She smiles at Xander and grabs his hand, leading him out the door.* Xander come with me.

*Xander tosses a look back at Giles, then follows, shutting the door behind him.*

**Anya** Your mother said you were working here.

**Xander** Yeah I need some money.

**Anya** Abruptly Where is our relationship going?

**Xander** Our what? Our who?

**Anya** Matter of faculty. Relationship. What kind do we have. And what is it progressing toward?

**Xander** I ... Uh ... We have a relationship?

**Anya** Yeah. We went to the prom.

**Xander** Yeah, On our one and only date. Second date called on account of snake, remember? And the whole, you used to be a man killing demon thing. Which to be fair, is as much my issue as it is yours.

**Anya** I can't stop thinking about you. Sometimes in my dreams, you're all naked.

*Steps towards him, eyes widening.*

**Xander** Really. You know if I'm in the checkout line at the Wal-Mart I've had the same one.

**Anya** So I can assume a standing Friday night date and a mutual recognition as Prom night as our dating anniversary.

**Xander** Anya. Slow down there. In fact, come to a screeching halt. See these things kind of have to develop on their own.

**Anya** Okay. How?

**Xander** I don't know. I just - happens.

*Cut to Buffy and Parker standing at her door in the hall of the dorm.*

**Buffy** This is it. The door. Wood. *She knocks on it.* Maybe some kind of wood veneer.

**Parker** It's nice.

*He leans in to kiss her and their lips just touch as Oz and Willow come running down the hall. Buffy and Parker cease and desist due to the racket.*

**Oz** Hey. Hi, hi. Remember Harmony.

**Willow** She's back from her summer vacation. And she's a little bit different.

**Buffy** Different?

**Willow** Paler.

**Parker** *Noticing how Willow is holding her hand over where Harmony bit her. Is your neck okay?*

**Buffy** Neck. Paler. The puppy. The angry puppy.

**Oz** Yeah, we came to warn you about the - angry puppy.

**Buffy** I um, should really take care of this now.

**Parker** I'll pick you up tomorrow night for the party.

**Buffy** I can't wait.

*He leaves.*

**Willow** *In a small voice. Get in now?*

*Buffy quickly unlocks the door leading Oz and Willow into the room. Cut to Oz cleaning Willow's wound carefully. Buffy walks over to them.*

**Buffy** Harmony. A vampire? She must be dying without a reflection.

**Willow** *Sporting a neon green Band-Aid. She just made me so mad. Contorting her face to mock Harmony. 'My*

*boyfriends gonna beat you up.'*

**Buffy** 'My boyfriend.'

**Willow** Well, if you believe her. She always lied about stuff like that. *More face contortion.* 'Oh, he goes to another school. You wouldn't know him.'

**Oz** Well, Devon dated her for a while, but she was too flaky for him. Which, stop and marvel at the concept.

*Oz and Willow laugh. Buffy shakes her head.*

**Buffy** Guy dating Harmony dead. Must be like, the most tolerant guy in the world.

*Cut to underground crypt as Harmony descends into it. She walks over to a man wearing all black and protective head gear for drilling. She puts her hand on his back to draw his attention.*

**Harmony** Hi baby. I'm back.

*The man clad in black removes the gear revealing Spike.*

## Part 2

*Descend from ground level back underground. Spike and another vampire are discussing papers strewn over a table.*

**Spike** It's definitely the crypt right. I'm not keen on tunneling into someone's septic tank.

**Vampire** It's the crypt. The radar soundings are clear. The walls are thinnest here at the bottom. We'll have to tunnel underneath. More work but I'm sure -

*Spike slams his head into the table then looks down at him.*

**Spike** You'd better be more than sure. Cause I'd hate to have to hurt you.

**Vampire** I swear, I swear.

*Harmony walks up and snuggles against Spike.*

**Harmony** How's my little Blondie bear?

**Spike** Harm, does this look like a good time?

**Harmony** Are you gonna kill Willow tonight? Cause I want you to say, 'This is for messing with my sweet girl.' And then, you know. *She mock bites into his shoulder making grossly noises.*

*He throws the vampire aside then takes Harmony by the waist.*

**Spike** Nobody knows I'm here. And I'm not killing the slayer's best friend because that would tend to announce my presence. *Harmony gives him an annoyed, put out look.* And we're too bloody close.

**Harmony** But you almost killed her last year. Suddenly it's a big deal.?

**Spike** SOD OFF! Now go eat something, I've got work to do.

*Spike and the vampire return to the table. She walks over to wear a boy is chained up and looks irritated.*

**Harmony** This one tastes funny. Take me out to eat.

**Spike** He's perfectly fresh.

**Harmony** I think I had a math class with him last year and I didn't like him that much then either.

**Spike** Harm!

**Harmony** I want to go to a party.

*Spike slams his fists into the table, then heads over to where she is. He grabs her and slams her into the wall. She smiles coyly at him.*

**Harmony** Oh. Right here baby. In front of Bernie.

**Spike** You'd like that wouldn't you.

**Harmony** Maybe I would. After a party.

**Spike** Tonight. I'll take you somewhere nice.

*Cut to the frat party. Bif Naked is performing on stage and people are dancing.*

*Buffy and Parker walk around.*

**Parker** Some party huh? Last day in Rome.

**Buffy** Better. No old Romans.

**Parker** You want to dance?

**Buffy** No. Let's have a meaningful talk instead.

*Harmony and Spike walk up with an out of it guy under their arms.*

**Buffy** Spike. *Pauses looking amused.* And Harmony.

**Harmony** Buffy. Hi. What a cute outfit. Last year.

**Spike** Well this is interesting. Sort of a double date.

**Parker** Looks like your friend started the party a little early, huh?

**Spike** So, let's have a look at the new boy.

**Parker** *Holds out his hand.* Hi, I'm Parker.

*Spike looks at it in fascination for a second, then Parker puts his hand down disconcerted.*

**Spike** He's got. What's the word? Vulnerability.

**Buffy** And you with Harmony. What'd you do? Loose a bet?

*Harmony looks irritated.*

**Harmony** Hey.

**Spike** Actually, how we met. It's a funny story.  
*He throws the boy into Harmony and the others, then leaps over the couch taking off.*

**Buffy** Stay here.

*She runs after him outside, then runs into him by some shrubbery. He back hand punches her in the face then gets into a defensive stance.*

**Buffy** What's the matter Spike? Dru dump you again.

*She throws a punch, then another, both of which he blocks. Then she hits him dead on in the face.*

**Spike** Maybe I left her.

*Buffy goes to attack, but Spike diverts her to the left.*

*Harmony appears.*

**Harmony** She left him for a fungus demon. That's all he talks about most days.

*Spike strides up to her.*

**Spike** Harm! We are going. It isn't time yet.

**Harmony** Yeah, but as soon as we have the gem of amara, you're gonna be sorr-

**Spike** Argh!

*He grabs her and takes off.*

**Harmony** What? Ow!

*Buffy stands with her stake, then lowers it, thinking about what Harmony just let out.*

*Cut to Xander's room in his parents' basement. He's hanging up a mirrorball. There's a knock at the door.*

**Xander** Come in.

*Anya enters slowly.*

**Xander** Anya. Hi again.

**Anya** You're mother sent me around from the front of the house. She said to ask you to add fabric softener when the timer goes off. Can we talk some more?

**Xander** Yeah I suppose. Would you like something? I have cran-apple?

**Anya** Yeah, alright.

*He heads over to the fridge and rummages around a bit.*

**Xander** You know it is customary to call before you show up. Not that -

*During this Anya has removed her dress. As Xander realized what he's seeing cran-apple arcs out of the container, he stands there, gaping at her.*

*Cut to Buffy standing at a pay phone. As she talks we cut to Giles apartment where he is on the other end of the phone.*

**Buffy** Yeah, Spike with Harmony. If you can believe it. I couldn't figure out why he ran away but Harmony said something. Why they were here. They were looking for the gem of something... Amara.

**Giles** The gem of amara. Are you sure?

**Buffy** Yeah, what's up?

**Buffy** Uh, oh, it's just, uh, it's not real.

*He heads over to boxes where books are being stored.*

**Giles** It's uh, the vampire equivalent of the Holy Grail. The source of some enormous power, was conveniently vague. Oh, here it is, yes. There was a great deal of vampiric interest in locating it during the, uh, oh the 10th century. Questing vampires combed the earth, but no one ever found anything.. It was concluded that it never existed.

*Cut to Buffy.*

**Buffy** Well, Spike seems to think it exists. And he's looking in Sunnydale.

**Giles** Yes, well I'll research it as best I can. You've done all you can for tonight. Why don't you go to bed.

**Buffy** Uh, huh. Sleepy. Yawn. Bye.

*Cut the Harmony and Spike's bedroom. Spike is trying to read something, Harmony is laying on the bed in lingerie.*

**Harmony** Is Antonio Banderas a vampire?

**Spike** No.

**Harmony** Can I make him a vampire?

**Spike** No. On second thought, yes. Go do that. Take your time. Do Melanie and the kids as well.

**Harmony** Hey, I don't have a pulse. Cool. Hey, can we eat a doctor so we can get a stethoscope and hear my heart not beating?

**Spike** Harm. Will you shut the hell up?!

*He jumps to his feet, furious. Harmony just giggles.*

**Harmony** And if my hearts no beating, what are these blue veins for. I'm simply covered in these blue veins.

*She runs her fingers over her cheeks drawing attention to her cleavage.*

**Harmony** See.

*Spike gets a look and climbs into bed with her. They nuzzle.*

**Spike** I've got an extra set of chains.

**Harmony** Just because Dorkus went in for that -

*Spike grabs her hair and pulls her head back.*

**Spike** Dru-scilla. Say her name.

**Harmony** Dorkus.

**Spike** Bite your tongue.

**Harmony** Do it for me.

*Steamy kissing.*

*Cut to Xander and Anya. She's still naked, he's still stunned.*

**Anya** At point the matter is brought to a conclusion with both parties satisfied and able to move on with their separate lives and interests. To sum up, I think it's a workable plan.

**Xander** So, the crux of this plan is -

**Anya** Sexual intercourse. I've said it like a dozen times.



**Xander** Uh, huh. Just working through a little hysterical deafness here.

**Anya** I think it's the secret to getting you out of my mind. Putting you behind me. Behind me figuratively. I'm thinking face to face for the actual event itself.

**Xander** Ah, right. It's just we hardly know each other. I mean I like you. And you have a certain directness that I admire. But sexual interc- What you're talking about, well-and I'm actually turning into a woman as I say this-but it's about expressing something. And accepting consequences.

**Anya** Oh, I have condoms. Some are black.

**Xander** That's... that's very considerate.

**Anya** I like you. You're funny, and you're nicely shaped. And frankly, it's ludicrous to have these interlocking bodies and not... interlock. Please remove your clothing now.

**Xander** And the amazing thing... still more romantic than Faith.

*Anya moves towards him and they kiss. The buzzer for the dryer goes off.*

**Anya** Fabric softener.

*Cut to the party. Buffy finds Parker.*

**Buffy** Parker. I was afraid I wouldn't be able to find you.

**Parker** I was getting a little worried.

**Buffy** I'm so sorry. It's just that - the English guy is an old friend. And he's not supposed to drink. And I saw him here in the land of the beer -

**Parker** It's okay. You did a good thing for your friend. Did uh, you and he used to go out.

*Short burst of hysterical laughter from Buffy. She stops*

*abruptly.*

**Buffy** Um, no. No we really, really didn't.

**Parker** Good. Now we have time to make up for. Think I could get a dance with the prettiest girl at the party.

**Buffy** What am I supposed to do? Stand over here and watch?

*They dance, in a rather close intense way. (Lucky ones by Bif Naked plays in the background. - On the BTVS Soundtrack!)*

**Parker** Well, I declared premed. But I hated it. So I switched to history.

**Buffy** History? Fascinating dates and compelling faces.

**Parker** But there something amazing about these huge events that when you dig down into them they're just about regular people trying to make choices. When you look back at it seems like people were swept up in events they couldn't control. But I don't believe that. I believe you have a choice in everything you do.

*They kiss.*

**Parker** Is this okay? Because I can stop if you wanna. It's your choice. *She pulls his close and strokes his face.* What are you doing?

**Buffy** Making a choice.

*They kiss again. Cut to them kissing in Parker's room and shedding clothing. Cut to Giles looking through his books and calling someone. The phone rings and he gets Buffy and Willow's answering machine.*

**Giles** Buffy are you there? Call me, I need to talk to you right away.

*Cut to Buffy and Parker getting to know each other in a biblical sense. He has red sheets.*

### Part 3

*Cut to Parker's room. Buffy wakes up alone and without knowing where her clothing are.*

**Buffy** Parker?

*She wraps the sheet around her and gets up looking through his messy room for her discarded clothing.*

**Buffy** Just shirt. Pants. Everybody needs pants.

*Parker walks in bearing coffee, and Buffy turns around.*

**Parker** Hey, you're up.

**Buffy** You're here.

**Parker** I live here.

**Buffy** Oh, I just, didn't know where you were.

*He sits on the bed, Buffy standing near him.*

**Parker** It looked like you were going to be out for a while. So I ran for coffee. Better than what I got around here. Warm soda and breath mints.

**Buffy** Breath mints. Wouldn't be turning them down right now. So, do you have any plans for today?

**Parker** Actually my mom's coming to visit.

**Buffy** Oh, well I'll just clear out then. But maybe we could um, talk or something later.

**Parker** Absolutely, I'll give you a call.

**Buffy** Great. Oh, uh, one more thing before I go.

**Parker** A kiss.

**Buffy** Well I was going to go with pants, but a kiss is good too.

*They kiss.*

*Cut to Xander and Anya redressing themselves in his room.*

**Anya** So, I'm over you now.

**Xander** Um, Ok.

**Anya** Okay?!

**Xander** Yeah...

*Anya stalks off upset, leaving a very confused Xander behind.*

*Cut to Harmony and Spike laying in their bed. She's drawing on him with lipstick. He looks out of it.*

**Spike** Harm, what are you doing.

**Harmony** I'm writing Spike loves Harmony on your back.

**Spike** Why?

**Harmony** I don't know, it's fun. I'm bored. You can write on me.

**Spike** I've got to get back to work.

*He gets up.*

**Harmony** You love that tunnel more than me.

**Spike** I love syphilis more than you.

*Cut to Buffy walking into her dorm room. She starts to undo the straps on the back of her shirt to take it off as she heads towards her bed.*

**Giles** Oh, good morning.

*Buffy sees Giles and Willow at work at Willow's computer. She abruptly stops then starts to redo her top.*

**Buffy** Giles, I didn't know you were here.

**Giles** Uh really.

**Buffy** I was studying at the library. All Saturday night. *Giles gives her a look.* Uh, you know what. I'm an adult now and it's none of your business what I do.

**Giles** I'm sincerely relieved to hear that. Now can we discuss the impending disaster.

**Willow** Giles found something.

**Giles** A text. It refers to the gem of amara as residing in the valley of the sun.

**Willow** Demon fancy talk for Sunnydale.

**Giles** It seems that Spike may know what it's about. The gem may exist after all, in Sunnydale in a sealed underground crypt.

**Buffy** Why don't you guys try and locate the crypt and I'll try to find Spike before he gets there.

**Giles** I'll get started.

**Willow** I'll go call Xander and have him meet at your place.

**Giles** *As he leaves* Right.

*Willow turns looking excited.*

**Willow** It happened right? *Bounds over to the bed where Buffy is sitting.* Did it happen? With Parker?

**Buffy** Yeah, it happened.

**Willow** Well, and details. I mean not details. I don't need a diagram. But, you know. Like maybe a blurry watercolor.

**Buffy** It was nice. It was really nice. He's going to call.

**Willow** I love this part. Don't you love this part. Like when it's all new and everything's a discovery.

**Buffy** I don't know. I guess I do.

*Cut to underground where Spike, Harmony and the vampire are still looking for the crypt.*

**Spike** It's here.

**Vampire** I knew it was here.

**Spike** We're close now. No one leaves the layer till we're in. I don't want the slayer tracking anyone to the tunnel. And that means you too Harmony. You're an indoor kitty now.

**Harmony** But Spike, you said you'd take me places. You said we'd go to France and now I can't even leave the lair.

*He throws down his shovel as the other vampires depart.*

**Spike** Listen to me, you stupid bint. This gem is everything I came back to Sunnydale for, which has witnessed some truly spectacular kickings of my ass. Now, when I have the gem, they'll all die, don't worry. But until then, stay inside. And by the way, I would be insanely happy if I heard bugger all, about sodding France.

**Harmony** I don't know why I let you be so mean to me.

**Spike** Love hurts baby.

*Cut to Buffy going through the campus showing people Harmony's high school picture from her yearbook.*

*Cut to her dorm. The answering machine shows 0 messages.*

*Cut to Spike he's where he's drilling at the tunnel.*

*Cut to Buffy at night at a pay phone.*

**Phone** You've got one new message at 9:05 p.m. Hi, It's me. I'm at Giles. Did Parker call yet?

*Cut to Spike drilling again, this time he breaks through.*

*Cut to answering machine showing 0 messages again.*

*Buffy looking upset lets herself fall on her bed to the side.*

*Cut to Spike climbing into the crypt with a lantern. He looks around and sees a large green gem in an ornate necklace around the neck of a skeleton.*

**Spike** It's real.

**Harmony** Ooh, pretty. Can I take stuff?

*Harmony has followed Spike into the crypt and is also holding a lantern.*

**Spike** Take whatever you want I don't care.

*She walks over and kisses him. He strokes the gem and yanks it off the skeleton.*

*Harmony is trying on a tiara.*

**Harmony** Eww. Like you're too good to work a clasp.

*He puts on the necklace. And does things with his hands, feeling all powerful.*

**Harmony** So is it doing it? Do you feel it. I mean, you don't look different, if you were wondering. I thought maybe you'd look taller or glow or something. Hmm.

*She goes back to playing with the jewels. He strides over and grabs a cross, burning his hand, crying out in pain.*

**Harmony** You should put some butter on that. But, hey, maybe it's worth money, anyway. That would be something. *Spike strides away, breaking off a piece of wood.* Then we could go to France, I always wanted to go to France and stay in a chateau and you could take me shopping -

*She cuts off as he stabs her with the improvisational stake. To their surprise, she doesn't dust, but the wound heals immediately.*

**Harmony** I can't believe you just did that.

*She starts pummeling him with girlie punches to his cheats. He grabs her hand and notices a ring she's put on.*

**Spike** Hold on.

*He grabs a cross and pushes it against her, shielding his hand with a cloth, noting that she isn't burnt.*

**Harmony** What are you doing you big freak?

**Spike** That's my gem.

*He grabs her and starts to yank it off.*

**Harmony** Fine if that's all that matters to you. *She rips the gem off her hand and throws it at him and he catches. Then take it, take it, take it and get out.*

*Spike puts it on and strides off.*

**Spike** That's a good idea. I think I'll go wait outside.

*He hops down the hole, leaving Harmony looking miserable.*

*Cut to Giles apartment where Oz is sifting through some of Giles old records. Giles is trying to study something.*

**Oz** Okay, either I'm borrowing all your albums or I'm moving in.

**Giles** Oz there are more important things than records right now.

**Oz** *Holding up a record.* More important than this one?

**Giles** Well I suppose an argument could be made for -

**Xander** Whoa, Giles has a TV. Everybody, Giles has a TV. He's shallow like us.

**Oz** I got to admit, I'm a little disappointed.

**Giles** I, ah, uh, uh.

**Willow** *Walking in.* Well maybe it doesn't work. Like a piece of art.

*Xander turns the TV on. Willow is open mouthed with shock.*

**Giles** Public television. Come on everyone we have vital work to do. Watching television is not going to help us right now.

**TV** near the UC Sunnydale campus. Officials attribute the unusual occurrence to weakening of the supporting topsoil nearby. City work crews denied any tunneling has been done in the area.

**Giles** Tunneling. Spike. Xander, find Buffy and meet us there.

*Giles and the gang leave, Xander watches the TV for a second more then gets up to leave. Cut to Buffy walk-*

*ing along the campus, where she spies Parker talking to a young blonde twinkie.*

**Parker** You know it hit me hard, my dad. Since then I just don't put stuff off anymore. It's about living for now. *Buffy walks over to them.*

**Buffy** Parker?

**Parker** Buffy. Buffy Summers, this is Katie Loomis. *Katie waves.*

**Buffy** What's going on?

**Parker** Hey, Katie, you're going to be late for class. I'll catch up later, okay.

*He picks up her bag and hands it to her as she leaves.*

**Buffy** She's a friend of yours.

**Parker** Yeah, you'd like her a bunch. So, what's up?

**Buffy** Well, um you didn't call. I'd, uh I understand if you were busy or sick or something.

**Parker** It's only been a few days. You need to talk to me about something.

**Buffy** Is everything okay?

**Parker** Sure it is.

**Buffy** It is?

**Parker** Sure.

**Buffy** Oh, um, so maybe do you wanna do something.

**Parker** Sure, we could do that absolutely.

**Buffy** So what about tonight.

**Parker** Oh... Uh... I think I'm supposed to get together with some people later ...

**Buffy** Parker did I do something wrong?

**Parker** Something wrong? No, of course not. It was fun didn't you have fun. Watch out how you answer that. My ego is fragile.

**Buffy** You had fun? Was that all it was?

**Parker** What else was it supposed to be?

**Buffy** It seemed like you liked me.

**Parker** I do. But I'm starting to feel like you felt what? Some kind of commitment? Are you sure that's what you want right now?

**Buffy** I just thought...

**Parker** I'm sorry if you missed something. I thought things were pretty clear.

**Buffy** I'm sorry if I miss. I'm sorry.

**Parker** Look, I really have to go now.

*He walks off leaving Buffy looking dejected.*

**Buffy** Parker wait. I did this all wrong.

**Parker** No, it's cool. We'll hook up later.

**Spike** Wow. That was pathetic.

*He punches her in the face.*

#### Part 4

*Buffy is on the ground looking up, while Spike stands above her in a beam of sunlight.*

**Spike** Birds singing, squirrels making lots of rotten little

squirrels. Sun beaming down in a nice, non-fatal way. It's very exciting, I can't wait to see if I freckle.

*Buffy grabs her stake and jumps up. She lands a punch,*

*then he punches her back and she hits the ground. He goes to jump on her and she kicks him back. He staggers, but jumps forward again, right into her stake.*

**Spike** Oh, do it again. It tickles. You know, in a good way.

*Buffy withdraws the stake and he heals, while she looks somewhat surprised.*

**Spike** The gem of amara.

*He holds up his hand, then backhands her whereupon she hits the ground again.*

**Spike** Official sponsor, of my killing you.

*He vamps out then goes in for the kill.*

*Cut to the underground crypt. Giles and Oz are hefting Willow up through the hole. Harmony is crying.*

**Harmony** Being a vampire sucks.

*She vamps out, then jumps up to attack with a fierce growl.*

*Cut to Xander, knocking anxiously on Buffy and Willow's door.*

**Xander** Buffy. Knocks again. Buffy.

*He turns away and runs into Anya.*

**Anya** Xander. I was looking for you. You weren't in your musty basement.

**Xander** Have you seen Buffy.

**Anya** No. About what happened. I said I was over you -

**Xander** Anya, I don't have time.

*He cuts her off, then takes off running. She's left looking dejected. Cut to the crypt.*

**Giles** Harmony, where's Spike? Has he had the gem.

*Harmony nods.*

**Harmony** He staked me, then he took it. He tried to take it right off my finger. Like I wouldn't have just given it to him. I would have given him anything he wanted. He was my platinum baby and I loved him.

**Giles** Where did Spike go?

*Harmony, leaves, descending through the hole.*

*Cut to Buffy and Spike fighting. Buffy is on her knees blocking a punch from Spike. He redirects her into a pole, then kicks her in the stomach. She gets up and tries to kick him but he blocks her and throws her into the pole again. He's pressing her against it, then she grabs him by the throat and begins to choke him, then throws him off her. Buffy kicks him in the stomach, which sends him spinning to the ground. He leaps back up and tries a spinning kick which she blocks, then kicks him with a roundhouse, then another, followed by redirecting him over a bench, sending him rolling. She jumps up on the bench and tries to kick him in the chest, but he blocks her, grabs her arm and throws her into a metal frame table, who's glass top shatters under her. She rolls off and Spike strolls after her.*

**Spike** Getting tired Slayer?

*Buffy gets up, only to be hit with a series of punches and floored again. In the background, we see Xander running up.*

**Buffy** Xander, get out of here.

*Spike grabs him, knees him in the face, and sends him flying into the pole from hell.*

**Spike** So, you let Parker take a poke, eh? Didn't seem like you know each other that well. What did it take to pry apart the Slayer's dimpled knees?

**Buffy** You're a pig Spike.

*He jumps from the few stairs he was above her, then kicks her full on.*

**Spike** Did he play the sensitive lad and get you to seduce him? That's a good trick if the girls thick enough to buy it.

*Buffy flies up and delivers a roundhouse, however Spike follows it with an equally vicious hit that sends her flying forward.*

**Spike** I wonder what went wrong. Were you too strong? Did you bruise the boy? Come to think of it seems like someone told me that. Who was it? Oh, yeah. Angel.

*He smiles cruelly, and Buffy is up in an instant. She throws a round house, then a punch, then another and another. She redirects him over the edge of a planter, jumps on it and while coming down kicks him, sending him flying into another planter knocking over a earthenware pot. She grabs him, punching him twice in the face, then grabs the arm with the ring on it.*

**Spike** Take it off me this way, we both burn.

**Buffy** Really? Let's see.

*She jerks the ring off his finger and his face instantly contorts into a visage of pain. He starts to smoke then runs off crying out in agony. Buffy, exhausted sits down inspecting the ring. Cut to a close up of the ring on a wooden table.*

**Willow** I like it.

**Oz** It's small.

**Xander** Really worth getting my ribs bashed in.

*We see that the Scooby gang is collected at Giles apartment, gathered round the ring, which is set in the middle of his coffee table.*

**Giles** It's also very dangerous. And we're destroying it.

**Buffy** We don't destroy it.

**Giles** Well, Buffy, any vampire that gets his hand on this is going to be essentially unlikable. *He looks at Buffy for a moment.* Oh.

**Oz** I have that gig in LA. I could swing by.

**Buffy** Thanks Oz.

**Xander** What's going on. What's in LA?

**Willow** She's giving the ring to Angel. Don't make a fuss.

**Giles** Buffy are you sure.

**Buffy** He should have it.

*Cut to Buffy and Willow walking through the campus late at night.*

**Buffy** So what I'm wondering is, does this always happen? Sleep with a guy and he goes all evil. God, I'm such a fool.

**Willow** Well maybe you made a mistake. But that's okay. Next time - what?

**Buffy** Parker said it's okay to make mistakes. It was sweet.

**Willow** No it wasn't. He was saying that so you would take a chance and sleep with him. He's a poop head.

**Buffy** You're right. He's manipulative and shallow. And why doesn't he want me. Am I repulsive? If there was

something repulsive about me you would tell me, right?

**Willow** I'm your friend. I would call you repulsive in a second.

**Buffy** Maybe Parker and I could still work it out. Do you think we could still work it out?

**Willow** I think you're missing something about this whole poop head principal.

**Buffy** I think I'm gonna take a walk. You go on ahead.

**Willow** You sure?

**Buffy** Yeah.

*She heads off leaving Willow behind. She walks along alone, then we see both Anya and Harmony, all looking downtrodden walking along.*

## Fear, Itself

Written by **David Fury**

### Disclaimer

*This transcript was done to give the poor people that lost their WB station this fall a way to keep up with the series, not for profit and no infringement of anyone's rights was intended.*

### Prologue

*Previously on Buffy:*

**Buffy** Parker, did I do something wrong?

**Parker** Didn't you have fun?

**Buffy** Is that all it was?

**Parker** What else was it supposed to be?

**Buffy** He's manipulative and shallow, and why doesn't he want me?

**Willow** I think you're missing something about the whole poop-head principle.

**Xander** Hi again.

*Anya drops her dress and Xander squeezes the juice box.*

*Xander and Anya getting dressed.*

**Xander voice over** So, college not so scary after all, huh?

*Three masked commando guys with weapons drawn walking up to a vamp laying on the ground.*

**Buffy voice over** It's turning out a lot like high school, which I can handle.

*Xander in his basement with a knife in his hand.*

**Xander** I don't know, I was going for ferocious, scary, but it's coming out more dryly sardonic.

**Willow** It does appear to be mocking you with its eye holes.

**Oz** The nose hole seems sad and full of self-loathing.

*Xander turns the jack-o-lantern around to show to Buffy who's laying on his bed* What do you think, Buff?

**Buffy** I was just thinking about the life of a pumpkin. Grow up in the sun - happily entwined with others, then someone comes along, cuts you open and - rips your guts out.

**Xander** Okay, and on that happy note, I've got a treat for tomorrow nights second annual Halloween screening. People - prepare to have your spines tingled, your gooses bumped by the terrifying *Pulls out a video and reads the title* Fantasia. Fantasia?

**Oz** Maybe it's because of all the - horrific things we've seen, but hippos wearing tutus just don't unnerve me the way they used to.

**Xander** Phantasm. It was supposed to be 'Phantasm'. Stupid video store!

**Willow** I thought we were doing the alph delt thing.

**Xander** What thing?

**Buffy** The scary house? Sounds kinda lame.

**Oz** It actually borders on fun. You have to go through the scary house maze to get to the party. Which is usually worth getting to. Those guys go all out.

**Willow** As witnessed last Friday.

**Oz** Very true.

**Xander** There is a party?

**Willow** We didn't tell you?

**Xander** No, it's cool. You guys got your little college thing. I'm fine. I mean, I got better things to do than tag along to some Fraternity.

**Willow** You can come.

**Xander** Okay. But only because I lied about having better things to do.

**Oz** A blast will be had by all.

**Buffy gets up** I'm gonna get going.

**Xander** Now? Tonight's still...*Looks at his watch* okay, it's a little mature, but still.

**Buffy** I'm sleepy. You guys have fun.

**Willow** You want me to come with?

**Buffy leaves** No I'm fine.

**Xander shakes his head** Sad Buffy.

**Willow** She didn't even touch her pumpkin. It's a freak with no face.

**Oz** She's still suffering a little post-Parker depression.

**Xander** Bailing on the Buff. Does anyone else want to smack that guy?

*All three raise their hands.*

*Cut to Buffy walking down the street alone. A demon jumps out at her screaming and she hits it in the face knocking it down. It pulls off its mask to reveal a young kid.*

**Kid** Jeez, that hurt! What the hell is wrong with you, lady?

*Gets up and walks away.*

**Buffy** That's what I'd like to know.

### Part 1

*Cut to UC of Sunnydale. Willow and Buffy are walking into the cafeteria.*

**Willow** I've got the basics down : levitation, charms,

glamours. I just feel like I've plateaued wicca-wise.

**Buffy** What's the next level?

**Willow** Transmutation, conjuring, bringing forth some-

thing from nothing. Gets pretty close to the primal forces. A little scary.

**Buffy** Well, no one's pushing. You know, if it's too much don't do it.

**Willow** Don't do it? What kind of encouragement is that?

**Buffy** This is an 'encouragement' talk? I thought it was 'share my pain'.

**Willow** I don't know. Then again, what is college for if not experimenting? You know, maybe I can handle it. I'll know when I've reached my limit.

**Oz comes up to them** Wine coolers?

**Buffy** Magic.

**Oz** Ooh, you didn't encourage her, did you?

**Willow** Where is supportive boyfriend guy?

**Oz** He's picking up your dry cleaning, but he told me to tell you that he's afraid you're gonna get hurt.

**Willow** *with a smile* Okay, Brutus. *Oz just looks at her* Brutus : Caesar? *Willow looks from Oz to Buffy* Betrayal : trusted friend? *Makes stabbing motions with her banana* Back stabby?

**Oz** Oh, I'm with you on the reference, but : I won't lie about the fact that I worry? I know what it's like to have power you can't control. I mean, every time I start to wold out, I touch something : deep : dark. It's not fun. But just know that what ever you decide, I back your play.

**Buffy** See? Concerned boy, sweet boy.

**Willow** I kinda like him - worrying anyway.

*We hear laughter and Buffy looks over to see Parker sitting at a table laughing with his friends.*

**Buffy** You know I, uhm, I forgot : *to puts her food down and turns to leave* be hungry.

**Willow** *hands her food to Oz and runs after her* Wait, Buffy.

**Willow** *catches her in the hallway* Buffy. Don't let jerky Parker chase you away.

**Buffy** He didn't. I just don't want to deal with this right now. I'm taking a holiday from dealing, happily vacationing in the land of not coping.

**Willow** You know what, you'll feel better at the party tonight. Maybe you'll even meet someone.

**Buffy** Willow, I don't want to meet someone. I've reached my quota on someones. Besides, I think I'm gonna have to patrol anyway.

**Willow** Tonight, but : it's Halloween!

**Buffy** I'll double check with Giles, but I'm sure he's going to think I should be on active Slayer duty. He doesn't care about Halloween.

*Cut to Giles opening his door dressed up like a Mexican holding a big bowl of candy.*

**Giles** Happy Hallow - Hello, Buffy?

**Buffy** *stares at him* Oh : my : God.

**Giles** It's a sombrero.

**Buffy** And it's on your head.

**Giles** It seemed festive. Uhm, come in. *Buffy comes in* Candy?

**Buffy** *looks around at the decorations* What's going on here? You hate Halloween.

**Giles** I never said any such a thing. As my Watcher's duties took precedence, I simply haven't taken time to : well, to embrace its inherent charms : until now. *Turns on a Frankenstein puppet hanging from the ceiling* Look, look! *Laughs* It's alive! *Buffy just stares at him* See : how he shakes? - Is : is there something you wanted?

**Buffy** I was thinking that I should patrol tonight. You know, possibly the cemetery or if you had a better su... *Stares distractedly at the fringe dangling from the edge of his sombrero* could you please take that off?

**Giles** *sets down the bowl of candy* Oh, yes, of course. *Takes the hat off* I see, is there some specific danger you were sensing?

**Buffy** No. But then you know we were all caught of guard when Ethan turned everyone into their costumes.

**Giles** True, but what happened then was anomalous. Creatures of the night shy away from Halloween. They find it all much too crass.

**Buffy** Hard to believe.

**Giles** Well, I-I promise you - there is little likelihood of any supernatural activity tonight. *Holds up the bowl of Candy* You sure you don't want one?

*Cut to the Alpha Delta Fraternity house. They are decorating the haunted house. A guy walks down the hallway and a plastic skeleton with a knife in its hand swings out in front of him, making him jump.*

**1.Guy** *laughs and holds up a bag to the guy standing next to the skeleton* I come bearing spiders.

**2.Guy** The sound system is not going to cut it. Nothing but lame.

**1.Guy** You want me to call Oz? He can probably hook us up.

**2.Guy** Do it. If we not scare the young women, they will not fall into our arms. - We'll have woman-less arms. Halloween isn't about thrills, chills and funny costumes, it's about getting laid.

**1.Guy** Is there any holiday that's not about getting laid?

**2.Guy** Arborday. Call Oz, dude.

**1.Guy** Done. And oh, you wanted a symbol to paint upstairs, something mystical? *Holds up a book with a pentagram in it* Check this out.

*Cut to Xander putting on a jacket in his basement, he turns and there is Anya standing on the stairs.*

**Xander** Anya? You really have to get this knocking thing down. - How did you...?

**Anya** You're uncle Rory let me in. Does he always smell like peppermint?

**Xander** The man likes his schnapps. What are you doing here?

**Anya** You haven't called. Not once.

**Xander** You said you were over me.

**Anya** And you just accepted that? I only said that because I thought that's what you wanted to hear.

**Xander** That's the funny thing about me, I tend to hear the actual words people say and accept them at face value.

**Anya** That's stupid.

**Xander** I accept that. - I can't say seeing you falls into the realm of a bad thing.

**Anya** *smiles* Really? - I thought - maybe we could go out tonight, for our anniversary.

**Xander** Anniversary?

**Anya** It's been exactly one week since we copulated. - Did you forget?

**Xander** Oh, no, of course not. It's just I already have plans with Buffy, Willow and Oz. It's Halloween, you know.

**Anya** I don't understand.

**Xander** Well, every October 31st, we mortals dress up in masks...

**Anya** No, no, I understand that inane ritual. It's those people. You continue to associate with them though you share little in common.

**Xander** What are you talking about?

**Anya** I mean they go to college, you don't. They no longer live at home, - you do.

**Xander** Oh, hey, those things... The bonds of true friendship transcends... Could we just change the subject?

**Anya** Okay, okay. Don't get upset with me. I just wondered.

**Xander** If you want you can come with me tonight to this party.

**Anya** You mean like a date? - Is that what this is? *Xander swallows* Are we dating?

**Xander** There are definitely date-like qualities at work here : Oh, you'll need a costume.

**Anya** A costume?

**Xander** Dress up, you know, something - scary.

**Anya** Scary. Scary how?

**Xander** Anya, you ex-demon, terrorized mankind for centuries. I'm sure you'll come up with something.

*Cut to Psyche-lecture room at UCS. Buffy walks up to Prof. Walsh and Riley as they get ready to leave.*

**Buffy** Excuse me, Professor Walsh? I came to get today's assignments. I, uh, couldn't make it to class for personal reasons.

**Walsh** Right. I count four limbs, a head no visible scarring, so I assume your personal issue wasn't a life threatening accident of any kind, I'm therefore uninterested. You got problems, solve them on your own time. Miss another class and you're out.

*Prof. Walsh walks past Buffy.*

**Riley** She means it, you know.

**Buffy** Yeah. I got the impression she wasn't saying it to make me laugh.

**Riley** You've got to be aware your work's taken a little down turn lately. I can't remember the last time I've seen your hand up.

**Buffy** Does stretching count?

**Riley** Look, things get pretty intense Freshmen year, - as I dimly recall. Too much fun or not enough?

**Buffy** *after a beat* Both actually.

**Riley** *hands her the assignments* Yeah, well, you just got to keep your priorities. Prof. Walsh is worth your time.

**Buffy** Thanks, I'll get this done tonight.

**Riley** Tonight. It's Halloween! What, your not going to dress up and go party?

**Buffy** I have a lot of work to do.

**Riley** I may be out of line here, and it's not really my business, but - you seem like the kind of person that makes things really hard on themselves. Halloween isn't a night for responsibility. It's when the ghosts and goblins come out.

**Buffy** That's actually a misnomer.

**Riley** Well, I didn't mean real ones. *Buffy smiles and looks down* But, hey, there is some good scary fun to be had on campus tonight.

**Buffy** Yeah? What are you doing?

**Riley** Well, I'm going to sit here and grade papers.

**Buffy** *turns to go* Scary.

**Riley** Very.

**Buffy** Well, thanks for the pep talk, coach.

**Riley** Don't make fun. I worked long and hard to get this pompous.

**Buffy** No, I mean it.

**Riley** *after a beat* You're welcome.

*Buffy smiles and walks out while Riley looks after her. Cut to the Alpha Delta Fraternity house. A guy is painting the symbol from the book onto the floor. Oz and Xander carry in a speaker.*

**3.Guy** Okay, watch your step, boys. Paint's still wet in a few spots.

**2.Guy** Thanks for the loan, man. Our sound system sucks.

**Oz** Mi casio es su casio.



**Xander** *points at the pentagram* Well, that's an interesting little design. What does it mean?

**3.Guy** No - clue. I got it out of this book. There is a lot of really cool stuff about...

**Xander** *spots a bowl on a table* Ooh, grapes! *Picks up a grape* Wow, peeled. You guys know how to spoil your guests.

**2.Guy** Eyeballs, man. Blindfold chicks and have them stick their hands in the bowl and tell them it's eyeballs. They love that.

**Xander** And here I was wasting time buying them flowers and complimenting them on their shoes. So, you go through the whole house of horrors downstairs and it ends up here. Sweet. You fratly guys have a nice setup.

**2.Guy** Hey, mighty, mighty Alpha Delts. You should think about pledging.

**Oz** Oh, Xander is a civilian.

**2.Guy** Ah! Townie, huh? Didn't know. He looked so normal. You sure we should let him come to the party, Oz?

**Xander** Hey, standing right here.

*Scary sound effects start to play loudly. Oz looks at the speakers unhappily.*

**2.Guy** Cranking.

**Xander** *looks at Oz* You're sensing a disturbance in the force, master?

**Oz** *pulls out a folding pocketknife* Ah, the left speaker is crackling a little bit.

**Xander** And you feel stabbing it is the proper solution?

**Oz** I'm just going to trim the wire. It might be a short. *Xander nods and turns away.*

**Oz** *straightens up* Ah!

**Xander** Oz?

**Oz** Cut myself. It's okay.

*He walks over shaking his hand. Some blood drops on the symbol on the floor.*

**Xander** Playing with knives, fun, yes, but not safe. And when you bleed to death I've got dibs on your equipment.

*A ripple runs over the symbol, but no one notices one of the plastic spiders at its edge coming alive and crawling away.*

*Cut to Joyce altering a red cape on her sewing machine.*

**Buffy** Thanks again for doing this at the last minute.

**Joyce** I'm just glad I could find it. There. Try it now. I let down the hem and loosened it a little around the hood.

**Buffy** *puts it on* Oh, it feels better. *Joyce smiles at her* Oh, no. Someone is getting nostalgic face.

**Joyce** I'm sorry. I'm thinking about the little girl who wore that. What is it? Five? Six years ago.

**Buffy** Yeah, little red riding hood was the cutting edge in costumes.

**Joyce** *laughs* Your father **loved** to take you out.

**Buffy** He was such a pain! 12 years old and I can't go trick-or-treating by myself?

**Joyce** He just wanted to keep you safe.

**Buffy** No, he wanted the candy. I was just the beard.

**Joyce** Oh, that's not true actually. The candy was for me. - Your father loved spending time with you.

**Buffy** *looks down* Not enough, I guess.

**Joyce** Buffy.

**Buffy** Oh, that just paved right over memory lane, huh?

**Joyce** Our divorce had nothing to do with you.

**Buffy** *swallows* I don't know. : I'm starting to feel like there is a pattern here. : Open your heart to someone, and he bails on you. Maybe it's easier to just not let anyone in.

**Joyce** *gets up* I thought it might be easier. You must have noticed that I am not exactly the social butterfly I was when I was with your dad. I don't think I made a single new friend the year we moved to Sunnydale.

**Buffy** Why not?

**Joyce** Fear. I didn't believe I could trust anyone again. It's taken time and a lot of effort, but I've got a nice circle of friends now. - I mean, don't get me wrong. I : I'm still a little gun shy. It certainly didn't help that my last boyfriend turned out to be a homicidal robot. *Sits down next to Buffy* I will **always** be here for you. And you got Mr. Giles and your friends. *Buffy looks at her* Believe me, there is nothing to be afraid of.

*Cut to students in costumes toilet papering some trees. Cut to Willow in Joan of Arc costume.*

**Willow** *on the phone* No, I just meet you at your place. : Yeah, Buffy said she was coming but I haven't seen her. We have to make sure she has fun. We have to force fun upon her. And if Parker shows up we just - ax-murder him. That's halloweeny! Okay, I'll see you in a little bit.

*Willow hangs up the phone and goes into the hallway. It's full of college kids in costumes. Tall black guy in drag wearing a blond wig comes up to her* Willow, you've got to stop by the room.

**Willow** I'm late for a battle or I would. I love your outfit though.

*Willow walks by a red lobster talking to a girl dressed like a present.*

**Lobster** There is nothing going on here.

**Present** I saw you flirting with her!

**Lobster** Do we have to do this every time? I love you, you know that!

*Cut to the haunted house. It's in full swing.*

**2.Guy** *leads a blindfolded girl to the bowl of peeled grapes* Okay, Rach, what's in the next one?

**Rachel** You guys are sick!

**2.Guy** Here, give me your hand.

**Rachel** *with her hand in the bowl* This is gross.

**2.Guy** Eyeballs, Rachel, they're eyeballs! Muahaha!

*Rachel giggles takes her blindfold off and looks at what she's picked up out of the bowl. She is holding eyeballs. Screams.*

*Cut to Buffy, dressed like little red riding hood, is standing with a basket in her hands. Xander walks up behind her wearing a tux.*

**Xander** Hey, Red. What you got in the basket, little girl?

**Buffy** Weapons.

**Xander** Oh.

**Buffy** Just in case. Like the tux, Xander.

**Xander** Bond. James Bond. Insurance, you know, in case we get turned into our costumes again. I'm going for cool, secret agent guy.

**Buffy** I hate to break it to you, but you'll probably end up cool head waiter guy.

**Xander** As long as I'm cool and wield some kind of power.

*They meet up with Willow and Oz.*

**Buffy** Will. Medieval Will.

**Xander** Hail, ye olde : vareletty : thou.

**Willow** I'm Joan of Arc. I figured we had a lot in common, seeing as how - I was almost burned at the stake, and plus she had - that close relationship with God.

**Xander** to Oz And you are?

*Oz pulls his jacket open to reveal a nametag with 'God' on it.*

**Xander** as they walk on together Of course. I wish I'd thought of that before I put down my deposit. I could have been God.

**Oz** Blasphemer.

*Two of the commando guys wearing ski masks and carrying guns step out of the bushes in front of them.*

**Buffy** Nice costumes. Very stealthy.

**Willow** What are they supposed to be?

**Oz** NATO?

**Xander** Oh, yeah, I, ah, invited Anya to join us, but she's having some trouble finding a scary costume, so she's just going to meet us there.

**Buffy** Perfect, everybody's got a date but third-wheel Buffy.

**Willow** You're not a third wheel.

**Xander** Technically speaking you're a fifth wheel.

**Willow** pushes him aside impatiently and puts an arm around Buffy We're going to have the best time.

*Cut to the inside of the haunted house. All the kids are running around, screaming. There are strobe lights going, given everything a creepy look. A voice rumbles: Release me!*

*Cut to Buffy and Co. walking up to the house.*

*Cut to the kids running and screaming.*

*Cut to Willow and Oz smiling and holding hands as they walk up to the door.*

**Oz** turns around in front of the door Let the horrors begin.

**Cut to 2.Guy running down a corridor** God, help me! He falls down the steps and lands in a lifeless heap at the bottom.

**Voice** rumbles Release me!

*Cut to Buffy and Co. entering the silent haunted house.*

**Xander** The joint's not jumping. Where is everybody? Mechanical laughter comes from a head with one eye hanging from its socket sitting in a punch bowl on a table next to the door.

**Oz** Follow the signs.

**Buffy** looks at the severed head Terrifying. If I were Abbott and Costello this would be fairly traumatic.

**Willow** walks into a cobweb decorating a doorway and screams Uh, ah! Cobweb! Pulls it off of her Okay that part was realistic.

**Oz** Frat boys aren't too obsessive with their cleaning. Might not be decoration per se.

*The plastic skeleton with the knife swings out at Xander and he jumps.*

**Xander** panting I wasn't scared, I was in the spirit.

**Willow** And we back you up on that. Even if they question us separately.

*Oz looks back at Willow and notices a real tarantula on her shoulder.*

**Willow** sees what he is looking at and screams Uh, get it off!

**Oz** brushes at it the checks her over It is gone.

**Willow** Okay, that is not sanitary!

**Buffy** Yeah, lets get to the party part of the : party.

**Willow** to Oz Are you sure it's off?

**Oz** as they follow Buffy Yeah.

*They walk into a room and Buffy bends down to examine a spot on the carpet.*

**Oz** I thought this led to...

**Xander** to Buffy What is it?

**Buffy** looks at the stain on her fingers Blood. Smells her fingers Real blood.

**Xander** Okay, actual creeps have been given. Loudly Bravo, frat boys!

**Buffy** stands up Shh! Do you hear something? Like a - squeaking noise?

**Xander** Oh, it's these rented shoes, patent leather. I asked the guy to...

**Willow** No, no, I : wait. It's something else. I hear it, too. Something like...

*They all slowly look up at the ceiling. It's covered with real bats. All of them scream and cover their heads as the*

*bats suddenly drop down and fly off down the hall. Oz walks over and picks up a bat that is laying on the floor.*

**Willow** No, Oz, don't it might be...

**Oz** Rubber. It's made of rubber.

**Buffy** *looks around* What the hell is going on here?

**Xander** Look, maybe it's nothing. Maybe it's just a neat trick. You know, something done with wires or...

**Rumbling voice** Release me!

**Xander** Or it might be something else.

*Cut to Anya walking up to the house wearing a furry, white bunny suit. There is a welcome mat laying in front of a solid wall.*

**Anya** Where is the door? *Knocks on the wall* Hey! Hello! *She sighs and walks back out to the street. She hears a scream coming from the house and looks up to see a girl banging against one of the upper story windows.*

**Girl** Help me! Help me!

*The stones surrounding the window suddenly expand to cover it up.*

**Anya** *turns to go* Xander!

*Cut to Buffy and Co. walking back into the entrance room. You can hear all kinds of screams and creepy sound effects.*

**Xander** Where is the stairs?

**Willow** Where is the door?

**Buffy** This is the way we came in, right? We just went in a circle? *The sound effects cut off as Oz flips a switch* Thank the lord!

**Oz** You're welcome.

**Willow** Hey, I have a neat idea: lets get out of here!

**Buffy** And you were so anxious for me to come.

**Willow** I'm serious, Buffy. We don't know what we're dealing with.

**Xander** My turn. Does anyone hear that?

**Buffy** As soon as we start dealing with it I'll know what it is we're dealing with. Do you hear something?

**Xander** Like I said. Sounds like a hissing.

**Buffy** *puts down her basket* It's like a 'ssss' noise?

**Xander** I thought the word hissing kind of covered that nicely.

*Buffy pulls open the door to a closet. There is a guy in there rocking back and forth.*

**Chaz** I'm sorry. I didn't know. I'm sorry.

**Oz** *crouches down in front of him* Chaz.

**Chaz** I didn't know.

**Oz** What's happening?

**Chaz** *rocking harder* It ah...

**Buffy** *impatiently* What is it?

**Chaz** It's alive. It's alive.

*Cut to the plastic skeleton. Cut to the knife in its hand. As the camera pans back up the bones are suddenly real.*

*There is an eyeball in one of its sockets. It straightens its head and looks at the camera.*

**Cut to Buffy**

**Buffy** What's alive?

**Xander** He's in shock.

**Buffy** Chaz, what happened here?

*Chaz looks up and screams as he sees the skeleton come up and stab at Buffy's shoulder from behind. Buffy turns and knocks its head aside then kicks it in the middle. It lies back to land on the ground, once again plastic. Buffy stares at it then checks her shoulder.*

**Buffy** I think the cape took most of it.

**Xander** Let me see.

**Oz** Could need stitches. You should at least get a bandage or something.

*We hear a girl scream and Chaz crawls back into the closet and closes the door.*

**Oz** Cowering in a closet is starting to seem like a reasonable plan.

**Buffy** *looks back over her shoulder* What closet? *There is only a blank wall* I'm gonna make my way upstairs and see if there are any people up there. *Picks up her basket* You guys find a way out of the house and use it.

**Willow** You're telling us to run away and leave you behind?

**Buffy** *pulls a loaded crossbow out* We need help. We need the only person that can make sense of what's happening.

*Cut to Giles sitting with his bowl of candy, looking bored. There is an insistent knock on the door and he gets up.*

**Giles** *swallows his candy* Just a minute! - Coming! *Opens the door* Happy Hall...

**Anya** *walks past him* Xander is in trouble. We've got to do something, right now!

**Giles** *stares at her with his mouth hanging open* Anya.

**Anya** Are you listening? Xander is trapped!

**Giles** Uh, ah, where is Buffy and the others?

**Anya** They're trapped, too, but we've got to save Xander!

**Giles** *takes off his sombrero and sits down* Slow down. I need you to be more specific.

**Anya** Uhm, ah, we were supposed to meet at this house, and I got there and there was no door where a door should be. And then I see this girl standing in a window, and then poof! She's gone.

**Giles** She vanished from the window?

**Anya** No, the window vanished from the house.

**Giles** Hmm. Matter and reality distortion. *Goes and pulls a book from his shelf* Like a summoning spell's temporal flux.

**Anya** What?

**Giles** Hmm? Oh, never mind. I just need to get some - supplies together. *Looks over at Anya* I wouldn't worry

about Xander. At least he's amongst friends.

**Cut to Buffy**

**Buffy** Will, I'm telling you...

**Willow** You're telling me? You're telling me!?

**Buffy** I can't do my job if I have to worry about each of your safety.

**Willow** It's not your decision!

**Buffy** Got to disagree with you there.

**Willow** Oh, of course you do.

**Xander** Let's all take a breath. Buffy, maybe...

**Willow** Being the Slayer doesn't automatically make you boss. You're as lost as the rest of us.

**Oz** What are we talking about?

**Willow** It's a simple incantation, a guiding spell for travelers when they become lost or disoriented.

**Buffy** And how does it work?

**Willow** It conjures an emissary from the beyond that : lights the way.

**Buffy** Conjuring. Will, let's be realistic here. Okay, your basic spells are usually only fifty-fifty.

**Willow** *upset* Oh yeah? Well, - so is your face!

**Willow walks off while Buffy tries to figure out what that meant**

**Buffy** What?! *Walks after Willow* What does that mean?

**Willow** *turns around* I'm not your sidekick!

*Willow stomps out. Oz runs after her. Buffy stands there and sighs.*

**Xander** Well, that was a bunch of laughs. *Buffy walks past him back to her basket* Look, Buffy, we are all tired and a **little** edgy. Maybe Willow is over reacting. I'm sure part of it is because of how you've been 'pushing away' girl lately. *Buffy picks up her crossbow, ignoring him totally* But now is not the time to let that stuff tear us apart. *Buffy turns to go* What I'm saying is, I'm right with ya. I'm right by your side. I'm...

**Buffy** *looks around* Xander?

**Xander** Funny how you still haven't lost your sense of inappropriate humor.

**Buffy** *turns around looking right through him* Xander, where did you go?

**Xander** Buffy, knock it off. Skit's over. I'm right here.

**Buffy** *stomps off down the hall* This is so **typical** of him!

**Xander** Typical?

**Buffy** *down the hall* Xander?

**Xander** *follows her after a beat* Buffy!

*Xander walks into a room lit by candles. The walls are covered with cobwebs.*

**Xander** Buff?

*Pan back down the corridor.*

**Willow** She thinks I'm not ready to be a full blown witch! I can handle the dark forces as good as anyone else. It's

not that hard. I-It's just a guiding spell and I'm careful and all.

**Oz** *looks around the room they just walked into* This floor used to have windows.

**Willow** Look. We found the stairs. *Starts walking up* Buffy didn't find the stairs, no sir!

**Oz** *following Willow up the stairs* You guys aren't thinking clearly.

*He looks down at his hands. They are hairy and his fingernails look more like claws.*

**Willow** *in upstairs corridor* We just need to get up to the goat room and maybe we can...

**Oz** Willow, something is happening.

**Willow** *turns back to him* Something good? *Sees that he is turning into a werewolf* Oh, no : not good.

**Oz** I'm changing.

**Willow** But : but you can't! There is no moon tonight.

**Oz** I have to get away.

**Willow** No, we need to find something to restrain you, like a rope or chains, or something.

**Oz** There is no time!

**Willow** I can do the guiding spell. I know I can make it work!

**Oz** Will, please.

**Willow** *tries to grab him* No!

**Oz** *bats her hand away with a growl* NO!

*Willow looks down at the three red scratches on the back of her hand. Oz turns and runs off.*

**Willow** Oz! : Oz, don't leave me!

*We get several quick shots of different empty parts of the house with*

**Willows voice echoing** Don't leave me! Don't leave me!

**Cut to Xander walking up to a mirror**

**Xander** There I am. I didn't go anywhere. *He looks at his reflection in the mirror. We can see a decapitated head with one eyeball hanging from its socket sitting on a dresser behind him* Great. Now I just have to live with the fact that no one else can see me.

*The head begins to jiggle, blood runs from its eye sockets. Xander spins around and stares at it.*

**Head** I can see you.

*Xander runs off.*

*Camera pans down a corridor to reveal Oz sitting in a bathtub repeating over and over* You're not going to change. You're not going to change.

*Camera pans over some old pictures covered with cobwebs, comes up behind Buffy walking down a corridor. She hears a noise and spins around, crossbow at the ready, but there is nothing there.*

**Cut to Willow** *sitting at a table* Okay, Aradia, Goddess of the lost, the path is murky, the woods are dense, darkness pervades, I beseech thee, bring the light. *She opens*

*her eyes and smiles as she sees a tiny speck of light floating in front of her face* Woah! I did it! I did you. Hi! - Right, you're waiting for instructions. Lead me to Oz. *The speck of light starts to float past her, and Willow gets up* Wait! I should try to find the people trapped upstairs first. *Willow looks down and doesn't see that there are now two then three sparks* But even if I get them we still need to find a way out of the house. *They spark keep multiplying* Okay, here is what we should do. *Sees the cloud of sparks* Hey! What's going on? *The sparks start to circle her* Stop! *Willow starts to bat at them as they start to buzz around her like a cloud of mosquitoes* Stop it! - Get off! - Oz, hel..

*Some of the sparks fly into her mouth and she starts coughing, then runs off. The sparks chase after her.*

*Cut to Buffy. She hears Willow yell for help and spins around. She tries to follow Willow's voice.*

**Buffy** Willow.

*She comes up to a locked door and bust it open. There is no floor in the room behind it and she falls down into the basement. We see her laying on the floor on her back, looking up as the door swings slowly shut.*

**Buffy** Basement. - I must be in the basement.

**Hollow voice** All alone.

**Buffy** pushes herself up Who said - that?

*The guy that fell down the steps walks around a corner with his head tilted at an unnatural angle.*

**Guy** They all ran away from you. They always will. Open your heart to someone and *Smiles at her* : But don't fret, little girl, you're not alone *Buffy screams as arms burst up through the floor to grab at her* anymore.

*Cut to Buffy struggling against the dead people coming up through the floor trying to pull her down.*

*Cut to Giles and Anya standing in front of the house. Giles is running a hand over the place where the door used to be, holding an open book in his other hand.*

**Anya** is bouncing impatiently Well?

**Giles** We're gonna have to create a door.

*He closes the book and walks over to his bag.*

**Anya** Create a door. You can do that?

**Giles** gets up with a chainsaw in his hands I can.

*Cut to Buffy fighting the dead people.*

**Broken neck guy** No matter how hard you fight, you just end up in the same place. *Buffy crawls along the floor on all fours, kicking at the guys following her* I don't see why you bother. Buffy reaches a small door, goes through and slams it shut behind her. She is in the big room with the pentagram on the floor.

**Buffy** I'm upstairs. The goat room.

*She slowly walks into the room. There are college kids in costumes cowering all along the walls, whimpering.*

**Buffy** looks at a boy cowering in a corner Oz?

**Willow** comes running into the room waving her arms around Get them off me! Get them off me! *Oz looks at his normal hands then up at her* Get'em off! Get'em off! **Oz** takes a hold of her Willow, Willow, Willow, what's wrong?

**Willow** Couldn't get them off..

**Oz** It's okay. It's okay. *Pulls her into his arms* We're okay.

**Buffy** shakes her head We're not okay. We need to get out of here.

**Xander** I'd offer **my** opinion but you jerks aren't gonna hear it anyway. *Buffy walks over to where he is rocking back and forth on the edge of a chair* Not that 'didn't go to college' boy has anything important to say. I might as well hang out my new best friend, bleeding dummy head, for all you dorks care.

**Buffy** yells What is wrong with you?

**Xander** gets up You : you heard that? You : you can see me? *Buffy nods* Good. Oh, God, good!

**Oz** The house separated us. It wanted to scare us.

**Willow** But - we got away.

**Buffy** No. We were brought here. We all got so scared that we ended up here. : Why?

**Xander** points at the pentagram on the floor I saw them painting that. They were copying it out of *Looks around and spots the open book on a table* that!

**Willow** take the book from him I think it's Gaelic.

**Buffy** Can you translate?

**Rumbling voice** Release me! *They all look around but there is nothing there* Release me!

**Buffy** Will, give me something.

**Willow** Okay, uhm, uhm, the icon's called the-the Mark of Gachnar. I-I think this is a summoning spell for something called..

**Xander** Gachnar?

**Willow** Well, yes. Somehow the beginning of the spell must have been triggered. Uhm, Gachnar is trying to manifest itself, to-to come into being.

**Buffy** How?

**Willow** I-it feeds on fear.

**Buffy** Our fears are manifesting it. We're feeding it. We need to stop.

**Xander** If we're close our eyes and say it's a dream it'll stab us to death! These things are real.

**Rumbling voice** Release me!

**Buffy** Okay, so our fears are feeding it, if we get everyone out of here..

*The walls start knocking and shaking.*

**Xander** Good plan. Lets go!

*Walks towards the door. He screams when it burst open to reveal Giles with the running chainsaw in his hands. Giles turns off the saw.*

**Xander** Giles? Everyone, it's Giles! With a **chainsaw**. *Anya runs in and hugs Xander* Glad you could make it.

**Giles** The walls closed up behind us. *Walks over and takes a look at Willow's book* Gachnar, of course. It's presence infects the reality of the house, but it's not managed to achieve full manifestation. We can not allow this to come into being.

**Buffy** But if it does I can fight it, right?

**Giles** *walks over and shows her a picture in the book* Buffy, this is Gachnar.

**Buffy** I **don't** want to fight that. So, we break the spell.

**Xander** What ever we do, lets do it fast.

**Giles** *flipping pages* I have it, I have it. Uhm, 'The summoning spell for Gachnar can be shut down in one of two ways. Destroying the mark of Gachnar *Buffy walks over to the mark and puts her fist through it, ripping up the floorboards. Gets up and looks over at Giles with a proud smile* : Is **not** one of them and will in fact immediately bring forth the fear demon itself.

*Buffy makes a face and looks at the mark that's beginning to glow.*

**Willow** Look!

*The floor rumbles as they all stare in horror. We get a close up of Gachnar, and he's one ugly dude. Gachnar looks up and the camera pulls back to reveal that he is tiny, maybe a half a foot tall, if that.*

**Buffy** This is Gachnar?

**Xander** Big overture. Little show.

**Gachnar** I am the dark lord of nightmares! *Buffy tries not to laugh* The bringer of terror! Tremble before me. Fear me!

**Willow** *laughing* He : he's no cute!

**Gachnar** Tremble!

**Xander** *bends down* Who's a little fear demon? Come on! Who's a little fear demon!

**Giles** Don't taunt the fear demon.

**Xander** Why, can he hurt me?

**Giles** No, it's just : tacky. Be that as it may, Buffy, when it comes to slaying...

**Buffy** Size doesn't matter?

**Gachnar** They're all going to abandon you, you know.

**Buffy** Yeah, Yeah.

*We get a shot of Buffy's huge foot as she stomps down and squishes the fear demon.*

*Cut to the gang digging into Giles Halloween candy at his house.*

**Oz** Some quality treats here, Giles.

**Giles** **Please**, finish them.

**Buffy** Uhm, this is much better. There is no problem that can not be solved with chocolate.

**Willow** *leans back crossing her arms over her stomach* I think I'm going to barf.

**Buffy** Except that.

*Xander stares at Anya while he's eating his candy.*

**Anya** What?

**Xander** That's your scary costume?

**Anya** Bunnies frighten me.

**Giles** Oh, bloody hell. The inscription!

**Buffy** What's the matter?

**Giles** *comes over to show her the book* I should have translated the Gaelic inscription under the illustration of Gachnar.

**Buffy** *looks at it* What's it say?

**Giles** Actual size.

*After a beat Buffy shrugs and closes the book.*

## Beer Bad

Transcribed by **Lilybunny** <lilybunny@hotmail.com>

### Prologue

*Night in a graveyard. Buffy is fighting with a vampire while Parker is lying on the ground.*

**Parker** Buffy?

**Buffy** Parker? Stay down.

*She continues to fight the vamp while two other vampires grab Parker and start hauling him away.*

**Parker** Buffy!!!

*Buffy runs to Parker's rescue, knocking away the two vamps with high kicks and fighting all three at the same time. Eventually she dusts all three vamps. Parker walks up to her holding his arm.*

**Parker** Buffy, I don't know what to say. After the way I've treated you, and now I owe you my life

**Buffy** It's nothing.

**Parker** It's everything. You're everything. And I'm going to do whatever it takes to get you to forgive me. Do you think one day you might .

**Girl** giggling Noooo.

*Cut to Prof. Walsh's Psyche class. A girl is giggling beside*

*Parker while Buffy watches behind them.*

**Prof. Walsh** These are the things we want. Simple things. Comfort, sex, shelter, food. We always want them and we want them all the time. The id doesn't learn it doesn't grow up. It has the ego telling it what it can't have and it has the superego telling it what it should want. But the id works solely out of the pleasure principle. It wants. Whatever social skills you've learned, however much we've evolved, the pleasure principal is at work in all of us. So, how does this conflict with the ego manifest itself in the psyche? What do we do when we can't have what we want?

*Cut back to the graveyard scene again. Buffy stakes all the vamps.*

**Parker** Buffy, I don't know what to say. After the way I've treated you, and now I owe you my life.

*We see that Parker now has a bouquet of flowers and ice cream in his hand*

**Parker** Can you ever forgive me?

### Part 1

*Cut to the campus during the day. Buffy is sitting at a table with Willow studying. Xander holds a lighter up to Buffy.*

**Xander** Rough day? Come on Buff. Be a lonely drunk. Rough day?

**Buffy** Stop flicking at me.

**Xander** Work with me here. I'm finally an essential part of your collegy life. No more looking down on the townie. I'm the new bartender over at the pub. Got my lighter, my rag, my empathy face

**Willow** Aren't you two young to be a bartender?

**Xander** Oh contraire, mon frere.

**Buffy** mon frere means brother

**Xander** mon girlfrere. Behold *holds up a fake id* Behold.

**Willow** I don't believe this is entirely on the up and up.

**Xander** What gives it away?

**Willow** looking at it.

**Xander** Well no one's going to see it anyway. Now I'm the bartender. I kick people out

**Buffy** You know there's more to it than wiping and kicking. Mixing drinks for instance.

**Xander** Well, I've seen cocktail. I can do the hippy-hippy shake.

**Buffy** Well, even if I've had a pretend cigarette I couldn't tell you my pretend problems. The real ones have clogged up my headspace.

**Xander** ooh unload em right here baby. Rough day? You wanna talk about it? Shutting up now.

**Willow** I'm pregnant by my stepbrother who'd rather be with my best friend whose left me with no place to live. No food except this bottle of wild turkey which I drank all up.

*Xander looks confused*

**Willow** That was me being tanked and friendless for ya.

**Xander** Gets my Oscar nod

**Buffy** You know what? It's classtime.

**Xander** So are you going to come by tonight to the pub?

**Willow** Oz. Bronze. Date.

**Buffy** You know maybe, maybe he's just having trouble dealing. I mean, don't guys sometimes put the girl they really, really like inside these deep little brain fantasy bubbles where everything's perfect? They do that right?

**Xander** How's that fugue state coming along

**Willow** Parker.

**Buffy** Maybe I'm in his bubble and then pretty soon he's going to realize that he wants more than just bubble Buffy and he'll pop me out and we'll go to dinner and it could happen right?

**Willow** Buffy. And as my best friend you need to stop thinking about Parker. He's no good. There are men, better men, wherein the mind is stronger than the penis.

**Xander** Nothing can defeat the penis! Too loud, very unseemly.

**Willow** I mean, I'm sorry do be so course but I feel strongly about stinky Parker man

**Buffy** He can be really sweet. I'm telling you I think he had intimacy problems because of the death of his father.

**Willow** Not interested. You got troubles, tell em to the bartender.

**Xander** That's right. Cause the bartender's always ready to listen.

*Cut to the pub*

**Xander** What? What? Okay and you had a rum and coke, and you had a poker's light. And a vodka on the rocks. And a water. Is that right?

**Customer one (boy)** Do I have to write it down for you. A glass of ice water. A simple request? Ice water.

**Customer two (girl)** a cold ale, a Canadian lager, a glass of white wine. And a daiquiri

**Xander** Ice water, right. Do you want that on the rocks?  
*Buffy walks in and sees Parker talking to a girl. She walks right into Riley, spilling his drink on him.*

**Buffy** Oooh. Riley, I'm so sorry.

**Riley** That's okay you know, but most people go around. I'm not saying you can't go through me, It's just that the other is much quicker.

**Buffy** In my defense you do take up a lot of space.

**Riley** I do. I'm ?? You looking for someone?

**Buffy** Um, I just saw Parker over there.

**Riley** right. Parker and his latest conquest. You know that boy should have ??

**Buffy** he's kinda a girl chaser huh?

**Riley** sets em up and knock's em down. I guess maybe I'm old fashioned but my father says that if you wanna be a gentleman you *Sees that she's ignoring him* don't even care what my father says.

**Buffy** I'm sorry what?

**Riley** forget about it. You know I've got some people waiting. I'll see you in class right?

*Riley leaves. Buffy sees Parker and the girl making out and goes to leave.*

*Cut to Xander at the bar. Two girls are talking. Xander flicks his cigarette lighter at a one of the girls.*

**Xander** Rough Day?

**Girl** Nay, it's been super. We accepted Melody's pledge. And made her an official sister of Beta Delta Gamma. And our pins arrived today. I designed it myself.

**Xander** You are so sharp.

**Guy** Hey Paula. You keeping this fine bartender from his duty? A man's gotta make a living.

**Xander** s'all right.

**Guy** So the guys and I are about to celebrate

**Xander** Uh, I said it was all right. I'm due for a break.

**Guy** Oh, so what were you discussing. Maybe we could all join.

**Paula** Be nice

**Guy** What?

**Xander** ah, forget it.

**Guy** Oh, no I rudely interrupted and it sounds like the two of you were having quite the meeting of minds. Possibly debating the geopolitical ramifications of bio-engineering. You got a take on that?

**Xander** I've got beer. You want some beer.

**Guy** Yeah, a pitcher of Black Frost. You see I think we have a perfect venue here for conducting a little sociometry. A bi-polar continuum of attraction and rejection. No given your sociological statuses. I foresee a B rejects A dyad. I'm sorry, lemme clarify. You see, we are the future of this country and you keep our bowl of peanuts full. We are what these girls want. And uh, four glasses.

**Xander** How's about I see some ID cause you're not seeing a drop until I'm satisfied that

**Bartender** Just give em a beer

*Xander pours a pitcher for them and leaves*

*Cut to Buffy sitting alone at the bar. Xander sees her and comes over.*

**Xander** Buffy? Rough day? Wanna tell me about it?

**Buffy** It's just... Parker's problem with intimacy turns out to be that he can't get enough of it. And knew it. I knew what he was. If he were tied and gagged and left in a cave that vampires happen to frequent it wouldn't really be like I killed him really

**Xander** Buffy

**Buffy** I'm a slut

**Xander** No

**Buffy** Idiot

**Xander** No. You gotta stop being so hard on.

**Bartender** Hey

**Xander** Sorry, so sorry.

**Buffy** I'm better. This has helped.

**Xander** Do NOT go anywhere.

*She gets up to leave when a guy bumps into her.*

**Buffy** Oh, oh. I'm so sorry I just keep running into people today.

**Guy #2** I can't imagine anybody minding. You're not thinking about leaving are you? Because we have a strict policy against you leaving. At least until you've had a drink.

**Guy #1** Yeah, well what my friend is just saying is you shouldn't be sad and alone right now. I mean you're a very beautiful girl who should be covered with men. And, could we be those men? It's on us.



*Buffy sees Parker leaving with the girl. She smiles at the guys and takes a beer from them.*

*Cut to the Bronze.*

*Oz is walking through the crowd with two drinks in his hands. Willow is sitting at a table.*

**Oz** Hey. You got a table.

**Willow** I had to kill a man.

**Oz** Well, it's a really good table

**Willow** I copied out my notes for Psyche since you were so elsewhere this morning.

**Oz** Thanks

**Willow** It's really pretty simple stuff. You know, just what's the matter.

**Oz** I dunno. I feel It's nothing.

*They look at the stage where Veruca appears and starts singing. Oz is entranced and Willow notices. It seems like Veruca is singing right to Oz.*

**Willow** We could go back to your place. I could make you soup.

**Oz** No. That's okay I'm fine. Thanks.

*They continue watching the band. Willow is getting uncomfortable.*

**Willow** Do you know her?

**Oz** Veruca? No. I know their drummer. He's cool. I've never heard them play.

*Things get more intense. Oz is mesmerized by Veruca.*

*Cut to the pub. Buffy is chugging a beer*

**Guys** Chug, chug, chug, chug

*Buffy finishes the beer and burps*

**Guy #1** The thing that the modern day ? failed to realize is that all the socio-economical and psychological problems inherent in modern society can be solved by the judicious application of way too much beer

**Guy #2** Black frost is the only beer.

**Buffy** My mother always said that beer was evil

**Guy #1** Evil. Good. These are moral absolutes that pre-date the absolution of malt and fine hops. You see, wait where was I?

**Buffy** I'm really not sure:

**Guy#4** Well, Thomas Aquinas and *all the other guys stop him saying* NO

**Guy #2** There will be no Thomas Equines at this table.

**Guy#3** Keep your theology of providence to yourself frat boy

**Guy#4** I was just drawing a parallel between

**Guy#1** Beer. Had the earliest morality developed under the influence of beer there would be no good or evil. There would just be kinda nice and pretty cool. Everything would be different.

**Buffy** You guys really like to hear yourselves speak don't ya

**Guy#1** Alright we're losing her guys

**Guy#2** Say something interesting.

**Guy#3** Tell us about yourself

**Guy#2** Yeah, what do you like.

**Buffy** Well, I don't hate this for a start.

*Cut to Buffy & Willow's dorm room the next day. Willow walks in from the bathroom with a towel over her shoulder and her bath stuff in hand. She seems upset.*

**Willow** My name's Veruca. I'm in a band. I'm Oz, I'm in a band too. Oh, and this is Willow. Oh, how fun and creepy. Groovy. Buff, have you heard of this Veruca chick? Dresses like Faith, voice like an albatross.

**Buffy** watching MTV TV is a good thing. Bright colours. Music. Tiny little people.

**Willow** What did you do with Buffy

**Buffy** I'm suffering the afterness of a bad night of badness

**Willow** You didn't. Not with Parker again.

**Buffy** No, with four really smart guys.

**Willow** Four? Oh. Ow. Oh Buffy, are you okay? Do you wanna talk about it?

**Buffy** I went to see Xander. Then I saw Parker. Then came beer.

**Willow** And then group sex?

**Buffy** Hits her Gutter face. No! Just lots and lots of beer. It's nice. Foamy. Comforting. It's just beer.

**Willow** Drowning your troubles over Parker. Mind frying man! He deserves a slow and torturous death by spiderbites. Well, for today we'll just have to throw spitballs at his neck in class.

**Buffy** Okay. *Gets up to leave in her pjs*

**Willow** Uh *stops her* getting dressed would be fun to. *Cut to Prof. Walsh's class*

**Prof. Walsh** Next class we'll be moving on to personality types and disorders. For those of you who have done the reading you already know *sees Buffy's hand up* yes?

**Buffy** She read the reading.

**Prof. Walsh** well, she'll have some time on her hands. As I was saying. We won't be able to cover it all in the class but that doesn't mean it isn't work knowing and it doesn't mean it won't be on the mid-term. Now, if I've been unclear in any way. Speak now.

*Buffy sees a girl eating a sandwich and she grabs it out of her hands and starts to eat it*

**Willow** Buffy!! Buffy are you okay?

**Prof. Walsh** Good. Now before you go. Make sure you get the complete worksheet from the TA. Based on that do ? and hand them to me at the start of the class on Monday.

**Buffy** with her mouth full Yeah, why wouldn't I be.

*Cut to a lab where someone is brewing something in beakers. We see a glove turn a knob and fluid run down a tub into a vat of Black Frost beer (what Buffy was drinking the night before).*

## Part 2

*Cut to pub that night. Buffy is watching Guy#1 pour beer into her glass*

**Buffy** This good. Ooh, good enough.

**Guy#1** Still more is good.

**Buffy** Yeah. Foamy.

**Guy#3** You should come to our class on big thinking. It's good.

*They all laugh. Cut to Xander at the bar. A girl approaches with a cigarette*

**Girl** Boy, I'm having the worst day. You got a light?

*Xander points to a no-smoking sign*

**Guy#1** I like girls

**Buffy** You stupid

**Guy#1** No, you stupid

**Buffy** smelly head

*Guy#1 pushes Guy#2 over. They all laugh and Xander looks on kinda concerned.*

*Cut to the dorm. Oz walks up to Willow as she comes out of her room*

**Oz** Willow. Hey. I tried calling

**Willow** Yeah, I've been up at the library. How are you feeling?

**Oz** What do you mean?

**Willow** well, you weren't in class. Again.

**Oz** Yeah, I was practicing. Hey Shy's playing again tonight

**Willow** Shy?

**Oz** yeah, Veruca's band and they asked me to sit in with them. It would be kinda cool if you were there.

**Willow** Two Veruca shows in two nights. Are you sure you wanna share your groupie? I think I'm gonna study. Because of the fun.

**Oz** well, yeah I guess how I could see it be dull for ya.  
*(There's an uncomfortable silence between them and Oz looks confused at Willow being so distant and cold)*

**Willow** See ya *she turns around and leaves*

**Oz** Yeah. *He looks hurt and leaves*

*Cut to the pub. Everyone is gone but the group Buffy is will*

**Guy#1** Stupid

**Guy#2** No, you stupid.

**Buffy** No you. *They all laugh*

*Xander puts some music on the jukebox.*

**Buffy** You *they all laugh*

**Buffy** Hey! *She runs over to him and looks confused. She bangs on the jukebox and laughs thing. Like it.*

**Xander** It's time to go home Buffy

**Buffy** Want more singing. Want more beer

**Xander** No, I've cut you off.

**Buffy** did it hurt

**Xander** Out you go.

*Xander picks her up and starts carrying her to the door. She struggles. Final she walks to the door with him.*

**Buffy** Ow, oh, want beer. Like beer. Beer good.

**Xander** Beer Bad. Bad, bad beer. What the hell am I saying? Buffy, go home and go to bed.

**Buffy** Say bye *pushes him*

**Xander** Bye

**Buffy** Bye *she leaves*

**Guy#1** Hey, where'd girl go?

*Cut to another part of the pub. Willow walks in and sees Parker stirring coffee. She approaches him.*

**Parker** Hey. Did you want something?

**Willow** Yes. I wanted to give you a piece of my mind. I'm tired of you men and your manness. Buffy's really hurting right now. In fact she's in need of a big mental tidy. Parker how could you do this to her?

**Parker** Oh, I don't get what you mean. What did I do?

**Willow** She shared something very intimate with you. And you act like it's nothing more than a bag of some kind of snack food

**Parker** Willow, I'm not sure I need to explain my actions here but if that's what you want

**Willow** Yes followed by an admission of undeniable guilt. But go on. *She sits down with him*

**Parker** some relationships center on a deep emotional tie. Or a loyal friendship. Or something. But most are just two people passing through life enriching or aggravating each other's lives briefly.

**Willow** Go on

**Parker** Just for one night can't two people who feel an attraction come together and create something wonderful? And then go back to their lives the next day better for it but never over analyzing it or wanting it to be more than it was? I have. She should too.

**Willow** People like Buffy a-and me assume that intimacy means friendship and respect. People shouldn't have to ask first if you're going to be eyeing other prospects tomorrow.

**Parker** People shouldn't have to preface casual sex with 'just so you know I'll never grow any older with you' It takes the fire out of it.

**Willow** Maybe.

**Parker** Willow, I don't regret what happened. Or what we did. But I am sorry that Buffy's hurting and if I mislead her than I'm sorry for that too I didn't mean to. I'm impressed that you care so much about her. You're a good friend.

*Cut back to the guys. They are getting more apeline.*

*Xander comes to clean the table and get paid for the drinks.*

**Xander** Alright, time to pay up and go home guys.

*They throw money at him. Guy#1 leaves to go to the washroom. Xander continues cleaning and picks up a wad of cash from the table.*

**Xander** Let's see, I'll take this one, and this one. And you know I've always had a problem calculating the tip and you guys being so dapper and brain, maybe you can help me out. Okay great. See if your bill comes to thirty-eight dollars and people tip what, approximately

thirty percent? That makes you tip what? *One of the guys gives him all the money. You are so smart. This is so the right amount. Hears banging in the bathroom. Somebody didn't have their fiber today. Hey are you alright in there? Buddy?*

*Guy#1 bursts out of the bathroom. He has become a Neanderthal. He conks Xander over the head with a club.*

### Part 3

*Cut to Xander lying down and the Neanderthal guy on top sniffing his unconscious form. Xander slowly wakes up and sees him. Cut to the three other frat guys afraid and backing away.*

**Guy#2** Oh God

**Guy#3** Let's get outta here!

*Neanderthal frat Guy#1 yells in Xander's face and Xander yells back. He gets up as the other frat guys begin to devolve into Neanderthals as well.*

**Xander** jumping up: Hey, hey, easy. We're cool. They back him into a corner Help. Oh God. He pulls out his Zippo lighter and lights it. The Neanderthals are all afraid of the fire and back away

**NG#1** Fire bad. Fire pretty

**Xander** Fire angry! They all run away out the door in fear. Xander closes the door behind them and calls his boss

**Xander** Jack! Jack! We've got a problem. The guys they they're some of the patrons are turning into cavemen

**Jack** They've had it comin he puts some Black Frost beer on the counter

*Cut to the campus. The cavemen are running around like apes, jumping into trees and fighting.*

*Cut to the pub*

**Jack** you know I've been taking abuse from snot nosed kids for twenty years. They're always coming in here with their snotty attitude, drinking their fruity little micro brews and spouting out some philosophy Like it means a damn thing. Thinking they're different than us.

**Xander** They are now

**Jack** they ain't. That's the great thing about beer. It makes all men the same.

**Xander** Why are we talking about beer the guys are the beer.

**Jack** Neat huh? My brother-in-law's a warlock. He showed me how to do it.

**Xander** No. No neat. I served them that beer. I served Buffy that beer! Uh, how much beer would you say a person would need to consume before they start seriously questing for fire?

**Jack** Relax. It will wear off in a day or so.

**Xander** In a day or so someone is going to get killed. You're a bad, bad man.

*Cut to outside. The Neanderthals see cars. One stands in the middle of the road and gets hit by a car. He is seriously injured. The driver jumps out to see if he's okay.*

**Car guy** I didn't see him, is he okay?

*He sees what they are and runs away in fear. The other cavemen smash the car, then chase some girls down the street while the injured one remains on the street in pain. Cut to Buffy's dorm. Xander and Giles are walking through the halls.*

**Xander** Well, I cut her off before the others so I don't think she had as much to drink.

**Giles** I can't believe you served Buffy that beer.

**Xander** I didn't know it was evil

**Giles** But you knew it was beer

**Xander** well excuse Mr. 'I spent the sixties in an electric Kool-Aid funky Satan groove'

**Giles** it was the early seventies and you should know better

**Xander** I'm not the dad of her. Buffy's a grown up. It wasn't enough to

*They see Buffy in her room drawing cave pictures on her walls. She looks at them with a wild look and bangs on the picture she has drawn of a man on the wall.*

**Buffy** Parker bad

*Cut to the pub where Parker and Willow have moved to a couch and are still talking*

**Parker** I don't mean this in a bragging way but I do get to know a lot of women

**Willow** Well, getting to know people is good.

**Parker** But I haven't found the one yet. I've yet to find the girl that I can just sit with. Feel totally at ease. Feeling whatever's on my mind. Or even sit with comfortably in silence. Willow, can I tell you something kinda private?

**Willow** okay, I mean I feel you've shown me a perspective I haven't really thought much about before. What was it you wanted to tell me?

**Parker** Just that I've enjoyed talking to you. Here. Tonight.

**Willow** Me too. I mean, with you. You know, I'm wondering something. About you.

**Parker** What?

**Willow** Just how gullible do you think I am? I mean with you gentle eyes and your shy smile and your ability to talk openly even to me! You're unbelievable!

**Parker** What?

**Willow** This isn't sharing. This isn't connecting. It's the pleasure principle. That's right I got your number ID boy. The only thing you're thinking about is how long you can jump on my bones

**Parker** Look, if you think that I'm

**Willow** I mean, you men. It's all about the sex! You find a woman, drag her to your den, do whatever's necessary just as long as you get the sex. I tell you men haven't changed since the dawn of time.

*The cavemen break in with the girls in tow*

**Willow** You see?

*They knock Willow down and hit Parker with a stick.*

*Cut to Buffy's room again.*

**Giles** fascinating really.

*Buffy's going around on a chair and then falls on the floor. She goes to the TV*

**Buffy** Want people. Where people go?

**Giles** The TV is off.

**Buffy** Want! Want people.

**Giles** She doesn't appear to be in any danger. Maybe you should stay with her.

*Buffy sniffs Xander.*

**Giles** or perhaps she should be left alone.

**Buffy** Boy smells nice *she grabs him and sniffs him*

**Xander** Yeah, I think we need to track down the fun boys somewhat pronto. Jack said the effects of the beer would wear off

**Buffy** Beer? Buffy want beer

**Giles** You can't have beer

*Buffy gives Giles an evil look*

**Buffy** Want beer

**Xander** Giles, don't make cave slayer unhappy

*She fakes a punch at Giles*

**Buffy** Buffy strong

**Giles** Yes, Buffy strong

**Buffy** Buffy get beer

**Giles** Buffy get

*Buffy tackles him, pushes Xander out of the way and runs out of the room.*

**Xander** Giles!

**Giles** I'm fine. Just get her

**Xander** Which way?

**Giles** Um, check down there. We have to find her before someone gets hurt.

*Cut back to the pub the cavemen have knocked willow out and have made a shambles of the place. There is a fire spreading. Caveguy#1 is leaning over Willow's unconscious form.*

**Caveguy#1** Woman. Man.

**Caveguy#2** *waving a stick in the air* Woman!

#### Part 4

*Cut to the pub. Caveguys finally realize the pub is on fire and start to panic, not knowing what to do.*

*Cut to Xander running across campus.*

**Xander** Buffy! Buffy!

*He spots her and approaches her. She looks confused.*

**Xander** Aha can't find the beer. Good. Freshman girls unable to hold the beer shouldn't have it. Get into trouble.

*Buffy jumps away from him*

**Xander** Hey, we're good. Remember the boy? Boy smells good yeah? Is there any part of Buffy still in there.

*Buffy starts to sniff. They turn and see smoke*

**Xander** Oh no.

**Buffy** Fire bad!

*She runs towards the pub.*

*In the pub the Neanderthals have gathered all the girls in a corner and continue to prance around, not knowing what to do. Buffy breaks in but can't get through the flames. She sees a fire extinguisher and gets it but is too far gone to know what to do with it so just throws it into the fire. Then she sees Willow's unconscious form and*

*something clicks inside. She jumps over the flames and to Willow. Xander runs inside.*

**Xander** Buffy?!

*Xander runs back outside because there is too much smoke*

**Xander** Where the hell is Giles?

*Cut to Giles talking to a student*

**Giles** Blonde. Um, about this tall. Walks with a sort of a sideways limp.

*Cut back to the pub.*

**Buffy** Bad. Bad.

*Buffy sees windows. She jumps up and works her way across some pipes until she can bust the window open. The Neanderthals take cue and start knocking things over so they can make a stairway to the window. They all run out and the girls follow them. Buffy drags Willow out and up to the window where Xander is helping the girls outside*

**Xander** Are you alright?

**Willow** Buffy's still in there.

*Back inside Buffy sees Parker. He's awake and coughing. He doesn't see Buffy who is looking at a big stick with a lot of interest.*

**Parker** Oh God. Help me. I can't breathe. *He sees her.* Buffy. Oh god, what do we do?

*Buffy clubs him over the head with a stick. She grabs his arm.*

*Cut to outside the pub. Xander and Giles stand beside a bench where Willow sits and Buffy hovers over her protectively.*

**Xander** Did you guys have enough fun for one night?

**Willow** Yes. Please.

**Buffy** Buffy tired.

**Xander** And was there a lesson in all this huh? What did we learn about beer?

**Buffy** Foamy

**Xander** Good, just as long as that's clear. Anyways I

think that the boys in the car are contained for the time being. This will give them some time to ponder the geopolitical ramifications of BEING MEAN TO ME!

*Buffy walks up to a van and sees the Neanderthals inside. She bangs on the windows getting their attention.*

**Giles** whose van is that?

**Xander** I dunno. Wasn't locked.

*Parker walks up to her alive and well*

**Parker** Buffy. Buffy I I dunno how to say this. I'm sorry for how I treated you before. It was wrong of me and I'm sorry. You were great tonight, really. I might not deserve this but do you think that you could forgive me?

*Buffy wacks him with the club again and knocks him out.*

*The gang gathers around and looks at him. Buffy walks back towards the van but Xander guides her away with the others.*

## Wild At Heart

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Visit <http://perso.wanadoo.fr/melanie.transcripts/> for this transcript in french.

### Disclaimer

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### Prologue

*Cut to the campus at night. You see a girl running away from a man. They reach a secluded area. We see that is Buffy and a vampire.*

**Buffy** Thanks for the relocate. I perform better without an audience. *She starts beating the crap out of him.* You were thinking, what, a little helpless coed before bed? You know very well, you eat this late... *She stakes him.* You're gonna get heartburn. Get it? Heartburn? *He dusts and gives no reaction.* That's it? That's all I get? One lame-ass vamp with no appreciation for my

painstakingly thought-out puns. I don't think the forces of darkness are even trying. I mean, you could make a little effort here, you know? Give me something to work with.

*Cut to Spike watching her from a distance.*

**Spike** Watch your mouth, little girl. You should know better than to tempt the fates that way. 'Cause the big bad is back, And this time, it's... *Suddenly he's being electrocuted.* Urrgh! Aaaahhh! *The commandos take him away.*

### Part 1

*Cut to Buffy, Willow, Oz and Xander sitting at a table at the Bronze.*

**Willow** The bronze is more fun this year, isn't it?

**Buffy** 'Cause of the gloating factor alone, you know? We're all about college now. We've got heady discourse.

**Oz** Yeah. Curfew-free nights of mom and popless hootenanny.

**Xander** Coed dating prospects who find townies sexy and dangerous. What, I can dream.

**Buffy** Right. So if college is so great, what are we doing here and why is it more fun?

**Willow** Because the bronze is nice and familiar. It's like a big comfy blanky.

**Oz** I was under the impression that I was your big comfy blanky.

**Willow** Aw, you're my my person blanky. This is my place blanky. You know, with all the shock of the new, it's nice to have one place that you can come back to where everything's predictable.

*Giles walks up.*

**Giles** Hello.

**Buffy** Giles, trouble?

**Giles** Oh, no, Buffy. Don't get up. No. Nothing like that. No, I just, you know, I thought I'd drop by. Uh, latte anyone? On me?

*Everyone is looking at him in shock.*

**Buffy** So much for your predictable blanky theory, Will. - Sorry.

**Giles** Splendid. Well, it's ages since I've been to a gig. Well, don't look that way. - I'm...I'm...I'm down with the new music. And I have the albums to prove it.

**Buffy** Yes, but it's your cutting edge 8-tracks that keep you ahead of the scene.

**Oz** Don't scoff, gang. I've seen Giles' collection. He was an animal in his day.

**Giles** Thank you.

**Buffy** Hey, why not? If the Stones can still keep rolling, why can't Giles?

**Giles** Exactly.

**Willow** I think it's brave that you're here.

**Giles** Well, thank you, all. You've made me feel right at home.

**Xander** Isn't home that empty place you're trying to escape?

**Giles** Oh, yeah.

**Willow** Veruca's playing tonight.

**Oz** Yeah. Every Wednesday. I told you.

*Veruca's band Shy is seen on stage. Oz is entranced.*

**Buffy** So, Oz, what about dingoes? When are you guys here again?

**Oz** *Distractedly.* Oh, we're up next friday.

**Willow** They're good, aren't they?

*Oz is still mesmerized, and barley paying attention to anything but Veruca.*

**Oz** Nothing special.

**Willow** Yeah. She's quell fiona. Color me bored.

**Giles** Really? I think she's rather remarkable. Such presence for someone her age.

*Cut to Oz's room. He and Willow are lying in bed. Willow is having a nightmare.*

**Willow** Mm... It's in the sandblaster. Uh...

**Oz** *Trying to wake Willow from her nightmare.* What's in the sandblaster, Will? It's a dream. Come back to me.

**Willow** *Murmering in her "sleep" and smiling.* Mmm... Hmm... All geminis to the raspberry hats.

**Oz** Now you're faking.

**Willow** *In a cute voice.* I'm not. Just a little. *She turns to face Oz.*

**Oz** Morning.

**Willow** Morning.

**Oz** Bad dream?

**Willow** I guess. But the waking up part makes up for it.

**Oz** It's always so busy in there.

**Willow** Not always. A few things shut my brain up completely. *Gets cuddly.*

**Oz** Anything I can help you with?

**Willow** I gotta get to class right now, but tonight for sure.

**Oz** I don't know about tonight, unless the extreme jerry garcia look turns you on.

**Willow** *Confused.* Huh?

**Oz** Night before the full moon.

**Willow** Oh, that's right. And I have a thing. There's this wicca group on campus I wanted to check out. They have orientation on the 3 nights you're wolfy. And it's probably totally silly, but—

**Oz** No. Go. Show 'em how it's done.

**Willow** Are you sure? You can lock yourself up? It's only this one month.

*After orientation, they meet on different nights.*

**Oz** I'll be fine.

**Willow** Ok. As long as you don't mind.

**Oz** The only thing I mind is being away from you for 3 nights.

*Cut to Prof Walsh's class. She is returning papers.*

**Walsh** Ms. Summers... I want you to prepare to lead a discussion group next class - On the paper topic. That was smart work.

**Buffy** *Surprised as she recives her paper.* What do I have to do?

**Walsh** If you have any questions, bring them up with one of the T.A.S.

*Buffy leaves the class and walks up to Willow.*

**Willow** Are you ok? How'd you do? *Buffy smiles and holds up her paper. Willow is amazed.* This is good. I mean, this is excellent. You did better than me. *She looks upset.* This is so unfair! You made me jealous of you academically. Buffy! *She and Buffy hug.*

**Buffy** I know. Can you believe it?

**Willow** Wow. I guess professor Walsh isn't so ogrey after all.

**Buffy** And she wants me to lead a discussion group next class. That means more work, right? *They start to walk.* Shouldn't she have a better reward system? You know, like a cookie or a toy surprise like at the dentist?

**Willow** She wants you to lead a discussion group? Ok. Jealous again. *She looks upset.* Jealous, jealous— ok. I'm back. *She smiles again* Hey, I'm meeting Oz at the cafe. You wanna come? I'll buy you that celebratory cookie.

**Buffy** Great. I'm T.A. Bound right now, and then I will catch up with you guys.

**Willow** Cool.

*Buffy walks off. Cut to Oz walking through the cafe. He spies Veruca sitting alone at a table.*

**Veruca** What are you gonna do, sit on the ground?

**Oz** My girlfriend's coming.

**Veruca** There's room.

**Oz** *Sits down.* Big lunch?

**Veruca** I like to eat. I hate chicks who are like, "does it have dressing on it?"

**Oz** *Nods.* Agreed. You guys were tight last night.

**Veruca** I guess. The set's starting to come together, but the amps still sound dirty to me.

**Oz** What are you using? 50 or 120?

**Willow** *Walks up. Looks somewhat distressed.* Hey.

**Oz** Hey.

**Veruca** Hey.

**Oz** You wanna sit down? *Willow sits.* So you should be using a 50. And blue voodoo, not your best bet, unless you dig the distort.

**Willow** Music talk, huh? Cool. I love to listen to oz talk about the biz.

**Veruca** What do you like again? I know you told me.

**Oz** There's a couple good ones. The johnson mil... The number one is redbone.

**Veruca** Number one? No. I gotta go with hound dog.

**Willow** Me, too. That's a great song. I mean, elvis, what a guy.

**Veruca** You a big elvis fan?

**Willow** The biggest. Well, I mean, after dingoes, of course.

**Oz** We're actually talking amps. But it's easy to get confused, The names they give 'em.

**Willow** Oh. Ha ha.

**Oz** You know, I gotta bail. Um, I'll call you later. *He gets up to go.*

**Veruca** I should go, too. *To Willow.* Good shirt. *She leaves.*

**Buffy** *Walks up.* Check out the rapid exits. Was it me?

**Willow** *Looking sad.* *Buffy sits.* Me. I don't speak musicianese. How come you didn't tell me - I look like a crazy birthday cake in this shirt?

**Buffy** I thought that was the point. He thinks she's sexy. He gets this blushy thing going on behind his ears. That's for me only.

**Buffy** It doesn't mean anything. So Oz checks out another girl. He loves you.

**Willow** I know. I-I know. And I don't wanna be the kind of girl who freaks every time my boyfriend notices somebody else. I mean, I have wrong feelings about other guys sometimes, but I feel guilty, and I flog and punish.

**Buffy** Exactly. I'm sure Oz is flogging and punishing himself. This is sounding wrong before I even finish. Look, I promise you, in a couple of days, it's gonna be like "veruca who?"

**Willow** You think?

**Buffy** Absolutely. Oz just isn't the type to stray. Not tonight anyways. He'll be locked in a cage.

*Cut to Oz's cage. He's more wild than normal. He breaks out. Cut to Walsh walking along outside alone. She stops when Oz jumps out at her. She runs and comes along yet another werewolf. She's terrified, but as they both jump at her they crash into each other as she jumps out of the way. They attach each other. Cut to the next morning. They're semi hidden by bushes, both naked.*

**Oz** That was, um...

**Veruca** Some night.

**Oz** So it appears.

**Veruca** Right. You don't remember. It's like that at first, but then little bits and pieces will start coming back to you.

**Oz** So you're A...

**Veruca** Werewolf groupie. Nobody else gets it done for me.

**Oz** What?

**Veruca** Kidding. You know what I am. You've known since the first time you saw me. Now, you... Need...To

relax.

**Oz** Not a possibility.

**Veruca** So what do you want to do?

*They head off. Cut to the laudromat. Oz is wearing clothes that don't fit and don't entirely match. Veruca is wakling about in whorewear.*

**Veruca** God! The kids in the dorm need fashion 101 in a big way. *She spies Oz's ensemble.* Or we could start right here at home.

**Oz** Not making a statement. Just wanna get back to my place, figure out why we got out of our cages.

**Veruca** *Incredulous.* You have a cage?

**Oz** Don't you?

**Veruca** Uh, yeah. Has a little wheel with a plastic ball And a cute little bell in it. God! Somebody's domesticated the hell out of you.

**Oz** It's my choice. I don't wanna hurt anybody.

**Veruca** Maybe. Or maybe you just don't wanna admit what happened to you. Maybe you just wanna pretend like you're a regular guy. *She walks over to him.*

**Oz** Well, I am. I'm only a wolf 3 nights a month.

**Veruca** Or you're a wolf all the time and this human face is just your disguise. You ever think about that, Oz? *She's getting closer to him.*

**Oz** I'm going. I gotta check the paper, see if we did any damage last night.

**Veruca** Oh, we did. But only to each other. I know some part of you remembers that. It doesn't take a full moon. We could...Do it again right here. *She's getting "cuddly" with him.*

**Oz** We aren't going to. This ends... Right now.

**Veruca** I can help you, Oz. *Continueing the slut act.* You're scared. I was, too. But then I accepted it. The animal, it's powerful, inside me all the time. Soon, you just start to feel sorry for everybody else because they don't know what it's like to be as alive as we are. As free.

**Oz** Free to kill people? I won't do that. You shouldn't.

**Veruca** You don't understand. But you will. You'll see that we belong together.

**Oz** No. I know where I belong.

**Veruca** *As Oz walks of.* See ya tonight.

*Cut to Riley and Professor Walsh walking. She's telling him about the night before.*

**Walsh** 2 Of them. It was unbelievable. The fact that I survived at all is a miracle.

**Buffy** *Walks up to them.* Excuse me. Ms. Walsh?

**Walsh** I hope you're careful when you walk around campus after dark. I was attacked by wild dogs last night.

**Buffy** Wild dogs?

**Walsh** 2 Of them. Biggest things I've ever seen. The first one was - Well, for a moment, I thought it was a gorilla.



Did you have a question, Buffy?

**Buffy** No. No, I was just... Sayin' howdy.

**Walsh** Fine. See you in class.

*Buffy leaves looking thoughtful.*

*Cut to Oz's room. There's a knock at the door.*

**Oz** Yeah?

**Willow** *Walks in.* Hey.

**Oz** Hey. New look. *She's wearing shiny pants.*

**Willow** You, too.

**Oz** Oh. Uh... Laundry day kinda came and went.

**Willow** Hey... I'm sorry if I was weird yesterday with you and Veruca.

**Oz** *Looking mildly uncomfortable.* I didn't notice anything.

**Willow** Really? 'Cause I felt all spazzy.

**Oz** No.

**Willow** Oh. Good. So it was just me worrying for nothing again. Me and my busy head always thinking, thinking, thinking.

**Oz** Well, now you can stop everything's fine.

**Willow** *Getting hinty.* Maybe you could help me...Stop. I'd really, really appreciate anything you could do.

**Oz** What? *He's very uncomfortable as she approaches him.*

**Willow** What's wrong?

**Oz** Uh...Sorry. I...

**Willow** You don't want to? *She looks hurt.*

**Oz** It's not that. I do. I just... I didn't get any sleep, I guess. I'm really beat.

**Willow** Right. Busy wolf night. I get it. It's totally ok.

**Oz** *As Willow heads for the door.* Willow, you don't have to—

**Willow** No. I—I should. I don't have much time. See you later.

*She leaves.*

*Cut to Giles apartment. He's watching Jeopardy.*

**Giles** *Answering the tv.* Peace of westphalia.

**Contestant** Uh, yalta?

**Giles** Oh, you moron. That dinette set should be mine.

*The doorbell rings. He goes to answer it and he finds Buffy at the door.*

**Giles** Buffy. Excellent. Uh, come in.

**Buffy** Hi.

**Giles** Can I get you anything? Tea? I made a very interesting mousaka last night, if you're hungry.

**Buffy** Pass on the tea. And the moose, thank you.

**Giles** You come on business, I hope?

**Buffy** *Giving him a look.* Yes. Lucky for you, people may be in danger.

**Giles** *Embarrassed.* I only meant, uh, that I'm at the ready.

**Buffy** Here's the deal. One of my professors said that she was almost attacked by two wild dogs last night... Under the light of a nearly full moon.

**Giles** Werewolves. Two of them?

**Buffy** Could be. Well, I've not seen anything about the attacks in the newspapers or on the news.

**Giles** Have you spoken with Oz?

**Buffy** My next stop.

**Giles** Right. Get right on it.

**Buffy** And I'll see what I can find out.

**Giles** And you report back to me...

**Buffy** *As she leaves.* Asap. Promise.

*Cut to Xander's apartment. He's sitting on the couch. Willow walks in.*

**Xander** Hey, Will. Mom let you in?

**Willow** She seemed cranky.

**Xander** Yeah. We're having a little landlord-tenant dispute, So I'm withholding rent. An effective, and might I add, thrifty tactic.

**Willow** How come? *She sits on the arm of the couch.*

**Xander** She won't let me put a lock on my door. I suspect she's afraid I'll start having the sex.

**Willow** Yeah. Parents usually wait till you're out of the house. Or under it.

**Xander** Or under it...

**Willow** To start worrying about stuff like that.

**Xander** It's mostly too late. So, I know why I'm sitting in a dank, sunless little room. But why are you?

**Willow** Well, things with Oz are weird. And I talked to Buffy about it, but I think we're in guyville here. I need a translator from the "y" side of things.

**Xander** Well, last time I checked, I had the creds. Hit me.

**Willow** What does it mean when a girl wants to... You know.

**Xander** If you're doin' it, I think you should be able to say it.

**Willow** Make love.

**Xander** Wild monkey love or tender Sarah McLachlan love?

**Willow** Any kind. But what if the girl wants to and the guy doesn't? That's a bad sign, right?

**Xander** Could be. Or the girl caught the guy in one of the 7 annual minutes he's legitimately too preoccupied to do it.

**Willow** Well, say the girl's been noticing—

**Xander** Will, I've deciphered your ingenious code.

**Willow** Ok. Say I've been noticing Oz notice someone else. A woman.

**Xander** And is this chick noticing back?

**Willow** Most definitely.

**Xander** Well... Have you asked Oz about it?

**Willow** Well, I thought about it, but then he'll think I'm all jealous and worry.

**Xander** But you are. And odds are, he feels it. I'll bet that's all there is to the weird you're feeling. You guys should talk things out, Will. You'll both feel better.

*Cut to Oz's underground cave area. Buffy walks in as Oz is reenforcing the cage.*

**Buffy** Got out, huh?

**Oz** Yeah.

**Buffy** Any news about attacks?

**Oz** No.

**Buffy** But I did hear about a woman being chased by two wild dogs.

**Oz** Two? Really?

**Buffy** You don't remember anything like that, do you? Another wolf?

**Oz** No. When the change comes, it's like...I'm gone. Total blackout.

**Buffy** You know, I find wolf number two out on patrol tonight, and you might have a roomie in there. *Buffy starts to walk off then stops and turns to look at him.* Oz... You ok? And if it's possible, you seem more monosyllabic than usual.

**Oz** I'm ok. Thanks.

*Cut to the morning. Willow is bounding down the stairs with a bag of food and a thermos. She cuts short as she sees Veruca and Oz, naked, limbs tangled asleep on the floor of the cage. The thermos and bag drop as she stares in shock. Oz wakes up and sees Willow. He starts to get up.*

**Oz** Willow... *He starts putting on his pants.*

**Willow** Oh, my god. Oh, my god.

**Oz** I know what you saw. It wasn't— *Finishes putting on his pants.* I had to. - I had to lock her in there with me.

**Willow** I bet.

**Oz** She's like me. A wolf.

**Willow** Well, I knew you two had a lot in common, but... *Oz tries to touch her. Don't touch me! She jerks back.*

**Oz** She was gonna hurt somebody. I didn't have a choice.

**Willow** But you did. You could've told somebody. Your solution... Just put you two together in a room all night?

**Veruca** *Having woken up, stands up bearing all.* Girl's got a point.

**Oz** *Angrily.* Leave.

**Veruca** I'm just saying—

**Oz** *Shouts* Now! I'm sorry. I know.

**Willow** I knew, you jerk. And you sat there, and you told me everything was fine? And that's as bad as... As... *Now crying.*

*Cut to later. Veruca has walked down into the underground area where Oz is.*

**Veruca** So this is why you called me here? To see your habittrail? *She walks up to him.* Right before sunset, I get a little buzzed, you know?

**Oz** Come here.

**Veruca** I'm not getting in that stupid cage with you, if that's what this is all about. We belong outside.

**Oz** You can't run loose tonight. And not just because you might hurt somebody. I know people that'll be out there... Hunting for us.

**Veruca** *Stepping closer.* So you're saying I should spend the whole night with you... Alone... Locked in a cage.

**Oz** You'll be safe.

**Veruca** Not from you. Isn't that the point of this cozy little arrangement? It's coming. Do you feel it? It's like blood boiling.

**Oz** I feel it.

**Veruca** *Leaning in towards him, haning on the the cage door.* I've wanted you even before I ever saw you. I sensed you. Did you sense me?

**Oz** *Tensely.* Come in here.

**Veruca** Did you?

*He nods slightly. She steps in the cage and they kiss. As they do they change. Werewolf "wakiness" ensues.*

**Oz** I know how it feels. I remember.

**Willow** Oh. So what, this is payback? I had this coming?

**Oz** No. It's not—

**Willow** Because I thought that was behind us. And you know, what happened with Xander, it doesn't compare. Not with what you and I had. Not with whatever you've been doing with her.

**Oz** I don't know what Veruca and I have done. When I change, it's like, it's like I'm gone and the wolf takes over.

**Willow** But before this, when you were regular Oz, you had feelings for her, didn't you?

**Oz** No. I could sense something, but...

**Willow** But you wanted her... Like in an animal way? Like...More than you wanted me? *She runs off, tears streaming down her face.*

**Oz** Willow!

*Cut to Willow walking down the street looking disconsolant. She walks into the street, and stops as a car comes bearing down on her. Buffy sees her but is too far away. Fortunately Riley jumps out and yanks her to safety. Buffy comes running over.*

**Buffy** Willow, are you ok? *To Riley.* Thank you. I was too far away.

**Riley** It was lucky. She almost got hit.

**Buffy** Willow, what's the matter?

**Riley** Maybe you should take her home. Whatever it is,

it's not worth hurting yourself over.

**Buffy** Thank you.

*He leaves. Buffy guides Willow away.*

*Cut to Willow and Buffy's room. Willow is sitting on her bed looking miserable.*

**Buffy** I have to go. I have to find Veruca before the sun sets. I will, though. - When I do, this thing stops. She's bad news. Do you want me to get you something before I take off? Kleenex? Chocolatey... Chocolate anything?

**Willow** No.

**Buffy** I'll come back as soon as this is finished. I just want you to take it easy, ok? - Riley was right. The main thing is put the blame where it belongs. Don't hurt yourself.

**Willow** Uh-huh. Ok.

**Buffy** You're ok?

**Willow** I'm fine. I promise.

**Buffy** I love you. *Buffy leaves.*

**Willow** Put the blame where it belongs.

*Cut to Oz's room. He's on the phone sitting on the edge of his bed.*

**Oz** So you haven't seen her around? *Pause.* Ok. Thanks, man.

*The door opens and Buffy enters.*

**Buffy** Where is she?

**Oz** I don't know. I already checked all the usual haunts. But I know the areas we're drawn to. I'm pretty sure I can follow her scent.

**Buffy** We'll try that, then.

**Oz** Look, buffy, you should know that—

*Cut to Buffy and Oz running through the forrest top speed. Buffy slams full force into a burly commando guy. They hit the ground and thier guns go flying. (She's carrying a tranquilizer.) They get up and run off.*

**Veruca** Can't say I'm surprised you didn't go through with your little hex. You don't have the teeth.

**Willow** *Backing up.* You don't know what I have. You don't know anything about me.

**Veruca** I know what you love. I have his scent on me right now.

**Oz** Don't touch her again.

**Veruca** Come stop me. I like it rough, remember?

**Oz** You wanna hurt me, hurt me. You leave her out of this.

**Veruca** How can I? She's the reason you're living in cages. She's blinding you. When she's gone, you'll be able to admit what you are.

**Oz** You don't wanna find out what I am.

**Veruca** You're an animal. Animals kill.

**Oz** You're right. *Advancing towards her.* We kill.

**Buffy** Oz... *Coldly.* Now might be a good time for your trademark stoicism.

*They leave to go look for Veruca.*

*Cut to Willow. She's got her wicca stuff out and is casting a spell. Beakers and vials are out, some boiling.*

**Willow** I conjure thee by barabbas, by satanas, and the devil. As thou art burning, - Let Oz and Veruca's deceitful hearts be broken. This way. I conjure thee by the saracen queen And the name of hell. Let them find no love or solace. Let them find no peace as well.

*Cut to Oz and Buffy running through the woods.*

**Oz** She's near here. I can smell her.

*They come upon a pile of clothes in a heap, and no Veruca.*

**Buffy** Or the dirty pile of clothing she left on the ground.

**Oz** Well, they could be from the other night when she—Turned into a werewolf.

**Buffy** Unless she wanted to throw you off the scent.

**Oz** Willow.

*Cut back to Willow. She has a picture of him and is holding it near the flame.*

**Willow** Let this image seal his fate, not to love, only hate.

*Willow can't bring herself to finish the spell. She drops the picture and a levitating beaker along drops and the burning and boiling containers cease activity.*

**Veruca** *Walking in.* Wow. For a minute there, I thought you might actually play rough. Sometimes you have to, you know? To keep what's yours, sometimes you have to kill. How 'bout that? The sun's almost down.

*She advances towards Willow.*

*He starts to wolf as does she. They begin to struggle. They fight and he gets the upper hand and tears her throat out. Willow cowers in a corner, crying uncontrollably.*

**Willow** Oz?

*He looks at her, and advances, then jumps but comes up short. Buffy has grabbed him. He goes to attack her but she kicks him out of her way, then shots him with the tranquilizer. He attempts to get up but falls back. Buffy goes to comfort the traumatized Willow.*

*Cut to Giles apartment.*

**Giles** I'm not quite sure I understand.

**Buffy** There was just so much going on with Oz and Willow. And there still is. But I just thought you should know.

**Giles** Well, this fellow in the woods, he was in military garb?

**Buffy** And he was toting some serious weaponry. The thing is, I saw some guys dressed exactly like him on halloween night. I just assumed they were in costume. - But maybe they were working. I wanna know what's

up. The guy got in my way. - I almost didn't catch up with oz in time. And as it was, I was too late to-

**Giles** You saved Willow.

**Buffy** Right now she wishes I hadn't. Giles, I've never seen her like this. It's like it hurts too much to form words.

**Giles** You've... You've felt that way yourself, And you got through it.

**Buffy** Yeah. I ran away and went to hell and then got through it. I'm kind of hoping she doesn't use me as a model.

**Giles** Fair enough.

**Buffy** I just don't know how they're gonna deal with this.

*Cut to Oz's room. He's packing.*

**Willow** *Walks in.* Hello.

**Oz** Hi.

**Willow** What are you doing?

**Oz** I'm going.

**Willow** Now?

**Oz** Mm-hmm.

*He zips the suitcase.*

**Willow** That's your solution?

**Oz** That's my decision.

**Willow** Don't I get any say in this?

**Oz** No. Veruca was right about something. The wolf is inside me all the time, and I don't know where that line is anymore between me and it. And until I figure out what that means, I shouldn't be around you... Or anybody.

**Willow** *Crying.* Well, that could be a problem 'cause people... Kind of a planetary epidemic.

**Oz** I'll find someplace.

**Willow** Well, how long?

**Oz** I don't know.

**Willow** Oz... Don't you love me?

**Oz** *Holding her pressing his forehead to hers as she sobs.* My whole life... I've never loved anything else.

**Willow** Oz... Oh, god. Oz...

*Willow is left standing crying. Oz walks out and puts his bag in his van. He gets in and starts the van. He pauses then cuts the engine. Then he starts the van again and drives away.*

## The Initiative

Written by **Douglas Petrie**

Directed by **James A. Contner**

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### Disclaimer

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*This episode was originally broadcast on October 19,*

*1999.*

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### Prologue

*Cut the the UC Sunnydale cafeteria. Riley is sitting at a table laboring over papers. A friend Forrest is checking out his coeds.*

**Forrest** Women. Young, nubile, exciting. Each one a mystery, waiting to be unlocked. Think any of them are gonna show? 'Cause the party will be lame if we lack for hotties. Professor? You with me?

**Riley** No. I'm with this large pile of ungraded papers, due at 3:00.

**Forrest** How are you gonna learn anything if you keep doing schoolwork? Oh... Check her out. Is she hot, or is she hot?

*We see Buffy at the soda fountain. She's distracted and her cup starts to over flow.*

**Riley** Looks up. She's buffy.

**Forrest** Buffy? I like that. That girl's so hot, she's buffy.

**Riley** It's her name, Forrest.

**Forrest** You've established first contact? Excellent. What do you think of her?

**Riely** I haven't really thought about what I think of her.

**Forrest** A girl that cute in the face, and you form no opinion?

**Riley** No, I mean, She's all right, I guess. She's just kind of... I don't know. Peculiar.

*We see Buffy break the handle off of the the frozen yogurt machine. She battles with it for a bit.*

**Forrest** Peculiar? Hi. Hey, graham, what do you think of the blonde chick? Mattressable, n'est pas? Riley's not down. Doesn't like her.

*Cut to Giles apartment. He and Xander are sitting in his living room. He's adding finishing touches to a drawing.*

**Giles** Well, based on buffy's description, I believe the men that we're after Look something like, um... Like this.

*He holds up the drawing.*

**Riley** I don't dislike her. She just-- she never feels like she's really there when you talk to her. I like girls I can get a grip on.

**Forrest** I bet you do.

**Riley** Not that way. Just a little less ready for takeoff all the time. There's definitely something off about her.

**Graham** Maybe she's canadian.

*Buffy flees the site and we see the yogurt machine overflowing in her wake.*

**Forrest** Didn't she go out with parker abrams for about 30 seconds?

**Riley** Abrams? Yeah, there's a sign of good taste.

*Buffy goes to the register and pays for her food.*

**Forrest** Ok, but you've got to admit she's a major league hottie.

**Riley** Well, I'm not denying she's easy on the eyes. I'm just saying... *Buffy spills both drink and yogurt on the floor.* Would you really want to go out with her?

**Forrest** Hell, yes. I bet a lot of guys would like to get their hands on her.

*Cut to Spike laying on the floor of a sanitary hospital white chamber. He's mumbling as he drifts towards consciousness.*

**Spike** Slayer... I'll kill you. Not so tough. I... Kill slayer.

*He gets up and looks around. He goes to the glass wall that holds him in and puts his hands on it. He recieves a sevre electric shock and jumps back. The camera pans back and we see doezens of other cages with vampires and other ilk locked up.*

**Xander** The latest in fall fascism. I like it. A bit full in the hips for my taste, but--

**Giles** Oh, I think we can safely assume they're human, So, um, no research needed.

**Xander** No studying? Damn! Next thing they'll tell me is I'll have to eat jelly doughnuts or sleep with a super-

model to get things done around here. I ask you, how much can one man give?

**Giles** Not too much, I'm afraid. Um... Once again I'd say that you and I will not be needed to help buffy.

**Xander** Really?

**Giles** Really.

**Xander** Well, how about this? We whip out the ouija board, light a few candles, Summon some ancient, unstoppable evil. Mayhem, mayhem, mayhem. We show up and kick its ass.

*Buffy walks in the apartment.*

**Giles** Wee bit unethical.

**Buffy** Hello, people. Hey. Mmm. *Giles hold up the scetch.* It's my late night storm trooper pal.

**Giles** It's—it's just for reference, you know, But fairly accurate you'd say?

**Buffy** That's your man.

**Giles** Your man, actually. Uh... You are patrolling tonight?

**Buffy** Nope, I am going to a party tonight. Hopefully, a "no fighting, no biting" kind of deal.

**Giles** Look, buffy, somebody's got to find out who these people are.

**Buffy** Giles, I live in a dorm now. The girls in my hall want to party, Willow needs some cheering up. I'm going to take her.

**Xander** How's Will dealing—

**Buffy** *Cutting off Xander.* With the black hole of despair she's been living in since Oz left? She's dealing. I'm helping. It's hard. Ergo, party. You two can take patrol. Now, if you'll excuse me, I need to go find something slutty to wear tonight.

*Cut to the facility that Spike is being held at. He's pacing around when a packet of blood falls from a panel in the ceiling. He grabs it and goes to start in on it.*

*We see the vampire that was captured in the first episode, a leftover from Sunday's gang.*

**Vampire** Don't drink it. It's drugged.

**Spike** *He throws down the pack, frustrated.* Uh-huh. And who are you, mate?

**Vampire** I'm a rat. I'm a lab rat, just like the others. They're gonna kill us, you know.

**Spike** And how are they gonna do that?

**Vampire** They starve you. When you're ready to bite your own arm, they shoot out one of those packets. You drink, and the next thing, you're gone. And that's when they do the experiments.

**Spike** And, uh, they are? The government? Nazis? A major cosmetics company?

**Vampire** Who cares? All I know is, one minute I'm running from the slayer, *And the next thing, I'm here.*

**Spike** The slayer! I knew it! I knew it!

**Vampire** Yeah, she took apart my crew, and led me straight to these guys.

**Spike** She set me up, too. I always worried what would happen When that bitch got some funding. *He slams his hands into the glass wall briefly in frustration.* She's wised up a bit. Fine! I'll take her apart. I don't care how brilliant she is.

*Cut to Prof. Walsh's class. Buffy is fighting with her pen and her hands are covered in ink.*

**Buffy** Stupid pen. *She looks down alarmed.* My notes!

**Willow** Ballpoints can be tricky.

**Walsh** I'll see you all tomorrow.

*Buffy and Willow collect thier things to leave. Willow goes up to Riley*

**Willow** Riley. I notice you left off a name today in roll call. Osbourne, Daniel Osbourne, Oz?

**Riley** He's not in this class anymore. I hear he dropped out.

**Willow** *Looking distressed.* Oh, well you heard way wrong then. I mean, he's not gone. He—he left temporarily to work out a few things. I know that sounds lame in its vagueness, but I assure you, Oz will be back.

**Walsh** *Walks up to where Willow and Riley are.* Not to my class, he won't. An educated guess. You know the rules, you know I hate exceptions, and yet somehow you feel your exception is exceptional. *She crosses her arms in front of her looking intimidating.*

**Willow** Oh, but—

**Walsh** *Cutting her off.* It is. To you. But since I'm neither a freshman nor a narcissist, I have to consider the whole class. If your friend can't respect my schedule, I think it's best he not come back.

*Willow looking hurt and miserable walks off.*

*Buffy who's been watching from the sidelines walks up to Walsh.*

**Buffy** You know, for someone who teaches human behavior, you might try showing some.

**Walsh** It's not my job to coddle my students.

**Buffy** You're right. A human being in pain has nothing to do with your job. *Buffy stalks off.*

**Walsh** I like her.

**Rirley** Really? You don't think she's a little peculiar?

*Cut to Xander's apartment / his parents basement. He's got a spread of military weaponry in front of him. He's trying to open the chamber of a pistol and having some trouble.*

**Xander** Here we go. Gear for tonight. If some commando squads are out there, fully loaded, these babies might give us the edge we'll need.

**Giles** That's a very impressive array. Where'd it all come from?

**Xander** Uh, requisitioned it. Back when I was a military guy.

**Giles** That was 2 years ago. You still 100%?

**Xander** Are you kidding? I put the semper in semper fi. I might not be able to assemble an m-16 blindfolded like I used to or pass weapons drill from the mobile infantry... *Giles grabs the pistol and immediately accomplishes what Xander has been trying to do for 10 minutes.* Might as well face it. Right now, I don't have the technical skills to join the swiss army. And all those guys ask you to do Is uncork a couple of sassy cabernets.

**Giles** Well, I'm sure you'll be ready when the time comes.

**Xander** Oh, fear not. Hand to hand? I'm still the man. Whoever these guys trained with, I'm sure they're not ready to deal with—

**Xander's Mother** *Calling from the main level of the house.* Xander!

**Xander** Yes, mom!

**Xander's Mother** I made up a nice fruit punch for you and your friend. Would you boys like some?

**Giles** *Looks up.* Is it, uh, raspberry fruit punch? *Cut to where Riley is talking to Forrest in thier dorm, and he's throwing a frizbee back and forth between another guy.*

**Riley** So she says, "you teach human behavior. Maybe you ought to show some."

**Forrest** Oh, you're lying. She says that to Walsh?

**Riley** Hope to die.

**Forrest** Doesn't lack for guts. You've got to give her that.

**Riley** Yeah, but she's nuts.

**Forrest** Oh, come on. Like you never wanted to tell the professor off? Hey, Parker!

*Parker has entered the dorm. Forrest, Riley and a few others walk over to him.*

**Parker** Forrest. What's up, man?

**Forrest** What's the scoop on Buffy Summers? Is she cool?

**Parker** Buffy? Yeah, she's all right, I guess. I mean, kind of whiney.

**Forrest** How's that?

*Back to the lab. Spike jumps off the gourney. An orderly rushes him, and Spike grabs him by the arm and flips him over the gourney, sending him rolling to the floor. Spike follows him, ready to attack, and the orderly grabs him and slams him into the glass wall of the episode one vampire's cagelroom.*

**Vampire** Let me out!

**Spike** Bit busy right now.

**Vampire** Look, I know where the exit is. You spring me, you're free. You don't, you're dead.

**Parker** Well, you know, clingy. I mean, we got a little physical— Uh, well, fully physical, and then she's all over me, you know, like we're betrothed or something.

**Forrest** No, but fun was had, yeah?

**Parker** *Laughs* oh, yeah. The word is stamina. I mean, definitely a bunny in the sack, but later on, well. You know the difference between a freshman girl and a toilet seat? A toilet seat doesn't follow you around after you use it.

*Riely decks Parker who hits the floor.*

**Riley** *Walking between Forrest and Graham.* I can't believe that I did that.

**Forrest** Welcome to the club. Do you have any idea how much trouble you could have gotten into? If Parker reported you—

**Graham** He won't, he's too embarrassed.

**Riley** I hit him.

**Forrest** What the hell for?

**Riley** He—he was just being so crude.

**Forrest** Please. You've heard me say much grosser things than that.

**Riley** And most of those are about your own mother. *Riley laughs and Forrest jokingly smacks him on the back of the head. Riley stops abruptly.*

**Forrest** What is it?

**Riley** I just didn't like hearing him *he pauses thoughtfully* talk about Buffy that way. I think I... Well, I guess I like her.

**Forrest** You're kind of like a moron.

**Riley** So, you... You knew that I had feelings for her.

**Forrest** Everybody knows, man. Oh, she's peculiar? Dead giveaway, buddy.

**Riley** I'm always the last to know.

**Forrest** So, whatcha gonna do?

**Riley** *Walking off.* Well, I guess I'm gonna go see a girl. *Cut to the facility. We see Spike on the floor uncounscious. Beside him is an empty sack of blood. Two lab types grab him and are loading him onto a gourney. As they're starting to strap him in his eyes open. He grabs the lab guy by him by the throat.*

**Spike** Sorry, can't stay. Got to go see a girl.

*Spike throws the orderly off of him, into another with a syringe, who accidentally stabs him in the neck with it. He falls onto the gourney. The second orderly looks up alarmed. Spike has vamped out, smiles, grabs the orderly and flips him onto the floor.*

**Vampire** Hurry! Hurry!

*Spike runs over to the orderly sprawled on the gourney. He goes through his pockets and grabs the security card. He uses it to free the vampire.*

**Vampire** This way!

*They run down the hall and quickly run under the closing security door. They run into the next room where ops guys are coming out of an elevator.*

**Spike** New plan! We split up. You go that way. He shoves the vampire into the ops guys and flees.

*Cut to Willow laying on her bed in the dorm room she and Buffy share. She's listening to depressing music looking mopey. There's a knock at the door.*

**Willow** Come in. *Riley walks in.* Oh, Riley. Hi.

**Riley** Hi. Gee, I hope I'm not interrupting anything really depressing.

**Willow** What's up?

**Riley** *Looking nervous.* Right to the point, ok. I was thinking of asking out Buffy.

**Willow** She's not here.

**Riely** I know. *Willow spys Buffy's open bag o' weapons on the floor by her bed and looks alarmed.* See, I don't know that much about Buffy. But I'm interested in what she likes, and so far, well, the only thing that I know she likes is you.

**Willow** What-what do you want me to do? *She's gotten up and headed towards Buffy's bag.*

**Riely** Just tell me something. Anything. Just give me a clue to- *He notices Willow trying to subtly nudge the bag under the bed with her foot.* Here, let me help you with that. *He scotches the bag under the bed.* Just something that will start us talking, you know? *Willow returns to her bed and Riley sits on Buffy's.* I'm thinking that "how 'bout them broncos" won't really cut it.

**Willow** Ok, say that I help, and you start a conversation. It goes great. You like buffy, she likes you. You spend time together, feelings grow deeper, and one day, without even realizing it, you find you're in love. Time stops, And it feels like the whole world's made for you two, and you two alone, until the day one of you leaves and rips the still-beating heart from the other, who's now a broken, hollow, mockery of the human condition.

**Riley** *Looking a bit put out, but is glib.* Yep, that's the plan.

**Willow** I figured it was.

**Riley** Oh. Look, if you want to tell me to go to hell, that's ok. Maybe this is the last thing you want to talk about. I just feel that, well, I've never courted anyone like Buffy before. I don't think I've ever met anyone like Buffy before.

**Willow** Why should I trust you?

**Riley** Just sort of hoping you'd think I have an honest face.

**Willow** I've seen host faces before. They usually come attached to liars.

**Riley** All right. I guess I'm not gonna win, here. And I appreciate you wanting to protect your friend. *He gets*

*up to leave.* I guess, uh, she kind of brings that out in people. *Thinks of the damage he did to Parker probably.*

**Willow** She likes cheese.

**Riley** What? Well, I'm not saying it's the key to her heart, but Buffy... She likes cheese.

**Riley** That's a start.

**Willow** She has a stuffed piggy named Mr. Gordo, loves ice capades without the irony, and she's dragging me to this party tonight at lowell house.

**Riley** Oh, you're going? That's my house. I live there. *He sits on Willow's bed, encouraged.*

**Willow** Well, it'll give you a chance to interact, but don't get fresh.

**Riely** Fresh? I don't even know if we like each other yet. Hey, does she ever talk about me? Like, has she ever said...

**Willow** Sorry.

**Riley** That's discouraging. Still, I feel like I have a fighting chance with my new accomplice.

**Willow** I'm not your accomplice.

**Riley** No, no. Of course not.

**Willow** I'm not.

**Riley** You're not.

**Willow** We're clear.

**Riley** We're clear.

*Cut to Harmony listening to teeny-bob techno, hanging up a frilly unicorn poster in a crypt.*

*Spike enters the room.*

**Harmony** Spike? Spike, is that really you? *He walks up to her.*

**Spike** It's me, baby. Your man is- *Harmony slaps him across the face.* back.

**Harmony** Bastard. You dumped me and staked me and hurt me and left me-

**Spike** I know, sugar, but you're forgetting one other thing I did. *He gets a touchy feely look.* I missed you.

**Harmony** Really? *He holds up his arms, in a "Well here I am," sort of way.* Oh! Just don't ever do that to me again. *She leaps into his arms hugging him.*

**Spike** Oh, never, my little foam latte. Your blondie bear is here to stay.

**Harmony** Well, where have you been? *Spike strolls over to a wicked looking double bladed weaponry ax. He swings it around a bit.* No, wait. Don't tell me. I'm just glad you're back. And this time, it's for good, right? *He tosses aside the ax.*

**Spike** Oh, forever and ever, mon petite creme brulee. *He picks up another vicious looking weapon, this time an exceptionally long dagger. He tosses this aside too.*

**Harmony** Ooh. Italian.

**Spike** Uh, yeah, and get used to it. Big daddy's home. We're gonna go wherever you want, do whatever you



want, *He picks up yet another weapon this one a long sword like thing with a hook on the end.* kill whoever you want. Starting with the slayer. *Harmony looks irritated as Spike tosses aside his current weapon.* And after that, it's all you and me, my little mentholated pack of smokes.

*Harmony walks over to him and puts her hand on his shoulder.*

**Harmony** Spikey. Let's leave the slayer alone. *She grabs his lapels.* You know she'll only slap you around, and I can do that.

**Spike** Ow! Uh, no, see, ow. *Harmony is grabbings his hair, getting cute.* The head, love. Watch the head. Whoa, watch it! *Harmony has jumped Spike.* *Cut to Giles and Xander hiding in the woods.*

**Xander** Every man faces this moment. Here. Now. Watching. Waiting For an unseen enemy that has no face. Nerve endings screaming in silence. Never knowing which thought might be your last.

**Giles** Oh, shut up.

*Cut to Willow and Buffy walking into the party.*

**Buffy** Looks cool.

**Willow** Uh-huh.

**Buffy** Look, we could go.

**Willow** No-no, we're here for fun.

**Buffy** Oh, look. Some of the guys are here already.

**Willow** I'm gonna grab a soda. I'll-I'll find you guys.

**Buffy** Ok.

*Willow playing secret agent gal walks over to wear Riley is standing. She leans against a pillar facing the opposite direction of Riley.*

**Willow** Ok, she's wearing the halter top with sensible shoes. That means mostly dancing, light contact, But don't push your luck. Heavy conversation's out of the question.

**Riley** So what do I do?

**Willow** Ask her to dance.

**Riley** Right. Dance. Wait. No.

**Willow** What's the matter? *She turns to face him.*

**Riley** I can't dance.

**Willow** Then talk. Keep eye contact. Funny is good, but don't be glib. And remember, if you hurt her, I will beat you to death with a shovel. A vague disclaimer is nobody's friend. Have fun. *She pats him on the shoulder.*

*Riley walks off. We see Buffy standing in a circle of people. Riley makes his way through towards her.*

**Riley** Excuse me. Hi.

**Buffy** Hi.

**Riley** Um...Buffy... *He pauses looking at a loss.* You do the reading on chapter 9?

**Buffy** Uh-huh. *She gives him a look.*

**Riley** Wow. Some theories, huh? Cheese? *He holds up a cube of cheese on a stick.*

*Cut to the woods. Xander sees things being thrown into a pile. Harmony walks out and begins to pour gas on the pile.*

**Xander** Harmony.

**Harmony** Xander? *She walks towards him.*

**Xander** That's close enough. *She stops.* I'm warning you: I've been highly trained to put this through your heart. *He waves a stake around.* No mercy, no warning.

**Harmony** I can kill you where you stand.

**Xander** Bring it on, then.

*Harmony bitch slaps him.*

**Xander** Ow!

*He kicks her in the shin.*

**Harmony** Ow! You sissy kicker!

*She slaps him in the arm. The most girly fight ever on BTVS ensues. They slap at each other and circle each other in a menacing manner. More slapping without contact. They end up tangled up pulling each others hair.*

**Xander** Get away! Aah! Cut it out!

**Harmony** Ow, I'm so gonna bite you!

**Xander** Ow... Ok, stop, stop! We should stop, ok?

**Harmony** Ok, I will if you will.

**Xander** On the count of 3...

**Xander** Uh-huh. Uh-huh. 1...2...3!

**Harmony** Right, ok.

**Xander** Harmony, it's been great catching up. Really, I'm just gonna pick up the tattered shreds of my dignity and go home... Leaving you with your fire.

**Harmony** My fire? Yeah, right. Like I listen to the sex pistols. Eww. This crap belongs to Spike.

**Xander** Spike?

**Harmony** Can you believe him? He comes back with all these big promises, not that I believed him, you know. But he could have spent one night, but, no. Everything was "slayer this" and "slayer that." I mean, he probably already killed her. I'm not taking him back, I just...I just want to know why it is that men always... *She looks up and Xander has left to go warn Buffy.* Leave.

*Harmony pitches a lit match behind her. The pile of Spikes things go up in flames.*

*Cut to Riley and Willow sitting on a couch at the party. Neither look very much in a party mood.*

**Riley** I can't believe it. I choked.

**Willow** You really, really did.

**Riley** You don't understand. I'm good at things. That's what I do. Work hard, apply myself, get it done.

**Willow** Well, you failed extremely well.

**Riley** That's a great comfort to me.

*We see Buffy doing a "sexy dance" with another guy.*

**Willow** You need to relax. I mean, you're not proposing. You're just making contact, getting a reaction. Any reaction is ok, except projectile vomiting. But, what are the chances of that—

*A Dingoes Ate My Babies song comes on. Willow gets a horrifically depressed look.*

**Riley** Are you ok?

**Willow** This song...

**Riley** Oh, yeah, it's a tape of some bands from last year's party. Associations?

**Willow** Big.

**Riley** Bad? A.J.! *He makes a cutting motion. A.J. changes the music ignoring the murmur of protest from the crowd.*

**Willow** Thank you. Now go find Buffy.

**Riley** There's no hurry. I mean, if you want to talk.

**Willow** No, I... I want you to find Buffy and tell her that I went home and not to worry about me. Which at least will give you something to say.

**Riley** Thanks.

**Willow** You'll do fine. *She leaves and Riley journeys to find Buffy. He walks over to Buffy and puts his hand on her shoulder.*

**Buffy** Hey.

**Riley** Um, Willow said to say that she took off. *Buffy looks upset.* Oh, no, she's ok. Kind of blue, but she said not to worry.

**Buffy** Thank you.

**Riley** You know... I wanted to ask you something.

**Buffy** Ask away.

*Xander runs in interrupting them.*

**Xander** Buffy! I've been looking all over for you. We need... Need to talk, uh, not here. It's sort of... Unfinished business.

**Buffy** Business? Right. Uh, excuse us?

**Riley** No problem.

**Walsh** Here's what we know, and it isn't much: Hostile 17 broke restraints at exactly 2:47 P.M.

*Graham, Forrest and Riley are almost done putting on their gear.*

**Forrest** That's a big head start.

**Walsh** Gets bigger every time you interrupt me. It was bagged and tagged locally, so assume it knows the area. The creature has every advantage right now. Fail to recapture it, and everything we've worked for—The initiative itself—could end tonight.

**Riley** Nobody's failin' on my watch.

**Walsh** Glad to hear it. Gentlemen, agent Finn is now in charge of this operation. I'm counting on you, Riley.

**Riley** We start with the basic mobilization pattern. 3 Teams. Sweep and search, just like practice. Thorough

*Forrest walks up.*

**Forrest** Denied.

**Riley** It's not like she blew me off. She just left with another guy, that's all.

**Forrest** We need you downstairs, anyway. *They head downstairs.* You know, I hate to say it, but they're probably on their way to make crazy naked sex.

**Riley** Is that necessary?

*They stand in front of a mirror and a glowing green light scans them.*

**Forrest** I'm protecting you, buddy. I don't want to see you mooning over some freshman for the next 3 months.

**Computer** Retinal scan accepted.

*They enter the elevator that opens up in the wall.*

**Riley** I like her.

**Graham** I'm on your side, here.

**Riley** I know you are, Graham. That's what gives me the strength to put up with this comedian.

**Forrest** Dude, straight tip: I know girls.

**Riley** Exactly! Girls, plural. I'm talkin' about one girl. *He leans into a microphone.* One girl.

**Computer** Initiative vocal code match complete. Special agent Finn, Riley. Identity number 75329.

*They enter the massive under ground bat cave like facility that is the headquarters of the Initiative.*

**Riley** The problem is, what kind of girl is gonna go out with a guy who's acting all joe regular by day and then turns all demon-hunter by night?

**Graham** Maybe a peculiar one.

**Riley** Thank you, Graham. You see, forrest? You don't have to be so negative all the time. Hold up. Situation? *They walk over to where Prof. Walsh is standing in a white lab coat.*

**Walsh** Gentlemen, suit up. We have a code red. Hostile 17 has escaped.

but fast. C-team: Take the campus perimeter. Make sure it can't leave. Stake it if you gotta, but only as a last resort. B-team: You're going down. Tunnels, sewers, cemeteries. Gates and miller are with me. We take the heart of campus and work our way out. All units, maintain radio contact early and often. Who's got questions? Move!

*Cut to Giles apartment where Buffy, Xander and Giles are gathered.*

**Buffy** What is wrong with him? Doesn't Spike get that this is my town?

**Giles** He's resilient.

**Buffy** And it's my night off.

**Xander** I'm sure he'd pick another night if he knew you were busy with teutonic boy toy.

**Buffy** What is that supposed to mean?

**Xander** Nothing.

**Buffy** Riley's a doof. He's not teutonic.

**Giles** We have to assume that Spike's main target is you, Buffy.

**Buffy** Fine. You know what? He's worn out his welcome. Tonight, I kill him.

**Giles** You have a plan?

**Buffy** I am the plan. If spike wants me, I go alone... No arguments. Lead him away from the popular places and give him what he wants.

*Buffy gets up to leave and Xander goes after her.*

**Xander** Oh, wait, wait! Take this.

*He gives her a flare gun.*

**Buffy** A flare gun? Xander, if I find spike, I'm staking him, not signalling ships at sea.

**Xander** You get into trouble...

**Buffy** Ok. I'll flare.

**Xander** And we'll come a-runnin'. *Buffy leaves.* Do you think Spike'll find her?

**Giles** I'm sure of it.

*Cut to Spike sitting at a computer. He's scrolling down a list of student dorm names and thier housing. He reaches Buffy's name.*

**Spike** Hello, gorgeous.

*Cut to the woods where Graham, Forrest and Riley are leaving a wooden shed type thing. They walk to a clearing where they see Buffy sitting on a park bench alone through binoculars.*

**Riley** What've we got?

**Graham** Civilian, sir.

*Graham gives him his binoculars and Riley looks through them recognising Buffy.*

**Riley** Ah, damn.

**Forrest** She's compromising the area. At least she's not making crazy, naked sex.

**Riley** Told you. We gotta clear her outta there... Fast.

**Forrest** Maybe not. Just thinking. If you were hostile 17, living off the crap we feed 'em, what would you rather eat than that?

**Riley** You wanna use the girl I got a crush on as bait?

**Forrest** I can tag a hostile at 50 yards.

**Riley** Denied.

**Forrest** She'd be safe the entire—

**Riley** I said denied, agent.

**Forrest** Did you just pull rank on me?

**Riley** Do you have a problem with that?

**Forrest** No, sir. So, how're we gonna get her out of there?

*Riley, no longer wearing kevlar walks up to where Buffy is sitting on the bench.*

**Buffy** Riley! What are you doing here?

**Riley** Well, I didn't get a chance to say goodbye to you after the party. You left so fast. You know, with your friend... Who's a boy.

**Buffy** Uh, xander? He's not anyone that I... Want to talk about, right now. Um... You know, I don't want you taking this the wrong way... It's just, um... I need a little alone time now... Alone.

**Riley** Why?

**Buffy** I need space.

**Riley** We're outdoors.

**Buffy** Emotionally. **She pauses looking for something better to say and gives up.** I mean, emotionally...

**Riley** You know, there's plenty of space back in your room why don't I take you? You wouldn't believe the weirdos out at this hour.

*He starts to lead her off.*

**Buffy** Whoa! Ok... It's a free campus. Who died and made you John Wayne?

**Riley** I'm just trying to help.

**Buffy** You think I need help? Believe me, I don't. You know, if you were a real gentleman, then you would just leave. You would go far, far away, now! Shoo!

**Riley** Are you drunk?

**Buffy** Yes! Go and report me.

**Riley** I'm taking you home. Come on.

*He goes to grab her and lead her off.*

**Buffy** Oh, did you ever think maybe I'm gonna take you home, huh? What? You think that boys can take care of themselves and girls need help?

**Riley** Yeah.

**Buffy** That is so teutonic.

**Riley** Look, Buffy, as long as you're out here, I'm staying.

**Buffy** Well, as long as you're out here, I'm staying.

*They hear a scream.*

**Riley** Gotta go.

**Buffy** See ya!

*They both run off in opposite directions.*

**Riley** Tell me we're tracking.

*They're looking a some sort of tracking device.*

**Graham** Honing a signal. Got it... Heading west. Better be the hostile.

**Forrest** All units converge, all units converge. Hard target sighted. Heading 1-2 alpha niner. Let's bag it before this gets ugly.

*Cut to Willow and Buffy's dorm room. Willow's moping again on her bed listening to sad music. There's a knock at the door.*

**Willow** Come in. *Spike walks in. Willow is immediatly alarmed and gets up.* Spike! Wh-what do you want? Uh, a spell? I can do that.

*She goes to run past him, but he grabs her and and throws her against her dresser.*

**Spike** I'll give you a choice. *He walks over to her.* Now I'm gonna kill you. No choice in that. But... I can let you stay dead... Or... Bring you back, to be like me.

**Willow** I-I'll scream.

**Spike** Bonus.

*Willow screams.*

**Spike** I don't understand. This sort of thing's never happened to me before. *He's sitting on Willow's bed.*

**Willow** Maybe you were nervous.

**Spike** I felt all right when I started. Let's try again. *He leaps on her and draws back immediately. He tries again and the same thing happens.* Ow! Oh! Ow! Damn it! *He gets up and kicks the dresser. He starts to pace around the room.*

**Willow** Maybe you're trying too hard. Doesn't this happen to every vampire?

**Spike** Not to me, it doesn't!

**Willow** It's me, isn't it?

**Spike** What are you talking about?

**Willow** Well, you came looking for Buffy, then settled. I-I... You didn't want to bite me. I just happened to be around.

**Spike** Piffle!

**Willow** I know I'm not the kind of girl vamps like to sink their teeth into. It's always like, "ooh, you're like a sister to me," or, "oh, you're such a good friend."

**Spike** Don't be ridiculous. I'd bite you in a heartbeat.

**Willow** Really?

*Spike sits on her bed again.*

**Spike** Thought about it.

**Willow** When?

**Spike** Remember last year, you had on that... Fuzzy pink number with the lilac underneath?

**Willow** I never would have guessed. You played the blood-lust kinda cool.

**Spike** Mmm. I hate being obvious. All fang-y and "rrrr!" Takes the mystery out.

**Willow** But if you could...

**Spike** If I could, yeah.

**Willow** You know, this doesn't make you any less terrifying.

**Spike** Don't patronize me.

*Cut to the outside of Willow's dorm. Graham, Forrest and Riley are hiding in the bushes, peering at a tempe-  
ture sensor.*

**Graham** I'm getting a picture... Signature's locked.

**Riley** What've we got?

**Graham** Humans of the freshman variety. 98.6, 98.6... Bingo! Got a cold one.

*Thermal output clockin' in at exactly... Room tempera-  
ture. Vampire. Call in a standard triangle flanking ma-*

*Spike throws her on the bed and then turns the radio up to a blaring level.*

**Willow** No!

*Spike jumps on her and they battle but he goes to bite her.*

*neuver.*

**Riley** We're going in. I need a lockdown on grid 6.

**Spike** I'm only 126.

**Willow** You're being too hard on yourself. Why don't we wait a half an hour and try again? Or... *She picks up a lamp and smashes it over his head. She runs over to her door and tries to leave, but it's locked.*

*The lights go out outside in the hall. Riley, Graham and Forrest run in the dorm wearing night vision goggles. They race up the stairs and when they reach the top students scramble out of thier way. They head down the hall and reach Willow's room. They bust the door down and Willow races out knocking them out of the way. One of them points the tranquilizer gun at Willow.*

**Riley** No, hold your fire!

*Spike rushes out and slams Graham into a wall. Willow cowers in a corner. Spike rushes over to bite Graham but can't due to a sevre burst of pain.*

**Graham** It's on me! *Spike rushes over to bite Graham but can't due to a sevre burst of pain.*

**Spike** Aah!

**Commando** Move!

*Spike struggles but is eventually contained.*

**Commando** Bag it, tag it. We're gone. Sir... Civilian. Could have turned. *Referring to Willow cowering in a corner.*

**Riley** Leave her.

**Commando** We can't neglect quarantine, sir!

*Spike breaks free. He grabs a fire extinguisher and smashes a commando with it. Another goes to shoot him, but he holds up the extinguisher and it's shot, which makes the hall fill with CO2 gas. Willow crawls towards her room.*

**Commando** Stop her!

*A commando grabs her.*

**Commando** She's contained.

**Buffy** Contain this! *The commando who has Willow turns around and is blinded as his night vision goggles are overloaded when Buffy shoots off the flare gun. The flare bounces around the room.*

**All** Aah! Ow! I'm blind! What the hell was that?

*The commandos tear off thier goggles. Buffy shoos Willow into thier room. Buffy begins to fight the commandos. (Neither she nor Riley recognize each other. Riley is blnded and Buffy doesn't recognize him because of the*

*disguise of his gear and face mask.) Buffy is redirected into a wall by Riley. Spike sees a way to escape and does. Buffy gets up and dodges a kick, then a punch and then reciprocated and lands a punch. She gets him in a corner and lands about a dozen quickly repeated punches on his stomach. He get ahold of himself, then punches Buffy in the face. She flies back. Cut to Spike who runs down the hall and jumps out a window. Graham and Forrest follow him, but stop at the window. Cut back to Buffy and Riley fighting. Buffy is redirected into a wall. She gets up and slams him in the face with a folding chair. She delivers a roundhouse kick and flips him over onto the floor. He gets up and through his hazy vision realizes there's something amiss.*

**Riley** Abort!

*Cut to the Initiative facility.*

**Walsh** I'm sure you'll understand if I seem far from happy.

**Riley** Yes, ma'am. If you read my report you'll see—

**Walsh** Hostile 17's found an accomplice who's smart, aggressive, and somehow escapes description.

**Forrest** Whoever he was, the guy was big.

**Graham** Strong, too.

**Riley** Whoever... Or whatever.

**Walsh** I'm not interested in guess work, gentlemen. Call me old-fashioned. I like results. This report reads like a child's riddle book. Agent Finn, tell me something good. My implant?

**Riley** The implant works. Hostile 17 can't harm any liv-

ing creature, In any way, without intense neurological pain. We'll bag it.

**Walsh** Yes, you will. Dismissed.

*Cut to the next day. Riley sees Buffy walking across the campus. He heads towards her.*

**Riley** Hey.

**Buffy** Hi.

**Riley** Listen, sorry about last night.

**Buffy** No, no... I was rude. I just felt like being alone. Sometimes it's nice to be out by yourself at night.

**Riley** I hear that. Gotta be careful, though. Lotta strange... People out there.

**Buffy** Oh, yeah.

**Riley** How's willow doing?

**Buffy** Ok. 'Course, that stupid fraternity prank on our dorm didn't help any.

**Riley** That's right. I forgot you guys live in Stevenson.

**Buffy** You knew that?

**Riley** Well, Willow and I were... I thought she might be able to help me on a project.

**Buffy** Really? That work out for you?

**Riley** Don't know yet.

**Buffy** Uh, last night... At the party, You wanted to tell me something?

**Riley** Oh, yeah. Very important stuff. I don't remember any of it now. But you would have been fascinated, possibly even moved. Did Willow tell you I like cheese?

**Buffy** You're a little peculiar.

**Riley** I can live with that.

## Pangs

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### Disclaimer

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*This episode was originally broadcast on October 19,*

*1999.*

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### Prologue

*Cut to a forresty area. We see a guy walking along. He pauses as a branch breaks nearby. He continues walking after a minute. He turns around and sees Buffy.*

**Guy** Oh!

**Buffy** Looking for me?

**Guy** Holy-what do you want?

*Buffy punches him. The guy looks startled, then vamps out.*

**Vampire** Uhh! Hey!

**Buffy** Look who's home?

**Vampire** A slayer. Why don't you just go back where you came from? Things were great before you came.

*Buffy punches him again, then kicks him. He goes down and as he gets he backhands her in the stomach. She backhands him in the face and he hits the ground. As he's getting up she grabs him from behind and stakes him.*

**Buffy** And they say one person can't make a difference. *We then pan to where Angel can be seen hiding in the foliage.*

### Part 1

*Cut to a lawn outside a building site. We see the dean on a podium making a speech. There is a small gathering watching.*

**Dean guerrero** Of all the duties of a dean, one of the most pleasant is to see a colleague realize a dream. Ladies, gentlemen, students, I present to you professor Gerhardt of the anthropology department.

*Prof Gerhardt replaces the dean at the podium.*

**Gerhardt** When I first realized we were outgrowing our current cultural center, I was concerned. Then I realized it was like seeing one's child grow up and move on to better things. In this case, a spacious new facility to be built on this site...

*Cut to where Buffy, Willow and Anya are standing together. Xander is at the site as a construction worker.*

**Anya** Look at him. Have you ever seen anything so masculine?

**Buffy** You mean guerrero or his wife?

**Willow** I think she means... *Referring to Xander who's waiting to begin digging.*

**Buffy** Oh. Very manly. Not at all village people. Yes, *very village people, actually.* So much sexier than the outfit from his last job.

**Willow** Oh, I miss the free hot dogs on sticks.

**Anya** I'm imagining having sex with him right now.

*Back to Gerhardt continuing her speech.*

**Gerhardt** And that's why it's appropriate that the ground-breaking for the uc sunnydale cultural partnership center is taking place so soon before thanksgiving. Because that's what the melting pot is about- Contributions from all cultures, making our culture stronger...

*Cut to the girls again, Buffy begins to clap but stops as Willow interjects.*

**Willow** What a load of horse hooey.

**Buffy** We have a counterpoint?

**Willow** Yeah. Thanksgiving isn't about blending of 2 cultures. It's about one culture wiping out another. And then they make animated specials about the part where, with the maize and the big, big belt buckles. They don't show you the next scene, where all the bison die and squanto takes a musket ball in the stomach.

**Buffy** Ok. Now, for some of that, you were channeling your mother?

**Willow** Well, yeah, sort of. That's why she doesn't celebrate thanksgiving or columbus day- You know, the destruction of the indigenous peoples. I know it sounds a little overwrought, but really, she's...She's right.

**Buffy** Yeah. I guess I never really thought about it that way. With mom at aunt darlene's this year, I'm not getting a thanksgiving. Maybe it's just as well.

**Anya** Well, I think that's a shame. I love a ritual sacrifice.

**Buffy** It's not really a one of those.

**Anya** To commemorate a past event, you kill and eat an animal. It's a ritual sacrifice, with pie.

*Back to the professor's speech.*

**Gerhardt** ...And thus, a symbolic beginning.

*She goes over and commences with the ground breaking ceremony.*

**Anya** *Inscensed.* What's she doing? Xander said he was going to dig. I want to see Xander dig.

**Buffy** That's part's just ceremonial.

**Anya** Well, it bites. She's not rippling at all. Oh. Look, there he goes. *We see Xander begin digging in earnest. She sighs.* Look at him.

**Willow** Very...Diggy.

**Anya** Soon he'll be sweating. I'm imagining having sex with him again.

**Buffy** Imaginary Xander is quite the machine.

*Xander is still digging when suddenly the ground breaks away beneath him. He plummets to an underground chamber.*

**Xander** Uhh! Ow. I'm ok! I'm, uh... I'm ok! *He looks around.* Where am I okay?

*We see Angel in the shadows hiding behind trees again. He's staring up at Buffy's window. Cut to Buffy and Willow's room.*

**Willow** While they were pulling Xander out, I heard a couple of the anthro professors talking about it. Man, were they excited. It's the old sunnydale mission, which everyone thought was lost.

**Buffy** *Staring out the window.* Huh?

**Willow** Is there something out there?

**Buffy** Hmm? Oh. No. I'm sorry. A lost mission. I mean, a hairbrush I can understand. And by the way, I will find that and get that back to you. But how do you lose a mission?

**Willow** Huge earthquake in 1812. Everyone just assumed the mission was leveled. Instead, they built right over it. It's like what happened in the thirties with that church the master was in. Doesn't it make you wonder what else is there, like, right under our feet?

**Buffy** Mostly, I've just found sewers full of demons.

**Willow** Oh, right. *Outside we hear students running mad through the halls with excitement.* Man, it's crazy out there.

**Buffy** Mm-hmm. Post-midterm frenzy. And the holiday. Everyone's going home.

**Willow** It looks like a lot of lucky moms are gonna be getting brimming baskets of dirty laundry.

**Buffy** It's so not fair. I mean, they all get a family holiday just because they can go home to their families.

**Willow** Hmm, it's a turvy-topsy world.

**Buffy** You know what? I should have my own thanksgiving. I can cook the meal, just like my mom does, have all you guys over. It'll be great.

**Willow** Buffy, earlier you agreed with me about Thanksgiving. It's a sham. It's all about death.

**Buffy** It is a sham, but it's a sham with yams. It's a yam sham.

**Willow** You're not gonna jokey-rhyme your way out of this one.

**Buffy** I know... But I want it. It's like professor Walsh was saying about sense memory. I smell a roasting turkey, and I'm 8 years old. I liked having that to look forward to. Everything's different now.

**Willow** Well, I suppose there could be slight yams.

**Buffy** I mean, we could definitely use a little comfort food. I bet giles doesn't have any plans. And Xander always tries to avoid all of his family gatherings.

**Willow** Ooh. We could not invite anya.

**Buffy** I don't know. She and xander seem pretty tight lately. Look, pilgrims aside, isn't that the whole point of thanksgiving- Everybody has a place to go?

*Cut to Spike walking around the forrest, wearing a blanket looking desolate. Cut to Riley, Graham and Forrest in commando gear, patrolling the forrest looking for Spike.*

**Forrest** Man, I'm beat.

**Riley** We'll do one more sweep, then cash it in.

**Forrest** I gotta pack tonight. You got a flight?

**Riley** Wednesday night. Professor walsh wants me here for the debriefing.

**Forrest** That's a pretty short thanksgiving.

**Riley** Hey, with a hostile on the loose, we're lucky to be going home at all.

**Forrest** It's neutered. The implant works great. He can't hurt a single living thing.

**Riley** As long as he knows about the initiative, he's a threat. We do this the professor's way.

**Forrest** *Coughing the words.* Mama's boy.

**Riley** That's a nasty cough. You might need to spend the weekend in quarantine.

**Forrest** Oh, no. I'm done coughing.

**Riley** I just don't want anyone getting sick. *He pats Forrest on the arm.*

*Cut to Xander's basement/room. Anya comes in as Xander is finishing dressing for work. He looks worn out.*

**Anya** Xander, what are you doing? You're supposed to be digging. I went to watch you digging, and you weren't there doing it.

**Xander** I'm going now. Just...Kinda tough getting going today.

**Anya** *Feeling his forehead.* Your head is moist. Oh! You're sick. Well, you can't go to work.

**Xander** *Anya pushes him back on the bed.* Uh. Oh. Anya?

**Anya** You're pasty and wet and disgusting. They can dig without you.

**Xander** *Groaning.* Look– I don't really feel that bad.

**Anya** I inflicted a lot of putrefying diseases on men when I was an avenging demon, and you look like you're getting all of them.

**Xander** *Giving in.* Ok. I'll stay. But you should go. You could catch it.

**Anya** *Perkily.* We'll die together. It's romantic. Let me get your trousers off. *She begins to undress him.*

**Xander** You're a strange girlfriend.

**Anya** I'm a girlfriend?

**Xander** Uh...There's a chance I'm delirious.

**Anya** Ah, yes. Well, whatever it is that's making you sick, so far, I like it.

*Cut to the Professor Gerhardt on the phone.*

**Gerhardt** It's a very exciting opportunity. I can't wait to go down there myself. It's just...Well, it's means we're going to have to start looking for a new location. ... No, it's really up to the dean. ... I just hope this doesn't cost us another year. ... Ok. Talk to you later.

*We see green smoke coalescing around an ancient knife. The professor inspects it and the smoke turns into a native american. He grabs the knife, seizes the professor and slits her throat.*

## Part 2

*Willow and Buffy are inspecting the site of the professors death.*

**Willow** I'll never get used to this. One day, she's at the friendship ceremony. The next day, she's on the news. The coroner's office said she was missing an ear. So I'm thinking, Maybe we're looking for a witch. There's some great spells that work much better with an ear in the mix.

**Buffy** That's one fun little hobby you've got there, Will.

**Willow** Or...Or maybe an ear-harvesting demon that– it's, like, building another demon completely out of ears. Or...Ooh. Thought. We're just assuming someone else cut off the ear. What if it was self-inflicted, like van gogh?

**Buffy** So...She brutally stabs herself, dumped the body, then cut off her own ear?

**Willow** No. She cut off her ear, then killed herself, then dumped the body– I'm really off my game, aren't I?

**Buffy** Yeah. Wait. Something's missing from this case. *She reads the inscription.* "Early 1800 chumash knife." There's a picture.

**Willow** What's it look like?

*Cut to Buffy in Giles kitchen getting the food ready for thanksgiving dinner.*

**Buffy** Pretty darn scary. It more like a riot than a ralph's.

**Buffy** I thought I was going to have to use slayer moves on this one woman who was completely hoarding the pumpkin pie filling.

**Giles** And at some point, you are going to tell me about the murder?

**Buffy** Oh, right. The knife was some sort of indian artifact. Chumash, I think. That's all we got.

**Giles** Oh, chumash indians. They were indigenous to this whole area.

**Buffy** That's interesting.

**Giles** Then, of course, the murder weapon might have just been a convenient choice.

**Buffy** Uh-uh. There was a big ol' scissors lying right there. That knife was picked for a reason. Do you even own a turkey pan?

**Giles** Tell me again why we're not doing this at your house.

**Buffy** Giles, if you would like to get by in american society, then you are going to have to follow our traditions. You're the patriarch. You have to host the festivities, or it's all meaningless.

**Giles** And this is in no way an elaborate scheme to stick me with the cleanup?

**Buffy** How about that ceremonial knife, huh? Pretty juicy piece of clueage, don't you think?

**Giles** Yes, all right, I'll look into the chumash connection and see if there's any ritual significance to the ear removal.

**Buffy** Thank you. *Buffy pauses looking lost in thought.*

**Giles** You all right?

**Buffy** Yeah. Uh... I still need to pick up a few things, so I'll check in. And keep your hands off the food.

**Giles** Oh, I'll try and restrain myself from eating uncooked potatoes and cranberries.

*Buffy leaves and Angel walks out from a room in the back of the apartment.*

**Giles** So, what do you think?

**Angel** She sounds good. Kind of intense about this thanksgiving thing.

**Giles** I think perhaps she's a little lonely, but I meant about the murder.

**Angel** Whatever killed the woman in the museum, that's probably the danger.



**Giles** Yeah, well, this danger, your friend has some ominous vision about Buffy. It's all terribly vague. I mean, there are other things happening on this campus.

**Angel** Well, maybe I'm wrong, but I gotta try something. I can't just keep watching.

**Gilse** I'm glad that you're watching out for her, but I feel I should remind you that she's not helpless and it's not your job to keep her safe.

**Angel** It's not yours anymore, either. Are you going to walk away?

**Giles** All right. But I feel we should tell her. I don't like keeping this secret.

**Angel** No. If she knew I was here, it was distract her. It could get her hurt. I don't want to get in the way.

**Giles** Um, I'm assuming that there's some connection to the old mission. Something is angry about being disturbed.

**Angel** Or maybe it was trapped there, and now it's released. Something that has a fondness for ancient weapons. You know father gabriel?

**Giles** No.

**Angel** He knows the history of this place pretty well. His family dates back to mission times. He might be able to fill in some blanks.

**Giles** Ok. Well, I'll see about contacting him. Where are you going?

**Angel** To watch her.

**Giles** It's not fair. You know that's what she'd say. You can see her, but she can't see you?

**Angel** Believe me, I'm not getting the good half of this deal. To be on the outside looking in at what I can't... Well, I'd forgotten how bad it feels.

*Cut to Willow and Buffy walking along outside, in the business district.*

**Willow** But you have whipped cream. I saw it in giles' fridge.

**Buffy** But that's whipped cream in a canister. Look, it's only right if you whip it yourself.

**Willow** Hey, and then later, we can churn our own butter and make sweaters out of sheep.

**Buffy** Ok. It's the last thing. I promise. Besides, I have an appointment with that priest that Giles called about. He thinks he might have some information.

**Riley** *Runs up to them.* Buffy? Hey, Buffy.

**Buffy** Riley. Where'd you come from? I didn't see you at all.

**Riley** Oh, just across the street... And a couple of blocks down. Hey, Willow.

**Willow** Hi. Well, I'm just gonna let you two... Look, they're selling coffee in the coffee shop. Yum. *She runs into the coffee shop and into Angel. He grabs her and covers her mouth with his hand. She's trying to talk*

*through it and it comes out garbled.* Oh! Angel- evil! You're all evil again.

**Angel** I'm not evil. I'm here to help Buffy. *He removes his hand and lets her go.*

**Willow** What's going on?

**Angel** My friend had a vision. Buffy's in danger.

**Willow** So tell her. Help her.

**Angel** If she sees me, it'll be worse.

**Willow** See, I don't get that, all this "leaving for her own good" garbage. Because that's what it is. You can't just give up because there's obstacles. What kind-

**Angel** *Interrupting her tirade.* Willow.

**Willow** Sorry. My stuff.

**Angel** You know how I feel about her. If there was any way...

**Willow** Yeah. I know.

**Angel** It's just...Everything's different now.

**Willow** Hey, is cordelia really working for you? 'Cause that's gotta be a special experience. Of all the people you could've hired.

**Angel** Willow, I'm here to protect Buffy. I don't have a whole lot of time for personal stuff.

**Willow** Right. Well, how can I help?

**Angel** Well, if you can just tell me... *Looking out the window. He sees Buffy and Riley chatting.* Who's that guy? *Cut to outside where Buffy and Riley are talking.*

**Buffy** It'll be just like it was when I was a kid. Only without me building a fort out of my mashed potatoes.

**Riley** Sounds like fun.

**Buffy** It will be. Um, you know, if you don't already have plans... You should come. I'm a great cook... In theory. I've eaten a lot.

**Riley** That sounds so great, but I'm outta here tonight. I caught a last-minute flight back to Iowa.

**Buffy** Iowa. That's one of the ones in the middle, right?

**Riley** My folks are there. We always do thanksgiving at my grandparents' house. A little farm outside Huxley.

**Buffy** Sounds nice.

**Riley** It is. After dinner, we all go for a walk down by the river with the dogs. There's trees and... And I know what you're thinking. It's like I grew up in a grant wood painting.

**Buffy** Exactly. If I knew who that was.

**Riley** Just a guy who painted stuff that looked like where I grew up.

**Buffy** Well, have fun at the homestead.

**Riley** Always do. What's the line? Home's the place that, when you have to go there...

**Buffy** They have to take you in.

*Cut to Harmony's crypt. She's advancing towards Spike yelling at him.*

**Harmony** Get out.

**Spike** *Leaning against a wall.* But, baby, this is where I belong.

**Harmony** *Pointing.* Out. I mean it. I've been doing a lot of reading, and I'm in control of my own power now, so we're through.

*She backs up as Spike advances towards her. He grabs her abruptly. He begins to kiss her shoulder. She looks uncertain.*

**Spike** You don't mean that.

**Harmony** Yes, I do. I...I do. *Spike picks her up and carries her over to the bed.* I mean it a lot.

**Spike** See? I knew you'd end up welcoming me back *He begins to stroke her legs.* With open...Arms. *He leans into kiss her.*

**Harmony** No. *She pushes him away.* I'm powerful, and I'm beautiful, and I don't need you to complete me. *She goes around the bed and lifts the mattress revealing a stake which she grabs.* And you're mean. *She stands up holding the stake up.*

**Spike** *Backpedeling, then falling off the bed.* You had that in our bed? Do you know how dangerous that is?

**Harmony** *Advancing on him.* Let's find out.

**Spike** You wouldn't do it. *Backing up as she walks towards him still wielding the stake.*

**Harmony** You did it to me, remember?

**Spike** All right. All right, I'll go. Just— *He falls.*

**Harmony** What?

**Spike** Can I have someone to eat?

*She goes to stake him and he runs off.*

*Cut to the outside of a church. Inside we see Buffy walking around.*

**Buffy** Father Gabriel? Father Gabriel? *She goes through a set of double doors.* Father? Are you out here? *She sees the indian in the middle of slicing the throat of the priest he's hung.* God.

*Buffy runs the rest of the way to the indian and punches him in the stomach. She then redirects him a few feet away. He gets up to a defensive crouch, in a fighting stance.*

**Indian** You can't stop me.

**Buffy** You're very wrong about that.

*He rushes her again, but she sidesteps him and redirects him forward, which makes him slam his head into a conveniently low hung bell. He lands a few feet back, gets up and tries to slice Buffy with his knife. She dodges back again. He tries to punch her and she dodges, making him hit an ornamental stand.*

**Hus** Yaugh! *They fall and he is on top of her, wielding a knife.* I am vengeance. I am my people's cry. They call for Hus, for the avenging spirit to carve out justice.

**Buffy** They tell you to start an ear collection? *She kicks high, which throws him off. She rolls over, punching him, then slams his knife arm into a tree but he doesn't let go. He punches her, but she kicks the legs out from under him. She grabs him and he's stuck holding his knife to his throat.*

**Hus** You slaughtered my people. Now you kill their spirit. This is a great day for you.

*She shoves him away and he gets up. Then he turns into a group of bats and they fly off.*

### Part 3

*Cut to Buffy and Giles in his kitchen again. They're back to getting dinner ready. Buffy's checking the settings on the stove and Giles peeling vegetables in the sink.*

**Giles** It's clear we're dealing with a spirit of some kind. It's very common for indian spirits to change to animal form.

**Buffy** It's plenty uncommon for me to freeze up during a fight. I mean, I had the guy, I was ready for the take-down, and I stopped. And native american.

**Giles** Sorry?

**Buffy** We don't say "indian."

**Giles** Oh, right. Yes, yes. Um, always behind on the terms. Still trying not to refer to you lot as "bloody colonials."

**Buffy** And the thing is, I like my evil like I like my men—evil. You know, "straight up, black hat, "Tied to the train tracks, soon my electro-ray will destroy metropolis" bad. Not all mixed up with guilt and the destruction of an indigenous culture.

**Giles** This spirit warrior—hus, you called him—Has killed innocent people.

**Buffy** Ok. You know what? We need to boil those and put them through the ricer.

**Giles** I don't think I have a ricer.

**Buffy** You don't have a ricer? What do you mean? How could someone not have a ricer?

**Giles** Well, do you have one at home?

**Buffy** I don't know. What's a ricer?

**Giles** We'll mash them with forks, much like the pilgrims must have. Did you catch the part about the innocent people?

**Buffy** Yes. Ok? And I do want to stop him. I'd just like to find a non-slayee way to do it.

*There's a knock at the door. Buffy opens it and we see Willow standing with a huge pile of books.*

**Buffy** Hey.

**Willow** Hey.

**Buffy** Peas?

**Willow** Peas.

*Buffy takes the small box of peas leaving Willow to struggle with a mound of books.*

**Buffy** These are frozen.

**Giles** What's all that?

**Willow** Atrocities. I got the full poop on the chumash indians and our fabulous buried mission.

**Buffy** You said you were going to get fresh ones.

**Willow** Atrocities?

**Buffy** Peas. They come in little pods. You were going to shell them.

**Willow** I didn't have time. I was busy reading about the chumash war.

**Giles** The chumash were peaceful.

**Willow** Oh, they were peaceful, all right. They were fluffy indigenous kittens, till we came along.

**Buffy** They're gonna be mushy.

**Willow** They won't be mushy.

**Giles** I like mushy peas.

**Buffy** You're the reason we had to have pilgrims in the first place. So what happened to the chumash?

**Willow** How about imprisonment, forced labor, herded like animals into a mission full of bad european diseases.

**Buffy** Boy. Cultural partnership center really didn't stress any of that stuff.

**Willow** Not even a diorama. And it gets better. The few chumash who tried to rebel were hanged. And when a group was accused of stealing cattle, they were killed—Men, women, and children. And for proof to bring back to their accusers...

**Giles** They cut off their ears?

**Buffy** So hus wasn't kidding about the rightful vengeance routine.

**Giles** He's recreating all the wrongs done to his people. And it's up to us to stop him.

**Buffy** Yes, but after dinner, right?

**Willow** Are you sure we shouldn't be helping him?

**Giles** No, I think perhaps we won't help the angry spirit with his rape and pillage and murder.

**Willow** Well, ok, no, but we should be helping him redress his wrongs. Bring the atrocities to light.

**Giles** If the history books are full of them, I'd say they already are.

**Willow** Giving his land back.

**Giles** It's not exactly ours to give.

**Willow** I don't think you wanna help. I think you just wanna slay the demon, then go—La la la

**Giles** And I think your sympathy for his plight has blinded you to certain urgent facts. We have to stop this thing.

**Willow** Ok, unfeeling guy.

**Giles** Willow, that's not fair.

**Buffy** *Running to the kitchen.* I have to baste.

**Giles** Willow, I— *in hushed tones* I have reason to believe buffy herself may be in particular danger from this menace.

**Willow** You mean... Angel? I saw him, too.

**Giles** That's not terribly stealthy of him.

**Willow** I think he's lost his edge.

**Giles** But buffy doesn't know.

**Willow** Oh, no, not a peep.

**Giles** Well, that's good, but this is why I think we should all keep a level head in this.

**Willow** And I happen to think mine is the level head, and yours is the one things would roll off of.

*There is another knock at the door. Giles opens it and Anya and Xander are there.*

**Xander** Happy thanksgiving.

**Giles** Xander. You look like death.

**Willow** Are you ok?

**Buffy** You didn't bring rolls?

*Xander and Anya walk in. Xander lays on the couch and Anya tends to them.*

**Xander** The doctor couldn't figure out was up with me. He said I had a lot of symptoms that didn't connect.

**Buffy** I think they do connect.

**Xander** What, to this chumash spirit vengeance guy?

**Buffy** Didn't you say the chumash got all diseased when they were all holed up in the mission?

**Willow** Yeah. This has a better account of everything. It lists the various—

**Xander** Various? As in...

**Willow** Well, the important thing is not to panic.

**Xander** You just recited the mystical panic-causing incantation, so little hope there. Let's talk about the various.

**Willow** Well, they did suffer from malaria, some smallpox—

**Anya** I was gonna say smallpox.

**Willow** *Softly mumbly* You know, syphilis, but basically—

**Xander** *In shock.* Syphilis?

**Willow** Well, but this is probably mystical, and it'll all go away as soon as—

**Xander** As soon as what?

**Willow** We still don't know what we're gonna do. Well, maybe I can find something. Let's give him some land.

**Giles** I'm sure that'll clear everything right up.

**Willow** Sarcasm accomplishes nothing, giles.

**Giles** It's sort of an end in itself.

**Xander** Can we come rocketing back to the part about me and my new syphilis?

**Anya** *Stroking his forehead.* It'll make you blind and insane, but it won't kill you. The smallpox will.

**Willow** Maybe there's a wiccan spell that can cure it. Something regular medicine doesn't know. Ooh, there was a potion. *She looks through a book and pulls out a piece of paper and begins reading.* Sage, salt...Onion?

**Buffy** That's the stuffing.

**Xander** Oh, god.

**Anya** Uh, you're gonna get vesicles and pustules. They have pictures. *Tries to show him the book.*

**Xander** I hate this guy.

**Willow** He's just doing what was done to him.

**Xander** I didn't give him syphilis.

**Giles** No, but you freed his spirit, and after a century of unrest, he saw you as one of his oppressors.

**Xander** What, so he rises up and infects the first guy he sees? That's no fair.

**Willow** Like you've never woken up cranky?

**Giles** But why the others? Why them particularly?

**Xander** So we take this guy out. Buffy, it is for to be slaying sometime soon, yeah?

**Buffy** *Looking up from her stirring.* That's sort of the question before the court.

**Xander** Question?

**Willow** There are 2 sides to it.

**Xander** Slaying him? The representative from syphilis votes yea.

**Willow** It's not that simple.

**Xander** He's a vengeance demon. You don't talk to vengeance demons. You kill them.

**Anya** *Drawing back.* I didn't know you felt that way.

**Xander** *Totally confused.* What?

**Willow** Anyway, he's a spirit, not a demon.

**Giles** Yes, and we've never faced this sort of spirit before. We really don't know what will kill it.

**Willow** Again with the killing.

**Giles** Figuratively speaking. Or bind it or whatever. Yes, willow, we all appreciate your perspective.

**Anya** Sometimes vengeance is justified.

**Xander** You know that I didn't mean you.

**Willow** I don't think anyone appreciates the truth of the situation.

**Giles** Oh, I think we do.

**Buffy** *Getting up abruptly holding the bowl.* This is no good! It needs more condensed milk. *She flees into the kitchen.*

**Giles** Buffy, xander's in real danger. Are you sure the solution is pie?

**Buffy** *Adding more condensed milk.* Over bickering and confusion, I'll take pie. We will find a solution. And we will have a nice dinner, ok? Both. End of story. I'm having thanksgiving, and it'll be perfect.

**Giles** Hus won't stop. Vengeance is never sated, buffy. Hatred is a cycle. All he will do is kill.

*There's a knock at the door. Buffy goes to answer it and Spike is standing there, cowering below a blanket. Smoke rises as he's being seared by the indirect sun.*

**Spike** Help me. *Buffy shoves him back and he goes tumbling.* Ohh! What part of help me do you not understand?

**Buffy** The part where I help you.

**Spike** Come on, I'm parboiling out here.

**Buffy** *Giles hands her a stake.* Want me to help make it quicker?

**Spike** Invite me in.

**Giles** No. It's fairly unlikely.

**Spike** Oh, damn it! look, I'm safe. I can't bite anyone. Willow, tell' em what I did.

**Willow** You said you were gonna kill me, then buffy.

**Spike** Yes, bad, but let's skip that part and get to the part where I couldn't bite you.

**Willow** It's true. He had trouble perfoing.

**Spike** Yeah, well, it looks like they've done me for good. Um...

**Buffy** What are you saying?

**Spike** I'm saying that spike had a little trip to the vet and now he doesn't chase the other puppies anymore. I can't bite anything. I can't even hit people.

**Buffy** So you haven't murdered anybody lately? Let's be best pals.

**Spike** I've got information. About the soldier boys you were fighting. Got the inside scoop. Come on, what have you got to be afraid of?

*Cut to Hus performing a ritual to summon other spirits.*

**Hus** First people who dwell in mishupashup, hear me and descend. Walk with me upon itiashup again. Hear me also, nunashush. Spirits from below... Creatures of the night... Take human form and join the battle. Bring me my revenge.

*We see a cloud of green smoke which turns into a dozen warriors.*

#### Part 4

*Cut to Spike sitting in a chair, being bound by rope by Buffy.*

**Spike** G Grrr. Bloody hell, woman. You're cuttin' off my circulation.

**Buffy** You don't have any circulation.

**Spike** Well, it pinches.

**Buffy** Get used to it. I have more important things to worry about.

**Spike** I came to you in friendship. *Buffy gives him a look.* Well, all right, seething hatred, but I've got useful information, and I feel I'm being mistreated.

**Buffy** So tell me everything you know.

**Spike** I'm too hungry to remember everything.

**Buffy** Then sit.

**Anya** *At the stove stirring a pot.* Uh, how much butter goes in with these?

**Buffy** About half a stick and a quarter cup of brandy. *To Giles.* You do have brandy, don't you?

**Giles** What? Oh, yes. Um, on the bookcase.

**Spike** I wouldn't say no to a brandy.

**Buffy** What's wrong?

**Giles** The victims. Apart from xander, Hus has targeted authority figures. Father gabriel, the curator of the cultural center. Who else fits this pattern?

**Buffy** Just a small brandy.

**Buffy** The dean. Dean Guerrero. He's the king of us, And he was at the ceremony.

**Giles** Likely candidate. We should warn him.

**Buffy** Will, anything in those books about how to stop a native american spirit guy? Some nice, non-judgmental way to, you know, kill him?

**Willow** I'm not gonna help you kill him. I'm not on board.

**Buffy** What choice do we have?

**Willow** Buffy, this isn't a western. We're not at fort...Giles with the cavalry coming to save us. It's one lonely guy. Oppressed warrior guy who's just trying to...

**Buffy** Kill a lot of people?

**Willow** I didn't say he was right.

**Buffy** Will, you know how bad I feel about this. It's eating me up- *To Anya.* 1/4 Cup of brandy and let it simmer- *To Willow.* But even though it's hard, we have to end this. Yes, he's been wronged, And I personally would be ready to apologize-

**Spike** Oh, someone put a stake in me.

**Xander** You got a lot of volunteers in here.

**Spike** I just can't take all this mamby-pamby boo-hooing about the bloody indians.

**Buffy** Uh, the preferred term-

**Spike** You won. All right? You came in and you killed them and you took their land. That's what conquering nations do. It's what caesar did, and he's not going around saying, "I came, I conquered, I felt really bad about it." The history of the world isn't people making friends. You had better weapons, and you massacred them. End of story.

**Buffy** Well, I think the spaniards actually did a lot of- Not that I don't like spaniards.

**Spike** Listen to you. How you gonna fight anyone with that attitude?

**Willow** We don't wanna fight anyone.

**Buffy** I just wanna have thanksgiving.

**Spike** Heh heh. Yeah...Good luck.

**Willow** If we could talk to him-

**Spike** You exterminated his race. What could you possibly say that would make him feel better? It's kill or be killed here. Take your bloody pick.

**Xander** Maybe it's the syphilis talking, but... Some of that made sense.

**Giles** I made these points earlier, but fine, no one listens to me.

**Buffy** Fine, ok? But someone still has to go warn the dean.

**Willow** I'll go. I need the air.

**Buffy** Not alone.

**Anya** I'll go.

**Xander** Me, too.

**Buffy** Sure you're up to it?

**Spike** Oh, leave that one. He looks like he's ready to drop any minute, and I think I can eat someone if he's already dead.

**Xander** *Getting up.* I'm up to it.

**Giles** I'll keep on looking for a solution.

**Buffy** Yeah. Guys, the dean's house is up past the gym. And hurry. Dinner's in an hour!

**Spike** Hey, when do I get fed?

**Buffy** Later. I hope the others are ok.

**Spike** You know what happens to vampires who don't get to feed?

**Buffy** I always wondered that. Giles, plates.

**Spike** Living skeletons, mate. Like famine pictures from those dusty countries, only not half as funny.

**Buffy** You can have gravy. That has blood in it, right?

**Spike** Do you know what else has blood in it? Blood.

**Buffy** Do I have to gag you? Because I am not gonna listen to you whine all the way through my dinner. It's gonna be a nice, quiet, civilized-

*Suddenly an arrow pierces the decorative scarecrow on the table. We see Hus in the window with a bow and arrow.*

**Buffy** You. Listen, maybe I wasn't clear before about how terrible we all feel. 'Cause we're trying to help.

**Spike** What's going on?!

**Giles** It isn't working.

**Buffy** Uh, you can have casinos now.

**Giles** Get down!

*Giles and Buffy crouch behind the table as arrows rain through the window.*

**Spike** What about me? You gonna leave me here like this? *An arrow hits him a few inches to the right of his heart.* Hey! Watch the heart!

*Willow, Anya and Xander are leaving the deans house.*

**Anya** Well, that was a waste of time.

**Willow** I think he thought we were crazy.

**Xander** Maybe if Anya hadn't opened the conversation with, "Everybody got both ears?"

**Anya** I liked his wife. She gave me pie.

**Willow** So what do we do now?

**Xander** We could stay here and stand watch, or I just don't—

**Angel** *Appearing before them.* Willow.

**Xander** Angel?

**Anya** So this is Angel. He's large and glowery, isn't he?

**Xander** He's evil again.

**Angel** I'm not evil again. Why does everyone think that?

**Willow** Angel's here to protect buffy.

**Angel** I haven't been evil for a long time.

**Willow** She's not supposed to know he's here. Angel, do you have something new?

**Angel** Yeah. All the chumash weapons are missing from the cultural center. Something's up. Where's Buffy?

**Willow** Still at Giles'. She sent us to check on Dean Guerrero.

**Angel** Why the Dean?

**Willow** We think he's going after someone in charge. A leader?

**Angel** He's a warrior. To a warrior, the leader means the strongest fighter.

**Willow** Buffy.

**Angel** He's formed a raiding party.

**Willow** We gotta get over there.

**Angel** I'll call her. You get back fast.  
*He crouches down and snaps the chain lock on a bicycle. The phone rings at Giles. He picks it up.*

**Giles** H-hello? Yes. ... Yes, w-w-we're well aware of that. ... We-we're under siege now, actually. ... Thank you.

**Buffy** Who was that?

**Giles** A...Someone. Uh, we need a plan.

**Buffy** Yes, let's talk about it some more. Where's your weapons chest?

**Giles** Over there. *He indicates the chest across the room. Buffy sidles over to the chest after a moments pause, but is shot in the arm by an arrow.*

**Buffy** Ohh!

**Giles** Buffy!

**Spike** *Riddled with arrows.* Remember that conquering nation thing? Forget it. Apologize.

**Buffy** Shut up, spike.

**Spike** Fine, I'll do it myself. Hey, sorry. Sorry about that, chief.

**Buffy** How many?

**Giles** Uh, the leader upstairs. 2 by the living room windows. Uh, one through the window by the door.

**Buffy** It's too many. We need help.

**Spike** Ok, one... 2... 3. Ow! Bloody hell! Ohh!

**Buffy** Giles, these guys— they don't die.

**Giles** *Wrestling with an Indian who has him by the neck.* Bit busy over here.

**Spike** *Falling and carrying the chair with him.* Hey!

**Willow** (Standing with Anya continuing to beat the Indian with a shovel.) Why...Don't...You...Die?!

*Angel runs up, grabs the Indian and snaps his neck with a deft twist.*

**Anya** What's he like when he is evil?

*Angel is grabbed from behind by the neck and struggles.*

**Angel** Help the others!

*Buffy fighting with Hus slices him with his knife. This leaves a cut.*

**Buffy** Your knife can kill you.

*Hus turns into a large bear.*

**Buffy** A bear!

**Spike** You made a bear!

**Buffy** I didn't mean to.

**Spike** Undo it! Undo it!

**Xander** Hey, gentle ben, over here. *He starts throwing food at him.* That's for giving me syphilis.

*Buffy stabs the bear in the back as he's distracted by Xander.*

**Spike** What happened? Did we win?

*Everyone is gathered around the table eating.*

**Willow** I feel lousy.

**Giles** Turkey came out rather splendidly.

**Buffy** Oh, it was yummy.

**Willow** It's just...Did you see me? 2 seconds of conflict with an indigenous person, and I turned into general custer.

**Giles** Violence does that. Instinct takes over.

**Spike** Yeah, that's the fun.

**Buffy** Nobody asked you.

**Spike** Oh, lay off. You all had a fine meal.

**Willow** But me...An entire siege.

**Spike** You'd think one of you would bleed a little.

**Giles** Good work, buffy... On both counts.

**Buffy** Thanks.

**Giles** Well, you know, you should be very pleased.

**Buffy** Wasn't exactly a perfect thanksgiving.

**Willow** I don't know. Seemed kinda right to me. A bunch of anticipation, a big fight, and now we're all sleepy. And we did all survive.

**Buffy** I guess that much is true.

**Buffy** First thanksgiving on my own, and we all got through it.

**Xander** *Patting Anya on the shoulder.* And you know what? I think my syphilis is clearing right up.

**Buffy** And they say romance is dead. Or maybe they just wish it.

**Willow** Well, maybe we started a new tradition this year. *She gets a look from everyone.* Maybe not. But at least we all worked together. It was like old times.

**Xander** Yeah, especially with Angel being here and everything.  
*Everyone looks at Buffy.*

## Something Blue

Transcribed by **Collie** Paranoia@slayme.com

### Prologue

*Oz's room. All his stuff still remains. Willow is walking around, then sits on his bed, bringing one of his shirts to her face and smelling it. Cut to UC Sunnydale student lounge. Buffy is walking through and sees Riley, who is hanging a banner that reads, "UC Sunnydale Lesbian Alliance"*

**Girl** Hey, thanks Riley.

*Riley climbs down off the ladder, taking a look. Buffy walks up behind him*

**Riley** Looks good. Notices Buffy Oh, hey Buffy.

**Buffy** *Jokingly* Is there something you want to tell me?

**Riley** What?

*Buffy looks towards the banner. Riley does the same, catching on*

**Riley** Oh, yes, I am a lesbian.

**Buffy** Well, it's good that you're so open about it.

*He smiles and they head off through the lounge*

**Riley** Oh, hey, you know how we were talking about having a picnic? I was thinkin' ... do you ever hang out at Rhode's field? It's beautiful there. Usually not that crowded, either. I thought maybe we could have a little spread ... sandwiches, maybe some ants? It'll be fun.

**Buffy** We were talking about having a picnic?

**Riley** So, was that a conversation I actually had, or one I was just practicing?

**Buffy** Practicing?

**Riley** Okay, yes ... I have been known to do a little prep work before our conversations. It's not easy, you know, talking to you sometimes. It's like an oral exam.

**Buffy** Boy.. that's just what every girl longs to hear.

**Riley** Well, you're tricky!

**Buffy** Like an exam?

**Riley** I never know how you're going to react to something. That's why I like you so much. You're a mystery. Probably every beautiful girl in the world has some jerk telling her she's a mystery, but.. I swear. You really are. There's a lot about you that needs puzzling out.

*Buffy's just staring at him with this whistful look in her eyes*

**Riley** I loose you somewhere?

**Buffy** Right around.. beautiful.

*He smiles shyly*

**Riley** Hey ... don't you just love a picnic?

*Cut to the graveyard. Willow and Buffy are patrolling*

**Buffy** It's just, different, you know? A picnic. First of all, daylight ... kind of a new venue, Buffywise. And the best part ... he said he would bring all the food, so all I have to do was to show up and eat. Those are two things I'm really good at.

**Willow** So he's nice?

**Buffy** Very, very.

**Willow** And there's sparkage?

**Buffy** Yeah. He's ... have you seen his arms? Those are good arms to have. I really like him. I do.

**Willow** But..?

**Buffy** I don't know. I really like being around him, you know? And I think he cares about me.. but.. I just.. feel like something's missing.

**Willow** He's not making you miserable?

**Buffy** Exactly. Riley seems so solid. Like he wouldn't cause me heartache.

**Willow** *Fake worry* Get out. Get out while there's still time.

**Buffy** I know.. I have to get away from that bad boy thing. There's no good there. Seeing Angel in LA.. even for five minutes.. hello to the pain.

**Willow** The pain is not a friend.

**Buffy** But I can't help thinking ... isn't that where the fire comes from? Can a nice, safe relationship be that intense? I know it's nuts, but.. part of me believes that real love and passion have to go hand in hand with pain and fighting.

*Suddenly a vampire jumps out from behind a bush. Buffy stakes him without so much as looking the other way. He crumbles to dust and she and Willow continue on their way*

**Buffy** I wonder where I get that from.

### Part 1

*Cut to Giles' bathroom. Buffy is sitting on the end of the bathtub in which Spike is chained up*

**Buffy** *Exasperated* So..you saw their faces but you can't describe them.

**Spike** *Playing coy* Well, they were human. Two eyes each, kind of in the middle.

**Buffy** Uh huh. And the lab?

**Spike** Underground. I came out through an air vent. I don't know exactly where. I'm done. Put the telly on.

*Giles enters, carrying a mug that reads "Kiss the Librarian" with a straw protruding from it. It contains blood*

**Spike** It's about time. Hope you got it warm enough.



*Giles hands it to Buffy without saying a word. She takes it, sighs, and makes a face as she puts it close enough to Spike that he can suck through the straw. He makes a big to do out of it, so as to disgust her more.*

**Spike** I don't know why you're so dainty all of a sudden. You've done this for Angel ... you must have.

*Buffy pulls the mug away, leaving Spike with the straw dangling from between his lips*

**Spike** Hey! Give it!

**Buffy** Okay, that's it. The invalid amnesiac routine is over. The kitchen is closed until you can tell me something useful about the commandos.

**Spike** I'm tryin' to remember. It was very traumatic.

**Buffy** How long are you going to pull this crap?

**Spike** How long am I going to live once I tell you?

**Giles** Look, look, Spike ... we have no intention of killing a harmless.. uh, creature.. but we have to know what's been done to you. We can't let you go until we're sure that you're .. impotent ...

**Spike** Hey!

**Giles** Sorry, poor choice of words. Until we're sure you're, you're..

**Buffy** Flaccid?

**Spike** You are one step away, missy.

**Buffy** *Sarcastically* Giles, help! He's going to scold me.

*Spike growls, trying to grab Buffy, but the chains hold him and only make his struggles comical*

**Buffy** You know what? I don't think you want us to let you go. Maybe we made it a little too comfy in here for ya.

**Spike** Comfy? I'm chained in a bathtub drinkin' pig's blood from a novelty mug. Doesn't rank huge in the Zagut's Guide.

**Buffy** You want something nicer? *She leans her head to the side, exposing her throat to him* A look at my.. poor neck? All bare and tender and exposed.. all that blood just .. pumping away..

*Spike, by this time, is all but licking his lips*

**Giles** Oh, please.

**Spike** Giles, make her stop.

*Giles walks out of the bathroom and into the living room, speaking to Willow who's reading through some books*

**Giles** If those two don't kill eachother, I might lend a hand.

**Willow** What about a truth spell? I'm not positive it would work on a vampire, but we could try. Make him fess up?

**Giles** A truth spell, of course. Why didn't I think of that?

**Willow** 'Cause you had your hands full with the undead English Patient?

*She hands Giles the book she was reading*

**Giles** Yes.. We'll have a go.

**Willow** Looks pretty simple. I'll stop by the magick shop tomorrow.

**Giles** Excellent.

**Willow** Alright. I'll be back in the morning with donuts and motherwort. Bye, Buffy! I'll see you at home.

**Buffy** Bye!

**Giles** Great. Thank you, Willow.

*Willow heads out and Giles heads back to the bathroom, where Buffy is once again feeding Spike through the straw*

**Giles** Um, Willow may have had a very helpful idea. She seems to be coping better with Oz's departure, don't you think?

**Buffy** She still has a way to go, but yeah ... I think she's dealing.

**Spike** What, are you people blind? She's hangin' on by a thread. Any ninny can see that.

*Cut to Oz's room. It's completely bare. Willow enters and stops, looking around, surprised. Cut to Buffy and Willow's dorm room. Buffy is sitting on her bed and Willow is in her pajamas under the covers of her's, crying*

**Willow** Devon said that he sent for his stuff. I guess that means he's planning on settling down somewhere.. else. Not here.

**Buffy** I guess so..

**Willow** I feel like I've been split down the center and half of me is lost.

**Buffy** I know. It feels like that now..

**Willow** Oz is gone.

*Cut to an aerial view of Sunnydale. Cut to Giles' bathroom where Spike is reaching desperately for the TV, with no success*

**Spike** Yells Come on, now! It's telly time!

*Giles is on the phone. The answering machine for Buffy and Willow picks up*

**Machine** "This is Buffy and Willow. We're not in right now, so please leave a message."

**Giles** Oh, uh, Willow.. It's Giles. Um.. I thought you were bringing the ingredients for that spell? I really have to...

**Spike** v.o. "Passions" is on! Timmy's down the bloody well, and if you make me miss it, I'll...

**Giles** Yells to Spike You'll do what? Lick me to death?

*Cut to Spike, pissed off. He tries to break the chain, but to no avail.*

*Cut back to Giles*

**Giles** Look, uh.. Willow.. I think we ought to try the spell. Among other things, I'd like to shower sometime today. Alone.

*He hangs up. Cut to Spike, sighing exasperated in the tub. Cut to Buffy and Riley at their picnic*

**Buffy** Driving.

**Riley** Yeah.

**Buffy** You seriously drive for fun.

**Riley** Well, not four-wheeling or anything, but yeah. Don't you?

**Buffy** Actually, no-wheeling is more my specialty. I'm an avid pedestrian.

**Riley** You're kidding, right? I mean, you know how to drive..

**Buffy** Well, I took the class.. Cars and Buffy are, like .. un-mixy things.

**Riley** It's just because you haven't had a good experience yet. You can have the best time in a car. It's not about getting somewhere. You have to take your time. Forget about everything. Just.. relax. Let it wash over you. The air.. motion.. Just, let it roll.

*The air between them has shifted, the situation has become more intense*

**Buffy** We are talking about driving, right?

**Riley** Thought I was.

*They share a moment, which Riley snaps out of*

**Riley** I'm taking you. Some night when it's warm. Up past the vineyards ... it's going to change everything for you.

**Buffy** I'm in.

*Willow comes wandering up, all downcast.*

**Riley** Hey, Willow.

*Willow nearly smiles in response*

**Buffy** Hey.

**Willow** I interrupted. You've got apples. My mist.

*She turns to go*

**Riley** Wait. Sit. There's plenty to go around.

*She smiles softly and joins them*

**Buffy** Did something happen? Is something wrong?

**Willow** No.. Everything's fine. Same.

**Buffy** Oh.

**Willow** Your apples are turning brown, the way they do.

**Riley** Yeah, I guess they do that.

**Buffy** Yeah.

**Willow** Yeah.

*Cut to The Bronze. Swinging, as usual. Anya, Xander, and Buffy share a table*

**Xander** Geez, you mean Oz just sent for his stuff and didn't even call her? That's pretty harsh.

**Anya** I only wish I had my powers back. I'd liquify his entrails for her.

**Xander** That's sweet. God, poor Will. No wonder she's...  
*Cut to Willow, dancing up a storm on the dance floor*

**Xander** ...having a wonderful time.

**Buffy** Wow. Way to re-bound.

**Xander** I believe that's the dance of a brave little toaster.  
*Willow sees them and walks over to the table, just as happy as can be*

**Willow** Hey, guys! C'mon! This music's great!

**Xander** It's nice to see you brought your boogie shoes tonight, Will.

**Willow** Yeah.. I-I know I've been sort of a party-poop lately, so I said to myself, "Self!" I said, "It's time to shake and shimmy it off."

**Buffy** Sounds like a good policy.

**Willow** Yeah! And it works, too. You know, I figure, in the grand scheme of things, we're all just...

*Willow grabs her jacket and from underneath it falls a bottle of beer, it's contents foaming out*

**Buffy** Drunk..?

*Willow laughs and picks up the bottle*

**Willow** Drunk.. I mean, that's such a-a strong word. Kind of a guttural Anglo-Saxon word. Drunk.

**Xander** Will, not loving the drowning of the sorrows.

**Willow** Not drowning ... wading. A-a-and.. See? *She points to the beer bottle* Light. No big.

**Buffy** No big? Anyone remember when Buffy had the fun beer-fest and went one-million years B.C.?

**Xander** Sadly without the fuzzy bikini..

**Anya** Off topic, Xander.

**Xander** Right. Topic now. *He gets up and walks to Willow* Will, how about you give me that beer?

**Willow** No! Why should I? I've got pain, here ... big-time legitimate pain.

**Xander** We all have pain, Will.

**Willow** Oh, like what? "Oh, poor me.. I live in a basement." Yeah, that's dire.

*Xander, offended, just shakes his head and walks back to the table. Buffy stands and takes Willow's arm*

**Buffy** Okay, you know what? That's it ... I'm taking you home.

**Willow** *Pulls her arm away* No, I don't want to.

**Buffy** Well, you'll thank me when you still have a friend in the morning.

**Willow** I just can't stand feeling this way. I want it to be over.

**Buffy** It will. I promise. But it's gonna take time.

**Willow** Well, that's not good enough.

**Buffy** I know. It's just how it is. You have to go through the pain.

**Willow** Well, isn't there someway I can just make it go away? Just 'cause I say so? Can't I just make it go 'poof'?  
*Buffy just looks at her.*

*Cut to Buffy and Willow's dorm. Amy the rat is still with us. Buffy is asleep. Willow creeps out of bed and opens the trunk containing all her spell components.*

*Cut to the bathroom. Willow has a circle of red candles surrounding her, an incense censer, a bowl/pentacle in front of her, a goblet of sorts, and three trays containing herbs and such. She is sitting in the middle*

**Willow** Harken all ye elements, I summon thee now. *She drops something into the bowl/pentacle in front of her* Control the outside, control within. Land and sea, fire and wind. Out of my passions, a web be spun. From this eve forth, my will be done. So mote it be.

*She pours from the goblet into the bowl/pentacle. A flicker of electricity connect her to the candles and all of the flames rise high, signifying the spell's success.*

*Cut to the dorm room the next morning. Buffy is gone. Willow is looking at herself in a mirror.*

**Willow** It is my will that my heart be healed. Now. *She sighs and puts the mirror down when nothing happens. Picks up the spellbook* I will that this book speak it's words to me. *She sighs again, putting the book down when nothing happens. She picks up a bent Q-Tip* I will that this Q-Tip gets.. unbendy..?

*There's a knock at the door*

**Willow** Come in.

*Giles enters, looking slightly worried*

**Willow** Giles, what are you doing here?

**Giles** I'm.. a bit concerned about you, actually.

**Willow** Did Buffy tell you about the beer, 'cause..

**Giles** Uh, Buffy didn't tell me anything..

**Willow** Oh, well.. forget the beer part, then.

**Giles** Happily. I came because we had an appointment the other day..

**Willow** Oh.. Right, right.. The truth spell.

**Giles** Yes, um.. Willow.. I know that you're going through a very difficult time.. But, sharking your responsibilities...

**Willow** But.. I didn't ... shark. I.. Did the research, and I picked up the motherwort, I just forgot the doing the spell part.

**Giles** Well, that isn't like you at all.

**Willow** I know. I-I've been off. I-I even tried to do a spell last night. To have my will done? I was hoping it would make me feel better. But it just went ka-blooey.

**Giles** A spell? I don't think it's wise for you to be doing that alone right now. Your energy's too unfocused.

**Willow** Well, that's not true. I said I was off, not incompetent.

**Giles** I only meant that you're grieving, and it might be wise if you took a break from doing spells without supervision.

**Willow** So I get punished 'cause I'm in pain?

**Giles** It's not punishment. I'm only saying this because I...

**Willow** Oh, you care. Yeah. Everybody cares. Nobody wants to be inconvenienced. You all want me to take the time and go through the pain, as long as you don't have to hear about it anymore.

**Giles** No, that's not fair.

**Willow** Isn't it? 'Cause I'm doing the best I can and it doesn't seem to be enough for you guys.

**Giles** And I see how you could feel that way, I do...

**Willow** No, you don't. You say that you do, but you don't see anything.

*Her eyes take on a strange blue gleam as she speaks the words. Giles removes his glasses, suddenly finding his vision a bit blurred*

**Giles** Um.. Oh, sorry.. Um, sorry. P-perhaps I'd better be going. Let's um, let's talk about this later.

*He leaves, walking down the hall in a bit of a daze. He runs into a student*

**Giles** Oh! I'm sorry.. So sorry.

*He puts his glasses back on, quite confused with what is happening.*

*Cut to Spike and Giles in Giles' living room. Spike is still chained up, but sitting on the floor. Giles is walking around him, holding a bundle of burning herbs and reading from a book*

**Giles** Elobe, enemy, be now, quiet.

**Spike** You know.. not too keen about this spell stuff. Tends to be a bit unpredictable.

**Giles** Yes, well, you might have thought about that sooner. Um.. *Continues reading* Let your decietful tongue be.. *has trouble with he words* Be.. Uh.. Let no.. Untruths.. Be spoken..

*He's having a very hard time making out the words now. He gets frustrated and sets the book down, taking out a handkerchief and cleaning his glasses. Spike, who has been watching this cautiously, glances down and sees the key to the chains by Giles' feet. He slowly reaches for it with his boot*

**Spike** Hey, what's that all about?

**Giles** Hm? Oh, nothing. I just got ash in my eye.

**Spike** Well, I won't have you doin' mojo on me if you can't read properly. You might turn me into a stink beetle or what all.

**Giles** T'would be a generous ending for you, Spike.

*Spike grabs the key and unlocks himself. He jumps up, pushes Giles out of the way, and runs out the door. Cut to Willow and Buffy's dorm. Willow is playing with Amy the rat on her bed*

**Willow** I mean, I'm going through something. I just don't see why he was getting down on me.

**Buffy** Giles just worries. Spells can be dangerous. It doesn't mean he thinks you're a bad witch.

**Willow** I am a bad witch.

**Buffy** No, you're a good witch.

**Willow** I'm not kidding anyone. If I had any real power, I could have made Oz stay with me.

**Buffy** Will, you wouldn't have wanted him to have stayed...

**Willow** And I didn't have the guts to do the spell on Veruca, and my "I Will it So" spell went nowhere. The only real witch here is fuzzy little Amy.

**Buffy** I think you're being a too hard on yourself.

**Willow** She's got access to powers I can't even invoke. I mean, first ... she's a perfectly normal girl..

*Rat morphs to naked Amy on Willow's bed. Amy smiles excitedly.*

**Willow** Then poof ... she's a rat.

*Amy morphs back into a rat*

**Willow** I could never do something like that.

*The phone rings. Buffy answers it*

**Buffy** Hello? Uhh.. I'll be right there. *Hangs up* Spike escaped.

**Willow** A-and you're going? Now?

**Buffy** Sorry ... duty thing.

**Willow** Well, I mean, what's the rush? Spike can't hurt anyone, right? And I figured since I'm kinda grievy, would could, uh..you know, have a girl's night. We could eat sundaes and watch Steel Magnolias and you can tell me how, at least I don't have diabetes.

**Buffy** Will, I can't hang out with you until I get Spike back to Giles, you know that. Okay, I'll be back as soon as I can. I promise.

**Willow** I don't see the big. He's probably just standing out there. You could find him in two seconds..

*Her eyes do the blue glow thing again.*

*Cut to Spike standing outside, looking around confused.*

*Buffy sees him and looks confused herself.*

**Buffy** Thought that was gonna take longer.

**Spike** Me too. Musta got.. turned around..

*He searches about for something, searching the ground with his eyes*

**Spike** Hang.. hang on, this... this is it. Wait.. no.. yes.

**Buffy** What are you talking about?

**Spike** The lab. Commando lab. The door was right here where I escaped.

*He gestures to the ground which is covered with grass, no sign of a door of any kind. Just a lawn.*

**Buffy** *Incredulous* I don't think so.

*Spike falls to his hands and knees, tearing at the ground*

**Spike** Open up! I'm gonna kill you!

**Buffy** Spike, there's nothing there.

**Spike** Let me in! *Dejected* Fix me..

**Buffy** Okay, drop the act..

*She grabs him by the arm, but he pushes her away*

**Spike** Get off!

**Buffy** Okay, that's it... I'm gonna gag you.

*He punches her in the nose, then yells in pain. She punches him back in the nose; he yells in pain again. Cut to Giles in his bathroom. He's putting drops in his*

*eyes. Buffy and Spike come barging in through the front door, Spike once again tied up*

**Spike** Hey! Watch it!

**Buffy** One more word out of you, and I swear..

**Spike** Swear, what? You're not gonna do anything to me. You don't got the stones.

**Buffy** Oh, I got the stones. I got a whole bunch of .. stones.

**Spike** Yeah? You're all talk.

**Buffy** GILES! I accidentally killed Spike. That's okay, right?

*Cut to bathroom. Giles is distracted*

**Giles** Uh..uh..um.. Just a minute..

*Cut to Xander's basement. Willow's pacing back and forth, complaining about Buffy. Xander sits idly by and listens*

**Willow** I mean, I'm going through something. You'd think every once in awhile Buffy would make best friends a priority.

**Xander** You know, Will, it's not like she could just let Spike go.

*Cut to Giles' living room. Buffy slams Spike down into a chair*

**Spike** *Sneering* I get this spell reversed, they'll be finding your body for weeks.

**Buffy** Oh, make a move ... please. I'm dying for a good slay.

*They glare at each other. Cut back to Xander's basement*

**Willow** Spike's more important than me. I get it.

**Xander** Buffy's gotta find out what's up with those comandos. Right now she needs Spike.

**Willow** Well, fine. Why doesn't so just go marry him?

*Willow's eyes go blue-glowy. Cut to Giles' apartment. Giles comes out of the bathroom*

**Giles** If the two of you could remain civil long enough to...

*Cut to Buffy sitting in the chair Spike was once occupying, Spike on his knees in front of her, holding her hand*

**Buffy** It's just so sudden. I don't know what to say.

**Spike** Just say yes, and make me the happiest man on earth.

**Buffy** Oh, Spike! Of course it's yes!

*They embrace and kiss and it's overall mushy. Giles walks forward and takes off his glasses, quite baffled by the whole thing. Buffy sees Giles*

**Buffy** Giles! You'll never believe what's happened!

*Buffy holds up her now ringed ring-finger. Giles just stares like he's gone crazy.*

*Cut to Xander's basement.*

**Willow** It's just not fair.

**Xander** Willow, I know it's hard to see it right now, but everything you're feeling is because of you and Oz. Not

because of Buffy and me or anybody. But eventually you'll meet somebody else, and it'll be better.

**Willow** Yeah, 'cause most relationships are great and trouble-free. I don't think so. I think we're all doomed to badness.

**Xander** We're not doomed.

**Willow** Oh, yeah? Let's-let's look at your bio. Insect Lady, Mummy Girl, Anya.. You're a demon magnet.

**Xander** I was just trying to help.

*Cut to Giles's apartment. Giles is on the phone, talking to Willow's machine*

**Giles** Willow, it's-it's me. Something's happened. I need your help. I can't see very well. Everything's blurred. *He grabs the scotch* I'm certain it's a spell of some kind, because.. well..it seems something else is going wrong..

*Cut to Buffy bring Spike a mug of blood. She sits on his lap*

**Buffy** Here you go .. 98.6. *They kiss*

**Giles** .. horribly wrong.

**Buffy** There's so much to decide. Ceremony, guests, reception..

**Spike** Well, first thing I'd say, we're not having a church wedding.

**Buffy** How 'bout a daytime ceremony. In the park.

**Spike** Fabulous. Enjoy your honeymoon with the big pile of dust.

**Buffy** Under the trees. Indirect sunlight, only.

*Giles makes his way carefully into the living room, glass of scotch in hand. He takes a seat on the couch*

**Spike** Warm breeze tosses the leaves aside, and again ... you're registering as Mr and Mrs Big-Pile-of-Dust.

**Buffy** Stop it! This is our wedding and you're treating it like a big joke!

**Spike** Oh, pouty! Look at that lip.. gonna get it.. gonna get it..

*She giggles and they kiss and such*

**Buffy** Playfully Oh.. stop..

**Giles** Yes, please stop.

*Giles takes a good swig of his drink. Buffy holds her hand out in Giles' direction*

**Buffy** Giles, did you see my ring?

**Giles** Thankfully, not very well.

*Giles leans back and rubs his eyes. Buffy gets up from Spike's lap and goes to sit beside Giles*

**Buffy** I'm not crazy, and I know that you probably don't approve, and my father's not that far away, I mean, he could... but this day is about family ... my real family ... and I would like you to be the one to give me away.

**Giles** *Touched* Oh, Buffy! That's.. that's so.. *Comes to his senses* Oh! For God's sake! This is nonsense. Something is making you act this way. Don't you realize what you're doing?

*She smiles and looks back at Spike*

**Buffy** Living a dream.

**Giles** He's gonna have to take a bit of time to get used to it, pet.

**Buffy** they all will. *She turns back to Giles* But you guys weren't crazy about Angel at first, either.

*Spike gets upset*

**Spike** You weren't gonna say that name.

**Buffy** Sorry. Why don't we talk about where we're going to register.

**Spike** Well, where would Angel like to register? And can we have the photographer Angel would've wanted? And, flowers Angel would have liked?

**Buffy** *Stands* Hey! You think I don't live with the shadow of Drusilla over my head? That I'm not wondering if you're going to be thinking of her on our honeymoon when you're making.. sweet love to me..?

*She walks to Spike and sits in his lap. They, you guessed it, kiss. Giles reaches for his glass of scotch, knocking it to the floor.*

**Buffy** Giles are you okay?

**Giles** I rather think not. I seem to be rather.. rather.. blind. Completely, in fact.

*Buffy walks over to him, concerned*

**Buffy** What? How could this happen?

*She waves her hand in front of his face. Spike stands and walks to the bookshelf*

**Giles** A spell, I believe.

**Buffy** Well, we'll fix it. Don't worry.

**Spike** What you want is a general reversal spell. Gonna need supplies.

**Giles** Are you.. helping me?

**Spike** Well, it's almost like you're my father-in-law, in'nt?

**Buffy** See? This is how it's gonna be. Spike'll even take care of you while I'm at the magick shop.

*Buffy stands and walks to Spike who takes her in his arms*

**Buffy** From now on, we're a family.

*They... you know the drill. Giles gets all panicky. He stands and wobbles his way to the kitchen*

**Giles** That's alright. I have more scotch.

*Cut to Buffy exiting the magick shop. She stops in the middle of the street, staring at a window display of a beautiful wedding gown. She walks over to it, memorized. In the background, we see Riley walking by. He sees her and walks up*

**Riley** Hey, Buffy. What's up?

*Buffy turns back, staring at the dress*

**Buffy** Riley, look ... aren't they beautiful?

**Riley** Um, yeah.. they're nice. A little dressy, maybe.. for school, but..

*Buffy walks towards him*

**Buffy** Riley..

**Riley** Buffy?

**Buffy** I really like you. I hope you know that you mean a lot to me, and if things were different...

**Riley** Different than what?

*She takes his hand. He looks rightly confused*

**Buffy** I want you to promise me that we can always be friends, and I'd really like you to be there on "The Day".

**Riley** The day when..

**Buffy** The wedding!

**Riley** The wedding. What wedding?

**Buffy** My wedding! I'm getting married ... can you believe it?

**Riley** I don't think "no" is a strong enough word.

**Buffy** I know! It's crazy! I mean, we fought for all these years, and then.. Sometimes you just look at someone, and you know.. You know?

**Riley** No..

**Buffy** I think maybe we fought because we couldn't admit how we really felt about each other.

**Riley** *Confused* Can we start again?

**Buffy** You'll really like him. Well, nobody really likes him..

**Riley** I just need to clear a few things up..

**Buffy** I don't even really like him..

**Riley** Buffy..

**Buffy** But.. I love him. I do.

**Riley** Who?

**Buffy** What?

**Riley** What's his name?

**Buffy** Who?

**Riley** The groom.

**Buffy** Spike!

**Riley** That's a name?

**Buffy** Don't be mad.

**Riley** I'm not mad!

**Buffy** No, you are mad!

**Riley** No, I am! Er.. I really.. Wow. Who is this guy? Does he go here?

**Buffy** Spike? *Laughs* Oh, no.. He's totally old.

**Riley** Old.

**Buffy** Well, not as old as my last boyfriend was.

**Riley** *Befuddled* Okay.. It's late.. and I'm, I'm very tired now. So, I'm just gonna go far away and be.. away.

**Buffy** But...

**Riley** No, stay.

*Riley walks off, looking extremely confused. Buffy just stands there, watching him go, a forlorn look on her face*

**Buffy** You're ruining my happy day.

*Cut to Xander's basement*

**Xander** That's okay, mom ... we don't need anymore snacks.

**Anya** I liked those fruit roll-ups.

**Xander** Shush, I thought she'd never clear out. Besides, just think of my lips as, the fruit roll-ups of love. *Pause* Okay, that was gross. I'm a little distracted. Willow was really upset. I shouldn't have let her go away mad.

*Anya grabs him and kisses him hard*

**Xander** Regaining focus.

**Anya** We just got rid of your mom. Let's not bring Willow into this. It's time for just the two of us.

*They kiss and fall down on the bed. Suddenly, a demon busts through the side door. They jump up. Xander runs at the demon and it tosses him aside. Anya goes after it with a bat, but it grabs the bat from her. Xander jumps back up, grabs his clothesline and tries to strangle the thing.*

**Anya** No, no, it's a Pargo demon! Drowning it's the only way to kill it!

*They drag the thing over to the sink, shoving it's head under water. As soon as the demon drowns, another busts through the window above the sink*

**Xander** What the hell is going on?!

*Xander grabs Anya and they run off.*

*Cut to Giles' apartment. Buffy is holding the cake topper... a man and a woman, both blonde ... and walking them up Spike's arm, humming the wedding march.*

**Buffy** Duh dum, da-da.. Duh dum, da-da, duh dum da da dum da da dum da da..

*Giles is laying on the couch, a towel over his eyes*

**Giles** So the plan is to cure my total, incapacitating blindness .. tomorrow.

**Buffy** *Unconcerned* They were all out of Tagas Root at the magick shop. They'll have more tomorrow. I'm completely on top of it.

*Looks to Spike, holding the figurines up*

**Buffy** Aren't they a perfect little us?

**Spike** I don't like him. He's insipid. Clearly human.

**Buffy** Oo, red paint. We could smear a little on his mouth ... blood of the innocent..

**Spike** That's my girl..

*He grabs the back of her head and pulls her into a kiss*

**Giles** Stop that right now! I can hear the smacking.

*Buffy and Spike stop. Buffy sets the figurines down and picks up a notebook from the table*

**Buffy** Honey, we need to talk about the invitations. Now, do you wanna be William the Bloody, or just Spike? 'Cause, either way, it's gonna look majorly weird.

**Spike** Where as the name Buffy gives it that touch of classic elegance.

**Buffy** What's wrong with Buffy?

**Giles** Huh.. such a good question.

**Spike** *Ignoring Giles* Well, it's a terrible name.

**Buffy** My mother gave me that name.

**Spike** Your mother, yeah, she's a genius.

**Buffy** Don't you start in on my mother.

*Anya and Xander suddenly burst through the front door. Everyone stands as Xander pulls a bookshelf in front of the door.*

**Xander** Board up the windows, and barricade the doors.

**Giles** What's going on?

**Anya** Demons. They keep coming and coming.

**Xander** I think we lost them, but I couldn't see. *Sees Spike*

**Spike** Spike! He's all untied! *Pause* Which you probably noticed..

**Buffy** Xander, calm down, okay? If you lost them, that'll give us some time to figure this out. *To Spike* Maybe the demons have something to do with Giles being blind.

**Anya** Giles is blind?

*Xander walks over to Giles and starts waving his fingers in front of Giles' face*

**Giles** Please stop whatever you're doing. You smell like fruit roll-ups.

**Spike** This is the crack team that foils my every plan? I am deeply shamed.

**Buffy** *Hanging on Spike's arm* Spike's right. We really should get organized.

*Xander and Anya are staring at Spike and Buffy*

**Anya** Why are you holding hands?

*Buffy and Spike look at each other lovingly*

**Spike** They have to hear it sooner or later..

**Buffy** *Excitedly* Spike and I are getting married!

**Xander** *Baffled* How? What? How?

**Giles** Three excellent questions.

**Spike** *To Buffy* What are you lookin' at?

**Buffy** The man I love.

*They kiss. A lot. Anya and Xander look a bit disgusted*

**Xander** Can I be blind, too?

*Anya nods in agreement*

**Xander** Wait.. married.. I know something.. what is it..? Everything's so familiar.. Work, brain ... work! Oh! Oh oh! Willow!

**Buffy** *Talking around the kissing* Mm..what about Will.. Mmm, honey, get off. *Pulls away from Spike*

**Xander** Something about Willow and her griefy-poor-me mood swings ... so, so tired of it.

**Anya** You mean I don't have to be nice about her anymore?

**Buffy** Well, we're all tired of it, but what does it have to do with what's going on?

**Xander** She told me I was a demon magnet, a-and you two should get married. *Gestures to Spike and Buffy*

**Giles** *Coming to realization* And.. that I didn't see anything.

**Buffy** She did a spell.

**Giles** Yes.. to have her will done. Whatever she says is coming true.

**Buffy** And you both were effected. I probably only escaped because I'm the Slayer. Some kind of natural immunity.

**Xander** Yeah. Right. You're marrying Spike because you're so right for each other.

**Buffy** Xander.

**Spike** That's it ... you're off the usher list.

**Giles** People, Willow is out there and she probably doesn't know what she's doing.

**Xander** We gotta find her.

**Buffy** Before somebody gets really hurt.

*Giles nods in agreement and starts forward, falling over his couch and landing on the other side.*

*Cut to Willow walking down the hallway in Stevenson Hall. She walks into her room and is snatched up by a demon, placing one hand on each side of her head, causing electricity-like bolts to wind around her head.*

*Cut to Buffy, Spike, Xander, and Anya walking down the hallways of Stevenson Hall*

**Xander** Why does he have to come? *Indicating Spike*

**Buffy** Xander, Spike is going to be my husband. I want him included.

**Spike** I agree with Xander here. Seems like a lot of work for people who hunt us.

**Buffy** Spike, these are my friends. Besides, it's kinda my job.

**Spike** *Pats her hand* For now.

**Buffy** What? You want me to stop working?

*The open the door to Buffy and Willow's room. All enter save Spike who remains outside talking*

**Spike** Let's see ... do I want you to give up killing all my friends? Yeah, I've given it some thought.

*Cut inside Buffy and Willow's dorm room. There's a large circle burnt into the carpet*

**Buffy** This is burned.

**Anya** Ta'hoffren. Bastard, he's opened a portal here.

**Buffy** Who?

**Spike** Oh, fluffy.

*Cut to Spike, holding up one of Buffy's skirts ... an orange one with orange fuzzy stuff around the bottom*

**Spike** Wear this to the rehearsal dinner and the whole thing's off.

**Buffy** Shut-up, honey.

**Anya** Ta'hoffren. He made me a demon 1120 years ago.

**Buffy** Why would he attack Willow?

**Anya** I don't believe he did.

*Cut to a pitch black room. Ta'hoffren is speaking to Willow. They are both surrounded by numerous demons of different kinds*

**Ta'hoffren** You have much anger and pain. Your magic is strong, but your pain ... it's like a scream that pierces dimensional walls. We heard your call.

**Willow** I-I'm sorry. I'll try for a quiet rage. Bye.

*She turns to leave, but is faced with demons. Ta'hoffren calls her back*

**Ta'hoffren** Our intention is not to quash your potential ... quite the contrary.

*Willow turns back to him, looking scared and confused.*

*Cut to Anya, Xander, Buffy, and Spike walking in the cemetery*

**Anya** I'd been dumped, I was miserable, doing a few vengeance spells ... boils on the penis, nothing fancy.

**Xander** Please skip ahead.

**Anya** Ta'hoffren got wind of me, he offered to elevate me.

**Buffy** Meaning?

**Anya** He made me a demon.

**Buffy** Oh God, Willow. But, you can summon this guy from this crypt, right? You can make him stop .. oh my God! Wouldn't this be a perfect place for pictures?

*She runs up to a crypt with ivy growing all along side it*

**Spike** I'm not posing for chattal.

*A demon wanders their way. Xander sees it and points*

**Xander** Hey.. demon.

*Buffy walks up to the demon*

**Buffy** Okay, listen ... now we're gonna do this without ruining the foliage.

*Buffy and the demon go at it. She tosses him aside just as another appears. She realizes that they're just going to keep coming*

**Buffy** Let's go!

*All four of them run inside the crypt, barricading it as best they can. Anya runs to the far side, kneeling down and drawing a circle surrounding herself in the dirt.*

**Anya** Blesséd be, the name of Ta'hoffren. Let this space be now a gateway to the world of Arash Ma'har, where demons are spawned.

*Cut to Arash Ma'har. Ta'hoffren is still speaking with Willow*

**Ta'hoffren** The pain and suffering you brought upon those you love is inspiring. You are ready to join us here in Arash Ma'har.

**Willow** Pain.. What pain?

*Cut to Buffy being choked by a demon who's reached through a window.*

**Spike** Buffy!

**Xander** Not doin' well here.

**Anya** Still chanting We come in supplication. We bend as the reed.. in the flow of the, uh.. No, wait.. we-we come in the flow of the, uh.. Ugh! *Takes a deep breath* Blesséd be, the name of Ta'hoffren..

*Cut to Buffy, still being choked. She jerks away, running to Spike's side, who, with Xander, has propped a stone sepulcher against the doorway to keep the demons out.*

**Spike** They're strong, and I can't fight. If they get in, I don't know if I can protect you.

**Buffy** You think you have to protect me?

**Spike** Oh, not with the Girl-Power bit!

*The demons finally bust their way in. Spike and Xander get their asses kicked and Buffy tries to kick ass. Anya attacks the one attacking Xander and is promptly tossed aside.*

*Cut to Arash Ma'har. Ta'hoffren opens a dimensional rift and allows Willow to see her friends getting their asses kicked.*

**Willow** Oh, God. But I didn't mean to!

**Ta'hoffren** But you did. This is the result of your power. You will make a fine vengeance demon.

**Willow** No, please! You have to help them!

**Ta'hoffren** It is not my concern. You are my interest in this matter.

**Willow** Really.. no offense intended.. I mean, you've been super-nice and everything, but.. I don't want to be a demon. I just wanna go back and help my friends.

**Ta'hoffren** That is your answer?

**Willow** It-it is.

**Ta'hoffren** Menacingly I'm sorry to hear that. *Lighter tone* Oh well. Here is my talisman. *Holds it up and Willow takes it* You change your mind, give us a chant.

*He waves his hand and she disappears*

*Cut to Buffy struggling with a demon as yet another bursts onto the scene. It knocks Spike on his back. Buffy gets pissed and kicks both the demon's asses and runs over to Spike.*

**Buffy** Oh, Spike.. are you okay?

**Spike** Slayer..

*They kiss. Anya and Xander are still beating up on that same demon. Willow suddenly appears in the crypt.*

**Willow** Let the healing power begin. Let my will be safe again. As these words of peace are spoken, let this harmful spell be broken.

*Thunder crashes and lightening flashes. Suddenly, the demons disappear. Buffy and Spike pull away from each other, a look of horror and disgust passing over their faces*

**Buffy** Oh, ugh..

**Spike** Oh, bloody hell!

*They both jump up, each wiping their mouth and gagging and carrying on so*



**Buffy** Spike lips! Lips of Spike!

*All four of them suddenly realize Willow. They all turn slowly to look at her. She smiles sheepishly and waves.*

**Willow** Hi, guys.

*Cut to Giles' kitchen. Willow is making chocolate-chip cookies. She's putting them on a plate Anya's holding*

**Anya** How long are you going to keep making these?

**Willow** Oh, until I don't feel so horribly guilty. I figure about a million chips from now. Also, I have to detail Giles' car.

*She takes the plate from Anya and walks over to where Xander and Giles are sitting. Xander is holding up a clock*

**Xander** Time.

**Giles** A-ha.. Five past two. Thursday.

**Willow** To Giles Look, cookies. A very not-evil thing I did. Oatmeal?

*Giles removes his glasses, takes a cookie and scowls*

**Giles** Yes, very funny, they're chocolate chip. I can see them. I still need my glasses, though. You could be more specific and give me 20/20.

*Willow smiles and walks over to Buffy and Spike. Spike is tied up once mor*

**Willow** Eat a cookie; ease my pain?

**Buffy** Takes one, taking a bite Mm. Better?

**Willow** Well, baking lifts about 30% of my guilt, but only 7% of my inner turmoil. Guess that'll just take awhile.

**Buffy** It'll happen.

**Spike** Don't I get a cookie?

**Buffy** No.

**Spike** Well, I gotta have something. I still have Buffy taste in my mouth.

**Buffy** You're a pig, Spike.

**Spike** Yeah.. well I'm not the one who wanted, "Wind Beneath My Wings" for the first dance.

*He says it loud enough for Giles, Anya, and Xander to hear. They all turn to stare at Buffy from the living room. She looks at all of them*

**Buffy** That was the spell.

*Buffy gets all embarrassed and walks into the kitchen. Willow scowls at Spike and shoves a cookie in his mouth. She follows Buffy into the kitchen*

**Willow** Did I mention about the sorry part?

**Buffy** We may be into a forgetting spell later. *Astonished* I loved him. He were betrothed. *She makes a face*

**Willow** Well, at-at least you were getting along.

**Buffy** But we weren't. I mean, I wasn't even nice. And the bad-boy thing ... over it. Okay, I totally get it. I'd be really happy to be in a nice relationship with a decent, reliable.. Oh my God! Riley thinks I'm engaged.

**Willow** What?

**Buffy** Riley. He-he-he saw me. What the hell am I going to say?!

*Cut to UC Sunnydale campus. Buffy and Riley are walking together. Buffy is laughing*

**Buffy** You thought I was serious?

**Riley** Well, no.. um.. you weren't serious?

**Buffy** Oh, God.. please. I marry a guy named Spike?

**Riley** Maybe. We haven't known each other that long.

**Buffy** No, it's just.. I saw that fear in your eyes when you caught me looking at wedding dresses, and I had to give you a hard time.

**Riley** I did not have fear in my eyes.

**Buffy** Yes you did. You were looking at me like I was a cartoon ball and chain.

**Riley** So you decided to tell me you're getting married.

**Buffy** Uh-huh.

**Riley** So, you're insane.

**Buffy** Uh-huh!

**Riley** But you're still single.

**Buffy** Yes.

**Riley** Okay, then. Just another little piece of the Buffy puzzle.

**Buffy** You really have a lot to learn about women, Riley. *He reaches up, taking hold of the back of her head like he's going to kiss her*

**Riley** You're gonna teach me.

*He smiles and turns, walking away, leaving Buffy staring after him*

## Hush

### Prologue

**Narrator** "Hush, a special Buffy"

*A lecture hall.*

*Professor Walsh is lecturing to Buffy and the class. Riley is leaning against a wall.*

**Walsh** So this is what it is.. talking about communication talking about language... not the same thing. It's about inspiration... Not the idea, but the moment before the idea when its total. When it blossoms in your mind and connects to everything It's about the thoughts and experiences that we don't have a word for. A demonstration. Buffy, Summers, come on down to the front here.

*Buffy walks down.*

**Walsh** A typical college girl, one assumes.

**Walsh to buffy** Lie down on my desk

**Buffy** What?

**Walsh** Go ahead, you're perfectly safe.

**Buffy** Oh

*Buffy sits, then lies on the desk but doesn't completely lie down. She is resting on her elbows.*

**Walsh** Riley, if you could oblige.

**Riley** A demonstration, alright.

**Walsh** Be a good boy.

*Riley leans over Buffy.*

*He puts a hand on her waist.*

**Buffy** This feels very strange.

**Riley** Don't worry. If I kiss you it'll make the sun go down.

*They kiss and the class watches. He brings a hand around her holding her up and she brings her arm around him and then to his neck. They continue to kiss and it gets darker.*

*The classroom is empty when the camera zooms out from them.*

**Riley** See.

*She sits up*

**Buffy** Fortune favors the brave.

*Faintly a little girl is humming or chanting.*

**Buffy** Do you hear that?

*Buffy walks towards the sound Buffy eventually sees a little girl holding an ornate box in the hall. The little girl is still chanting:*

Can't even shout

Can't even cry

The gentlemen are coming by

Looking in windows

Knocking on doors

They need to take seven

and they might take yours

Can't call to mom

Can't say a word

You're gonna die screaming

but you won't be heard

*Riley touches her from behind and she turns to see a horrific face wearing a dark suit.*

*Buffy wakes up sitting next to Willow in a full classroom.*

**Walsh** So I'll see you all monday for a final review session

**Willow** Man that was an exciting class, hunh?

**Buffy** Oh yeah well

**Willow** And the last twenty minutes was a revelation just laid out everything we need to know for the final I'd hate to have missed that.

*They both are getting up and leaving class.*

**Buffy** Just tell me I didn't snore.

**Willow** Very discreet, minimal drool

**Buffy** Oh yea.

**Willow** So were you dreaming?

**Buffy** yeah, it was kind of intense

*Riley steps up from behind a column.*

**Riley** Intense, really? cause you seemed so peaceful.

Riley walks with them.

**Buffy** Of course it was only for a moment.

**Riley** Right. Hey you guys headed over towards Jud Ah, student center. Oh great. So this dream.

**Willow** You know, you guys go I'm gonna do the thing. So I'll see you after Wicca group. Bye.

**Buffy** Bye.

**Riley** Bye.

**Riley to Buffy** So tell me about your dream.

*Willow sneaks over to eavesdrop through an opening.*

**Riley** As a psyche major I'm qualified to go 'hmmm'

**Buffy** I don't really remember it

**Riley** Well, did I appear at all in this dream?

*Willow hides her face by reading a notebook when they get close.*

**Buffy** There might have been a cameo

**Riley** Is that right?

**Buffy** Maybe more like a featured role

**Riley** Romantically?

*Willow lowers the notebooks, smiles and heads away.*

**Buffy** I'm not saying a word.

*Buffy and Riley exit a building into a sunny day.*

**Riley** So what have you got going on for tonight?

**Buffy** Oh Patrolling

**Riley** Patrolling?

**Buffy** Eh, Petroleum

**Riley** Petroleum?

**Buffy** uh huh  
**Riley** Tonight you have crude oil  
**Buffy** and homework. What about you?  
**Riley** Oh you know grading papers.  
**Buffy** Ah, that'll be fun.  
**Riley** Not petroleum fun but it passes the time.  
**Buffy** So I uh...  
**Riley** Yeah... *exhales*  
**Riley** I guess I won't see you until...  
**Buffy** Yeah...  
*Riley leans down and is about to kiss her.*  
**Buffy** What papers?  
**Riley** *confused* Papers?

*Buffy realizes the moment is gone.*  
**Buffy** Um, grading, what papers? We only have the final.  
**Riley** Oh, yeah. Um, no, I... Late, Late papers. I gotta look at.  
**Buffy** Oh. Ok. Neat.  
**Riley** So...  
**Buffy** Class.  
**Riley** I'll see you then.  
**Buffy** Yeah.  
*Riley leaves.*  
**Buffy** *petulantly* Fortune favors the brave.

## Part 1

*Giles apartment. He is on the phone.*  
**Giles** Can't even shout Can't even cry The gentlemen are coming by. Um, it sounds vaguely familiar. You're sure it's - nothing you heard when you were a child? ... Oh alright. Nothing else? ... Well i-it could definitely be one of your prophetic dreams or it could just be the eternal mystery that is your brain. But I-I'll check it out and um, I'll let you know if I find something. ... Alright. Bye bye.  
**Giles** Have you heard of a group called the gentlemen?  
*Spike is walking in the kitchen, chewing and searching.*  
**Spike** Group of what?  
**Giles** The gentlemen.  
**Spike** Dunno.  
**Giles** You certain?  
**Spike** No. We're out of Weetabix.  
**Giles** We are out of Weetabix because you ate it all - again.  
**Spike** Get some more.  
**Giles** I thought vampires were supposed to eat blood.  
**Spike** Yep. Well sometimes I like to crumble up the Weetabix in the blood - give it a little texture.  
*Spike has lain on the couch with a Weetabix, a Weetabix bag and a jar of peanut butter.*  
**Giles** Since the picture you just painted means I will never touch food of any kind again you'll just have to pick it up yourself.  
**Spike** Sissy.  
*Exterior of Giles' building. Xander and Anya are walking.*  
**Xander** I don't get what this is coming from.  
**Anya** Well, what am I supposed to think?  
**Xander** Well, How could you say I'm using you?  
**Anya** You don't care about what I think you don't ask about my day  
**Xander** You really did turn into a real girl didn't you?  
*Anya stops.*

**Anya** See! You make jokes during my pain. You don't care about me at all  
*Xander stops and looks back.*  
**Xander** I care about you.  
**Anya** How much?  
*silence*  
**Anya** What do I mean to you?  
**Xander** I... we, you know we spend... we'll talk about it later  
*Xander turns away and walks and they enter Giles apartment*  
*Giles apt. As Anya walks through the door.*  
**Anya** Well I think we should talk about it now.  
**Giles** Thank you for knocking.  
**Xander** if you don't know how I feel about  
**Anya** I don't. This isn't a relationship you don't need me, all you care about is lots of orgasms.  
*Spike sits up to look back with a Weetabix in his mouth.*  
*Giles takes off his glasses.*  
**Xander** ok... remember how we talked about private conversations and how they're less private when they're in front of my friends  
**Spike** Oh, we're not your friends. Go on.  
**Giles** Please don't  
**Anya** This is important  
**Giles** But why is it here?  
**Xander** Mom said you wanted me to swing by  
**Giles** Oh, oh yes, well I meant uh after sunset  
*Giles stands and leans against his desk.*  
**Giles** Um I need you to take Spike for a few days  
**Xander** What?  
**Spike** What?  
**Anya** What?  
*Spike stands*  
**Spike** I'm not staying with him!  
**Giles** I have a friend who's coming to town and I'd like us to be alone.

**Anya** Oh you mean an orgasm friend?

**Giles** Yes that's exactly the most appalling thing you could have said

*Anya displays a "I just spoke the truth" expression.*

**Xander** He's not roaming around - he stays with me he's gonna get tied up again.

**Anya** What about us, our romantic evening?

**Spike** I'm not having these two shag while I'm tied to a chair three feet away

*Giles sits and puts his hand against his head in exasperation during this.*

**Xander** That's not exactly one of my fantasies either.

**Anya** so you're blowing off our evening because

**Spike**

**Xander** I don't want him to come either

*A school? room with a group of 14 girls sitting on couches and chairs and 2 on sitting on the floor including Willow. Students wander by and others sit studying.*

**Wicca1** We come together, daughters of Gaia, sisters to the moon we walk with the darkness the wolf at our side through the waterfall of power to the blackest heart of eternity. I think we should have a bake sale.

**Wicca2** I don't know

**Wicca1** you guys like a bake sale right? I mean we need money for the dance recital and You know I do an empowering lemon bundt

**Wicca2** The most important thing is the Gaian newsletter we need to get the message of blessing out to the sisters. Also who left their scented candles dripping all over my women power shrine?

**Willow** Well, this is good. I mean, this is all fun ya know, but there's also other stuff that we might show an interest in, as a wicca group.

**Wicca1** hesistantly like what?

**Willow** Well, There's the wacky notion of spells, you know conjuring, transmutation

**Wicca2** Oh yeah, then we could all get on our broomsticks and fly around on our broomsticks  
*giggling*

**Wicca1** You know certain stereotypes are not very empowering.

**Wicca3** *sitting on floor* I think that

**Wicca2** one person's energy can suck the power from an entire circle. No offense

**Wicca3** Well, maybe we could uh.

**Wicca2** Yeah, Tara. Guys.. quiet. *holds hand up for quiet*  
Do you have a suggestion?

*Tara (Wicca 3) just shakes her head and looks down, but then she looks at Willow.*

**Wicca2** Ok, let's talk about the theme for the bacchanal.  
*Buffy and Willow walking in a hall.*

**Buffy** So not stellar, hunh?

**Willow** talk all talk Blah blah Gaia Blah blah moon menstrual life force power thingy you know after a couple of sessions I was hoping we would get into something real but

**Buffy** No actual witches in your witch group

**Willow** No, bunch of wanna blessed bees. you know nowadays every girl with a Henna tattoo and a spice rack thinks she's a sister to the dark ones

*They enter their dorm room.*

**Buffy** Will, I'm sorry it was a bust. I know you were looking to go farther in that department

**Willow** I'd just like to float something bigger than a pencil someday hey how's with you and Riley You two seemed pretty snugly after class

**Buffy** See above re: talk all talk

**Willow** Do I have to tie you two together?

**Buffy** We almost, but...

**Willow** Well, get with it - I need my vicarious smoochies.

**Buffy** *whiny* I don't know... I get nervous and I start babbling and he starts babbling and it's a babblefest. Plus, everytime we talk I have to lie. The slayer thing comes up one way or another. I wish could just come clean.

*The Initiative. Forrest and Riley are climbing out of from a ladder descending to a platform overlooking a very tall demon in a blue robe with very long horns. At least one initiative member is still on the platform. They walk towards the elevator.*

**Forrest** Well you can't

**Riley** Yeah, I know I can't, but it bugs me this time.

**Forrest** This is the burden we bear, brother. We have a gig that would inevitably cause any girl living to think we are cool upon cool. Yet we must Clark Kent our way through the dating scene never to use our unfair advantage. They stop to let a cart carrying others drive by.

**Forrest** Thank God we're pretty.

**Riley** But its just... Buffy's special

**Forrest** You think she's special. Wow. The first 486 times you told me it didn't register but now I 'see' that you think she's special.

**Riley** See, you're naturally inclined to talk too much I don't have that

**Forrest** Then get with the kissing.

*They enter the elevator*

**Riley** Riley Finn

**Elevator** initiative vocal code match complete

*Xander's basement. Spike is tied to a chair and Xander is dressed for bed in a T-shirt and boxers. As they speak Xander gets in bed and turns out the light.*

**Spike** Dunna see why I have to be tied up

**Xander** It's just while I'm sleeping

**Spike** Like I'd bite you anyway

**Xander** Oh you would  
**Spike** Not bloody likely  
**Xander** I happen to be very biteable pal. I'm moist and delicious.  
**Spike** Alright, yeah fine you're a nummy treat.  
**Xander** And don't you forget it  
*Spike adopts a high pitched almost falsetto voice - like Anya.*  
**Spike** Xander don't you care about me.  
**Xander** Shut up!  
**Spike** We never talk.  
*Xander holds up a warning finger.*  
**Xander** Shut up!  
**Spike** Xaaannnder.  
**Xander** Shut up!  
*Giles' apartment.*  
**Giles** musing They need to take seven... take seven what?  
*Knock at door. Giles get up and opens it.*  
**Giles** Olivia!  
**Olivia** Sorry I'm so late, the flight was a horror.  
**Giles** Oh no, bad weather?  
**Olivia** Baseball movie.  
**Giles** amused Oh.. so sorry  
**Olivia** Yeah. That's enough small talk, don't you think?  
*They kiss and Giles puts his glasses on the notes*  
*A clocktower. 1:00 am. Interior of the clocktower. Pale grayish hands opens an ornate box and whispering is heard.*  
*Exterior of clocktower.*  
*Overview of town.*  
*Outside of a house.*  
*Bedroom. A sleeping boy's mouth loses a mist which goes out a window. People everywhere open their mouths and a mist comes out.*  
*Another bedroom with an elderly man.*  
*A bedroom with Giles and Olivia.*  
*The dorm room of Willow and Buffy.*  
*The mist travels over the town to the clocktower and goes into the box which the hand closes. The camera follows the arm to the Gentleman's face. It is gray white with silver teeth in a horrid perpetual grin and white eyes and drawn back skin over a bald skull with an almost hooked nose. It is the face from Buffy's dream.*  
*Morning. The dorm. Buffy gets out of bed and goes to the bathroom. Sound of toilet flushing. She yawns and brushes her teeth. She comes out into the hall. A girl who is crying silently sniffles and passes her by. Buffy wonders what's up. Willow yawns and gets up*  
**Buffy** -good morning-  
*She stops*  
**Willow** -hey-

*Buffy feels her throat*  
**Buffy** -good morn- -good- -Will can you hear me-  
**Willow** -no I've gone gone deaf-  
**Buffy** -no I don't think so. we can't speak.-  
**Willow** -(yells)-  
*Buffy goes out into the hall. Students are out there and silently mouthing. Not a voice is heard.*  
**Xander** -what's going on- -why can't I talk-  
**Spike** ---  
*Xander turns to face Spike who is still tied down.*  
**Xander** -You you did this to me.-  
**Spike** holds his hands wide apart -how?-  
**Xander** -I can't talk- ---  
*Spike holds up two fingers with back of his hand facing Xander and then looks away.*  
*Xander calls Buffy. The phone rings and Buffy picks it up. Buffy realizes she can't say hello. There's no voice on the other end and Xander realizes he can't talk either. Spike looks at him.*  
*Riley gets up and walks with Forrest down the stairs to the elevator in their frat house.*  
**Elevator** Retinal scan accepted  
*They enter the elevator and the doors close.*  
*The elevator starts descending.*  
**Forrest** writes on a pad It's all over town  
*The elevator stops.*  
**Elevator** vocal code not accepted please state your name for vocal identification  
*Riley gasps twice into the box.*  
**Elevator** vocal code not accepted Unauthorized beings will be considered hostile  
*Riley opens a panel in the elevator.*  
**Elevator** please commence vocal identification in the next 20 seconds to avoid countermeasures  
*Riley slides a card in a slot. An led flashes flashes Enter Override Code and beeps. Riley punches in a code on a keypad.*  
**Elevator** Override code incorrect  
*Forrest has written Come on Come On on his pad.*  
**Elevator** Lethal countermeasures engaged.  
*Gas begins coming in an opening near the bottom of the elevator.*  
*The elevator opens to Walsh, standing with an annoyed expression and two scientists standing behind her.*  
*Riley and Forrest rush off the elevator, relieved to be alive. Walsh points behind them to her left and their right. A sign reads In case of emergency use stairway.*  
*A dorm entrance. Tara is walking and everyone is depressed. A girl in crying in a guys arms. A guy drops a tray and a glass and it is like a gunshot. Tara jumps back. He is embarassed and bends to clean it up.*

*Town. Honking. The bank is closed. Dogs bark. The liquor store is open. And doing brisk business. Willow and Buffy are walking through town. A siren is heard. A man sits in the middle of the street, his head on his briefcase. A prayer meeting has a chalkboard saying Revelations 15:1 Everyone reads.*

*A guy is selling Message boards \$10.00 and the guy has one around his neck that says Message boards \$10.00. They are white boards with a black marker and can be erased. Will and Buffy look at each other.*

*Giles Apt.*

*Will and Buffy arrive with boards around their necks Xander sees them and gets up. Anya turns back to see who Xander got up for and sees it is Buffy and looks at Xander and back at Buffy. Giles gets up. Buffy waves hi. Xander waves hi. He is depressed. Giles clasps Buffy's arm reassuringly and Buffy puts her hand on his. Buffy sees all the books open*

**Buffy**—anything—

*Giles looks down and shakes his head slightly. Buffy sets down her board. Willow takes her board and writes "Hi Giles". Giles puts his arm across Willow's shoulder and squeezes. Buffy picks up the notebook where Giles wrote part of her rhyme. Can't even shout Can't even cry The gentlemen are coming...*

*She shows it to Giles and points and he shakes his head. Xander snaps his fingers repeatedly and turns up the sound on the tv. Big news item from Sunnydale California Apparently the entire town has been quarantined due to an epidemic of, as strange as this may sound, Laryngitis. it seems the town has been rendered unable to speak there's no word yet what might have caused this or what other effects might be seen from this epidemic local authorities has issued a statement, a written statement, I should say, blaming recent flu vaccinations. A few skeptics call it a city wide hoax In the meanwhile Sunnydale has effectively shut down all schools and businesses will be closed for the time being and residents are advised to stay home and rest up centers for disease control have ordered the entire town quarantined. no one can go in or out until the syndrome is identified or the symptoms disappear. We'll bring you more on that as it develops.*

*During this Olivia is drinking a hard liquor. (whiskey or bourbon or scotch?) And Buffy has borrowed Willow's board.*

**Xander**—that's it—

**Buffy** has written Keep researching. I should be in town tonight.

**Giles**—why—

*The Initiative A blue screen says and an electric voice speaks.*

Because there will chaos.

*We see and hear Walsh typing on a keyboard and as she continues to type the electric voice continues*

*You will help keep order. Dress as civilians. A military presence would only increase panic.*

**Riley** writes What is happening

*Walsh types and the electric voice says:*

*We are looking into it. Go. Help maintain order. We will find an answer.*

*Town streets. evening. A car crashed into a fire hydrant which is spraying water. Silent people wander. Buffy walks.*

*Riley breaks up an impending fight between a black man in a business suit and a white man. He has to push the white man back authoritatively.*

*He turns to straighten the black man's coat almost like a tailor. The white man picks up a pipe to attack Riley from behind but Buffy has been approaching from behind and casually turns his wrist hard and the pipe drops. The bones crackled. The guy collapses in pain.*

*Riley and Buffy hug*

**Riley**—are you ok?/how are you doing?—

*Buffy nods.*

**Buffy**—you—

*Riley rolls his head back and forth Crashing is heard. Riley indicates he has to go — Buffy points in the other direction. They start to go, but then Riley holds on to her. They kiss. They each go on. A siren sounds.*

*1:50 am according to the clock tower.*

*A doorway.*

*Two gentlemen float/glide out. Their feet are about 6 inches?/15cm off the ground. They are dressed in long black formal wear? They are accompanied by two lackeys who shuffle. The lackeys have pinkish bandaged heads and wear straitjackets but the arms are not tied. The gentlemen float about six inches off the ground and don't move their legs at all. The lackeys have a caveman or Igor-like or chimpish gait and swing their arms about and do not stand up straight.*

*Further up are four more gentlemen and some more lackeys. The four split into two pairs and wave bye with very small hand movements.*

*Giles' bedroom*

*Olivia is awake, lying on a sleeping Giles chest. She puts on a robe and gets up and goes downstairs to the living room. She is drawn to the window and sees one of the Gentlemen floating across the street. Another floats right by her window with its face inches away from the window looking right at her and she jumps back in fright, gasping as she tries to scream.*

*The gentlemen seem to operate in pairs and there are six of them.*

*Two of them go towards a house. One nods.*

*Campus. Two float down the lawns.*

*In the dorms a pair and their bandaged heads, strait-jacketed lackeys float past rooms. They pass 217. They pass 213. One waggles his finger no. (Their hands move almost minimally, just enough to communicate the action.) They pass 214. Willow is shown sleeping. So is Buffy. They pass 217. They enter another hallway. The taller waves his hand no.*

*118. The taller goes here we are. (Presents the door room.)*

*A knock on a door. A sleeping male awakens and opens the door. He is grabbed by the two lackeys and held down on his bed as he struggles and tries to scream for help again and again. The gentlemen look down at him and then at each other. One nods slightly. A gentlemen removes a scapel and hands it to the other. The gentlemen lowers the scapel.*

*The clocktower.*

*There are three red hearts? in canning jars. The gentlemen florishes his hands as presenting a painting or a dish of food. He receives a round of faint applause from four others and holds up his hand to stop the applause/ say no, you're too kind.*

*Dorm hallway.*

*A man in a green jacket is blocking students from getting into the victim's room. Buffy in coming from the other direction and darts in to see the victim.*

*Giles apt.*

*Giles gets his morning newspaper and closes his front door. Olivia is drawing. Giles sees two newspaper articles about a brutal slaying and another about a fifteen year old stabbed, heart missing. Olivia has sketched a picture. The pictures strikes a memory and Giles goes to grab a book titled Fairy tales.*

*Giles performs a overhead projector presentation for Buffy, Willow, Xander and Anya in a lecture hall.*

*Complete with creepy violin music on a boom box.*

*Giles cracks his knuckles.*

*The first transparency is upside down and backwards. Willow and Buffy, sitting next to each other in the front row point. Xander is sitting on the stairs several chairs away. Anya sitting, in the second row and eating popcorn, holds up her index finger and rotates it clearly meaning turn around the transparency. Giles sees the overhead and corrects it.*

*1) Who are the gentlemen?*

*2) They are fairy tale monsters picture of one Giles nods.*

*3) what do they want*

*Giles holds up finger. Will holds up her hand and points to her chest Xander cups himself and says –boobies?–*

*Giles gives Xander a look. Willow looks at Xander and points as Giles changes the transparency.*

*4) hearts picture of three hearts*

*Giles waves back at the hearts Xander gets it. Anya raises her eyebrows for a moment and eats more popcorn.*

*5) They come to a town picture of two gentlemen on a hill overlooking buildings*

*6) They steal all the voices no one can scream picture of two gentlemen on hill and four people loosing voices Giles mimes speaking by moving his hand out from his mouth.*

*7) then picture of one Gentleman*

*Giles holds up index finger*

*8) picture gentlemen over person in bed. gentlemen has red knife, person's chest is red and red is dripping onto floor.*

*9) picture of gentlemen holding red heart over person in bed. Enormous amount of red on chest and bed and floor.*

*Willow and Buffy exchanges disturbed looks. Anya shrugs and eats more popcorn. Xander starts to write.*

*10) They need seven, they have at least two. Picture of seven hearts*

**Xander** *snaps his fingers and holds up his board –How do we kill them?!–*

*Buffy takes her fist and pumps it toward herself. Disturbed looks from Xander and Willow, even Giles has to maintain a poker face. Buffy grabs a stake from her bag and pumps it towards herself. Xander gets she means stake them, Giles looks relieved and Willow pretends nothing was amiss.*

*11) In the tales No sword can kill them Picture of a gentleman with three swords in him*

*12) But the princess screamed once... and they all died. Picture of a princess screaming and two gentlemen lying dead*

*Willow holds up a cd and ,then holds her hands over her ears and pantomines dying. She smiles.*

*Giles holds a finger up and changes the transparency.*

*13) Only a real human voice picture of a gentleman dancing to old style record player*

*Giles points to his throat. Willow throws her hand up and pouts.*

**Buffy** *writes How do I get my voice back?*

*Giles throws his hands out to his sides.*

*14) Buffy will patrol tonight picture of girl with bow and arrow.*

*Buffy holds her hands at her sides the picture is too fat. Giles makes some gestures. Giles points to rest and holds up a book. Everyone gets up. Buffy looks at a transparency 2 with the picture of the Gentleman.*

*The Initiative.*

*This night Forrest and Riley and others don military garb. And carry weapons.*

*Buffy patrols a street with houses and yards.*

*Riley on a grassy street, spots shadows moving in the clocktower. 2:35 am. He heads toward it.*

*A dorm room. Tara has Willow's address 214 Stevenson on a post-it from the phonebook with Willow's name highlighted. A book is open to a chapter titled spells of speech and silence. She closes her door and leaves carrying some books and notepads.*

*Campus lawns. Tara is walking alone at night with her books. She looks back and trips over shrubs. As she is picking up her books we see two of the gentlemen and two lackeys coming up behind her. She hears the rattle of the straitjackets? and looks and runs. And she is chased. Buffy sees a Gentleman gliding on the other side of the street but is tackled by a lackey springing from behind a bush before she acts.*

*Tara is running down the hall and she bangs on a door. A dark haired girl sits up. Tara bangs on another door. The dark haired girl clutches her sheets in fear but doesn't move. Tara sees two Gentlemen floating towards her. Tara tries to yell.*

**Tara** –help–

**Tara** –help–

*The lackeys appear behind the approaching Gentlemen. She bangs on another? door. She runs from the Gentlemen who started to get close, followed by their two lackeys. She gets to a stairway.*

*Street.*

*Buffy flips a lackey to the ground. Another grabs her from behind and she elbows and backhands it. She kicks the first ducks a roundhouse from the second, kicks it in the leg to bring it down and snaps its neck. It goes down. The first lackey runs. Buffy looks around, then chases it.*

*Clocktower, lower level.*

*Riley enters a door. He is tackled from and rolls loose and kicks it away in the head. He pulls an extendable club/rod from his boot. Three blows knock it to the ground but another grabs him.*

*Dorm hall.*

*Tara runs up the stairs and bangs on doors. She is banging on 21? Willow hears the banging and wakes up. She was dressed and asleep at her computer. Willow is afraid. She goes toward her door.*

*The door Tara is banging on opens and a Gentleman holding a heart looks at her. Two more float near the stairs she just came up. Tara runs around the corner. Willow opens her door and is looking the other way when Tara runs into her and they both fall. Willow grabs at her leg and yelps silently.*

*She sees two of the Gentlemen followed by two lackeys.*

*They both get up and run to another stairway mere steps away. Willow is limping.*

*Riley pushes the one holding him back into barrels, backhands him with his fist holding the rod and flips it over his shoulder. The first gets up and grabs Riley and slams him into a platform with one arm and they both fall to the floor. Riley has lost his rod and reaches out to his other weapon as the lackey holds him.*

*A third lackey enters at a run. Boards sealing an opening break and Buffy crashes through and knocks it down from the side with a shoulder block and a shove.*

*Riley reaches his weapon and rolls. Buffy kicks a lackey back. Another she simply throws into a shelf/wall. Riley reaches his feet and uses his weapon as a club to knock down the one still trying to hold on to him.*

*Buffy and Riley aim weapons at each other and are surprised to see each other.*

*One of the lackeys gets up and Riley ducks and Buffy ducks, spins and Buffy kicks it in the head. Riley blasts another with an electrical blast. It drops. Buffy shoots at one with an arrow. A third knocks her bow down and Riley grabs it from behind. The one she shot? grabs Buffy and throws her towards the wall. She stumbles and falls but is on her feet to meet it. She pushes it's side into the wall. She kicks it in side and in the head and gives it a left. Riley flips his to the ground. Buffy gives hers a left, a right and then grabs it and flips it down. Riley is holding his with an armbar hold. He looks up.*

*The one who was blasted in getting up and Buffy runs and grabs a rope. Buffy swings on the rope and kicks it. Hard. It flies across the room breaking right through a post and into a shelf. Riley is shocked.*

*Giles apt*

*Giles is reading a book as he gets a cup of something. He and Spike bump shoulders. Spike opens the refrigerator and gets the kiss the librarian cup of blood out and drinks. He becomes vamp faced as he drains the cup. He heads back into the living room. Anya is sleeping on the couch with a book at her side. She tosses and turns and her neck is facing towards Spike. Spike kneels down. Xander enters and sees a somewhat pale Anya a light is on her face and then Spike's head comes up vamp faced with blood on his lips.*

**Xander** – –

*Xander charges Spike. Spike stands and looks down at Anya. Just as Xander tackles him, Spike gets it and shakes his head*

**Spike** –no–

*The tackle wakes up Anya. She gets up. Xander is sitting on Spike holding him with his left hand and hitting him with his right.*

*Giles and Olivia enter.*



*Anya taps Xander on the shoulder twice and Spike is pointing to her with his right hand. Spike got hit seven times.*

**Anya** –I'm ok/alright–

*Xander sees Anya and jumps up and kisses her and hugs her. Anya is puzzled then pleased. Spike gets up. Xander is still hugging Anya. He stops, looks at Spike with a distressed expression, shrugs, and kisses Anya again. Spike looks annoyed.*

**Spike** —

*Olivia looks at Giles and back at the couple and she is smiling. Giles looks annoyed.*

**Anya** –you wanna go someplace and –

*Anya does a gesture with her hands putting her finger into the fist in the other hand. She also nods slightly. Xander and Anya start to leave. Spike looks even more annoyed. Giles looks revolted. Olivia looks blank or shocked.*

*Tara and Willow run down the stairs. Willow is limping and Tara is holding her up trying to help her. The lackeys are close behind.*

*They enter a laundry room and lock the door. Banging is heard on the door. At first they try to brace the door, then Willow limps to a soda machine. Tara follows and they both try to push it, but it barely budes (maybe only the top moved) and then it stops. Willow sits down clutching her leg. Tara kneels beside her and looks at her. Willow stares intently at the soda machine. Tara is continually looking back and forth between Willow and the soda machine. Tara sees the soda machine shudder but it doesn't move. Willow looks defeated. The banging continues. Tara looks at the machine once more and then at Willow. Tara slowly touches and then clasps Willow's hand with their fingers interlocking. Willow clasps it back and looks at Tara. Tara nods slowly. They clasp harder and look into each others eyes and as one turn quickly towards the soda machine. It literally spins to barricade the door in under a second. The banging on the door stops. They both look relieved. They look at each other and at their hands. Tara looks a little surprised and Willow, after a moment, also looks impressed with what they did. Both of them seem to get a rush from the power they just wielded.*

*Clocktower, lower level.*

*A lackey jumps over the fallen lackey and grabs a barrel. Riley kicks the one he is holding and it falls. The one with the barrel knocks Buffy down from behind. She falls in front of another who is lying down. (Are there four now?) The one who hit Buffy? runs up the stairs. Riley is tackled by one knocking him off the one he was holding who is down again. Buffy looks back and leaves Riley with one standing. She goes up the stairs.*

*Clocktower, upper level ropes hanging, clockworks, a large bell.*

*Buffy sees there are only two empty jars. She is kicked from behind and falls. Three lackeys grab and hold her and a Gentleman (three are seen) floats toward her with a scalpel. The scalpel gets near and a blast of electricity throws the Gentleman back. Riley shoots a lackey next. Buffy, held by only two lackeys now, flips over and kicks a fourth approaching lackey. She breaks free and hits one away. Riley's weapon seems to have run out of juice and he jumps forward. A lackey tackles Buffy. Two are going after Buffy. Riley uses his rod to hit one and another grabs him and throws him back. He wraps a rope around its arm and neck. Buffy ducks a roundhouse and kicks one in the back. She ducks away from another roundhouse kicks a stool forward into the lackey and delivers a terrific uppercut. Riley gives the one in the ropes an elbow to the head and the other recovers and grabs at him. Buffy takes one and pushes it and its head hits some hanging metal cylinders. A Gentleman moves forward with a scalpel. Riley turns the one grabbing him and bangs its head into the huge tower bell. Hard. The bell actually gongs. Buffy punches the one she pushed twice and kicks it away. A Gentleman stabs her from behind with a scalpel. Riley turns, alarmed. The gentleman backs away. A lackey grabs Buffy and throws her into a giant spool of rope. Then it holds her around the shoulders and neck from behind. Weakened, she can't break loose. Riley grabs something and hits the lackey from the ropes in the head with it as it gets loose. It goes down. Buffy see the box from her dreams next to the jars of hearts. She flashes back to the little girl holding the box. She waves and then bangs her hands on the giant spool to get Riley's attention as she is being held. Riley smashes a blue vial/jar next to the box and looks at her for approval. She rolls her eyes and pantomimes opening. Riley gets it, mouths oh, and smashes the box. Mist comes out of it. The lackey holding Buffy throws her down. Two of the streamers of mist go into Riley's and Buffy's throats. Buffy screams and screams and screams and the gentlemen's heads explode. Gooey splat sounds as the exploded head parts fall to the ground. Buffy and Riley look at each other.*

*Campus Exterior.*

*Interior, Willow and Tara are sitting down in a public area.*

**Willow** You were there looking for me?

**Tara** I thought maybe we could do a spell - make people talk again. I'd seen you in the group, the wicca group you were... you were different than them. I mean they didn't seem to know...

**Willow** What they were talking about.

**Tara** I think if they saw a witch they would run the other way.

*She smiles and laughs.*

**Willow** How long have you been practicing?

**Tara** Always, I mean, since I um, was little... my, my mom used to, She um, she had a lot of power, like you.

**Willow** Oh I'm not.. I don't have much in the way of power.

*She smiles.*

**Willow** Really, I mean most of my potions come out soup Besides... spells going awry, friends in danger... I'm definitely nothing special.

**Tara** No, you are.

*Willow smiles at the compliment. Tara smiles hesitantly, then smiles.*

*Giles and Olivia are laying on his couch*

**Giles** So would you say this was, uh, your best visit ever.

**Olivia** All the time you used to talk to me about witchcraft and darkness and the like - I just thought you

were being pretentious.

**Giles** Oh I was. I was also right.

**Olivia** So everything you told me was true.

**Giles** Well no, um, I wasn't actually one of the original members of Pink Floyd. But the monster stuff, yes.

**Olivia** Scary.

**Giles** Too scary?

**Olivia** I don't know.

*Giles wonders.*

*Buffy's room*

*A knock. Riley enters.*

**Riley** Hi.

**Buffy** Hi.

*Riley sits on Willow's bed.*

**Riley** Well, I guess we have to talk. Buffy sits on her bed.

**Buffy** I guess we do.

*They sit silently, facing each other, hands folded in their laps.*

## Doomed

Written by **Marti Noxon**, **David Fury**, and **Jane Espenson**

### Disclaimer

*This transcript was done to give the poor people that lost their WB station this fall a way to keep up with the series, not for profit and no infringement of anyone's rights was intended.*

### Prologue

*Previously on Buffy:*

**Spike** *sitting on the end of Willow's bed* Lets try again. He tries to bite her and is stopped by an excruciating pain in his head.

**Spike** *voice over* I can't bite anything. I can't even hit people.

**Willow** How's with you and Riley?

**Buffy** Every time we talk I have to lie. I wish I could just come clean!

**Forrest** *climbs up a ladder in the Initiative compound* Well, you can't.

**Riley** I know I can't. But Buffy is special.

*Buffy bursting through the boarded up window into the house of the Gentlemen. Buffy and Riley spinning around aiming their weapons at each other.*

**Riley** *sitting on Willow's bed* I guess we have to talk.

**Buffy** *sitting on her bed* I guess we do.

*They sit silently looking mainly at the floor only throwing occasional glances at each other.*

**Buffy** Somebody should speak before one of us graduates.

**Riley** *gets up with a sigh, after a little more time* What are you?

**Buffy** Capricorn on the cusp of Aquarius. You?

**Riley** Sorry. That came out a little blunter than I intended. - It's just... you are amazing! Your speed, your strength.

**Buffy** Also passionate, artistic and inquisitive. - Who are you?

**Riley** You know who I am. The rest... what I do... *Shakes his head* I can't tell you.

**Buffy** *gets up* Well, then let me. You're part of some military monster squad that captures - demons, vampires, probably have some official sounding euphemisms for them, - like unfriendlies or : non sapiens.

**Riley** *nods* Hostile Sub Terrestrials.

**Buffy** So you deliver these : HST's to a bunch of lab coats, who perform experiments on them, which among other things turn some into harmless little bunnies. How am I doing so far?

**Riley** A little too well.

**Buffy** Meanwhile by day you pretend to be Riley Finn, corn-fed Iowa boy. *Riley looks down* Ever been to Iowa, Riley? God, if that's even your name.

**Riley** It is, born and raised. And hey! Bulletin: I'm not the only one who's been a little less than honest here.

**Buffy** *sits back down* I thought a professional demon chaser like yourself would have figured it out by now. - I'm the Slayer. *Riley just looks at her* Slay-er? - Chosen One. *Riley is still lost* She who hangs out a lot in cemeteries? - You're kidding. *Gets back up* Ask around. Look it up: Slayer comma the.

**Riley** And you fight demons. I mean, you waled on those guys.

**Buffy** You did pretty well yourself.

**Riley** But I'm a walking bruise today. You see me with my clothes off I look like... *Buffy raises her eyebrows at him* I mean... I have : bruises... I don't see a scratch on you.

**Buffy** You're not looking hard enough.

**Riley** I'm looking pretty hard.

*Buffy takes a deep breath both of them look away.*

**Riley** So then... What do we do?

**Buffy** I don't know. - I just...*Sighs* I really thought that you were a nice, normal guy.

**Riley** I am a nice, normal guy.

**Buffy** Maybe by this town's standards but I'm not graduating on a curve. *Riley shifts and swallows* I think we both need a little time to : process everything. *Takes a deep breath* Maybe then...

**Riley** Yeah. Yeah, I think that's a good idea.

*They look at each other for a while then Riley starts to leave.*

**Riley** *turns back* Oh, - I don't think I need to tell you...

**Buffy** *sitting on her bed with her arms crossed* I won't say a word.

**Riley** Good. It'll be safer for all...

*He trails off and looks over at Amy-Rat, who's squeaking like crazy in her cage. Shortly thereafter the whole room begins to shake.*

**Riley** *points at the open closet door* Over here.

*They hurry and stand in the doorframe until the earth stops shaking.*

**Riley** Wow. That was some ride. *Buffy walks out into the room looking spooked* Sorry I'm so excited. This is my first earthquake.

**Buffy** It's not mine.

## Part 1

*Cut to Spike pulling the big red leather chair in Xander's basement to one side of the water leaking from a pipe in the ceiling.*

**Spike** Sodden sleeping chair is bloody : sodden.

**Xander** *set a pan underneath to catch the water* The quake just knocked a couple of pipes lose. There is a wrench hanging up over there by the workbench. Try tightening the coupling.

**Spike** Do I look like a plumber to you?

**Xander** No, you look like a big mooch that doesn't lift a finger around here. But I have to get to work.

**Spike** Yeah, delivering melted cheese on bread, doing your part to keep America constipated.

**Xander** Mock not. Remember who pays for the plasma around here, pal. *Picks up the wrench and hands it to Spike* You earn your keep or you don't get kept. *Spike takes the wrench. Xander turns away* When you're done fixing that leak *Spike hauls back the wrench, but is stopped from hitting Xander by the intense pain in his head* try cleaning up **this** mess. And doing a **little** laundry for once wouldn't kill you *Turns back to see Spike holding his head, groaning with the pain* unfortunately. *Cut to Buffy getting ready to leave her dorm room just as Willow comes in.*

**Willow** Hey! I was in the library during the quake, almost got buried under some 19th century literature. And I don't have to tell you how hard it is to dig through some of that stuff. You okay?

**Buffy** Yeah. A couple of broken knick-knacks, but no biggies.

**Willow** Well, Porter dorm is completely blacked out. So naturally they are dealing with the crisis the only way they know how: 'Aftershock Party'.

**Buffy** Ah, this from the dorm that brought us the 'Somebody Sneezed' party and the 'Day That Ends in Y' party.

**Willow** They do seem to be pretty generous with the milestones. Hey, you should ask Riley to come! Much carousing by flattering candle light.

**Buffy** Ah, Riley is : ahm, busy. I'm pretty sure. But you know, you go on ahead, and I'll catch up with you there. I'm on my way for a little Giles one-on-one.

**Willow** Anything wrong?

**Buffy** Wrong? No, mm-mm, not at all.

*Cut to Giles sitting at the table in his courtyard.*

**Buffy** *pacing* Something horrible is going to happen, Giles.

**Giles** It was an earthquake, Buffy. A not uncommon occurrence in southern California. No reason to think it was anything more.

**Buffy** Oh, I so have a reason. A darn good reason. The last time we had an earthquake, I died.

**Giles** Yes, I know that - and - therefore I completely understand your anxiety.

**Buffy** Oh, good. Because I'd hate for my little untimely horrible death concern to be ambiguous.

**Giles** But unless evidence suggests otherwise, I think that we can assume that it's shifting landmasses and not a portent of some imminent doom. *Lifts up a map of Sunnydale on a board with red pins stuck on it in clusters* Now in the meantime, I've got a few theories about our mysterious commando friends.

**Buffy** *sits down* Oh. - Really?

**Giles** Now based on the locations of our various sightings, and - Spike's **reluctant** description of their underground installation...

**Buffy** *jumps up* What if the quake was a sign? Ah, a bad omen and we just ignore it? There is going to be a lot of red faces when the world comes to an end.

**Giles** *gets up* Buffy, - **if** the quake heralds some such catastrophe, I'm sure there will be other signs to follow, which will afford us *plenty* of time to avert it. Now, - I believe that the commando installation is either very close to, or directly underneath your school, now if that is the case I'm convinced that one or more of them may be in your very midst.

**Buffy** Plague!

**Giles** What?

**Buffy** What if the end of the world is coming in the form of a plague? Then too many people may be infected by the time we actually...

**Giles** Buffy! Will you stop worrying about what may be and concentrate on what is! *Buffy gets ready to say something he stops her with a gesture* Vigilance is all very good, but as we are getting close the is a much more pressing question.

*Cut to Riley and Forrest walking down a white walled corridor in fatigues.*

**Riley** What's a Slayer?

**Forrest** Slayer? Thrash Band. Anvil handed guitar band with delusions of Black Sabbath.

**Riley** No. A girl, with powers.

**Forrest** Oh. **The** Slayer. Oh, yeah, I've heard of the Slayer.

**Riley** Fill me in.

**Forrest** Well, the way I got it figured the Slayer is like some kind of boogey man for the Subterrestrials, something they tell their little spawn to make them eat their vegetables and clean up their slime pits.

**Riley** You're telling me she doesn't exist.

**Forrest** Oh, wait a sec. Am I bursting somebody's bubble here? Maybe this is a bad time to tell you about : the Easter-bunny? *Laughs* Sorry, sorry, it's a myth, Rye. All part of that medieval folklore garbage kooks dream up to explain things we deal with every day. A lab-coat and another guy are leading down a horned demon.

**Riley** How do **you** explain the things we deal with, Forrest?

**Forrest** They're just animals, man, plain and simple. Granted they're a little rarer than the one's you grew up with on that little farm in Smallville...

*There is a commotion behind them. The horned demon has broken loose. They run to help subdue it.*

**Forrest** *with the demons arm around his neck* Where is that hypo? *The lab-coat is fumbling to get his syringe filled. Drops the container. Riley grabs the nightstick the other guy dropped and hits the demon over the head, knocking it out.*

**Riley** Never mind.

**Forrest** *holding his throat and gasping for air* Like I said : animals. *Hears a lot of banging* What's that racket?

**Riley** Animals rattling their cages. Doing it all day. Wonder what's got them all worked up.

**Forrest** Earthquakes man, make everybody crazy.

*Cut to the party at Porter dorm. Willow is standing in the middle of it looking lost. She spots Percy talking to a girl sitting on a sofa and walks over.*

**Willow** Percy! Hi!

**Percy** Hey, Willow! What's going on?

**Willow** Stuff. I-I thought you got that football scholarship to USC.

**Percy** I did. *Motions to the girl next to him* Laurie goes here.

**Laurie** Hey.

**Willow** Hi. - Some party, huh?

**Laurie** *gives her a fake smile* It's okay.

**Percy** *after a pause* How's Oz?

**Willow** Oh, actually, Oz is...

*Laurie gets up and links her arm with Percy's and leans in to whisper in his ear.*

**Percy** *to Willow* Uhm, listen : we're going to get some drinks. Cool to see you.

**Laurie** Bye.

**Willow** Yeah, catch you later.

*A topless guy trailing two girls makes his way across the room and walks through a door. As the door swings shut behind them we see the green, clawed fingers of a demon gripping the edge.*

*Cut to the same guy alone in a room fixing four drinks, humming.*

**Guy** *yells over towards the next room* Hey, you guys serious about naked limbo? I'm in.

*He picks up the four drinks and turns around. An ugly green demon roars, and slices him across the throat with its claws. We see the drinks drop to the floor, blood drips on them.*

*Cut to Willow at the party looking bored.*

**Willow** Buffy, where are you?

**Laurie** *voice over* Why? So I can watch you flirt with that red head?

**Percy** *voice over* What, Rosenberg? Yea, right. She's just some egghead who tutored me a little in high school *Willow looks behind her to see the two of them sitting on a couch, their backs to her* I mean, she's nice, but, come on, Captain of the nerd squad.

**Laurie** Well, I don't know. Maybe you have a thing for geeks.

**Percy** No, I like my women hot. *Shrugs* Call me old-fashioned.

*Willow walks away looking unhappy as they kiss.*

*Cut to Willow opening the door to a dark room.*

**Willow** Hello? - Anyone in here?

*She closes the door behind her and walks further into the room. She stumbles against something and reaches down to feel what it was, then lays down on the bed.*

*Suddenly the lights come back on and we see that the guy with the sliced throat is laying on the other side of her. Willow slowly turns and jumps off the bed panting with fear. She stares at the symbol of a pyramid with an eye in it that has been carved into his chest.*

*Cut to Xander walking down into his basement, carrying a pizza box.*

**Xander** Oh, no! Spike the place is worse then when I left! You didn't even fix the drip!

**Spike** Don't turn around.

**Xander** Spike, what is it, what happened?

**Spike** Don't look at me.

*Xander turns around and his eyes almost pop out of his head as he stares at : Spike wearing one of Xander's knee-length shorts and a Hawaiian shirt. Xander starts to laugh.*

**Spike** *holds up some clothes* I shrunk them. Bleeding shirt, trousers. I hate this place.

**Xander** You know I'm not any happier about you wearing my stuff than you are.

**Spike** Go out, get me some decent stuff, and I want more blood.

**Xander** No! You're not a guest.

**Spike** You want me to tear this place apart, you bloody poof?

**Xander** That's it! I am way past due with you. I hate to break it to you, oh impotent one, but you're not the big bad anymore, you're not even the kind of naughty. You're nothing but a waste of space : my space! And

as much as I always got a big laugh watching Buffy kick your shiny white bum, as much as I know I can give you a little bum-kicking myself right now, I'm here to tell you something *He steps forward, right under the drip of water from the leaky pipe* You're not even worth it. - I'm out of here. *Spike looks after Xander at a loss for words. Cut to the dead guy being wheeled away in a body bag as Buffy walks in.*

**Willow** *sitting on some stairs* Buffy! Over here.

**Buffy** *goes to sit next to her with a sigh* Wow. I wasn't sure where the party was, and then I saw the flashing lights and the ambulance, and I was like 'right, of course! Death, carnage : it's a Buffy party!

**Willow** I'm so glad you're here.

**Buffy** What happened?

**Willow** I found him : this guy on the bed with me. Dead. Not me dead, he dead.

**Buffy** God. Are you okay? *Willow nods. Buffy whispers* Vampire?

**Willow** *shakes her head* There was so much blood, and there : there was a symbol, and Percy said I was a nerd!

**Buffy** Percy called you a nerd?

**Willow** *nods* I guess we should report to Giles, get with the demon tracking.

**Buffy** *as the walk out* Does he even go here?

*Cut to Riley and Forrest in their dorm room. Riley shoot a foam ball at the hoop fastened to the door and misses.*

**Forrest** Okay, that makes 0 for a billion. You don't got game, son. What's going on in that head of yours?

**Riley** I'm just trying to : make up my mind about something. - Buffy, - she's pretty cool, isn't she?

**Forrest** *sighs* Yes already, she's cool, she's hot, she is tepid, she's all temperature Buffy. Now can we concentrate on the game here?

*Forrest shoots just as the door opens and the third member of their team comes in. The ball hits him on the head.*

**Forrest** Good block. You should use your face more often.

**Graham** We have an alpha code blue situation.

*Riley and Forrest get up.*

**Riley** One of ours?

**Graham** Negative. Civilian at the Porter hall party.

**Forrest** HST attack?

**Graham** Can not confirm that. I couldn't get close without drawing attention to myself.

**Forrest** Should we mobilize?

**Riley** No, I'll go. Do a little recon. See if it falls in our domain. You alert Prof. Walsh. Tell her we have a casualty of an indeterminate nature. Lets not make a move until we get the whole story.

**Cut to the gang at Giles**

**Willow** It just made me feel like I was right back in high school.

**Xander** Dumb jock! If it wasn't for you he still would be.

**Willow** I mean, I know the - Percy thing isn't really important, it's the - dead guy on the bed.

**Xander** Yeah, that's bad, too.

**Willow** Ooh, and something else. He, the dead guy, was-was propped up, like whatever killed him wanted to drain the blood out of him. So I'm thinking the whatever took a bunch of the guy's blood with it. And I haven't been a nerd for a very long time! Hello dating a guitarist, - or I - was.

**Buffy** Tell me about this symbol.

**Willow** *takes out a yellow napkin and unfolds it* Right, it was carved into his chest, like a big creepy eye.

**Xander** *looks at her drawing* It's kind of the CBS logo. Hey, could this be the handiwork of one Mr. Morley Safer?

**Buffy** I'm telling you I've seen this somewhere before, I just can't remember where! I mean, it's like...

**Giles** It's the end of the world.

**All three kids** Again?

**Giles** It's ah, the earthquake, - that symbol, -yes.

**Buffy** I told you. I-I said end of the world and you're like 'poo-poo southern California, poo-poo!

**Giles** I'm so very sorry. My contrition completely dwarfs the impending apocalypse.

**Willow** No, I-it can't be. We've done this already.

**Giles** It's the end of the world, everyone dies. It's rather important really.

**Willow** So what do we do?

**Buffy** *goes and picks up a crossbow* I stop it.

*Everyone looks down on the symbol on the napkin, which blends into the same symbol on the side of a crypt.*

**Buffy** I wonder where I've seen this before? Where else? The place I spend most of my waking hours memorizing stuff of the sides of mausoleums, big freaky cereal boxes of death.

*There is a noise of stone scraping.*

*Cut to the green demon picking up the bones of a child's skeleton and putting them into a burlap sack.*

**Buffy** Door was open.

*Demon turns and roars at her. She shoots it in the shoulder with the crossbow, then throws the crossbow at it. It bats the crossbow aside and comes at her. The two of them start fighting, after a while the fight moves outside. At the end the demon picks Buffy up and slams her down on top of a grave marker. Buffy lies on the ground groaning for a moment, but when a shadow falls over her, she flips back to her feet, turns and hauls back with a hard right at : Riley who just manages to block it.*

**Riley** Wow, that flippy-thing you did...

**Buffy** *looks around* Where did it go?

**Riley** I saw it take off towards the woods.

**Buffy** And you didn't follow it?

**Riley** No weapons, no backup, you don't go after a demon that size by yourself.

**Buffy** I do.

**Riley** *pulls out a handheld radio* Yeah, well, I'm no Slayer. *To Radio Base one*, this is lilac one.

**Buffy** Lilac?

**Riley** *holds up a hand to quiet her* Confirmed sighting of an unidentified Sub-T. Mobilize patrol team for debriefing at 0800 hours.

**Radio** Copy that.

**Buffy** Very commandory : lilac not withstanding. *Riley laughs, putting his radio away* What are you doing here?

**Riley** Looking for you, she who hangs out in cemeteries.

**Buffy** *frowns and turns away* I have to : get the demon.

**Riley** Don't sweat it. We'll bag it.

**Buffy** *turns back* It's not that simple.

**Riley** Yeah, but - I really think...

**Buffy** Riley, I just... can't.

**Riley** Can't talk?

**Buffy** Can't any of it. - I can't be with you. - It's just a huge, black pit of a mistake and I can't go there again.

**Riley** Again? You've dated me before?

**Buffy** No! Look I was involved... *Sighs* You don't know what my life is like.

**Riley** But I'm dying to find out.

**Buffy** Dying being the operative word here. Okay, there is too much risk. There is too much... *Sighs* It's just doomed! And I can't do doomed **again** right now. Sorry.

**Riley** I-I don't understand where this is coming from. I know you like me. And it's not like we don't have anything in common.

**Buffy** But that's not enough.

**Riley** Buffy, I'm thrown by this, I'm confused... - But I can feel my skin humming, my hands, my every inch of me. I've never been this excited about anybody before. I'm not trying to scare you, and I'm not going to force myself on you. But I'm, by God, not going to walk away because I think it **might** not work. I don't know what's happened in your past...

**Buffy** *backs up a step* Pain, - death, - apocalypse. - None of it fun. : Do you know what a Hellmouth is? Do you have a fancy term for it? Because I went to high school on it, for three years. *Shakes her head* We do not have that much in common. This is a job to you.

**Riley** It's not just a job.

**Buffy** It's an adventure, great. But for me, it's destiny. It is something that I can't change, something that I can't escape. I'm stuck!

**Riley** You don't **have** to be. You're not in high school anymore. You **can** change things.

**Buffy** Riley, no.

**Riley** I know it may seem...

**Buffy** Riley! - My answer is no.

*She turns and walks away and he watches her go before turning and leaving himself.*

*Cut to the gang researching at Giles.*

**Giles** A Vahrall demon.

**Willow** *looking over at his book* Eew!

**Xander** I second that revulsion.

**Giles** Yes. 'Slick like gold and gird in moonlight, father of portents and brother to blight'.

**Buffy** *reading over his shoulder* Limbs with talons, eyes like knives, bane to the blameless, thief of lives.

**Cut to Riley debriefing his patrol team**

**Riley** Three meters tall, approximately 100 :120 kilograms, based on my visual analysis.

**Graham** Special hazards?

**Riley** Unknown. Probably nothing we haven't handled before. There is no pattern we can discern yet, so we got to assume that it is on a basic kill-crush-destroy.

**Cut to Buffy**

**Buffy** This thing isn't digging up the bones of a child for fun.

**Xander** Well, a demon's got some pretty hilarious ideas about fun.

**Willow** Bones of a child though. I saw that! *Pulls a book over to her and flips pages* An ancient ritual : uses the blood of a man, the bones of a child and : something called the word of Valios? I-It's all part of the sacrifice : the sacrifice of three.

**Buffy** Let me guess : ends the world.

**Willow** Well, yeah, - I-it's not big with the details, though. It doesn't say how the world ends or what the ritual entails exactly.

**Xander** The sacrifice of three... : Three people are going to die?

**Buffy** No, they won't. Because claw boy is not getting all of his ingredients. We have to find that third one, the Word of Valios, keep him from getting it.

**Willow** If he doesn't already have it. I mean, who knows where he's been?

**Cut to Riley**

**Riley** Here is one for the good guys: this thing has a pheromone signature a mile wide. Agent Gates has been working with the detection system the lab's developing.

**Forrest** *gets up* Can't tell where it's going, but I've got a bead on where it's been. *Stands next to Riley* Residual traces showing up in populated areas. The thing's not shy.

**Riley** We're going out in civies, day clothes only guys. Weapons stowed in packs, keep 'em out of sight til nightfall. Remember this isn't a capture, it's a kill.

**Forrest** *as the meeting breaks up* Get your quadrant assignment from me. We'll blanket the town.

**Cut to Buffy**

**Buffy** I'll check the magic shop. See if they've heard of a book called the word of Valios. *Puts on her coat* Willow, Xander, how about the book archives at the museum?

**Xander** We'll stop at my place on the way, get some weapons, and I'll change into something that isn't quite as anchovy scented.

**Buffy** You guys this thing takes wicked very seriously. Be careful. I couldn't stand anybody getting hurt.

*Cut to a stake clamped to the edge of a table. Camera pans up to reveal Spike standing on a chair before it his arms spread wide.*

**Spike** Good bye, Dru. See you in hell.

*He lets himself fall forward just as Willow and Xander walk in. He turns in the air to look at them and misses the stake, smashing the table.*

**Willow** What are you doing?

**Spike** *picks himself up* Bloody rot. Can't a person knock?

**Willow** What were you doing?

**Xander** You were trying to stake yourself!

**Spike** Fag off! - It's no concern of yours.

**Xander** Is, too. For one thing that's my shirt you're about to dust. For another, we've shared a lot here. You should have trusted me enough to do it for you.

**Willow** Xander!

**Xander** What? He wants to die, I want to help.

**Willow** It's ooky. We know him, we can't just let him poof himself!

**Spike** Oh, but you can. You know I'd drain you drier than the Sahara if I had half a chance. And besides, I'm beyond pathetic. Stuck in this basement washing skivvies for a blighter I wouldn't have bothered to bite a few months ago.

**Xander** *in the process of changing* Hey!

**Spike** I mean, am I even remotely scary anymore? Tell me the truth.

*Willow just looks at him and he jumps at her, curling his hands into claws.*

**Willow** Well, the shirt is kinda : not very threatening : and the short pants, but you know it could also be because I know you can't bite, which I guess isn't really what you need to hear right now, is it?

**Spike** Stop, please, just clear out.

**Xander** Fine. But you break anything else while we're gone and you'll be sleeping in the garage, buster.

**Willow** We can't leave him here like this! We'll have to take him with us to the museum.

**Spike** Oh, you go on. I won't do anything. I feel better now. Promise.

**Xander** *puts an arm around Spike's shoulder as they walk towards the steps* Think of the happy. If we don't find what we're looking for, we face an apocalypse.

**Spike** Really? You're not just saying that?

*Cut to Buffy walking down the street. She sees Riley slowly walking down the street looking at a little hand-held device, and waits for him to get to her.*

**Riley** Buffy.

**Buffy** Is this really the time for Donkey Kong?

**Riley** *frowns confused* What? *Buffy looks at the thing in his hand* Oh. It, ah, takes trace readings of creatures pheromones.

**Buffy** And?

**Riley** And it's either mating season for this thing or it's moving all over town. - You know, Buffy...

**Buffy** Actually I need to go. Big bad, needs to be squished.

**Riley** *falls in beside her* Right. I'm on it, too. *Steps in front of her* It's just - this thing, this you and me thing, it's Stupid!

**Buffy** I know. Which is why we can't do it, the you and me thing.

**Riley** No, I mean you're stupid. *Buffy looks at him* I mean... : I don't mean that. : No, I think maybe I do.

**Buffy** Wow, with sweet talk like that, you'll definitely melt my reservations.

**Riley** I'm serious. You have this twisted way of looking at things, this doom and gloom mentality. You keep thinking like that and things will probably turn out just the way you expect. **Buffy starts to walk past him** You know there is nothing more dangerous than a psych-grad-student.

**Riley** *follows and steps back in front of her* Buffy, where is the bad here? *Buffy sighs and rubs her neck* It just turns out : we are even more well matched than we thought we were. I mean, you're a *sees some people walking by* : fry cook : and so am I!

**Buffy** Yeah, but you're an amateur : fry cook and I come form a long line of fry cooks that don't live past 25.

**Riley** Which is exactly the attitude I'm talking about. Look, I know the risks of what we do. I also know it's more rewarding than any other job on the planet : and fun.

**Buffy** Fun? The last person I know that believed that is in a coma right now because she had so much fun on the job.

**Riley** I'm not saying that you shouldn't take your work seriously.



**Buffy** That I should just turn my frown upside down? Is that it? I wish I could. But this isn't the kind of gig where you can just hang it up at the end of the night and snuggle with your honey.

**Riley** But why? Why can't it be?

**Buffy** Because I've tried it, okay? And every time it just fell apart. And then I get sucked right back in to the Über-evil.

**Riley** Welcome to the story of the world. Things fall apart Buffy. And evil : it comes and goes. But the way people manage is, they don't do it alone. They pull each other through. If you weren't so self involved you'd see that.

**Buffy** *after a beat* You have no idea what you're talking about. You barely know me.

*She walks past him and he stays beside her.*

**Riley** I know that it's not just a job thing. I'm sure that there is some good looking guy that done you wrong in there, too. But mostly I think you want to stay down in that dark place *Buffy stops to look at him and he steps in front of her* because maybe it's safer down there.

**Buffy** You are so out of line.

**Riley** No. See I don't think so. *Puts his hands on her arms* Look, we have an opportunity here, you and me, and the fact that you're so scared to even give it a try..

**Buffy** Is my business. So why don't you just leave me alone?

**Riley** *straightens up slowly and looks at her* Fair enough. *After another moment he walks past her. Buffy closes her eyes for a moment then walks on herself.*

*Cut to Willow, Xander and Spike in front of the historical museum of Sunnydale.*

**Willow** Great. No word of Valios.

**Xander** Not even a syllable of Valios.

**Spike** Which means I'm one step closer to melting in a sea of molten hellfire, yeah?

**Willow** You shouldn't talk like that. Yeah, okay, so you can't kill anymore, but there are other fun things you can do. You'll adjust.

**Spike** *stops and turns around* Adjust? And what? End up like the two of you? No thank you.

**Xander** Here it goes. 'We can't just leave him here to stake himself! It's not right.'

**Spike** I should think you would be glad to greet the end of days. I mean, neither one of you is making much of a go at it. *Gestures at Xander* You. Kids your age are going off to University, you've made it as far as the basement. And Red here, - you couldn't even keep dog-boy happy. You can take the loser out of high school, but...

**Willow** I see what you're doing. You're trying to get us to dust you.

**Spike** Am not! I just don't want pity from geeks more useless than I am.

**Willow** We're not useless! We : we help people. We fight the forces of evil!

**Spike** Buffy fights the forces of evil. You're her groupies. She'd do just as well without you : better I'd wager, since she wouldn't have to go about saving your hides all the time.

**Xander** That is no not true! We're part of the team. She needs us.

**Spike** Or you're just the same tenth grade losers you've always been, and she's too much of a softy to cut you lose.

*Willow and Xander stand there speechless and after a moment Spike turns and walks on a satisfied grin spreading over his face.*

*Cut to Giles looking through a book. He finds a picture of the Word of Valios which turns out to be a 15th century talisman.*

**Giles** Oh : as usual : dear.

*Goes to dig through his chest, pulls out a box filled with necklaces and talismans and pulls out the Word of Valios. Three Vahral demons attack him.*

*Cut to Buffy walking into Giles house.*

**Buffy** What happened?

**Giles** *looking beat up, is sitting on the couch next to Xander* It's my fault. I should have known.

**Buffy** Giles...

**Giles** The Word of Valios : is the name of a talisman : not a book. I blame myself entirely. I had it here.

**Xander** You had it here? Okay, first I thought you were being too hard on yourself, but...

*Willow brings some ice wrapped into a dishtowel and Giles presses it against his head.*

**Giles** Oh, thank you. I bought it at a sorcerer's estate sale. I really only glanced at it once. I thought it was a knock off.

**Buffy** Well, they have it. And they probably have their sacrifices by now, too.

**Giles** They're on their way to perform the sacrifice now.

**Buffy** On their way where? You found out what the ritual is for?

**Giles** The Hellmouth. They are going to open the Hellmouth. - The one in the library.

*The guys look at each other then Buffy gets up.*

**Buffy** Looks like we're going back to high school.

*Cut to the gang walking up to the ruins of Sunnydale High with the moon almost full in the sky above it.*

**Buffy** *as they enter* Be careful you guys, the place doesn't look too stable.

**Spike** Fine by me. Hope we all go under.

**Buffy** Why is he even here. It's not like he can fight!

**Willow** If we leave him alone, he'll stake himself.

**Buffy** And that's bad because...? - Fine. Whatever. Just keep him out of the way. I do **not** have time for this. *Sighs* Okay, when we get to the library keep a look out for victims they're keeping alive for the sacrifice. Getting them out is the first priority.

**Willow** Will do.

**Buffy** *takes a deep breath* Okay : you guys ready?

**Xander** Lets rock and roll.

**Spike** *mocking Xander* Lets rock and roll.

*Cut to them waking down a burnt up and tattered hallway.*

**Xander** Sunnydale High. These walls : if they were still walls, what stories they could tell. *Steps on something squishy* Eew! *Everyone turns to look at him* Mayor meat. Extra crispy.

*They walk on.*

**Willow** I think we're near the library.

*Cut to them entering what used to be the library. There is a big hole where the floor used to be. We hear a growling chanting going on.*

**Willow** Whoa. Check out the new floor plan.

*Three Vahral demons are standing around a fissure in the floor.*

**Buffy** Three of them.

**Willow** I don't see any sacrifice people.

**Buffy** They must be around here somewhere. The ritual is not finished. And it's not gonna be.

*Buffy jumps down into the hole and attacks the three demons. One of them drops the bottle with the blood and Xander hurries over to pick it up before any of the demons can get it.*

**Xander** The blood! - Get the talisman. They can't do the ritual.

*Buffy keeps waling on the three demons. Willow darts in and pulls the sack with the bones out of one of the demon's hands.*

**Willow** I've got the bones! *She tosses them to Xander* Here!

*Xander tosses them right back to her as he is attacked by one of the Vahrall.*

**Xander** *as the demon keeps beating him in the stomach* You've got the wrong man, dude. I've had a lot of practice with my lunch money.

*Willow tosses the bag of bones to Spike, who is sitting by the edge of the hole watching the fight.*

**Willow** Spike!

**Spike** *catches the bones and sees one of the Vahrall coming for him* Right, perfect.

*Buffy is fighting one demon, Xander another and the last is beating up on Spike. The one fighting Xander gets a*

*hold of the bottle of blood, turns and jumps into the Hellmouth.*

**Xander** Okay, I guess I won. *The earth begins to shake* The demons! They **are** the sacrifice!

*Spike finally has enough of getting beaten on. He hauls back, screams and hits the demon with all his might, then puts his hand to his head, but there is no pain.*

**Spike** No pain! *He hits the demon again* I can hurt a demon!

*He vamps out and starts to make up for all the violence he's missed out on, having a great old time.*

**Spike** *as the demon finally drops* That's right. I'm back. And I'm a BLOODY ANIMAL! Yeah!

*Spike picks up the Vahrall, not noticing that it has just gathered up the sack of bones and lifts it high above his head.*

**Xander** No!

**Willow** Spike, not in the hole!

*Spike throws the Vahrall into the Hellmouth and another bigger tremor shakes the earth.*

**Spike** What? I was helping!

**Buffy** Get out of here! The building is going to come down!

*Starting with a beam that hits Spike on the back of his head, dropping him to the ground. Xander runs over and helps him up. He and Willow help Spike out of the hole as Buffy continues to beat up on the last Vahrall demon. She even picks up a piece of wood and stakes it at one point, but to little effect. As the Vahrall hauls back to hit Buffy, its arm is grabbed from behind by Riley, who pulls it around and starts to beat up on it.*

**Buffy** *still on the floor* Don't let it jump into the Hellmouth!

*The Vahrall grabs Riley and throws him across the room. Riley gets right back up only to get dropped by a hard kick to his stomach. Buffy is back up and waling on the demon. Riley gets back up and the beat up on it in tandem for a moment before Buffy kicks it across the room. A beam drops on Riley and while Buffy is distracted the Vahrall picks up the talisman and slides headfirst into the Hellmouth.*

**Buffy** I'm going in.

**Riley** *hooks a cable to her belt* You're coming back out. *Buffy runs and dives into the Hellmouth. We get a shot of the demon falling. A shot of Riley and the cable being pulled from a round box on his belt. A shot of Buffy falling. A shot of Riley wrapping the cable around a piece of rebar sticking out of some broken concrete. The cable stops being pulled out and Riley starts to pull Buffy back up while the earth is shaking again. Buffy's arm hooks over the edge of the hole and Riley hurries forward and helps her climb out of the hole. Buffy is holding on to the*

*demon with her left hand and Riley helps her to pull it out of the Hellmouth.*

**Riley** Buffy.

*The Vahrall demon slumps down dead and the earth stops shaking.*

*Cut to Riley and Buffy walking up to where Willow, Xander and Spike are waiting for them in the hallway.*

**Riley** Well, hey! Willow : and Xander, right? Jeez, what are the chances, huh? *Looks at Buffy for help, but she just folds her arms and looks down* Yeah, I was just passing by when I thought I heard people inside.

**Willow** Passing by in your GI Joe outfit?

*Riley looks down at himself.*

**Buffy** *suppressing a smile* No offence, but you do look wicked conspicuous.

**Riley** I do? But it's... : Paintball! Yeah, I was playing paintball. And then the aftershocks...

**Xander** So you're one of the commando guys, huh?

**Riley** *laughs* Oh, no, no, no, no. Commando? No, I mean... *Notices Spike* Don't I know you?

**Spike** Me? *Affecting a bad Texan accent* No. No, sir. I'm just an old pal of Xander's here.

**Riley** Oh. That's nice.

*Buffy walks out and Riley and the others follow.*

**Xander** *to Willow* It's kinda weird being back, isn't it?

**Willow** *looking at the burnt out hallway* Yeah. Everything seems so small : and more charred and ruined.

*Cut to Riley's dorm room the next day. He is again trying to shoot hoops with mixed success. There is a knock on the door.*

**Riley** Come in.

*Buffy sticks her head in then slowly walks in.*

**Buffy** You never called. So I didn't know...

**Riley** Oh, hey : I'm sorry. I'm just : I'm a dead man. : Secret. Highly. : Or it's supposed to be. And : and then you find out. I can deal. You're special. But last night with your friends was a disaster. I mean, could I've been **less** convincing? I was **trained** to be sneaky and stuff, and I'm like : Hi! Paintball : just passing by! I should have just given them my security code and rank!

**Buffy** You have a security code and rank?

**Riley** No. Did I just say..? *Sinks down on the end of his bed* This is so not good. *Sighs* Everybody knows about me. I'm finished. It's the end of the world.

**Buffy** *walks up to him with a smile* No, it's not.

*She leans down and kisses him.*

*Cut to Willow and Xander watching TV in his basement.*

*Spike walks up to stand right in front of the screen and the two of them sway to one side in an effort to see around him.*

**Spike** What's this? Sitting around watching the telly while there's evil still a foot. *Turns the TV off* That's not very industrious of you. I say we go out there *Rubs his hands together* and kick a little demon ass! *Xander and Willow stare at him* What, can't go without your Buffy, is that it? To chicken? Let's find her! She is the Chosen One after all. : Come on! Vampires! Grrr! Nasty! Let's annihilate them. For justice - and for - the safety of puppies : and Christmas, right? Let's **fight** that evil! - Let's **kill** something! *Fade to black* Oh, come **on!**

## A New Man

Transcribed by **Joseph B**

Written by **Jane Espenson**

Directed by **Michael Gershman**

### Disclaimer

*This is a transcript intended for anyone who cannot watch BTVS for whatever reason, to enjoy, as well as those who think transcripts are just cool, and as reference material for fanfic writers. Buffy and all copyrighted characters are the product of Joss Whedon and I have nothing but respect for him and those whose hard work is put into bringing us a great show. I did this of my own free time and will never make a dime from it.*

*Now let me add. If you are looking at this transcript, save it, copy it, send it to your friends. Unlike other transcribers, who I have nothing but respect for, if you see any mistakes that might be in this transcript, feel free to correct them, or if you just want to personalize it to suit yourself, by all means. Hell I do it.*

### Prologue

*Fade in to room 214 in Stevenson Hall. It is night. Soft music is playing. Interior is dark except for Buffy's bedside lamp, and Riley and Buffy can be seen lying on her bed, above the covers (fully dressed), but to say they were only "making out" would be like saying the sun is only kinda bright. You hardly need to hop to reach the conclusion they're headed for.*

**Riley** *between kisses* We're not expecting anyone, are we?

**Buffy** Willow said she was going to be at the science library all night.

**Riley** Is that right?

*They resume. On the brink of Steven Bochco territory, Riley slips his hand up the back of Buffy's shirt and begins to lift it but Willow pisses off most of the male viewers, as well as some of the female viewers, by barging into the room, breaking the mood.*

**Buffy** Uh, apparently not.

*Buffy stands up and straightens her shirt.*

**Willow** *worried* We got trouble.

**Buffy** *serious* What is it?

**Willow** I was in the rec room. It came through the window.

**Riley** Vampire?

**Willow** Vampires don't breathe fire.

*Cut to hallway, first floor. Buffy, Willow, and Riley round*

*the corner. Buffy is carrying a rifle-size crossbow.*

**Riley** I should call for backup.

**Buffy** No time.

*She hands him the crossbow and motions him down the adjacent hall and he splits from them towards the other door into the rec room. Buffy arms herself with a stake from her bag. She does not look happy as she and Willow head for the door.*

**Buffy** We have to make this fast. I have better things to do tonight than kill.

*Opens the door and steps inside the rec room which is in total darkness. A second later the lights come up and we and Buffy see that it is a surprise party for her 19th birthday (says the large banner hanging across the ceiling) and a crowd of people yelling:*

**Everybody** SURPRISE!!!

*Which Buffy is and quickly hides her stake. Riley rushes in through the door on the other side of the room, but attention is on Buffy so he hides the crossbow without anybody noticing it. In the crowd we see Xander Harris, Anya, Rupert Giles, and several other faces (we might recognize as extras from previous seasons).*

**Willow** *smiling* Guess you won't be killing anything tonight, after all.

**Buffy** *sly grin* Don't be so sure.

*Wolf's howl.*

### Part One

*Fade in to the party, well on its way. The table is lined with cake, snacks, punch, etc. Pan to Giles, Xander, and Anya gathered around the soccer table. Giles has a paper plate with cake and a cup of punch. He's talking around a mouthful of cake as Xander and Anya listen to him.*

**Giles** Yeah, this is a lively space. It's like the activity room we had at public school.

*Two male students move in on the soccer table and Giles picks up his cup and steps away.*

**Giles** Sorry chuckles I, uh, one time I, uh, I was up to a little bit of a prank with the dart board—

**Anya** *to Xander* I'm bored. Let's eat.

**Xander** sternly Anya, we've talked about this.

**Anya** *to Giles* I'm sorry, that was rude. Please continue your story. *seems proud of herself as she looks to Xander then quietly* Hopefully it involves treacle and a headmaster.

**Giles** *not amused* Go and eat.

*Anya hurries off and Xander gives Giles an apologetic look before following.*

*Dissolve to later. Giles is sitting in a chair against the wall, alone, looking a bit uncomfortable as the party continues around him. Willow walks up to him with another paper plate of cake.*

**Willow** *handing him the plate* Giles! Hi. Are you having a good time?

**Giles** *standing* Yes. Yes. There's, uh, a lot of new faces here, aren't there?

**Willow** Yeah. Mostly kids from the dorm. A couple of Riley's friends.

*Buffy walks up with Riley.*

**Buffy** *happy* Hi, Giles.

**Giles** Buffy. Happy Birthday.

*He balances his plate and cup to let her hug him.*

**Buffy** Thank you.

**Giles** *smiling* Nineteen. It's hard to believe, isn't it?

**Buffy** There's somebody here I want you to meet. Uh, this is Riley Finn *he steps forward and Giles needs to put down his plate to shake his hand . . . my boyfriend.*

**Riley** *as Giles gives Buffy a surprised look* It's very nice to meet you, Mr. Giles. Did you help plan this? It was quite a surprise.

**Giles** *to Riley* The first of many. Uh, been . . . dating long?

**Buffy** Giles was the librarian at my high school.

**Riley** Ah, I've seen the library. It's gone down hill since you left.

**Giles** *chuckling* Yes. I-I-I'm embarrassed to say that I actually miss it at times.

**Riley** So, you're retired?

**Giles** *frowns* I'm sorry?

**Riley** Or . . . you're working somewhere else now?

**Giles** *slightly embarrassed* Well, not, uh . . . sort of between projects, uh, right now, uh, it's a personal—

**Buffy** Oh! Oh, look. Giles has no cake.

**Riley** Oh, here. Here, I'll get you a piece.

*He hurries off to make the cake run. Willow must have already moved on because Buffy and Giles are alone. Giles still seems to be recovering.*

**Buffy** Oh, he's just nervous. But this is so nice. Having everyone together for my birthday. Of course, you could smash in all my toes with a hammer and it will still be the bestest Buffy Birthday Bash in a big long while.

**Giles** Right. A-a-actually, Willow a-a-and Xander did all the planning. I'm not sure I would have gone with the surprise party. *smiles* You know, you have enough things jumping out at you in the dark.

**Buffy** Professor Walsh says that adrenaline is like exercise but without the exorbitant gym fees.

**Giles** *a beat* Very whitty.

**Buffy** You should meet her. She's absolutely the smartest person I've ever met.

**Giles** *feeling a bit slighted* Perhaps we should have invited Professor Walsh to the party? *takes of sip of punch*

**Buffy** Oh, no. I mean, she's like forty. She's got better things to do than hang out with a bunch of kids.

*Giles feels even more out of place, but Buffy doesn't pick up on his discomfort. Riley returns with another piece of cake and hands it to him.*

**Riley** Here you go, sir.

*On Giles' expression cut to—*

*—exterior of Harris home, next day. A plain looking one-story house.*

*Cut to interior of the basement: abode de Xander. Spike is seen walking back and forth as if looking for something to pack in his bag, cigarette in his mouth. Xander is standing on the other side of the room and Anya is lounging on the recliner, browsing a comic book.*

**Xander** *impatiently* You own nothing. This shouldn't be taking so long.

**Spike** Hang on. Let a fella get organized.

*Spike sees a radio and picks it up.*

**Xander** That's my radio!

**Spike** And you're what? Shocked and disappointed? I'm evil!

**Anya** *putting comic aside* So, what kind of place are you looking for?

**Spike** I don't know. Maybe a crypt. Some place, you know, dark and dank. But not as dark and dank as this.

**Anya** Heh. It's pretty depressing, isn't it?

**Spike** I've known corpses with a fresher smell. In fact, I've been one. *flicks is cigarette away*

**Xander** That's it! Let's go.

*Xander marches to him about ready to drag his ass out.*

**Anya** Wait. *gets up and unplugs the tall three-head lamp and brings it over to him* I want to give you something for your new place.

**Xander** That's my lamp.

*Xander takes it back from her and returns it to its original spot.*

**Anya** A gift is traditional. I've read about it.

**Xander** That's among friends. With bitter enemies we don't give them my lamp.

**Spike** It's not gonna have electricity anyway. It's a crypt, remember?

**Anya** What about running water? A fridge to keep your blood fresh?

**Spike** *a beat* No.

**Anya** Well, that's gotta suck. You should just get a hotel room or something.

**Spike** *considers* Demon girl's got a point. I need fresh blood. If I had a few bob for a room with an honor bar—  
**Xander** Out! Before I get the Slayer over here to kick your ass out!

**Spike** *sighs, picks up his long coat* Don't know why she didn't come. Say good-bye, shed a few tears.

**Xander** Well, she has an appointment with somebody who's actually still **scary**!

*Cut to Professor Walsh's office. Walsh is sitting behind her desk and has a serious expression on her face.*

**Walsh** So, the Slayer.

**Buffy** Yeah. That's me.

*Buffy is sitting in front of Walsh's desk, looking a tad nervous, with Riley standing slightly behind her left shoulder.*

**Walsh** We thought you were a myth.

**Buffy** Well, you were myth-taken. *smiles but sees that neither are gonna laugh and stops*

**Walsh** And to think all that time you were sitting in my class. Well, most of those times. I always knew you could do better than a B minus. Now I understand your energies were directed in the same places as ours, in fact. It's only our methods that differ. We use the latest in scientific technology and state-of-the-art weaponry and you, if I understand correctly, poke them with a sharp stick.

**Buffy** Well, it's more effective than it sounds.

**Walsh** Oh, I'm, heh, quite sure of that. As I'm just as sure that we can learn much from each other. I'm working on getting you clearance to come into the Initiative. I think you'll find the results of our operation most impressive. Agent Finn here, alone, has killed or captured—how many is it?

**Riley** *note of pride* Seventeen. Eleven vampires, six demons.

**Buffy** Oh . . . Wow. *trying to sound impressed* I mean, that's . . . seventeen.

**Walsh** What about you?

**Buffy** Me?

**Walsh** How many hostiles would you say you've slain? *Glancing back and forth between them, Buffy is considering, and from her expression we—*

*Cut to Giles's apartment. He's dusting inside one of his book cases. He stops as he suddenly remembers something. He holds the feather duster between his teeth and takes an old tome from the shelf. He opens it and sits down on a cushion footrest. He reads then does a calculation with his fingers. He removes the featherduster.*

**Giles** "Third new moon after the . . . nine-hundredth feast of Delthrox." Oh, *stands up* crap.

*Cut to moments later. Giles is at his work desk gathering supplies and putting them in his bag as he talks on the*

*phone.*

**Giles** No, we can't wait for her, Willow. The demon Prince Barvain is going to rise tonight. Well—Where is she, exactly?

*Cut to UC Sunnydale campus. Still daylight. Buffy and Riley are walking outside approaching a large flowing fountain. Riley has a stunned expression on his face.*

**Riley** Wow.

**Buffy** Those are my best stories. And I didn't tell you the "Buffy breaks her butt" stories.

**Riley** But you've killed a— You did the thing with that— Uh, you drowned. And the snake! Not to mention the . . . daily . . . slayage of *pause* Wow.

**Buffy** It's no big, really. *cheerfully* Hey, who wants ice cream!

**Riley** Buffy. When I saw you stop the world from, you know, ending . . . I just assumed that was a big week for you. Turns out I suddenly find myself . . . needing to know the plural of "apocalypse".

*They've rounded the fountain and continue walking.*

**Buffy** Look. If you've been fighting since you were fifteen you'd have a hefty resume too.

**Riley** *shocked* Fifteen!?

**Buffy** *winces* I know, "wow." The point is, that, that we have different amounts of experience. You know. And plus, I do have that whole preternatural Slayer strength deal.

**Riley** *nodding* I've seen. Don't get me wrong. The girls I grew up with could hold their own. But . . . I'm not even sure I could take you.

*Buffy stops and looks up at him.*

**Buffy** That all depends on your meaning.

*Riley smiles down at her.*

*Cut to Professor Walsh's office. She is standing behind her desk busy looking over some papers. There is a knock on the door.*

**Walsh** Yeah?

*The door opens and Giles steps inside.*

**Giles** Professor Walsh, I presume. You're hard to find. These—these halls are quite the labyrinth. I felt like The-seus and the Minotaur in the . . . labyrinth.

**Walsh** *a beat* Can I help you with something, Mr. . . . ?

**Giles** Giles. Rupert. *walks over and offers his hand, Walsh shakes it* I'm looking for Buffy Summers. I'm, uh, a friend of hers. And I was her high school librarian.

**Walsh** I'm sorry, Buffy's not here. But if I see her . . . *Giles is looking at Walsh's framed credentials hanging on the wall.*

**Giles** Buffy's been very influenced by your cause. She quotes you quite often. *smiles* Sometimes she sounds like an introductory textbook herself.

*Walsh walks past him to put something in the file cabinet next to him.*

**Walsh** *returning to her desk* I don't lecture from the text book. But I'm glad she's inspired by the material. She's bright. All she's really been lacking is encouragement in the academic sect.

**Giles** Oh, uh, I think it's best if-if. . . if we let a young person find their own strengths. If you lead a child by the hand then they'll never find their own footing.

**Walsh** And if it's true about hiking, ergo, it must be true about life.

**Giles** *removing his glasses to polish them with a handkerchief* That's not, uh . . . I'm just saying Buffy is, uh, well she's not the typical student. Once you get to know her, she's a very unique girl. I hope you're not going to push her.

**Walsh** I think I do know her. And I have found her to be a unique woman.

*Walsh rounds to the front of her desk to sit in a chair facing him.*

**Giles** "Woman." Of course. How wrong of me to choose my own words.

**Walsh** She's very self-reliant, very independent—

**Giles** Exactly!

**Walsh** —which is not always a good thing. *this causes Giles to pause* I think it can be unhealthy to take on adult roles too early. What I suspect I'm seeing is a reaction to the absence of a male role model.

**Giles** *squinting* Absence?

**Walsh** *standing* Buffy clearly lacks a strong father figure.

*Giles is speechless. Walsh decides to end the conversation.*

**Walsh** I'm sorry, I have things to do. I'll tell Buffy her **friend** was looking for her.

*Walsh moves back behind her desk to continue working and off Giles' slighted expression we—*

*Cut to a cemetery at night. Xander and Willow are at Giles' sides. They are walking in a quick pace to keep up with him.*

**Willow** This prince/demon guy was supposed to rise at sunset so aren't we, like, late?

**Giles** Of course if I hadn't had to search the globe for our Miss Summers and do battle with that harridan. . . .

**Xander** And if you hadn't gotten lost on campus afterwards . . .

**Giles** Never mind. I'll just have to take care of it myself. I've vanquished a few demons in my day without her. Of course, it wouldn't surprise me if we're entirely too late. Demon on the loose, carnage everywhere.

*They've reached a large mausoleum and step inside through the wrought iron gate.*

*Cut to interior shot of them opening the inner door walking down the foyer steps. They see the place is in order, except for a lot of cobwebs decorating the walls.*

**Xander** Your better demons will clean up after themselves.

**Giles** *confused* I don't understand. *moves to the center of the chamber, scanning with his flashlight* Umm, there should be ruptured earth and-and broken stone. Oh, well, apparently it hasn't happened yet. A bit of luck.

*Giles sets his bag down on the floor and opens it to begin pulling out his supplies.*

**Willow** Or, you know what I bet? I-I bet the Initiative took care of it.

**Giles** Who?

**Xander** Oh, Riley and his guys. Probably all over it.

**Willow** Yeah. It has that "too neat" look. They must have cleaned up the place.

*Giles is looking at them, at a lost.*

**Giles** What?

**Willow** Oh, they read hot spots. Areas of otherworldly energy. *looking around* They must've picked this place up days ago.

*Giles stands up and faces them.*

**Giles** Stop, both of you. Uh, what, uh . . . What are you talking about? W-what's the Initiative? What. . . what on earth does it have to do with Buffy's new boyfriend? *Giles raises the flashlight almost to their faces as Willow and Xander exchange a nervous glance.*

**Willow** You know. I'm sure you know. Riley's one of the commandos.

**Giles** *exasperated* What?! Well that's marvelous, isn't it? *turns away in a fit* Here I am, spent weeks trying, uh, t-to get a single scrap of information about our mysterious demon collectors and no one bothers to tell me that Buffy's dating one of them?! *faces them* Who else knows?

**Xander** No one. No one else knows this. *pauses* Anya, and that's it!

**Willow** *sheepishly* And Spike.

**Giles** Ssspike?! Spike knew?

**Xander** Only the basic stuff. You know, that Riley is a commando and Professor Walsh is in charge.

**Giles** *furious* Professor Walsh!? That fishwife!?

**Willow** You know, she's actually not that bad once you get to— *sees Giles' look* So, th-the demon is probably a little late. W-we'll just, you know—

**Giles** Oh, forget it. Go on. You two clear off. I'll just stay a little longer just in case.

**Willow** You sure? 'Cause we can stay.

**Giles** No. Go.

*Eager to escape his wrath, Willow and Xander beat feet out. Giles sits down on a stone bench in silence for a few*

*seconds.*

**Giles** Who am I kidding?

*He stuffs his supplies back in his bag and hurries to the door.*

**Giles** *muttering* Nothing is gonna happen.

*He leaves closing it behind him and all is quiet for a moment. Then we see the back of a man wearing a gray trench coat step into the frame looking at the closed door.*

**Ethan** I wouldn't say that. *cut to front closing shot of Ethan Rayne* I wouldn't say that at all. In fact, Ripper, old mate, I'd say something rather interesting was about to hap—

*Shot of the door opening again and Giles shining the flashlight inside.*

**Giles** Did someone—?

**Ethan** *caught* Oh, bugger! I thought you'd gone!

## Part Two

*Just as we left things. Giles is stepping down to Ethan's level. He doesn't look happy to see the other English man.*

**Giles** Ethan Rayne. You have no idea how much thrashing you is gonna improve my day.

*Ethan tries to bolt past Giles, but Giles clubs him in the gut with the flashlight and Ethan falls forward. Giles jerks him back up and is ready pummel him, raising a fist. Ethan has his hands up to ward off attack.*

**Ethan** *scared* No, no, no! Wait! Hang on! You-you can beat the crap out of me. Go ahead, I can't stop you! *Giles cocks back his fist* Or-or you can listen to what I have to say. Find out what's going on.

**Giles** What are you talking about?

**Ethan** Something bad is happening. Bad for both of us.

**Giles** Bad for you. *cocks fist again*

**Ethan** No, no, no! Listen! You have to listen! You're going to need time to prepare!

*From Giles' "ready to kick Ethan's ass" expression we— Cut to a bar. Dimly lit, slight honky tonk feel to it. Juke box playing music in the background. Ethan and Giles are sitting at a booth as a waitress is serving them their draft beers. Ethan is removing his coat.*

**Ethan** Brilliant! Now isn't this more fun than kicking my ass?

**Giles** No.

**Ethan** Oh. It's more fun for me.

*Waitress moves away.*

**Giles** *raising his glass* Just tell me what you want to tell me.

**Ethan** *mock hurt* Oh, so crass. We used to be friends, Ripper. When did all that fall apart?

**Giles** The same time you started to worship chaos.

**Ethan** Oh, religious intolerance. Sad, there. I mean, just look at the Irish troubles. *annoyed, Giles starts to rise to leave* Oh, hang on, I'll tell ya. *Giles settles down again* Something happening in the darkworlds. It's always been rumors out there but . . . only one thing's coming through clear.. That something's harming demons and it's not the Slayer. Know anything about it?

**Giles** *takes a drink* What are they saying?

**Ethan** Heh, you know demons. It's all exaggeration and blank verse. "Pain as bright as steel" things like that.

They're scared. There's something called "314" that's got them scared most of all. The kind of scared that turns to angry. I know we're not particularly fond of each other, *Giles chuckles scoffingly* Rupert. But we are a couple of old mystics. This knew outfit, it's blundering into new places it doesn't belong. It's throwing the worlds out of balance. And that's way beyond chaos, mate. We're headed quite literally for one hell of a fight. *Cut to close up of Buffy throwing jabs at the camera.*

*High shot: we see she is sparring with Riley on workout mats, circling each other. He's dressed in sweats and a T-shirt. Buffy's in a white long sleeve shirt and blue jeans, with a scarf wrapped over her long flowing hair. She throws a few more jabs and he blocks them and counters with a one-two combo Buffy easily ducks under. They continue to circle. Buffy launches three round-kicks in quick succession. He blocks the first two then sidesteps the third gets up behind her and wrapping his arms around her.*

**Riley** *smiling* Are you pulling back?

**Buffy** *grinning* Are you?

**Riley** *shrugs* Maybe a little.

*Buffy suddenly spins out of the hold and Riley is thrown off his feet, spinning before hitting the mat on his back. He looks up. Buffy is smiling down at him.*

**Buffy** Maybe a little, too.

*Riley smiles and kicks himself to his feet. They begin to circle again.*

**Riley** I'll go all out if you will.

**Buffy** Are you sure?

**Riley** *serious* Here we go.

*Riley steps in with a combination of hard swinging hooks that Buffy is quick to block. She ducks under his last punch and captures his legs in a scissor hold and takes him down with her. Riley quickly rolls out of her legs and scrambles to his feet. Buffy is quicker and is waiting for him. She hits him in the chest with a side kick that launches him into the air. He flies across the room over a gymnastic pommel horse and lands on a thick fall cushion. The impact upsets another large cushion leaning against the wall and it falls on top of him.*



*Cut to Buffy. Shocked expression at what she did.*

**Buffy** Riley!

*She runs over to him and tosses the cushion off of him.*

**Buffy** Are you hurt?

*Riley sits up, hand on his chest. He looks winded. Definitely humbled.*

**Riley** I, uh, groans I don't think so.

**Buffy** I'm so sorry. I-I didn't mean to, uh—

**Riley** sounds unsure It's fine. I'm good.

*Riley offers a slight grin and Buffy seems to feel better.*

*Cut back to Giles and Ethan. Everything is almost the same except that their table is cluttered with glasses and shot glasses, mostly empty, and they are both stinky drunk. They seem on the verge of passing out.*

**Giles** faltering voice You know what gets me? This is what gets me. Twenty years I've been fighting demons. Maggie Walsh and her Nancy-ninja boys come in and six months later, demons are pissing themselves with fear. They never even noticed me.

**Ethan** drunkenly Who's Maggie Walsh?

**Giles** Oh, she's awful. She said I was an absent male role model. Absent my ass. I'm twice the man she is.

**Ethan** OS You know you're really very attractive.

**Giles** Hm?

*He sees that Ethan is talking to the waitress, who is serving them another round. He starts writing something on a piece of paper.*

**Ethan** Here's my name and number. *hands it to her* You give me a call, I'll show you a good time.

**Waitress** unimpressed Yeah, thanks.

*She departs.*

**Giles** We gotta face it, we've changed. We'll not you . . . you're still sadistic and self-centered.

**Ethan** toasting himself Here's to me.

**Giles** The world has past us by. Someone snuck in and left us a couple of has-beens in our place. This Initiative, I mean, their methods may be causing problems, but they're getting the job done. Where am I? I'm an unemployed librarian with a tendency to get knocked on the head.

**Ethan** Well, we won't have to worry about that anymore now, mate. *serious tone* When you went to the loo I slipped a small pellet of poison in your drink. You'll be dead in an hour.

*Dramatic pause as the words sink in for Giles and he seems to sober.*

**Ethan** Just kidding!

*They both burst out laughing, blood alcohol returning to their high intoxicated levels.*

**Giles** calming down I'm gonna feel like hell in the morning.

**Ethan** Relax. Enjoy the night. We're just a couple of sorcerers. The night is still our time. Time of magic.

*They raise their glasses in a toast.*

**Giles** To magic.

*Cut to Tara's dorm room: dorm unknown, room number unknown. It is very dim. The walls are black and strewn with a string of white Christmas lights that give the place a mystical look. Tara is kneeling on the floor pouring white powder, sand, or salt in the design of a four-point star in a circle. Willow is holding a red rose.*

**Willow** sitting across from her I'm glad you wanted to get together. I know it's late.

**Tara** Thanks. *a beat* I was happy you called.

*Willow places the rose on top of the circled star.*

**Willow** We'll start out slow.

*Tara sits and Willow reaches her hands out to her and the blonde girl links hands with her.*

**Tara** Okay.

*Willow closes her eyes and Tara follows suit. They sit there for a few seconds in silence.*

**Tara** Willow?

**Willow** Yeah?

**Tara** eyes opening Start out slow doing what?

*Willow opens her eyes.*

**Willow** in a soft voice Oh. We're gonna float the rose. Then use the majiks to pluck the petals off, one at a time. It's a test of synchronicity. Our minds have to be perfectly attuned to work as a single delicate implement.

**Tara** a moment, then smiles Cool.

**Willow** And it should be very pretty.

*They hold hands again and close their eyes. They are in deep concentration and a bright light comes to life on the circled star. At the same time a soft breeze sweeps through the room and the rose starts to shudder. Slowing it begins to rise. When it is shoulder level with the girls they open their eyes and look at it. They release each other's hands.*

**Tara** softly It worked.

**Willow** softly Now for the hard part. The petals.

*They begin to concentrate again looking at the rose when the rose suddenly shoots off across the room. Surprised, they stand and watch as the rose ricochets off the walls a few times and have to duck to avoid it. It finally comes straight down on the four point star and we see that it is petalless but smoking.*

**Willow** shocked What the heck was that?

**Tara** I don't know, but, uh, the petals are off. *chuckling*  
*Cut to exterior shot of Giles' apartment building, morning. Giles' Citroen is parked by the curb. Cut to interior shot, Giles' loft. An alarm buzzer goes off and we see a body moving under a sheet on the bed and the alarm is*

*shut off. Dissolve to shot of panted legs walking down the stairs.*

**Giles** yawning I feel like hell in the morning.

*We see Giles reach the landing and stop in front of a small mirror hanging on the wall while he releases a big yawn, stretching his arms. We see that Giles is a demon! Light brownish tan skin, with long horns sprouting from the sides of his forehead, curving back and around his really long, hairy, ears, ending in sharp points next to his cheeks. As he yawns he shows us a set of fangs much like a vampire's. He smacks his lips when the yawn is done and finally opens his sleepy eyes and sees his new form for the first time.*

**Giles** eyes popping wide open Uh! Wha- Wha- touching his horns No!

*Leaning closer to the mirror he puts a hand on the wall and his now clawed hand goes through it. Giles is in a state of disbelief as he pulls his hand back out and absently rests it on the stairs' banister. It's instantly rip from the railing. He looks at what he did.*

**Giles** Damn!

*He takes the final steps down to the first floor and throws the banister down, where it hits a chair and shatters it. He's looking around, confused, then is struck by a thought.*

**Giles** Ethan.

*Giles' voice has taken on a low gravelly sound. He goes to pick up the phone and it shatters in his hand before he can lift it to his ear. He drops it and moves to pick up his shirt from the floor. He struggles to get into the sleeves and when he tries to shrug into it his now jutting, ridged, spine rips it down the middle.*

**Giles** grimacing Oh, and I liked that shirt!

*He trades the shredded shirt for a thick flannel blanket and wraps it around his shoulders as he heads for the door. He grabs the handle and the door comes off its hinges, but Giles is beyond caring at this point and steps outside.*

*Cut to Buffy. She and Willow are having breakfast in the Rocket Cafe on campus. We haven't seen Buffy in this good a mood in such a long time it's almost scary. She is happily stacking her pancakes on her plate.*

**Buffy** I like pancakes 'cause they're stackable. *looks at Willow's plate* Ooo, and waffles 'cause you can put things in the little holes if you wanted to.

**Willow** laughing You should always have a new boyfriend. You're so much fun right now.

**Buffy** Hey. I didn't hear you come in last night. Where were you?

**Willow** quickly The chem lab, by myself. *a beat* I-I was trying this new spell; floating a rose, when all of a sudden *motions with fork* zing, zing, zing! Like all over the

room. It was like a rose-based missile.

**Buffy** Yikes.

**Willow** I know. I think there's something out there. I-I felt this presence.. This dark majiks energy blocking the spell. It's new.

**Buffy** Someone else doing majiks?

**Willow** Maybe. If so, it's someone pretty powerful.

**Buffy** Hmm. I'll tell Giles about it. Or maybe I'll tell Maggie. She seemed kind of interested in learning the mystical side of the whole demon hunting biz.

**Willow** Tell Giles. He's feeling a little hurt right now. *Buffy frowns in question* How come you never told him about Riley being a commando?

**Buffy** I did. *Willow shakes her head* I didn't?

**Willow** He says no. He's feeling neglected and out-of-the-loopy.

**Buffy** Well, I didn't at first because Riley said not to. And . . . and then "meow" cat out of the bag and I-I guess I just forgot that he didn't know. *cheerfully* I'll make it up to him when I see him. Tomorrow. I'm spending today with Riley.

**Willow** Oh, yeah. I forgot that's what you always do on the days when the earth rotates.

**Buffy** smiling It's just going so well, right now. I think. *stops smiling* I hope. *grins sheepishly* I sort of kicked him across the room last night.

**Willow** Uh, that's not good.

**Buffy** Well, we were sparring and he said not to hold back. And he's a little dented. But he said he was okay with it and I think he's okay with it -do-do you think he's okay with it?

**Willow** I'm sure he is. I mean, if he's not . . . you know, you had to do it. He's right. You can't walk around pretending you're less than you are. It wouldn't be right for you to hold back.

**Buffy** Right. *frowns*

**Willow** What?

**Buffy** *a beat* I held back a little.

*Cut to Xander's basement. Giles quietly opens the door and steps inside. He walks under the clothesline of drying underwear and sees Xander sleeping in bed.*

**Giles** surprised Still asleep? (sees the clock) It's ten thirty in the morning.

*He moves forward and leans down to gently shake the bed.*

**Giles** whispering Xander. Xander, wake up.

*Groggily, Xander turns on his side and looks over his shoulder at him, eyes still closed.*

**Xander** sleepily Mom?

**Giles** No, it's not mum. Now, when you look at me . . . you may be a little alarmed but there's no need, it-it's

me. Giles. Now, Ethan has turned me into a demon and I need your help.

*Xander slowly opens his eyes.*

**Giles** Hello. Yes, it's me.

**Giles** *Xander's POV: speaking a demon language*

**Xander** AHHH!

*Xander jumps out of bed and backs away.*

**Giles** Xander, listen! Don't you understand me?

**Giles** *Xander's POV: speaking demon language*

**Xander** shouting Demon! Demon!

**Giles** *Xander's POV: speaking demon language*

**Giles** Please, don't you understand? *Xander starts grabbing pots and pans from his shelves and throws them at*

*him* No, no! Don't! Xander! Xander, calm down! Ow! You're just a little overwrought. Ow!

**Giles** *Xander's POV: growls in frustration and runs out the door*

**Xander** That's right! Run for your life!

*Cut to Giles outside in broad daylight, running across a lawn. Children are playing and Giles is stepping on their toys scattered on the grass. Kids are frightened and a mother is reaching for her child.*

**Giles** panicked Oh, God. I'm sorry!

**Mother** grabbing her child Call 911!

**Giles** running away Bloody humans!

### Part Three

*Fade in to panning evening shot of Sunnydale. Cut to courtyard of Giles' apartment building. Buffy is leading the way down the steps with Xander, Willow, and Anya.*

**Buffy** So it had pointy things. What kind of pointy things?

**Xander** The pointy kind. And tufty ears. Oh, and it might have a sauce pan shape bruise. *trails off as they stop*

**Willow** Giles will know what it . . . was.

*They see Giles' door is off its hinges leaning against the inside wall. They hurry in.*

**Buffy** Giles?

*Xander goes halfway up the stairs to check the loft.*

**Buffy** Looks like Xander wasn't the only one to get a visitor today.

**Xander** coming back down He's not upstairs.

**Willow** Oh, God, Giles.

**Buffy** Okay. There's a demon and Giles is gone. But it doesn't mean that he's hurt. I mean, there's no blood anywhere so maybe the demon just took him somewhere?

*Anya is picking up Giles' ripped shirt and holds it up for inspection.*

**Anya** mildly I think it ate him up.

*Buffy, Willow, and Xander become more worried.*

*Cut to a cemetery. Giles is lumbering through, still wrapped in his blanket, in a miserable mood. He walks past a stone mausoleum and does not notice Spike holding up a measuring tape to one of its walls. The vampire sees him and moves out behind him in a casual BMF strut.*

**Spike** Well. What do I spy with my little eye? *Giles stops* A demon. That would be . . . oh, right . . . the things I can kill.

**Giles** "why me?" tone Spike. Wonderful. A perfect end to a perfect day.

**Spike** frowning Giles?

**Giles** turning around, fists up Go on, then. Let's get on with the fighting– You understand me?

**Spike** Of course I understand you.

**Giles** I'm speaking English?

**Spike** No, you're speaking Fyarl. I happen to speak Fyarl. And . . . by the way, why the hell are you suddenly a Fyarl demon? You just come over all demony this morning?

*Spike steps back to the mausoleum, pulling out his smokes. Giles follows him..*

**Giles** As a matter of fact, I did. Thanks to Ethan Rayne. You have to help me find him. He must undo this and then he needs a . . . good being killed.

**Spike** And I'm just supposed to help you out of the evilness of my heart?

**Giles** Y-you help me and I-I don't kill you.

**Spike** Oh, tremendously convincing. Try it again without the stutter. *takes a drag*

**Giles** Money. I could pay you money.

**Spike** steps closer and flicks cig away Oh, I like money. How much?

**Giles** A h-hundred dollars.

**Spike** A hundred dollars? You'll have to do a lot better than that. Two-hundred.

**Giles** Fine.

**Spike** surprised for a second Right, then.

**Giles** Right, then.

**Spike** So what's first? *grinning* I run and tell the Slayer what you've gotten yourself into?

**Giles** No. When I find Ethan I can clear all this up without Buffy ever having to find out that anything happened to me at all.

*Giles starts out of the cemetery and Spike follows.*

*Cut to Giles' apartment. Xander is sitting at Giles' desk looking through several open books. Everyone is looking through books. Willow is holding a book for him.*

**Xander** Okay, that's a giant vulture. I'd have mentioned it if it was a giant vulture.

*Willow steps away to keep searching.*

**Willow** Buffy, even if we figure out what kind of demon got Giles –I mean, how are we gonna find it?

**Buffy** We'll figure it out. *shows a book to Xander* Oh, this one has tufty ears.

*He looks at the page and dismisses it with a wave. They all look towards the door when they hear a noise outside.*

**Willow** *whispering* What was that?

*Buffy moves quietly to the door pulling out a stake. The door moves and Buffy cocks back the stake and – It's just Riley.*

**Riley** Buffy?

**Buffy** Riley. What are you doing here?

**Riley** There were 911 calls from a couple of different places. Including here.

**Xander** You get 911 calls?

**Riley** We have a tap into the system. It flags things with possible nonhuman causes. *Xander shakes his head in dismay and continues researching* We check them out. *to Buffy* What are you doing here?

**Buffy** This is Giles' apartment. He's missing. The calls, did anyone see what did it?

**Riley** Negative. No. Neighbors just heard, you know, growling, things breaking. Sounded like a struggle.

**Willow** Poor Giles.

**Buffy** We'll get him back.

**Riley** What are you working on?

**Buffy** Uh, we have stuff. Pictures . . .

**Anya** *helpfully* We have nothing.

*Riley sees Buffy's crestfallen expression as she leans against the wall and puts his hands on her shoulders.*

**Riley** I'll help. The whole Initiative. We'll do whatever you need.

**Buffy** Thanks. I just wish I knew what I needed. I keep thinking, "let's ask Giles" and then I remember.

**Xander** He'd be great right now. He'd find himself in a second. Nobody is cooler in a crisis.

*Cut to Giles' Citroen. Giles is in the passenger seat and Spike is behind the wheel, wrestling with the gearshift. The car sounds like it's being murdered.*

**Giles** If you can't find third gear, don't try for third gear!

**Spike** I'm doing my best. I don't know if I'm driving this thing or wearing it.

**Giles** It's perfectly serviceable.

**Spike** *laughs* Funny hearing a Fyarl demon say "serviceable." Had a couple of them working for me once. They're more like "Like to crush. Crush now?" Strong though. You won't meet a jar you can't open for the rest of your life.

*Giles's growls.*

**Spike** *looks at him* What was that? Did you growl?

**Giles** No. Listen, about this Fyarl demon. Do-do I have special powers? Like setting things on fire with my sizzling eye beams?

**Spike** Well, you got the mucous thing.

**Giles** What? Mucous?

**Spike** Paralyzing mucous. Shoots out through the nose. Sets on fast. Hard as a rock. Pretty good in a fight.

**Giles** Are you making this up?

**Spike** *sly grin* Maybe. But hey, you feel a sneeze coming on, you warn me.

**Giles** *growls* Turn here.

*He slams his arm against the door for emphasis and Spike makes a left turn. The Citroen makes it's disapproval of this known with the grinding of gears..*

**Giles** Down shift! Down shift!

**Spike** Calm down, will you?

**Giles** I'm not sure I can. I feel like I'm changing.

**Spike** *sighs* Fine with me. So long as you pay me.

**Giles** *growling quality* I really like this feeling. Sort of mindless need to destroy. This anger and rage.

**Spike** Good times. Go with it.

**Giles** *almost normal voice again* No.

**Spike** Oh, it's fun. I can't do it, do it for me. Now let yourself go.

**Giles** I refuse to become a monster because I look like a monster. I have a soul. I have a conscience. I am a human being. Oh, stop the car!

*The Citroen pulls to a stop at the corner of Main Street and we see that Professor Walsh has just crossed the street. Giles hops out of the car, without his blanket, and creeps up behind her. When he's close enough he roars and waves his claws in the air. Walsh looks over her shoulder and (surprising for the evil Bitch Monster of Death) screams like a woman and runs for her life as Giles chases her down the street, pass the Espresso Pump. He stops halfway down the street but Walsh continues to flee. Giles hurries back to the car ignoring the gaping stares of a few pedestrians.*

**Giles** *closing the door* Right. Let's go, then.

*While we're still laughing our asses off, we go back to Giles's apartment. Our gang is gathered around the sofa. Xander, Willow, and Anya are sitting on the cushions and Buffy is sitting on the arm of the sofa really long couch. And Riley is standing behind it. Xander points into the book he's holding and passes it to Willow.*

**Xander** That's the thing that attacked me.

**Willow** A Fyarl demon. Sort of a foot soldier type, works for other demons lots of the times. Very strong . . . ugh! And hey, mucous.

**Buffy** Mucous?

**Riley** *cell phone beeps and he pulls it out* Agent Finn, go ahead.

**Buffy** How do I kill it?

**Willow** Silver. A weapon made of silver.

**Riley** Yes. I understand. *hangs up* The demon attacked Professor Walsh. Got out of a small, gray car. A Citroen.

**Willow** It stole Giles' car.

**Xander** Why would a demon steal a car?

**Anya** Why would a demon steal **that** car?

**Buffy** A demon that steals a car has a reason. A purpose. But it doesn't sound like these Fyarl demons are really big independent thinkers. So, Will, the spells that are going wrong . . . could they be caused by someone using majiks to control a demon? Making this Fyarl demon attack Giles?

**Willow** Yes. Yeah, that would draw in a lot of dark energy.

**Buffy** Okay. *standing* Willow, Xander: stay here. Who's ever controlling this demon may call and ask for a ransom. Give them anything they want.

**Xander** You got it.

*Rounding the couch and stepping towards Giles' desk.*

**Buffy** Riley, you and I are going to the magic shop. Maybe they needed supplies. Uh, something silver . . .

*She looks on the desk and picks up a letter opener.*

**Riley** A letter opener? It's not very sharp.

**Buffy** Then I'll have to put some muscle behind it.

*As they leave the apartment—*

*Cut to the seedy place Giles and Ethan got smashed. Spike is on a stool, his back to the bar, the same waitress standing in front of him. He throws back a shot and places the glass on the bar.*

**Spike** *suave* Two of them. English like me. But older, less attractive. One of them gave you his number.

*Quick shot of Giles sitting at the end of the bar, looking on, hidden under his blanket.*

**Waitress** I threw it out. I mean, I took one look and saw that he was staying at that rat trap. No thanks.

**Spike** Which rat trap?

**Waitress** The one by the highway. The Sunnydale Motor Inn.

**Spike** *smiles* Thank you.

*Cut to the magic shop where Buffy is kicking in its door (again). She hurries inside with Riley following, and they*

*go behind the register counter.*

**Buffy** Okay. Credit card slips, sales receipt. Help me look.

**Riley** *disapprovingly* You shouldn't have done that to the door.

**Buffy** I do not have time to play by the rules tonight.

**Riley** I have a master key. It opens every shop on Main Street.

**Buffy** Oh. Well . . . next time, absolutely.

*Buffy opens a drawer and is flipping through credit card slips.*

**Riley** I don't know what I'm looking for.

**Buffy** I do. *rips free a slip pissed, dumps the slips back in drawer and slams it* "Ethan Rayne."

**Riley** Who's that?

**Buffy** *handing it to him* Professional bad guy. He's gotta be the guy that made the demon attack Giles. *Riley's pulling out cell phone* At least we know who we're looking for.

**Riley** *into phone* Command, are you there?

**Buffy** What are you doing?

**Riley** *into phone* It's agent Finn. I need a search. Local hotel registrations matching the name Ethan Rayne. R-A-Y-N-E. Call me back. *flips it close*

**Buffy** *maybe impressed* You can do that?

**Riley** It'll take a couple of minutes.

**Buffy** Get in the car. Be ready to go.

*He starts to follow her out of the shop.*

**Riley** Buffy. *she stops to face him* Earlier, when I talked to Professor Walsh, she gave me very specific orders.

**Buffy** Yeah?

**Riley** She said when we located the demon I . . . I'm not supposed to bring you along.

**Buffy** *not missing a beat* Oh. *turns to leave*

**Riley** Uh, what are you doing?

**Buffy** *faces him* I'm going to the car.

**Riley** Buffy, I can't take you with me.

**Buffy** You're not taking me with you. I am going and I am letting you come along.

**Riley** Buffy, it's not really your call. This is a military operation now.

**Buffy** *steely* Then call out the troops. Because nothing less than that is gonna stop me. This demon did something to Giles and I'm gonna kill it.

*She leaves and Riley has no choice but to follow.*

## Part Four

*Fade in on our English demons in the Citroen. Giles is growling softly.*

**Spike** How ya feeling, mate?

**Giles** *growling quality* Like snapping necks until everyone is dead.

**Spike** Now that sounds like a Fyarl demon. Good for you.

*Shot through front of the windshield. We see a set of bright headlights pull in behind the Citroen. Spike sees this through the rearview mirror.*

**Spike** Hey, picked up a tail.

**Giles** *almost normal voice* Yes. Just a little one. It hurts when I sit.

**Spike** I mean someone is following us. Humvee. Military.

**Giles** Well speed up. Lose them.

**Spike** I got it floored. Why'd you buy this car?

**Giles** Well do something. If they catch us, we'll both end up in a lab!

**Spike** It's getting closer.

*Cut to exterior shot. A second humvee suddenly swerves in front of the first, closer to the Citroen.*

**Spike** And it's got a friend!

**Giles** Damn!

*Giles slams his arm against the door but his fist finds the window and shatters it.*

**Spike** Oh, sure! Dismantle the getaway car. That'll scare them.

**Giles** Then slow down and I'll jump out. They'll follow you.

**Spike** Hold on. These commandos. They're the same guys that are after me too.. Maybe I want you around to split their attention a bit?

**Giles** I'll pay you another hundred dollars.

*Exterior shot. Citroen screaming ass (as well as it can) around a corner and the side passenger door opens to let Giles tumble out onto the street. He rolls towards the sidewalk as the car continues and is on his feet and heading for the shadows by the time the humvees come tearing after Spike.*

*Cut to exterior shot of Sunnydale Motor Inn (which looks like the same motel Faith stayed at). Cut to interior of Ethan's room. He is busy packing his suitcase to haul ass out of town when Giles smashes through the door. Almost shitting a brick, Ethan turns and is frightened by the site of the pissed off demon growling at him. Then recognition hits.*

**Ethan** Giles?

*Ethan sees that Giles is deep in "like to crush" mode and backs away at his approach.*

**Ethan** Now- it-it- calm down! gets on the bed trying to escape It's okay. Good Giles.

*Giles reaches for him and Ethan dodges him, jumping off the bed. It seems like he might make it past him when Giles grabs him.*

**Ethan** No! No! Don't kill me!

*Practically a mindless Fyarl demon now, Giles gets him by the throat and lifts him in the air.*

**Ethan** choking I can't undo you if you kill me!

*But Giles doesn't seem to care and flings him across the room where he crashes head-first into a night stand,*

*shattering it to pieces. That's when Buffy and Riley rush in and see the situation.*

**Ethan** to Buffy You've got to stop it! It killed Ripper and now it's trying to get me!

**Buffy** *glaring at Giles, but to Riley* Don't let him go.

*Giles takes a step forward and Buffy knocks him back against the wall with a spinning back kick.*

**Buffy** *very pissed* What did you do to him? What did you do?!

*What about Spike? Oh, yeah. The humvee chase is still in progress. Spike is definitely enjoying himself as he pulls the wheel sharply to the side, making the decrepit Citroen fishtail around a corner. The humvees are still on its ass. Spike takes another sharp turn and this time the lead humvee loses control and spins out forcing the second humvee to screech to a halt before it hits it.*

**Spike** *looking in rearview mirror* You just try and stop me, you stupid jar- **CRASH!!!**

*The Citroen crashes into the side of a building. The driver's door opens and Spike staggers out.*

**Spike** I can kill demons. I can crash cars. . . . Things are looking up!

*Back to Ethan's room. Giles charges Buffy and shoves her against the wall. She retaliates with a hard right cross. Ethan, trying to escape, hits Riley with a right cross. Riley—showing considerable restraint— just grabs him and throws him against the dresser twisting his arm behind his back. Buffy is executing a jumping front kick, knocking Giles back.*

**Ethan** *watching* You're only going to make him angry.

*Which seems true as Giles just keeps getting back up no matter how many times Buffy knocks him down. Ethan tries to escape again, elbowing Riley in the face, but Riley grabs him again, slamming him into the wall before he could reach the door. Giles takes a swing at Buffy who ducks and slams several punches to his face. When Ethan takes another swing at him, Riley takes a few seconds to beat the crap out of him. He smashes an elbow into Ethan's face and punches him in the stomach. Buffy is hitting Giles in the face with a roundkick and Riley shoulder-flips Ethan to the floor, getting him in an arm lock and pressing a knee against his face.*

*Back to Buffy and Giles: she is picking up a foldable stand as Giles charges her with his large horns and traps his head in the leather straps. Swinging him around she throws him to the other side of the room. She tries to press her attack when Giles frees himself lifting his head, smashing the curve of his horn into her face, and she falls to the floor. Giles growls at her.*

*Buffy gets Giles' legs in a scissor lock and takes him down. Before he can get up, Buffy straddles his waist with the letter opener in her hand. She leans down close to him.*

**Buffy** *This is for Giles!*

**Giles** For me?

*With both hands, Buffy raises the weapon high above her head and slams it down into Giles' chest. Giles' eyes open wide. Buffy is looking into his eyes.*

**Buffy** *shocked* Oh, God! Giles!

*Buffy pulls out the letter opener.*

**Giles** *from Buffy's POV: trying to say something in Fyarl*

**Buffy** *pleading* Oh, God! Giles! Giles! I'm so—I'm so sorry! Please don't die!

**Giles** Actually, I feel quite well. Except for the rage.

*Buffy sees that Giles doesn't seem to be dying and is relieved.*

**Buffy** *to Riley* I think he's okay. I—*frowning at letter opener* is this thing real silver?

*Cut to some time later. Riley is guarding the door speaking into his cell phone. Ethan is sitting cross-legged on the floor, remnants of a spell just completed in front of him. Buffy is standing behind him holding him by the back of his collar. He's looking glum as he rests his chin on his fist.*

**Ethan** *pouting* I really got to learn to just do the damage and get out of town. It's the "stay and gloat" that gets me every time.

*Buffy nudges him with her knee and walks across the room as Riley finishes his call. We see Giles, normal again except for a very ugly silk shirt he's wearing, standing in front of the dresser mirror looking at himself. Buffy stands beside him.*

**Buffy** You okay?

**Giles** *sheepishly* Oh, um, uh, embarrassed, mostly. Ethan's wardrobe's not helping any. *faces her* Uh, how did you know it was me?

**Buffy** Your eyes. *off his look* You're the only person in the world that can look **that** annoyed with me.

*They share a touching moment. Ethan gets to his feet.*

**Ethan** Is this gonna go on much longer? I'd rather like to be going.

**Buffy** *crossing her arms* And why would I let you go?

**Ethan** *pompously* Well, maybe because you have no choice. I'm human, you can't kill me. What's a Slayer going to do to me?

*Riley steps up behind him as a couple of tough looking MP's enter the room.*

**Riley** *as Ethan is cuffed* By the authority of the US military, you're being taken into custody pending a determination of your status. *to MP* Take it from here.

*Ethan doesn't look happy as they take him out of the room. Buffy and Giles exchange a very happy look.*

**Riley** They'll, uh, take Mr. Rayne to a secret detention facility in the Nevada desert. I'm **sure** he'll be rehabilitated in no time.

**Giles** *grinning* Uh, if you don't mind, I'm just gonna —go and watch them manhandle him into a vehicle.

*He steps outside leaving Buffy and Riley alone. He steps close to her.*

**Buffy** Thanks.

**Riley** I told you I'd help.

**Buffy** You did. If I'd had gotten here any later and if Giles had killed Ethan, I . . . never would have gotten him back.

**Riley** You'd find some other way. *pause* You're really strong. Like Spider-Man strong.

**Buffy** Yeah. But I don't stick to stuff. But . . . yeah.

**Riley** And you're in charge. You're like, make the plan, execute the plan. No one giving you orders.

**Buffy** *a beat* I'm the Slayer.

**Riley** I like it.

**Buffy** *smiles* Yeah?

**Riley** But give me another . . . oh . . . week to get ready. And I'll take you down.

*Buffy gives him a slight "oh, yeah?" look and as they smile at each other we—*

*Cut to Giles' apartment the next day. Buffy is sitting on the sofa, legs curled, barefoot, with a throw pillow in her lap. She is watching Giles hook up his new cordless phone.*

**Buffy** Nice phone.

**Giles** Yes. Fabulous technology. See, if anyone has information I need to know, they can, uh, simply tell me about it. *lifts the handpiece* Through this ingenious speaking tube. I'm very excited.

*Buffy takes all this with "I deserve that" acceptance.*

**Buffy** I am sorry, Giles. I really thought I told you about Riley and the Initiative. And I know that it doesn't help. Look, I promise it won't happen again. I will tell you everything.

**Giles** *walking towards the couch, removing his glasses* Buffy, I don't want to ask you to betray any confidences, and I certainly don't want to interfere—

**Buffy** Uh-oh, you have "but-face." *Giles narrows his eyebrows at her* You look like you're gonna say "but".

**Giles** *a beat* But . . . this, um, Initiative, I'm—I'm a little concerned. Ethan's not exactly a reliable source but, um . . . I'm not sure that he's wrong about them.

*Rounds the sofa to sit down next to her.*

**Buffy** I'm not dating the Initiative. I'm dating Riley. He's a good guy.

**Giles** And I-I believe that. But he's part of something we-we don't really understand.

**Buffy** *knowingly* You sure you're not just saying this because you don't like Riley's boss?

**Giles** *as if offended* No! No. I'm not saying that at all. (considers) Though I do . . . hate her quite a lot. But

I want you to have your personal life, but . . . keep your eyes open. Make sure you know what you're getting into.

*Off Buffy's expression—*

*Cut to the underground headquarters of the Initiative.*

*Riley is walking with Walsh across the large complex. In the background we can see several lab techs and military personnel moving about as well as the two parked humvees—that were unable to catch an old grampa car.*

**Walsh** So she walks in and the rules just suddenly break?

**Riley** Umm . . . pretty much.

**Walsh** Be careful with her. She reacts on instinct. There's no discipline there. Her loyalties are uncertain. *They reach a metal security door.*

**Riley** You won't be disappointed in her. She's good at

what she does. She is the truest soul I've ever known.

**Walsh** Oh, no *chuckling* oh, no! Spontaneous poetic exclamations. Lord, spare me college boys in love.

**Riley** I'm just saying she'll work out. You'll be proud of her.

**Walsh** You want to know what I think? *pause* I think you're probably right.

**Riley smiles then moves off leaving Walsh who swipes an ID card through a keypad and steps inside the security door. Cut to interior we see Walsh walk a short distance down a white corridor and punch a code into another keypad and slide the ID card through again. The door she is standing in front of unlocks and she opens it and disappears inside. It closes again and we see a number stenciled into the door 314.**



## The 'I' in Team

Transcribed by **Joseph B**

Written by **David Fury**

Directed by **James A. Contner**

Originally aired: February 8, 2000

### Disclaimer

*This is a transcript intended for anyone who cannot watch BTVS for whatever reason, to enjoy, as well as those who think transcripts are just cool, and as reference material for fanfic writers. Buffy and all copyrighted characters are the product of Joss Whedon and I have nothing but respect for him and those whose hard work is put into bringing us a great show. I did this of my own free time and will never make a dime from it.*

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### Prologue

*Fade in on a close up of Willow. She has her eyes closed and is chanting calmly.*

**Willow** I implore you, Neisa, blessed goddess of chance and fortune, heed my call. Send to me the heart I desire. *The camera is pulling back slowly and we see she is holding five cards.*

**Xander** You know, magic at the poker table qualifies as cheating.

*We're in Xander's basement. Willow is sitting on Xander's folded-up sofa bed and Anya and Xander are sitting on large bean bags around the coffee table. They have sodas and bowls of potato chips and pretzels to snack on.*

**Willow** That wasn't magic. I was praying. Two please. *He deals her two cards.*

**Anya** Five

**Xander** Ahn, I keep telling you: four's the max and only if you have an ace.

**Anya** Okay, four.

**Xander** Let's see the ace.

**Anya** *sighs* Three. *gives up the cards* What a stupid game. All these rules just to win little plastic disks.

**Xander** Chips. They're called chips. They represent money. Since none of us has any money it represents money. But that's gonna change once my merchandise hits the street.

*He looks at them invitingly. Willow takes the cue.*

**Willow** *munching on a pretzel* Hmm! Wha'cha got in the boxes, drugs? *then sternly* It's not drugs, is it, Xander?

**Xander** Not drugs.

*He gets up and goes to the work bench and grabs one of the boxes.*

**Xander** You are looking at the new local distributor for Boost Bars. 'The natural food bar that provides a nutritional energy boost for active, health-conscience people.' *sits* Want one?

**Willow** No. Thanks. Those things usually taste . . . kind of tasteless. And then leave a bad after-tastelessness.

**Xander** *taking out a bar* Well, don't let the healthy scare you. Check out these ingredients. *pointing at label* See? Loaded with fatty goodness.

**Anya** Come on, somebody bet already. I got three 'K' cards.

*Willow and Xander look at her then exchange a glance. They fold their cards. Anya smiles happily and begins sliding the pot of chips to her already large pile. Xander starts to gather the cards up to shuffle.*

**Xander** Wish the Buff could've made it. This three-hand poker is not quite the game.

**Willow** Guess she's out with Riley. You know how it is with a spanking new boyfriend.

**Anya** *offhandedly while stacking her chips* Yes, we've enjoyed spanking.

*Reacting in shock, the cards explode from Xander's hands. Gaping, he's about to say something to Anya, but doesn't seem able to talk.*

**Xander** Well. . . *coughs* The thing is . . . I think Riley is . . . okay, in an oafish kind of way. But . . . am I the only one with a big floating question mark over his head about this Initiative thing?

**Willow** Well, they do seem to fall into the 'good guy' camp. I mean they are anti-demon. *sees Anya's evil eye expression* Probably pro ex-demon.

**Anya** Maybe. I choose to feel threatened.

**Xander** *gathering cards again* And why not? There's still heaps we don't know about these commandos. What exactly are they up to? Let's go see!

*Cut to somewhere in the woods. Night time. We see a few of the Initiative commandos prowling through the trees and bushes in low crouches. They're all wearing their dark ski masks and armed with taser rifles. The lead commando silently motions them forward and three of them disappear into a tall stretch of bushes.*

*Cut to long shot and we start to hear fighting and a second later one of the commandos comes flying out of the bushes landing at least ten yards away. Closer shot: Buffy jumps out of the bushes and there's already two more commandos down and out on the ground around her. A fourth and fifth commando charge her from either side.*

*Buffy greets the fourth commando with quick alternating front kicks that the commando blocks but the impact sends him off balance. Buffy spins into a roundhouse kick into the face of the fifth commando as he comes up behind her. He recovers quickly and swings a punch that she ducks and sends him down with a right hook. Then she turns to the fourth commando who's up again. She fakes him with a high backhand that he blocks, then brings that fist down to hammerpunch him in the groin, making him hunch around his pain. But her attention is already on the fifth commando and she blocks a mid-level uppercut, catching it and has him in an armlock. She sends a back kick into the fourth commando's chest sending him to the ground.*

*Buffy swings her captured commando around just as the lead commando pops out of some bushes with his taser rifle and fires. The blast hits the helpless commando and he spasms as rings of electricity course through his body. Buffy lets him drop to the ground and readies herself as the lead commando charges her. They are about to fight when—*

**Walsh** OS Lights!

*The brights of a humvee parked up on a gradual hill illuminates the area and Buffy and the lead commando turn to see Professor Maggie Walsh, in a dark wool coat,*

*hurrying down to them. She walks past the lead commando, who is pulling off his mask and we see it's Riley Finn. Walsh stands in front of Buffy and regards her with a stoic expression.*

**Walsh** It took the patrol team 42 minutes to track you and you neutralized them in 28 seconds.

**Buffy** *glances at Riley behind Walsh* I was just lucky.

**Walsh** I see. *Riley starts to smile* Well . . . still. Very impressive.

*Walsh turns and Riley quickly wipes the smile off his face. She heads back to the humvee. Buffy watches her leave as Riley steps up to her.*

**Buffy** I was just being modest with the whole 'lucky' thing. You got that, right?

*Again, Riley has a 'shine a flashlight on his teeth and blind yourself' smile on his face as he looks down at her.*

**Riley** I got it.

*The rest of the commandos are getting to their feet and taking their masks off. Graham Miller passes Buffy on her right.*

**Graham** Awesome, Buffy.

*Forrest Gates walks past her on her left, without saying a word, looking a little pissed. He has a hand on his back and stops for a moment to look over his shoulder.*

**Forrest** Pfft! *he continues on*

**Riley** *still smiling* See? You're a hit. Everybody loves you.

*He puts an arm around her shoulders and they follow the others. Cut to Walsh standing beside the humvee, looking on. She doesn't look happy.*

*Wolf's howl*

## Part One

*Fade in on exterior of UC Sunnydale. Daytime. Cut to Rocket Cafe. Panning shot to Willow and Buffy sitting at a table across from each other drinking coffee (probably mochachinos). Buffy sounds excited as she tells Willow about last night. For her part, Willow has a happy 'listen even though she really doesn't want to hear this' look on her face.*

**Buffy** So then Professor Walsh said that I was just as amazing as Riley had said. And later, he told me that she couldn't stop talking about this move I made where I used one of the commandos as a shield to block a taser blast. It was like twelve-thousand volts. It took the guy almost two hours to recover. *takes a sip of her coffee*

**Willow** *politely* Huh.

**Buffy** Hmm. How was your night?

**Willow** Like a normal person's. Light on the action-pack. Hope tonight's not too much of a let-down for you. Excitementwise. *a pause* You do remember about

tonight, right?

**Buffy** Bronze. The gang. Are you kidding? I wouldn't be anywhere else. I miss you guys. We haven't been able to spend that much time together lately.

**Willow** You've been busy. Fighting armies and stuff. Not to mention other distractions from a romantic— *sees that Buffy's no longer paying attention*

**Buffy** Riley just walked in.

*Willow looks over her shoulder and we see Riley at the lunch counter perusing the fruit bowl.*

**Willow** Do ya want to let him know you're here?

**Buffy** No. Just enjoying a good stare. *eyes still on Riley* Tell me about your night.

**Willow** Well, spent most of it at Xander's teaching Anya to play poker.

**Buffy** *still Riley-eyed* That sounds like fun.

**Willow** Yeah. Except the Anya part and the poker part.

**Buffy** Will, I think you better get used to— a Twinkie!?

*quick shot of Riley going to pay for his junk food* That's his lunch? Oh, he is **so** gonna be punished.

**Willow** *pouty* Everyone's getting spanked but me.

**Buffy** What?

**Willow** Uh, nothing.

*Willow smiles but it doesn't reach her eyes.*

*Cut to a cemetery. Daytime. All is quiet. Cut to interior of spacious mausoleum. The door opens and Rupert Giles steps inside. Laying on top of a stone sarcophagus, Spike raises his head at the sound. He throws off the ratty blanket that was covering him.*

**Spike** Hey! Wipe your feet when you enter a person's home.

**Giles** *closing the door* Oh, yes. Careless of me. Tracking mud all over your, uh . . . mud.

*Spike is walking towards him.*

**Spike** *looking around* I admit, it's a bit of a fixer-upper. Needs a woman's touch. *looks at Giles* Care to have a crack at it?

**Giles** While I'd loved to go on trading jabs with you, Spike, perhaps I'll come to the point. As much as it pains me to say it, um, I owe you a debt of gratitude for the help you provided me in my recent . . . metamorphosis.

**Spike** *rubbing a crick out of his neck* Stuff the gratitude. You owe me more than that, mate.

*Giles pulls out a small bundle of dollar bills and offers it to him.*

**Giles** Three-hundred. Count it if you'd *Spike snatches it out of his hand.* . . like.

**Spike** I'll do that.

*While Spike starts counting the money, Giles looks the place over.*

**Giles** Um, thinking about your affliction and, uh, your newfound discovery that you can fight only demons; it occurs to me that *chuckling* I realize this is completely against your nature but I-I-I- Has it occurred to you that there may be a higher purpose-

**Spike** Ugh! You made me lose count. *faces him* What are you still doing here?

**Giles** Talking to myself, apparently.

**Spike** Well piss off, then. *indicates the money in his hands* This bit of business wraps up any I got with you and your Slayerettes. From here on I want nothing to do with the lot of you.

**Giles** Your choosing to remain in Sunnydale might make that a little difficult.

**Spike** Well you and yours will just have to show a little restraint is all. Get out.

*Giles doesn't say anything and heads for the door.*

**Spike** *following* And I don't want you crawling back here knocking on my door pleading for help the second

Teen Witch's magic goes all wonky or little Xander cuts a new tooth. We're through. You got it?

*Giles opens the door and Spike flinches away from the brightness. He looks over his shoulder at the vampire and his eye twitches. His feelings might be a little hurt.*

**Spike** *callously* Honeymoon is over.

*Giles leaves without a word.*

*Cut to close up shot of Buffy. She looking up into Riley's eyes. They are in very intimate proximity to each other.*

**Riley** *softly* You don't have to do this.

**Buffy** I know.

**Riley** I mean, if you'd rather wait . . .

**Buffy** *meaningfully* I'm ready. I want to.

*Riley smiles down at her. The camera pulls back as they turn and step in front of a floor-to-ceiling mirror in the wall. We see they are in the center hallway in Lowell House. Riley opens a tiny hidden panel beside the mirror and pushes a button. Buffy just stands there as a horizontal green line comes from the mirror and slides down over her body.*

**Female computer voice** New retinal scan recorded. Summers. Buffy.

*The mirror slides to one side to reveal the very white interior of an elevator. Riley steps inside first.*

*Cut to close-up shot of a black and white surveillance monitor displaying a picture from inside the elevator as we see Buffy follow Riley in.*

*Cut back to Buffy and Riley. Buffy turns and watches the elevator door close again. Cut to Initiative headquarters. The elevator door opens and Riley is holding Buffy's hand as he leads her out onto a catwalk overlooking the main chamber.*

**Buffy** *eyes wide* My God.

*Slow panning shot of the jumbo hangar size complex. In the middle of the floor is a lower section where men and women in surgical scrubs and white lab coats or performing tests and operations on several types of demons, strapped to strange looking tables and chairs.*

**Buffy** You said it was big. You told me, but you never said it was **huuuge!**

**Riley** *offhanded* I don't like to brag.

*Buffy looks at him and a grin breaks his face.*

**Buffy** *looking down again* I had no idea. This is incredible. But not that I thought it was some fly-by-night operation. *turns to him, excited* Unless it is! I mean, can you guys fly? At night. With those jet-pack things, do you have those?

**Riley** *playing coy* I can't really talk about it.

**Buffy** This is unreal.

*They look into each other's eyes and Riley leans down, about to kiss her . . .*

**Walsh** So, you like our little operation?

*They turn to see Walsh standing behind them on the catwalk.*

**Buffy** Yeah. Yes. It's very . . . clean.

*Walsh approaches and hands her a small plastic clip-on badge.*

**Walsh** Your visitor's pass. *takes a few papers from her clipboard* And I've assembled some reading material to bring you up to speed.

*Buffy clips the pass to her leather jacket and takes the papers Walsh offers her.*

**Buffy** frowns Oh. And I thought I was never gonna get homework from you again.

**Walsh** You can't take that home. That's classified material. Highly sensitive. When you're through reading those pages you'll have to eat them.

*Buffy just stares at her, speechless. She looks up at Riley.*

**Riley** grinning She's joking.

**Walsh** Don't worry, it doesn't happen very often. Shall we?

*Buffy exchanges another glance with Riley and they follow.*

*Moments later, they've made their way down the metal staircase and Walsh is leading them towards the open center of the complex. They stop at the metal railing and look down.*

**Walsh** Much of our hands-on research with the SHT's is performed here. We call this 'The Pit.'

*Buffy sees a pair of green squid-faced demons laying on two tables, while scrub-clad techs work on them.*

**Buffy** And what do you call those?

**Riley** Tough. It took eight of us to bring those two down.

**Walsh** They'll be under our control soon enough. *calling down* Doctor Angleman!

*Cut to a man in a white lab coat talking with another person. He looks up to acknowledge Walsh then returns to his conversation.*

**Walsh** to Buffy Head of our science team. He's a leader in the field of xenomorphic behavior modification.

**Buffy** Behavior modification?

**Walsh** We've made significant advances in reconditioning the sub-terrestrials. Bringing them to a point where they no longer pose a threat.

**Buffy** to herself So I've seen.

*Then she sees Walsh and Riley's expressions as they look at her.*

**Buffy** . . . on the Discovery Channel. With gorillas and sharks. They-they made them all nice. You haven't seen it?

*They don't say anything but Walsh doesn't look convinced. Buffy turns her attention away and points across the complex.*

**Buffy** What's over there?

*She starts to walk casually in that direction and Riley and Walsh follow. Seconds later, Walsh is in the lead again as they approach an area closed off by a chain-link fence. Inside are large caches of guns and equipment of all types. There is one commando on duty inside.*

**Walsh** The armory. You'll have to be cleared for use on each of these weapons.

*But by this point Buffy must have felt like she was back in class for her attention has already wandered and she steps up to a table behind Walsh and Riley. She sees a small looking device laying in an open case. As she lifts it up, the image on the monitor behind her also moves and we see a close-up of Buffy's eye as she holds the device close to her face.*

**Walsh** while this is happening The more advance arsenal can be complicated, but I'm certain, in time, you'll pick that up. *looks over her shoulder and sees what Buffy's doing* Don't pick that up.

*Walsh walks to her and quickly takes it from her.*

**Buffy** What is it?

**Walsh** About twenty-thousand dollars.

**Riley** It's a prototype for a com-cam. *points to the monitor behind her* Communications camera. Soon to be standard issue. Gives us a direct comlink to Control when we're out in the field.

**Walsh** Also monitors the heart rate of the wearer. A valuable tool for research in stress in combat condition. If you'll follow me, I'll show you the SHT containment area.

*Walsh walks off and Buffy looks to Riley mouthing 'sorry.' Riley shakes his head with a smile, telling her not to worry as they follow.*

*Some time later, the tour is coming to an end. Walsh stops to face Buffy.*

**Walsh** We have a few more things to give you.

**Buffy** pointing What's in there?

*Quick shot of the metal security door we saw in the last episode. A lab coat scientist uses a ID card to open the door and disappears inside.*

**Walsh** Research area. Very restricted for security reasons. Here is your security card and your pager.

*She accepts the items from Walsh and studies the pager.*

**Buffy** Been thinking about getting one of these.

**Walsh** We're the only ones with the number and it stays that way.

**Buffy** Right.

**Walsh** Lose either one of them and there's hell to pay and down here we mean that literally. *offers her hand and she actually smiles as she shakes Buffy's hand* Again, welcome to the team.

*Cut to student lounge. Willow and Tara are sitting on sofa chairs leaning on the arm rests. Tara is holding a*

*clear purple-pink crystal in the palms of her hands.*

**Willow** This is so cool. Wow. I've been trying to find the dolls-eye crystal my entire life. Well, since June, anyway. Where'd you get it?

**Tara** It-it was my grandma's, I think. I found it a long time ago in my attic. *hesitantly* I-I want you to have it.

**Willow** Oh, no, Tara. Th-that's really sweet. I can't. It's like a family heirloom. I-I just wouldn't feel comfortable.

*Tara looks a little hurt and she puts the crystal away. Willow see this.*

**Willow** But i-if you wanted to try out some spells with it some time, I wouldn't say no.

**Tara** *eager* Maybe tonight. I mean, if you're not doing something you could . . . come over and we could do something. *smiles*

**Willow** *uncomfortable* Tonight . . . That sounds really nice. But tonight I, uh, already have plans with people. Other.

**Tara** *hurt again* Oh. Um, that's okay. Another . . . time.

**Willow** Absolutely. It's just tonight, it-it's kind of a specific crowd. You might feel out of place.

*Tara is silent for a moment.*

**Tara** I better get to class.

*She grabs her books and stands up. Willow stands up with her.*

**Willow** Well, um, I'll see ya later. Okay?

*Tara just nods and walks off.*

*Cut to Initiative headquarters. Walsh walks up to the metal security door and zips her security card through the keypad. The door unlocks and she steps inside.*

*She continues down the corridor to another door and punches in a code and slides the cards again. She enters and as the door closes we see the number 314 on it.*

*Cut to interior of the lab room. Walsh closes the door behind her. Dr. Angleman, who just got through washing his hands at a sink, turns to face her as he dries them.*

**Angleman** How did the tour go?

**Walsh** I'm not sure. She's unpredictable.

*She walks across the room. Her attention is on something we cannot see.*

**Angleman** She's an unnecessary risk.

**Walsh** Possibly. How's our baby doing today?

**Angleman** Adjusting nicely. Reflexes, motor-functions. All off the charts.

**Walsh** That's what I like to hear. *to whatever she's looking at* Almost time to wake up, Adam.

*Cut to the lab table. We see a young man laying under a blanket, only his chest and head visible. But he doesn't look like a normal man. His brown hair is neatly trimmed, the most normal feature, while more than half of his face is covered in dark green skin, the rest of his face a human pale. There is also metal plating on the green left side of his face, from jaw to temple. Most of his chest is also green as well as is his right shoulder, but we can also see patches of other different types of skin. Wherever skins meet there is a line of sutured or welded-on scars like a grotesque demonic jigsaw. There seems to be numerous IV lines and monitoring connections disappearing under the blanket.*

**Walsh** *soft voice* And take your first look at the world. I know you're gonna make me proud.

## Part Two

*Cut to the Bronze that night. Music is playing ('Trashed' by Lavish) and people, mostly young, are socializing. Camera pans over to where Willow and Anya are sitting at a table. Willow is lifting her sleeve to check her watch, probably not for the first time. Xander is walking to them while unwrapping a Boost Bar and taking a bite.*

**Anya** *indignantly* Xander. You haven't been paying any attention to me, tonight. Just peddling those process food breaks. I don't know why.

**Xander** *around mouthful* Well, let me put it in a way you'll understand. Sell bars. Make money. Take Anya nice places. Buy pretty things.

**Anya** *considers* That does make sense. All right, I support you. Go sell more.

**Xander** Oh, well this was the only one I had on me. Besides, it's getting late. Maybe we should go.

**Willow** Go? You can't go. Buffy hasn't gotten here yet.

**Xander** Let's face it, Will. She's over an hour late. She's probably out living the life of Riley. I don't think she's

coming.

**Willow** She is! *unconvincingly* She said she was looking forward to spending quality time with just us. *brightens* See? Here she comes.

*Shot of Buffy walking into the Bronze followed by Riley, Graham, Forrest, and two other guys. ('Keep Myself Awake' by Black Lab starts to play)*

**Willow** *crestfallen* . . . with Riley . . . and some other guys.

*Buffy and the young men reach their table.*

**Buffy** Hi, all. Sorry about the late-itude.

**Xander** Late? Really? Huh. Hadn't noticed.

**Riley** Hope you don't mind us tagging along.

**Willow** *forced smile* No. No, of course not. The more the . . . more.

**Riley** This is Graham. This is Forrest. That's Kevin. And that's Jay in the back.

**Graham** How you doing.

**Riley** We're gonna go grab some drinks. Anybody want anything?

**Buffy** Coke, please.

**Willow** I'm good.

**Xander** No.

*They look to Anya with the offer.*

**Anya** *frowns* We're going away. To dance. Over there.

*She stands up and takes Xander's arm.*

**Xander** *being dragged away* We are?

*Riley and the guys head over to the bar and Buffy sits on Anya's stool across from Willow.*

**Buffy** Anya seems a bit on edge.

**Willow** She's a little angsty around commando-types. Ex-demon issues.

**Buffy** Oh. *points to the guys* You know, I didn't think that you would mind. Riley and the guys were throwing a little impromptu celebration in my honor and made it, like, impossible to not invite them.

**Willow** Oh. That's neat about the celebrating. I just thought this was supposed to be, you know, just us. Just the scooby corps., you know. I mean, I could have invited somebody else if I knew it was an open free-for-all.

**Buffy** I'm sorry. I had no idea. My **total** bad. *grins* So, who did you want to invite?

**Willow** What?

**Buffy** You said you wanted to invite someone.

**Willow** *nervously* No. Not— no one. I meant a hypothetical someone which is to say no one. What are we celebrating?

**Buffy** *lowers voice, but excited* I'm in. The Initiative. Professor Walsh gave me the grand tour and we're talking Grand as in Canyon! You'd never believe the size of it.

**Willow** That's really . . . again I say 'neat.' So, what do you mean exactly? You've joined them?

**Buffy** No. N-not exactly. It just means that when I patrol I'll have a heavily armed team backing me up. *smiles* Plus, boyfriend going to work with me: big extra perk.

**Willow** Buffy, do you really think this is a good idea? I mean, don't you think you're rushing things a little?

**Buffy** *frowns* I thought you liked Riley?

**Willow** Not with Riley. With the Initiative. I mean, there's a bunch of stuff about them we still don't know.

**Buffy** I know that. *then* Like what?

**Willow** Well, what's their ultimate agenda? I mean, okay, yeah, they—they neuter vampires and demons. But then what? Are they gonna reintegrate them into society? Get them jobs as bagboys at Wal-Mart?

**Buffy** *in serious thought* Does Wal-Mart have bagboys?

**Willow** Plus, don't forget that '314' thing that Ethan told Giles about.

**Buffy** Well, a man that worships chaos and tries to kill you, is a man you can trust.

**Willow** Well, bad info or not, I just think there's certain questions you should ask before you go off and enlist.

*A pager goes off and Buffy reaches into her bag to pull it out. Two seconds later five more beepers go off at the bar and Riley checks his pager.*

**Riley** That's us. Let's go.

**Willow** When did you get a pager? What's going—?

*Riley steps up to the table and Buffy stands up.*

**Riley** That's our cue. Mother wants us.

**Buffy** *turns to Willow* Will . . .

**Willow** I know. Talk later.

*She doesn't look happy as she watches Buffy leave with Riley and the others.*

**Buffy** So what's the big emergency?

*Cut to Briefing area at Initiative HQ. There is an overhead projector displaying the image of an ugly demon on a large white screen. Riley is standing to one side of the screen as Professor Walsh walks in front of the group of commandos seated in rows before her. Among them near the back, Buffy sticks out like a . . . well, like a girl in a sea of broad-shouldered military green. That, and she's also the only one seated with a plunging neckline.*

**Walsh** This is your objective. Sub-T: 67119. Demon class: Polgara species. Though visual confirmation has not yet been made, we're confident of the target's approximate position as it leaves behind a distinct protein marker. Dr. Angleman will brief you on its defenses.

*She takes a seat to the side as Dr. Angleman steps up next to the projector and overlays a second transparent page over the first. This adds long sharp looking protrusions from the demon's arms.*

**Angleman** When threatened . . . bone skewers jut from the creature's forearms during battle. It's imperative when ensnaring it not to damage its arms. That's all you really need to know.

*Amidst the commandos Buffy raises her hand.*

**Buffy** Question.

*Dr. Angleman doesn't seem sure how to respond, unaccustomed by this. He glances at Walsh who stands up again.*

**Walsh** Buffy?

**Buffy** Why exactly can't we damage this polka thing's arms? I, uh, not that I want to, it's just in my experience when fighting for your life body parts get damaged and—better its bits than mine. *glances at the guys around her* Or . . . ours.

**Angleman** We wish to study the physiology of every subterrestrial's natural defenses. It's part of the research we do here. *before he can continue—*Uh— Yes?

*We see that Buffy had her hand raised again.*

**Buffy** What do they want?

**Angleman** Want?

**Buffy** Why are they here? Sacrifices, treasure, or they just get rampagy? *she is starting to get looks from the commandos* I find it's easier to predict their responses if I know—

**Angleman** They're not sentient. Just destructive, I believe.

**Walsh** They do have keen eyesight, however. You might want to be suited up for this.

**Buffy** Oh. *glancing at the military green around her* You mean the cammo and stuff? I thought about it but, I mean, it's gonna look all 'Private Benjamin.'

*This gets chuckles from some of the commandos.*

**Buffy** Don't worry I've patrolled in this halter many times.

*This gets even more chuckles and Riley has to bow his head and clench his jaw to keep from laughing his ass off.*

**Walsh** Why don't we give our attention to Dr. Angleman *Buffy raises hand* and save all questions until the end.

**Angleman** Actually, I'm finished.

**Walsh** Oh. Uh, well, Agent Finn, deploy the teams.

*All business, Riley walks out in front of the group.*

**Riley** Okay, listen up. We'll be going in a four squad set-up. Team Leaders: Gates, Taggart, and Stavros. Alpha Team, you're with me.

**Walsh** Report for TLs for assignment and weapons requisitions. Reminder: this is a zap-n-trap, people. Capture not a kill. Any questions? *sees a raised hand sighing Buffy.*

*Cut to the front of a closed door. It opens and it's Tara's room. She is surprised to see the person who is standing in the hallway.*

**Tara** Willow?

**Willow** *sheepishly* A funny thing happened with my prior social engagement. Pretty much ended when a friend of mine went off to do something with another crowd she hangs out with. Irony is kind of ironic that way. *hopefully* Anyway, I know it's late, but I-I thought maybe—I mean, if you still wanted to . . . do something? *Tara just smiles and opens the door wider to let her inside. She closes the door.*

*Cut to a wooded area. Alpha team is on patrol. Buffy is with them. She is walking beside Riley, three other commandos behind them. She's wearing a jacket over her halter top and looks a little glum with her hands shoved in the pockets.*

**Buffy** So I guess she hates me now.

**Riley** *distracted* What?

**Buffy** Professor Walsh. Questions. An Initiative faux pas, yes?

**Riley** It's . . . a little unusual. She's just not used to it. Maybe because you barely ever opened your mouth in her classroom. But I know she likes you. In fact, she liked you before I did.

**Buffy** *hopeful* Really?

**Riley** Told me so herself.

**Buffy** Maybe I should get her a present or something—

**Riley** *stops* Buffy. Can we talk about this later? There's a dangerous hostile out here and . . . since I don't have your reflexes, I kinda need to focus.

**Buffy** Right. Right.

*They start walking again. After a moment she looks at him.*

**Buffy** What do you mean she liked me before you did?

**Riley** *oops* Uh. . . .

**Buffy** You didn't like me?

*As Riley tries to take his boot out of his mouth we— See what Beta Team is up to. They're stationed within a cluster of bushes. Graham is scanning the area with night vision goggles and Forrest is standing beside him. Forrest seems to be in a mood of his own.*

**Forrest** *grumbling* It just isn't right.

**Graham** He made you team leader, didn't he?

**Forrest** That's not the point. I've always been Riley's second in command. Instead he picks a girl.

**Graham** His girl.

**Forrest** Whatever! Three guesses on what that boy is thinking with.

**Graham** Maybe he just wanted to give you a chance to get out from under his shadow?

**Forrest** Hey! I'm not under anybody's shadow.

**Graham** It was a joke, man. Don't get your panties in a bunch. I'm just saying— *sees something through the goggles* Hang on. Got something.

**Forrest** Target?

**Graham** Negative.

*Graham passes the goggles to Forrest. Night vision POV: shot of Spike strolling along carrying a sack of groceries.*

**Forrest** Hel-lo, Hostile 17.

**Graham** *to commandos behind him* You two: standard flanking. Go.

*The two appointed commandos hurry off to their mission. Cut to front shot of Spike walking. Behind him one of the commandos rush out of the trees carrying a heavy net. He's about to throw the net on Spike when the vampire suddenly spins around and catches it in his fist. He swings the commando around and slams him into a nearby tree. The second commando charges and aims his taser rifle at him. Spike throws his grocery bag in the guy's face and he falls to the ground. Spike flinches back at the pain the Initiative implant causes him. He turns and flees into the woods.*



*Cut to Graham. He has a scoped rifle shouldered and is calmly tracking Spike in his sights. He pulls the trigger and Spike stumbles as he's hit in the shoulder. Growling, he continues to run.*

**Forrest** to Graham Alert Control and Alpha Team. We've tagged Hostile 17 with a tracer and we're in pursuit.

*We return to Buffy and Alpha team who are now stationed in a clearing. Panning shot of the three commandos as a cell phone beeps. Buffy is standing beside Riley who is scanning the area with night vision goggles. One of the commandos steps up to him with the cell phone.*

**Commando** Sir. Graham's on the talkie for you. Reception's not too good.

**Riley** into phone This is Alpha Team, go ahead.

*We hear Graham's garbled voice but can't make out any of the words. Riley moves further out into the clearing trying to get a better reception.*

**Riley** Say again, Beta Team. You're breaking up.

*He doesn't see the Polgara demon burst out of the trees behind him, but Buffy does.*

**Buffy** Riley!

*Riley only has time to see the demon before it shoves him hard to the ground. Buffy rushes forward, as the Polgara steps over Riley to finish him off, and snaps a round kick to its face making it stagger. She steps over Riley spinning into a roundhouse kick across the creature's face and the scene goes into slow-mo.*

*Cue funky tech-noir erotic music (it's actually "Window to Your Soul" by Delirium) as Riley stands up beside Buffy. He pulls out an asp and there is an echoing snap as he extends it with a flick of his wrist and the audio (except for the music) fades completely. Both ready to kick ass, they charge the demon together.*

*Cut to some time later that night in Riley's room at Lowell House. He and Buffy rush into frame from either side and start kissing passionately. Riley is wearing normal civvie clothes again and Buffy no longer has her jacket on. Skip a few frames and Riley has his head buried in her shoulder, kissing her neck as they rub their hands up and down each other's backs.*

*Cut back to now. Riley is hitting the demon in the arm with the asp, making it stumble, then hits it again in the back of the head.*

*In Riley's room. Close up of his hands undoing the knot on the spaghetti straps of Buffy's halter crisscrossing her back. When it's loose he caresses his hand over her bare skin.*

*Now. Riley's just succeeded in pissing the Polgara off and it knocks him aside with the swing of its powerful arm. Buffy steps in again with another roundkick to its face and follows through with a hard right-left combination. Close up of Riley kneeling in front of Buffy, pulling off*

*her knee-high leather boot.*

*The Polgara is backhanding a commando, flipping him to the ground. Riley, behind it, jabs the asp into the demon's spine.*

*Buffy is pulling Riley's white T-shirt over his head. Her halter is hanging loosely.*

*Riley swings the asp again but the Polgara blocks it and punches him hard across the face. Buffy delivers a back-kick into the creature's chest as Riley falls to the ground. Buffy is trailing a line of kisses down the front of Riley's body, starting at his chest.*

*Buffy slams another right-left punching combo into the Polgara's face. It raises its arm and its bone skewer extends from under its forearm. She ducks as it takes a swing at her head. Riley is getting to his knees. Buffy blocks another strike and knees the demon in the mid-section.*

*Riley is behind Buffy slowly sliding the halter off her shoulders.*

*Buffy side steps the Polgara as it tries to stab her and gets behind it. The demon turns to face her again.*

*Buffy is kissing Riley over her shoulder as he caresses her cheek with his hand. More missing frames and Buffy is suddenly sucking one of his fingers as he kisses her shoulder.*

*Buffy ducks under another of the Polgara's swings. Riley picks up a fallen taser gun and takes aim, but Buffy is too close to the creature for a clear shot.*

*We see Buffy lay back on Riley's bed and he slowly lowers himself down on top of her. A couple of missing frames and they're kissing. She's caressing his chest.*

*Buffy slams a two-legged drop kick into the Polgara's chest and drops to the ground as it staggers back. Riley shouts 'now' and he and another commando unleash their tasers. The demon is blasted by the bursts of electricity and the other two commandos are readying a heavy net behind it.*

*Buffy is now on top and lowers herself down on Riley. More deep kissing, his arms around her.*

*They have the Polgara in the net and it's struggling while Buffy gets to her feet. The audio returns and slow-mo ends as she snaps a front kick into its face, knocking the creature out. The commandos wrap things up and Buffy takes a few steps back, breathing heavy. Riley stands beside her. They face each other.*

**Buffy** So . . . what do you want to do now?

*Before he says anything—*

*We go back to Riley's room which becomes **now** and Riley is on top again as they continue to make love. The music is replaced by a more sinister theme as we cut to a black and white ceiling-shot of Riley's room. The camera pulls back and we see we're looking into a surveillance*



monitor. There is a label on top of the monitor that has 'FINN' written on it. As the shot continues to pull back we see two more monitors to either side of it with similar shots of, currently, empty rooms. One is labeled 'GATES' the other 'MILLER.' A control panel becomes visible under the row of monitors. There are two reels of tape spin-

ning, obviously in 'record' mode, and there is someone sitting in front of the control panel.

Cut to closing shot of Professor Walsh. Her face is free of any telling expression but her right eye twitches once as she watches.

### Part Three

*Fade in on Giles' apartment. Next morning. We can see Giles in the kitchen, through the opening above his bar, pouring some tea.*

**Giles** over his shoulder I don't know how many more ways I can say 'I'm not interested.'

*We see Xander and Anya are sitting on the couch in the living room area. There are several Boost Bar boxes on the coffee table.*

**Xander** W- try one! Check these flavors. Cherry-berry. Maple walnut. Ooo, almond licorice.

**Anya** Ew.

*Giles leaves the kitchen and stands next to the coffee table.*

**Xander** Anya, we don't say 'ew' in front of potential customers.

**Anya** Just skip this part and tell him you want money to buy me pretty things. He'll understand.

**Giles** sighing Very well. Hmm, maple walnut.

**Xander** An excellent choice.

*He takes one out of a box and hands it to Giles. Giles tears the aluminum off the end and takes a bite. He quickly stops chewing and there is a disgusted look on his face.*

**Giles** menacingly Please leave my home now.

*He drops the Boost Bar on the coffee table like it's a handkerchief with a nasty booger on it and searches for something to spit in. Trying to save the sale, Xander grabs another bar from a different box.*

**Xander** It's the, uh, the gritty texture, isn't it? Maybe you're more a cherry-berry fellow.

*There is a pounding on the door. Desperate sounding. Giles, still suffering from Boost crap in his mouth, heads for the door. Before he reaches it, it bursts open and Spike runs inside. He is holding a tarp over his head, protection from the sunlight.*

**Spike** Close the door!

**Xander** Spike? You may want to give up these morning jogs.

**Spike** Soldiers boys are out in force. I've been trying to keep them off my scent. Run them in circles. But they keep coming.

*Giles takes a quick inspection of his door but he is still able to close it. Spike drops the tarp in relief.*

**Giles** And . . . how is this our concern? Seeing as how you've expressed the desire to have nothing more to do

with us.

**Xander** Spike said that?

**Giles** Mm-hmm.

**Xander** to Spike with feeling . . . That hurts.

**Spike** exasperated All right. What do you want me to say? I need help. *points at Giles* And no cheek from you. *Giles makes a show of zipping his lips shut.*

**Spike** shrugs his coat off his shoulder Look! The buggers shot me. In the back.

*Giles in unmoved and leans against his desk.*

**Giles** Remind me. Why should I help you?

**Spike** scoff Because you do that. You're the goody-good guys. You're the bloody freaking cavalry.

**Giles** No, you can come up with a better answer than that. Why should I help you?

**Spike** thinks Ooh! Because I helped you! When you turned into that Fyarl demon, I helped you, didn't I? *smug*

**Giles** And that was out of the, um, evilness of your heart?

**Spike** grinning Oh, hell no. I made you pay me- *stops grinning and looks at Giles' stoic, but hard, expression* You right bastard. *he digs out the money from his coat pocket and slams it into Giles' palm* That's all that's left. I spent the rest on blood and smokes, which I'll never see again. *sees Xander and Anya still sitting* Ah, come on! Circle the wagons. Tend to the wounded here. No time for layabouts.

*Cut to Riley's room. Buffy is in his bed looking comfortable (her sleep-mussed hair just working for me!). She wakes up and her eyes take in her surroundings. Worried, she suddenly rolls over and finds Riley lying next to her, already awake, looking at her.*

**Riley** smiling Hey. What's the matter? Weren't expecting to see me?

**Buffy** relaxing again I never know what to expect.

*They're secure enough with their morning breaths and start kissing in a lazy manner. An electronic chirping sound fills the room.*

**Buffy** laughing Your robot bird sounds hungry.

**Riley** It's just a reminder to take my vitamins.

*He rolls over and grabs a medicine bottle on his nightstand as the chirping ends.*

**Buffy** teasing You're kidding.

*He downs the pills with a glass of water and returns to his original position. Tucking the sheet around her chest, Buffy sit up against the headboard.*

**Riley** Sorry.

**Buffy** *starts to play with his short bangs with her fingers*  
Quite the regimental soldier.

**Riley** I am how they trained me.

**Buffy** They? Who they?

**Riley** You know, the government. Plucked me out of special op training for this.

**Buffy** What did they tell you it was for?

**Riley** They didn't. In the military you learn to follow orders. Not ask questions.

**Buffy** I don't understand. Aren't you curious about all the science and research stuff they're doing?

**Riley** Hm. I know all I need to know. We're doing good here. Protecting the public. Removing the subterrestrial threat. It's work worth doing.

*They're silent for a moment. Buffy becomes serious.*

**Buffy** What's 314?

*Riley seems surprised by the question but before he can say anything, his phone rings.*

**Riley** *answers it* Riley.

**Walsh** VO We have a situation. You're needed.

**Riley** On my way.

*He hangs up.*

**Buffy** What is it?

**Riley** Don't know. *gets up*

**Buffy** You're really not one for asking questions, are you?

**Riley** *smiles* I'll leave that to you.

*Cut to Initiative headquarters. Riley, in commando attire, is walking across the floor when he glances at the metal security door and stops. He walks over and peers through the small wired-glass window. Down the corridor he can see the door marked 314.*

**Walsh** Lose your way, agent?

*Turns to face Walsh, standing behind him.*

**Riley** No ma'am.

**Walsh** I've instructed Beta Team to suspend pursuit of Hostile 17 until your arrival. I didn't want any slip-ups, that's why I'm putting you in charge. *hands him a piece of paper* You'll rendezvous with them at these coordinates.

*He acknowledges with a nod and starts to walk off.*

**Walsh** Riley. *he faces her* Make me proud.

**Riley** Yes, ma'am.

*He continues on and Walsh watches him leave.*

*Cut to lab behind door 314. Dr. Angleman is in surgical scrubs and has just finished using an electric bone-saw on something we can't see.*

**Walsh** OSI think we've got a situation.

*Angleman looks up from his work and as he pulls his mask down we see his latexed fingers are bloodied.*

**Angleman** The Slayer?

**Walsh** *begins to pace* She's becoming a liability.

**Angleman** We knew that was a danger. Does she know about the project?

**Walsh** She knows it exists. She already holds too much influence over Riley –over Agent Finn.

**Angleman** We move to the contingency scenario?

**Walsh** Right away.

*Angleman is now using scissor clamps on the something we still can't see.*

**Angleman** That's too bad. She could have been a powerful ally.

**Walsh** I know.

**Angleman** And Finn will take it hard.

**Walsh** That's why sooner is better.

*We finally see what Angleman was working on as he lifts the left arm, severed at the shoulder, of the Polgara demon lying on the table. He moves away from the table with it and we can see Adam on another table several feet away.*

**Walsh** *to herself* It's better.

*Cut to Giles' apartment. Spike is sitting backwards in a chair, his bare chest against the backrest. Giles is standing behind him, wearing latex gloves, exploring the wound with a pair of long tweezers. Xander and Anya are on either side of him shining flashlights on the wound.*

**Spike** Oww! Watch it. That hurts.

**Giles** It doesn't appear to be a bullet. It's too deeply embedded to be a tranquilizer dart.

**Spike** *grumble* Also not tranquil.

**Giles** Some sort of . . . illumination emanating from it. It's blinking.

**Spike** I don't care if it's playing 'Rockin' the Casbah' on the bloody Jew's harp, *human growling* just get it out of me!

**Giles** Anya, there's a bottle of Cognac in the cabinet next to the sink. Can you get it for me?

**Spike** *as she leaves* What? You're gonna get snockerred now?

**Giles** It's not for me, you prat. If I'm gonna operate on you then I need you in anesthetized. It's going to take some time. *picks up a scalpel*

**Xander** We don't have any. That blinking thing. My pseudo-soldier memory bank tells me that's a tracer.

**Giles** A what?

**Spike** A what?

**Xander** It's like a homing beacon. And if commando guys are reading the signal, they're coming home.

*Anya returns with the bottle and offers it to Spike. He grabs it and takes a healthy swig.*

**Giles** Well, we need to buy some time. It's in deep and I'm no surgeon.

*Cut to Buffy and Willow's dorm room, in Stevenson Hall. Buffy walks inside and closes the door behind her. The room is empty and she sees that Willow's bed is just as undisturbed as her own. She goes to her desk to put down her bag and takes off her jacket. She's no longer wearing the infamous halter top (no, you gutterfaces, she's not topless) she's wearing a dark long-sleeve blouse. The door opens behind her and Willow walks in.*

**Willow** Oh, hi.

**Buffy** Hey. *indicating the bed* Out all night, huh?

**Willow** You, too.

**Buffy** Yeah.

*They're silent for a moment and Willow is fidgeting with something in her hand. It's the dolls-eye crystal she had refused from Tara yesterday. (Hmm . . .) She walks to her side of the room and sets it on top of her dresser.*

**Buffy** Sorry about bailing on you guys at the Bronze.

**Willow** That's okay. I . . . *glances at the crystal, then to Buffy* Don't worry about it.

**Buffy** *smiles* Okay.

*Buffy's pager goes off and she retrieves it from her bag.*

**Willow** Wow, they really keep you hopping, don't they?

**Buffy** *clipping it to the waistband of her blue jeans* Yeah. I gotta go. I'll see ya?

*Willow watches her leave. Then the phone rings and she crosses the room to answer it.*

**Willow** Hello?

*Cut to Giles. He's using his new cordless phone (A New Man).*

**Giles** Willow. You're there at last. We have a problem. Where's Buffy?

**Willow** *cut to* Just left. *sarcastic* Beeped away by her new buds. You want me to go after her?

**Giles** *cut to* Uh, no, no. It's your help I need, actually.

**Willow** *cut to* Really? What do you want me to do?

*Cut to Initiative headquarters. Buffy is walking with Walsh.*

**Walsh** It's a small job. Reconnaissance. Probably a waste of a Slayer's abilities, but my boys are on assignment so I—

**Buffy** No. It's okay. I'm up for some action.

**Walsh** I doubt you'll get any on this one.

*They reach a table and Walsh points to a map.*

**Walsh** We have a reading of a class three subterrestrial moving through the sewer tunnels just on the edge of town.

**Buffy** Class three?

**Walsh** It's a low-level threat. Minimal aggression. Meager defenses.

**Commando** Professor Walsh. *walks up and hands her a taser rifle*

**Walsh** They barely show up on the scanner and occasionally turn out to be raccoons. *hands the weapon to Buffy*

**Buffy** *examining it* Wow. You're not crazy about raccoons, huh?

**Walsh** We always take precautions. *picks up the com-cam from the table* All we need you to do is get a visual on this thing. This will feed me back an image and I can advise you from there. I don't want to put you in any unnecessary danger. *hands it to Buffy*

**Buffy** Oh. That's okay. Danger's my birthright.

*Not used to such a weapon, Buffy carelessly lets the barrel point towards Walsh, who casually diverts the weapon away with her hand.*

**Buffy** Sorry. Um, Professor Walsh. There's, uh— There's still some stuff about all this that I'm not clear on.

**Walsh** *a beat* Well, when you get back we can have a talk.

**Buffy** Good. Okay. When I get back. *turns to leave then stops* Am I supposed to salute you?

**Walsh** No.

**Buffy** Okay.

*Buffy walks off and Walsh glances down at the table. Then she looks over her shoulder to watch Buffy leave.*

*Back at Giles' apartment. Panning shot from the Cognac bottle, hanging loosely in Spike's hand, we see he has a barely conscious expression on his face. He's now laying across the cleared surface of Giles' desk. Xander, and Anya are still in normal positions as Giles continues to work on the wound and Willow is now there standing to one side. She is reading from her 'Witchcraft' spellbook in one arm and is holding the dolls-eye crystal in her other palm.*

**Willow** *chanting spell* Tropo, strato, meso, aero, iono, exo . . .

**Xander** *to Giles* So how is this supposed to work again?

**Giles** If she succeeds her spell will ionize the atmosphere around us thereby disrupting the tracer's signal. *from Xander's 'duuuuh?' expression* Buys us time.

**Willow** *chanting* Elements are brought to bear. Wind, earth, and water churn amidst the fire. Let the air be burned.

*They all jump as the spell takes effect and there is a shot of every lightbulb in the apartment exploding.*

**Willow** OS Did it work? Is the atmosphere ionized?

*Shot of our gang. How to describe their hair? Okay, their hair is doing the Don King, Yahoo Serious, finger-in-an-open-light-socket, electrocuted (pick the metaphor that*

*works for you) thing. Or another way: they decided to raid Angel's supply of mousse and used it all at once. But we can't see Spike's hair in this shot. They glance at one another and static electricity can be heard doing the 'snap, crackle, pop' in their hair.*

**Giles** *deadpan* I'd venture yes.

*Cut to wooded area. Riley has joined up with Beta Team and Forrest is on point with the tracer receiver beeping in his hand.*

**Riley** What do you mean, the signal's whacked?

**Forrest** I mean the blips a blob. Some kind of interference messing with the tracer.

**Riley** Try to lock it down. We headed in the right general direction?

*They stop as Forrest tries to get a bearing.*

**Forrest** *sighs* I think so. It's gonna put us in populated areas.

**Riley** Okay, then. We change into civvies and then move out. Maybe something will turn up.  
*They continue on.*

*We cut to Buffy in the sewers. We see her emerging from a tunnel and she steps inside a larger chamber. She's armed with the taser rifle and is wearing the com-cam hooked over her left ear. She hears a snarling sound coming from deep in the chamber.*

**Buffy** *into mic* Professor Walsh, are you getting this? Possible SHT? Make it a definite.

*She sees a green squid-faced demon step out, wearing ragged robes and carrying a long battle ax. A second demon steps out with it, also armed with a battle ax.*

**Buffy** And he's brought along a friend. They seem—  
*Buffy suddenly flashes back to her tour at the Initiative and remembers seeing these two demons being worked on in 'the Pit.'* Buffy aims the taser rifle at them and pulls the trigger. The weapon short-circuits with a burst of sparks and Buffy drops it from the shock. She turns to flee the way she came but a barred gate is dropping in place, blocking her escape into the tunnel.

*Buffy looks at the approaching demons and has a 'Oh, f\*\*\* me!' expression on her face.*

## Part Four

*Back where we left Buffy. She is standing on a three-foot raised section as she watches the demons approach. On the ground level, the taser rifle is still short-circuiting, shooting sparks. The demons charge and she hops down, hitting them with alternating front kicks. The second demon is quicker to recover and swings the ax down at her head. She side steps and kicks it in the back of the knee, throwing it off balance, and sends a back kick into the first demon. The second demon gets up again smashing the ax handle into her chin, turning her around. The first demon is swinging its ax at her and she catches the handle with her hands. As they struggle with it, the second demon slams the handle of its ax into the small of her back. The first demon uses this to wrest free its weapon from Buffy's hold and she falls to the ground in a shoulder roll.*

*As she stands back up to face the demons, we cut to a black and white shot of the com-cam's POV. On the monitor we see the rhythm of her heart beat and that her BPM is 145. We can see her hands are raised in a fighting stance and the picture starts to jerk wildly as she dodges the demons' attacks. We can hear her sounds of exertion and the growls of the creatures.*

*Cut to Walsh, standing in front of Control's operations panel, watching the monitors. She calmly takes a sip from her coffee mug as the fight continues.*

*Com-cam POV. Buffy's hands grab the handle of one of the demon's ax and wrestles with it. The other demon attacks and swings its ax down towards the screen. The picture suddenly drops to the ground showing a close up*

*of the sewer floor. The BPM drops from 145 . . . 109 . . . 73 . . . 37 . . . 1 . . . -?- in less than a second and the heart rhythm flatlines with the a steady monotonous EEEEEEEE. . . .*

*Walsh glances around but she is the only person who knows what's happened. She calmly takes another sip from her mug.*

*Cut back to Beta Team. They are in civvies and walking down the sidewalk of a residential street.*

**Riley** Talk to me, Forrest.

**Forrest** Signal's somewhere in this neighborhood. Estimate within a two-block radius.

*In Giles' apartment. Giles is digging into Spike's wound with the tweezers while Anya holds the flashlight for him. She, Xander, and Willow are nervously munching on Boost Bars. Oh, and their hair is more or less back to normal.*

**Willow** It feels, and looks, like the ionizing spell is wearing off.

**Xander** Giles?

**Giles** I've got it. I've got it!

*He holds up the tweezers and we see a two-inch dart with a blinking red light on the blunt end.*

*Back to Beta Team. They're getting closer.*

**Riley** Okay, we want to keep the hostile contained, so no one is to make a move without my—

**Forrest** stops Wait. Signal's cleared up. *points across the street* There.

**Riley** Let's go!

*They take off across the street.*

*Giles' apartment. He hands Xander the tweezers*

**Giles** Um, go!

*With the tracer in one hand, Boost Bar in the other, Xander dashes down the hallway and skids around the corner.*

*Forrest suddenly stops.*

**Riley** What?

**Forrest** It's on the move.

**Riley** Heading?

**Forrest** Straight at us. Forty meters and closing. Moving fast.

**Graham** In broad daylight?

**Riley** Look alive people. Weapons at the ready.

*They unsling their backpacks and slip a hand inside.*

**Forrest** Twenty-five meters . . . twenty . . . fifteen.

**Riley** Where?

**Forrest** To the left. Ten meters . . . five!

**Riley** Anyone?

**Graham** I got nothing.

**Forrest** This doesn't make sense. It went right past us.

*They're all looking around. Riley notices a drain gutter.*

**Riley** *disgusted* Flushed. The tracers been flushed.

*Cut to the sewers. Close up shot of the com-cam lying on the dirty sewer floor, without Buffy's head. We can hear Buffy and the demons still fighting.*

*Returning to the handicap match already in progress . . .*

*They have Buffy surrounded and the first demon charges but she deflects the ax and shoves the creature into the second the demon, pinning it against the wall. She steps forward with an inward crescent kick to knock the ax aside and slams a right fist into its gut. Not missing a beat, she's already following through with a hard left hook, as the first demon bends forward giving her a clear shot at the second demon's face. She raises a knee into the first demon's face, making him stand straight again, and then spins into a jumping back kick, slamming them both against the wall again.*

*Stunned, the first demon falls on its face, but the second demon charges Buffy. She's able to grab the handle of its ax as it drives her back into the opposite wall. She wrestles with it as the first demon gets back to its feet and starts to swing its ax directly at Buffy. In the last instant, she twists the second demon around in front of her, who takes the blade in the stomach.*

*As it falls to the ground dead, the first demon takes another swing at Buffy who ducks away. The demon quickly follows through into another swing and she catches the handle again. She diverts the blade away from her and takes a quick punch at the creature's face. It's stunned and she rips the ax from its grip and the weapon flies away from them. But Buffy is off balance as*

*she backs away. The demon takes advantage by punching her hard in the face, sending her to floor.*

*The demon goes after its weapon, stepping into a drainage canal where the ax is laying. Buffy raises her head a notices the still-sparking taser rifle just a couple of feet from her. As the demon bends down to pick up its weapon, she sees it's standing in water. Getting to her knees, she snatches up the taser and tosses it at the demon's feet. It hits the water and electricity dances over the creature as it spasms wildly, growling in pain. The chamber is lit up and Buffy just watches until it finally falls in the water dead.*

*As Buffy catches her breath we—*

*Return to Initiative headquarters. Riley walks up behind Walsh who is still standing in front of the Control operations panel. At the sound of his voice she turns to face him. She looks shakened.*

**Riley** Regret to report Hostile 17 is still at large. I left Beta Team to comb the area but the tracer's—

**Walsh** *interrupting* Riley, something's happened. I-I don't know what to say. It-it-it's about Buffy.

**Riley** Buffy?

*She takes a few steps away from the monitors, com-cam POV still on the sewer floor, and Riley stands in front of her.*

**Walsh** Two of our hostiles broke free and escaped into the tunnels. She . . . went after them on her own. *meets his eyes* She's dead, Riley.

**Riley** *shocked* . . . What?! (this transcript does not do justice to the amount of pain he puts into that one word)

**Walsh** I did everything I could to stop her. I told her to wait for a back-up team, she kept insisting she didn't need any team. She could handle it by herself. I-I'm so, so sorry.

*Riley's obviously struggling not to break down as he hears this.*

**Riley** I don't understand.

*Behind Walsh, the com-cam image on the monitors suddenly start to move.*

**Walsh** I know what she meant to you.

**Riley** How could this happen?

**Walsh** She was a very, very special girl.

*The com-cam image is still and Buffy steps into the picture and kneels in front of it. Her expression is pissed to the tenth power.*

**Walsh** I didn't understand at first. But she had something. I don't know . . . maybe I could have stopped her.

*Riley sees Buffy's face in the monitors.*

**Walsh** It's hard not to blame myself.

**Buffy** *steely voice* Professor Walsh. That simple little

recon you sent me on . . . wasn't a raccoon. *Walsh slowly faces the monitors* Turns out it was me trapped in the sewers with a faulty weapon and two of your pet demons. If you think that's enough to kill me, you really don't know what a Slayer is.

*Walsh is speechless.*

**Buffy** Trust me when I say you're gonna find out.

*Buffy stands up and walks off camera. The image suddenly pitches to the floor and there is a crunch as all the screens turn snowy with static.*

*Walsh slowly turns to face Riley again. He's looking down at her doing a pretty good tenth power pissed expression himself.*

**Walsh** Riley . . .

*Without a word he starts walking away.*

**Walsh** Agent Finn. I order you to stop!

*He doesn't.*

**Walsh** Agent Finn!

*He's gone.*

**Walsh** RILEY!!

*Cut to Giles' apartment. He's removing the latex gloves. Spike is sitting on the edge of the desk, putting his black T-shirt back on, careful of his wounded shoulder.*

**Giles** It will be dark soon. I think it will be wise for you to leave Sunnydale.

**Spike** I'm not going anywhere. Not until those bastards undo whatever they did to me. Put me back the way I was.

**Xander** *sarcastic* Sure. Just explain to the nice scientist guys that you really miss killing and torturing innocent people.

**Spike** Do you think that would work?

**Giles** *removing his glasses* Spike— lord knows why I'm telling you this— it's for your own good. As long as the Initiative is in operation it's not safe for you here.

*Cut to Buffy who has just walked in.*

**Buffy** No.

*Everyone turns to face her. They see the grave expression on her face.*

**Buffy** It's not safe for any of us.

*And on that cheery note we—*

*Cut to what's behind door number 314. The lab is dimly lit. Walsh is approaching the table where Adam is still sleeping. He —it— no longer has a sheet covering him and we can see more of his mismatched demon body. He's wearing commando pants and boots. There is a strange metal/electronic plate on his chest where the heart would be. Walsh is speaking in a soft, menacingly halting, but strangely affectionate (did I mention creepy?) tone.*

**Walsh** *looking down at him* So. All right. Fine. If she wants a fight, we'll give her one. Won't we, Adam? I've worked too long. Too long . . . to let some little bitch threaten this project. Threaten me. *she paces to the end of the table and puts a hand on Adam's boot* She has no idea who she's dealing with. Once she's gone, Riley will come around. He'll understand.

*She turns toward the second table which is empty. The surgical bone-saw is lying on it. She slowly picks it up to put it away.*

**Walsh** It's for the greater good. He'll see that. And if he doesn't . . . Well, first things first. Remove the complication and when she least expects it—AHH!

*A long sharp spear suddenly bursts from her chest. Shocked, she looks down at it, then looks over her shoulder. She sees Adam is awake and standing behind her.*

**Walsh** *fading* Adam?

*Walsh falls and she slides off the spear. Adam raises his new Polgara left arm and we see the blood on the bone skewer. He's looking down at Walsh's body.*

**ADAM** Mommy.

## Goodbye Iowa

Transcribed by **Corwin2**

### Disclaimer

*This is done for free for other fans. Particularly those who have missed an episode.*

*I do not own the characters in this story, nor do I own any rights to the television show "Buffy the Vampire Slayer". They were created by Joss Whedon and belong to him, Mutant Enemy, Sandollar Television, Kuzui Enterprises, 20th Century Fox Television and the WB Television Network. This is not a novelization or a script. It is an attempt to transcribe the episode "Goodbye, Iowa". It also includes limited descriptions of the settings, facial expressions and action scenes. Rev 2000.02.21 This episode was originally broadcast on February 15, 2000.*

### Prologue

*Cut to an Initiative briefing.*

**Maggie** This is your objective.

**Narrator** Previously on Buffy the vampire slayer.

**Walsh** .. demon classed as the Polgara species

**Angleman** ...bone skewers jut from the creature's fore-arms during battle. It's imperative not to damage its arms.

**Buffy** Why exactly can't we damage this polka thing's arms?

*Cut to Angleman and Walsh in a lab.*

**Angleman** She's an unnecessary risk.

*Cut to Walsh speaking to Buffy.*

**Walsh** Two of our hostiles broke free

*Cut to Buffy faces the two demons*

**Walsh** and escaped into the tunnels

*Cut to Walsh and Riley in the Initiative.*

**Walsh** She's dead Riley.

**Riley** I don't understand.

*On the monitors behind them.*

**Buffy** Professor Walsh if you think that's enough to kill me. you really don't know what a slayer is.

*Cut to Walsh musing in lab.*

**Walsh** She wants a fight we'll give her one.

*Cut to Buffy talking.*

**Buffy** It's not safe for any of us.

*Cut to Walsh musing in lab.*

**Walsh** And then when she least expects it, ahhh.

*She is impaled by a skewer.*

**Walsh** Adam.

**Adam** Mommy.

*Cut to Giles apt. This scene is a direct continuation of the previous episode with a time gap of perhaps one to five minutes. Buffy is talking to Giles, Willow, Xander, Anya and Spike.*

**Buffy** So Maggie sends me down into the sewers with one of those blasto guns and the next thing I know it's raining monsters.

**Xander** Hallelujah.

**Buffy** And then this gate slams down behind me and I-I try to use the gun but it goes pfft.

**Giles** You're saying that Maggie Walsh set you up?

**Buffy** That's exactly what I'm saying. She sent me on a one way recon.

**Spike** Got to hand it to you goldilocks - you do have bleeding tragic taste in men. I've got a cousin married to a regurgitating frovilops demon that's got better instincts than you.

**Buffy** What does my taste in men have to do with this?

**Spike** You think Riley was out knitting booties for your future offspring while Maggie stringing you up?

*Anya, Xander and Giles are silent.*

**Buffy** You guys think Riley had something to do with this.

**Giles** Um, probably not but we, uh, be remiss if we didn't think all the possibilities through.

**Buffy** Great./Right. Remiss. No! No, Maggie made sure that he was nowhere around when she sent me on this very special make Buffy dead assignment.

**Willow** Plus Riley he seems like he wouldn't tell a little white lie let alone a whole bunch of big dirty ones.

**Xander** That's why they call it the secret forces Will, cause they kinda keep the whole lying thing to themselves.

**Buffy** All I know is that Maggie has it in for me which means the Initiative has it in for me.

**Xander** I'm guessing the mad scientist isn't too keen on the fact that the entire scooby gang knows that the Initiative is up to no good.

**Buffy** Which brings us back to the not safe for any of us concept.

**Giles** What could have happened to make Professor Walsh want to kill you?

**Buffy** I don't know, uh. She wasn't keen on the fact that I was asking a lot of questions that's for sure.

**Anya** So you were getting too close to something.

**Giles** Clearly. Although one can only imagine what she'd be so desperate to hide.

*Cut to an Initiative exit.*

*A being exits.*

*Adam is sewn together from parts of different demons. He has a metal brace on his left leg, there are metal parts on the left side of his face and the back of his head, his*

*right breast, his right shoulder and forearm of his right arm. The only recognizably human portion is the right upper side of his face and his hair. His left eye is red. He had green and grey-pink demon parts sewn together and there is a huge scar or seam with what could be links of*

*a large chain reinforcing it running down the middle of his chest. He is a mix of demon, Frankenstein monster and Terminator/Borg.*

*It smiles.*

## Part One

**Buffy** Everybody grab a weapon. We've gotta move.

*Buffy hands Xander an ax and Anya a grappling hook (like a fisherman might use.)*

**Xander** Storm the Initiative. Yeah let's take on those suckers.

**Buffy** I was thinking more that we'd hide.

**Xander** Oh thank God.

**Giles** I think perhaps we should talk about this.

**Buffy** We need to relocate someplace we're less likely to be found. We need to come up with a plan.

**Willow** We could go to my place.

**Buffy** The Initiative guys know how close we are. They'll automatically check the places that you hang out. Xander, what about your basement? The guys haven't seen us together that much and there's enough room.

**Willow** Ooh Plus mirrored ball.

**Xander** Cool! Come on down and boogie at Xander's hideaway.

**Anya less happy** Yes, come boogie.

**Giles** Absolutely not! I will not squat in that dank hole.

**Spike** What, it was good enough for me, but you're above it all?

**Giles** Precisely. Besides I-I don't see why we can't stay right where we are. Pfft. It's very unlikely that those Initiative boys are going to come round here to look for uh *Door bangs open. Riley enters.*

**Riley** Buffy! God, Buffy are you ok? What happened?

**Buffy** You know?

**Riley** I know something went down. umph. Tell me.

**Buffy** Maggie tried to kill me.

**Anya** It didn't work, but they're all upset anyway.

**Riley** Ok listen I need you to go over everything step by step. There has to be..has to be some kind of mistake

**Xander** There was no mistake. And how do you know something happened?

**Riley** I was on a mission but I came back and... I'm not sure.. Look let's just keep her heads and not jump to any *Riley stops and is staring.*

**Buffy** What?

**Riley** That's hostile 17.

**Spike** No, I'm just a friend of Xaanderr's. Pfft.

*Spike drops his drawl.*

**Spike** Bugger it. I'm your guy.

**Buffy** This is Spike. He's um.. It's a really long story b-but he's not bad anymore.

*Spike jumps up.*

**Spike** Hey! What am I, a bleeding broken record? I'm bad it's just I can't bite anymore. Thanks to you wankers.

*Spike indicates Riley with a head movement.*

**Riley** We've been looking all over the place for him - but you've known where's he's been all along.

**Buffy** It's not like that.

**Riley** Then what is it like?.. What's he doing here?

**Spike** Leaving you swabs to your dramatics, thanks. I've got my stories on the telly for that.

*Spike puts on his black leather coat*

**Spike** By the by. If you're trying to kill her.

*Spike leans back with a big grin and two thumbs up. (His Fonzie imitation??)*

*Buffy and Willow roll their eyes.*

*Spike runs out the door into the sunlight covering his head and arms with his coat.*

**Riley** Buffy, what is this? You're hiding an H.S.T.?

**Xander** Why don't you just back off and let her ask the questions, Jack? Your boss just tried to make monster food out of her.

*Riley looks around. Giles crosses his arms.*

**Riley** I-I didn't see much, I wasn't there unnhhh. All I know is that Professor Walsh told me you were dead but then I saw you on the monitors. Ummph. look This isn't Professor Walsh. Ummph. There must be something making her act this way. Something ummph I don't know, controlling her.

**Giles softly** We think Buffy may have been becoming too inquisitive. That she was getting close to something that Professor Walsh was trying to hide. Do you have any idea what that might be?

**Buffy** What about 314? Maybe that's it.

**Riley** Maybe she was trying to test you. What if it was only a drill?

**Buffy** Then why did she tell you I was dead? Riley it wasn't a test.

**Giles softly** See I've heard rumors that the Initiative isn't all that we've been told. That, um, secretly they're working toward some darker purpose, something that might harm us all.

**Riley** No! That's - that's not what happens there.

**Buffy** Riley!

**Riley** I would know!



**Buffy** No one is sure of anything, ok? We're were just trying to sort it out.

**Riley** I can't be here. I'll sort it out on my own.

**Buffy** Riley.

**Riley** No. Just, umph, I'm sorry.

*Riley leaves.*

*A forested area. A small boy, perhaps 7 to 9, is squatting and playing with a silver armored doll. His bike is beside him. Adam sees the boy and approaches.*

**Adam** What am I?

*The boy stands.*

**Boy** You're a monster.

**Adam** *resigned*??? I thought so.

**Adam** *curious*??? What are you?

**Boy** Me? I'm a boy.

**Adam** A boy. How do you work?

**Boy** I don' know. I just do.

*Boy points to bone skewer/spur coming of Adam's wrist.*

**Boy** What's that for?

*Adam raises his wrist to look at the skewer, then looks at the boy. Adam smiles.*

*Riley wandering the campus at night. He passes a couple on a bench. A solitary student passes him.*

*Angleman entering darkened lab. He flicks the light switch several times but nothing happens.*

**Angleman** Dr Walsh?

*Angleman closes the door slowly.*

**Angleman** Adam?

*Angleman slips and falls. He sees red on his hands and realizes it is blood. He looks to see the puddle leads to a body. He trembles and scrambles back.*

*Cut to Mirrored ball in Xander's basement. Zooming and engine sounds are heard. Reflected light from the ball strikes Giles in the eye waking him. He is sleeping in plastic furniture. Pan past a makeshift curtain to Willow, Anya and Buffy in bed watching television. Wiley Coyote drops a wrecking ball on a chain. The ball misses the Roadrunner and instead of stopping halfway up, continues in a full circle, taking out Wiley Coyote.*

**Buffy** That would never happen.

**Willow** Well, no Buff, that's why they call them cartoons, not documentaries.

**Giles** Must we have the noise. My head is splitting.

*Giles is standing and turns off the tv.*

**Willow** Well, look who's cranky bear in the morning.

**Giles** Yes I can't imagine why I didn't sleep well in my beach ball.

**Anya** Every time you moved it made squeaky noises. It was irritating.

**Giles** Really. I'm surprised you could hear it over your Wagnerian snoring.

**Buffy** Ok you guys, could we not please? Everything's screwed up enough without you two doing scenes from my parent's marriage.

**Anya to Giles** Sorry.

**Giles to Anya** Sorry/Sallright.

**Buffy** Thank you.

**Willow** It'll be ok Buffy, Riley's just confused, that's all.

**Buffy** I don't know. It just seems like things could get heavier. His whole world's falling apart.

**Anya** And after everything you've been through with Angel. You really should get yourself a boring boyfriend. Like Xander. You can't have Xander!

**Buffy** That was the idea. Riley was supposed to be Mr. Joe Guy. We were going to do dumb things like hold hands through the daises going tra-la-la.

**Willow** Poor Buffy. Your life resists all things average.

**Anya** So dump him. But you can't have Xander!

**Buffy** I'll try and remember that. It's too late anyway - I'm already at the 'I hurt when he hurts, I smile when he smiles' stage.

**Anya** I hate that part.

**Buffy** I'll just have to make it work.

*Xander comes down the stairs carrying a breakfast tray with orange juice and some food.*

**Xander** Turn on the tv. Now!

*Willow does so and lays down again.*

**TV Announcer** Sunnydale is still reeling from news of the crime. A source in the coroner's office tells us that the boy was stabbed with what looks like some kind of large skewer and his body was then mutilated. Police have not named a suspect and the killer is still at large.

**Buffy** The Polgara demon had a skewer in its arm. That's the one that Maggie insisted we bring back alive.

**Giles** She must have sent it after you.

**Buffy** And it got distracted... God.

**Willow** Buffy, its not your fault.

*Anya shakes head.*

**Willow** How could you know?

**Giles** She's right. You mustn't blame yourself.

*Xander shakes head.*

**Buffy** I'm not going to. I'm going to the crime scene to see what I can find out.

*Buffy stands.*

**Buffy** You guys research the Polgara demon. I want to know where it is. When I find it I'm going to make him pay for taking that kid's life, I'll make him die in ways he can't even imagine.

*Anya's eyes lower*

**Buffy** That probably would have sounded more commanding if I wasn't wearing my yummy sushi pajamas. *Frat house. Riley starts walking up the stairs. Forest sees him and catches up.*

**Forrest** Hey. Where've you been all night? Well, congratulations. I see you and Buffy have finally gotten past the shy phase.

**Riley** I wasn't with Buffy. I had to be alone, think some things through.

**Forrest** What things?

*Riley enters his room and closes the door behind Forest.*

**Forrest** This is mighty ominous.

**Forrest** What's up man?

**Riley** Professor Walsh tried to have Buffy killed.

**Forrest** What? Did Buffy tell you that, I mean do you have any proof?

**Riley** I saw enough to know it's true.

**Forrest** I don't get it. Why?

**Riley** I dunno. Buffy thinks that she's getting too close to something - that Professor Walsh has some secret.

**Forrest** I wouldn't put it past Buffy to get on Professor Walsh's bad side. She tends to put her nose where it doesn't belong.

**Riley** What?

**Forrest** She's a pain. Always wanting to know why this and why that?

**Riley** And you're saying she should die because of that?

**Forrest** I don't know. Maybe Professor Walsh found out that Buffy was up to something bad. That ever cross your mind?

**Riley** Why does it bug you so much that I'm hanging with her? Is it because she's a better soldier than you?

**Forrest** It bugs me that she's using you to infiltrate our operation.

**Riley** So you saying that she's a spy? Hmpph You're crazy.

**Forrest** Riley think about it. The professor's not stupid, she tried to kill Buffy, maybe Buffy needed killing.

*Graham enters.*

**Graham** Guys.

**Riley** Not now Brian/Graham/Brad.

*Graham doesn't leave.*

**Forrest** What is it?

**Graham** Professor Walsh is dead.

## Part Two

*Cut to Initiative lab.*

*Riley goes to see Walsh's body. Two scientists kneel over it. Military garbed types are standing guard. Forrest arrives moments later.*

**Forrest** Look at that wound. She's been staked, wouldn't you say brother?

**Riley** What?

**Forrest** Only one person I can think of that who could do something like that.

**Riley** You better not be saying what I think you're saying. When we don't know a person did this - the Polgara demon has skewers.

*Riley walks off. Forrest walks after him.*

**Forrest** No way, man that's your girlfriend's m.o.

*Riley grabs Forest's shirt.*

**Riley** That's a serious accusation. You better be ready to deal with the consequences.

*Forrest shoves Riley back.*

**Forrest** Bring em on. That supernatural freak has blinded you and I'm sick of it.

**Riley** That's enough.

**Angleman** Stand back man/Finn. Show some respect. Listen, everybody's upset but arguing isn't going to help anything and it's certainly not what Professor Walsh would want.

**Riley** No sir.

**Angleman** Alright, good. Now Washington is sending in a team to do an internal investigation. I've been told we have to wait for their word.

**Riley** What do you mean wait? This has to be the work of the Polgara demon we captured last week.

**Angleman** Probably. It looks like last night the Polgara escaped through tunnel 72.

**Riley** It's out loose somewhere?

**Angleman** I'm afraid so.

**Riley** Then we have to go after it.

**Angleman** My orders from Washington are for a total lock down until they arrive. I'm sorry. Now, return to your quarters. There's nothing you can do here.

*Cut to Riley and some commandos alone.*

**Riley** Listen. Angleman can talk all he wants, but I'm still in charge 'til the brass gets here and tells me otherwise and I say we've got a demon to hunt. Now suit up for armed patrol And by that I mean loaded guns, men. Target practice is over. We're going for blood.

*Cut to daylight. The Initiative is entering mausoleums or burial crypts.*

**various voices** Move. Let's go inside. Establish a perimeter. unintelligible back.

*Forrest and Graham enter a crypt.*

**Forrest** Somebody's been staying here.

**Graham** What do you think, a homeless guy?

**Forrest** Could be - or a squatter of the demon variety.

**Graham** Not the Polgara.

**Forrest** Who cares? I see a demon - it dies.

*Graham puts his hand on the tv.*

**Graham** It's warm.

*Both remove cover of a fixed stone coffin only to find*

*bones and a black shroud/dress.*

**Forrest** Damn.

*Forrest smashes the tv with the butt of his gun as he leaves.*

**Forrest** Animals!

*Spike peeks out from beneath the bones and the black dress or shroud. He exhales.*

*The crime scene. Buffy looks from a distance. Yellow tape surround a policeman, someone in plain clothes and two ambulance personnel.*

*Behind Buffy Riley approaches past a policeman dressed in commando garb.*

**Riley** Buffy. Hey.

**Buffy** Hey.

**Buffy** Look I'm sorry about earlier. I know that au burn?? came on pretty strong. And the Spike thing isn't as tweaked as it looks. Ok maybe it is but there's an explanation that almost makes sense. Hello. I'm apologizing here. And I-I think that's pretty big of me considering I'm the one who was almost made a demon sandwich. This is the part where you throw me a bone.

**Riley** Maggie's dead.

*silence*

**Riley** Happy now?

**Buffy** How can you ask me that? Of course I'm not happy. What happened?

**Riley** That's classified.

**Buffy** Classified The Polgara. It got her and escaped. Didn't it?

**Buffy** I'm gonna find it. I'm gonna find it and destroy it. And then you can stop asking me how happy all this death makes me.

*She walks away*

*Cut to Tara*

*knocks*

*Tara opens her door.*

**Willow** Howdy.

**Tara** I just got your message a minute ago. I was in class. But I was about to call you.

**Willow** I had so much fun the other night, those spells.

**Tara** Yeah, that was nice.

**Willow** I hope you don't think that I just come over for the spells and everything. I mean, I really like just talking and hanging out with you and stuff.

**Tara** I know that. But you wanna do a spell.

**Willow** Yeah.

*Tara giggles.*

**Willow** But only because it's really important. There's this..

**Tara** No you don't have to explain I don't mind really. I've been uh thinking about that last spell we did... all day.

**Willow** You have?

**Tara** Mmmhmmm.

**Willow** Well this one should be really fun too. We conjure the goddess Thespia to help us locate demonic energy in the area.

**Tara** The goddess Thespia. Are you sure we're ready for that?

**Willow** You and me! This is beneath us.

**Tara** Ok.

*exhales*

**Tara** If you say so.

*Cut to bar*

*Buffy enters. Willy cringes and moves down to the end of the bar after tilting his head to tell Buffy to move down there. Demons are drinking, hanging out.*

**Willy** You're killing me here.

**Buffy** Oh missed you too. Joint's jumping.

**Willy** Yeah ya know. I'm making some changes with my life. Getting away from my old image.

**Buffy** You mean as a double dealing snitch.

**Willy** Uh Hunh. I know you're going think I'm blowing smoke, but after those Apocalypse demons nearly did me in I had an experience of the spiritual variety.

**Buffy** That's swell really. But I need to know if you've heard anything about a Polgara demon doing some killings in the last few days.

**Willy** You see that's the thing. I don't talk behind people's backs no more. And I'm bringing some class to the joint, ya know. It's Willy's Place now, see. Brings in a better clientele. I got one of those deep fryers. These demons just go crazy for chicken fingers. Look - if they see me dealing with you then I'm just the same old Willy working both sides of the street.

**Buffy** I'm going to have to punch you aren't I?

**Willow** Just once and it don't have to hurt, just make it look good.

*Buffy cocks her arm.*

**Willy** Ohhh. Oww.

**Buffy** Not yet. I haven't touched you

**Willy** Sorry right, right, g-go ahead. Wait.

**Willy loudly** No! I can't talk to you!

*Buffy punches him. She doesn't seem to have held back. Willy grabs his nose.*

**Willy** Ohhh! Owwww!

**Buffy** What have you heard about the Polgara?

**Willy** Heard there was one around a week or two back. Word was you got him. You and those army guys.

**Buffy** And that was the last you heard?

**Willy** Yeah as far as I know he's off the streets.

**Buffy** What about those army guys? What do you know? You heard anything about 314?

*Beads rattle as Riley enters.*

**Buffy** What are you doing here? Following me?

**Riley** You told me you were tracking the Polgara demon, I thought I'd help. But now I see you're not hunting demons you're socializing with them. Again! I thought you were supposed to be killing these things not buying them drinks.

**Buffy** Oh that's smooth, officer Riley. They teach you those undercover moves in special forces?

**Riley** No I'm serious Buffy. What are you doing here?

**Willy** Just cooling her dogs like the rest of us. Why don't you sit down, relax?

**Riley** I want you to tell me. Who are you?

**Willy** No kidding. How about I get you some chicken fingers on the house?

**Riley** Hey think you could shut up!

**Willy** Look I'm just saying.

**Riley** I said shut up! Or maybe you'd like to go back to the lab with me. I'm sure the coats would love to classify a - whatever you are.

**Buffy** Leave him alone Riley, he's human.

**Riley** So he's human.

*Riley is trembling.*

**Buffy** You're shaking.

**Riley** He just harbors demons. Which makes him a good guy like you?

*Riley grabs Buffy's arms.*

**Riley** The truth, Buffy, now!

**Buffy** You have the truth. You are just screwed up because of what happened to Professor Walsh to see it. Now let go of me.

**Buffy breaks his grip. An old woman starts to leave.**

**Riley** Hold it you!

*Riley turns with drawn pistol pointed at the woman.*

**Riley** No leaving til I say so!

*His hand is trembling.*

**Willy** Hey! We got new rules here, no killing.

**Riley** Right. Except rules don't seem to apply much these days do they? Like if I shot you right now I don't know if I'd have a corpse on my hands or one pissed off vampire.

**Buffy** Riley.

**Riley** I mean who do you believe? First it sounds like lies, then it sounds like truth.

**Buffy softly** Riley.

*Silence. The old woman starts crying. Perhaps she says please in between sobs. Riley's hand continues to shake. Riley puts gun down on bar, smashing glasses.*

*Riley trembles and Buffy steps closer.*

**Riley** Oh what's happening to me?

*Cut to Xander's basement*

*Riley sits on a bed holding his head in his hands. The makeshift curtain is closed to allow some privacy. Buffy*

*sits next to him and puts a shawl on his back. He sets it down.*

**Buffy** Riley why don't you lie down? You'll be more comfortable.

*Riley is shaking. And he is scratching his hand bloody.*

**Buffy** Stop it.

*Buffy grabs his hand.*

**Riley** I can't. It's like something's growing inside of me.

**Buffy** No. You're hurting yourself. Ok shhh.

*Buffy takes off her bandana and wraps it around his hand.*

**Riley** I thought I knew, but I don't. I don't know anything.

**Buffy softly** Sshhh. You're sick. Once you get some rest...

*Riley trembles and shakes during this.*

**Riley** No. Buffy. I don't know... anything. I don't know what's going on. Who the bad guys are. Maybe I'm the bad guy. Maybe I'm the thing you should kill.

**Buffy** No! Don't you even think that.

*Buffy strokes Riley's cheek.*

**Buffy softly** Ok listen to me. You're sick. You just need to get some sleep. Please. Lie down for me. Come on.

*Riley curls up in a fetal position. Shaking. Buffy strokes his forehead.*

**Buffy** It'll be ok.

*Riley seems to calm and shake less. His breathing calms. Perhaps he is asleep. Buffy exits through the makeshift curtains.*

*On the other side.*

**Giles** How is he?

**Buffy** It isn't just grief making him act this way. Something's affecting him physically and its getting worse.

**Anya** Do you think Professor Walsh did something to him?

**Buffy** I don't know, but I'm ready to find out.

**Xander** That's gonna be tough, what with Maggie's deadness and all.

**Buffy** She must have kept records somewhere. A-about Riley, about 314, about all of it. And I'm sure she wasn't the only person that knew what she was up to.

**Xander** So what's the plan?

**Buffy** Giles, Anya keep researching. Xander, you and I are going undercover.

**Anya** Hey! Remember before. No Xander! Not in a boyfriend way or a 'lead him to a certain death' way.

**Buffy** He's the only one with military experience.

**Anya** It's not like he was in the 'Nam. He was GI Joe for one night.

**Xander** It's ok Anya. I've backed up Buffy before.

**Anya** Can't you do something else to help them? Like... Xerox handouts or something?

*Xander holds Anya's arms.*

**Xander** I'll be careful. Promise.

*Xander goes off.*

**Giles** It's a minor point but how do you plan to get in to the Initiative? I sure their, uh, security system's almost impenetrable.

**Buffy** I have my clearance. I'm hoping she didn't have time to revoke it.

**Giles** Ok. As to the whereabouts of this Polgara demon... I'm afraid we've-we've not turned up much. There's been no reports since its original capture.

**Buffy** Then we'll just have to keep looking.

*Cut to A square of twine with the points held down by four different colored crystals. Pull back to reveal Willow and Tara sitting.*

**Tara** So the square is Sunnydale.

**Willow** Right it's like a map. We both take different parts of the potion and when we do the incantation we both blow it onto the square at the exact same time.

**Tara** But how does it work?

**Willow** Well that's the cool part. When the potion mixes and Thespia is called it creates this mist over the parts where the demons are. I-It even makes different colors for different breeds.

**Tara** Wow.

*Tara nods.*

**Willow** You ready?

*Tara nods. Willow pours some green powder into Tara's hand from a grey stone bowl or mortar, then some white powder into her own hand from a green mortar.*

**Willow** Let's do it.

*Willow closes her eyes. Tara closes her eyes.*

**Tara** Thespia, we walk in shadow, walk in blindness. You are the protector of the night.

**Willow** Thespia, goddess, ruler of all darkness, we implore you, open a window to the world of the underbeing.

*Both blow but Tara surreptitiously lowers her hand and dumps her powder under the bed/table cloth? while Willow is actually blowing her powder.*

**Willow** With your knowledge may we go in safety. With your grace may we speak of your benevolence.

*Willow opens her eyes to see no effect.*

**Willow** Or not.

*Willow looks confused.*

*Tara looks down and looks back at Willow.*

*Cut to Frat house. Buffy is wearing glasses with her hair up in a bun and carrying a white cloth bag. Xander is dressed in green military style gear. But he has a white t-shirt showing.*

**Xander** Seems pretty quiet.

**Buffy** It usually is this time of

*A man goes past them. They continue on. Buffy touches a panel and then stands in front of the full length mirror.*

**Xander** Buff, maybe You should check the look later.

**Buffy** Shhh.

*Buffy pushes Xander so he is not in front of the mirror.*

**Xander** Oww! What'd you do that for?

**Buffy** Sorry, I'm the only one that can pass the retinal scan.

**Xander** The. Ewww. I don't wanna see that.

**Buffy** Retinal. Scan. Xander.

**Buffy** Well we'll know in a few seconds if my clearance is still good.

**Xander** Or if we're about to die at the hands of fifty grief filled military goons.

**Voice** Retinal scan recorded. Summers, Buffy.

*Elevator opens and Buffy steps in.*

**Xander** Why am I not entirely comforted by the arrival of the man-sized microwave?

*Xander steps in. The doors close behind them. View of the elevator from below as it descends. They exit as the doors open.*

*Cut to The Initiative.*

**Xander** Holy moley.

**Buffy** I know.

**Speaker voice**

to 2cm

*Xander: I totally get it now. Can I have sex with Riley too?*

*Buffy looks at Xander.*

**Speaker voice** Dr Forman to the examining area

**Xander** Quick pretend to make out with me.

**Buffy** Wait, what are you talking about?

**Xander** Well I uh, you know. In the movies the guy and the girl have to hide.

**Speaker voice** Doctor

to 1cm

**Buffy** Please, could you possibly draw more attention to us.

*The two guys Xander saw coming up the stairs pass them as Buffy looks at her clipboard.*

**Speaker voice** Agent Owens to interrogation.

**Buffy** This is the Initiative Xander. Military guys and scientists do not make out with each other.

**Xander** Well maybe that's wrong with the world. Ever think about that?

*Cut to Xander's basement.*

**Willow** It totally failed. It wasn't even like the spell went wrong. It just wouldn't.

**Giles** If it's any consolation, we haven't fared much better here.

**Willow** Really. Is Riley ok?

**Giles** Well he's asleep finally. But he doesn't look good. And the, uh, research is troubling as well. I mean, this- this demon we're after seems highly atypical for a Polgara. This child that it killed is mutilated. There's no recorded cases of a Polgara ever having done such a thing.

**Anya** Also the Polgara have to eat every two hours. Factor in the low I.Q. and you have a demon who's not exactly low profile.

**Willow** So how had he been hiding in Sunnydale for the last two days without anyone seeing him?

**Giles** Exactly.

*Willow pulls back the curtain surrounding the bed. Riley is standing there, no longer lying down.*

**Willow** Riley!

**Riley** Where's Buffy?

**Willow** She went out. Can-can I get you something?

**Riley** Just tell me where she is.

**Giles** You're not well Riley you need to rest.

*Riley puts on his boots.*

**Riley** Did she find the Polgara? Hunh? Is that it?

**Giles** Well, no, we're still looking.

**Riley** Well what?

**Willow** She went to find out what's making you sick.

**Riley** I'm not sick. Are you're telling me she went to the Initiative.

*Riley goes to grab his stuff.*

**Willow** Riley she's just trying to help you.

*Willow moves between Riley and the stairs.*

**Riley** She doesn't belong there.

**Willow** Riley listen

**Riley** Stand away from the stairs.

**Willow** No, you're gonna get Buffy killed.

*Riley tosses Willow behind him and she falls.*

**Giles** Hey.

*Riley goes up the stairs. Giles and Anya go to a fallen Willow. They help her up.*

**Giles** You alright?

*Cut to Initiative.*

*Buffy eavesdrops on a conversation while Xander stands by her.*

**Angleman** how many of the men are still out the longer they go without their meds

**Scientist** Everyone's off their schedules because of the professors' death.

**Engleman** It's dangerous I don't want to think about the damage out guys could do under the stress of withdrawal especially since they won't understand what's happening to them. These guys don't know they've been getting meds in their food so we better get them in here stat

**Scientist** we've located all but a few. the last ones were in pretty bad shape but we stabilized them

**Engleman** but Finn wasn't one of them, right.

**Scientist** no

**Engleman** Find him. He's the one I care about. He's too important to our work to lose now.

**Scientist** indeed.

*cut to bar*

**music** I had said it time and time again

**spike** double shot of verneg, keep. Make it the good stuff don't want no freaking orangutan

**willy** got ya

**Spike** been a real pisser of a day isn't it? Those army blokes are on a tear. They ran me out of my place. And all over town.

*A demon places a hand on his shoulder*

**Spike** Yeah what's that.

*Spike gets punched in the face*

**Engleman** Keep me posted. I'll be in records

*Engleman enters a room with his card and Buffy manages to follow him before the door shuts.*

*Buffy grabs Engleman's shirt.*

**Buffy** Now I don't generally like to kill humans. But I've learned that it pays to be flexible in life.

**Engleman** I was wondering when you'd turn up.

**Buffy** Oh darn! She takes off the glasses.

**Buffy** So this isn't a surprise.

*She sets the glasses down.*

**Buffy** Now you can tell me what you did to Riley and after that we can take a tour of room 314.

**Engleman** Somebody's coming, you know. I'm sure they've already seen you on the security monitors.

*Riley enters.*

**Riley** Monitors are non-functional at this time, sir. Went down about ten minutes ago.

**Buffy** What! I didn't do that.

**Xander** Thank god for small favors and we'll worry about the details later, hunh, Buff?

**Engleman** Finn take this girl to the stockade immediately.

**Buffy** Riley, he can tell us what we need to know. Maggie wanted me dead, didn't she?

**Engleman** She did.

*He looks at Riley*

**Engleman** But understand the Initiative has no interest in eliminating the slayer.

*He looks back at Buffy.*

**Engleman** It was her own vendetta.

**Buffy** Why? Spell it out for me! I feel an attack of dumb blonde coming on.

**Engleman** I don't know.

*Buffy grabs a little tighter.*

**Buffy** Well think harder!

**Engleman** It was the project.

**Buffy** Project? 314.

**Engleman** It...

*He looks at Riley and back.*

**Engleman** It escaped.

*Riley steps closer.*

**Riley** That's enough! You're making her sound like some psychopath. She wasn't like that! she was a brilliant woman!

*Engleman is looking at Riley. Engleman moves his hand downward in a take it easy gesture.*

**Engleman** She was. It's not..

**Riley** All she was doing was trying to help people and this is the way you want them to remember her!

**Buffy** Engleman said Walsh was feeding you drugs.

*Riley moves within arm's reach. Buffy lets Engleman go.*

**Riley** *pointing to Buffy* You're doing this to me, aren't you?

*Engleman slips back.*

**Riley** This all started because of you.

**Buffy** If you will just listen to me, I am trying to help you get to the truth.

**Riley** You want truth then tell me, what did you do to her Buffy?

*Riley grabs Buffy and she breaks the grip.*

**Buffy** Stop it! I didn't do anything.

*Again Riley grabs Buffy and she breaks the grip.*

**Buffy** Riley stop! This isn't about us, everything that we need to know is here, we just need to find out what was in 314.

*An commando's body drops from a raised platform. On the platform is Adam.*

**Adam** Me.

### Part Three

*Adam paces on the platform.*

**Adam** I've been thinking about the world. I wanted to see it, learn it.

**Adam** I saw the inside of that boy... and it was beautiful, but it didn't tell me about the world. It just made me feel. So now I want to learn about me. Why I feel? What I am?

*Adam simply steps off the platform and drops about 3 yards/meters.*

**Adam** So I came home.

*Adam inserts a thick disk from a pouch on his right waist into his chest. The letters Ad- were on it.*

**Adam** I'm a kinematically redundant, biomechanical demonoid designed by Maggie Walsh. She called me Adam and I called her mother.

**Engleman** Adam. Maggie would want you to stand down.

**Adam** Yes. But I seem to have a design flaw.

*Engleman pales.*

**Adam** In addition to organic material I'm equipped with GP-2, D-11 Infrared Detectors, A Harmonic Decelerator, plus D.C. Servo.

**Buffy** She pieced you together from parts of other demons.

**Adam** And man. And machine. Which tells me what I am, but not who I am. Mother wrote things down. Hard data, but also her feelings. That's how I learned that I have a job here. And that she loved me.

**Riley** She wasn't your mother and she didn't love you!

**Xander** Is that really the issue?

**Riley** She made you because she was a scientist!

**Xander** Riley!

*Adam pulls another disk from a pouch on his waist and inserts it in his chest. It has the letters FI- on it.*

**Adam** Riley Finn.

**Riley** Stop! Those files...

**Adam** Oh! Mother created you too.

**Riley** Maggie's not my mother! I have a mother! A real

**Adam** A birth mother. Yes. But after you met Maggie, she was the one who shaped your basic operating system. She taught you how to think, how to feel. She fed you chemicals to make you stronger - your mind and body. She said that you and I were her favorite children. Her art. That makes us brothers. Family.

*Riley steps forward.*

**Riley** No!!! I'm not like you.

**Adam** That's pain isn't it? Why? Because your feeding schedule - the chemicals have been interrupted? Or do you miss her? Tell me.

**Riley** I'll kill you!!!

**Adam** You won't. You haven't been programmed to.

**Riley** I cannot be programmed! I'm a man!

**Adam** It's here.

*He holds a diskette up.*

**Adam** The plan she had for us. What happens. How it ends.

**Riley** No.

**Adam** Do you want to hear?

**Riley** No!!!

*Riley pulls his pistol and Adam disarms Riley. Buffy steps in and a punch downs her. Riley punches Adam's face and Adam responds with an uppercut sending Riley flying up in the air over a table. Xander runs in to push Adam and is pushed and thrown back into a wall. Buffy*

*throws a kick to Adam's chest. Adam punches Buffy's face. Buffy punches Adam's stomach and Adam chops at her shoulder and she falls. Angelman starts to run. Adam's skewer comes out. Angelman passes Adam.*

**Adam** Doctor.

*Adam skewers Angelman in the middle of his chest and Angelman falls, dead. Riley grabs Adam around the throat from behind. Adam breaks the hold, turns and stabs Riley with his skewer on his left side, and Riley falls clutching his wound. Buffy kicks Adam in the back. Adam spins and Buffy dodges the skewer. Adam knock Buffy to the floor. Adam picks up Buffy who is holding the skewer and throws her about 3 yards or meters into a steel door. She doesn't rise. The commandos are pounding on the door. Adam looks around.*

**Adam** Thank you. This has been... very interesting.  
*Adam walks up some stairs towards the platform he started from.*

**Unseen military guy** Back away from the door  
*Adam reaches up towards a vent. Shots pierce the door. Buffy moves to Riley's side. The commandos break open the door.*

**Buffy** Riley. Are you ok?

**Unseen military guy** Secure the room.

**Xander** We got a demon in here. It escaped through that vent.

**Buffy** It's not the Polgara - it looks sort of half man.

**Forrest** Right and you just happened to be in the neighborhood.

**Riley** She's telling the truth. I saw it. It killed Angelman. Go.. now.

**Buffy** He needs to go to a hospital.

**Forrest** We'll take it from here.

**Buffy** I'm going with him.

**Forrest** It's a military hospital.

**Buffy** No.

**Forrest growls** Back off.

**Forrest** We take care of our own around here, understand!

*Two commandos lower rifle weapons and aim them at Buffy. Two more are beside them.*

**Xander** Buffy.

*They stop aiming their weapons. Forrest and Graham each take one of Riley's arms and help him up.*

**Forrest** Escort them out.

*Riley turns his head slightly to look back.*

**Riley** weakly Buffy.

*Cut to alley.*

*Smacking sounds. Spike rolls and falls on his back, his face is bloody, but not from feeding. A demon walks and looks down at a prone Spike.*

**Demon** What did you expect spike - a welcome party?  
*Two other demons look on from the door.*

**Demon** Word's out - you've been making war on the demon world.

**Spike** War?

**Demon** With the slayer. You kill other demons and the rest of us don't hold with that.

*The two demons in a doorway who were watching turn around to go back inside.*

**Demon** Still, if I see you around again, I'll be inclined break that code. Do you understand?

*The demon leaves. Spike has still not moved since falling.*

*Cut to Campus, daylight.*

*Buffy and Willow are walking.*

**Willow** No word from Riley?

**Buffy** Nothing. The Initiative probably has him locked in some medical ward. There's no way I can get near him until I come up with a better plan than just storming in and getting us all shot.

**Willow** Yeah, you might want to work the kinks out of that one.

**Buffy** What am I going to do? He needs me and I can't get near him.

**Willow** You'll find a way.

**Buffy** It's not like I can spend all of my energy going after the Initiative. Not while Adam's out there.

**Willow** He's really that big of a threat?

*They sit on a bench.*

**Buffy** I could barely fight him. It's like Maggie designed him to be the ultimate warrior. He's smart and fast. He gave the commando guys the slip with no problem.

**Willow** There's gotta be a flaw.

**Buffy** I think the part where he's pure evil and kills randomly was an oversight

**Buffy** I never should have let them take Riley. I need to be with him.

**Willow** I'm sure he's ok.

**Buffy** There's no way he can be. Everything's he's ever believed in has been taken away. He's alone. He has nothing to hold on to.

*Cut to Initiative hallway with three scientist and military types.*

*Cut to Room and a bed with Riley on it. He has bandages wrapped around his midsection. Riley raises his hand, which was in shadow and looks at Buffy's bandanna which he has wrapped around it and is clasping.*



## Goodbye Iowa

Transcribed by **Joseph B**

Written by **Marti Noxon**

Directed by **David Solomon**

### Disclaimer

*This is a transcript intended for anyone who cannot watch BTVS for whatever reason, to enjoy, as well as those who think transcripts are just cool, and as reference material for fanfic writers. Buffy and all copyrighted characters are the product of Joss Whedon and I have nothing but respect for him and those whose hard work is put into bringing us a great show. I did this of my own free time and will never make a dime from it.*

*Now let me add. If you are looking at this transcript, save it, copy it, send it to your friends. Unlike other transcribers, who I have nothing but respect for, if you see any mistakes that might be in this transcript, feel free to correct them, or if you just want to personalize it to suit yourself, by all means. Hell I do it.*

### Prologue

*Fade-in. Giles' apartment. Just the way we left things from "The 'I' in Team." Buffy is pacing, Giles is standing close by, Willow is sitting at his desk, Spike is sitting on the bottom steps of the stairs, and Anya and Xander are sitting on Giles' weapons trunk against the wall. Buffy is in the middle of telling them what just happened.*

**Buffy** So Maggie sends me down into the sewers with one of those Blasto-guns. And the next thing I know, it's raining monsters.

**Xander** *without humor* Hallelujah.

**Buffy** And then this gate slams down behind me and I try to use the gun but it goes "phitt!"

**Giles** You're saying that Maggie Walsh set you up?

**Buffy** That's exactly what I'm saying. She sent me on a way-one recon.

**Spike** Gotta hand it to you, Goldilocks. You do have bleeding, tragic taste in men. I got a cousin married to a regurgitating Frovalox demon that's got better instincts than you.

**Buffy** *glaring at him* What does my taste in men have to do with this?

**Spike** Do you think Riley was out knitting booties for your future off-spring while Maggie was stringing you up?

*Buffy looks at everyone else's expressions. They don't say anything, but she can see from their faces . . .*

**Buffy** You guys think Riley had something to do with this?

**Giles** Probably not. But, uh . . . we'd be remiss if we didn't think of all the possibilities.

**Buffy** *softly* Right. "Remiss."

*She's turning away, then suddenly faces him again.*

**Buffy** No. No. Maggie made sure he was no where around when she sent me on this very special "make Buffy dead" assignment.

**Willow** And plus, Riley? He seems like he wouldn't tell a little white lie, let alone a whole bunch of big, dirty ones.

**Xander** That's why they call it the "secret forces," Will. 'Cause they kinda keep the whole lying thing to themselves.

**Buffy** All I know is that Maggie has it in for me. Which means the Initiative has it in for me.

**Xander** I'm guessing the mad scientist isn't too keen on the fact that the entire Scooby Gang knows that the Initiative is up to no good.

**Buffy** Which brings us back to the "not safe for any of us" concept.

**Giles** What could have happened to make Professor Walsh want to kill you?

**Buffy** *at a loss* I don't know. Uh . . . She wasn't keen on the fact that I was asking a lot of questions, that's for sure.

**Anya** So you were getting too close to something?

**Giles** Clearly. Although, one can only imagine what she'd be so desperate to hide.

*Cut to deep in the woods. All is quiet with the peaceful sounds of birds and other forest noises. Pan to a concrete access tunnel just visible from the side of the hill. It doesn't look as if it's been used for sometime as the metal doors screech as they are opened from the inside. Close up on a pair of army boots walking down the steps from the entrance. As the shot pans up we see legs clad in camouflage commando pants and the left leg is in a metal brace (jointed at the knee) from ankle to mid-thigh. He's not wearing a shirt, and his flesh is a jigsaw of different skin types and there is an electronic metal plate over the left side of his chest. His face is mostly green except for the patch of pale human flesh around his right blue eye and ear. His left eye is a demonic red color. His short hair is a normal brown, but there is a metal plating that frames the left green side of his face and wraps around to the back of his head.*

*Outside for the first time, Adam looks at his surroundings.*

*Wolf's wolf.*

## Part One

*Fade in to Giles' apartment. Buffy has Giles' trunk opened and is taking out weapons.*

**Buffy** Okay, everybody grab a weapon. We gotta move. *She hands Xander a battle ax and gives Anya a bat with a fisherman's hook attached to the head.*

**Xander** And storm the Initiative? *bravado* Yeah, let's take on those suckers!

**Buffy** I was thinking more that we'd hide.

**Xander** *relieved* Oh, thank God.

**Giles** Buffy, I think perhaps we should talk about this.

**Buffy** We need to relocate some place where we're less likely to be found. We need to come up with a plan.

**Willow** We could go to my place. *she is holding a wicked looking flail = think spiked mace on a chain*

**Buffy** The Initiative guys know how close we are. They'll automatically check the places you hang out. Xander, what about your basement. The guys haven't seen us together that much and there's enough room.

**Willow** *smiles* Oh, plus: mirror ball.

**Xander** Cool! Come on down and boogie at Xander's hideaway.

**Anya** *not happy* Yes. Come boogie.

**Giles** Absolutely not. I will not squat in that dank whole.

**Spike** What? It was good enough for me but you're above it all?

**Giles** Precisely. *sits down at his desk* Besides, I don't see why we can't stay right where we are. *chuckles* Because it's very unlikely those Initiative boys are gonna come around here looking for–

*The front door opens and Riley steps inside.*

**Riley** Buffy!

*Everybody looks at him in surprise. Riley closes the door and rushes over to Buffy.*

**Riley** God, Buffy. Are you okay? What happened?

**Buffy** *a beat* You know?

**Riley** I know something went down. *pause* Tell me.

**Buffy** Maggie tried to kill me.

*No one says anything for a moment.*

**Anya** *helpfully* It didn't work, but they're all upset anyway.

**Riley** Okay, listen. I need you to go over everything. Step by step. There has– has to be some kind of mistake.

**Xander** There was no mistake! And how do you know something happened?

**Riley** I was on a mission. But I came back and . . . I'm not sure. Look, let's just keep our heads and not jump to any–

*He looks over his shoulder and sees Spike sitting on the stairs. Spike looks away. Riley takes a step back in surprise as he faces the vampire.*

**Buffy** What?

**Riley** That's Hostile 17.

**Spike** Uh, no! I'm *bad American accent* just a friend of Xanderrrr's– *sighs* Bugger it. I'm your guy.

**Buffy** This is Spike. He's, uh . . . It's a really long story. But he's not bad anymore.

**Spike** Hey! *stands* What I am, a bleeding broken record? I'm bad! It's just . . . I can't bite anymore. Thanks to you wankers.

**Riley** *exasperated* We've been looking all over the place for him but you've known where he's been all along?

**Buffy** It's not like that.

**Riley** Then what is it like? What's he doing here?

**Spike** Leaving you swabs to your dramatics. Thanks.

*He walks over to the door and grabs his leather duster.*

**Spike** *putting it on* I've got my stories on the telly for that. By the by, if you're trying to kill her . . .

*Spike gives Riley two very enthusiastic thumbs up. Buffy rolls her eyes. He turns and pulls his coat over his head. He opens the door and runs outside.*

**Riley** Buffy . . . what is this? You're hiding an HST?

**Xander** Why don't you just back off and let her ask the questions, Jack? Your boss just tried to make monster food out of her.

*Riley sees everyone looking at him and calms down.*

**Riley** I-I didn't see much. I wasn't there. I . . . All I know is Professor Walsh told me you were dead. But then I saw you on the monitors . . . Look this isn't Professor Walsh– There must be something making her act this way. Something I– I don't know. Controlling her.

**Giles** We think Buffy may have been becoming too inquisitive. That she was getting close to something that Professor Walsh was trying to hide. Any idea what that might be?

**Buffy** What about 314? Maybe that's it?

**Riley** Maybe she was trying to test you. What if it was only a drill?

**Buffy** Then why did she tell you I was dead? Riley, it wasn't a test.

**Giles** See, I've heard rumors that the Initiative wasn't all that we've been told. That, uh, secretly they're working towards some darker purpose. Something that might harm us all–

**Riley** No! That's . . . that's not what happens there.

**Buffy** Riley.

**Riley** I would know!

**Buffy** Look, no one is sure of anything. Okay? We're just trying to sort it out.

**Riley** I can't be here. I'll sort it out on my own. *heads for the door*

**Buffy** *going after him* Riley.

**Riley** No! Just— I'm sorry.

*He opens the door and is gone.*

*Cut to the woods again. Close up of a small boy sitting next to his bike. He is playing with a cyborg, soldier action figure. On the rise behind him, the back of a house can be seen not far away but it appears as if he's the only one outside right now. Until Adam sees the him. Despite his size, the boy doesn't notice Adam until he is standing just a few feet away. The boy looks up and smiles with a "cool!" expression on his face.*

**ADAM** What am I?

**Boy** *standing* You're a monster.

**ADAM** *nodding* I thought so. What are you?

**Boy** Me? I'm a boy.

**ADAM** *curious* A boy. How do you work?

**Boy** I don't know, I just do.

*The boy sees something and points.*

**Boy** What's that for?

*Adam looks down and raises his Polgara left arm where just the sharp tip of the bone skewer sheathed inside the forearm is visible under his wrist. Adam looks at the boy and a "let me show you" smile slowly spreads across his grotesque face.*

*Cut to UC Sunnydale at night. Riley is walking across campus without a clear destination. Probably the first real brooding he's done in his entire life. On that depressing note we—*

*Cut to the Initiative. Lab 314. Dr. Angleman opens the door to the dark lab and flips the light switch. The lights stay off and he flips it on and off a couple times, but they remain off.*

**Angleman** Dr. Walsh? *worried whisper* Adam?

*Slowly, he starts walking across the lab but his feet slip out from under him and he falls to the floor. He's pushing himself up when he notices something wet on his hands. He sees they're covered with blood, then notices the trail of blood leading to the body of Professor Walsh lying face down on the floor.*

*Angleman freaks, scrambles to his feet, and runs out of the lab.*

*We go to Xander's basement. It is morning. Close up of the disco mirror ball hanging from the ceiling. Cut to Giles lying on an inflated beach chair. He's waking up and squints his eyes against the dots of light the mirror ball is shining in his face. He rubs a hand on his forehead. Obviously a good night's sleep he didn't get.*

*Sounds of the Road Runner can be heard as the camera pans the basement. There is an empty sleeping bag on the floor next to Giles. Two blankets hanging from the clothesline divides the basement in half. On the other half we see Willow, Anya, and Buffy (in that order) still under the covers in the fold-out bed watching TV, where*

*the self-proclaimed "super genius" (AKA Wile E. Coyote) is killing himself again with another one of his shoddy Acme traps that backfires on him. Willow finds this funny.*

**Buffy** *unmoved* That would never happen.

**Willow** Well, no, Buff. That's why they call them cartoons not documentaries.

*Giles steps through the draped blankets and shuts off the TV.*

**Giles** Must we have the noise? My head is splitting.

*He's returning to the other side of the basement.*

**Willow** *smiling* Well, look who's cranky bear in the morning.

**Giles** Yes. I can't imagine why I didn't sleep well in my beach ball.

**Anya** Every time you moved it made squeaky noises. It was irritating.

**Giles** Really? I'm surprised you could hear it over your Wagnerian snoring.

**Buffy** Okay, you guys, could we not, please. Everything's screwed up enough without you two doing scenes from my parents' marriage.

**Anya** *a beat* Sorry.

**Giles** Sorry.

**Buffy** Thank you.

*Giles disappears through the blankets.*

**Willow** It'll be okay, Buffy. Riley's just confused, that's all.

**Buffy** I don't know. It just seems like things can get heavier. His whole world's falling apart.

**Anya** And after everything you've been through with Angel. You know, you really should get yourself a boring boyfriend. *smiles* Like Xander. *then* You can't have Xander.

**Buffy** That was the idea. Riley was supposed to be Mr. Joe Guy. We were gonna do dumb things like hold hands through the daisies going "tra la la."

**Willow** Poor Buffy. Your life resists all things average.

**Anya** So dump him! *sternly* But you can't have Xander.

**Buffy** I'll try and remember that. *pause* It's too late, anyway. I'm already at the "I hurt when he hurts. I smile when he smiles" stage.

**Anya** *whispers* I hate that part.

**Buffy** I'll just have to make it work.

*Xander hurries down the stairs into the basement, carrying a breakfast tray.*

**Xander** Turn on the TV. Now!

*Willow gets up to switch the TV back on. The news is on.*

**Newswoman** Sunnydale is still reeling from news of the crime. *Giles peeks out from the blankets brushing his teeth* A source in the coroner's office tells us that the boy was stabbed with what looks like some kind of large

skewer. And his body was then mutilated. Police have not named a suspect and the killer is still at large.

*Realization fills Buffy's expression as she listens.*

**Buffy** The Polgara demon had a skewer in its arm. That's the one Maggie insisted we bring back alive.

**Giles** *mouthful of toothpaste* She must have sent it after you.

**Buffy** And it got distracted. *looks away* God.

**Willow** Buffy, it's not your fault. How could you know?

**Giles** She's right. You mustn't blame yourself.

**Buffy** *a beat* I'm not going to.

*As she gets out of bed, cue "bad-ass" Chris Beck score. She faces them with a determined expression.*

**Buffy** I'm going to the crime scene to see what I can find out. You guys research the Polgara demon. I want to know where it is. When I find it, I am going to make him pay for taking that kid's life. I'll make him die in ways he can't even imagine.

*Bad-ass score dies and everyone just looks at her, seemingly, unmoved by her passionate speech. Buffy notices their looks and glances down at the weird pattern on her pajamas.*

**Buffy** That probably would have sounded more commanding if I wasn't wearing my yummy sushi pajamas. *Cut to Lowell House. Riley has just walked in and is heading for his room. Forrest Gates spots him and catches up with him on the stairs.*

**Forrest** Hey! Where you been all night?

*Riley doesn't answer.*

**Forrest** *smiles* Well. Congratulations. I see you and Buffy have finally gotten past the shy phase.

*Forrest raises a fist for Riley to knuckle but Riley leaves him hanging. He's still in brooding mode.*

**Riley** I wasn't with Buffy. I needed to be alone. Think some things through.

**Forrest** What things?

*In the hall now, Riley turns to face him. Then reconsiders and motions him to follow him into his room.*

**Forrest** *stepping inside* This is mighty ominous. What's up, man?

**Riley** Professor Walsh tried to have Buffy killed.

**Forrest** What? Did Buffy tell you that? I mean, do you have any proof?

**Riley** I saw enough to know it's true.

**Forrest** I don't get it. Why?

**Riley** I don't know. *paces across the room* Buffy thinks that she's getting too close to something. That Professor Walsh has some secret.

**Forrest** I wouldn't put it past Buffy to get on Professor Walsh's bad side. She tends to put her nose where it doesn't belong.

**Riley** What?

**Forrest** *angry* She's a pain. Always wanting to know "why this?" and "why that?"

**Riley** *exasperated* And you're saying she should die because of that?

**Forrest** I don't know. Maybe Professor Walsh found out that Buffy was up to something bad. That ever cross your mind?

**Riley** Why does it bug you so much that I'm hanging with her? Is it because she's a better soldier than you?

**Forrest** It bugs me that she's using you to infiltrate our operations.

**Riley** *raising voice* So you're saying she's a spy? You're crazy! *turns away*

**Forrest** Riley, think about it. The professor is not stupid. If she tried to kill Buffy, maybe Buffy needed killing.

*Behind Forrest, the door opens and Graham Miller steps inside.*

**Graham** Guys.

**Riley** Not now, Graham.

*Graham's usually calm, stoic face seems a bit forced.*

**Forrest** What is it?

**Graham** *deep breath* Professor Walsh is dead.

*Forrest takes this news and looks at Riley. Off Riley's shocked expression, we fade to commercial.*

## Part Two

*Fade in on the Initiative. Riley rounds a corner quickly and pushes his way to the open door of lab 314. He sees Professor Walsh lying on the floor while two other scientists are looking over her body. Forrest steps up besides him and sees this and has to look away for a moment.*

**Forrest** *steely* Look at that wound. She's been staked, wouldn't you say, brother?

**Riley** What?

**Forrest** Only one person I can think of who could do something like that.

**Riley** *warning tone* You better not be saying what I think you're saying.

*Riley steps out into the corridor. Forrest follows him and Riley faces him.*

**Riley** We-we don't know that a person did this. The Polgara demon has a skewer that comes right out of—

**Forrest** *angrily* No way! That's your girlfriend's MO!

**Riley** *grabs a fistful of Forrest's shirt* Hey, that's a serious accusation! You better be ready to deal with the consequences.

**Forrest** *shoves Riley back* Then bring 'em on! That supernatural freak has blinded you and I'm sick of it!

**Riley** *advancing* That's enough!!

*Angleman steps in between them.*

**Angleman** Stand back! Show some respect! Listen, everybody's upset. But arguing isn't going to help anything. And it's certainly not what Professor Walsh would want.

*Riley and Forrest keep "I'm gonna kick your ass" eye contact for a few more seconds then break off.*

**Riley** No, sir. *takes a couple of steps back*

**Angleman** All right. Good. Now Washington is sending in a team to do an internal investigation. I've been told we have to wait for their word.

**Riley** What do you mean "wait?" This has to be the work of the Polgara demon we captured last week!

**Angleman** Probably. Looks like, last night, the Polgara escaped through tunnel seventy-two.

**Riley** It's out loose somewhere?!

**Angleman** I'm afraid so.

**Riley** Then we have to go after it.

*Riley starts to walk off but Angleman stops him.*

**Angleman** My orders from Washington are for a total lock-down until they arrive. I'm sorry. Now, return to your quarters. There's nothing you can do here.

*Riley is silent then nods. Satisfied, Angleman walks off. When he disappears around the corner Riley turns to Graham and a few other commandos standing nearby.*

**Riley** Listen. Angleman can talk all he wants, but I'm still in charge until the brass gets here and tells me otherwise. I say we got a demon to hunt. *absently scratches the back of his right hand* Now suit up for armed patrol. And by that I mean loaded guns, man. Target practice is over. We're going for blood.

*They head off to follow their orders. Forrest looks at Riley but doesn't say anything as he walks past him to follow the others. Riley glances once more into the lab before following as well.*

*Cut to cemetery. Daylight. Two humvees pull up and commandos, fully armed, start storming the mausoleums. We see Forrest and Graham head toward a mausoleum.*

*Cut to interior of Spike's place. We don't see him inside and Forrest and Graham enter, rifles ready.*

**Forrest** Somebody's been staying here.

**Graham** What do think, a homeless guy?

**Forrest** *moving deeper into the chamber* Could be. Or a squatter of the demon variety.

**Graham** But not the Polgara.

**Forrest** *faces him* Who cares!? I see a demon, it dies.

*There is a TV set up on a stone bench. Graham puts a palm on top of it.*

**Graham** It's warm.

*Forrest glances at the sarcophagus and he and Graham move to either end, slinging their rifles. Together they raise the stone lid and lean it against the side. Inside they*

*see an old decayed skeleton with its arms folded over its chest, covered in an old blanket.*

*Unslinging their rifles they head for the door again.*

**Forrest** Damn.

*Forrest is passing the TV and he shatters the screen with the stock of his rifle.*

**Forrest** Animals.

*We hear them leave and we cut to a close up of inside the sarcophagus. The blanket is folded up and we see Spike's head poke out from between the skeleton's feet. He sits up, the skeleton's knees draping over his shoulders, and sighs in relief.*

*Cut to the dry hills on the outskirts of Sunnydale. Buffy is walking down a dirt road. Behind her, up the road, a police car is parked. Below and ahead of her, she sees the crime scene. Another police car is parked and a detective is talking with a uniformed cop as two coroner's people carry a gurney with a small zipped bodybag on it under the crime scene tape.*

**Riley** Buffy.

*She turns and sees Riley walking down the road towards her. He's in full commando attire. He's scratching the back of his right hand again.*

**Riley** Hey.

**Buffy** Hey. Look, I'm sorry about earlier. I know everyone came on pretty strong. And the Spike thing isn't as tweaked as it looked. Okay, maybe it is. But there's an explanation that almost makes sense. *sees that he's looking off to the hills* Hello? I'm apologizing here. And I think that's pretty big of me, considering I'm the one who was almost made a demon sandwich.

*He doesn't say anything.*

**Buffy** This is the part where you throw me a bone.

**Riley** Maggie's dead.

*Buffy absorbs this news. But before she can say anything—*

**Riley** Happy now?

**Buffy** *eyes narrowing* How can you ask me that? Of course I'm not happy. What happened?

**Riley** *coldly* That's classified.

**Buffy** *Classifi— realizes* The Polgara. It got her and escaped. Didn't it?

*Riley just nods.*

**Buffy** I'm gonna find it. I'm gonna find it and destroy it. *angry* And then you can stop asking me how happy all this death makes me!

*She steps around him and marches quickly back up the road. Riley turns as if to say something, but doesn't. Sighing, he faces the crime scene again.*

*Cut to someone knocking on a door. Tara walks up and opens it to see Willow in the hall.*

**Willow** smiling Howdy.

**Tara** *smiles* I just got your message a minute ago. I was in class. But I was about to call you.

*She steps back to let Willow inside.*

**Willow** I had so much fun the other night. The spells.

**Tara** Yeah, that was nice.

**Willow** I hope you don't think that I just come over for the spells and everything. I mean, I really like just talking and hanging out with you and stuff.

**Tara** I know that. *knowingly* But you want to do a spell.

**Willow** Yeah. But only because it's really important. There's this—

**Tara** No. You don't have to explain. I don't mind. Really. *smiles* I've been, um, thinking about that last spell we did all day.

**Willow** *excited* You have? Well this one should be fun, too. We conjure the goddess Thespia to help us locate demonic energy in the area. It shouldn't be too tricky.

**Tara** The goddess Thespia? Are you sure we're ready for that?

**Willow** You and me? *gamely* This is beneath us.

**Tara** *considers* . . . Okay. If you say so.

*Cut to Willy's bar. Buffy makes her entrance by pushing aside the beaded string curtains and quickly spots Willy behind the bar. Willy sees her and doesn't bother to hide a "God must hate me" sigh. He motions her to the other end of the bar. Buffy follows and leans on the bar.*

**Willy** You're killing me here.

**Buffy** Oh, I missed you, too. The joint's jumping.

**Willy** Yeah. You know. *the vampire sitting nearby sees Buffy looking at him and takes his leave, forgetting his beer* Making some changes with my life. I'm getting away from my old image.

**Buffy** You mean as a double-dealing snitch?

**Willy** Uh-huh. I know you gonna think I'm blowing smoke, but after those apocalypse demons nearly did me in, I had an experience of the spiritual variety.

**Buffy** *not caring* That's swell, really. But I need to know if you've heard anything about a Polgara demon doing some killings in the last few of days.

**Willy** See, uh, that's the think. I don't talk behind people's backs no more. And I'm bringing some class to the joint. You know? It's "Willy's Place" now. See? *indicates neon sign on the wall* Brings in a better clientele. I got one of those deep friers. These demons just go crazy for chicken fingers. *off Buffy's expression* Look, if they see me dealing with you, then I'm just the same old Willy working both sides of the street.

**Buffy** I'm gonna have to punch you, aren't I?

**Willy** *not missing a beat* Just once and it don't have to hurt. Just make it look good.

*Buffy straightens and raises her fist. Willy instantly clutches his nose.*

**Willy** Oww! Oh!

**Buffy** *whispering* Not yet, I haven't touched you!

**Willy** Oh, sorry. Right. Right. G-go ahead. Wait. *louder voice* No. I can't talk to you—oww!

*Buffy straight-jabs him in the nose and now he's really hurting.*

**Willy** Ohhhh!

**Buffy** What have you heard about the Polgara?

**Willy** *still in pain* Heard there was one about a week or two back. Word was you got him. You and those army guys.

**Buffy** And that was the last you heard?

**Willy** Yeah. As far as I know, he's off the streets.

**Buffy** What about those army guys? What do you know? You heard anything about 314?

*Riley walks through the stringed curtains. Looking the place over he realizes it's filled with demons. As he approaches Buffy we notice there is a thin sheen of sweat on his face. He doesn't look happy at what he's seeing.*

**Buffy** *faces him* What are you doing here? Following me?

**Riley** *a tad pissed* You told me you were tracking the Polgara demon. I thought I'd help. But now I see you're not hunting demons, you're socializing with them. **Again.** I thought you were supposed to be killing these things not buying them drinks?

*By this point he's become the center of attention.*

**Buffy** *sarcastic* Oh, that's smooth, officer Riley. They teach you those undercover moves in special forces?

**Riley** I'm serious, Buffy. What are you doing here?

**Willy** Just cooling her dogs, like the rest of us. Why don't you sit down. Relax.

**Riley** *ignores him* I want you to tell me. Who are you? *seething* Really?

*Buffy glares at him, becoming a little pissed herself.*

**Willy** No kidding. Why don't I get you some chicken fingers, on the house.

**Riley** *to Willy* Hey, you think you can shut up?

**Willy** Look, I'm just saying—

**Riley** I said shut up! Or maybe you would like to go back to the lab with me. I'm sure the coats would love to classify a . . . whatever you are.

**Buffy** Leave him alone, Riley. He's human.

**Riley** So he's human.

*She looks at his arms.*

**Buffy** You're shaking.

**Riley** *looking at Buffy* He just harbors demons. Which makes him a good guy like you? *grabs her roughly by the shoulders* The truth, Buffy. Now!

**Buffy** You have the truth. You are just too screwed up because of what happened to Professor Walsh to see it.

*raises voice* Now let go of me! *knocks his hands off her shoulders*

*A middle-age looking woman gets up from the bar and walks quickly towards the door. Riley spots her over his shoulder.*

**Riley** Hold it! You!

*She stops in her tracks as he draws his Barretta and aims it at her. The gun is trembling in his hand.*

**Riley** No leaving until I say so. Got it?

**Willy** Hey. We got new rules here. No killing.

**Riley** *looking over his shoulder* Right! Except the rules don't seem to apply much these days. Do they?

*The woman is now facing Riley and looks terrified. Riley's breathing is becoming heavier and his shaking is getting worse.*

**Riley** *to the woman* Like if I shot you right now, I don't know if I'd have a corpse on my hands or one pissed off vampire.

**Buffy** Riley—

**Riley** *to Buffy* I mean, who do you believe? First it sounds like lies. Then it sounds like truth.

*Looks at the woman. She's starting to whimper.*

**Buffy** Riley. . .

*He glances at Buffy and seems to realize what he's doing. He suddenly turns to the bar, sweeping his gun across the surface smashing several glasses. The woman flees. Buffy slowly approaches him. Concerned. He has his hands pressed to the bar as he leans against it, shaking uncontrollably.*

**Riley** What's happening to me?

### Part Three

*Fade in. Xander's basement. It seems to be night. Riley is sitting on the bed with his head in his hands. He's no longer wearing his commando vest, gunbelt, nor his boots. Buffy brings him a blanket and drapes it around his shoulders as she sits down next to him. He looks up and pushes the blanket off. He's still sweating and shaking. Buffy rubs a soothing hand on his back.*

**Buffy** *soft voice* Riley, why don't you lie down? You'll be more comfortable.

*She sees him furiously scratching the back of his right hand. He's broken the surface and there's a patch of red on his skin. She grabs his hands.*

**Buffy** Stop it.

**Riley** *shaky voice* I can't. It's like . . . something's growing inside.

*He starts scratching and she takes his hand again.*

**Buffy** No. You're hurting yourself. C'mere. *she reaches up and pulls off the red scarf she had wrapped around her hair* Okay, shh. *gently wraps it around his hand*

**Riley** I thought I knew . . . but I don't. I don't know anything.

**Buffy** *soothingly* Shh. You're sick. Once you get some rest—

**Riley** No. Buffy. I don't know . . . anything. I don't know which team I'm on. Who the bad guys are. *looks into her eyes* Maybe I'm the bad guy. Maybe I'm the thing you should kill.

**Buffy** No. Don't you even think that. *puts a hand on his cheek* Okay, listen to me. You're sick. You just need to get some sleep. Please. Lie down for me. Come on.

*He pushes himself onto the bed and lays his head on the pillow. He curls his arms and legs in close as if cold and continues to shiver. Buffy walks around to the side and leans down to caress his cheek.*

**Buffy** *quietly* You're gonna be okay.

*His eyes are closed and he seems to calm down a little. Buffy turns and steps through the draped blankets to the other side of the basement. Giles, Xander, and Anya are there researching. Giles is bringing a box of old books they haven't looked through to the others.*

**Giles** How is he?

**Buffy** This isn't just grief making him act this way. Something's effecting him physically and it's getting worse.

**Anya** You think Professor Walsh did something to him?

**Buffy** I don't know, but I'm ready to find out.

**Xander** That's gonna be tough, what with Maggie's deadness and all.

**Buffy** She must have kept records somewhere. A-about Riley, about 314, about all of it. And I'm sure she wasn't the only person that knew what she was up to.

**Xander** So what's the plan?

**Buffy** Giles, Anya, keep researching. Xander, you and I are going undercover.

**Anya** Hey! *steps closer to Xander* Remember before? No Xander! Not in a "boyfriend" way or a "lead him to a certain death" way.

**Buffy** He's the only one with military experience.

**Anya** It's not like he was in the 'Nam. He was GI Joe for one night.

**Xander** It's okay, Anya. I've backed up Buffy before.

**Anya** *concerned* Can't you do something else to help them? Like Xerox handouts or something?

**Xander** I'll be careful. *puts his hands on her shoulders* Promise.

*She concedes but is not happy about it and Xander goes to get ready. Giles stands up from the box of books he was going through and faces Buffy.*

**Giles** It's a minor point but how do you plan to get in to the Initiative? I'm sure their security system's almost impenetrable.

**Buffy** I have my clearance. I'm hoping she didn't have time to revoke it.

**Giles** Okay. Well as for the whereabouts of this Polgara demon, I'm afraid we've . . . we've not turned up much. There've been no reports since its original capture.

**Buffy** Then we'll just have to keep looking.

*Cut to Tara's room. There is a bundle of string shaped into a square on the floor with four different color crystals weighing down each corner. Willow and Tara are sitting on either side of the square. Willow is grounding something in a small bowl.*

**Tara** So . . . the square is Sunnydale?

**Willow** Right. It's like a map. We both take different parts of the potion and when we do the incantation we both blow it onto the square at the exact same time.

**Tara** But how does it work?

**Willow** Well that's the cool part. When the potion mixes and Thespia's called it creates this mist over the parts where the demons are. I-It even makes different colors for different breeds.

**Tara** Wow.

**Willow** You ready?

*Tara nods. Willow pours some of the powdered contents of the bowl into Tara's palm, then pours some into her own hand from a second bowl.*

**Willow** Let's do it.

*She closes her eyes and Tara does the same.*

**Tara** Thespia, we walk in shadow. Walk in blindness. You are the protector of the night.

**Willow** Thespia, goddess, ruler of all darkness, we implore you . . . open a window to the world of the under-being.

*Willow blows the powder out of her hand over the square. Tara blows over her hand, not disturbing her powder, and leans toward her bed to dump the potion underneath it. Willow still has her eyes closed and did not see this.*

**Willow** With your knowledge may we go in safety. With your grace may we speak of your benevolence.

*Willow opens her eyes and looks down at the square, where nothing is happening. She frowns.*

**Willow** Or not.

*She looks at Tara. Tara gives her a disappointed look.*

*Cut to Lowell House. Buffy and Xander are quietly walking through the deserted lobby. Xander is wearing military garb similar to that of the Initiative commandos. He even has a gun belt with a sidearm in the holster (don't know if it's a real gun). Buffy is wearing a turtle-neck sweater, wire-rimmed glasses (got them from Giles?),*

*and has her hair pulled back in a small bun. She is carrying a white lab coat wrapped around a clipboard.*

**Xander** Seems pretty quite.

**Buffy** It usually is this time of—

*A young man suddenly brushes past her but doesn't even act as if he notices them and continues on. Buffy and Xander continue into the central hallway of the building and Buffy pushes the hidden switch in the wall next to the floor to ceiling mirror and stands in front of it.*

**Xander** stepping up next to her Buff, maybe you should check the look later.

**Buffy** Shh! she shoves him away none too gently

**Xander** Ow! surprised and a little hurt What'd you do that for?

**Buffy** Sorry. I'm the only one that can pass the retinal scan.

**Xander** The re— eww! I don't wanna see that.

**Buffy** glares **Retinal** scan, Xander. *looks into the mirror again* Well, we'll know in a few seconds if my clearance is still good.

*A horizontal green light emits from the mirror and slides down over her body.*

**Xander** Or if we're about to die at the hands of fifty grief-filled military goons.

**Female computer voice** Retinal scan recorded. Summers. Buffy.

*The mirror slides to the side and Buffy steps into the very white elevator. Xander follows her.*

**Xander** Why am I not entirely comforted by the arrival of the man-sized microwave?

*Cut to Initiative. The elevator door slides open and Buffy is now wearing the lab coat and she and Xander step out onto the catwalk overlooking the huge hangar of the Initiative complex. His eyes widen as he gapes.*

**Xander** awed Holy moly!

**Buffy** I know.

**Xander** I totally get it now. Can I have sex with Riley, too?

*Buffy glares at him but he's still staring and doesn't see it. She takes his arm and leads him towards the stairs. When they descend to the first landing they see a couple of commandos climbing the stairs towards them. Xander turns to Buffy and pulls her close to him.*

**Xander** whispers Quick pretend to make out with me!

**Buffy** whispers What!? What are you talking about? pushes away

**Xander** whispers Well, I, uh, you know, in the movies, the guy and the girl have to hide.

*They pretend to be looking at her clipboard as the commandos pass them and continue up the stairs.*

**Buffy** whispers Please! Could you possibly draw more attention to us?



*When the commandos are gone, they continue down to stairs.*

**Buffy** *whispers* This is the Initiative, Xander. Military guys and scientists do not make out with each other.

**Xander** *whispers* Well maybe that's what's wrong with the world. Ever think about that?

*Back at Xander's basement. Riley is still in bed and is sleeping. Cut to the other side of the basement. Willow is pacing. Anya is sitting in a large beanbag, looking through a book, and Giles is fixing tea on the washing machine.*

**Willow** It totally failed. It wasn't even like the spell went wrong. It just . . . wouldn't.

**Giles** If it's any consolation, we haven't fared much better here.

**Willow** Really. Is Riley okay?

**Giles** Well, h-he's asleep. Finally. But he doesn't look good. *hands Anya a cup* And the, uh, research is troubling as well. I mean, this-this demon we're after seems highly atypical for a Polgara. This child that it killed . . . was mutilated. There's no recorded cases of a Polgara ever having done such a thing.

**Anya** *fidgiting with the string of her tea bag* Also the Polgara have to eat every two hours. Factor in the low IQ and you have a demon who's not exactly low profile.

**Willow** So how has he been hiding out in Sunnydale for the last two days without anyone seeing him?

**Giles** Exactly.

*Willow pushes aside the blanket to check on Riley. She finds him standing just a foot in front of her. His eyes look a little sunken.*

**Willow** *surprised* Riley.

**Riley** *agitated* Where's Buffy?

**Willow** She went out. Can-can I get you something?

*He sits on the bed to pull on his boots.*

**Riley** Just tell me where she is.

**Giles** You're not well, Riley. Y-you need to rest.

**Riley** Did she find the Polgara? *stands, rubbing his arm as if cold* Huh? Is that it?

**Giles** Well, no, we're still looking. But—

**Riley** But what?

**Willow** She went to find out what's making you sick.

**Riley** *sharply* I'm not sick! *more agitated* You're telling me she went to the Initiative?!

**Willow** Riley, she's just trying to help you.

**Riley** *crosses the basement to grab his gear* She doesn't belong there.

*Willow hurries to stand in front of the stairs to block his way.*

**Willow** Riley, listen—

**Riley** Stand away from the stairs.

**Willow** No! You're gonna get Buffy killed—

*He shoves her hard to the ground.*

**Giles** Hey!

*He and Anya rush to Willow as Riley dashes up the stairs.*

**Giles** You all right?

*Willow is shakened but doesn't seemed to be hurt. As they help her we—*

*Cut to Initiative. Buffy and Xander are rounding a corner when they hear someone coming from down the corridor.*

**Angleman** How many of the men are still out?

*They return to the corner and try to look inconspicuous as Dr. Angleman enters the corridor with another scientist. They eavesdrop.*

**Angleman** The longer they go without their meds . . .

**Scientist #1** Everyone's off their schedules because of the professor's death.

**Angleman** It's dangerous. I don't want to think about the damage our guys could do under the stress of withdrawal. Especially since they won't understand what's happening to them. These guys don't know they've been getting meds in their food, so we better get them in here STAT.

**Scientist #1** We've located all but a few. The last ones were in pretty bad shape but we stabilized them.

**Angleman** But Finn wasn't one of them, right?

**Scientist #1** No.

**Angleman** Find him. He's the one I care about. He's too important to the work to lose now.

**Scientist #1** Indeed.

*Cut to Willy's Place. Spike walks in through the beaded curtains and heads to the bar.*

**Spike** Double-shot of O-neg, 'keep. And make it the good stuff. I don't want no freaking orangutan. *puts a few dollars on the bar*

**Willy** Got ya.

*Willy grabs a shot glass and a bottle of thick, red liquid.*

**Spike** *as drink is being poured* Been a pisser of a day, isn't it? Those army blokes are on a tear. They ran me outta my place. And all over town.

*Willy moves on and before Spike can take a drink, a large demon hand falls on his shoulder.*

**Spike** Yeah, what's that?

*Spike turns his head to look at the demon. Spike's POV: the demon raises his other clawed hand in a closed fist and punches the camera out. (fade out)*

*Back to the Initiative. Buffy and Xander are still eavesdropping on Angleman.*

**Angleman** Keep me posted. I'll be in records

*He walks away and the other scientist heads in the other direction. Buffy keeps her back turned as Angleman passes behind her to a door at the end of the hall. He slips a keycard through an electronic lock and steps through*

*the door. It's swinging close behind him but Buffy shoves the clipboard inside before it can and walks in. She hands the clipboard to Xander and marches up behind Angleman who is unaware until she spins him around to face her and shoves him against a counter, getting a fistful of his shirt.*

**Buffy** *pissed* Now I don't generally like to kill humans, but I've learned that it pays to be flexible in life.

**Angleman** I was wondering when you'd turn up.

**Buffy** *mock disappointment* Oh darn! *takes off her glasses* So this isn't a surprise? Now you can tell me what you did to Riley and after that we can take a tour of room 314.

**Angleman** Somebody's coming, you know? I'm sure they've already seen you on the security monitors.

**Riley** *stepping from around a the corner* Monitors are non-functional at this time, sir. Went down about ten minutes ago.

**Buffy** *looks to Xander* What? I didn't do that.

**Xander** Thank god for small favors and we'll worry about details later, huh, Buff?

**Angleman** Finn take this girl to the stockade immediately.

**Buffy** Riley, he can tell us what we need to know. *to Angleman* Maggie wanted me dead, didn't she?

**Angleman** *a beat* She did. *to Riley* But understand the Initiative has no interest in eliminating the Slayer. It was her own vendetta.

**Buffy** Why? Spell it out for me. I feel an attack of "dumb blonde" coming on.

**Angleman** I don't know.

**Buffy** *jerks him closer* Well. Think. Harder.

**Angleman** It was . . . the project.

**Buffy** Project? 314.

**Angleman** It . . .

*Glances at Riley who is paying close attention.*

**Angleman** *to Buffy* It escaped.

**Riley** *stepping closer* That's enough! You're making her sound like some psychopath. She wasn't like that! She was a brilliant woman!

**Angleman** She was. I—it's not—

**Riley** *angry* All she was doing was trying to help people . . . and this is the way you want them to remember her?!

**Buffy** *to Riley* Angleman said Walsh was feeding you drugs.

**Riley** You're doing this to me, aren't you?

*He advances on her and Buffy lets go of Angleman to face him. Angleman starts slinking away towards a nearby door.*

**Riley** *glaring* This all started because of you!

**Buffy** Look, if you will just listen to me, okay? I am trying to help you get to the truth.

**Riley** You want truth? Then tell me . . . *grabs her arm* what did you do to her, Buffy?

**Buffy** *breaks the hold* Stop it! I didn't do anything!

*Riley tries to grab her again and she has to push him back.*

**Buffy** Riley, stop! This isn't about us! Everything that we need to know is here. We just need to find out what was in 314.

*A commando's body suddenly drops to the floor behind them. They all turn and look up. On a catwalk Adam is looking down at them.*

**ADAM** Me.

## Part Four

*Fade in. Exactly how we left everything. Adam starts to pace across the catwalk.*

**ADAM** I've been thinking about the world. I wanted to see it. Learn it. I saw the inside of that boy and it was beautiful. But it didn't tell me about the world. It just made me feel. So now . . . I want to learn about me. Why I feel? What I am?

*He stops pacing and turns to face them. He takes a step forward and drops to the floor, landing on his feet. He's looking at Riley.*

**ADAM** So I came home.

*He pulls out a computer disk from the cargo pocket of his camouflage pants. Its labeled "ADAM" and he slides it into the drive slot of the metal plate on his chest. The disk loads itself with a soft whirring.*

**ADAM** *pacing again* I'm a kinematically redundant, biomechanical demonoid. Designed by Maggie Walsh.

She called me Adam and I called her mother.

**Angleman** Adam. Maggie would want you to stand down.

**ADAM** *looks at him* Yes. But I seem to have a design flaw.

*Angleman looks as if he's ready to bolt. Buffy has a "Oh, shit" look on her face.*

**ADAM** *pacing* In addition to organic material, I'm equipped with GP-2/D-11 Infrared Detectors. A Harmonic Decelerator, plus DC Servo.

**Buffy** She pieced you together from parts of other demons.

*Adam looks down at his green Polgara arm, and his dark tan demon right arm, which is plated with metal on the forearm and shoulder.*

**ADAM** And man. And machine. Which tells me what I am . . . but not who I am. Mother wrote things down.

Hard data, but also her feelings. That's how I learned that I have a job here. And that she loved me.

**Riley** She wasn't your mother! And she didn't love you!

**Xander** *not taking eyes off Adam* Is that really the issue?

**Riley** She made you because she was a scientist!

**Xander** *warningly* Rileeeey.

**ADAM** Riley Finn.

*He pulls out another disk, this one labeled "FINN," and loads it into his chest.*

**Riley** Stop! Those files—

**ADAM** Oh! Mother created you, too.

**Riley** Maggie is not my mother! *to Buffy* I have a mother! A real—

**ADAM** A birth mother. Yes. But after you met Maggie, she was the one who shaped your basic operating system. She taught you how to think. How to feel. She fed you chemicals to make you stronger. Your mind and body. She said that you and I were her favorite children. Her art. That makes us brothers. Family.

**Riley** No! *taking a step forward* I'm not like you!

**ADAM** That's pain, isn't it? Why? Because your feeding schedule—the chemicals—have been interrupted? Or do you miss her? Tell me.

**Riley** I'll kill you!

**ADAM** *calmly* You won't. You haven't been programmed to.

**Riley** I cannot be programmed! I'm a man!

**ADAM** It's here.

*He's pulled out another disk and is holding it up for Riley to see.*

**ADAM** The plan she had for us. What happens. How it ends.

**Riley** *quietly* No.

**ADAM** Do you want to hear?

**Riley** No!

*Riley draws his Barretta and aims it at Adam. Before he can pull the trigger, Adam grabs his arm and forces him to drop it. Buffy rushes forward and Adam backhands her in the face, sending her to the floor. Riley frees himself and punches Adam across the metal side of his face. Adam, unfazed, hits him with an uppercut that sends him flying high across the room over a middle work table. He hits the floor in a tumble, stunned.*

*Xander rushes forward but Adam just shoves him back against the wall and he goes down.*

*Buffy is on her feet and sends a powerful roundkick to Adam's chest. Adam just looks at her and smashes a fist across her face. She retaliates with a punch to his mid-section. Adam responds by slamming the same fist down on her shoulder this time driving her to the floor.*

*Angleman decides it's time to get the hell out of there and runs past Adam, heading for the door. Adam sees him*

*and his Polgara skewer juts out of his arm.*

**ADAM** Doctor.

*Adam steps forward and plunges the skewer into Angleman's back. He gasps and shudders in pain for a few seconds then falls to the floor, sliding off the spear. Riley runs up behind Adam and jumps on his back, wrapping an arm around his neck. Adam just turns on him and stabs him in the left side of his abdomen. Riley falls back, hitting the metal railing of the stairs, and drops to the floor clutching his side.*

*Buffy gets to her feet and slams a side kick into Adam's back, this time making him stumble. He quickly turns and she ducks a slash aimed at her head. He grabs her around the neck with his other hand and shoves her to the floor.*

*Cut to the door. Graham and Forrest can be seen through the small wired-glass window. They are pounding on the door, trying to get in.*

*Adam grabs Buffy again, lifting her off the floor, and throws her against the wall. She hits hard and falls, unmoving. Adam just stands and looks down at his fallen opponents.*

*There are now more commandos outside the door, trying to break through.*

**ADAM** Thank you. This has been . . . very interesting. *He walks to the stairs and heads back up to the catwalk. Riley is lying against the wall, in pain and Buffy, nearby, is starting to move again.*

**Commando** OS Back away from the door!

*Finally, one of the commandos figured out that one of the very big guns their holding would be very helpful right now, and sends a circle of shots through the metal door around the handle. Adam walks under an airvent and reaches for the grated cover.*

*Buffy moves to Riley's side.*

**Buffy** Riley. Are you okay?

*The door gives way and two commandos rush in, guns ready. Forrest and Graham are right behind them and another half dozen commandos follow. They see Angleman's body as they walk inside.*

**Commando** OS Secure the room! Go! Go!

**Xander** *still on the floor* We got a demon in here. It escaped through that vent.

**Buffy** It's not the Polgara. It looks sort of half man.

**Forrest** Right! And you just happened to be in the neighborhood.

**Riley** *painfilled* She's telling the truth. I saw it. It killed Angleman. Go. Now!

**Commando** Yes, sir.

*Several commandos rush up the stairs to the vent. Forrest steps closer to Riley.*

**Buffy** He needs to go to a hospital.

**Forrest** We'll take it from here.

**Buffy** I'm going with him.

**Forrest** It's a military hospital.

**Buffy** No.

*Forrest kneels beside Riley.*

**Forrest** Back off! We take care of our own around here, understand?

*Two of the commandos standing next to Graham aim their rifles at Buffy. Xander, not liking where this is going, moves closer to her and reaches a hand down to her.*

**Xander** concerned Buffy.

*Forrest motions Graham forward and Buffy has to move as he and Forrest lift Riley to his feet.*

**Forrest** to commandos Escort them out.

*Riley looks back at Buffy.*

**Riley** weakly Buffy

*Buffy can only stand and watch them take him away and tears start to fill her eyes. And we cut to—*

*The door of Willy's Place swings open and Spike is ejected, tumbling into the alley in a broken, bloody mess. As he lies on his back, a large bad-ass demon walks out and stands over him.*

**Bad-ass Demon** What did you expect, Spike? A welcome party?

*Quick shot of two more mean looking demons standing in the doorway.*

**Bad-ass Demon** Word's out: you've been making war on the demon world.

**Spike** dazed War?

**Bad-ass Demon** With the Slayer! You kill other demons and the rest of us don't hold with that.

*The other two demons, growling, duck back inside where the jukebox can be heard playing loudly.*

**Bad-ass Demon** Still . . . if I see you around here again, I'll be inclined to break that code. Do you understand? *Spike doesn't, or can't, say anything and the demon turns and walks back inside. Leaving Spike alone.*

*Cut to UC Sunnydale. Next day. Willow and Buffy are outside, walking across campus.*

**Willow** No word from Riley?

**Buffy** Nothing. The Initiative probably has him locked in some medical ward. There's no way I can get near him until I come up with a better plan than just storming in and getting us all shot.

**Willow** Yeah, you might want to work the kinks out of that one.

**Buffy** What am I going to do? He needs me and I can't get near him.

**Willow** You'll find a way.

**Buffy** It's not like I can spend all of my energy going after the Initiative. Not while Adam's out there.

**Willow** He's really that big of a threat?

*They move to the side of the walkway and sit down on a wooden bench.*

**Buffy** sighs I could barely fight him. I-it was like Maggie designed him to be the ultimate warrior. He's smart and fast. He gave the commando guys the slip with no problem.

**Willow** There's gotta be a flaw.

**Buffy** I think the part where he's pure evil and kills randomly was an oversight.

*She lets herself sit back as her thoughts return to Riley.*

**Buffy** I never should have let them take Riley. I need to be with him.

**Willow** I'm sure he's okay.

**Buffy** There's no way he can be. Everything he's ever believed in has been taken away or . . . He's alone. He has nothing to hold on to.

*Dissolve to the corridors of the Initiative. Commandos and Scientists are going about business as usual. One commando is standing guard at a closed door. Dissolve to interior and the camera pans across the medical room where we see Riley lying on a bed. his abdomen is wrapped heavily in bandages, a small red stain over his wound. He's still sweating a little but no longer seems agitated. He's staring at the wall.*

*He lifts his right hand and looks at Buffy's scarf still wrapped around his hand.*

## This Years' Girl

By **Douglas Petrie**

Transcribed by **Nick MB**

### Disclaimer

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## Prologue

*Faith beating up a vampire.*

**Faith** I'm Faith.

**Giles** VO Previously on Buffy The Vampire Slayer...  
*Mayor's Office.*

**Mayor** Open your present.

**Faith** *Opens it, takes out knife* This is a thing of beauty, boss.

**Mayor** That look on your face is my reward.

**Giles** VO We have a rogue Slayer on our hands. I can't think of anything more dangerous.

*Buffy fighting Faith on a rooftop. Buffy punches her then plunges a knife into her gut. Shot of truck below. Faith falls onto it.*

*Cut to Hospital. Faith in a bed looking ill. Mayor next to her bed.*

**Doctor** It's a wonder she's alive at all with the blood loss. There's virtually no chance that she'll ever regain consciousness.

*Buffy fighting in a room.*

**Riley** You're really strong. I like it.

*Walsh standing next to Adam on a bed.*

**Walsh** I've worked too long... too long to let some little bitch threaten this project.

*Giles' apartment. Giles talking to Buffy.*

**Giles** Maggie Walsh...set you up?

*Cut to Buffy in a dark room.*

**Buffy** VO Maggie wanted me dead didn't she?

*Buffy tries blaster. Doesn't work. Door slams behind her. Cut to Adam's room. Walsh being skewered from behind by Adam.*

**Walsh** Adam.....

*Walsh slumps to ground.*

**Adam** Mommy.

*Initiative. Riley to Forrest.*

**Riley** Why does it bug you so much that I'm hanging with her?

**Forrest** It bugs me that she's using you to infiltrate our operation.

**Riley** You saying she's a spy?

*Cut to Riley, shaking and looking ill.*

**Riley** I don't know what's going on...who the bad guys are...

*Cut to Riley and Buffy fighting Adam. Riley is injured by it. Forrest picks him up.*

**Forrest** Escort them out.

*Carries Riley off.*

**Riley** Buffy....

*Buffy watches him being taken away. Screen fades to white.*

*Faith and Buffy making a bed. Folding clean sheet.*

**Buffy** They smell good don't they?

**Faith** What?

**Buffy** Clean sheets. Like summer.

**Faith** I wouldn't know.

**Buffy** Right. I forgot.

**Faith** I noticed.

**Buffy** I wish I could stay, but...

**Faith** Oh, you have to go.

**Buffy** That's just what...

**Faith** Little sis coming. I know.

**Buffy** So much to do before she gets here.

*They walk around to end of bed.*

**Buffy** Now I really have to...

**Faith** So go. Don't let me keep.

*Blood drips from Faith onto bed.*

**Faith** Damn. Just when we'd made it so nice. *They look at knife in Faith's gut* Are you ever gonna take this thing out?

*Lingering shot of knife. Buffy rips it out. Faith flinches.*

*Cut to hospital monitors showing heart beat etc. Across to Faith lying in a bed. Still asleep. Lighting strikes.*

## Part One

*Xander's basement. Xander looking at blaster.*

**Xander** So, here it is. The latest in state-of-the-art combat technology. I gotta say, it doesn't look that complicated.

**Buffy** So can you repair it?

**Xander** Sure. As soon as I get my master's degree in advanced starship technology. *Slams down blaster.*

**Willow** Well, why don't we experiment? Press some buttons, see what happens.

**Giles** I'd like to veto that.

**Xander** Second. It's called a blaster, Will, a word that tends to discourage experimentation. Now, if it were called the Orgazmater, I'd be the first to try your basic button press approach.

**Buffy** Just tell me. Can you repair it or not?

**Xander** I'm working on it, I'm working on it. *Continues to work on it* I blow a whole in my mom's exterior patch then the neighbours will not be pleased.

*Buffy sits down with face in her hand.*

**Giles** Are you alright? *Goes to sit next to her* You've been patrolling round the clock for three days straight now. I thought you could use some...

**Buffy** What? Some rest? There's a demonoid killing machine out there Giles, it doesn't only work the night shift.

**Giles** I was going to say perhaps you could use some backup, but um....now you mention it, building up your strength may not be a bad idea.

**Buffy** Just get the blaster working. That's all the strength I need.

**Willow** Are you sure?

**Buffy** Why? Because ray guns aren't in the Slayer handbook? Well, you haven't seen this Adam thing. He's the Terminator without the bashful charm. He's deadly, and the last time we met, he kicked my ass.

**Willow** Oh no, blast away, by all means. I only meant....no word about Riley?

*Comes and sits with Buffy.*

**Buffy** They keep telling me that he's fine. That's all they'll say.

**Willow** Maybe they're telling the truth.

**Buffy** Maybe. I don't even know what the Initiative's version of "fine" is. I mean, they could be forcing him back onto medication or torturing him for all I know.

**Giles** From what we've seen, I doubt they'll be trying to hurt him.

**Buffy** The only thing I know for certain is that my boyfriend is locked away and I'm not helping.

*Lots of sparks come out of blaster. Xander recoils.*

**Willow** Maybe Giles has a point. I mean, Riley is their top gun guy. Doesn't make sense that they'd hurt him.

**Buffy** All I know is that the Initiative has all those brain-washy, behaviour modification guys.

**Willow** So?

**Buffy** So what happens when they start not liking his behaviour?

*Cut to Initiative infirmary. Riley's hand reaches for piece of Buffy's bandana. Gets out of bed, grunts in pain. Pulls a shirt on. Starts to walk out of the room. Guard comes towards him.*

**Riley** Stand down, soldier. *No response* Stand down before I put you down.

*Forrest comes over.*

**Forrest** *To guard* You heard the man. At ease.

*Looks at Riley. Riley returns the look, then starts to walk away.*

**Forrest** The shish kebab that walks like a man. Looks like you're feeling better. Walking around, threatening people and all that.

**Riley** He was in my way. I got places to be.

**Forrest** Really. And where were you thinking of going?

**Riley** You know where I'm going.

**Forrest** *Sighs* Don't even tell me you're headed to that girlfriend of yours. *Gets in Riley's way* Look at you. One good injury and you're back in intensive care to stay.

**Riley** You wouldn't understand.

**Forrest** How about you explain it to me then?

*Guard comes up behind them.*

**Guard** We all friends here fellows?

**Forrest** Absolutely. Riley here was about to explain why he's leaving us so very quickly.

**Riley** I don't explain. Because I don't have to. I'm the one in charge.

**Forrest** Things change.

**Riley** Do they?

**Forrest** Hey! In case you failed to notice, we're in a world of hurt around here. Now's the time for us to band together, not go flying off our separate ways.

**Guard** Forrest has a point, Riley.

**Forrest** We have a problem, we deal with that problem. You know, the most important part of the equation now is that we keep said problem within the family.

**Riley** Family? Is that what we are? Step aside.

*Forrest stares him down.*

*Cut to Faith's hospital bed. Slowly moving towards her from high above. Quick flash of sun above trees. Back to bed. Continue to move towards her. Then longer shot of trees, moving camera down the ground. Cut back to bed, now quite close to her. Further shot of trees, then goes black. Close up of her face in the bed.*

**Faith** VO Think it's gonna rain?

*Cut to Faith and Mayor having a picnic in the park.*

**Mayor** Nonsense. It's a beautiful day. Now eat your sandwich.

**Faith** I dunno. It just always seems like it starts raining about now.

**Mayor** You're too young and too pretty a girl to start wearing worry lines on your face. *Picks worm off blanket* Hey there, little fella. I dunno where you belong, but it's not here with us. *Chuckles* There you go. *Puts the worm back in the soil. Talks to Faith again* Y'see, there's nothing gonna spoil our time together. Who wants cheese cake? *Chuckles. Faith looks down and smiles, then suddenly looks up behind the Mayor.*

**Faith** NO!

*Buffy comes up behind the Mayor. Runs him through with Faith's knife.*

**Buffy** To Faith I told you I had things to do.

*Faith looks terrified and crawls away.*

*Cut to her lying in bed again. Zoom in further.*

*Cut to Scooby Gang looking for Adam at night.*

**Willow** Spread out.

**Buffy** Not too far.

**Xander** So not a problem.

*Buffy walks around a tree. Shines torch upwards and sees horribly mutilated body in the tree. Rest of group see it. Cut to basement.*

**Buffy** I've never seen anything like that.

**Xander** And I can go a long healthy stretch without seeing anything like that again.

**Willow** It had to be Adam who killed it, but why?

**Buffy** He's studying biology. Human, demon, whoever he can get his hands on and take apart.

**Willow** He's finding out what makes things work.

**Xander** I really don't want to be around for the final exam.

**Buffy** It's not coming to that. The Initiative created this thing and they can't stop it. But we will.

**Xander** Question: Will hiding in a cavern with stock-piled chocolate goods be any part of this plan?

**Buffy** No.

*Xander sits next to Willow.*

**Xander** To Willow Told you.

**Willow** What's first?

**Buffy** Riley. I'm not leaving him down there with the people that created this thing. I don't care how many guns they have, I'm going in. Okay. Will, I need you to hack into their security mainframe and buy me a ten minute shut down of operation systems.

**Willow** That could be...

**Buffy** Tricky. Not impossible. If you can't do it online, then use magic. Xander, any gear you've been saving for a rainy day, I want you to give to me.

**Xander** You want stealth stuff?

**Buffy** No, we tried sneaking in. This time, we're gonna use force. I figure I'll go in through the elevator shaft,

use the cable as towlines. Then blast open the facility doors and find the infirmary.

**Riley** Am I really worth all that?

**Buffy** Spins around Riley! Hugs him. He flinches Oh God, I'm sorry! Did I hurt you?

**Riley** No, a giant skewer through the rib cage hurt me. That was just a reminder.

**Buffy** How did you get out?

**Riley** I walked.

**Willow** They didn't try to stop you?

**Riley** Oh, they did. Repeatedly. But then I told them they couldn't keep me without a major ass-kicking, one way or another. So here I am.

**Xander** That's.....great...Riley, and y'know...there's no polite way to ask you this, but...uh....did they put a chip in your brain? Looks at his head

**Riley** Beg your pardon?

**Buffy** Forget it. We're just happy to have you back.

**Willow** Yeah, we were pretty worried about you for a while, mister.

**Riley** Me too. Hey, I know my behaviour was pretty out there...

**Willow** Forget it. Tell you what, you two crazy kids take down a killer cyber demon hybrid thingy and we'll call it all even.

**Riley** Taking down Adam's gonna be tough. There's no way to predict what he'll throw at us.

**Buffy** You're here. Whatever comes, we can handle.

*Cut to dark street. Faith running down it looking very afraid. Buffy walking after her. Faith runs through a graveyard.*

*Cut back to Faith asleep in hospital.*

*Cut to graveyard. Noises all around Faith. Buffy getting closer wielding Faith's knife.*

*Cut to Faith asleep, zoom closer to her face.*

*Cut to Buffy still walking after Faith, then to her asleep, then to Faith running through the graveyard and falling into an open grave. Buffy comes up to it and looks down at her. Buffy falls away and the screen fades the black.*

*Shot of the ground near the grave, then Faith claws her way out of the hole and looks up into the stormy sky.*

*Cut back to hospital bed. Faith's eyes snap open.*

## Part Two

*Faith lying awake listening to hospital noises. Looks at monitors, then at tube in her hand. Lifts hand up and clenches it into a fight fist.*

*Far shot of bed. Faith throws the covers aside, rips out the monitor cable and leaves. She is pulled back by tube in her hand.*

**Faith** Yanks it out Owch.

*Faith walks down the corridor. Woman comes up to her.*

**Woman** Excuse me. You know how to get to third floor west?

**Faith** What?

**Woman** I see....you need some help or something?

**Faith** Graduation.

**Woman** What?

**Faith** Graduation. I gotta get to Sunnydale High School graduation NOW.

**Woman** Well, you can't. I mean, Sunnydale High School isn't even there anymore.

**Faith** What day is it?

**Woman** Friday.

**Faith** What date? The date.

**Woman** February 25th.

**Faith** What year?

**Woman** Maybe I should get you a nurse...

**Faith** What happened to the school?

**Woman** Don't you just wanna....

**Faith** Just tell me.

**Woman** Well, it was a tragedy really. Lots of students died. The Principal, the Mayor. I really think maybe I should get you some help.

*Closeup of Faith's face.*

*Cut to Faith walking outside the hospital wearing the woman's clothes.*

**Buffy** VO Y'know, I never stopped thinking about you.

*Cut to Buffy and Riley.*

**Riley** Me neither. All I had in there was this one little part of you. *Gives her bandana piece*

**Buffy** It's just the scarf part of me really.

**Riley** Sure it is. Just knowing you were out there...that you cared...I think we're being watched.

**Buffy** I dunno. Does the Initiative do that?

**Riley** Maybe.

**Buffy** You seem a little...somewhere else. Is there anything I can do?

**Riley** Give me an order. That's what I do isn't it? Follow orders.

**Buffy** You don't have to.

**Riley** Don't I? All my life that's what I've been groomed to do. They say jump, I ask "How high?", I get the job done. Just don't know if it's the right job anymore.

**Buffy** I know how you feel. Giles used to be part of this Council. And for years all they ever did was give me orders.

**Riley** Ever obey them?

**Buffy** Sure. The ones I was going to do anyway. The point is, I quit the Council. And I was scared. But it's okay now.

**Riley** Now, see, that's where you and I are different. I just suck at the whole gray area thing.

**Buffy** It's a choice. Go back in there and make some changes from the inside. Or you can quit the team, fight demons in your own way.

**Riley** You make it sound so simple. I don't even know what my way is.

**Buffy** Well, it's time to find out.

**Riley** I'm a soldier. Take that away, what's left?

**Buffy** A good man. *They kiss. She sits in his lap, kisses him again.*

**Riley** What're you doing?

**Buffy** I am looking for brain washy chips in your head.

**Riley** Heh....finding any?

**Buffy** Not sure. But I should probably keep looking just in case. You've been strong long enough, Riley Finn. I'm here for you. And we're gonna find this demon, and we're gonna kill it together. And in the mean time, you are gonna stop torturing yourself.

**Riley** Sure about that?

**Buffy** It's an order. *They kiss again*

*Cut to hospital. Doctor talking to nurse. Police officer watching.*

**Doctor** What do you mean she just wasn't there?

**Nurse** I don't know. I came to check the monitors like I always do at eight o'clock. Eight o'clock is my shift, I got here on time.

**Officer** You found the bed in this condition?

**Nurse** Haven't touched a thing.

**Doctor** Get the duty rosters and check the log. I wanna know exactly what happened. Coma patients do not just get up and walk away.

**Nurse** We are checking every room on every floor.

**Officer** Walk me through this one more time. You knew this woman was wanted for questioning on a series of murders and there's no security on this wing?

**Doctor** You don't understand. There's no way that girl was gonna wake up.

**Officer** Doctor...

**Doctor** This can't be happening...

*Nurse2 comes in.*

**Nurse** Did you find her?

**Nurse** Another woman, unconscious and badly beaten. And she's been stripped.

*Officer, Doctor and Nurse2 leave in a hurry. Nurse goes to phone, dials a number.*

**Nurse** *Into phone* It's happened. Send the team.

*Cut to Faith walking through streets, gets to window of Giles' apartment.*

**Giles** *From inside* The problem for me seems to be why Adam ahs stayed dormant as long as he has.

**Willow** When he's not making performance art out of other demons, that is.

**Riley** He's probably working off an autonomic power source. And because he's straight out of the box, he needs to charge up a while.

*Shot of Faith at window.*

**Buffy** Okay, what's he charging up for?

**Xander** Based on the clues, I'll go with killing spree.

**Riley** And that's a best case scenario. I suppose a little fire power would be a good idea right now. *Activates blaster Xander had been messing with, much to Xander's amazement*



**Xander** Hey! How'd you do that? Is there like an On/Off button somewhere here?

**Riley** Blasters are easy. Adam won't be.

**Willow** Since Professor Walsh designed it, any chance she left instructions lying around somewhere? *As she says this, Buffy kisses Riley and Faith reacts*

**Buffy** Well, if she did, they're gonna be in the Initiative. *Faith continues to stare at Buffy and Riley*

**Giles** Which we can't get into without mounting a major offensive.

**Riley** Speak for yourself. *All look at him.* I'm just saying.

**Giles** I must admit, a man on the inside would be...

**Buffy** A really good idea. Are you sure you wanna be double agent guy.

**Riley** I'm not exactly sure what you'd call me, but I will share information. *Faith is still looking at Riley.* It's the least I can do.

**Xander** Riley's right. It is the least we can do.

*Phone rings. Giles answers it.*

**Giles** Hello. What? Yes, she is. *Motions to Buffy* Um...it's for you.

**Buffy** *Looking surprised* Hello? *Faith watches her expectantly* What sort of emergency? *Looks unhappy* No, I haven't. *Faith leaves* Thank you, I'll let you know. *Puts phone down*

**Giles** What is it?

**Buffy** It's Faith. She's awake. *All look surprised* She beat someone up, took her clothing and disappeared out of the hospital. No-one knows where she is.

**Xander** I'd say this qualifies for a "Worst Timing Ever" award.

**Willow** What do we do?

**Giles** Well, we have to find her.

**Willow** What about Adam?

**Xander** I'd hate to see the pursuit of a homicidal lunatic get in the way of persuing a homicidal lunatic.

**Buffy** Well, Faith's not exactly low-profile girl. I'll patrol and wait for her to make a move.

**Giles** But then what?

**Willow** Oooh! I have an idea! Beat the crap out of her!

**Xander** Good plan.

**Buffy** Good on paper. But we still have a decision to make. Do we hand her over to the cops? They wouldn't know what to do with a Slayer even if they knew we existed.

**Willow** What about the Council?

**Xander** Been there. Tried that. Not unlike smothering a forest fire with napalm as I recall.

**Giles** Well, the Initiative, they do have containment facilities.

**Xander** One word: Evil.

**Buffy** There's no way around it. Faith is back, and whether I like it or not, she's my responsibility.

**Willow** Yeah, too bad. That was out first coma ever.

**Buffy** We have no idea where she is. We don't know what she's thinking, what she's feeling...

**Xander** Who she's doing.

**Buffy** She could be terrified. Maybe she doesn't even remember. Or maybe she does and she's sorry and she's alone hiding somewhere.

**Giles** Well, perhaps there's some form of rehabilitation we just haven't thought about.

**Willow** And if not, ass-kicking makes a solid plan B.

**Buffy** I'm not going to rule it out. First thing, we need to find her. Then we can take it from there.

**Riley** Who's Faith?

*Cut to University campus the next day. Buffy and Willow walking along.*

**Willow** What did you tell him?

**Buffy** The truth? That she's my wacky identical cousin from England, and whenever she visits hi-jinks ensue?

**Willow** It's good you guys have such an honest relationship.

**Buffy** No, I told him the story. I vagued up a few bits, but no flat-out lies.

**Willow** That's fair. How'd you handle the Angel-y parts?

**Buffy** I did some editing. It's not that I'm trying to hide anything from Riley, it's just that's a longer conversation, and I had a Faith-hunt to do.

**Willow** Any luck?

**Buffy** Couldn't find her. Don't know exactly where to place that little up-continuum.

**Willow** At least you're not alone on this. I bet every cop in Sunnydale is out there looking for her right now.

**Buffy** Pressure's definitely on. I'm telling you, if I were her, I'd get outta Dodge post hasty.

*Faith turns from looking at the noticeboard.*

**Faith** But you're not me.

### Part Three

**Faith** So, check you out B. Nice, the big girl on campus thing's really working for you.

**Buffy** I've been looking for you.

**Faith** I've been standing still for eight months, B. How hard did you look?

**Buffy** Are you alright?

**Faith** Five-by-five. It's that thing about a coma. Wake up all rested and rejuvenated. And ready for payback.

**Buffy** So much for pleasantries, huh?

**Faith** What did you think, I'd wake up and we'd go for

tea? You tried to gut me, bonny. Buffy; You'd have done the same to me if you'd had the chance.

**Faith** Lets have another go at it. See who ends on top.

**Buffy** It doesn't have to be like this, y'know.

**Faith** Actually, I think it has to be exactly like this.

**Buffy** Faith, these are innocent people.

**Faith** No such animal.

**Buffy** I guess it was too much to hope that you'd use your downtime to reflect and grow.

**Faith** I could say the same about you. I mean, you're still the same better-than-thou Buffy. I mean, I knew it somehow. I kept having this dream, I'm not sure what it means, but in the dream the self-righteous blond chick stabs me, and you wanna know why? Shot of Willow taking her backpack off her shoulders.

**Buffy** You had it coming.

**Faith** That's one interpretation, but in my dream, she does it for a guy.

*Willow comes towards Faith from behind her, wielding the bag.*

**Faith** *To Willow* Try it red, and you'll lose an arm. *Back to Buffy* I wake up to find the blond chick isn't even dating the guy she was so nuts about before. I mean, she's moved on to the first college beefstick she meets. Not only has she forgotten about the love of her life, but she's forgotten about the chick she nearly killed for him. So that's my dream. That and some stuff about cigars and a tunnel. But tell me, college girl, what does it mean?

**Buffy** To me? Mostly, that you still mouth off about things you don't understand. *Sirens* Uh-oh. I guess somebody knows you're here.

*Faith punches Buffy around the face. They fight as the Police approach. Willow attacks Faith from behind, she turns and is grabbed by Buffy. She breaks free.*

**Faith** You took my life, B. Payback's a bitch.

**Willow** Look who's talking.

**Faith** See you around.

*Faith runs off, throws a police officer aside, runs over their car and runs over a field pushing people aside with Buffy in pursuit. Faith leaps over a wall. Buffy looks over it to find Faith has disappeared.*

*Cut to a staircase at University. Willow and Tara going down them.*

**Willow** Thanks for coming with. Hunting for a psychopathic superbitch is definitely in the above and beyond category.

**Tara** It's okay, really. So, what do we do if we find her?

**Willow** Run, flee, maybe skedadlle. We're not here to engage. This is strictly recon.

*Tara smiles.*

**Willow** What?

**Tara** You said "recon". You're like "Cool Monster Fighter"!

**Willow** Well, technically, Faith isn't a monster. And as far as fighting, I'd be lucky to bruise her fist with my face.

**Tara** Oh.

**Willow** What?

**Tara** Face-punching, I'm not so good with the whole...*Imitates throwing punches rather badly*

**Willow** Swimming?

**Tara** Violence.

**Willow** Don't worry, we're sure to spot Faith first. She's like this cleavagy slut-bomb walking around "Ooh, check me out, I'm wicked-cool, I'm five-by-five."

**Tara** Five-by-five? Five what by five what?

**Willow** See, that's the thing. No-one knows. Buffy can handle Faith and you're plenty safe with me.

**Tara** So, um.....we recon till nightfall?

**Willow** Then the ritual hiding begins.

*Cut to Xander and Giles in the streets looking for Faith.*

**Xander** The point being I could be the target here. Faith finds Mr. Xander Harris still in town, she goes tighter than cat gut. Got a lotta pent up feelings there. I'm only saying.

**Giles** *Wearily* Yes, I'm sure.

**Xander** See, I can't be held responsible for the effect I have on women.

**Giles** No...

**Xander** See, Faith and I have this little thing between us called history...

*Rattling. They look around. Xander charges the blaster. They go towards the sound. Spike comes out of the darkness.*

**Xander** Spike?

**Giles** What are you doing here?

**Spike** Me? Hey, I'm not the one out of place here.

**Xander** For your information, smarty, we've got a rogue Slayer on our hands. Real psycho-killer too.

**Spike** Sounds serious.

**Giles** It is. What do you know?

**Spike** What do you need?

**Xander** Her. Dark hair. Yay *Indicates* tall, name of Faith, criminally insane.

**Giles** Have you seen her?

**Spike** Is this bird after you?

**Xander** In a bad way, yeah.

**Spike** Tell you what I'll do then. I'll head out, find this girl, tell her exactly where you are and then watch as she kills you. *Sees their looks of surprise and irriatation.* Can't any one of your damn little Scooby club at least try to remember that I hate you all? Just because I can't do the damage myself doesn't stop me from aiming a

loose cannon your way. And here I thought the evening be dull.

**Xander** Go ahead. You wouldn't even recognise her.

**Spike** Dark hair, this tall *Indicates*, name of Faith, criminally insane. Like this girl already.

*Xander and Giles watch him leave.*

**Xander** We're dumb.

*Cut to another new woman watching Police helicopters flying around. Pan around. Faith is walking around the streets. About to go into a shop selling blades. See a police car coming around the corner. She ducks into a corner. Some kind of monster comes up to her.*

**Monster** Faith! Your friend sent me. I got a little remembrance from him.

*She beats the monster up and takes the case from him. Then another police car comes around the corner. She goes quickly up a ladder, dodging his searchlight. Once up the ladder she opens the case.*

**Mayor** Hello Faith. If you're watching this tape, it can only mean one thing. I'm dead. And our noble campaign to bring order to the town of Sunnydale has failed. Utterly and completely. But on the other hand, heck, maybe we won. And right now, I'm on some jumbo monder in the Richard Wilkins surrounded by a bunch of kids sitting Indian style and looking up at my face filled with fear and wonder. *Laughs* "Hi kids!" *Faith smiles* But the realist in me tends to doubt it. Now, Faith, as I record this message you're sleeping. And the doctors tell me you might never wake up. I don't believe that. Sooner or later you will wake up, and when you do, you'll find the world has gone and changed on you. I wish I could make the world a better place for you to wake up in. But, tough as it is to accept, we both have to understand that even my power to protect and watch over you has it's limits. See, the hard pill to swallow is that once I'm gone, your days are just plain numbered. Now, I know, you're a smart and capable young woman in charge of her own life, but the problem, Faith, is that there won't be a place in the world for you anymore. By now I bet you're feeling very much alone. But you're never alone. You'll always have me. *Picks up box* And you'll always have this. Go ahead. Open the box. *Faith takes box from the case and looks at it.* Don't worry. It's not gonna bite. That's my job. *Laughs* Go ahead. Open it. *She does so* Surprise! You won't find these in

any gumball machine! See, when you've been around as long as I have, you make friends. And some of them forge neat little gizmos. Just like the one you're holding right now. *She looks at it* And here's the good news. Just because it's over for my Faith, doesn't mean she can't go out with a bang. *He looks down and laughs sadly. Faith looks sadly at the device.*

**Buffy** VO She's a very dangerous woman.

*Cut to Buffy's dorm. Buffy and Riley talking.*

**Riley** Okay, I get it. Faith bad. Do I look like I'm arguing?

**Buffy** Not yet. But you always make that innocent face right before you start.

**Riley** Figured it out, huh? Damn. It took my mom twelve years to catch that one. All I'm saying is, if you're in trouble, I wanna help.

**Buffy** You can't.

**Riley** Give me one reason why.

*She throws him a ball. He barely catches it and flinches in pain.*

**Buffy** That's one.

**Riley** Alright, I'm not exactly action guy, but there's gotta be something I can do other than sit around waiting for you to pummel this gal.

**Buffy** Riley, the fact that you just called Faith a "gal" only proves that you don't know her.

**Riley** Never seen anyone get under your skin this way before. What exactly did she do to you?

**Buffy** It's a long story.

**Riley** I'm from Iowa. We drive four hours for our High School football game. Try me.

**Buffy** I told you, okay? She hurt me and people I care about. And did I mention the psycho killer part?

**Riley** There's something you're not telling me.

**Buffy** Riley, I have to go. She's out there.

**Riley** Alright. I'm just saying. I think you're holding out on me.

**Buffy** Riley, this isn't a joke. There's a criminally insane woman out there with super-powers who thinks I'm responsible for ruining her life. I know Faith. She'll come after me and she'll come after the people I love.

*Cut to Joyce Summers' house. Knock on the door. Joyce goes to answer it. It's Faith.*

**Faith** Hi Joyce.

*She pushes Joyce down, comes in and shuts the door.*

**Faith** Mind if I come in.

## Part Four

*Faith going through Joyce's makeup drawer.*

**Faith** Ruby sunset....burgendy skyline...harlot. Mmm-mmmm, way to go Joyce. Now, normally I wouldn't be going for something this dark. But I read in some mag-

azine that eight months in a coma will damage a girl's natural skin tone. *Puts on lipstick* Good thing pale is in this year. Or was it last year? *Finishes, kisses mirror.* Anyway, for real now. I wanna ask you something, and I

want you to promise to be honest, and to not spare my feelings just because I could kill you. You promise?

**Joyce** I promise.

**Faith** OK. *Finishes with hair* How do I look? *Poses*

**Joyce** Psychotic.

**Faith** Mmmmmmm. I was shooting for sultry, but hey. Bet I know what you're thinking.

**Joyce** Really.

**Faith** You're thinking "You'll never get away with this!" Moi?

**Joyce** Actually I was thinking "My daughter is going to kill you soon."

**Faith** That a fact?

**Joyce** More like a bet.

**Faith** Whoa. You got a pair on you, Joyce, I like seeing that in a woman your age. Guess you can afford to talk that way. I mean, in the world according to Joyce, Buffy is gonna come crashing through that door any minute. But, look what I found. *Goes over and picks up some letters, comes over to Joyce. Reads addresses.* Buffy Summers, Buffy Summers, Buffy Summers, Buffy, Buffy, Buffy. Lotta letters. She hasn't been by in a while, huh? And you'd think, with a crazy chick like me on the loose, crazy chick with a wicked grudge against her no less, she'd call, give you a heads up. But Buffy's too into her own deal to remember dear old mom.

**Joyce** You don't know the first thing about Buffy. Or me.

**Faith** Don't I? I know what it's like. You think you matter, you think you're a part of something and you get dumped. It's like the whole world is moving and you're stuck. It's like those animals in the tar pits. It's like you just keep sinking a little deeper everyday and no-one even sees.

**Joyce** Were you planning to slit my throat any time soon?

**Faith** Don't tell me you don't see it Joyce. You've served you purpose, squirted out the kids, raised her up, and now you might as well be dead. Nobody cares, nobody remembers, especially not Buffy fabulous superhero. Sooner or later you're going to have to face it. She was over us a long time ago Joyce. Too busy climbing onto her new boytoy to give a single thought to the people that matter. I mean, you're her mother, and she just leaves you hear to die. *Grabs knife*

*Buffy crashes in through the window and punches Faith.*

**Buffy** Hi mom.

**Joyce** Hi honey.

*The fight continues. As the Slayers fall downstairs, Joyce calls 911. They roll down the stairs and clamber to their feet.*

**Faith** Thought I'd go after the queen marine didn't ya? He's a cutie. Looks like he could use a good roll in the sack.

*Buffy attacks Faith and knocks her down.*

**Buffy** You're not his type. He's not big on sleaze.

*They fight and Faith gets Buffy against a wall by the neck.*

**Faith** He's probably just never tried it.

**Buffy** Going for the boyfriend again? That's tired.

**Faith** Just something to remember me by once I've moved on.

*They fight and Faith is thrown across the table.*

**Buffy** Ever occur to you, Faith, that the reason we forgot you is because we wanted to?

*Faith smashes stuff and throws it at her.*

*Cut to Giles entering his apartment. Finds some guy waiting for him.*

**Guy** Hello Rupert.

*Giles looks shocked. Guy looks calm.*

*Cut back to fight. Faith attacks Buffy, then hears the Police and tries to run. Buffy blocks her and punches her around. Faith opens the Mayor's device and blocks one of her punches with it. Small energy discharge. When it stops, both Buffy and Faith look shocked. Then Buffy punches Faith out. Joyce comes to her.*

**Joyce** You okay?

**Buffy** All things considered.

**Joyce** *Sees Mayor's device* What is that?

**Buffy** Weapon of some kind. *Crushes it underfoot* Didn't work, whatever it was.

*Police come.*

**Joyce** Oh, the Police.

*Buffy looks at Faith.*

**Buffy** She's their problem now.

**Joyce** You sure you're okay?

**Buffy** Five-by-five.

*Lingering shot of Buffy's face.*

## This Year's Girl

Transcribed by **Joseph B**

Written by **Doug Petrie**

Directed by **Michael Gershman**

Originally aired February 22, 2000

### Disclaimer

*This is a transcript intended for anyone who cannot watch BTVS for whatever reason, to enjoy, as well as those who think transcripts are just cool, and as reference material for fanfic writers. Buffy and all copyrighted characters are the product of Joss Whedon and I have nothing but respect for him and those whose hard work is put into bringing us a great show. I did this of my own free time and will never make a dime from it.*

*Now let me add. If you are looking at this transcript, save it, copy it, send it to your friends. Unlike other transcribers, who I have nothing but respect for, if you see any mistakes that might be in this transcript, feel free to correct them, or if you just want to personalize it to suit yourself, by all means. Hell I do it.*

### Prologue

*Fade to white.*

*A white sheet descends and we see Buffy draping it over a bed. She is in her bedroom at home making her bed. Through the windows it looks like its late afternoon as sunlight shines into the room.*

**Buffy** *smoothing the edges* They smell good, don't they? *The camera pulls back and we see Faith on the other side of the bed, matching Buffy's movements.*

**Faith** What?

**Buffy** *smiling* Clean sheets. Like summer.

**Faith** I wouldn't know.

**Buffy** *stops smiling* Right. I forgot.

**Faith** I noticed.

**Buffy** *hesitantly* I-I wish I could stay, but . . .

**Faith** Oh, you have to go.

**Buffy** It's just with . . .

**Faith** *knowingly* Little sis coming. I know. So much to do before she gets here.

*They've worked their way to the foot of the bed now and are beside each other.*

**Buffy** *regretfully* Now I really have to—

**Faith** So go. Don't let me keep—

*She stops as she hears something. She looks down and sees that two drops of blood have hit the sheet, a dark red on the clean white. Two more drops quickly follow.*

**Faith** *looks at Buffy* Damn. Just when we made it so nice.

*She straightens and looks down at her body as she faces Buffy. She lifts her eyes to meet Buffy's, whose expression has suddenly become stoic.*

**Faith** *concerned* Are you ever gonna take this thing out? *She indicates to her abdomen. Close up of Buffy's hand wrapped around the handle of Faith's large knife; the one Buffy had stabbed her with (\*Graduation Day). We cannot see the blade because most of it is in Faith's stomach and blood is seeping from the wound.*

*Buffy's face is emotionless as she gazes into Faith's eyes. A second later, she suddenly jerks the knife upwards. Horrified, Faith opens her mouth in a silent scream.*

*Cut to a close up: the screen of a heart monitor. It is beeping steadily with the heartbeat it's monitoring. The camera pans to show us a drab, blue wall with the paint peeling showing plaster. The room is dimly lit. There is an IV stand next to the bed, the tube leading to the comatose patient lying there.*

*Faith is in a room that obviously doesn't see much human presence. From a window we cannot see, lightning flashes outside and splashes across her face.*

*Faith continues to sleep.*

*Wolf's howl. Buffy theme and credits roll.*

### Part One

*Fade in. Close up of an Initiative taser rifle. The top panel of the weapon is off and hanging to the side, trailing wires, as Xander examines the inside with a pair of pliers in his hand.*

**Xander** So. Here it is. The latest in state-of-the-art combat technology. I gotta say it doesn't look that complicated.

*The camera pulls back and we're in Xander's basement. He has the weapon on the counter. Willow is stand-*

*ing next to him with tools in her hands should he need them. Buffy is standing behind them. Behind her, Giles is seated on the couch folding a basket of laundry on the coffee table.*

**Buffy** So can you repair it?

**Xander** Sure. Just as soon as I get my masters degree in advance starship technology.

*Frustrated, he drops the pliers on the counter and lets the rifle fall on its side.*

**Willow** Well, why don't we experiment? *eagerly* Press some buttons, see what happens.

**Giles** *folding a pair of boxers* Uh, I-I'd like to veto that.

**Xander** Second. It's called a blaster, Will. A word that tends to discourage experimentation. Now if it were called 'the orgasminator' I'd be the first to try you basic button-press approach.

**Buffy** Just tell me, can you repair it or not.

**Xander** I'm working on it. I'm working on it.

*Buffy turns and walks towards the couch. Xander rights the rifle again and picks up a screwdriver.*

**Xander** But if I blow a hole in my mom's azalea patch the neighbors will not be pleased.

*Buffy sits down on the couch and rests her head on the palm of her hand, tiredly.*

**Giles** You all right? *he moves to sit closer to her* You've been patrolling around the clock for three days straight. Perhaps you can use some—

**Buffy** *lifts her head* What? Some rest? There's a demonoid killing machine out there, Giles, that doesn't really work the night shift.

**Giles** I was going to say, perhaps you could use some back-up, but, um . . . now you mention it. Gathering your strength might not be a bad idea.

**Buffy** *to Xander* Just get the blaster working. That's all the strength I need.

**Willow** Are you sure?

**Buffy** Why, because rayguns aren't in the Slayer Handbook? Will, you haven't seen this Adam thing. H-he's the Terminator without the bashful charm. And he's deadly. And the last time we met he kicked my ass.

**Willow** Oh— no! Blast away, by all means. I only meant . . . No word about Riley? *sits down in a chair next to the sofa*

**Buffy** *sits back, crossing her arms* They keep telling me that he's fine. That's all they'll say.

**Willow** Maybe they're telling the truth?

**Buffy** *worried* Maybe. I don't even know what the Initiative's version of fine is. They could be forcing him back onto medication and torturing him, for all I know.

**Giles** From what we've seen I doubt they'll be trying to hurt him.

**Buffy** The only thing I know for certain is that my boyfriend is locked away, and I'm not helping.

*Cut to Xander. His back is to us. He's leaning over the blaster when it suddenly lets out a big spark. He does a short electrocuted dance as he holds it in his hands and a puff of smoke is rising from the gun.*

**Willow** *unaware of this* Maybe Giles has a point? I mean, Riley is their Top Gun guy. Doesn't make sense that they'd hurt him.

*Xander has let go of the blaster and turns to face the others with a wide-eyed 'I just hurt myself' expression on his face. He's wavering on his feet, still feeling the effects of the shock, and sees nobody noticed what happened. Without a word he turns around and picks up the weapon again to continue working on it.*

**Buffy** The Initiative has all those brainwashy behavior modification guys.

**Willow** So?

**Buffy** So what happens when they start not liking his behavior?

*Cut to Initiative: medical ward. Close up of Buffy's red scarf lying on a counter. Riley's reaches out to take it and closes his fist around it. His right hand is bandaged up. The camera pans and we see him lying on a bed. His abdomen is also heavily bandaged. He pushes himself to a sitting position, groaning and putting a hand against the wound in his side. After taking a couple of breaths he stands up, grabbing a shirt, and puts it on as he heads out.*

*Cut to the door leading into the infirmary. There is a soldier standing guard. At Riley's approach he turns around and stands in front of the doorway.*

**Riley** Stand down, soldier.

*Riley starts buttoning up his shirt and a second later realizes that the guard hasn't moved.*

**Riley** *conversationally* Stand down before I put you down.

*The soldier still doesn't move and before we can find out what Riley would've done about that, Forrest walks up.*

**Forrest** *to soldier* You heard the man. At ease.

*The soldier returns to his original position. With a glance at Forrest, Riley steps out of the doorway and starts walking down the corridor with a noticeable limp. He continues to button his shirt. Forrest falls into step with him.*

**Forrest** The shish kebab that walks like a man. Looks like you're feeling better, walking around, threatening people, and all that.

**Riley** Man was in my way. I got places to be.

**Forrest** Really? And where were you thinking of going?

**Riley** You know where I'm going.

**Forrest** *exasperated sigh* Don't even tell me you're heading toward that girlfriend of yours. *steps out in front of him* Look at you. One good conjugal visit and you're back in intensive care to stay.

**Riley** You wouldn't understand.

**Forrest** *crossing his arms* How 'bout you explain it to me, then?

*Graham walks up from behind Riley.*

**Graham** We all friends here, fellas?

**Forrest** *looking at Riley* Absolutely. Riley here is about to explain why he's leaving us so very quickly.

**Riley** I don't explain. Because I don't have to. I'm the one in charge.

**Forrest** Things change.

**Riley** Do they?

**Forrest** Hey! In case you failed to notice, we're in a world of hurt around here. Now's the time for us to band together. Not go flying off our separate ways.

**Graham** Forrest has a point, Riley.

**Forrest** We have a problem, we deal with that problem. You know the most important part of the equation now is that we keep said problem within the family.

**Riley** Family? Is that what we are? *a beat* Step aside.

*Forrest doesn't look like he's about to do that, but unfortunately we have to—*

*Cut to Faith's room. An overhead closing shot of her lying in the bed. It alternates with another shot of a cloudy sky, as thunder cracks, threatening rain. The sun can be seen trying to shine through. Camera pans down to a tree line of a spacious park. Close up of Faith. Her pupils are moving under her closed eyelids.*

**Faith** VO Do you think it's gonna rain?

*Cut to Faith, in the park, laying on a picnic blanket, barefoot. She is wearing a light blue shirt and a bright pink skirt. Mayor Richard Wilkins is laying on the other side of the blanket, eating a sandwich. Faith is just picking at the grapes on her own plate.*

**Wilkins** Nonsense. It's a beautiful day. Now eat your sandwich. *wipes his mouth with a napkin*

**Faith** I don't know. It's just . . . it always seems like it starts raining right about now. *eats a grape*

**Wilkins** You're too young and too pretty a girl to start wearing worry lines on your face.

*He sits up as he sees something.*

**Wilkins** Well, hey, hey hey.

*Picks up a small grass snake that was slithering across the blanket. Faith frowns as she sees it.*

**Wilkins** Hey there, little fella. Heh. I don't know where you belong, but it's not here with us. *chuckles as he sets it down pointing towards the grass* There you go. *to Faith* You see? There's nothing that's gonna spoil our time together. Who wants cheesecake? *light laugh*

*Faith smiles as he turns to open the picnic basket. Horror suddenly fills her expression.*

**Faith** NO!

*Buffy is suddenly standing in front of Wilkins. She's in black clothes and a long dark coat. She has Faith's knife in her hand and swings the blade down across his throat, and he gags. Before he can fall she thrusts the knife into his chest. She pulls it out and lets him fall and her emotionless gaze fixes on Faith.*

**Buffy** I told you I had things to do.

*Faith is terrified and starts backing away. In a panic, she turns and flees on her hands and knees. Buffy is holding the blood-covered knife raised at the elbow and calmly stalks after her.*

*Cut to the woods. Night time. Buffy, Willow, and Xander are on patrol, each carrying a flashlight.*

**Willow** Spread out?

**Buffy** Not too far.

**Xander** So not a problem.

*Willow and Xander split from Buffy as they reach a clump of bushes. The camera pulls back as we track Buffy's progress. Behind her we see two trees and a pair of red legs, with clawed feet, tied to them. Willow and Xander's flashlights are visible on the other side of the trees. Buffy hears a crackling sound and turns. Her eyes widen as she looks up. Willow and Xander are already gaping at the sight of the crucified demon (looked like a Fyarl) suspended high between the two trees.*

*Buffy shines her light on the body and sees the demon was eviscerated. It was sliced down the middle from its neck to lower abdomen, its flesh pulled open wide and also tied to the trees. We see that all the internal organs have been removed and the ribcage and spine are clearly visible. The demon must have been sliced open on the back as well because Willow and Xander's lights can be seen shining through the creature from behind. The crackling sound is a fire we can't see burning inside the open cavity and smoke is rising from the corpse.*

*Later. In Xander's basement. Buffy is pacing. There's a faraway look on her face as she fidgets with her necklace. Xander is leaning against the wall close to the couch.*

**Buffy** I've never seen anything like that.

**Xander** And I can go a long healthy stretch without seeing anything like that again.

*Willow is sitting on the couch, knees drawn up, hugging her legs.*

**Willow** It had to be Adam who killed it. But why?

**Buffy** *faces her* He's studying biology. Human, demon—whatever he can get his hands on and tear apart.

**Willow** Wondering what makes things work.

**Xander** I really don't want to around for the final exam.

**Buffy** It's not coming to that. The Initiative created this thing and they can't stop it. But we will.

**Xander** Question. Will hiding in a cabin with stockpiled chocolate goods be any part of this plan?

**Buffy** No. *resumes pacing*

*Xander sits down next to Willow.*

**Xander** *to Willow* Told you.

*Willow gives him a sideways glance and drops her feet to the floor.*

**Willow** *to Buffy* What's first?

**Buffy** Riley. I'm not leaving him down there with the people that created this thing. I don't care how many guns they have, I'm going in. *sits down on the edge of the recliner* Okay. Will, I need you to hack into the security mainframe and buy me a ten minute shut-down of operation systems.

**Willow** That could be—

**Buffy** —tricky. Not impossible. If you can't do it on-line then use magic. Xander, any gear you've been saving for a rainy day, I want you to give it to me.

**Xander** You want stealthy stuff?

**Buffy** No, we tried sneaking in. This time I'm gonna use force. I figure I'll go in through the elevator shaft and use the cable as tow lines. Then blast open the facility doors and find the infirmary.

**Riley** *grinning* Am I really worth all that?

*Buffy looks over her shoulder and sees Riley standing behind her at the foot of the stairs.*

**Buffy** Riley!!

*She hurries to him and hugs him. He responds in pain, clutching his side.*

**Riley** OH!

**Buffy** *pulling away* Ooo! God, I'm sorry! Did I hurt you?

**Riley** No. A giant skewer through the ribcage hurt me. *taking her hands* That was just a reminder.

**Buffy** *shaking her head in disbelief* How did you get out?

**Riley** I walked.

**Willow** They didn't try to stop you?

**Riley** Oh, they did. Repeatedly. *holding Buffy's hand they step closer to the others* But, uh, then I told them they couldn't keep me without a major asskicking. One way or another. Here I am.

**Xander** *clasps hands loudly* That's. Great. Riley. *gets up to stand in front of him* And, you know, there's no polite way to ask you this, but . . . uhhh . . . Did they put a chip in your brain? *staring at Riley's head*

**Riley** *frowns* Beg your pardon.

**Buffy** Forget it. We're just happy to have you back.

*Xander returns to his seat.*

**Willow** *grinning* Yeah. We were pretty worried about you there for awhile, mister.

**Riley** Me too. Hey— Look, I know my behavior was pretty out there.

**Willow** Forget it. Tell you what. You two crazy kids take down an unstoppable killer cyborg-demon-hybrid thingy and, uh, we'll call it all even.

**Riley** Taking down Adam is gonna be tough. There's no way to predict what he'll throw at us.

**Buffy** *happy* You're here. Whatever comes, we can handle.

*Cut to Faith, running for her life through the trees, looking over her shoulder. It is nighttime. She emerges from the trees and races across the street to a cemetery. We see she's no longer wearing her bright clothes. She's wearing a dark jean jacket over a red tank top, black leather pants, and heavy boots.*

*Cut to Buffy. She's still the same as we last saw her, holding the large knife in her hand. She is calmly walking through the trees after Faith. Faith is making her way through the many headstones, running as fast as she can. But it doesn't seem as if she's putting any distance between herself and Buffy. Buffy has already walked across the street.*

*Cut to close up of Faith lying in her bed. Her closed eyelids are fluttering.*

*Cut back to Faith running through the cemetery. She looks over her shoulder and there is a close up of Buffy's knife hand. She seems to be catching up with her.*

*Faith's closed eyes are moving more rapidly now.*

*Close up of Buffy's emotionless face. She tilts her head slightly and her eyes have a glazed over look as if she's not really seeing Faith.*

*Breathing hard, trying to run faster, Faith almost hits a headstone. She stumbles, looking over her shoulder, and, before she can regain her balance, suddenly falls into an open grave. Buffy steps up to the edge and looks down into the grave.*

*Faith is looking back up at her. Frightened. Helpless.*

*Buffy takes a step forward and drops into the grave, out of sight. At the same time, thunder crashes and it starts to rain heavily.*

*From the grave we hear Faith grunt and the knife striking flesh. Then silence.*

*A hand reaches out of the grave and clutches the edge. Faith's head rises as she grabs another handful of wet grass and struggles to pull herself out. The rain is already soaking her when she finally stands up. She pushes her hair out of her face with her hands, trying to catch her breath.*

*Cut to overhead shot of Faith standing a few feet away from the grave looking up at the sky, rain hitting her face. A burst of angry lightning attacks the sky, illuminating Faith and the ground around her. Raising her arms, Faith cries out at the world.*

*Faith's eyes open.*

## Part Two



*Faith slowly turns her head to the side and sees the monitor beeping with her heart. She raises her left hand in front of her face. It's bandaged at the wrist where an IV line is feeding her through a vein. She closes her hand in a fist.*

*Cut to overhead shot. Faith grabs the covers, pulled up to her stomach, and throws them off. As she sits up she grabs the wires and pulls the leads off her chest and the heart monitor flatlines. She stands and the IV line tugs on her arm. She rips it from her wrist and throws it on the bed.*

**Faith** softly Ouch.

*Cut to Faith stepping around a corner, holding her wrist. The corridor is very much like the room she was just in. Dark, secluded, ugly walls. (slight 'Jacob's Ladder' feel to it) We see a close up of her bare feet padding silently over the cracked linoleum as she continues slowly down the hall. A faded female voice can be heard over the PA system somewhere up ahead. Except for Faith, the wing seems deserted. Hospital equipment: boxes, lunch carts, gurneys; line both walls, set there for storage or just forgotten.*

*At the end of the hall is a double door with an EXIT sign above it. She's still several yards from it when one of the doors open and a young woman steps into the corridor. She's wearing a long red coat over her clothes and is carrying a small, just-purchased, teddy bear in her arm.*

**Young woman** Excuse me. Do you know how to get to the third floor west from here?

*Faith stops as the girl walks up to her.*

**Faith** Uh, um . . . What?

*She notices Faith's hospital gown.*

**Young woman** I see . . . Um, you need some help or something?

**Faith** Graduation.

**Young woman** What?

**Faith** sternly Graduation. I gotta get to Sunnydale High School graduation **now**.

**Young woman** Well, you can't! I mean, Sunnydale High School isn't even there anymore.

**Faith** *a beat* What day is it?

**Young woman** Friday.

**Faith** What . . . date? The date?

**Young woman** February twenty-fifth.

**Faith** *pause* What year?

**Young woman** Maybe I should get you a nurse—

**Faith** *raising voice* What happened to the school?

**Young woman** Don't you just want a—

**Faith** Just . . . tell me.

**Young woman** Well . . . it was a tragedy, really. Lots of students died. The Principal. The mayor.

*Faith doesn't seem to be listening anymore as the camera pulls in close on her face. She just stares at the girl.*

**Young woman** I really think maybe I should get you some help.

*We suddenly cut to Faith walking in quick strides down the ramp from the hospital entrance. She's wearing the young woman's clothes.*

**Buffy** VO You know, I never stopped thinking about you.

*Faith crosses her arms and a smile plays on her lips just before she steps out of frame.*

*Cut to Buffy's dorm room. She's sitting on her bed, legs folded under her, and Riley is standing in front of her.*

**Riley** Me neither. All I had in there was *he reaches into his back pocket and pulls out her red scarf* . . . this one little part of you.

**Buffy** It's just the scarf part of me, really.

**Riley** I'm serious. *turns and paces the room* Just knowing you were out there. That you cared.

*He turns around again and walks to the window, stuffing the scarf back in his pocket.*

**Riley** Do you think we're being watched?

**Buffy** I don't know. Does the Initiative do that?

**Riley** *looking out the window* Maybe.

**Buffy** You seem a little . . . somewhere else. *takes his hand* Is there anything I can do?

*He sits down on the bed next to her.*

**Riley** *sighs* Give me an order. It's what I do, isn't it? Follow orders?

**Buffy** You don't have to.

**Riley** Don't I? All my life that's what I've been groomed to do. They say jump, I ask how high? I get the job done. Just don't know if it's the right job anymore.

*Buffy raises a hand to touch his cheek.*

**Buffy** I know how you feel. Giles used to be a part of this council. And for years all they ever did was give me orders.

**Riley** Ever obey them?

**Buffy** Sure. *a beat* The ones I was going to do anyway. The point is, I quit the council. And I was scared. But it's okay now.

**Riley** See. Now that's where you and I are different. I just suck at the whole gray-area thing.

**Buffy** It's a choice. Go back in there and maybe make some changes from the inside. Or you can quit the team. Fight demons in your own way.

**Riley** You make it sound so simple. I don't even know what my way is.

**Buffy** Well, it's time to find out.

**Riley** I'm a soldier. Take that away, what's left?

**Buffy** *smiles* A good man.

*She leans in and kisses him on the lips. She swings her leg over his lap and sits straddled across his thighs. She starts running her fingers through his hair, putting kisses all over his head.*

**Riley** What are you doing?

**Buffy** I . . . am looking for brainwashy chips in your head.

**Riley** *laughs* Finding any?

**Buffy** Hmmm, not sure. *looks into his eyes* But I should keep looking, just in case. You've been strong long enough, Riley Finn. I am gonna help you. And we're gonna find this demon. And we're gonna kill it together. *she actually makes this sound more romantic than it reads* And in the meantime you are gonna stop torturing yourself.

**Riley** Sure about that?

**Buffy** It's an order.

*This time the kiss is longer and deeper.*

*Cut to Faith's hospital room. A doctor is facing a middle-aged nurse, who is standing beside the empty bed. There is a plainclothes detective standing on the other side of the bed.*

**Doctor** So what do you mean she just wasn't there?

**Nurse** I don't know. I came to check the monitors like I always do at eight o'clock. Eight o'clock is my shift. I got here on time—

**Detective** You found the bed in this condition?

**Nurse** Haven't touched a thing.

**Doctor** Get the duty rosters and check the log. I want to know exactly what happened. Coma patients do not just get up and walk away.

**Nurse** We are checking every room on every floor.

**Detective** *to the doctor* Walk me through this one more time. You knew this woman was wanted for questioning in a series of murders. There's no security on this wing?

**Doctor** You don't understand. There's no way that girl was gonna wake up.

**Orderly** OS Doctor!

**Doctor** This can't be happening.

*The orderly appears in the doorway.*

**Nurse** *to the orderly* Did you find her?

**Orderly** Another woman. Unconscious and badly beaten. And she's been stripped.

*The doctor exchanges a glance with the detective and they follow the orderly out of the room. The nurse remains behind but steps out of the room. She lifts the receiver of a phone on the wall nearby. She punches a few buttons.*

**Nurse** *into the phone* It's happened. Send the team.

*Cut to exterior shot of the ruins of Sunnydale High School. Cut to a closing shot of Faith standing in the*

*meadow across the street, hugging the red coat around herself, she looks forlornly at the school.*

*Cut to Main Street, in town. Many people are out tonight, walking up and down and across the street. Faith looks lost as she walks down the middle of the street, looking at the places and people around her. A small girl is pulling on her father's hand as they cross the street ahead of her to the movie theater.*

**Little girl** Dad, come on. We're gonna be late.

*Nobody seems to take any notice of Faith as she continues down the street.*

*Cut to later. Faith is walking down the steps to the courtyard of Giles' apartment building. She creeps quietly towards his front door.*

**Giles** *inside* The puzzle, it seems to me, is why Adam has stayed dormant as long as he has?

*She ducks under the small window next to his door and peeks inside.*

**Willow** *inside* When he's not making performance art out of other demons that is.

*She sees Buffy leaning against the mantle of the fireplace. Riley is sitting on a chair close to her. Giles is rousing the fire with an iron poker and Willow and Xander are sitting on the couch.*

**Riley** He's probably working off an autonomic power source. Because he's straight out of the box he needs to charge up awhile.

**Buffy** Okay. What's he charging up for?

*Giles disappears into the kitchen.*

**Xander** Based on the clues, I'll go with killing spree.

**Riley** And that's a best-case scenario. I suppose a little fire power would be a good idea right now.

*He picks up the blaster from the coffee table and flips a switch. Small lights on the side of the weapon start blinking as it charges up, ready to fire.*

**Xander** *surprised* Hey! How'd you do that? *he hurries around the table and grabs the weapon out of his hands and tries to find the switch* Is there like an on/off button somewhere in here?

**Riley** Blasters are easy. Adam won't be.

*Buffy sits down on the arm of Riley's chair putting an arm around his shoulders. Faith watches as she kisses him on the temple.*

**Willow** Since Professor Walsh designed it, any chance she left instructions lying around somewhere?

**Buffy** Well, if she did, they're going to be in the Initiative.

*Giles has returned with a tea tray and sets it down on the table.*

**Giles** *pouring* Which we can't get into without mounting a major offensive.

**Riley** Speak for yourself. *everybody looks at him a beat* I'm just saying.

**Giles** I must admit, a man on the inside would be, uh . . .

**Buffy** A really good idea. Are you sure you want to be double-agent guy?

**Riley** I'm not exactly sure what you'd call me but . . . I will share information. It's the least I could do.

**Xander** Riley's right. It is the least he can do.

*The phone rings and Giles crosses the apartment to his desk to answer it. Faith moves slightly away from the window as he gets closer.*

**Giles** Hello. Y-yes, she is. *holds the phone towards Buffy* Uh, it's for you.

*Buffy gets up and Giles meets her next to the couch and hands her the phone.*

**Buffy** Hello. Speaking. What sort of emergency? *She listens and her expression becomes solemn.*

**Buffy** Um . . . no, I haven't.

*She starts walking towards the desk. Faith backs away from the window and leaves.*

**Buffy** Thank you. I'll let you know.

*She hangs up the phone. Everyone is looking on with concern. She doesn't turn around.*

**Giles** What is it?

**Buffy** It's Faith. She's awake. *turns to face them* She beat someone up, took her clothing, and disappeared out of the hospital. No one knows where she is.

**Xander** I'd say this qualifies for a 'worse timing ever' award.

**Willow** What do we do?

**Giles** Well, we have to find her.

**Willow** What about Adam?

**Xander** I'd hate to see the pursuit of a homicidal lunatic get in the way of pursuing a homicidal lunatic.

**Buffy** Well, Faith's not exactly low-profile girl. I'll patrol and wait for her to make a move.

**Giles** And then what?

**Willow** Oh! I have an idea. Beat the crap out of her. *grins*

**Xander** Good plan!

**Buffy** Good on paper. But we still have a decision to make. Do we hand her over to the cops? They wouldn't know what to do with a Slayer even if they knew we existed.

**Willow** What about the Council?

**Xander** Been there. Tried that. Not unlike smothering a forest fire with napalm, as I recall.

**Giles** Well, the Initiative, they do have containment facilities.

**Xander** One word. Evil.

**Buffy** There's no way around it. Faith is back and, whether I like it or not . . . she's my responsibility.

**Willow** Yeah, too bad. That was funnest coma ever. *Xander nods in agreement.*

**Buffy** We have no idea where she is. We don't know what she's thinking, what she's feeling.

**Xander** *spiteful* Who she's doing.

**Buffy** She could be terrified. Maybe she doesn't even remember? Or-or maybe she does and-and she's sorry and she's alone, hiding somewhere?

*From their expressions it's obvious Giles, Willow, and Xander don't share this theory.*

**Giles** Uh, perhaps there's some form of rehabilitation we just haven't thought about?

**Willow** And if not. Asskicking makes a solid plan B.

**Buffy** I'm not gonna rule it out. First thing- we need to find her. Then we can take it from there.

*They all agree with this and fall silent.*

*Cut to Riley where he's still sitting quietly on the other side of the room.*

**Riley** *pause* Who's Faith?

*Cut to UC Sunnydale the next day. The sky is cloudy. Looks like it rained during the night. Buffy and Willow are walking across the busy campus on the main walkway. They're descending a short flight of steps.*

**Willow** What did you tell him?

**Buffy** The truth. That she's my wacky identical cousin from England who whenever she visits hijinks ensue.

**Willow** It's good you guys have such an honest relationship.

**Buffy** Nah, I told him the story. I-I vagued up a few bits, but no flat out lies.

**Willow** That's fair. How'd you handle the Angel-ly parts?

**Buffy** I did some editing. It's not that I'm trying to hide anything from Riley, it's . . . just that's a longer conversation and I had a Faith hunt to do.

**Willow** Any luck?

**Buffy** Couldn't find her. Don't know exactly where to place that in the luck continuum.

**Willow** At least you're not alone on this. I bet every cop in Sunnydale is out there looking for her, right now.

*They descend another flight of steps as they approach the large bulletin board where several students are standing.*

**Buffy** Pressure is definitely high. I tell you, if I were her I'd get out of Dodge post-hasty.

*A young woman with dark hair casually turns around in front of them and Buffy suddenly finds herself face to face with Faith.*

**Faith** *stoic* You're not me.

*Off Buffy's surprised face, we fade to commercial.*

### Part Three

*Fade in. Elevated shot. Buffy is standing a few feet from Faith. Faith is no longer wearing the young woman's stolen clothes, she's wearing a style more her own type though probably still stolen. Faith looks her up and down as Buffy steps closer.*

**Faith** *smiling* So. Check you out, B. Nice. The big girl on campus thing's really working for you.

**Buffy** *cautiously* I've been looking for you.

**Faith** *still smiling* I've been standing still for eight months, B. How hard you look?

**Buffy** Are you all right?

**Faith** Five by five. Best thing about a coma, you wake up all rested and rejuvenated and ready for payback.

**Buffy** *tensely* So much for pleasantries, huh?

**Faith** *smile becomes dangerous* What'd you think? I'd wake up and we'd go for tea? You tried to gut me, blonde.

**Buffy** You'd have done the same to me if you had the chance?

**Faith** *gamely* So let's have another go at it. See who lands on top.

**Buffy** It doesn't have to be like this, you know?

**Faith** Actually, I think it has to be exactly like this.

**Buffy** *indicating the people around them* Faith, these are innocent people.

**Faith** *looking around* No such animal.

**Buffy** *crosses her arms* I guess it was too much to hope that you'd use your downtime to reflect and grow.

**Faith** Could say the same about you. I mean, you're still the same old 'better than thou' Buffy. I mean, I knew it somehow. I kept having this dream –not sure what it means– but in the dream this self-righteous, blonde chick stabs me. And you want to know why?

*As Faith was talking, Willow removes her backpack and starts to slowly circle behind her.*

**Buffy** You had it coming.

**Faith** That's one interpretation. But in my dream, she does it for a guy-Try it, red, and you lose an arm!

*She didn't even turn to look at Willow who is holding the straps of her backpack, ready to club Faith on the head from behind. Buffy gives Willow a small nod and she backs off. Faith continues.*

**Faith** I wake up to find that this blonde chick isn't even dating the guy she was so nuts about before. I mean, she's moved on to the first college beef stick she meets. And not only has she forgotten the love of her life, she's forgotten all about the chick she nearly killed for him. So that's my dream. That and some stuff about cigars in a tunnel. But, uh, *steps closer* tell me, college girl . . . what does it mean?

**Buffy** To me? Mostly. *pissed* That you still mouth off about things you don't understand.

*Faith is no longer smiling as she glares at her. A police siren can be heard getting closer.*

**Buffy** Uh-oh. I guess somebody knows you're here.

*But Faith doesn't look like she cares about that and punches Buffy in the face. Buffy spins with the punch and follows through with a backhand fist. Faith catches her arm and knees her in the small of her back. She stumbles but quickly retaliates with a roundkick that Faith ducks under. The brunette stands back up leading with a roundkick of her own. Buffy blocks the kick and the following backhand, catching Faith's arm and slams a fist across her face.*

*At this point their fight has gotten the attention of all the students around them.*

*Cut to the police car pulling onto the walkway nearby.*

**On looker** OS Break it up!

*Faith is attacking with another roundkick but Buffy blocks that as well. Willow swings her pack and hits Faith in the back. It doesn't hurt the Slayer in the slightest, but it does get her attention and she turns on the redhead. But Buffy shoves Faith away and puts herself between her and Willow.*

**Faith** You took my life, B. Payback's a bitch!

**Willow** Look who's talking.

**Faith** See ya around.

*She turns and runs just as the first cop gets out of the car. He runs to her and Faith knocks him on his ass, not slowing down. She hops onto the hood of the squad car as the second cop gets out and kicks him in the face. She jumps off and runs through a garden of trees. She reaches the walkway again and shoves a male student down who was unfortunate enough to be in her way. Behind her, Buffy rounds the turn fast giving chase. Faith immediately heads for the six-foot high bordering stone wall. She climbs over it easily and disappears on the other side. Buffy reaches the wall and stands on a rock to look over it, but all she sees is a wide open prairie. Students are walking around, sitting on the grass studying, or just hanging out with each other.*

*Buffy doesn't see Faith anywhere.*

*Later that day. Cut to student lounge. Willow and Tara are walking down the stairs.*

**Willow** Thanks, for coming with. Hunting for a psychopathic super bitch is definitely in the 'above and beyond' category.

**Tara** It's okay. Really.

*They stop on the bottom landing and Tara scans the lounge.*

**Tara** So, uh, what do we do if we find her?

**Willow** Run. Flee. Maybe skedaddle. We're not here to engage. This is strictly recon. *Tara giggles softly* What?

**Tara** You said 'recon'. You're, like, 'cool monster fighter'.

**Willow** Well, technically, Faith isn't a monster. And as far as fighting, I'd be lucky to bruise her fist with my face.

**Tara** *worried* Oh.

**Willow** What?

**Tara** Face punching. I'm not so good with the whole—  
*throws cat-paw punches at the air in front of her*

**Willow** Swimming?

*Tara stops punching, looks at her fists, then lowers them.*

**Tara** Violence.

*They start walking across the lounge.*

**Willow** Don't worry, we're sure to spot Faith first. She's like this cleavagy slutbomb walking around going *mocking tone* 'Ooh, check me out, I'm wicked cool, I'm five by five'.

**Tara** Five by five? Five what by five what?

**Willow** See, that's the thing. No one knows. Buffy can handle Faith and you're plenty safe with me.

**Tara** *hopefully* So, umm, we recon until nightfall?

**Willow** *nods* Then the ritual hiding begins.

**Tara** *worried again* Oh.

*Cut to shot of Sunnydale. Nighttime. Cut to Giles and Xander walking down a sidewalk somewhere in town. We can see Xander is carrying the blaster, keeping it hidden (rather poorly since we can see it) under his big coat. Xander seems to be in 'share mode'.*

**Xander** The point being, I can be the target here. Faith finds Mr. Xander Harris still in town, odds are she goes tighter than cat gut. Got a lotta pent up feelings there. . . I'm only saying.

**Giles** *not really interested* Yes, I'm sure.

**Xander** See, I can't be held responsible for the effect I have on women.

**Giles** *half-heartedly* No.

**Xander** You see, Faith and I have this little thing between us called history.

*They stop as they hear a noise from down the alley they are crossing in front of. Xander raises the blaster and switches it on as they start walking into the alley. In the dark they see someone lighting a cigarette with a zippo. The person flips the lighter closed and Spike steps out into the light and sees them.*

**Xander** *lowering the blaster* Spike.

**Giles** What are you doing here?

**Spike** Me? I'm not the one out of place here.

**Xander** For your information, smarty, we've got a rogue Slayer on our hands. *turns the blaster off* Real psycho-killer, too.

**Spike** *concerned* Sounds serious.

**Giles** It is. What do you know?

**Spike** *helpfully* What do you need?

**Xander** Her. Dark hair, yea tall. Name of Faith. Criminally insane.

**Giles** Have you seen her?

**Spike** Is this bird after you?

**Xander** In a bad way. Yeah.

**Spike** Tell you what I'll do then. Head out, find this girl, tell her exactly where all of you are, and then watch as she kills you. *he grins*

*Giles and Xander just stare at him, speechless. Spike rolls his eyes and sighs.*

**Spike** Can anyone of your damn little Scooby club at least try to remember that I HATE you all? Just because I can't do the damage myself doesn't stop me from aiming a loose cannon your way. And here I thought the evening'd be dull.

*He starts his way out of the alley, deliberately bumping into Xander's shoulder as he walks past them and takes a long drag on his cigarette.*

**Xander** *calling after him* Go ahead! You wouldn't even recognize her!

**Spike** *faces them, still walking backwards* Dark hair, this tall, name of Faith. Criminally insane. *turns around* I like this girl already.

*They just stare after him as he walks off. They look at each other.*

**Xander** We're dumb.

*Cut to the nurse. She's walking out of the hospital wing and there is a bright light shining down on her. The light is coming from the black helicopter she's watching descend and it lands in the deserted parking lot. The engine idles as three men climb out of the craft. Each one is wearing a dark leather coat and carrying a black suitcase as they walk to the nurse. The lead man has a quick dialogue with her that we can't hear, then they follow her back inside. The helicopter's engine roars again and it takes off into the night.*

*Dissolve to Faith walking along Main Street again. She stops at the window of the sporting goods store to look at the knife display. She hears the sounds of a police radio and sees a squad car rounding the corner onto the street. There's a group of teenagers walking towards her as well and Faith blends in with them as they cross the street ahead of the cruiser. When they reach the other side Faith ducks into a nearby alley. She stays close to the wall as the cruiser passes by on the street.*

**Demon** Faith!

*She looks down the dark alley and a hairy-faced demon steps out of the shadows and walks towards her.*

**Demon** A friend sent me. I got a little remembrance from him—

*When he's close enough she grabs him, pulling him down so she can wrap her arm around his neck, getting him in*

*a forward headlock. She jerks on his neck and there is a crack. She jerks a second time and there is a louder snap that fills the alley. She lets the dead demon fall to the ground. Its coat falls open to reveal a manila package.*

*Faith steps over him and picks the package up. But the police car is now cruising the back alleys and Faith quickly climbs up a fire ladder on the side of the building. The police halogen light sweeps across the ladder just as her boots clear the spot and they cruise on by.*

*Cut to dark interior. Panning shot of what looks like a pawn shop. We hear a TV being turned on. Then a video tape is being loaded into a VCR.*

**Wilkins** OS Hello, Faith. If you're watching this tape, it can only mean one thing. I'm dead.

*Pan to Faith standing behind the counter watching a TV resting on it. Cut to a shot of the TV and we see the office of Mayor Wilkins. He's sitting behind his desk.*

**Wilkins** And our noble campaign to bring order to the town of Sunnydale has failed . . . Utterly and completely. *standing* But on the other hand, heck! Maybe we won. *laughs as he rounds the desk to stand in front of it* And right now I'm on some jumbo monitor in the Richard Wilkins Museum surrounded by a bunch of kids sitting indian-style and looking up at my face, filled with fear and wonder. *chuckles and leans forward* Hi, kids! *laughs*

*Faith smiles knowingly at this. Wilkins' voice takes on a serious tone as he leans on the edge of his desk.*

**Wilkins** But the realist in me tends to doubt it. Now, Faith, as I record this message you're, uh *expression shows signs of pain* . . . sleeping. And the doctors tell me that you might never wake up. I don't believe that. Sooner or later, you will wake up and when you do, you'll find the world has gone and changed on you. I wish I could make the world a better place for you to wake up in, but . . . tough as it is to accept we both have to understand that even my power to protect and watch over you has its limits. See the hard pill to swallow here is that . . . once I'm gone . . . your days are just plain numbered.

*Close up of Faith watching this with a sad look on her face.*

**Wilkins** Now I know, I know you're a—you're a smart and capable young woman in charge of her own life. But the problem, Faith, is that, uh, there won't be a place in the world for you anymore. Right now I bet you're feeling very much alone. But you're never alone. You'll always have me. And . . .

*He picks up a small black box from his desk and holds it up for the camera.*

**Wilkins** . . . you'll always have this. *chuckles* Go ahead. Open the box.

*Faith picks up the same box from the counter and looks at it.*

**Wilkins** Don't worry. It's not gonna bite. That's my job. *laughs*

*He motions to her with his hand.*

**Wilkins** Go ahead! Open it!

*Faith slides the panel of the box open and looks inside.*

**Wilkins** Surprise! See, you don't get these in any gum-ball machine. When you've been around as long as I have you make friends. And some of them forge neat little gizmos like the one you're holding right now.

*Faith holds up the strange looking device to examine it. It's shiny, metal, and palm size with three little loose stems with rings on the ends.*

**Wilkins** And here's the good news—just because it's over for my Faith, doesn't mean she can't go out with a bang. *He smiles sadly at her as if he can see her.*

*Cut to Riley's room in Lowell House. He's looking out his window and Buffy is locking his door.*

**Buffy** She's a very dangerous woman.

**Riley** *grinning* Okay, I get it. Really. Faith bad. Do I look like I'm arguing?

*He sits down in a chair as he watches her pace the room.*

**Buffy** Not yet. *picks up one of his Nerf basketballs from his desk* But you always make that innocent face right before you start.

**Riley** *smiling* Figured that out, huh? Heh. Damn. Took Mom twelve years to catch that one. *Buffy smiles briefly* All I'm saying is, if you're in trouble I want to help.

**Buffy** You can't.

**Riley** Give me one reason why?

*She tosses the ball to him and he automatically raises his hands to catch it—and winces at the pain this causes him and clutches his side.*

**Buffy** That's one.

**Riley** Okay. I'm not exactly action guy. But— I mean, there's got to be something I can do besides sit around here and waiting for to pummel this gal

**Buffy** Riley, the fact that you just called Faith a gal only proves that you don't know her.

**Riley** I've never seen anybody get under your skin this way before. What did she do to you exactly?

**Buffy** *pauses* It's a long story. *starts pacing*

**Riley** I'm from Iowa. We drive four hours for a high school football game. Try me.

**Buffy** I told you. Okay? She hurt me and people that I care about. And did I mention the psycho-killer part?

**Riley** There's something you're not telling me.

**Buffy** Riley, I have to go. She's out there.

**Riley** All right. I'm just saying. *gets up and catches her as she's heading for the door* I think you're holding out on me.

**Buffy** Riley, this isn't a joke. *sits him down on the bed* Okay, there's a criminally insane woman out there with superpowers who thinks that I'm responsible for ruining her life.

*It seems as if he's finally starting to realize just how serious the situation is.*

**Buffy** I know Faith. She'll come after me and she'll come after the people that I love.

*Cut to the Summers home. Interior shot of the foyer.*

*There's a knock at the door. Joyce Summers enters the foyer from the dining room and opens the front door. She's shocked to see Faith standing there.*

**Faith** smiling Hi, Joyce.

*Close up of Faith as she throws a punch that connects with its target. We hear Joyce fall to the floor. Faith steps inside looking down.*

**Faith** Mind if I come in?

## Part Four

*Fade in to Joyce's bedroom. Faith is sitting at Joyce's vanity table with the makeup drawer open. She's going through the lipsticks.*

**Faith** Tsk, tsk. Ruby Sunset. *drops it* Burgundy Skyline. *drops it* Harlot. Hmm. Way to go, Joyce.

*Cut to Joyce sitting on her bed against the headboard, hands on her knees. There's a shiner on her left cheek close to her eye. She's watching Faith with worry.*

**Faith** Now normally I wouldn't be going with a color this dark, but I read in some magazine, eight months in a coma will damage a girl's natural skin tone. *applies the lipstick* Good thing pale is in this year. Or was it last year?

*She stands up and leans forward to kiss the mirror leaving her lip print.*

**Faith** Anyway. For real, now.

*She's looking at Joyce through the mirror as she takes her jacket off the back of the chair and puts it back on.*

**Faith** I'm gonna ask you something and you got to promise you'll be honest, and not spare my feelings just 'cause I can kill you. You promise?

**Joyce** I promise.

**Faith** Okay. How do I look?

*She turns to face Joyce.*

**Joyce** pause Psychotic.

*Faith isn't angered by this.*

**Faith** Hmm. I was shooting for sultry, but hey. Bet I know what you're thinking?

**Joyce** Really?

**Faith** You're thinking . . . *dramatically exaggerated voice* 'You'll never get away with this!' Warm?

**Joyce** Actually, I was thinking my daughter is going to kill you soon.

**Faith** Is that a fact?

**Joyce** More like a bet.

**Faith** smiling Whoa. You got a pair on you, Joyce. I like seeing that in a woman your age. *steps closer to the bed* Guess you can afford to talk that way. I mean, in the world according to Joyce, Buffy is gonna come crashing through that door any minute.

*Joyce doesn't say anything but is trying to remain calm.*

**Faith** But . . . look what I found.

*Faith grabs a bundle of envelopes from the table and hops onto the bed beside her. She starts flipping through the pieces of mail.*

**Faith** 'Buffy Summers. Buffy Summers. Buffy Summers. Buffy. Buffy.' A lot of letters. She, uh, hasn't been by in a while, huh? And you'd think with a crazy chick like me on the loose –crazy chick with a wicked grudge against her, no less– she'd call and give you a heads-up. But Buffy's too into her own deal to remember dear old mom.

*Faith gets up and stands in front of the bed again.*

**Joyce** You don't know the first thing about Buffy. Or me.

**Faith** Don't I? I know what it's like. You think you matter. You think you're a part of something and you get dumped. It's like the whole world is moving but you're stuck. Like those animals in the tar pits. It's like you just keep sinking a little deeper everyday and nobody even sees.

**Joyce** *sounding bored* Were you planning to slit my throat anytime soon?

**Faith** Don't tell me you don't see it, Joyce. You served your purpose. You squirted out the kid, raised her up, and now you might as well be dead! I mean, nobody cares! Nobody remembers! Especially not Buffy-fabulous-super-hero! Sooner or later you're gonna have to face it. She was over us a long time ago, Joyce. *voice rising to a shout* Too busy climbing onto her new boy-toy to give a single thought to the people that matter! I mean, you're her mother and she just leaves you here to die!

*Faith grabs the large butcher knife she had resting on the vanity. Behind her, the window explodes inward as Buffy dives through, taking Faith down in a tackle. She quickly gets to her feet and slams a fist down on Faith's face as she tries to get to her knees.*

**Buffy** to Joyce Hi, Mom.

**Joyce** relieved Hi, honey.

*Faith stands up a Buffy blocks her backhand, but she follows through with a roundkick hitting Buffy in the face. She tries to slam a knee into her midsection but Buffy*



blocks that, countering with an inward crescent kick, sending Faith against the vanity. Buffy grabs her from behind and pulls her out into the hallway. Joyce quickly reaches for the phone and dials 911.

Out in the hall, Buffy still has Faith. She slams the brunette into a closed door hard. Faith faces her just in time to block a backhand fist but Buffy grabs that arm and sends her other fist into Faith's side, then up in a backhand to her face, in quick succession. Then she swings her across the hall slamming her face first into the wall by the open stairwell. Trying to recover, Faith raises a knee to stop Buffy's mid-level roundkick, then grabs her by the shoulders. They struggle with each other, both of them slamming into the closed door, then rebounding across the hall falling into the stairwell where they take an unpleasant slide headfirst down the stairs. When they reach the bottom, in the foyer, they roll away from each other and come up in fighting stances.

**Faith** grinning Thought I'd go after the clean marine, didn't ya? He's a cutie. Looks like he can use a good roll in the sack.

Buffy launches an attack but Faith blocks her strikes. She counters with a right hook but Buffy ducks it.

**Buffy** You're not his type. He's not real big on sleaze.

Buffy attacks again, this time hitting Faith with several punches to the stomach and head. Faith manages to catch her arm on the last punch and slams Buffy back against the dining room wall.

**Faith** He's probably just never tried it.

**Buffy** Going for the boyfriend again? That's tired.

**Faith** Just something to remember me by once I've moved on.

Faith throws a fist straight at Buffy's head but she ducks at the last instant and it goes through the wall. She throws herself at Faith driving her further into the dining room and sends her across the surface of the table, clearing it of the candles and glass bowl of wax fruit, and knocking down chairs as she falls off the other side.

**Buffy** Did it ever occur to you Faith that the reason we all forgot you is because we wanted to?

Faith is pulling herself up holding onto the silverware cabinet. Enraged, she grabs a large flower vase and throws it. It hits Buffy in the side and shatters but she's unharmed. Faith pulls out one of the drawers and dumps all the silverware to the floor as she swings it to throw it at Buffy. As Buffy ducks the flying drawer, Faith snatches up a long two-pronged fork and attacks Buffy. Buffy dodges the strikes and shoves Faith against the table.

Cut to Giles' Apartment. He's opening his front door and steps inside. As he closes it, he flips the light switch but the lights don't come on. Then the lamp on his desk is

turned on and Giles sees three men in leather jackets in his home. They are 'The Team' that had arrived earlier that night. And they've made themselves at home. The lead man has a cup of tea on the desk in front of him and the other two are sitting on the bar stools. One is holding a drink in his hand. The lead man casually lights a cigarette.

**Man** English accent Hello, Rupert.

Giles is not happy, maybe also a little worried, as to why they're here.

But let's return to the Slayer match.

Faith swings the fork at Buffy's face but the blonde ducks away and it's buried in the wall. Before Faith can pull it out, Buffy grabs her from behind, swings her around, and slams her against the table again. She quickly hits Buffy in the face with a back elbow freeing herself. That's when she hears the sirens approaching the house.

**Faith** The cops.

She scrambles across the top of the table and runs for the living room. Buffy is right behind her. Too close it turns out as Faith reaches the open French doorway, she grabs one of the glass-framed doors and swings it in Buffy's face. The blonde just crashes right through it and stumbles into the living room. She hasn't even regained her balance again when she fires a left-right combination hitting Faith in the stomach and face. This sends the brunette falling onto the coffee table and it shatters under her.

The red flashing lights of the police cars are shining into the room through the windows.

Buffy tries to hit Faith again as she gets to her knees, but Faith catches her arm and holds onto her and drives her across the living room where she sends her into the glass bookcase. Taking advantage, Faith roundkicks at her face but Buffy manages to block it and sends a backhand fist across Faith's face. Faith counters with another roundkick, this time hitting Buffy and knocking her down. She quickly reaches the fireplace and grabs something off the mantle. It is the mayor's present to her and she slips the rings of the device on her thumb and fourth and index fingers, keeping the small device in place in her palm.

Buffy is on her feet. She runs over to slam a left hook into Faith's face. She quickly follows that with a right hook, snapping her head back. Before she can hit her again, Faith grabs her hand and holds it tight, the small device between their palms. A glowing light starts to emanate from their hands as the device activates. Then both young women react as if hit by a shockwave.

Faith is looking at their clasped hands then lifts her eyes and seems surprised as she looks at Buffy. Buffy pulls back her fist and hits her hard in the face with a right



*hook, sending her to the floor unconscious.*

*Joyce hurries into the living room.*

**Joyce** You okay?

*Buffy is looking down at the strange device she is now holding in her hand. There's an awed expression on her face.*

**Buffy** All things considered.

**Joyce** What is that?

**Buffy** Weapon of some kind.

*She throws it down on the floor and stomps her boot on it. There is a flash of light as it's crushed.*

**Buffy** Didn't work whatever it was.

*There's a loud pounding on the door.*

**Joyce** Ah, the police.

*Buffy looks at the front door then down at Faith, lying on the broken coffee table.*

**Buffy** She's their problem now.

**Joyce** *nods* You're sure you're okay?

*Buffy considers the question as she looks down at Faith.*

**Buffy** Five by five.

*She tilts her head slightly as a grin starts to form on her lips when—*

*To Be Continued*

## Who Are You

Written and Directed by **Josh Whedon**

Transcribed by **Corwin2**

### Disclaimer

*I do not own the characters in this story, nor do I own any rights to the television show "Buffy the Vampire Slayer". They were created by Joss Whedon and belong to him, Mutant Enemy, Sandollar Television, Kuzui Enterprises, 20th Century Fox Television and the WB Television Network. This is not a novelization or a script. It is a straightforward and dry transcript of the episode "Who Are You?". It also includes descriptions of the settings and actions where I felt they were needed.*

*This was done for free for other fans.*

### Intro

*Scene of Adam the demon Frankenstein cyborg exiting tunnels.*

**Engleman** The project, it escaped.

**Narrator/Giles** Previously on Buffy the Vampire Slayer.  
*Scene of Buffy talking.*

**Buffy** The Initiative created this thing and they can't stop it. But we will.

*Scene of Faith opening eyes in hospital bed.*

**Buffy** It's Faith, she's awake.

*Buffy and Faith on the campus.*

**Joyce** You all right.

**Faith** Five by five.

**Mayor** Open the box.

*Scene of Faith opening box.*

**Mayor** Surprise.

*Scene of Buffy and Faith's hands are clasped and glowing.*

**Joyce** You sure you're ok.

**Buffy** Five by five.

*Scene of Buffy looking at unconscious Faith.*

For simplicity, Buffy's body is called Buffy, even when occupied by Faith. Faith's body is called Faith, even when occupied by Buffy.

### Prologue

*The front of Joyce Summers home. An ambulance is on the lawn A police car with lights flashing is parked on the street.*

*A plainclothes police officer with his badge visible on his breast.*

**Plainclothes officer** It's good you called. We've been looking for this girl since she broke out of the hospital.

**Joyce** What's gonna happen to her?

**Plainclothes officer** Well, get her checked out. She's in stable condition, she goes to jail, pending trial.

**Joyce** I just hope she gets some kind of help.

*Rattling.*

**Plainclothes officer** The first thing is to keep her from hurting anybody else.

*Faith is wheeled on a gurney to ambulance. She looks up at Buffy and Joyce but her vision is blurry.*

**Faith** No.

**Personnel** *lifting her into ambulance* One two

**Plainclothes officer** Well, you guys will be safe now. We may have a couple of questions in the morning.

*The emergency personnel close the rear doors on the ambulance.*

**Joyce** Oh, uh, of course.

**Plainclothes officer** Thank you. Both. I'm glad we finally got the kid.

**Buffy** She's not a kid! I just mean that she's very strong.

**Plainclothes officer** Yeah. This Faith chick— definitely dangerous.

*Ambulance leaves. The officer walks away. Joyce goes toward the front door.*

**Buffy** She truly is.

### Part One

*Joyce's living room, Buffy is holding her hands and cracks her knuckles. Joyce closes the door.*

**Joyce** Faith.

*Buffy spins around.*

**Joyce** Why do you think she's like that?

**Buffy** *shrugs* You know. She's a nut job. Heh.

**Joyce** I just don't understand what could drive a person

to that kind of behavior.

**Buffy** Well, how do you know she got drove? I mean, maybe she likes being that way.

**Joyce** I'll never believe that. I think she's horribly unhappy.

**Buffy** Well, could be things are looking up. I mean, a little stint in the pokey, show her the error of her ways. I'm

sure there's some big old Bertha just waiting to shower her ripe little self with affection.

**Joyce** Buffy!

**Buffy** I'm sorry, mom. *Sighs* It's just uff when I think about how she might have hurt you, I just, uff I can't stand it.

*Joyce hugs Buffy. Buffy is uncomfortable and shrugs lose.*

**Joyce** Sorry.

**Buffy** No, I'm just, uff, sore from the fight.

**Joyce** I've missed you.

**Buffy** Cause I haven't visited, right? I knew it.

**Joyce** I know how it is. You have so much in your life now.

**Buffy** I'm a busy little beaver. College and all.

**Joyce** Of course. But um, maybe we could spend some time together soon? Some... night when I'm not being held hostage by a raving psychotic.

**Buffy** Count on it. *Pause* I'm gonna take a bath.

*Cut to Buffy in a bubble bath. She sighs. She looks at her arms and fingers. She stretches her leg and caresses it. She blows some bubbles cupped in her hands.*

*Cut to Buffy looking in mirror. She turns her head to the side, then wrinkles her nose to look at it. She pulls her eyebrows back to look at her eyes. She sticks out her tongue to look at it. She pulls her upper lip back to look at her teeth.*

**Buffy** Why, yes, I would be Buffy. May I help you?

**Buffy** *sounding Buffy.* She sticks out her tongue again. She adjusts her hair. She shakes her finger.

**Buffy** You can't do that. it's wrong.

*She shakes her head slightly.*

**Buffy** You can't do that because it's naughty.

**Buffy** *louder* Because it's wrong. She tilts head.

**Buffy** *softly* Because it's wrong. She points very aggressively.

**Buffy** You can't do that. It's wrong. I'll kick your ass. I'm gonna kill you.

*mental laughing*

*Cut to hospital room. A hospital worker falls back into furniture.*

**Faith** Let me go! Let me go!

*Faith is struggling in a hospital bed. There are three other hospital personnel, a uniformed officer and a plainclothes officer holding her down.*

**Doctor** Get me a sedative now!

**Officer** Hold her!

**Faith** I have to go home! She's with my mother. *Doctor puts needle to Faith's arm.*

**Faith** No!

**Doctor** Just lie still.

**Faith** You don't understand.

**Officer** Keep holding her.

**Faith** She's taken my...my body. *Faith loses consciousness.*

*Cut to Tara's room. Willow lying down on a bed. Tara is sitting crosslegged near her feet.*

**Willow** I wonder where she is.

**Tara** Who? Faith?

**Willow** Yeah. I wish she would make a move. she's making my stomach all acidic.

**Tara** But you think Buffy can handle her. *Willow sits up.*

**Willow** I think so. but that doesn't mean Faith won't hurt someone else.

**Tara** Well, you should be safe. nobody knows you're here. I mean, uf, they don't even know I exist, right? I know all about them, but...

*Willow puts her hand on Tara's knee for a second.*

**Willow** *softly* Hey.

**Tara** I-I mean, t-that's totally cool. It-it's good. It-it's better.

**Willow** Tara, it's not like I don't want my friends to know you. It's just... well, Buffy's like my best friend, and she's really special. And there's this whole bunch of us, and we sort of have this group thing that revolves around the slaying, and-and I, I really want you to meet them. But I kind of like having something that's just, you know, mine. And I, I usually don't se so many words to say stuff that little, but do you get that at all?

**Tara** I do.

**Willow** *sighs* I should check in with Giles, get a situation update. *She gets up and walks behind Tara.*

**Tara** I am, you know.

**Willow** What?

*Tara turns and looks up at Willow.*

**Tara** Yours.

*Willow smiles.*

*Cut to Joyce's bedroom.*

*Buffy is adjusting a black camisole/baby tee in the mirror.*

**Buffy** Not too bad.

*Buffy opens a drawer and finds a wallet.*

**Buffy** Score.

*Buffy is sitting on the bed, holding a credit card. and is on the phone.*

**Buffy** 6-4-4-7. *Pause* Uh, expiration, 5-0-1. *Pause.* Buffy puts the card back in ther purse. Unh huh. *Pause* Yeah. *Pause.* Buffy takes cash out of the purse. 10 a.m.'s your earliest flight? I'll take it.

*[Joyce enters.*

**Joyce** What are you doing?

**Buffy** Oh, just getting my mail. *Buffy holds up the letters.*

**Joyce** Oh. Um, that was, um, Giles on the other line. He wanted you to meet your friends there. Said he had

news.

**Buffy** Yeah. I got some time to kill. *Buffy gets up.* I'll go see the gang. All my friends. *Buffy picks up a lipstick.* You don't mind if I steal this, right?

**Joyce** Is that the Harlot?

**Buffy** Yeah.

**Joyce** That's the same one Faith picked.

**Buffy** Burn it.

*Buffy tosses it to Joyce who catches it.*

*Cut to Faith in the back of a police car with a uniformed officer driving and a plainclothes officer riding shotgun.*

*Faith moans almost inaudibly.*

**Policeman** She's coming to.

**Uniformed Policeman** Yeah.

**Policeman** Man, I want this kid's constitution.

**Faith** Faith.

**Policeman** Let's move it. I want to get her in before she's 100%. *The uniformed policeman nods.*

*A red armored car/truck cuts off the police car which crashes into it. Two men in black clothing jump out of the back. One uses a gun to cover the two police officers, who seem to be stunned. Another uses an ax to smash the back window. The one with the gun breaks remnants on the sides with the gun. The ax one drags Faith out the window.*

**Weatherby** By order of the Watcher's Council, you are being taken into custody until such time—

*They both drag her to the back of the armored truck.*

**Collins** Skip the speech.

*They pull her in the truck.*

**Collins** Let's go.

*The doors close.*

## Part Two

*Buffy enters Giles' home.*

**Giles** Buffy. Good.

**Buffy** The scooby gang's all here. Willow, Xander, and... *looks at Anya* everybody. What's up?

**Giles** It's about Faith, not surprisingly.

**Buffy** Didn't Joyce tell you? I already kicked that ass.

**Xander** I feel a high five coming on.

**Willow** Where is she?

**Buffy** On her way to the big house. Cops took her off my hands about an hour ago. Poetic justice.

**Anya** How's that?

**Buffy** Well, she did all those crimes, and now she's being arrested. *Silence.* I guess that's just regular justice. *Willow smiles.* It's cool, anyway.

**Giles** Unless I'm mistaken, Faith is no longer in police custody.

**Buffy** *stands* What are you talking about?

**Giles** Watcher's Council. They uh sent a retrieval team to capture Faith.

**Buffy** Well, yeah, I mean, 'cause it worked so well when Wesley tried it.

**Giles** This is a special operations unit. They, uh, handle the council's trickier jobs - smuggling, interrogation, networks.

**Willow** What's networks?

**Xander** Scuba-type stuff.

**Anya** I thought it was murder.

**Xander** Well, yeah, but there could be underwater murder, with snorkels.

**Buffy** So they're taking her to England?

**Giles** It'll be a long, long time before she returns.

**Buffy** Heh heh heh. ahhh Hah hah. Hah hah. ohhh I'm sorry. It's just...I'm happy. Faith is evil.

**Willow** Yeah. I hope they throw the book at her.

**Giles** I'm not sure there is a, a book for this.

**Willow** They could throw other things.

**Buffy** I forgot how much you don't like Faith.

**Willow** After what she's done to you? Oh, I wish those council guys would let me have an hour alone in the room with her, if I was larger and had grenades.

**Buffy** I bet I know what Faith would say to that.

*Buffy springs forward with a knife and sticks it in Willow's stomach in the same place Faith was stabbed. She pulls the knife out and stabs Willow again.*

*Buffy lifts her head from her reverie. She did not spring forward.*

**Anya** So what you're saying is that everything's fine?

**Giles** Oh, um, yes.

**Anya** Well, I'm glad you called us all here because that information could never be conveyed by telephone.

**Willow to Buffy** What's up?

**Giles** Well, I just thought it was, uh, best to convene, in case there were any loose ends

**Buffy to Willow** I'd never let her hurt you.

**Giles** or things that we might have forgotten.

**Willow to Buffy** I know.

**Giles** But if you're, uh, keen to go, then, please, by all means, go.

**Xander** We kind of have a romantic evening planned.

**Anya** We were gonna light a bunch of candles and have sex near them.

**Buffy** Well, we certainly don't want to cut into that seven minutes.

**Anya** Hey.

**Xander** I believe that's my hey. Hey!

**Buffy** Lighten up. We're out of danger. Everything's good.

**Giles** We still have Adam to take care of.

**Buffy** Yeah. Adam. What's up with him?

**Giles** I wish we knew.

**Buffy** Well, don't worry about it. I'll patrol tonight, as long as it takes. You guys have your fun, I'll be out there doing my job.

*Cut to Buffy dancing in the Bronze to rock band.*

**Buffy** Whoop.

**Spike** Oh, you.

**Buffy** And you.

**Spike** What, are you keeping tabs on me? You're gonna give me a hard time now?

**Buffy** Um, do I usually give you a hard time?

**Spike** Very funny. Well, you don't have to worry about me drinking. Unless you're here to protect innocent beers. *He holds up a bottle. Spike walks away a little and Buffy follows.*

**Buffy** You're a vampire.

**Spike** Was. And as soon as I get this chip out of my head, I'll be a vampire again. But until then, I'm just as helpless as a kitten up a tree. So why don't you sod off?

**Buffy** Ok.

**Spike** *angry* Oh, fine! Throw it in my face! Spike's not a threat anymore. I'll turn my back. He can't hurt me.

**Buffy** Spike? *Gets it.* Spike. William the Bloody with a chip in his head. I kind of love this town.

**Spike** You know why I really hate you, Summers?

**Buffy** 'Cause I'm a stuck-up tight-ass with no sense of fun?

**Spike** Well, yeah, that covers a lot of it.

**Buffy** Cause I could do anything I want, and instead, I choose to pout and whine and feel the burden of slayer-ness? I mean, I could be rich, I could be famous, I could have anything. Anyone. *Buffy moves closer and puts her hands on Spike's chest.* Even you, Spike. I could ride you at a gallop until your legs buckled and your eyes rolled up. I've got muscles you've never even dreamed of. I could squeeze you until you popped like warm champagne, and you'd beg me to hurt you just a little bit more. And you know why I don't? *She moves closer and looks up at him pursing her lips.* Because it's wrong. Humh humh. *She moves off.*

**Spike** I get this chip out, you and me are gonna have a confrontation.

**Buffy** Count on it.

*Spike throws his bottle into the wall and walks off. He shoves someone and clutches his head.*

*Cut to the sewers. Four vampires are walking in vamp face.*

**Vampire** It was too crowded. We gotta hold out for a few hours, pick up a straggler, some drunk. Can't be calling attention to *He sees Adam and stops.* ourselves.

**Adam** I've been thinking. About vampires.

**Vampire** This is my place.

**Adam** Your place. Yes. The sewers. You hide from them, Crawl about in their filth. Scavenging like rats. What do you fear?

**Vampire** Kill this guy already.

*One vampire charges Adam and Adam grabs it by the throat and holds it.*

**Adam** You fear the cross. The sun. Fire. And, oh, yes... *Adams puts his other hand on the vampire's shoulder and he lifts the vampire's head from its shoulders. The body falls and he drops the head on it and they turn to dust.*

**Adam** I believe decapitation is a problem as well.

**Vampire** You can have the place. I mean, we don't have to stay here anymore.

**Adam** You fear death. Being immortal, you fear it more than those to whom it comes naturally. Vampires are a paradox.

**Vampire** Ok, we're a paradox. That's cool.

**Adam** Demon in a human body. You walk in both worlds and belong to neither. I can relate. Come. We have a lot to talk about.

*Cut to workshed interior? In the back of the armored truck, Faith wakes up and finds she is chained.*

**Weatherby** Well, it's awake.

**Faith** Who are you?

**Weatherby** Council. We're taking you back to the mother country. Seems you've been a naughty girl.

**Faith** Listen to me. Y-You've made a mistake. I am not Faith. I'm Buffy Summers. Faith performed some kind of spell, she switched our bodies.

*Standing outside the truck.*

**Collins** Congratulations. No one's ever actually tried that one on me before.

**Faith** You have to find Faith. C-call Giles. J-just get him here.

**Collins** Giles doesn't work for the council anymore. For that matter, neither does Buffy Summers. And what you are, miss, is a package. I deliver the package. I don't much care what's inside. *To Weatherby.* Come on.

**Weatherby** He may not care, but I do. The Watcher's Council used to mean something. You perverted it. You trash. We should have killed you while you were asleep. *He spits in Faith's face. He gets out of the truck and closes the doors.*

*Cut to the Bronze.*

**Willow** I can't believe you've never been here. The Bronze is the coolest place in Sunnydale. Of-of course,

there's not a lot of competition. I think the vending machine at Bergen's came in second.

**Tara** Y-you used to come here a lot?

**Others** Chug chug chug

**Willow** I lived here. Me, Xander...

**Buffy & others** Chug, chug, chug.

**Willow** Buffy.

**Buffy & others** Chug, chug, chug.

**Buffy** oooh oooh

**Others** Chug, chug, chug!

**Others** Woo hoo hoo.

**Willow** Wow. I-I didn't think she'd be here. Come on, *holds Tara's hand* I want you to meet her.

**Buffy** Back off. *Pushes someone away.* You're nothing but a disappointment.

*Tara crosses her arms.*

**Willow** Hey, Buffy.

**Buffy** Willow and - uh

**Willow** Buffy, this is Tara.

**Tara** Hi.

**Buffy** So we've never met. *Tara shakes her head.* Cool. Just have a thing with names.

**Willow** Tara was in my wicca group.

**Buffy** Unh-huh. *Buffy walks away and they follow.*

**Willow** So, what's up? *Buffy plops herself on a couch.* Patrol a no go? *Buffy throws her legs up in the air and on a table.*

**Buffy** Got tired. You know, the whole Faith thing. I let off some steam.

**Willow** Good for you. You shouldn't work yourself too hard.

**Buffy** That's my philosophy. *Buffy throws her arms behind her head.*

**Willow** Anyone want a soda?

**Tara** *looks at Willow* Water. *Buffy shakes head.* Willow walks off and Buffy notes Tara looking back at Willow. *She sits up and leans forward.*

**Buffy** So you guys been hanging out a lot lately, hunh?

**Tara** Yeah. she's, um, she's really cool. *Buffy nods and blinks slowly.*

**Buffy** *grins* So Willow's not driving stick anymore. Who would have thought? I guess you never really know someone until you've been inside their skin. And Oz is out of the picture? Oh, never seen two people so much in love. She just couldn't get enough of old Oz.

**Tara** She, um, said he, uh, uh, w-w-w-w-w-went

**Buffy** He w-w-w-w-what? You gonna get that sentence out sometime tonight? *Tara lowers her head.*

*Willow returns.*

**Willow** Buffy, guy in the corner. *Buffy looks at a guy leading a girl.*

**Buffy** Yeah. Good call.

**Tara** What?

**Willow** Vampire.

**Buffy** Wicked obvious. *She leans back and realizes Willow is waiting.* So I should slay him. *She gets up.*

**Willow** You want help?

**Buffy** Nah, I got it.

*Buffy picks up a pool stick as she walks. She enters a back area where the vampire is feeding on the girl from behind, making slurping noises and holding the girl's arms. The girl is gasping. Buffy breaks the pool stick in two and drops one end. The girl's arms flail. Buffy hits the vampire in the back using the stake as a club.*

**Buffy** Hey!

*The vampire lets the girl fall and turns. Buffy blocks a right and a left. She kicks it in the leg and spins the vampire around and holds it. She stakes it and throws it to the side just before it dusts. Buffy exhales and looks down at the girl. She is squatting and she looks up at Buffy.*

**Buffy** You'll live.

**Girl** Uh he was so strong, uh

**Buffy** Yeah, well, he's gone now. *Buffy turns and the girl grabs her hand.*

**Girl** Thank you. **Thank you.** *Expressions flash across Buffy's face.*

**Buffy** Yeah. *Shrugs.* It's cool. *Shrugs.* *Buffy walks off and drops the stake.*

**Willow** Everything poofed?

**Buffy** All's well in the world.

**Willow** Tara's not feeling well. I'm gonna walk her home. *Willow looks back at Tara.*

**Buffy** Yeah. You give her whatever she needs. *Buffy smiles for a second.*

**Willow** Are you gonna be in later, or you going over to Riley's? *Buffy blinks several times and then smiles.*

*Cut to workshed/barn. Banging sounds in a workshed or barn. Smith walks toward the armored truck with a syringe.*

**Smith** This'll bloody keep you quiet.

*Smith opens the back of the truck and goes in. Faith grabs him and gets him in a chokehold with the chains.*

**Smith** Uh.

**Faith** How about this? I'll be quiet, and you can scream.

**Smith** Aaahh.

*Weatherby and Collins look in from the back of the truck.*

**Faith** Now you unchain me - very slowly And! politely, or I kill this guy

**Collins** When we go on a job, we always put our affairs in order first, in case of accident.

**Smith** Collins...

**Collins** Sorry, Smithy. *They walk off.*

**Collins** She's starting to bother me.

**Weatherby** Getting her across the border is gonna be a lot more trouble than it's worth.

**Collins** If the council can even get us passage. I'll call them. It's time for a contingency plan. *Smith flies out the back of the truck and falls, groaning.*

*Cut to Riley's room. Riley is sitting at his desk and hears a sound and turns, smiling. Buffy is standing in the doorway.*

**Buffy** Hi, baby.

### Part Three

*Cut to Tara's room.*

**Willow** I'm sorry you're feeling all blechy. But we'll get together with Buffy another time. Sometime soon. I think you'll really like her.

*Tara sighs.*

**Tara** She's not your friend.

**Willow** I may have overestimated the you liking her factor.

**Tara** No, no. I mean, I don't... *sighs* I don't think she's...her.

**Willow** You lost me.

**Tara** Well, umph, a person's energy has a flow, a unity. *sigh* Buffy's was *sigh* was fragmented. It-it grated, like something forced in where it doesn't belong. Plus, she was, um, *sigh* she was kind of mean. *heh*

**Willow** So you think Buffy's not herself? Like she's been possessed or something?

**Tara** *sigh* I'm not sure.

**Willow** You didn't sense a hyena energy at all, did you? Because hyena possession is just...unpleasant.

**Tara** *umph* Do you have anything of hers?

**Willow** Of Buffy's? Uhhhh. Oh! This ring.

**Tara** I-I think there's a way we can, hmm... *reaches for book* The passage to the nether realm. There-there's a ritual. If you can find Buffy there, you should be able to see.

**Willow** If it'll help her. *Tara sighs.*

**Willow** What?

**Tara** Well, the nether realm exists beyond the physical world. Accessing it is... I-it-it's kind of like astral projection. It's very intense. I'd have to be your anchor, keep you on this plane.

**Willow** *nods* I trust you.

**Tara** It-it's not like anything that we've ever-

**Willow** *smiles* I trust you.

*Cut to Riley's room.*

**Buffy** You miss me?

**Riley** I did, actually. Everything's ok?

**Buffy** Everything's great. *walks forward*

**Riley** What about Faith?

**Buffy** Faith has a won a fabulous trip to England, and I *sits on Riley's lap, straddling him* got the consolation prize, which is you.

**Riley** So I don't have to worry about Faith showing up? Though I have to admit, I was kind of curious to meet

her.

*Buffy holds Riley's hands and leans back, still straddling him.*

**Riley** Or I was until about 30 seconds ago. *Buffy sits up.*

**Buffy** Oh, you wouldn't have liked Faith. She's not proper and joyless, like a girl should be. She has a tendency to give in to her animal instincts.

*She kisses Riley and nips his lip.*

**Riley** Door's open.

**Buffy** So?

**Riley** So my fantasies don't tend to include a bunch of marines staring in at me.

**Buffy** Oh, maybe they could learn something.

*She kisses his neck and Riley gets up, walking to close the door. He holds his left side with his right arm.*

**Buffy** You're hurt. *He closes the door.*

**Riley** Ahh, um, not that bad, actually. I guess the, uh, drugs the professor gave me really did make me stronger. I'm healing pretty quick.

**Buffy** Maybe we should take you for a test drive.

**Riley** I wouldn't say no. *He walks forward.*

**Buffy** So...how do you want me?

*She crawls on the bed looking away from Riley and turns around.*

**Riley** How do I?

**Buffy** Yeah. what do you wanna do with this body? What nasty little desire have you been itching to try out? Am I a bad girl? Do you wanna hurt me?

*She puts her arms on him.*

**Riley** What are we playing at here? *She takes her arms off.*

**Buffy** I'm Buffy.

**Riley** Ok. then I'll be Riley.

**Buffy** Well, if you don't wanna play- *She starts to leave and Riley holds her.*

**Riley** Right. I don't wanna play.

*Riley kisses her very gently and she responds.*

*Cut to Tara's room. Willow closes the curtains. Tara puts her thumb on Willow's forehead, lips and chest.*

**Tara and Willow** *sit side by side facing opposite directions. They are crosslegged. They whisper while stroking their outer (right) arms as if to stir water*

*Sightless sea, Ayala flows through the river in me. The inward eye, the sightless sea. Ayala flows through the river in me. The inward eye, the sightless sea. Ayala*

flows through the river in me. The inward eye, The sightless sea. Ayala flows through the river in me. The inward eye, The sightless sea...

*Light forms from their hands and creates a circle of clouds/light around them as both arcs meet in two places.*

Ayala flows through the river in me.

*They touch hands palm to palm, keeping their hands flat. They are breathing heavily and are both sweating and glistening. The circle of light rises to the level of their heads. Their breathing gets heavier. They look at each other. Willow slowly falls back, closing her eyes and breaking the hand contact. The circle of light goes higher and higher. Willow arches her back and moans unnh ohh.*

*Cut to Riley's room.*

*Riley is on top of Buffy, looking down at her.*

**Riley** I love you.

**Buffy** Uggnnh Get off. No. No. No! *Pushing Riley away* Get-get off! No. Off me. Get off. No, no-o. G-get *Buffy stands*

**Riley** Buffy...What? What's wrong?

**Buffy** *gasping* Who are you? What do you want from h-her?

**Riley** Should I not have...?

**Buffy** This is meaningless.

**Riley** You're shaking. *He gets up and puts a blanket/sheet on her.*

**Buffy** Nnnh.

**Riley** What happened?

**Buffy** Nothing. Nothing.

*She puts her head against Riley's chest and her face goes into shadow.*

*Cut to sewers. Adam stops pacing.*

**Adam** I have a gift no man has. [That] No demon has ever had. I know why I'm here. I was created to kill. To extinguish life wherever I find it. And I have accepted that responsibility. You have lived in fear and desperation because you didn't have that gift. But it's time to face your fear.

*A vampire sitting cross legged rises.*

**Vampire** Tell us what to do.

**Adam** You are here to be my first. To let them know that I am coming.

**Vampire** We're ready.

**Adam** Then ask yourself, what is it? More than man, more than anything else. What is the thing you fear?

*Cut to Riley's room*

*[Buffy puts on a shirt and fluffs her hair. She sees the clock reads 8:25 and she looks back between the clock and Riley. She leaves.]*

*Cut to Frat house.*

*Buffy comes down the stairs.*

**Forrest** Hope you left him alive.

**Buffy** What?

**Forrest** Boy's supposed to be on the mend. I don't see you letting him get much rest.

**Buffy** I think maybe you should stay out of other people's lives.

**Forrest** We've got a mission here. Back when Riley could still think for himself...

**Buffy** You've got a mission? I've been fighting demons since before you could shave.

**Forrest** Yeah, you're a killer.

**Buffy** I am not a killer!!! I am the slayer!. And you don't know the first thing about me.

**Forrest** You really care what I think?

**Buffy** No. I don't care. *Throws hands up.* God, I don't care. *She leaves and the door closes.*

*Cut to inside of barn/workshed.*

**Collins** They can't get us passage. They've ordered the kill. *[He screws a silencer onto a pistol.]*

**Weatherby** Torch the place?

**Collins** Get the gas. *Weatherby walks off.*

**Smith** She could've killed me. She didn't.

**Collins** Lucky you.

*Collins sticks the gun in the truck but Faith grabs the pistol and his hands with her feet and pulls him into the truck hard enough to stun him before he can react. Faith pulls the gun to her hands and shoots the locks/chains holding her.*

**Smith** *running away* Weatherby!

*Faith shoots a lock and smashes into the driver's area.*

**Faith** Keys, keys.

**Weatherby** Stop her, you ponce.

*Faith finds the keys. Weatherby rushes the truck and Faith opens the door into him, knocking him out.*

**Faith** Ok, I'm good at this.

*She shifts gears.*

**Faith** Ooh, drive.

*Smith has found a gun and shoots at the truck but Faith drives the armored truck out through the wooden wall/door, breaking it.*

## Part Four

*Cut to Airport. Woman behind counter hands ticket to Buffy.*

**Woman** Here, there you go.

**Buffy** Thank you.

**Woman** You're welcome.

*Cut to Giles' living room. Giles is coming down his stairs*



*carrying a plate and some cups.*

**Faith** Giles!

**Giles** God!

**Faith** Don't move. Ok, Giles, you have to listen to me very carefully. I'm not Faith.

**Giles** Really?

**Faith** Really.

**Giles** Cause the resemblance is striking.

**Faith** I know. Giles, you just have to... Stop inching. you were inching.

**Giles** Look, I-I know what you're going to say, and-and uh

**Faith** I'm Buffy.

**Giles** All right, I didn't know what you were going to say, but that doesn't make you any less crazy.

**Faith** Faith switched. I mean, she had some device. She switched our bodies. Giles, I swear *runs hand through hair* it's me.

**Giles** U-um, if-if you are Buffy, then, *sets plate & cups down* uh, then you'll let me tie you up w-without killing me - until we find out whether you're telling the truth.

**Faith** Giles, Faith has taken my body, and for all I know, she's taken it to Mexico by now. I-I don't have time for bondage fun. Ask me a question. Ask me anything.

**Giles** Who's president?

**Faith** We're checking for Buffy, not a concussion.

**Giles** Oh, yes, Alright. um...

**Faith** Umph, Giles, you turned into a demon, and I knew it was you. I mean can't you just look in my eyes and be all intuitive?

**Giles** How did I turn into a demon?

**Faith** Oh, cause, uh, Ethan Rayne. And-and you have a girlfriend named Olivia, and you haven't had a job since we blew up the school, which is valid lifestyle wise. I mean, it's not like you're a slacker type, but... Oh, oh! when I had psychic power, I heard my mom think that you were like a stevedore during sex. What? Do you want me to continue?

**Giles** Actually, I beg you to stop.

**Faith** What's a stevedore?

**Giles** Alright, let's- um, I need you to explain everything.

**Faith** And I will, after we get Faith. *Willow and Tara enter.*

**Willow** Giles!

**Faith** Will.

**Willow** Oh, my god.

**Faith** Willow, wait. you don't understand.

**Willow** You're Buffy. You and Faith switched bodies, probably through a Draconian Katra spell.

**Giles to himself** She understands it better than I do.

**Faith** How did you?

**Willow** Tara. Tara, this is Buffy, only really this time.

**Tara** Hi.

**Willow** Tara's a really powerful witch.

**Tara** Not really.

**Willow** No, really. She knew right away that you weren't you. So we connected with the nether realms to find out what happened. And we conjured this. *Shows green glowing item in box.*

**Faith** What is-

**Willow** It's a Katra. Or the home-conjured version. It-it should switch you back, if you can get a hold of Faith.

**Faith** Oh, thank God.

*Telephone rings*

**Giles** I'll get it.

**Giles** Hello.

**Faith** Do you know where Faith is?

**Giles** Oh yes, uh, Buffy's here with uh, me. Actually, she-she's uh Oh, all right.

**Giles** Xander. Apparently there's a report on the television.

*Giles turns on the tv.*

**News announcer** ...and barricaded themselves in the church with at least 20 parishioners. One of the few who escaped described the three men as frighteningly disfigured, almost inhuman. So far, one escapee has since died of severe neck wounds.

*Cut to airport. Buffy sees the report on another tv.*

**News announcer** There is no report on the condition of the parishioners still trapped inside, but their assailants have vowed to kill all of them *Buffy looks down, then back up at the screen* if police attempt to storm the church.

*Interior of church.*

**Vampire** It's hard to believe. I've been avoiding this place for so many years, and it's nothing. It's nice! It's got the pretty windows, The pillars... lots of folks to eat. Where's the thing I was so afraid of? You know, the Lord? He was supposed to be here. He gave us this address. Well, we'll just have to start killing off His people, see if He shows up.

*Exterior of church. Sirens. Two police cars and an ambulance are parked outside. There are four uniformed policemen and possibly one in plainclothes. One has just put down a radio.*

**Riley** What'd he say?

**Policeman** He said I should defer command to you.

**Riley** Then you hold your men until the reserves arrive. This is a military situation.

**Policeman** What, they got bombs in there?

**Riley** Your men are not prepared to deal with them. Just trust me.

*Siren. Riley walks nearer the church. He sees...*

**Riley** Buffy.

**Buffy** How many are in there?

**Riley** We think there's three.

**Buffy** I can do three. *Riley tugs at her arm.*

**Riley** Not alone. Look wait for the troops to get here. They're still mobilizing.

**Buffy** How did you respond so fast?

**Riley** I didn't. I was just late for church.

*Buffy shakes her head.*

**Buffy** Look, when the troops get here, send 'em in, but I'm going.

**Riley** I don't want you risking– *Riley tugs at her arm.*

**Buffy** Don't tell me what to do! I'm Buffy. I have to do this.

**Riley** Then I'm coming with.

*Buffy pokes Riley near which he is hurt.*

**Riley** Ow!

**Buffy** I can't use you. If someone comes out, you get 'em to safety. Unless they've got fangs.

*Buffy enters the church.*

*Cut to interior.*

*Buffy closes the door.*

**Vampire** I told the cops, they send any one in, I start the whole massacre thing.

**Buffy** Well, I'm not the cops. I just come to pray.

**Vampire** Now's a good time to start.

**Buffy** You're **not** gonna kill these people.

**Vampire** Why not?

**Buffy** Because it's wrong.

*Vampire 3 attacks from behind and is thrown up in the air He collides with a column and he doesn't get up.*

**Vampire** You're the slayer.

**Buffy** The one and only.

*Cut to outside.*

*Giles is driving the armored truck. It stops and Willow, Tara and Faith jump out of the back.*

**Policeman** You people, get out of here!

**Willow** We've gotta get inside.

**Policeman** The police are handling this. Just back off right now.

**Willow** But we can't, we've gotta, Y- you don't understand.

*Giles and Faith exchange a glance.*

**Policeman** Listen you have to clear the area.

**Giles** yelling Damn it, man, we have to get inside. *Faith moves out of sight behind the armored truck.* Our, um, uh uh families are in there. Our, um, mothers and-and tiny, tiny babies.

*Cut to church interior*

**Vampire** You think we're afraid of you? We're not afraid Of anything anymore.

**Buffy** Then let all these people go, and all three of you can take me on.

**Vampire** Heh. I got a better idea.

*He swings at Buffy and she dodges and hits him in the stomach, backhands his face and kicks him in the waist. He goes down. She kicks another vampire in the stomach and knocks him back. Then she kicks the vampire who hit the pillar and sends him flying. She drives the second vampire back with a series of punches as people flee. She breaks off some wood from the back of a pew and stakes the second vampire. She tosses him aside and he spins as he turns to dust. The vampire who hit the pillar flees and grabs a robe.*

*Cut to outside.*

*The pillar vampire runs into Riley. They fall and roll. They get up and he hits Riley in the face. Riley spins him and throws him down and holds onto the robe. The sunlight dusts him.*

**Riley** You forgot your coat.

*Faith runs up.*

**Faith** Riley.

*Faith hugs Riley.*

**Riley** Ohh. It's ok, miss. Just get yourself out of harm's way.

**Faith** Riley, it's me. Uh. Never mind. How many are in there?

**Riley** Well...who are you?

*Inside the last vampire breaks the stake lose from Buffy's grip and throws her back against a pew.*

**Vampire** I have strength you couldn't dream of. *Punches Buffy in the face.* Adam has shown me the way, and there is *Same punch.* nothing –aah.

*He turns to dust. Faith is standing there with a stake. Buffy leaps to attack. They exchange punches and Buffy is attacking frenetically and she is slightly quicker. She knocks Faith down but Faith comes back with an uppercut and knocks her back.*

**Faith** You can't win this.

**Buffy** Shut up! Do you think I'm afraid of you? *Buffy grabs Faith and throws her down, then sits on top of her and starts punching her.* You're nothing. *Punch. Punch. Disgusting. Punch. Punch.* Buffy grabs Faith's hair with both hand and bangs her head. *Murderous bitch. Bang. Bang... You're nothing. Bang. Bang... Switches back to punches* You're Buffy is now crying. *disgusting. Faith grabs Buffy's hand to stop a punch and their hands glow. Now Buffy is in her own body. And Faith is in her own body.*

*The real Buffy falls back as their hands separate. The real Faith jumps up and runs off. The real Buffy sits, stunned or shocked, and watches her leave.*

*Cut to Riley's room.*

*The real Buffy hangs up phone. She is sitting on the bed. Riley is sitting in a chair.*

**Real Buffy** She's gone. Not a trace. Giles said the council guys have cleared out, too.

**Riley** I don't understand. how could she have... ummph I mean, how's it possible?

**Real Buffy** Magic.

**Riley** There was something. I should've picked up on it. I should've just...

*Riley looks away, not meeting real Buffy's eyes. She realizes.*

**Real Buffy** You slept with her.

**Riley looks down** I slept with you.

*Buffy stands.*

**Riley** Man, would I like to get my hands on her. Not in a sex way.

**Real Buffy** I don't think she's coming back.

**Riley** Guess she's had her fun.

**Real Buffy** Yeah. Fun.

*Briefly real Buffy's face and real Faith's face are superimposed together on the screen as real Buffy fades out and real Faith fades in.*

*Real Faith is riding in a rail car with wooden sides. Train track sounds are heard.*

## Who Are You

Transcribed by **Joseph B**

Written and directed by **Joss Whedon**

Originally aired February 29, 2000

### Disclaimer

*This is a transcript intended for anyone who cannot watch BTVS for whatever reason, to enjoy, as well as those who think transcripts are just cool, and as reference material for fanfic writers. Buffy and all copyrighted characters are the product of Joss Whedon and I have nothing but respect for him and those whose hard work is put into bringing us a great show. I did this of my own free time and will never make a dime from it.*

*Now let me add. If you are looking at this transcript, save it, copy it, send it to your friends. Unlike other transcribers, who I have nothing but respect for, if you see any mistakes that might be in this transcript, feel free to correct them, or if you just want to personalize it to suit yourself, by all means. Hell I do it.*

### Prologue

*Transcriber's notes* Tonight, the role of Buffy Summers will be played by Eliza Dushku. For the sake of this transcript, the transcriber will refer to Faith-in-Buffy's-body as just Faith and Buffy-in-Faith's-body as just Buffy.

*Fade in. Night. Exterior shot of the Summers home, shortly after 'This Year's Girl' ended. Several police cars are out in front of the house, strobing the neighborhood with their red lights. An ambulance is parked on the lawn, it's rear doors open and facing the house. A few curious neighbors have also gathered. A plainclothes detective (same one from last episode) is talking to the young woman he thinks is Buffy Summers. They're standing close to the steps of the front porch. Joyce Summers is walking out of the house and drapes a coat around her daughter's shoulders.*

**Detective** It's good you called. We've been looking for this girl since she broke out of the hospital.

**Joyce** What's going to happen to her?

**Detective** Well, get her checked out. If she's in stable condition, she goes to jail, pending trial.

**Joyce** I just hope she gets some kind of help.

*Behind them, the paramedics are wheeling a gurney out the front door. Faith's body is strapped to it. She's barely conscious.*

**Detective** The first thing is to keep her from hurting anybody else.

*As it's taken past Joyce and her daughter the brunette looks at them with half-opened eyes. From her blurring POV she sees the younger blonde take her mother's hand and lift it, casually, to make sure she sees this. Then her vision fades as she loses consciousness. The paramedics load her into the ambulance.*

**Detective** Well, you guys will be safe now. We may have a couple of questions in the morning.

**Joyce** Oh, uh, of course.

**Detective** Thank you both. I'm glad we finally got the kid.

**Faith** sharply She's not a kid. *sees the detective's surprised look* I just mean that she's very strong.

**Detective** Yeah. This Faith chick— definitely dangerous. *With that, the detective turns and walks toward one of the squad cars. Joyce heads back into the house, but Faith stands there watching the ambulance pull out of the drive way.*

**Faith** She truly is.

*Faith turns, in her new body, and starts walking back to the house.*

*Wolf's howl. Buffy theme and credits roll.*

### Part One

*Fade in. Interior of the Summers home. The last of the police have left and Joyce is closing the front door. Faith is casually walking into the living room stretching her arms.*

**Joyce** Faith.

*Startled, Faith spins around to face her, slight panic on her face. But Joyce has a thoughtful expression.*

**Joyce** Why do you think she's like that?

**Faith** offhandedly Well, you know. She's a nut job. Heh.

**Joyce** I just don't understand what could drive a person to that kind of behavior.

**Faith** Well, how do you know she got drove? I mean, maybe she likes being that way.

**Joyce** I'll never believe that. I think she's horribly unhappy.

**Faith** Well, could be things are looking up. I mean, a little stint in the pokey, show her the error of her ways. *slight grin* I'm sure there's some big old Bertha just waiting to shower her ripe little self with affection.

**Joyce** shocked Buffy!

**Faith** oops I'm sorry, Mom. It's just . . . *crosses the room to Joyce playing 'concerned daughter'* when I think

about how she might have hurt you, I just . . . I can't stand it.

*Touched, Joyce smiles and gives her a big hug. Over her shoulder we can see Faith grimace in discomfort at this mushy affection. She pulls away and heads towards the stairs.*

**Joyce** *slightly hurt* Sorry.

**Faith** *makes of show of stretching her shoulders* No, I'm just, uh, sore from the fight.

*In front of the stairs, she faces her.*

**Joyce** I've missed you.

**Faith** 'Cause I haven't visited, right? *smug* I knew it.

**Joyce** I know how it is. You've . . . got so much in your life now.

**Faith** I'm a busy little beaver. College and all.

**Joyce** *nods* Of course. *hopefully* But, um, maybe we could spend some time together soon? Some night when I'm not being held hostage by a raving psychotic.

**Faith** *pause* Count on it. *smiles* I'm gonna take a bath. *She turns abruptly and heads upstairs.*

*Cut to Faith in the tub, having a bubble bath. She sighs with her eyes closed. Then she raises her arms out of the water to examine them. She lifts her left leg straight up to look at it and smiles, caressing it with her hands. Faith lowers the leg back in the water and scoops two handfuls of suds and blows the bubbles into the air.*

*Cut to Faith looking at Buffy's reflection in the mirror, from the mirror's POV. Her hair is hanging wet on her shoulders and she has a towel wrapped around herself. She turns her head to the right then to the left. She leans towards the mirror for a closer look and scrunches her face. She relaxes her features then uses her index fingers to push her eyebrows high on her forehead. Next, she opens her mouth wide to stick her tongue out. Again she uses her index fingers to raise her top lip, looking at Buffy's very white teeth.*

*Cut to a few frames later, still in front of the mirror. Faith is speaking in a pleasant 'stewardess' voice.*

**Faith** Why, yes, I would be Buffy. May I help you?

*Cut to a few frames later.*

**Faith** *practicing* Buf-fy.

*Cut to Faith sticking her tongue out again, head tilted to the side.*

*Cut to Faith running her fingers through Buffy's wet hair, then puts forth an admonishing finger as if speaking to a child.*

**Faith** *scolding* You can't do that! It's wrong.

*Cut to a few frames later.*

**Faith** *sensitive* You can't do that, because it's naughty. *grimaces*

*A few more frames.*

**Faith** *stern* Because it's wrong.

*Cut.*

**Faith** *empathy* Because it's wrong.

*Another cut. Faith is walking a few feet away from the mirror then suddenly whips around to face it, pointing at it with her hand in a gun shape.*

**Faith** *bad-ass tone* You can't do that! It's wrong! I'll kick your ass!

*Cut to same shot. Still pointing at the mirror.*

**Faith** I'm gonna kill you!

*Cut to Faith leaning closer to the mirror as a voice-over of evil laughter is heard and we—*

*Cut to the hospital. We see a burly male nurse come crashing across the room, hitting the counter, and he falls to the floor. He just had his ass thrown.*

**Faith's voice** OS Let me go! Let me go!

*Camera pans and we see who appears to be Faith thrashing in a bed trying to free herself from the men who are holding her down. The doctor hurries away from the bed as a police officer, the detective, and two orderlies restrain the young woman. It's all they can do to keep her on the bed.*

**Doctor** Get me a sedative, NOW!

**Detective** Hold her!

**Buffy** *yelling* I have to go home! She's with my mother! *The doctor returns and clamps a hand on her arm to still it and shoves a syringe needle into her vein.*

**Buffy** NO!

**Doctor** Just lie still.

**Buffy** *weakening voice* You don't understand.

**Detective** Keep holding her.

*Her struggles quickly lessen as the drug takes effect.*

**Buffy** *fading* She's taken my— my body.

*Unable to keep her eyes open her head falls back.*

*Cut to Tara's dimly lit room. Willow is laying on the bed, hands folded across her stomach. Tara is sitting on the other side of the bed reading tarot cards.*

**Willow** I wonder where she is?

**Tara** Who? Faith?

**Willow** Yeah. I wish she would make a move. She's making my stomach all acidic.

**Tara** But you think Buffy can handle her?

*Willow sits up to face her.*

**Willow** I think so. *worried* But that doesn't mean Faith won't hurt someone else.

**Tara** Well, you should be safe. Nobody knows you're here. I mean . . . they don't even know I exist, right? I know all about them, but . . .

**Willow** Hey.

*Willow puts a gentle hand on Tara's knee. Tara continues in a 'no big deal' tone.*

**Tara** I mean, I mean, th-that's totally cool. I mean, it-it's good. It's . . . it's better.

*But Willow can see through this.*

**Willow** Tara, it's not like I don't want my friends to know you. It's just . . . well, Buffy's like my best friend, and she's really special. And . . . there's this whole bunch of us, and-and we sort of have this group thing that revolves around the slaying, and-and I-I really want you to meet them. But I-I just kinda like having something that's just, you know . . . mine.

*Tara regards her silently for a moment.*

**Willow** And I-I usually don't use so many words to say stuff that little, but *laughs softly* do you get it at all?

**Tara** I do.

*Willow takes a deep breath.*

**Willow** I should check in with Giles, get a situation update.

*She gets up and rounds the bed to the other side of the room behind Tara.*

**Tara** I am, you know.

*Willow stops to face her.*

**Willow** What?

*Tara looks over her shoulder at her.*

**Tara** *meaningfully* Yours.

*Willow just smiles at this.*

*Cut to Buffy's bedroom. Faith is standing in front of the full-length mirror checking out Buffy's reflection. She's dressed in a long, sleek black tank top and black leather pants and boots. Buffy's hair is in wavy curls (her 'Something Blue' hair). Reaching into the shirt, she adjusts Buffy's breasts to a more perky position then puts her hands on her hips to inspect the improved cleavage.*

**Faith** Not too bad.

*Faith turns to Buffy's dresser and begins to search it. In the first drawer she opens she finds Buffy's passport and flips through it.*

**Faith** Score.

*Cut to Joyce's room. Faith is on the bed speaking into the phone. Joyce's wallet is laying open in front of her and she's holding a credit card in her hand reading the numbers.*

**Faith** . . . 6-4-4-7. Uh, expiration, 5-0-1. *slips the card back into the wallet glancing at the door to make sure the coast is clear* Uh-huh. Yeah. *she pulls out a small bundle of dollar bills and stuffs them into her bra* Ten AM's your earliest flight? I'll take it.

*She turns the phone off and puts it down just before Joyce walks in from the bathroom door.*

**Joyce** What are you doing?

**Faith** Oh, just *grabs the stack of envelopes beside her* . . . getting my mail.

**Joyce** Oh. Um, that was, um, Giles on the other line. He wanted you to meet your friends there. Said he had news.

*Faith mulls this over and grins.*

**Faith** Yeah. I got some time to kill. *swinging her legs off the bed she walks over to the vanity table* I'll go see the gang. All my friends. *snatches up a lipstick resting on it* You don't mind if I steal this, right?

**Joyce** Is that the Harlot?

**Faith** *looks at it* Yeah.

**Joyce** That's the same one Faith picked.

*Faith regards Joyce's expression.*

**Faith** *tossing her the lipstick* Burn it.

*Joyce catches it and watches her 'daughter' leave the room. A confused expression on her face.*

*Cut to Buffy. She is in the back of a squad car regaining consciousness. She opens her eyes. Through her blurring POV we can see the car cruising down a quiet street somewhere in town. A uniformed officer is driving and the detective is in the passenger seat.*

**Detective** *glancing back at her* She's coming to. Man, I want this kid's constitution.

**Buffy** *dazed* Faith.

**Detective** Let's move it. I want to get her in before she's a hundred percent.

*Cut to exterior shot. A red unmarked armored truck suddenly pulls out into the street stopping directly in front of them. before the cop can apply the brakes, the front end is smashing into the larger vehicle hardly putting a dent in its armored side. Immediately, the rear doors are thrown open and two men in leather coats jump out. Collins is holding an automatic pistol, equipped with a silencer, and keeps the two cops in the front seat covered, but they're out from the impact. The second man, Weatherby, is carrying a sledgehammer and smashes the window in the backseat. Collins uses the barrel of his gun to clear the window frame of loose pieces of glass and Weatherby reaches in to pull Buffy unceremoniously out of the car.*

**Weatherby** By order of the Watcher's Council, you are being taken into custody until such time—

*Collins takes one of her arms and together they drag her to the armored truck. Still feeling the effects of the drugs, there is also blood trailing from high on her forehead from a cut she suffered in the crash.*

**Collins** Skip the speech.

*Buffy cannot resist as they lift her into the back.*

**Collins** Let's go.

*Collins slams the doors shut.*

## Part Two

*Fade in. The camera follows Faith as she opens Giles' front door and walks into his apartment. Willow is at the bar and we see Giles in the kitchen pouring himself a glass of what looks like orange juice. Xander walks into frame from the living room area.*

**Giles** Ah, Buffy. Good.

**Faith** The Scooby gang's all here. Willow, Xander, and sees Anya standing close to Xander . . . everybody. What's up?

*She hops on Giles' desk and swings her feet happily.*

**Giles** It's about Faith, not surprisingly.

**Faith** Didn't Joyce tell you? I already kicked that ass. *slaps her fist into her palm*

**Xander** I feel a high-five coming on.

**Willow** Where is she?

**Faith** *grinning* On her way to the big house. Cops took her off my hands about an hour ago. Poetic justice.

**Anya** How's that?

**Faith** Well . . . she did all those crimes and now she's being arrested. *frowns* I guess that's just regular justice. It's cool, anyway.

**Giles** *stepping out of the kitchen* Unless I'm mistaken, Faith is no longer in police custody.

**Faith** *hops off the desk* What are you talking about?

**Giles** The Watcher's Council. They, uh, sent a retrieval team to capture Faith.

**Faith** *sarcastic* Well, yeah. I mean, 'cause it worked so well when Wesley tried it. *leans on the desk*

**Giles** This is a special operations unit. They, uh, handle the council's trickier jobs: smuggling, interrogation, uh, wetworks.

**Willow** What's wetworks?

**Xander** Scuba-type stuff.

**Anya** I thought it was murder?

**Xander** Well, yeah. *lamely* But there could be underwater murder, with snorkels.

**Faith** So they're taking her to England?

**Giles** It'll be a long, long time before she returns.

*Faith starts chuckling. It quickly becomes laughter and everybody stares at her.*

**Faith** *trying to stop* Sorry. It's just . . . I'm happy. Faith is evil.

**Willow** *disdainful* Yeah. I hope they throw the book at her.

**Giles** I'm not sure there is a-a book for this.

**Willow** *innocently* They could throw other things.

**Faith** *to Willow* I forgot how much you don't like Faith.

**Willow** After what she's done to you? Oh, I wish those council guys would let me have an hour alone in the room with her. *a beat* If I was larger and had grenades.

**Faith** *scornful* I bet I know what Faith would say to that.

*Faith rushes forward, a large knife suddenly in her hand, and plunges the blade into Willow's stomach pushing her against the bar. Willow is too shocked to scream as Faith pulls the knife out and stabs her again.*

*Faith jerks her head up in a start as Anya's voice brings her out of that vision and she's still leaning against the desk.*

**Anya** OS: *to Giles* So what you're saying is that everything's fine?

*Faith is just looking at Willow uncomfortably.*

**Giles** OS Oh, um . . . yes.

*Willow notices Faith's expression.*

**Anya** OS Well, I'm glad you called us all here, because that information can never be conveyed by telephone.

*Willow steps closer to Faith.*

**Willow** *concerned* What's up?

**Giles** OS Well, I just thought it was, uh, best to convene, in case there were any loose ends—

**Faith** I'd never let her hurt you.

**Giles** OS . . . or things that we might have forgotten.

**Willow** *smiles trustingly* I know.

**Giles** OS But if you're, uh, keen to go, then, please, by all means. Go.

*Faith regards her for a moment, then smiles.*

**Xander** *hugging Anya* We kinda have a romantic evening planned.

**Anya** *smiling* We were gonna light a bunch of candles and have sex near them. *a flash of discomfort crosses Xander's face*

**Faith** *knowingly* Well, we certainly don't want to cut into that seven minutes.

**Anya** *hurt* Hey.

**Xander** I believe that's my 'hey'. *to Faith* Hey!

**Faith** *grinning* Lighten up. We're out of danger. *turns and walks towards the door* Everything's good.

**Giles** We still have Adam to take care of.

**Faith** *huh?* Yeah. *faces them* Adam. *casually* What's up with him?

**Giles** I wish we knew.

**Faith** Well, don't worry about it. I'll patrol tonight. As long as it takes. You guys have your fun. I'll be out there doing my job.

*Off Faith's serious expression we—*

*Cut to the Bronze. The music is jamming and Faith is in the middle of the crowded dance floor gyrating wildly. A montage of shots of her dancing with several different people, male and female, having just about as much fun as was legally possible and still keeping your clothes on. Cut to Faith still dancing as she leaves the dance floor, heading for the bar. We see Spike walking out from under the stair case and he doesn't see her until she bumps into him.*

**Faith** Ooo!

**Spike** *'bugger it' sigh* Oh, you.

**Faith** *a beat* And you.

**Spike** What? Are you keeping tabs on me? You're gonna give me a hard time now?

**Faith** *blinks questioningly* Um, do I usually give you a hard time?

**Spike** *not amused* Very funny. Well, you don't have to worry about me drinking. *raises his beer bottle* Unless you're here to protect innocent beers.

*He walks back to stand under the stairs. Faith follows him and leans an arm against a support.*

**Faith** You're a vampire.

**Spike** *glaring* Was. And as soon as I get this chip out of my head, I'll be a vampire again. But until then, I'm just as helpless as a kitten up a tree. So why don't you sod off?

**Faith** *nonchalantly* Okay. *starts walking away*

**Spike** *pissed* Oh, fine! Throw it in my face! *she faces him again* Spike's not a threat anymore, I'll turn my back! He can't hurt me.

**Faith** Spike? *recognition* Spike. *she starts to smile as she steps closer to him, until she's standing right in front of him* William the Bloody with a chip in his head. I kind of love this town.

**Spike** *scoffs* You know why I really hate you, Summers?

**Faith** *cheerfully* 'Cause I'm a stuck-up tight-ass with no sense of fun?

**Spike** Well— *falters* . . . Yeah, that covers a lot of it.

**Faith** 'Cause I could do anything I want, and instead I choose to pout and whine and feel the burden of Slayer-ness? *shrugs* I mean, I could be rich. I could be famous. I could have anything. *a beat* Anyone.

*She steps even closer, putting her hands on his chest, their faces only inches apart. Spike backs up until his back is against a support and Faith stays close.*

**Faith** Even you, Spike. *voice taking on a sultry tone* I could ride you at a gallop until your legs buckled and your eyes rolled up. I've got muscles you've never even dreamed of. I could squeeze you until you pop like warm champagne and you'd beg me to hurt you just a little bit more. And you know why I don't?

*Their lips very close, Spike doesn't say anything but seems very interested in the answer.*

**Faith** Because it's wrong. *chuckles*

*She steps around him backing off and Spike glares at her with dangerous eyes as she just grins back at him.*

**Spike** *menacingly* I get this chip out . . . you and me are gonna have a confrontation.

**Faith** *just as menacingly* Count on it.

*She walks away. In silent rage, Spike turns back around then spins and hurls his bottle against the wall where*

*she had been standing just a moment ago. Still pissed, he turns and stalks across the club towards the door, stepping between a young couple, shoving them roughly aside. Before he can take another step the implant in his head sends pain shooting through his skull and he raises a hand to his head. As the pain subsides he continues on his way.*

*Cut to the sewers. Four vampires step into a tunnel that opens up to a musty cave. The leader of the pack is Boone, with his demon face, looking like a deformed younger cousin of Tom Cruise.*

**Boone** It's too crowded. We gotta hold out for a few hours, pick up a straggler. Some drunk. Can't be calling attention to *they stop when they see something in the cave* . . . ourselves.

*Adam is standing in the cave looking at them in that aura of casual bad-assness he carries around.*

**ADAM** I've been thinking. About vampires.

**Boone** *threateningly* This is my place.

**ADAM** *unintimidated* You're place, yes. The sewers. You hide from them. Crawl about in their filth. Scavenging like rats. What do you fear?

*Boone has a 'you believe the cajones on this guy' look on his face and turns to the vamp flunky on his right.*

**Boone** Kill this guy already.

*The vamp charges Adam with a growl. For his part, Adam just raises an arm in a 'never mind' manner and catches the vampire by the throat. As the other three vamps look on in 'deep shit' wonderment, Adam continues as if not interrupted.*

**ADAM** You fear the cross. The sun. Fire. *looks at his captive* And, oh, yes . . .

*He clamps his other hand on the unfortunate vamp's shoulder. Close up shot of Adam as we hear him rip its head off. Cut to Adam's feet and the vamp's body falls to the ground, quickly followed by its head and it's in mid roll when they both disintegrate to ashes.*

**ADAM** I believe decapitation is a problem as well.

**Boone** You can have the place. I mean, we don't have to stay here anymore.

**ADAM** You fear death. *Adam walks closer to them* Being immortal, you fear it more than those to whom it comes naturally. Vampires are a paradox.

**Boone** *nervously* Okay. We're a paradox. That's cool.

**ADAM** Demon in a human body. You walk in both worlds and belong to neither. I can relate. Come. *Adam puts a hand on his shoulder and Boone is more than a little anxious, but Adam just smiles at him.*

**ADAM** We have a lot to talk about.

*Cut to rotating fade in on Buffy. Her heads moving as she regains consciousness and the camera pulls back as she opens her eyes with a start. She lifts her hands and finds*



*she's chained up, still in the back of the armored truck. She sees Weatherby kneeling in front of her.*

**Weatherby** *callously* Well, it's awake.

**Buffy** Who are you?

**Weatherby** Council. We're taking you back to the mother country. Seems you've been a naughty girl.

**Buffy** Listen to me. Y-you've made a mistake. I am not Faith. *from the open rear doors she sees Collins step into view* I'm Buffy Summers. Faith performed some kind of spell. She switched our bodies.

**Collins** *stoically* Congratulations. No one's ever actually tried that one on me before.

**Buffy** You have to find Faith. Call Giles! J-just get him here!

**Collins** Giles doesn't work for the council anymore. For that matter, neither does Buffy Summers. And what you are, miss, is the package. I deliver the package. I don't much care what's inside. *to Weatherby* Come on.

*Weatherby watches him walk away then turns to Buffy.*

**Weatherby** *angrily* He may not care, but I do. The Watcher's Council used to mean something. You perverted it. You trash. We should have killed you while you were asleep.

*He spits in her face and Buffy jerks back as it hits her. She's shocked and hurt, but not without being more than a little pissed. She doesn't say anything as she watches him climb out of the armored truck and close the doors. Cut back to the Bronze. Willow and Tara have just walked in and are making their way through the crowd.*

**Willow** *smiling* I can't believe you've never been here. The Bronze is the coolest place in Sunnydale. Of-of course, there's not a lot of competition. I think the vending machine at Bergen's came in second.

**Tara** Y-you used to come here a lot?

*They're standing near the pool table now.*

**Willow** We lived here. Me, Xander- *stops when she sees something*

**Group** OS . . . chug, chug, chug . . .

**Willow** *surprised* Buffy?

*Cut to the bar where Faith is with the group surrounding a tall guy chugging a bottle of beer.*

**Faith** *with group* Chug, chug, chug, chug, chug, chug-ooh!

*The guy chokes and loses half the beer in his mouth.*

**Willow** Wow. I-I didn't think she'd be here. Come on, I want you to meet her.

*Willow takes her hand and leads her towards Faith. Faith is playfully shoving the guy away.*

**Faith** Back off. You're nothing but a disappointment.

**Willow** Hey, Buffy.

**Faith** Willow! And, uh . . . *sees Tara*

**Willow** Buffy, this is Tara.

**Tara** *nervously* Hi.

**Faith** So we've never met? *relieved* Cool. Just . . . having a thing with names.

**Willow** Tara was in my wicca group.

**Faith** *not caring* Uh-huh.

*She turns and heads over to the couches by the wall.*

**Willow** *following* So, what's up? Patrol a no go?

*Faith drops herself down on a couch and kicks her boots on the coffee table, her knees splayed wide open. Tara sits in a chair and Willow sits on the arm of that chair.*

**Faith** Got tired. You know, the whole Faith thing. I let off some steam.

**Willow** Good for you. You shouldn't work yourself too hard.

*Faith raises her arms and folds her hands behind her head.*

**Faith** *grinning* That's my philosophy.

**Willow** Anyone want a soda?

**Tara** Water.

*Faith shakes her head and Willow stands to get in line at the bar. Faith sees Tara watching Willow and sits up.*

**Faith** So you guys been hanging out a lot lately, huh?

**Tara** *smiling* Yeah. She's, um, she's really cool.

*Faith nods, a sly grin appearing on her face, then shakes her head as she glances at Willow.*

**Faith** So Willow's not driving stick anymore. *Tara stops smiling* Who would have thought? I guess you never really know someone until you've been inside their skin. *Tara's uncomfortable and lowers her head* And Oz is out of the picture? Oh. Never seen two people so much in love. *whispering* She just couldn't get enough of old Oz.

**Tara** She, um, said he, uh, uh, w-w-w-w-w-w-

**Faith** *cruelly* W-w-w-w-what? You gonna get that sentence out sometime tonight?

*Hurt, Tara lowers her head again. Willow hurries back to them.*

**Willow** Buffy, guy in the corner.

*Faith looks and we see a guy with his arm around a young woman's shoulders leading her across the floor.*

**Faith** Yeah. Good call.

**Tara** *lifts her head* What?

**Willow** Vampire.

*Faith sits back again.*

**Faith** Wicked obvious. *sees Willow's expectant expression and realizes . . .* So I should slay him. *gets up*

**Willow** You want help?

**Faith** Nah, I got it.

*Camera tacks Faith as she walks across the Bronze. Without stopping nor looking, she grabs a cue stick off the pool table on the way.*

*Cut to deserted backstage area. The guy is already vamped out and holding the young woman from be-*

*hind, fangs buried in her neck. She's struggling weakly against him. Behind them Faith steps through the doorway and snaps the cue stick in half. She drops the smaller piece as she steps up closer.*

**Faith** Hey!

*She clubs him in the back and the vampire lets go of the girl and she falls to her knees as he faces Faith. With the stick she blocks his swinging punches and kicks him in the side of the knee, making him bend forward. She grabs him by the back of the neck, pulling him in close, and slams the splintered end into his chest. Faith tosses him aside and we hear him combust before he hits the wall.*

*Not even breathing heavy, she steps closer to the girl and looks down at her. She's bleeding from the neck but it doesn't look like she lost too much blood.*

**Faith** no big deal You'll live.

**Girl** frightened He was so strong! I—

**Faith** nonchalant Yeah, well . . . he's gone now.

*The girl touches the blood on her neck and looks at it. As Faith turns to walk away, she reaches out and catches her hand, stopping her.*

**Girl** gratefully Thank you. **Thank you.**

**Faith** unsure Yeah. It's cool.

*She turns, dropping the stick, and walks out.*

*Cut back to the Bronze. Willow sees Faith return and leaves Tara's side to meet her on the floor.*

**Willow** Everything poofed?

**Faith** All's well in the world.

**Willow** Tara's not feeling well. I'm gonna walk her home.

*Faith glances at Tara who's looking uneasy with her arms crossed.*

**Faith** knowingly Yeah. You give her whatever she needs.

**Willow** Are you gonna be in later, or are you going over to Riley's?

*Shot closes in on Faith as she starts to smile at that idea.*

*Cut to dark nondescript warehouse. Panning shot and we see the armored truck where a loud banging can be heard coming from inside. Collins is walking across the floor giving the vehicle an unconcerned glance. The*

*third man on the team, Smith, however, is tired of this and is opening up is attaché case to pull out a syringe.*

**Smith** marching to the truck This'll bloody keep you quiet.

*He swings open the rear doors and climbs inside. Buffy is on her knees where she had been pounding her chains against the metal door behind the front seat. Smith reaches for her and Buffy grabs him and pulls him down, wrapping her chains around his neck. He cries out.*

**Buffy** How about this? I'll be quiet, and you can scream. Collins and Weatherby run to the back and look inside. Buffy glares at them coldly.

**Buffy** Now, you unchain me, very slowly AND politely, or I kill this guy.

*Collins regards her coolly and lowers his gun.*

**Collins** When we go on a job, we always put our affairs in order first, in case of accident.

*Buffy is shocked and glances down at the frightened Smith.*

**Smith** choking Collins...

**Collins** unfeeling Sorry, Smithy.

*He and Weatherby just walk away. Camera tracks them.*

**Collins** She's starting to bother me.

*They stop a few yards away from the armored truck.*

**Weatherby** Getting her across the border is gonna be a lot more trouble than it's worth.

**Collins** If the council can even get us passage. I'll call them. It's time for a contingency plan.

*Behind them, Smith flies out the back of the truck and hits the floor hard, but he's alive. Collins doesn't even spare him a glance, but Weatherby looks over his shoulder briefly before following.*

*Inside the armored truck Buffy has a worried expression. Cut to Riley's room in Lowell House. He is sitting at his desk doing homework when he hears his door open behind him. He swivels in his chair to face it and sees Faith standing in the doorway, ankles crossed, leaning an arm against the frame. She plays with a strand of blonde hair as she looks at him.*

**Faith** Hi, baby.

### Part Three

*Fade in on Tara's dimly lit room. Tara opens the door and walks to the other side of the room, crossing her arms.*

**Willow** closing the door I'm sorry you're feeling all blechy. But we'll get together with Buffy another time. Sometime soon. (smiles) I think you'll really like her.

**Tara** faces her She's not your friend.

**Willow** smile slips away I may have overestimated the 'you liking her' factor.

**Tara** No, no. I mean, I don't sighs I don't think she's . . . her.

**Willow** You lost me.

**Tara** Well, uh, a person's energy has a flow, a unity. Buffy's was . . . was fragmented. It-it grated, like something forced in where it doesn't belong. Plus, she was, um, she was kind of mean.

**Willow** So you think Buffy's not herself? Like she's been possessed or something?

**Tara** I'm not sure.

**Willow** You didn't sense a hyena energy at all, did you? Because hyena possession is just . . . unpleasant.

**Tara** Do you have anything of hers?

**Willow** Of Buffy's? Uh. Oh. *indicates her right hand* This ring.

**Tara** I-I think there's a way we can . . .

*Tara goes to her desk and opens an old looking book. Willow joins her.*

**Tara** The passage to the nether realm. There-there's a ritual. If you can find Buffy there, you should be able to see.

**Willow** If it'll help her. *sees Tara's worried expression* What?

**Tara** Well, the nether realm exists beyond the physical world. Accessing it is . . . It-it's kind of like astral projection. It's very intense. I'd have to be your anchor. Keep you on this plane.

**Willow** I trust you.

**Tara** It-it's not like anything that we've ever-

**Willow** *smiling* I trust you.

*Cut to Riley's room. How we left it.*

**Faith** You miss me?

**Riley** I did, actually. Everything's okay?

*Faith steps into the room and saunters over to him.*

**Faith** Everything's great.

**Riley** What about Faith?

**Faith** *as she sits straddled across his lap* Faith has a won a fabulous trip to England, and I got the consolation prize, which is you.

**Riley** *as she caresses his chest* So I don't have to worry about Faith showing up? Though I have to admit, I was kind of curious to meet her.

*She holds his wrists as she dips herself back over his legs.*

**Riley** Or I was until about 30 seconds ago.

**Faith** *sits back up* Oh, you wouldn't have liked Faith. She's not proper and joyless, like a girl should be. She has a tendency to give in to her animal instincts.

*She playfully bites his bottom lip. He glances past her.*

**Riley** Door's open.

**Faith** So?

**Riley** So my fantasies don't tend to include a bunch of marines staring in at me.

**Faith** Oh, maybe they could learn something.

*She buries her face into the side of his neck. Riley wraps his arms around her as he gets up from the chair and sets her down. He clutches a hand lightly to his side as he walks to the door. Faith notices this.*

**Faith** You're hurt?

**Riley** *groans softly as he closes the door* I'm not that bad, actually. I guess the, uh, drugs the professor gave me really did make me stronger. I'm healing pretty quick.

**Faith** *putting her hands on her hips* Maybe we should take you for a test drive.

**Riley** *grinning* I wouldn't say no.

*Faith turns to the bed and panther-crawls across it giving him a fantastic view.*

**Faith** So. . . how do you want me?

**Riley** *sitting on the edge* How do I . . . ?

*Still on hands and knees, she turns around and slithers up to him, wrapping her arms around his neck.*

**Faith** Yeah. What do you wanna do with this body? What nasty little desire have you been itching to try out? Am I a bad girl? Do you wanna hurt me?

*Riley is giving her a serious look.*

**Riley** What are we playing at here?

*Faith drops her arms and pulls back a little.*

**Faith** I'm Buffy.

**Riley** Okay. Then I'll be Riley.

**Faith** *in a huff* Well, if you don't wanna play-

*She turns away to get off the bed but Riley catches her arm and pulls her back to him.*

**Riley** Right. I don't wanna play.

*He kisses her tenderly. With the second kiss she responds by kissing him back.*

*Cut to Tara's room. Exterior shot looking in through the window. We can see Tara preparing a liquid mixture on the desk as Willow steps up to the window and closes the curtains.*

*Interior shot. Tara dabs her thumb into a small pot fill with a brown liquid. She presses her thumb gently to Willow's forehead, her lips, and then the center of her chest.*

*Dissolve to both of them sitting side by side on the floor but facing opposite directions. Their left hands are resting on their thighs and they're slowly swinging their right hands, their fingertips tracing an invisible half circle on the floor, in conjunction, forming a whole circle around them. They are chanting in a soft whisper.*

**Both** . . . flows through the river in me. The inward eye, the sightless sea . . . Ayala flows through the river in me. The inward eye, the sightless sea . . . Ayala flows through the river in me. The inward eye, The sightless sea . . . Ayala flows through the river in me. The inward eye, The sightless sea . . . Ayala flows through the river in me.

*Overhead shot. We see a mist of rolling light appear from their hands and it forms into a circle around them.*

*The camera starts circling them. With the circle of light formed they stop swinging their arms. They raise their left hands and press their palms together. Their breathing becomes heavier and faster and the mystical circle starts rising around them. Their faces are damped with sweat as they look into each other's eyes. When the circle*

*has risen above them, Willow falls back, the circle dissipating, and lands on the soft pillows behind her. Her back arches and she opens her mouth in a long breathless gasp.*

*Fade to white.*

*Fade in to Riley's room. The lights are off, the only illumination is from the moonlight shining through the window. The camera pans across the bed and we see them under a sheet. Riley in on top of Faith and they are still breathing heavy from making love and are looking into each other's eyes.*

*There's a questioning look on Faith's face.*

**Riley** softly I love you.

*Faith doesn't respond to this.*

**Faith** softly Ugh. Get off. *breathing becoming claustrophobic* No. No. *voice starts echoing in her head* No! Get off! No! Off me! Get off!

*By this point she is pushing desperately against him trying to escape.*

**Riley** Buffy?

**Faith** No! No! Get—

*She finally gets out from under him and just stands there in the dark, naked, confused, shivering. Riley sits up, the sheet over is lap.*

**Riley** concerned Buffy— What? What's wrong?

**Faith** anxious Who are you? What do you want from her?

**Riley** lowering his head Should I not have. . ?

**Faith** This is meaningless.

**Riley** You're shaking.

*Gets up with the sheet and wraps it around her. Faith flinches at his touch.*

**Riley** soothingly Shhh-shh.

*He wraps his arms around her and she starts to calm down.*

**Riley** What happened?

**Faith** confused Nothing. relieved Nothing.

*Calming down she lets her head rest against his chest as he continues to hold her.*

*Cut back to the sewers. Adam's doing his impression of a demony Tony Robbins while the vampires sit and listen in apt attention.*

**ADAM** pacing I have a gift no man has. No demon has ever had. *faces them* I know why I'm here. I was created to kill. To extinguish life wherever I find it. And I have accepted that responsibility. You have lived in fear and desperation because you didn't have that gift. But it's time to face your fear.

**Boone** stands Tell us what to do.

**ADAM** approaching You are here to be my first. To let them know that I am coming.

**Boone** sincerely We're ready.

**ADAM** Then ask yourself, what is it? More than man. More than anything else. What is the thing you fear?

*Cut to Riley's room. Morning. Camera pans up and we see Riley sleeping on the bed. Behind him Faith is standing, looking at his back. She has her leather pants and boots on and she putting on one of his shirts over her black bra and buttons it. Flipping her hair out of the collar she glances at the alarm clock on the night stand. It reads 8:25.*

*With one more look at Riley, she turns to the door.*

*Cut to shot of Faith walking down the stairs. She's crossing the lobby towards the front door when Forrest Gates steps out of the hall behind her.*

**Forrest** Hope you left him alive.

*She stops and faces him and doesn't know who he is.*

**Faith** What?

**Forrest** Boy's supposed to be on the mend. I don't see you letting him get much rest.

**Faith** I think maybe you should stay out of other people's lives.

**Forrest** We've got a mission here. Back when Riley could still think for himself—

**Faith** bitterly You've got a mission? I've been fighting demons since before you could shave.

**Forrest** Yeah, you're a killer.

*She steps up to him angrily.*

**Faith** I am not a killer! I am the Slayer! And you don't know the first thing about me.

**Forrest** coldly You really care what I think?

*Faith just looks at him as her anger fades.*

**Faith** No. I don't care. *raises her hands in front of her God, I don't care.*

*She turns and hurries out the door. Forrest watches her leave.*

*Cut to the warehouse. Collins is sitting at a small table flipping close his zippo lighter. He puts it back in his coat pocket as he pulls the cell phone away from his ear and lays it on the table. Standing, he picks up his gun and pulls a silencer from his other pocket and steps over to Weatherby.*

**Collins** equipping the silencer They can't get us passage. They've ordered the kill.

**Weatherby** Torch the place?

**Collins** Get the gas.

*Weatherby walks away to carry out the order and Smith follows Collins as he heads for the armored truck.*

**Smith** She could've killed me. She didn't.

**Collins** Lucky you.

*He levels his gunhand through the bars of the rear door window. Cut to Buffy lying stretched out on her back as far as the chains would allow. She swings her legs up and clamps her boots around his hand. She quickly draws*

*her knees to her chest pulling Collins' arm through the window, slamming his face hard against the metal door. He falls away from the truck and hits the floor unconscious.*

*Smith just looks on in astonishment.*

*Inside, Buffy has the gun between her feet and raises her legs so she can grab it with her hands. She rolls onto her side and fires a couple of shots where her chains are bolted to the floor.*

*Outside, Smith is freaking, running across the warehouse.*

**Smith** shouting Weatherby!

*Inside. Buffy's chains drop to the floor and she blows a couple of holes into the padlock on the steel door. She pushes it open into the front cab and sits down in the driver's seat. She starts searching for the keys.*

**Buffy** hurried Keys, keys.

*Weatherby comes running back into the warehouse.*

**Weatherby** Stop her, you ponce!

*As Smith runs to grab himself a weapon, Weatherby heads straight for the truck. Inside, Buffy has found the keys and sees him coming. She waits until he's close enough and opens the door slamming it in his face. He falls unconscious.*

**Buffy** turning on the engine Okay. I'm good at this.

*Smith has gotten himself a gun from his case and is running back to the truck.*

**Buffy** wrestling with the gearshift Ooo! 'Drive'.

*Finally in the right gear, she stomps on the accelerator and the armored truck peels out. Smith starts shooting, uselessly scoring all his shots on the truck's bulletproof hide. Then the truck smashes through the warehouse doors out into the sunlight. Smith runs to the doorway but stops there, because there's not a damn thing he can do about it.*

## Part Four

*Fade in on the airport. Faith is at the ticket counter as the clerk types something on her keyboard. She's now dressed in a light blue long sleeve shirt and a long white skirt, carrying a large shoulder bag. There's a thoughtful look on her face as she waits for her ticket.*

**Clerk** handing her the ticket Okay, there you go.

**Faith** Thank you.

**Clerk** You're welcome.

*Faith walks away from the counter towards the waiting area.*

*Cut to Giles' apartment. He's coming down the stairs from his loft. He has a section of the morning paper tucked under one arm and is carrying a dirty breakfast plate in one hand and three empty coffee mugs in his other hand. (I'm sorry, excuse me, but what the hell is he doing with three mugs? Were they left over from other times he's eaten upstairs or does he not believe in refilling the same mug? Okay, I'm done. We now return you to the transcript already in progress)*

*He's crossing the room towards his kitchen when his front door opens and Buffy steps inside.*

**Buffy** Giles!

*Giles almost becomes the first man in history to have baby and almost drops his dishes as he sees 'Faith.'*

**Giles** startled Gaah!

**Buffy** cautiously Don't move. Okay. Giles, y-you have to listen to me very carefully. I'm not Faith.

*Looking for an escape route, he's slowly inching towards the hallway.*

**Giles** Really?

**Buffy** Really.

**Giles** 'Cause the resemblance is striking.

**Buffy** I know. Giles, you just have to— *sees his subtle movement* Stop inching! *hurt feelings* You were inching!

**Giles** Look, I-I know what you're going to say, and-and, uh—

**Buffy** I'm Buffy.

**Giles** *a beat* All right, I didn't know what you were going to say. But that doesn't make you any less crazy.

**Buffy** Faith switched. I mean, she had some device. She switched our bodies. Giles, I swear. *imploringly, as she brushes a long lock of brown hair from her face* It's me.

**Giles** W—um, if-if you are Buffy, *he puts everything down on his desk* then, uh, then you'll let me tie you up, w—without killing me. Until we find out whether you're telling the truth.

**Buffy** Giles, Faith has taken my body, and for all I know, she's taken it to Mexico by now. I-I don't have time for bondage fun. *Giles is taken aback* Ask me a question. Ask me anything.

**Giles** Who's president?

**Buffy** We're checking for Buffy, not a concussion.

**Giles** Oh, yes. Right. Um—

**Buffy** *turns, sighing impatiently* This is— *faces him again* Giles, you turned into a demon and I knew it was you! I mean, can't you just look in my eyes and be all . . . intuitive?

**Giles** *pointedly* How did I turn into a demon?

**Buffy** Oh! 'Cause, uh, Ethan Rayne. And-and you have a girlfriend named Olivia. And you haven't had a job since we blew up the school —which is valid, lifestyle wise. I mean, it's not like you're a slacker type, but *Giles seems embarrassed by this . . .* Oh, oh! When I had psychic power, I heard my mom think that you were like a

stevedore during sex. Wh—? *off his look* Do you want me to continue?

**Giles** Actually, I beg you to stop.

**Buffy** What's a stevedore?

**Giles** All right, let's . . . um, I need you to explain everything.

**Buffy** And I will, **after** we get Faith.

*The front door opens again and Willow and Tara rush inside.*

**Willow** Giles! *sees Buffy*

**Buffy** Will.

**Willow** Oh, my God.

**Buffy** Willow, wait. You don't understand.

**Willow** *casually* You're Buffy. You and Faith switched bodies. *to Giles* Probably through a Draconian katra spell.

**Giles** *raises his eyebrows* She understands it better than I do.

**Buffy** How did you—?

**Willow** Tara. *to Tara* Tara, this is Buffy. Only really, this time.

**Tara** *waves shyly* Hi.

**Willow** *smiling* Tara's a really powerful witch.

**Tara** *sheepishly* Not really.

**Willow** No, really. She knew right away that you weren't you. So we connected with the nether realms to find out what happened. And we conjured this.

*She opens the small jewel box in her hands and there is a small glowing emerald sphere inside.*

**Buffy** What is—?

**Willow** It's a katra. Or the home-conjured version. *hands it to Giles* It-it should switch you back, if you can get a hold of Faith.

**Buffy** *sighs in relief* Thank God.

*The phone rings and Giles closes the box and hands it back.*

**Giles** I'll get it. *picks up the phone* Hello.

**Buffy** Do you know where Faith is?

*Willow shakes her head.*

**Giles** *into phone* Oh, yes. Uh, Buffy's here with, with me. Actually, she-she's, uh— Oh, all right.

*He hangs up and hurries into the living room area to the TV.*

**Giles** Xander. Apparently there's a report on the television.

*He turns it on and the others gather round.*

**Newswoman** . . . and barricaded themselves in the church with at least 20 parishioners. *cut to TV and a church is in the background behind the woman* One of the few who escaped described the three men as frighteningly disfigured, *closing shot of Buffy as she listens al-*

most inhuman. So far, one escapee has since died of severe neck wounds.

*Cut to the airport. Close up of Faith watching the same news report.*

**Newswoman** There is no report on the condition of the parishioners still trapped inside, but their assailants have vowed to kill all of them if police attempt to storm the church.

*She looks down at the ticket in her hand then up at the TV again. Conflict in her eyes.*

*Cut to interior of said church. One vampire is sitting up on the pulpit. Boone is approaching the altar looking at the large crucifix hanging in the window above it. Vampires in a church, needless to say he's being a real schmuck.*

**Boone** It's hard to believe. I've been avoiding this place for so many years, and it's nothing. It's nice! *turns to face the frightened parishioners* It's got the pretty windows, the pillars . . . lots of folks to eat. *a few gasps from the folks* Where's the thing I was so afraid of? You know, the Lord? He was supposed to be here. He gave us this address. *sighs* Well, we'll just have to start killing off His people. *more gasps* See if He shows up.

*Cut to outside the church where the cops are gathered as if God was offering free doughnuts. A police sergeant is just finishing a call on a cell phone and looks at the young man in front of him.*

**Riley** What'd he say?

**Sergeant** *not happy* He said I should defer command to you.

**Riley** Then you hold your men until the reserves arrive. This is a military situation.

*Riley steps past the sergeant towards the church.*

**Sergeant** What, they got bombs in there?

**Riley** Your men are not prepared to deal with them. Just trust me.

*Riley marches towards the stone, roof-covered walkway leading to the side entrance of the church. He's looking very 'Mulder-ish' in his dark tie and suit. He enters the walkway at the same time Faith rushes in from the other side, both heading towards the doors. Faith has changed out of the long skirt into a pair of jeans.*

**Riley** Buffy!

*She's surprised to see him.*

**Faith** How many are in there?

**Riley** We think there's three.

*She considers those odds.*

**Faith** *turning* I can do three.

**Riley** Not alone! Look, wait for the troops to get here. They're still mobilizing.

**Faith** How did you respond so fast?

**Riley** I didn't. *shrugs* I was just late for church.

**Faith** Look, when the troops get here, send 'em in. But I'm going.

**Riley** *grabs her arm* I don't want you risking–

**Faith** *sharply* Don't tell me what to do!

*She just looks at him for a few seconds.*

**Faith** *forced conviction* I'm Buffy. I have to do this.

**Riley** *nods* Then I'm coming with.

*She considers this for all of one second and lightly hits him in the side. His response is immediate as he clutches his still healing wound.*

**Riley** *painfilled* Oww!

**Faith** *bluntly* I can't use you. Someone comes out, you get 'em to safety. *turning* Unless they've got fangs.

*Riley doesn't look happy but stays there.*

*Cut to interior of church. The door opens and Faith steps inside walking to the center aisle. Boone is in the front row holding the preacher by the lapels, ready to snack, when he sees her and lets the man go. He moves into the aisle.*

**Boone** I told the cops, they send anyone in I start the whole massacre thing.

*Faith takes a few steps down the aisle, her back to the second vampire guarding the front doors.*

**Faith** *shrugging* Well, I'm not the cops. I just come to pray.

**Boone** Now's a good time to start.

**Faith** *a couple more steps* You're **not** gonna kill these people.

**Boone** *bored* Why not?

**Faith** *meaningfully* Because it's wrong.

*The second vampire charges her and she spins around to grab him and throws him into the air. He flies across the pews and over parishioners' heads and slams into a stone pillar. He drops to the floor like a sack of ugly.*

*Seeing this, the first vamp hops down from the pulpit and Boone regards her a little less smugged.*

**Boone** You're the slayer.

**Faith** The one and only.

*Cut to outside the church. The armored truck pulls up, Giles behind the wheel. The rear doors open and Willow, Tara, and Buffy jump out. The police sergeant rushes up to them.*

**Sergeant** You people, get out of here!

**Willow** We've gotta get inside!

**Sergeant** The police are handling this. Now just back off, right now!

*Giles has rounded to the back to join them.*

**Willow** But we can't! We've gotta– Y-you don't understand!

*Giles and Buffy exchange a glance and he takes his cue.*

**Sergeant** Listen, you have to clear the area–

*Giles steps up to the sergeant waving his arms, acting distraught, blocking Buffy from view as she sneaks around the other side of the armored truck.*

**Giles** *shouting* Damn it, man! We have to get inside! Our, uh, uh, *glances at Willow with a 'what the hell I am doing' look* families are-are in there! Our, uh, mothers and-and tiny, tiny babies!

*We leave Giles and his less than Oscar-winning performance and cut back to Faith inside the church. Boone is strolling up the aisle towards her.*

**Boone** You think we're afraid of you? We're not afraid of anything anymore.

**Faith** Then let all these people go, and all three of you can take me on.

**Boone** *standing in front of her* Heh. I got a better idea.

*He takes a swing at her and she ducks the punch, quickly slamming a fist into his stomach following with a back-hand with the same fist, and shoves him against a pew to roundkick him in the face. As he falls, the first vamp is charging her but she greets him with a back kick to the chest knocking him down. The second vamp is running along the top of a pew, coming at her, and Faith's roundkick sweeps his legs out from under him and he plays with the floor again. Her attention's on vamp one again and she raises her boot to stop his front kick, then batters him down the aisle with a devastating punching combination.*

*By this point the parishioners are evacuating to the exits in a very disorderly manner.*

*Faith breaks off a piece of wood from the panel of the bible holder on the back of the front pew and shoves the sharp end into vamp one's chest. Holding his jacket, she swings him around and tosses him into the air, spinning as he disintegrates into swirling dust.*

*Vamp two loses his faith (no pun intended) in Adam and decides to bail. He grabs an abandoned coat and drapes it over his head as he rushes out the side doors. Where he runs right smack into Riley and they tumble down the walkway. Buffy is in the street and sees this. The vampire pulls Riley to his feet and shoves him against a stone pillar and punches him in the face. Riley manages to get a hold on him, swing him around, and grabs the coat as he throws the vamp into the sunlight. He writhes on the ground for two seconds before he bursts into flames.*

**Riley** *holding up the coat* You forgot your coat. *drops it*  
**Buffy** Riley!

*She runs to him and throws her arms around him.*

**Riley** Oh! It's okay, miss. Just get yourself out of harm's way.

**Buffy** Riley. It's me! Uh– *off his look* Never mind. How many are in there?

**Riley** Well– *stops and looks at her* Who are you?

*Cut to inside. Boone catches Faith's stake hand and wrests it from her. It clatters to the floor as he shoves her against the front pew.*

**Boone** I have strength you couldn't dream of. *punches her hard in the face Adam has shown me the way, punches her again and there is nothing—*

*He suddenly arches his back and she watches him turn into ashes to reveal Buffy standing there holding the fallen stake. She looks pissed.*

*At the sight of seeing 'herself' something seems to snap in Faith and she throws herself at Buffy shoving her towards the altar. She punches her in the face and Buffy quickly retaliates with a left hook-spinning backhand combination, sending Faith against the railing. She follows through with a side axe kick but Faith blocks that and punches her across the face.*

*Faith suddenly becomes a mad flurry of punches that Buffy is hardpressed to block. When she tries to counter Faith ducks under her swing and, not missing a beat, shoves her against the altar and continues to throw punches. She succeeds in sending Buffy to her knees but she comes back up with an uppercut to Faith's face that finally makes her back off.*

**Buffy** You can't win this.

**Faith** *enraged, with tears in her eyes* SHUT UP! Do you think I'm afraid of you!?

*She grabs Buffy by the shoulders and throws her down on the floor hard. She quickly sits across her waist and starts slamming her fist into her face.*

**Faith** *screaming at herself* You're nothing! Disgusting! Murderous bitch! *grabs her head and pounds it against the floor* You're nothing! *starts punching her again* You're disgusting!

*Buffy finally catches Faith's fist and their hands start to glow with the katra between their palms.*

*Then Buffy falls back off of Faith.*

*Faith is disoriented as she finds herself suddenly back in her own body and she gets unsteadily to her feet.*

*Buffy just sits there in shock and watches her run out of the church. Her cheeks are stained with Faith's tears and she clutches a hand to her pounding chest (possibly feeling Faith's residual emotions). On Buffy, we fade out.*

*Fade in on Riley's room. Later that day. Buffy's sitting on his bed. Riley is pacing the room. Buffy is just getting off the cordless phone.*

**Buffy** She's gone. Not a trace. Giles said the council guys have cleared out, too.

*Riley sits down in a chair on the other side of the room.*

**Riley** I don't understand. How could she have—? *sighs* I mean, how's it possible?

**Buffy** Magic.

**Riley** There was something. I should've picked up on it. I should've just . . . *trails off, shaking his head*

*Buffy doesn't say anything and just looks at him as she realizes . . .*

**Buffy finally** You slept with her.

*He can't say anything for a moment.*

**Riley** I slept with you.

*Buffy gets up from the bed and takes a couple of steps to the door but stops and just stands there.*

**Riley** Man, would I like to get my hands on her. *quickly* Not in a sex way.

*Close up of Buffy's face on the right half of the screen. She's staring off at the wall, traces of tears in her eyes.*

**Buffy hollow voice** I don't think she's coming back.

**Riley** OS I guess she's had her fun.

**Buffy hollow** Yeah . . .

*Slow dissolve and Faith's face appears on the left side of the screen and both Slayers seem to be facing each other.*

**Buffy** Fun.

*Then Buffy fades completely and we're with Faith. Camera pulls back slowly and we see she is sitting in the corner on a hay-scattered floor in a wooden boxcar. Sunlight is shining inside through the wooden planks and the interior is jostling slightly as the train travels.*

*There is a lost look on her face.*



## Superstar

Transcribed by **Corwin2**

Aired April 5, 2000

### Disclaimer

*I do not own the characters in this story, nor do I own any rights to the television show "Buffy the Vampire Slayer". They were created by Joss Whedon and belong to him, Mutant Enemy, Sandollar Television, Kuzui Enterprises, 20th Century Fox Television and the WB Television Network. This is not a novelization or a script. It is a transcript of the episode "Who Are You?". It also includes descriptions of the settings and actions where I felt they were needed.*

### Prologue

*Night. A park like graveyard.*

*Buffy rolls backward. She is on her feet to meet a snarling bald vampire that leaps and spins and kicks at Buffy's head. Then it kicks her in the stomach, driving her back. It snarls and rushes her and she punches it rapidly perhaps five times. The vampire spins and backhands Buffy knocking her down. It rushes her and she kicks with both legs knocking it back.*

**Buffy** Xander, Anya!

*The bald vampire rolls over backwards. Willow from the bushes, cries a warning.*

**Willow** Buffy another one!

*A second vampire, a dark-haired one, snarls and grabs at the still prone Buffy and she flips it over.*

*As the bald vampire comes to its feet Xander grabs it from behind by the jacket and Anya tries to hold (?) it from the front.*

*Buffy kicks the dark-haired vampire in the face and he gets up and runs away.*

**Willow** Buffy!

*Willow flips Buffy, who has gotten up, a stake. Buffy catches it. It is unclear whether Xander and Anya release the vampire they are struggling with or if it breaks free. Regardless, it moves toward Buffy and she stakes it but flinches as she does so. The staking seemed almost awkward.*

**Buffy** Where's the other one?

**Xander** *pointing* Scampered like a big <bumpy> bunny.

**Anya** *also pointing* In there.

*The four of them run in the same direction as the vampire did.*

*Interior of a large crypt.*

*Five vampires are feeding off of a single victim. Sucking*

*sounds are heard. Buffy, holding a stake looks back worriedly at Xander, Willow and Anya. They have stopped descending a staircase and are looking at the vampires. Cut to exterior.*

*The scoobies exit from the crypt looking depressed.*

**Willow** I don't care if it is an orgy of death, there's still such a thing as a napkin.

**Buffy** A nest. No biggie. I bet I could do it. I know could take at least two.

**Anya** Yes and we could run for help while the other three suck your heart out through your neck.

**Buffy** You're right. It's too many for just us. You know who we need.

*Cut to exterior view of mansion.*

*Cut to overhead view in a large room.*

*Buffy and the scoobies walk slowly, as supplicants, towards a desk.*

**Buffy** Uh, hi. We have a problem.

*The chair behind the desk spins around to reveal the short, stocky Jonathan, dressed very sharply in a black turtle neck. (A guitar makes a Bondlike twang.) Jonathan is smiling and exuding confidence.*

**Jonathan** Sounds like you could use my help.

*A trumpet blares playfully.*

*\*The opening credits are interspersed with about 10 scenes of Jonathan. The final segment contains cuts of Jonathan approaching the camera with a duster or long coat billowing behind him.\**

*\*Guest stars Danny Strong, Amber Benson, Bailey Chase, Robert Patrick Benedict John Saint Ryan, George Hertzberg, Emma Caulfield as Anya\**

*\*Written by Jane Espenson. Directed by David Grossman.\**

### Part 1

*The interior of Giles' apartment*

**Buffy** Huff.

*She is practicing her forms. She does a sequence of punches. Giles is reading a book. Anya is working on a milk carton. Jonathan is holding a pistol crossbow and*

*checking it out. Willow is working on a laptop computer. Xander is walking toward Anya. He stops. He practices drawing at stake and making a stabbing motion with it. As he does it he makes whooshing sounds.*

**Xander** Sshh! Sssh! Quick draws about more than

speed. It's also about pointing a stake the right way. *He quickdraws again.* Sshh! Sssh! And there can be splinter issues. It is a true test of dexterity.

*Anya extends the quart sized milk carton.*

**Anya to Xander** Can you open this?

**Xander** No, I tear it and it gets all sloshy. *He quickdraws again.* Sshh! Sssh!

**Buffy** Thanks for doing this Jonathan, I-I wouldn't ask but...

**Jonathan** Hey don't worry about it. Nest full of vampires, you come get me, ok. Box full of puppies, that's more of a judgement call.

*Buffy laughs with him.*

**Jonathan** Hit me.

*Buffy attacks and Jonathan blocks one or two of her punches and stops short of landing a counterpunch.*

**Buffy** *You got me. It was very... punchy.*

**Jonathan** Watch out for southpaws Buff. Don't let 'em surprise you.

*Giles looks up from his book.*

**Giles** Haven't found a reference to any, uh, rituals seems more like a-a family meal if you will.

**Buffy** And they say no one eats <with the tv> on anymore.

**Jonathan** Thanks Rupert. *Puts his hand on Giles' shoulder.* Well it's good to know we're not walking into the unholy feast of something or other. *Removes hand.*

**Willow** Oh Jonathan I'm in. *Jonathan walks over to Willow.* Schematics for the crypt, part of the original plan for the cemetery sometime there's a ... Oh no back way in, just the one entrance.

**Buffy rapidly** Well maybe we could make it work for us we could stake out the entrance you know, uh, maybe use a decoy, *faster still* lure them out.

**Jonatan** Or I bet... *He reaches to the computer.* There! We can get in that way.

*Buffy is upset. Willow is impressed.*

**Willow** Oh of course why didn't I think of that.

**Jonathan** I'm sure you would have.

**Willow** *smiles and coos* Ooh.

**Jonathan** I think we have a plan *hands Xander a crossbow and flips Anya a stake* Buffy, *flips her a stake* you go in first, let em get a look at the slayer. Xander, *looks at chessboard* The <?Nimsilitz?> defense. Let's see if I remember *moves piece* hmmm mmm, mate in four. You almost got me that time Rupert.

*Giles is disbelieving.*

**Jonathan** Xander, Willow and Anya you back up Buffy. I'll be the surprise guest. Everyone lets show these fiends that they came to the wrong town.

*Cut to Interior of crypt.*

*A vampire rises from feeding and looks. An twanging and whoosh is heard and an arrow thunks into it's chest and it turns to dust. Three more vampires rise together and see Buffy, Anya, Xander and Willow. A figure crashes through the skylight. Jonathan lands and fires his mini-crossbow hitting a another vampire in the chest.*

**Vampire** Arrggh.

*The last three vampires charge. One is grabbed by the scoobies. Jonathan fires again. A thunk is heard. Buffy stakes a vampire vampire. The remaining vampire breaks free from the scoobies and slaps the stake out of Buffy's hand and rushes past her.*

**Willow** Buffy, he's getting away!

*Jonathan does a flip, then aims and fires. Buffy turns to see the last vampire get hit and turn to dust.*

**Buffy** I should have gotten that one.

**Jonathan** You got two of them. And that second one was ready for you. *Smiles.* You should feel pretty good.

**Buffy distressed** But I let one get by me.

**Jonathan** Don't worry. You know it only matters that you do your best.

*Jonathan walks past her.*

**Buffy** But that's just it. *Cut to the outside.* I don't think it was my best.

**Cacaphony of five or more photographers** Hey, Jonathan, over here, *take a shot*, quick photo, please another one, right here.

**Jonathan** Ok guys that's enough.

**Xander** I think did great. We knocked em dead. Which they already were.

**Willow** We knocked 'em deader!

**Anya** They weren't very well organized. If they had all rushed at Buffy they could have killed her right away.

**Buffy** Thanks Anya. That won't keep me awake all night.

**Jonathan** Vampires only form nests to make hunting easier. They're not big on the cooperation. They mostly like to hang out all creepy and alone in the shadows. Don't you agree... *turning head* Spike?

*Sinister guitar music. Spike steps out from behind a bush.*

**Spike** Well, well the man himself.

**Jonathan** What are you doing here?

*Jonathan and Spike circle each other slowly.*

*The sinister guitar music resumes and continues*

**Spike** I live here. I wasn't exactly pining for a noisy visit from 'wonder Jonathan and his fluffy battle kittens'.

**Buffy** Yeah? You think that one up with all the time you spend not being able to bite people?

**Jonathan** Careful, he's still pretty dangerous.

**Spike** Yeah, back off 'Betty.'

**Buffy** It's Buffy, you big bleached... *music ends* stupid guy.

**Jonathan** Spike you're the worst type of scum. The second you're back to your old tricks well, let's just say before you even sniff out your first victim you'll be pretty indistinguishable from, oh what should we say... instant soup mix.

*One last chord of sinister guitar music.*

*Cut to Tara's room.*

*Willow and Tara are sitting.*

**Willow** Next thing I know this crazed vamp is like running right at me and I know if it gets past me there's no telling who's in danger next.

**Tara** Come on you have fun. Admit it - living the scooby life.

**Willow** I was going for a kind of stoic bravery but yeah. And it was exciting with the ceiling coming in and everything...

*Willow puts tape on a small piece of paper. Willow sticks the paper on something.*

**Tara** Oh, that's a cute one! A-and Buffy she was ok?

**Willow** Oh she was great! Twang! Poof! *Tara looks confused.* That was the sound - the crossbow, vampire dusting. I mean she was a little cranky that she missed that one vamp.

**Tara** W-Well, I-I kind of meant personally. *Tara sticks something on the wall.* That whole thing with Faith it pretty much freaked me out and I was just sensing it from a distance.

**Willow** Oh yeah I know she's not over the whole Riley sleeping with Faith thing. Oh.. you know I mean - Faith's insides and Buffy's outsides when her insides were out.

*The camera angle changes to reveal they are working on a large montage of Jonathan photos on the wall.*

**Tara** I hope they'll be ok.

**Willow** I sure it'll blow over. They're probably all with the smoochies right now.

*Cut to Riley's room.*

*Riley is picking up a toy basketball. He has one in in each hand.*

**Buffy** *sitting on bed* You must be feeling better.

*Riley tosses the toy ball through a hoop. Underneath the hoop is a poster of Jonathan in a basketball outfit. Riley catches the ball as it bounces back to him.*

**Riley** Yeah yeah. I'm a lot stronger. I'm no Jonathan but I'm doing ok.

**Buffy** Are you? I mean you're not?

**Riley** What?

**Buffy** Eating the Initiatives' technicolor food of strongness.

**Riley** No, un unnh. They, uh, they swear they've stopping treating the food but I'm not taking the chance.

You know I uh, I don't know if that means I'll get weaker or dumber.. or smarter

**Buffy** They're not big with the disclosure, hunh?

**Riley** They still haven't released a full profile on Adam. And we're having zero luck tracking him. I just... If they'd just put a little trust in me <and/then> I know I could get the job done.

**Buffy** I've felt that way my entire life.

*Riley sits beside Buffy. Uneasy, Buffy stands. She misses a basket.*

**Buffy** <You'd> think I could do that. Guess it takes different muscles than demon beheading.

**Riley** You just need a few pointers.

*Riley stands and moves behind Buffy. She becomes uneasy again.*

**Buffy** Now if slaying was a competitive sport, then I'd have a chance. You know we could have figure staking and speed staking. I.. *She becomes more uneasy and turns bumping the still injured Riley.* AShhh, sorry I, this just isn't my game, I gotta...

*She leaves.*

*Cut to a coffee shop.*

*Buffy is pouring cream in a huge cup of coffee.*

**Buffy** It's all Faith's fault. She's like poison. No worse, she's like acid that eats through everything. *Buffy switches to pouring sugar.* Maybe she's a bomb. *Buffy stirs.* The point is everything was going along great with Riley and then she comes along and messes everything up. *Buffy hands the cup of coffee to Jonathan.*

*Jonathan is dressed in a very dapper suit with a lime green shirt and a handkerchief in his breast pocket that matches his tie.*

**Jonathan** Buffy you know what I think: I don't think this about you being angry with Faith, I think you're angry with Riley.

**Girl** Hi, could you please?

*Jonathan accepts a pen and a notepad from a blonde girl who can't stop grinning.*

**Jonathan** Sure. *Jonathan signs an autograph.* I mean you have this amazing connection with him *He hands the autograph back to the girl.*

**Girl** Thank you.

**Jonathan** and then at the one moment when it matters the most he looks into your eyes and he doesn't even see that it's not you looking back at him.

**Buffy** There's no way he could know. I mean you don't just look at someone and say 'Hey that's not your body, get out of that body with your hands up!' *She gestures with her hands up.*

**Jonathan** I know you know that. But you have to believe it! Buffy if there's any part of you that's blaming Riley for

what happened, it seems like there's a part of you that needs to forgive him.

**Karen** You're Jonathan Levinson! Oh my god! Oh my god! My name is Karen and I think you're.. You're wonderful! Oh my god!

*Karen is holding a book which has a picture of Jonathan on the back cover.*

**Jonathan** Hi Karen, thank you. Oh, is that my book? Well I could, uh *He reaches for a pen.*

**Karen** Yeah please I-I didn't want to bother you! It's Karen with a K!

*Jonathan takes the book and signs it. He hands it back to Karen who examines it for a moment.*

**Karen** Thank you!... So much!!! Thanks!

*She runs off.*

**Jonathan** So what do think Buffy? I mean if I'm wrong smack me. Karen with a k will lend you a book and it's pretty heavy. Heh.

*He sips the coffee.*

**Buffy** Maybe I have been blaming him. But how do I get past it? Hmmph. What if it's too late? what if after all this he doesn't want me anymore?

**Jonathan** He does. It's not going to be easy Buffy, but you guys are very special together. That's worth a little hard work.

*He stands and walks away. Buffy stands, reaches into her pocket and leaves some money on the table.*

**Buffy** But I'm not even sure if I know how to talk to him anymore. How do I make it ok again?

**Jonathan** If you really want it *The camera angle on Jonathan changes so a billboard of Jonathan hawking tennis shoes is visible. Light as a feather is the slogan.* you can make anything happen.

*Cut to the Initiative*

*A man in a full dress uniform is addressing slightly more than a dozen military members of the Initiative before a table. Not all of the military can be next to the table.*

**Colonel** For those of you who don't already know my name is Colonel George <Halliwell>. I'm commanding officer here until such time as the facility review is completed. This review does not mean our primary mission is changed in any way. Recovery of the hostile known as Adam is our first and most important job. To this end I've asked our tactical consultant here to address us today. Mr. Levinson.

*Jonathan steps up, previously hidden by much taller members of the Initiative.*

**Jonathan** Thank you, colonel.

**Graham** *aside to Riley* It's about time we brought out the big guns.

*Jonathan unfolds a schematic of a skeletal structure and spreads it on the table.*

**Jonathan** Men, before we can locate Adam we need to understand him better. And there's something that's bothered me almost from the start. He doesn't eat. We've known him to kill but never to eat the kill. So I've pulled some of Professor Walsh's original design schematics and I've found something - his power source is not biological at all. It's here *points to center of chest in the skeletal schematic.* The design attempts to hide it, but I believe that there's a small reservoir of uranium 235.

**Riley** Sir, how long will it last?

**Jonathan** Essentially forever. It also means that cutting off his head is useless. Killing Adam means annihilating him completely. But first we have to find him.

*Karen with binoculars is spying on Jonathan's mansion, looking in his windows.*

**Karen** Where are you Jonathan? Are you like, never home?

*Her view goes dark and she lowers the binoculars to see a growling monster coming toward her with an arm raised to strike. She screams. The monster is whiteish tan with very long arms and clawlike hands. It is bald and has fangs and a mark on its forehead.*

## Part 2

*The monster also has a brown mane? down its back.*

*Karen screams. The monster knock her down with a swipe. It holds her with one paw or hand and swings at her with the other. She swings at the monster and hits it with her binoculars, knocking it down. She runs off. The monster jumps up chittering and snarling. She drops her binoculars as she runs, splashing through the wet grass.*

*Cut to the Initiative.*

**Jonathan** She's ready to forget it. You better be ready too. *He ties a black cloth around his neck.*

**Riley** I don't know Jonathan. I mean I don't know if she'll

really ever forget it. Every time I try to touch her...

**Jonathan** She's scared.

**Riley** Scared of me?

**Jonathan** Scared of what you're thinking about.

**Riley** What do you mean?

**Jonathan** She knows that Faith is .... experienced. *He pushes a clip into the pistol and cocks it.*

**Riley** What are you saying... experienced? God! Does she think that - what - that I'd be comparing? She knows she's the one I... care about.

**Jonathan** Have you let her know that?

**Riley** I think I - Haven't I? - She has to know

**Jonathan** People can't always see what's right in front of them.

*Jonathan has blindfolded himself and he aims the pistol toward three members of the Initiative who have apples on their heads. (As humorous/ironic? trumpet music plays. The music continues as the scene changes.)*

*Cut to the Bronze*

**Band** Witch doctor. <?stirred it up for me?> I took sips from your sweet lips and now I can't get free. Trapped in a web of love. Trapped in a web of love.

*Anya, Xander, Riley and Buffy are sitting at a table. Willow and Anya are standing and listening to the band.*

**Anya** Did not.

**Xander** Last night with me you said Jonathan.

**Anya** It was a moan!

**Xander** Fine! You moaned Jonathan!

**Anya** Not unh! It was like unnh-unnh-atha.

**Xander** Maybe it was ahh-onathan. Still not fluffing up the old ego.

**Riley** Quite the couple, aren't they?

**Buffy** They get into a fistfight, I've got a fifty on Anya.

**Riley** Wonder if they'll make it?

*Buffy looks at Riley. The song ends. The audience applauds. Jonathan, dressed in a white jacketed tuxedo, comes to the microphone.*

**Jonathan** Good evening everyone. I'd to dedicate this to some friends of mine - a very special couple who've been going through a tough time.

**Some of the audience coos** Ohhh.

**Jonathan** *sings* When I hear that serenade in blue I'm somewhere in another world alone with you. *Riley stands and extends his hand to Buffy. Sharing all the joys we used to know Many moons ago Buffy takes his hand and they move to the dance floor. Once again your face comes back to me They start to dance. Buffy puts her head on Riley's shoulder and puts her hand on his back, holding him a little tighter. Just like the theme of some forgotten melody In the album of my memory Tara and Willow smile, enjoying the song. Serenade in blue The melody becomes more up tempo. Seems like only yesterday A small café, a crowded floor Again Buffy hugs Riley. And as we danced the night away I hear you say forever more And then the song became a sigh Anya cuddles or caresses Xander while looking at the stage. Forever more became goodbye But you remain in my heart The melody resumes it's original tempo. Tell me darling is there still a spot. Singing continues in the background.*

**Riley** Buffy I want you to know.

**Buffy** Do we have to have the talk? No talk, more dance.

**Riley** I just want to say I'm sorry. That's it's only you that I want.

**Buffy** I know. I know all of that.

**Riley** You do? *Buffy nods. Since when?*

**Buffy** Since you put your arms around me.

*The song ends. Applause is heard. Jonathan blows a trumpet*

**Tara** Oh my god!. He's going to do something off the new album.

**Anya** Xander.

*She is staring raptly at Jonathan.*

**Xander** Yeah.

**Anya** Let's go have sex now.

*Cut to Xander who is also staring raptly at Jonathan.*

**Xander** Yeah, ok.

*They walk off, holding hands, neither taking their eyes from Jonathan until the last possible moment.*

*Karen rushes in and Buffy takes her arm.*

**Buffy** Oh! What is it? Are you ok?

*Jonathan stops playing, waves cut to the band and jumps down off the stage.*

**Jonathan** Karen, that's your name isn't it? I-I signed my book for you. *He holds her arms.* Tell me what hurt you Karen. I can help.

*Cut to the interior of Jonathan's mansion.*

**Jonathan** *leading Karen to fireplace* Let's get you warmed up.

**Buffy** *to a policeman* What's going on, why are you here?

*Riley is beside Buffy. In a different room, another policeman is visible through glass.*

**Policeman** Mr. Levinson, someone on your staff reported a disturbance. *A third policeman is visible in the room.* When I realized it was on your property I thought I'd better come down in person.

**Jonathan** That's all right sergeant. I have it under control.

**Sergeant** Of course sir. Glad to see you're alright.

**Jonathan** Karen I know you're scared, but I need to hear your description again.

**Karen** It was ugly - big ugly - all bent over sort of with these... huge arms and like... scabs and stuff.

**Jonathan** That must have been very frightening. I'm so sorry.

**Karen** Oh! Oh! I forgot. It had a mark!

**Jonathan** A mark?

**Karen** On it's forehead, like a symbol.

*Riley hands her pen and a notepad and she draws the symbol. A triangle with a six pointed star or asterisk in it. Jonathan takes the notepad and rises. His confidence and warmth have evaporated.*

**Jonathan** Well. This is a clue.

**Buffy** *sensing something* Jonathan?

**Jonathan** *in the calm voice* I've heard of this. It's not a demon, just a monster not much more than an animal.

It sticks to the woods, doesn't come near populated areas.

**Buffy** But it did this time, it might again. *Eager.* Maybe we should patrol.

**Riley** *eager to please* If you want me to mobilize the squad.

**Jonathan** Actually I think Karen simply startled it. Probably more afraid of you than were of it. I'll patrol but you don't need to worry about it. I can handle it on my own. Now let's see about getting Karen a ride home.

*Buffy looks suspicious.*

*Cut to a library?*

*Pan past a disemboweled body to Adam and a vampire. Adam is sitting in front of five screens showing television scenes. Two of the screens have visible computers attached.*

**Vampire** I wish you'd get rid of that body. The smell's making me hungry.

**Adam** You wouldn't want it. It had a blood disease. It didn't know it but it would have been dead within the year. Humans sense so little of what they carry inside.

**Vampire** Oh alright. Well, you're the evil messiah guy, so henh. Oh hey there's something new in town, yeah, attacked a girl, caused a little fuss. Oh, he was there. Pfft!

*He has gestured to television images of Jonathan.*

**Vampire** Jonathan.

**Adam** Jonathan. Tell me who is he?

**Vampire** Henh, you're joking right? Jonathan is Jonathan. Look.

*All five screens or televisions seem to have scenes of Jonathan.*

**Adam** These are lies. *He turns off the tvs.* None of this is real. The world has been changed. It's intriguing but it's wrong.

*The vampire looks back and forth.*

**Vampire** Feels ok to me.

**Adam** You're under his spell just like the others. I seem to be the only one who is not.

**Vampire** Really? And what makes you so special?

**Adam** I'm aware. I know every molecule of myself and everything around me. No one - no human, no demon - has ever been as awake and alive as I am. You are all just shadows.

**Vampire** Oh. So what do - what do you do now? *enthused* Hey you could kill Jonathan! *Shakes head.* Well, or you could try. The guy's like a dynamo of action.

**Adam** I don't need to do anything. These magicks are unstable, corrosive. They will inevitably lead to chaos.

And I am interested in chaos.

*Cut to Jonathan staring in the fire in his mansion. The music is perhaps pensive. The camera revolves around him slowly.*

*A blonde girl in some printed lingerie comes to a landing and looks down at him.*

**Girl** *in a Nordic? accent* Jonathan aren't you coming to bed?

*Her twin comes up beside her.*

**Twin** *in a Nordic? accent* Yeah it's getting late.

**Jonathan** Be right there.

*He removes his robe revealing the same triangle with the six pointed asterisk in it that the monster has on it's forehead. The symbol has been scarred on the back of his left shoulderblade.*

*Cut to campus lawns. Night. Buffy, Willow and Tara are walking.*

**Willow** I'm glad you're ok. Everyone in the Bronze was pretty freaked out after you left.'

**Tara** So I guess you have go fight this thing, hunh?

**Willow** All the weapons are at Giles'. It shouldn't take too long.

**Buffy** No go.

**Willow** Did you just go 'no go'?

**Buffy** Jonathan did. He said it was some brainless beastly and that he would take care of it himself.

**Willow** Oh cool.

**Buffy** I guess. I don't know he just... he seemed a little scared.

**Willow** Henh! Buffy this is Jonathan. You know he doesn't get scared. You talked about it when you gave him the class protector award at the prom.

**Buffy** You're right.

**Tara** Ummm, my exit. Willow, I-I'll see you tomorrow.

*Willow takes Tara by the forearm briefly.*

**Willow** Ok.

*Tara walks off.*

**Willow** So. Saw you and Riley, with the dancing.

**Buffy** It was a great dance.

**Willow?** <Yeah.>

**Buffy** For the first time it felt like Faith wasn't there. Like no one was there but us.

*Cut to interior halls.*

*Tara, walking alone in the halls, hears something and she walks more quickly. Double doors in front of her crash open and the monster is there. The monster backhands her and she falls. It swipes at her as she is on her back and she holds her hands up defensively.*

### Part 3

*Tara slides on the floor as she was pushed from behind or ran forward and fell. She turns back toward the monster and chants desperately as she scuttles backwards on her hands, bottom and heels.*

**Tara** <Sensus> <confundomtor> <era> <ah> <pleator> <obscurator>

*She holds her arms out and dust or smoke springs from her arms blinding the monster. The monster chitters as it waves at the dust. Tara gets up and runs into a Janitor's closet. The lock clicks. The monster bangs on the door.*

*Cut to Tara's room.*

*Knocking. Willow lets Buffy in.*

**Buffy** What's going on? *She sees Tara laying on the bed. Tara has scratches and abrasions.* Oh my god.

*Tara lies on the bed in a semi-fetal position, shivering.*

**Willow** She's gonna be ok, but she's terrified.

**Buffy** What happened? What did this?

**Willow** Someone found her in the janitor's closet about an hour ago. I-I think she was there all night - she was all alone.

**Buffy** Tara, what did this?

**Tara** Big, lumpy. had something on its - on its head. Like a Greek letter only not.

*Buffy takes some paper and draws the symbol that Karen did.*

**Buffy** This, was it this?

*Tara nods.*

**Willow** Buffy, Jonathan said we were all safe. **Jonathan said it.**

*Cut to a street.*

*Buffy walks and thinks. In the background is poster after poster of JONATHAN.COM.*

*Cut to Xander's basement. Anya is standing in the doorway.*

**Anya** Xander's not here.

**Buffy** Oh.

**Anya** You're not going away. Why aren't you going away?

**Buffy** Oh I was kind of hoping to look at some of Xander's stuff.

**Anya** Oh. *Smiles* Sure. Come on in. *Waves Buffy in.* Make yourself at home. And so on.

*Anya sits on the couch and starts reading Jonathan's book.*

*Buffy sees a poster of Jonathan, a Jonathan comic and lots of trading cards of Jonathan. Many pictures of Jonathan adorn the walls. After looking around Buffy sits on a table or couch arm near Anya.*

**Anya** Oh you're still here. *smiles faintly* That's nice.

**Buffy** May I ask you something? Does it every seem just a little strange that Jonathan is so good at everything?

**Anya** *shrugs* He's Jonathan

*She resumes reading the book. Buffy takes the book.*

**Anya** Hey! I was just at the part where he invented the internet.

**Buffy** Anya he fights better than I do. And I'm the slayer. *Points to self* The Slayer! That's supposed to mean something right?

**Anya** Oh! buck up you. *She punches Buffy in the arm very softly.* You kill the best. *She makes rah rah gestures.* Go you. Kill, kill.

**Buffy** Actually not needing validation right now, but thank you.

**Buffy** He just seems too perfect. *She looks at the book which is titled 'Oh Jonathan' an autobiography.* I don't know.

**Anya** So I can have my book back?

**Buffy** Anya when you were a demon, you granted wishes right?

**Anya** Vengeance wishes on ex boyfriends. I'd wish he was a dog or ugly or in love with president McKinley or something.

**Buffy** But someone could wish the whole world to be different right? That's possible?

**Anya** Sure, alternate realities. You could uh, could have like a world without shrimp. Or with, you know, nothing but shrimp. You could even make like a freaky world where Jonathan's some kind of not perfect mouth breather if that's what's blowing up your skirt these days. Just don't ask me to live there! Now if I, uh, could just have book back you could be on your way someplace else?

**Buffy** *handing back book* Here.

*Cut to Giles' apartment.*

*Buffy is addressing Riley, Giles, Xander, Anya and Willow.*

**Buffy** I'm just saying it doesn't make any sense. H-he starred in the Matrix but he never left town. And how'd he graduate from med school? He's only eighteen years old.

**Xander** Effective time management?

**Giles** I-I'm sorry Buffy, <but> I just don't understand what you're trying to say.

**Anya** Yeah and when is Jonathan going to get here and start the meeting?

**Buffy** This is the meeting.

**Willow** This is the meeting?

**Buffy** Well, I was just kind of wondering if maybe anyone thought that Jonathan was kind of too perfect?

**Xander** No he's not! He's just perfect enough! He crushed the bones of the master, he blew up a big snake made out of mayor and he coached the U.S. women's soccer team to stunning World Cup victory! We saw him doing those things!

**Buffy** But that's just it. I'm not entirely sure that we can trust our memories. Anya tell them about the alternate universes.

**Anya** Oh ok. Umm. Say you really like shrimp a lot. Or we could say you don't like shrimp at all.

*Giles nods but keeps eating.*

**Anya** Blah I wish there weren't any shrimp you would say to yourself.

**Buffy** Stop you're saying it wrong! I think that Jonathan may be doing something so that he's manipulating the world and we're all like his pawns.

**Anya** Or prawns.

*Buffy stares at Anya.*

**Buffy** Stop with the shrimp I am trying to do something here!

**Giles** *still eating* Of course, but it may be a little out of your depth.

**Buffy** I'm not.

**Riley** Sounds like nonsense. *Buffy looks discouraged.* But I'm starting to know this girl pretty well *he stands, walks and stops beside Buffy* and I think she sees things that the rest of us don't. I think, for once, we should follow her lead.

**Buffy** Ok. I think Jonathan might be ignoring evidence. I think he might have let Tara get hurt.

**Willow** On purpose?

**Buffy** No! No.

**Giles** How did he ignore evidence?

**Buffy** The monster had a mark on it. Jonathan saw it a-and he kind of... blinked.

**Xander** He blinked? The man moistened his eyeballs and we're having a meeting about it.

**Buffy** Wuh. He knows something about the monster. He was reacting to the mark. Oh!!! *jumps up* Wait, I remember something. Giles, do you have a Jonathan swimsuit calendar?

**Giles** No.

*Buffy frowns in confusion and stares at Giles.*

**Giles** Yes. It was a gift.

*All move to look at calender.*

**Buffy** *flipping the month of the calendar* No. No. Whoah! No. There.

**Willow** *dismayed* Oh.

**Anya** Yeah. Pretty darn lickable.

**Willow** The other kind of oh. That's it that's what Tara saw.

**Riley** Why would Jonathan have the same mark as the monster?

**Buffy** I don't know. But he's definitely keeping..

**Jonathan** *standing in doorway* Is this a private conversation... or can Mr. July sit in?

*Again he is dressed in a very sharp suit/shirt tie combination.*

**Buffy** Jonathan!

**Anya** *rapidly* Hi. Buffy was just saying how you had a monster cut up Willow's friend and..

*Buffy turns suddenly to Anya.*

**Anya** *silently mouths* What?

**Jonathan** Buffy?

**Buffy** No! *Closes door* It's just ... the mark. You said it was safe.. and it wasn't. I'm sorry.. I just don't understand.

**Jonathan** Then I'll explain.

*All sit or take positions to listen.*

**Jonathan** Buffy is right.

**Xander** *distressed* No!

*Willow looks upset.*

**Jonathan** I do have a history with the creature. The monster. The problem is every time I face it my mind becomes sort of confused. There's some kind of power it possesses.

**Xander** Oh!!! oh! He's like your kryptonite.

**Jonathan** Maybe. I just knows it takes all my energy to try and fight the confusion. That's why I had his mark tattooed on me so that I wouldn't underestimate it next time.

*Buffy is suspicious.*

**Riley** *satisfied* This does explain everything.

**Xander** I knew you wouldn't do anything on purpose.

**Willow** *relieved and smiling* Me too! And that whole alternate universe thing was too freaky!

**Buffy** Jonathan let's go after the monster. Right now, you and me.

**Jonathan** I'm sure it's left town by now. That's been its pattern.

**Buffy** We can try.

**Jonathan** *not confident* Sure. Lets do that.

**Anya?** Bye Jonathan.

**Jonathan** Goodbye.

*They leave.*

*Cut to graveyard.*

**Spike** Oh look Jonathan. Taking the little sidekick out for a walk, are we?

**Buffy** Shut up Spike.

**Spike** *laughs* Ooh ooh ooh! Semi harsh language from Betty! You're feisty when the big guy standing beside you. *sighs* Someday sweet slayer. *He puts a hand on Buffy's hair.* I would love to take you on. *He moves his hand to her neck and just below her throat.* See you face the evil alone for once.

*As he starts to move his hand lower Jonathan grabs Spike's wrist and shoves him back against a nearby crypt.*



**Jonathan** That's enough of the creepy small talk! We're looking for a monster.

**Spike** Why would I know about that?

**Jonathan** Every demon in this town's gunning for you right now so I figure you're probably keeping pretty good track of them. Big arms, mark on its head... have you seen it?

**Spike** No. But then again I'm probably lying.

*Jonathan releases Spike and turns to Buffy.*

**Jonathan** We're not getting anything out of him.

*He walks away and Spike holds the back of his head. Buffy lunges forward and shoves Spike back against the crypt again.*

**Spike** *surprised* Hey what are you doing? *Jonathan turns around, surprised as well.*

**Spike** You're not supposed to do that!

**Buffy** You're pretty much relying on butcher's blood these days right, Spike?

**Spike** What are you saying?

**Buffy** Just that the butchers in this town respect Jonathan. They do him a favor and you might find yourself getting kind of thirsty.

*She lets Spike go and throws her hands up. Jonathan tilts his head and looks at Spike.*

**Spike** *sighs* Look I don't know much, ok. Some vampires got kicked out of a cave in the hills behind <Brutside> park.

*Jonathan tilts his head and he and Buffy walk off.*

**Spike** I don't know what did the kicking out but it's probably pretty big.

*Jonathan holds his hand up dismissively as he and Buffy stroll off. Spike sighs and grabs the back of his head again.*

**Jonathan** That was very good. *Buffy smiles. He rebutton his jacket.* Very good.

*Cut to Giles' apartment.*

*Riley is walking back and forth with a book. Anya and Willow are reading on the couch and Xander is sitting and reading opposite them.*

**Riley** These spells... these really work? I mean, can you really 'turn your enemies inside out'? Or... learn to 'excrete gold coins'?

**Anya** That one's not so much fun.

**Willow** They work Riley but they take concentration. Being attuned with the forces of the universe.

**Xander** Right you can't just go 'librum incendere' and expect..

*The page of Xander's book bursts into flame. Xander is shocked and Riley looks up. Xander slams the book closed, extinguishing the fire.*

**Giles** Xander don't speak Latin in front of the books.

**Willow** Hey I-I found the mark. It's part of an augmentation spell. *Distressed.* Jonathan did an augmentation spell.

**Riley** What, uh, did he have, uh, you know?

**Willow** Him! And how we see him. This spell turns the sorcerer into a sort of paragon, the best of everything, everyone's ideal. But-but there's a drawback.

**Riley** A drawback?

**Xander** That happens a lot.

**Giles** *reading the book over Willow's shoulder* Yes. In order to balance the new force of good the spell has to create the opposing force of evil, the worst of everything, everyone's nightmare.

**Anya** He created the monster.

**Xander** So we're saying he did a spell just to make us think he was cool?

**Giles** Yes.

**Xander** That is so cool!

**Riley** Giles, Buffy and Jonathan are going after this nightmare thing. Are they going to be ok?

**Giles** It seems that the well being of this creature is linked to Jonathan. If it dies the spell is broken and Jonathan reverts to... whatever he was before.

**Anya** Jonathan isn't gonna want Buffy to get very far.

*Cut to interior of a cave. Jonathan and Buffy stop at the precipice of a seemingly bottomless pit.*

**Buffy** Wow! Fall down there and be dead for a while.

**Jonathan** Yeah, *thinking and looking at Buffy* don't want that to happen.

*Jonathan slowly reaches and grabs Buffy's wrist as she is looking around the cave. Buffy looks at him.*

**Jonathan** *leading her away from the pit* Come on. We've got a monster to...

*The monster growls as he strikes Jonathan with an upercut and sends him flying back over the pit. He falls unconscious. The monster roars.*

#### Part 4

**Willow** *confused* Buffy was right. *trying again* Buffy was right.

**Anya** It doesn't sound very likely, does it?

**Riley** So if this is the world he created, what's the real world like?

**Willow** I'm scared. Everything's going to change.

**Giles** Well, actually it'll remain pretty much the same except Jonathan won't be Jonathan - not our Jonathan, anyway.

**Xander** No! No! No! World without sunshine! World

without joy!

**Riley** But wait, it only changes back if Buffy kills this thing! I mean if she loses then we could be stuck in this wrong world forever!

**Xander** Things looking up! I mean - we're all happy here right? You know if she doesn't get killed?

**Willow** Giles, can Buffy do it?

**Giles** I-I honestly don't know she's never stood alone against something like this before.

*Cut to interior of cave.*

*Jonathan is slowly waking up to the sounds of the monster growling and blows being exchanged.*

*The monster grabs Buffy and throws her. She tumbles and falls. Trumpet music blares. Jonathan flips to his feet, breaks off a stalactite and hits the monster in the head with it twice, driving it to its knees. Buffy comes to. Jonathan ducks a swipe and grabs the monster from behind.*

**Buffy** Jonathan what do I do?

**Jonathan** I think you're going to have to handle this one solo.

**Buffy** What? But I..

**Jonathan** You'll know, you used to. And the more you hurt it the more I'll lose my..

*He kicks the monster in the head while holding it.*

**Buffy** What? Lose your...

*Jonathan spins the monster towards Buffy. Buffy trips the stumbling monster and it falls. Jonathan shudders as if his strength is gone and hides behind a rock. Buffy delivers a sequence of kicks to the monster. When the monster tries to strike her she catches its arm and kicks it twice more and it falls.*

**Buffy** smiling I remember this. This good.

*Buffy tries to punch the monster but it catches her and throws her down. Jonathan jumps out from behind the rock as the trumpets blare. The monster charges Buffy but she kicks it again. Again Jonathan runs back behind the rock. Buffy delivers some more kicks to the monster, knocking it down. The monster jumps to its feet and Buffy charges it. It sidesteps and throws her down. One of her arms is in the pit and her head is over it. Before the monster can finish off Buffy, Jonathan charges and tackles it from behind, knocking it into the pit. He falls in too. But Buffy reaches and grabs him by the ankle/heel. He whimpers a little hanging upside down.*

*Cut to: A shimmering wave of light passes over the town. The billboard of Jonathan selling shoes changes to a newspaper with a dalmation saying they aren't just in black & white.*

*A movie marquee saying Being Jonathan Levinson changes to closed for repairs.*

*A jonathan.com poster changes to a The Dingoes Ate My Baby poster.*

*Cut to campus lawns. Daylight. The gang is sitting beside a tree. Buffy, Riley, Xander, Willow, Anya and Tara.*

**Willow** I can't believe we believed it

**Riley** It seemed so real.

**Buffy** Well, in that world, it was real.

**Anya** Alternate realities are neat.

**Xander** You know what I'll always remember?

**Riley** The swimsuit calendar's sticking in my mind. *Buffy looks at him and raises her eyebrows.* Not in a good way.

**Xander** I'll always remember the way he made me feel about me. Valued, respected, sort of tingly... Now I'm just empty.

*Anya is also depressed.*

**Buffy** Poor Xander. I guess Jonathan hurt you most of all.

**Tara** raises her hand Ummm.

**Buffy** Except of course, after Tara.

*Willow smiles at Tara.*

**Riley** Did anyone else feel way too tall? I felt way too tall.

*Buffy sees Jonathan looking over at her and walks to meet him.*

**Xander** I liked his clothes. He had really cool clothes.

**Willow** Still not understanding how he got the house and everything.

**Anya** And who really did star in the Matrix?

**Riley** fading as Buffy gets farther away Wait. That wasn't real either?

**Jonathan** Hi. I wasn't sure you'd come over. Everyone's mostly forgetting. But, I think some people are kind of angry.

**Buffy** Yeah!

**Jonathan** Nobody's even talking to me. And.. the twins moved out.

**Buffy** Why did you do it anyway? No. I get why. How?

**Jonathan** After the thing with the bell tower and the gun, I went to counseling. You know other kids with problems a-and one of them had this spell. He glossed right over the monster. Well, anyway I just - I-I just wanted to apologize. Nobody was supposed to get hurt.

**Buffy** Jonathan you get why everyone is angry though, right? It's not just the monster. People didn't like being the little actors in your sock puppet theater.

**Jonathan** You weren't! You weren't socks! We were friends.

**Buffy** Jonathan you can't keep trying to make everything work out with some big gesture all at once. Things are complicated. They take time and work.

**Jonathan** Yeah, right.

*He turns to leave but stops and turns back.*

**Jonathan** Hey. Hey Buffy. You remember I gave you some advice?

**Buffy** *less than amused* Watch out for southpaws?

**Jonathan** Uh, no about you and Riley. I mean things are starting to blur but this cool thing I said, um, that I don't really remember... I think it's right. I think it's kind of the same thing you just said to me. *Pause.* About things taking work.

**Buffy** *thoughtful* Yeah, I remember.

**Jonathan** Good because it's true. What you have is really complicated but it's worth it. I think that's what I

said.

*He walks away.*

*Cut to Riley's bedroom.*

*Buffy and Riley are sitting and smooching.*

**Buffy** I'm glad we talked this all out.

**Riley** We haven't talked at all.

**Buffy** Oh. Well whatever we're doing, we're doing it great.

*Smooching resumes.*

**Buffy** Mmmmm... Jonathan.

*Riley pulls back. Buffy is almost smiling.  
ironic music*

END

*\* Erica Luttrell as Karen. Adam Clark as cop. Chanie Costello as Inga. Julie Costello as Ilsa. \**

## Where the Wild Things Are

Written by **Tracey Forbes**

Directed by **David Solomon**

Transcript by **joan the english chick** <pisces@englishchick.com>

### DISCLAIMER

*I do not own these characters or situations. I merely transcribed what I saw and heard on the screen.*

### Prologue

*Shot of Anya dropping her dress. Xander looking surprised.*

**Giles** Previously on Buffy the Vampire Slayer...

**Anya** Please remove your clothing now.

*Shot of Anya and Xander kissing.*

**Anya** Relationship. What kind do we have, and what is it progressing toward?

**Tara** They don't even know I exist, right?

**Willow** I just like having something that's just, you know, mine.

*Shot of Tara putting something on Willow's forehead and lips.*

**Tara Voiceover** I am, you know.

**Willow Voiceover** What?

**Tara** Yours.

*Shot of Buffy and Riley kissing, embracing.*

*Shot of Buffy in bed looking up at Riley as he bends down to kiss her.*

Episode begins:

*Buffy fighting a vampire. She kicks him, they exchange a few punches, she throws him across the graveyard. Riley joins in and kicks the vampire. They exchange punches as Buffy loads her crossbow. She brings it to her face and aims. Riley throws the vampire over his shoulder. Buffy lowers the crossbow to smile proudly. Riley lifts the vampire and holds him in position. Buffy fires, but a demon appears and shoves Riley out of the way, then helps the vampire up. Buffy drops her crossbow and joins the fight. She kicks the vampire and then the demon, then moves aside to regroup.*

**Buffy** Okay, you get Fang, I'll get Horny. *Riley looks at her.* I mean...

*The vampire attacks. He throws Riley over his shoulder. Riley rolls and comes up holding a stake.*

*Buffy kicks the demon in the chest, then a circular kick to knock him over. She kicks his knee and punches him several times in the back. Riley knees the vampire in the back. Buffy has the demon by the neck and stabs him in the back. Riley stakes the vampire and he's dust.*

*Buffy throws down her weapon and sighs. Riley puts his stake back in a thigh holster.*

**Buffy** Whoo! Vampire-demon tag team. *Brushing hair out of her face* Who says we can't all get along?

**Riley** Don't recall ever seeing that before. *Steps close to her.*

**Buffy** It never happened. *Touching his face* Vamps ... hate demons ... *Riley strokes her hair* Like stripes and polka dots. *Running her hands down his arms* Major ... clashing. *She and Riley caressing each other* So, uh ... I guess we should tell Giles about this.

**Riley** Right.

**Buffy** I mean, it's the kind of thing he'd ... wanna know about.

**Riley** Uh-huh.

**Buffy** Like, as soon as possible.

**Riley** As soon as possible.

*Cut to Riley's bedroom door opening. Riley comes in holding Buffy, kissing enthusiastically. She's pulling his shirt off.*

**Buffy** I mean it now. First thing... *smooch* In the morning... *smooch* We go tell Giles. *Riley's carrying her across the room.*

**Riley** First thing. Good plan. *They fall onto the bed.*

### Part One

*Camera pans slowly across the lobby of Lowell House, darkened. We see chairs, couches, fireplace. Pan up the stairs and across the landing to the door of Riley's room. Cut to inside the room. Riley and Buffy asleep, snuggling. Riley wakes up, looks at Buffy, kisses her shoulder, gets out of bed. Creepy music, sounds like the same music in "Hush." Riley puts on pants and leaves, closing the door quietly. He hears a rattling noise and looks around, looks downstairs, walks slowly through the dark*

*halls toward a door. Shot of the doorknob and his hand grasping it. He opens the door and walks into a bathroom. Turns on the light. The noise continues. Camera pans through the bathroom: sinks, toilet stalls, bathtub with the shower curtain pulled shut. Riley looks around the bathroom, approaches the tub slowly. He yanks back the shower curtain. There's nothing there except a drippy faucet. Riley makes a face and turns it off. He stands there looking at it as cheerful music starts.*

*Cut to an ice-cream truck driving down the street, daylight, making cheery music. Cut to Xander driving the truck, wearing a red-and-white striped shirt and matching hat. Anya sitting next to him.*

**Xander** Aw, come on. Big party at Riley's house. It's gonna be fun. Why don't you wanna go? *He stops the truck*

**Anya** You know why not. Those initiative men make me... not comfortable. And you don't care.

**Xander** They don't even know that you're an ex-demon. And we don't know that they'd care even if they did know. Which, by the way, they're not gonna find out. *Gets up and goes into back of truck to set up* Anyways, they'll probably be too busy flirting with every other girl at the party to even notice you.

**Anya** So ... you don't think I'm desirable enough to be flirted with? *Xander looks surprised* Is that it?

**Xander** I'm just not gonna win here, am I?

**Anya** *sighs. Accusingly* You don't find me attractive any more.

**Xander** What are you talking about? I think you're gorgeous.

**Anya** Oh, really? Well then, why didn't we have sex last night?

**Xander** *looks up* Is that what this is about? We've gone other nights without sex.

**Anya** *angry* I know. Twice! I can't believe we're breaking up.

**Xander** Breaking- We're not! Are we?

**Anya** Of course we are. You, you've obviously grown tired of me. I mean, I've seen it happen to thousands of women over the centuries, I just never thought it would happen to me.

**Xander** Anya, there's a lot more to you and me than the sex. *Anya rolls her eyes* Well, there should be! I mean, a relationship is something that you work at. Work through. Together.

**Anya** I don't understand. I'm pretty, I'm young... I mean... *stands up, walks closer* Why didn't you take advantage of me? Is something wrong with your body?

**Xander** *getting mad* There's nothing wrong with my body.

**Anya** Well, there must be. I saw that wrinkled man on TV talking about erectile dysfunction-

**Xander** Whoa! Hey. *Chuckles nervously* All systems go here. *Gesturing at his crotch* No function problem, okay? *Anya looks skeptical*

**Xander** *claps his hands, starts unbuttoning his shirt* You want sex? Let's have sex. Right here. Hot, sweaty, big sex.

*Camera angle changes so we see into the truck from the perspective of the customer window in the side of the*

*truck. Xander's hands stop moving. His and Anya's heads turn together.*

*Shot of a group of kids and parents staring up at them.*

*Shot of Xander and Anya giving false smiles.*

**Giles** *voiceover* There's always been great discord between them.

*Cut to Giles holding a rolled-up piece of paper.*

**Giles** And yet you say that the, the vampire went to the demon's aid. The two of them were working as a team?

**Buffy** *sitting on Riley's lap, nods* Everything except giving each other little pats on the behind.

*We see the interior of a college lounge room. Buffy and Riley in one chair, Giles on their right, Willow and Tara on the sofa across from them.*

**Giles** Extraordinarily odd. *Sits back, crosses his legs, gestures with the paper* As a rule, demons ... have no empathy for any of the species other than their own.

*Shot of Buffy and Riley giving each other affectionate looks*

**Giles** In fact, most think of *sees someone walking by, lowers his voice* vampires as ... abominations. Mixing with human blood and all.

**Willow** So ... what brought these two together?

**Riley** Not what. Who.

**Giles** *realizing* Adam. *Pulls off his glasses*

**Buffy** Think about it. Who better to bring together a bunch of ... demon types than someone who's made out of a ... bunch of demon types?

**Tara** So he's, um, bridging the gap between the races.

**Willow** Huh, like Martin Luther King.

*Shot of Giles raising his eyebrows skeptically*

**Giles** Um, *clears throat* I suggest that, uh, over the next several nights, you two *Shot of Buffy's and Riley's hands stroking each other* concentrate your patrol in that same area. If there's any other peculiar pairings or groupings, you let me know.

**Riley** I'll let the squad know as well. They're patrolling. *To Buffy* We'll have a, uh, reserve unit out during the party.

**Giles** *frown* Party?

**Riley** Tomorrow night. We're having a thing.

**Giles** At a time like this? Who, well, whose idea was that?

**Riley** Mine. Boys are pretty ragged, need to let off steam. *Giles nods.*

**Giles** Point taken.

**Riley** You're welcome to come.

**Giles** Well, much as I, uh, long for a good kegger, I have other plans. The Espresso Pump. *Sits back, looks embarrassed*

*Buffy and Riley exchange another amorous look, more hand stroking*

**Willow** What are you doing there?

**Giles** I'm, um, uh, it's a, a meeting of, uh, grownups. It couldn't possibly be of any interest to you lot.

**Riley** Buffy, hey, look at the time. Don't you, uh, have a class?

**Buffy** Yeah, in about 20 minutes.

**Riley** Yeah, but ... I have that ... thing... *Buffy gets it*

**Buffy** Right, that ... thing, we could ... squeeze in ... before.

**Riley** Yeah. *They get up*

**Buffy** Bye!

**Riley** Gotta run.

*Giles waves his paper*

**Willow** *stretching, grinning* They, they're probably going to- *Tara grins*

**Giles** Yes, thank you Willow, I did attend university in the Mesozoic era, I do remember what it's like.

*Cut to exterior shot of Lowell House, night. Cut to inside. It's dark. Forrest and Graham come down the stairs from the second floor, shivering.*

**Forrest** Didn't we just get the furnace fixed? It's freezing!

**Graham** I'll call in the AM, get somebody to come- *They hear a noise, turn. Walk over to Riley's door and listen. Rhythmic moaning from behind the door.*

**Forrest** Oh, you gotta be kidding me. When do these two come up for air? *Graham grins.*

**Graham** Slaves to the rhythm.

*They walk off. Focus on the door.*

*Cut to inside the room. Buffy and Riley in bed, smooching and rolling around. Panting, moaning. A hand opens the drawer on the bedside table. There are lots of condoms inside. The hand grabs one and retreats. Cut to downstairs. Another Initiative guy (Mason is putting wood on the fire in the fireplace. Forrest and*

*Graham come down the stairs.)*

**Forrest** Room shoulda warmed up by now.

**Mason** I been building this thing for an hour. It's still an icebox in here.

**Graham** Don't bother, Mason, we got a couple of heat generators pumpin' away upstairs.

*Mason looks up and grins.*

*Forrest and Graham grin too, rubbing their arms to keep warm.*

*Cut to the bedroom. Pan up a naked leg. Buffy and Riley smooching. Shot of hands on a naked back. Shot from above with Buffy on top. Closeup on kissing mouths. Long shot of them rolling over so Riley's on top.*

*Cut to downstairs. Mason finishes with the fire and stands up, blowing on his hands and rubbing them together. He sits in a chair in front of the fire.*

*Shot of Graham watching the fire, Forrest walking away. Lingering shot of the fire crackling, flames building.*

*Lingering shot of Riley's bedroom door.*

*Cut to the bedroom. More smooching, moaning. Buffy's back on top. They get more and more passionate.*

*Cut to downstairs. Flames explode out of the fireplace. Mason flinches as the flames engulf him.*

**Graham** Jeez!

*Mason screams. His sleeves and the front of his shirt are on fire.*

*Forrest looks around, grabs a banner and uses it to extinguish the flames on Mason. Graham moves forward.*

**Forrest** Call a medic. Get help!

*Graham runs off.*

*Shot of the fireplace. The flames look very contained now.*

## Part Two

*Anya walking down an alley, looking annoyed. She turns a corner onto the street. We see the entrance to the Bronze in the distance.*

**Spike** Grr!

*Spike leaps out, wearing his vampire face, growling. Anya jumps back with a yell. Spike looks annoyed.*

**Spike** Oh, it's you. *Morphs back to human face*

**Anya** Spike! *petulantly* What are you doing? You made me yell really high.

**Spike** Hey! Yeah, I did. I scared you. *Grins. Walks right up to her until his face is inches from hers* Gimme money.

**Anya** I'm not paying you for scaring me. *Pushes him away.*

**Spike** You're not paying me. I'm robbing you.

**Anya** Oh, well now that's just ludicrous. You can't hurt me because you've got that chip in your brain. Also, I

like my money the way it is... when it's mine. *Starts to walk past him.*

*Spike growls and spins her around.*

**Anya** Oh, now come on. You're not even bumpy any more.

**Spike** *feels his forehead with fingers* Oh. I was just a minute ago. Hang on. *Steps back, preparing* Get me mad again.

**Anya** *sighs* Does this really work? Scaring people into giving you their money?

**Spike** Yeah, it works. Keeps me in blood and beers. *Grins* Plus, you know, funny. Watching those little humans quail.

**Anya** I'm beginning to understand why you're so friendless.

**Spike** Look who's talking! *Looks her up and down* I don't see droopy boy on your arm. *Softly* Did he have better

things to do? *Anya crosses her arms and raises one eyebrow dangerously.*

*Cut to exterior of Lowell House. Loud party music, people walking in and out, holding beers. Cut to inside, more of the same. Xander, Buffy, Willow and Tara standing together.*

*Shot of Buffy looking across the room and smiling.*

**Forrest** *voiceover* You're kidding.

*Shot of Graham, Forrest and Riley by the stairs holding beers. Riley's looking across the room (at Buffy, not paying attention.)*

**Forrest** Mason requested to go on patrol?

**Graham** He just didn't want the girls to see him with his eyebrows all burnt off.

*Shot of Riley smiling across the room at Buffy.*

*Shot of Buffy smiling back.*

**Forrest** He's lucky that's all he lost.

**Graham** You shoulda seen it, Rye. Weird as hell.

**Riley** *not listening* Mm-hmm.

*Forrest and Graham frown, look where Riley's looking.*

*Cut to Buffy and the gang.*

**Willow** How many kids?

**Xander** I dunno, a whole herd of them. And some parents to boot. *Buffy glances at him, then looks past him and smiles* It was kind of embarrassing, which, welcome to life with Anya.

**Tara** So you don't even know if she's coming tonight.

**Xander** I'm thinking no. She was... pretty upset. Which, makes me wonder, is it me? Am I the crazy one? *Willow and Tara shrug at each other*

**Buffy** *still looking at Riley, not listening* Uh-huh. Absolutely. *The others look where Buffy's looking.*

**Willow** Hey, Buffy, this might be a good time to mention that someone, so not me, spilled something purple on your new peasant top which I would never borrow without asking. Still love me?

**Buffy** Uh-huh.

*Willow and Tara look at each other and laugh.*

*Buffy ponders for a moment, then looks at Willow.*

**Buffy** Huh? What about my peasant top?

**Willow** Nothin'.

**Tara** *quickly* Xander was just talking about Anya. *Buffy nods.*

**Xander** Oh, it's nothing much. Just feeling pretty glad right now that a certain ex-demon doesn't have any powers. *Buffy's attention is gone again, staring over at Riley.*

**Anya** *voiceover* Boy, I miss those powers.

*Cut to Anya and Spike sitting on a couch at the Bronze, holding beers and looking morose. Spike has his arm along the top of the couch, almost touching her.*

**Spike** Yeah, tell me about it.

**Anya** A year and a half ago, I could have eviscerated him with my thoughts. Now I can barely hurt his feelings. *Sighs* Things used to be so much simpler.

**Spike** *wistfully* You know ... you take the killing for granted. *Anya nods nostalgically* And then it's gone, and you're like, "I wish I'd appreciated it more." Stopped and smelled the corpses, you know?

**Anya** Yeah. Now everything's complicated.

**Spike** It's a terrible thing, love is. I been there myself. *Pause* It ended badly.

**Anya** Of course it did. It always does. Seen a thousand relationships. First there's the love, and sex, and then there's nothing left but the vengeance. That's how it works.

*Spike smiles, leans in really close.*

**Spike** You and I ... should just go do the vengeance. Both of us! You eviscerate Xander, and I'll stake Dru. Like a project.

*Anya looks tempted.*

**Anya** I don't know. I just can't. *Sighs*

*Spike looks resigned. He takes his arm down.*

**Anya** *encouraging* You can go do Dru though.

**Spike** *nods* Yeah. I will. *Sits still for a moment* Maybe later.

*Anya smiles. They sit together quietly.*

*Cut back to the party. People dancing, having fun.*

*The Snobby Guy from "Beer Bad" is talking to a girl.*

**Snob** See, the thing that they're afraid to teach us about is the inherent sensuality of language. I mean, you, you learn French and they make it all about conjugations and, uh, fronted vowels ... but nobody really talks about ... you know, the way language tastes, you know, the, the way it feels, rolling over your tongue. I mean, just think about "car" versus "voiture." *He leans his hand on the wall, makes a startled face* Oh!

*The girl looks puzzled. He stares at the wall. Shot of his hand on the wall.*

**Snob** Wow. *Nervous chuckle*

**Gril** Are you all right?

**Snob** Fine! I - oh! *Gasps. The girl looks concerned.* Oh my god. Wow, wow. *Chuckle*

**Gril** So you really like French, huh?

**Snob** Yeah, well... *satisfied smile and sigh*

*Cut to Xander walking through the crowds. He walks up to a girl (Julie who's looking at a cabinet of trophies.)*

**Xander** *reading trophy inscription* "Lowell house. 1962."

*Julie smiles.*

**Julie** Yes.

**Xander** Um, just, you know, impressing you with my knowledge of local history. Or my knowledge of reading.

**Julie** *friendly teasing* You didn't even have to sound anything out.

**Xander** You should see me add short columns of small numbers.

*Julie laughs.*

**Julie** You're funny.

**Xander** Thanks. I mean ... funny "how amusing," or funny "back away and avoid eye contact"?

**Julie** Hmm ... kinda both.

*Xander nods.*

**Julie** Who are you here with?

**Xander** *shrugs* Right now I seem to be here with you.

*She smiles. He smiles back.*

*Cut to Buffy approaching Riley.*

**Buffy** Hey, uh, can we- *points upstairs* I, um, need you to take a look at an ... essay, for ... class.

**Riley** That ... essay, right. Here. *Hands his drink to Forrest. Forrest looks annoyed. Graham looks amused*

**Riley** I'll catch you guys in a minute, uh, essay ... gotta look at ... *Buffy pulling him upstairs*  
*Forrest and Graham watch them go.*

**Graham** And I'm the one who got a D in covert ops.

*Forrest shakes his head. They drink their beers.*

*Cut to Snob Guy still talking to the girl. Another guy walks by.*

**Snob** Hey, Evan, Evan, come here. You gotta see this.  
*Evan looks confused.*

**Evan** I'm getting a beer.

**Snob** No, no, no, first ... just ... put your hand right ... here. *Points at the wall*

**Evan** *comes over* Okay. Somehow this is a trick, I know it.

**Snob** Here. *Grabs Evan's hand and puts it on the wall. The girl watches with a grin* Now stay. Don't move. We see some other people in the background watching and grinning

**Evan** Whoa. *Breathing heavily* What is that? *The others laugh* I kinda feel ... *heavy breathing, gesturing with his other hand near his crotch* Oh my god. Oh god. *Girl laughs*

*Cut to Willow and Tara sitting on the stairs.*

**Willow** Horses, like big ... tall ... teeth that can take your arm off horses?

**Tara** Well, sure. I learned to ride when I was a kid. It's fun. *Smiling* And, by the way, most horses don't like arm very much.

*Willow looks uncertain.*

**Willow** I had a bad birthday party pony thing when I was four. I, I look at horses and I see really big ponies.

**Tara** You should ride with me sometime. I guarantee safety and fun. *Willow smiles.*

**Willow** Well... if you promise you'll look after me.

*Puts her hand on Tara's knee. Tara suddenly jumps back.*

**Tara** Don't touch me!

*Willow frowns in confusion.*

**Tara** That's ... just disgusting. *Standing up*

**Willow** *standing* Tara ... what's the matter?

**Tara** *panting* I don't, I don't know.

**Willow** I'm sorry, I-I didn't mean to ... are-are you feeling okay?

**Tara** I'm f-fine, I just wanna ... *pointing upstairs* go to the bathroom ... (runs up the stairs)

*Willow watches her go, concerned.*

*Cut to Spike and Anya entering the party together. Spike stares at a guy exiting.*

**Spike** Hey ... I know these guys from somewhere.

**Anya** Initiative soldiers, they live here. Experiments happen in the lab under the house. *Spike beginning to look nervous and angry* It's where they kept you, put in your chip. Let's have fun!

**Spike** *angry* What are you doing? You brought me **here**?

**Xander** *offscreen* Anya? What are you doing? *Anya turns*

**Xander** *pointing at Spike* You brought **him** here?

**Spike** That's what **I** said! Only I hit the "here" part.

**Xander** Anya, this is crazy. *Anya crosses her arms, glares at him* We had a little fight. It just means that we have to work our way through some stuff. It doesn't mean that we rebound with the evil undead. *Spike looks offended* And what have we been doing with him anyway?

**Spike** *grinning* Oh, who's the puffed-up manly man? All splotchy and possessive. *Walks over to Xander*

**Anya** It's not very convincing, is it?

**Spike** Yeah. I see now what you said about him earlier. *Looks Xander up and down* No follow-through.

**Xander** *loudly* Hey! What a surprise! Hostile 17! *Spike trying to shut him up* Can I get you a drink, Hostile 17? *Spike looks around anxiously to see if anyone heard.*

**Anya** Xander, stop.

*Spike jumps back from some people who walk by. A bunch of guys walk past, ignoring them. Spike looks around.*

**Spike** Pfft! *Regaining his confidence* Well, may be some fun to be had in the lion's den after all. You two keep scraping. I'll find the liquor. *Walks away*

**Xander** Anya. What are you doing with him?

**Anya** *angry* We didn't have sex, if that's what you mean. That's all I do now, not have sex.

**Xander** You're overreacting. We had a fight. But see, it's okay. It's normal.

**Anya** Yes. The normal part of the ending a relationship right before the vengeance begins.

**Xander** Right. No! Vengeance?

**Anya** Relax, I'm not gonna do it. I'm just trying to tell you that we have nothing in common besides both of



us liking your penis. And now I don't even have that! So I get to say when it's done. And it's done.

**Xander** Okay, you know what? You don't deserve to be the one to walk away from this. I've put up with a hell of a lot from you ... much of that in the last minute ... and if anyone gets to be the one to leave, it's me. *Starts to walk away*

**Anya** *incredulously* You're leaving me?

**Xander** Yes. I am.

**Anya** Where are you going?

**Xander** To enjoy the party. *Walks away*

**Anya** *yells as she pushes through the crowd, moving away from him* Well then, then I'm staying too, to, to show you how much I'm not bothered by you having fun! Because I'll be having more fun!

**Xander** *yells across the room* I'm having fun already!

**Anya** *yells* Me too! *Unhappy face* Woo hoo! *Turns and stalks off*

*Xander looks frustrated, walks off in the other direction. Cut to a bunch of people cheering and laughing. Xander turns a corner and discovers some people sitting on the floor playing Spin The Bottle.*

**Xander** Huh. Sometimes I just don't get the sophisticated college lifestyle.

*He starts to leave, then notices one of the players is Julie, the girl he was talking to earlier. She notices him too. She looks surprised, then smiles. She motions with her head indicating that he should join them. Xander grins and comes to sit down.*

**Xander** Gee, it's a good thing Mom's out. We'd be in trouble.

*Cut to Spike sitting by the beer kegs watching other people drink (and he's drinking too. The drunk Initiative guy across from him frowns.)*

**Drunk Guy** Hey, buddy. You look familiar.

**Spike** Yeah. I get that a lot.

*The guy keeps frowning and looking at him. Spike just sits.*

*Cut back to Spin The Bottle. Xander spins, and it lands pointing at Julie.*

**Julie** Hey, Xander.

**Xander** Julie! *Looks around nervously* Okay. This, then, would be the kissing. *Nods nervously.*

*Julie gets on all fours and leans toward him. He moves forward, looking around for Anya, and quickly kisses her cheek.*

**Xander** Very smooth cheek you have there. Do you ex-foliate?

*Suddenly Julie grabs him and plants a passionate kiss on him. The others laugh and cheer. She climbs on top of him, still kissing.*

**Xander** Whoa! *More kissing. He grabs her arms and pulls her away.*

**Xander** Julie! What?

*She suddenly looks horrified.*

**Julie** I'm sorry. I didn't... I'm sorry! *She jumps up and runs off. Xander looks confused, then runs after her.*

*Xander walks through the crowds, looking around. We hear a girl yelling "Oh my god!" happily. X finds a group of people around the spot on the wall. Snob's girl is touching it and going "Oh, oh, oh! Touch it!" She falls back against Snob Guy. He puts his hand on the wall. The others chatter loudly.*

*Xander hears crying noises from behind a closed door.*

**Xander** Hi, uh, you okay? *More crying Julie? He tries the doorknob but it's locked.*

*Cut to inside the closet. Julie is crying and cutting her hair off with a straight razor or knife.*

**Julie** I'm bad. I'm bad.

*She keeps crying and repeating "I'm bad" while chopping off pieces of hair and dropping them on the floor.*

*Cut to Willow knocking on bathroom door.*

**Willow** Tara? It's me. *Nothing. She knocks again Tara? Opens door Tara? Walks into bathroom, looks around. The camera pans through the bathroom exactly as it did with Riley at the beginning of the episode.*

*Willow goes to the sink, turns on the water, splashes it on her face. She straightens up, drying her face with a towel. She hears a gurgling noise and turns around. Frowns, walks over to the bathtub. Dripping noises. Willow pulls back the shower curtain and finds a young boy in the bathtub, under water, arms crossed over his chest, struggling. She reaches down to grab him but he disappears and there's just a tub full of water.*

*Willow straightens up, turns around. The boy is standing behind her, dripping wet, arms still crossed over his chest. She screams.*

*Cut to Buffy and Riley in bed, kissing. Buffy's on top. They hear the scream and stop kissing, look toward the door.*

**Riley** *panting* Was that Willow?

**Buffy** *panting* I don't know. *Looks at him. Doesn't matter. They resume smooching*

*Cut to Spin The Bottle game. Two people kiss while the others cheer. Xander enters.*

**Xander** Hey guys, that girl Julie, she's freakin' out. *They ignore him, still playing the game. Is anyone friends with Julie?*

*Laughter, ignoring him.*

*Cut to Willow coming down the stairs.*

**Willow** Xander? Tara? *Runs through the house. Finds Xander staring at the Spin The Bottle people.*

**Willow** Xander. Ghost boy. Drowning in a tub. I, I tried to save him, but, being a ghost already, well, I was way too late.

**Xander** A ghost? *Willow nods* What's the deal? Is every frat on this campus haunted? And if so, why do people keep coming to these parties, cause it's not the snacks.

*Tara walks up, touches Willow's arm.*

**Willow** Tara, how are you?

**Tara** I'm okay, but ... I, I don't like it here. This house ... I, I think we should go.

*Willow nods.*

*Xander looks over as there's more laughter from the bottle game.*

*Closeup on the bottle spinning. Instead of slowing down it gets faster and faster. The players look puzzled. Suddenly the bottle explodes. People yell as broken glass sprays at them.*

**Willow** We need Buffy. *She and Xander run off. Tara follows.*

*They run upstairs.*

**Xander** yells Buffy?

**Willow** yells Buffy? Riley?

*They pound on the door. No answer.*

*Suddenly, sharp-looking spiny thorns, with green leaves, sprout from the cracks around the edges of the door. Willow and Xander jump back.*

**Xander** Buffy!

*Long shot of Buffy and Riley in bed, smooching and writhing. We hear panting and moaning, which echoes, and faintly we can hear Xander still pounding and yelling Buffy's name. The bed recedes until it's just a small square in the middle of the screen, with blackness all around.*

### Part Three

*Long shot of the bed as a tiny square in the middle of a black screen.*

**Riley** Do you wanna go back?

**Buffy** Never.

*Cut to Xander still pounding on the door.*

**Willow** Buffy! Riley!

**Xander** Buffy!

*Tara turns and looks behind them*

**Xander** We gotta get them outta there.

*Tara starts to walk away while Willow and Xander stare at the writhing thorns still growing from under the door.*

*Tara walks to the balcony and looks down on the main floor. The people are looking around as the building starts to shake. People scream and run around. Glass rattling, everything shaking. The people scream and run toward the door. Suddenly there's a strong tremor and everyone falls onto the floor including Tara, Willow and Xander. People get up and run around.*

*Shot of Spike sitting calmly in his chair as people run around panicking. Spike smiles.*

**Spike** Well, this party's starting to liven up after all.

*Suddenly straps shoot out of the chair he's sitting in, wrapping around his chest, wrists, legs, and one over his mouth. He drops his plastic cup of beer.*

**Spike** Mmph!

*Shot of Graham standing still, looking grim, as people run screaming past him. Forrest runs toward him, against the flow of people.*

**Forrest** Graham, quit standing around! Help get these people to safety!

**Graham** Touch not the impure thing...

**Forrest** What?!

**Graham** Or ye shall perish. Find salvation in the cross of our lord and savior.

**Forrest** Right. *He goes to the wall and flips a switch. Grabs Graham and turns him to face the wall as the green scanner light travels across their faces.*

**Computer Voice** Retinal scan accepted.

*Elevator opens. Forrest gets in, looks back at Graham, who just stands there. Forrest grabs him and pulls him into the elevator. The door closes.*

*The building is still shaking. People running and screaming. Shot of Anya in the midst of them. The shaking stops. Anya looks around, panting. Suddenly she sees a girl screaming and waving her arms, running toward her. The girl runs right to Anya and through her. Anya gasps and puts her hands on her stomach. Looks behind her but the girl has disappeared. Anya looks around. The shaking begins again.*

*Cut to the bottom of the stairs. Willow, Xander and Tara coming down. Anya runs over to them.*

**Xander** Anya. We gotta get out of here. Come on!

*Books start flying off the shelves and attacking them. They all duck and run away.*

*Shot of Spike struggling, managing to pull the restraints off himself. Jumps out of the chair and runs off.*

*The gang and a few others running toward the door and out. Xander looks back and sees Julie, bald, staggering toward him.*

**Julie** Please help me.

*Xander runs over and grabs her, helps her toward the door. There are patchy clumps of hair still on her head but she's mostly bald.*

*Cut to the Initiative labs: people working on computers. Forrest and Graham enter. They go over to a scientist*

*who's on the phone.*

**Forrest** We got trouble upstairs.

*Scientist motions them to wait.*

**Scientist** *into phone* Now. *Hangs up, starts to walk away. Forrest and Graham follow.*

**Forrest** Some sort of disembodied presence in the house.

**Scientist** We've been paging you.

**Forrest** Whatever this thing's outputting, it must be scrambling all the frequencies.

**Scientist** Guard section 2, level 5 precautions. If the cell door locking mechanisms malfunction ... you know what to do.

**Forrest** Got it.

*Scientist walks off. Forrest looks at Graham.*

**Forrest** You with me?

**Graham** I'm good.

**Forrest** Let's lock it down.

*They walk off.*

*Cut to exterior of Lowell House. Xander helps Julie out. Tara, Willow, Spike, and Anya are there. Julie immediately runs off. Spike takes out a cigarette and lights it.*

**Willow** We have to go back in there.

**Anya** Why?

**Xander** Because Buffy and Riley are trapped.

**Anya** So? *Willow and Tara look surprised* She's the Slayer, he's a big soldier boy, what do they need you for?

**Xander** Anya, look around! There's ghosts and shaking, and people are going all Felicity with their hair... We're fresh out of superpeople, and somebody's gotta go back in there. *Deep breath* Now who's with me?

*Willow and Tara hesitate.*

**Spike** I am.

*Everyone looks at Spike in surprise.*

**Spike** I know I'm not the first choice for heroics ... *drops his cigarette and grinds it out with his foot* and Buffy's tried to kill me more than once. And, I don't fancy a single one of you at all. But... *pauses* Actually, all that sounds pretty convincing. *Frowns, shakes his head and walks away.* I wonder if Danger Mouse is on.

**Anya** Xander, let's get out of here.

**Xander** You wanna bail, fine. *Points into house* I'm going back in there, and I'm not coming out till I bring my friend with me.

*He walks to the door, opens it, peeks inside. Takes a few steps in, then something invisible pushes him out. He flies backward and lands several yards down the path. Groans and makes a pained face. Shot of Anya looking upset.*

**Xander** Or ... it ... could be Watcher time.

**Willow** We'll, we'll go to Giles'.

**Tara** No, no, wait, he, he isn't there. He was going to the Espresso Pump.

**Willow** Right, he-he told us not to come. He, he needed some grownup time. *They hurry off.*

*Cut to Giles in the coffee bar, playing a guitar. He's wearing casual clothes and has an earring in his left ear. Lots of people are sitting and watching/listening.*

**Giles sings**

No one knows what it's like

To be the bad man

To be the sad man

Behind blue eyes

No one knows what it's like

To be hated...

*Shot of Anya, Willow, Xander and Tara watching, amazed. Willow's and Anya's mouths hanging open.*

**Anya** Oh.

**Willow** Wow.

**Giles sings**

To be fated...

**Xander** Um, could we go back to the haunted house? Cause, this is creeping me out.

**Tara** Does he do this a lot?

**Xander** Sure. Every day the earth rotates backward and the skies turn orange.

**Giles sings** But my dreams, they are as empty, as my conscience... *Notices the kids watching, looks embarrassed but keeps singing* seems to be...

*Willow smiles.*

**Giles sings** I have hours, only lonely...

**Willow** Now I remember why I used to have such a crush on him.

**Giles sings** ...my love is vengeance[?]

**Tara** Well, he is pretty good.

**Giles sings** ...that's never free-ee...

**Anya** *agreeing* His voice ... is pleasant. *All three girls are riveted.*

**Xander** What?!

**Giles sings** No one knows what it's like... [unintelligible]

**Willow** Oh, come on, he is kinda sexy.

**Giles sings** Like I do...

**Xander** I'm fighting total mental breakdown here, Will. No more fueling the fire please.

**Giles sings** And I blame you...

*The song trails off as we cut back to Lowell House, now deserted, wreckage everywhere. The camera pans across the room and up the stairs to Riley's door, just like before, only now the vines cover the entire door and much of the ceiling and floor nearby. Muffled howling and screeching noises.*

*Cut to Buffy and Riley in bed. They let go of each other and lie side by side, panting.*

**Buffy** You're, you're too far away from me.

**Riley** I'm right here.

**Buffy** *panting* You ... have to ... keep touching me...  
*Rolls over and starts kissing him again. Moaning, panting*

*Cut to the college library. Giles pacing while the others sit at a table.*

**Giles** When you called to Buffy and Riley, they didn't cry out or, or respond in any way?

**Anya** *bored* No. They're probably dead.

**Xander** Unless they're too busy doin' it to answer.

**Giles** Doing what? *Sits at the table across from Xander*

**Xander** You know, for a god of acoustic rock, you're ... kind of naive.

**Giles** *rolls his eyes* I didn't think you meant ... In the midst of all that, do you really think they were keeping it up? *Everyone looks at him.*

**Giles** Oh, for a different phrasing.

**Willow** Well, see, that's the thing. People all over the party were starting to act ... weird. *Quietly Sexually.*

**Giles** In what way?

**Willow** You know. *Embarrassed Ways. Looking through an old book*

**Giles** Well, it could be some form of, uh, succubi, or a satyr's prank. It could even be energy coming from the, the lab underneath the Lowell fraternity.

**Willow** It wasn't always a fraternity, look!  
*They all come to look at her book.*

**Willow** *reading* "Between 1949 and 1960, the Lowell Home for Children housed upwards of 40 adolescents: runaways, juvenile delinquents, and emotionally disturbed teenagers from the Sunnydale area."

**Tara** Children? Did any of them, um, die in there?

**Giles** If there were deaths, then, uh, perhaps we're dealing with a fairly ... standard haunting.

**Willow** It doesn't say. It's mostly about the old house director, Genevieve Holt. "Sunnydale Children's Aid. 30 years of community service. Giving disadvantaged kids the love and care they deserve."

**Giles** When did she die?

**Willow** *looks at book, looks up at Giles* She didn't.  
*Cut to old lady's house. She opens a pair of French doors and ushers in Giles, Xander, and Anya.*

**Mrs. Holt** No, no, I don't mind at all. I was up. Early morning prayer.

**Giles** Of course.

**Mrs. Holt** And I like talking about my kids. *Sits in chair Xander and Anya looking around the room*

**Mrs. Holt** I still call them that. My kids.

**Giles** I, I suppose you were like a mother to them. *Sits on sofa* You did everything for them?

**Mrs. Holt** Oh yes. I fed them clothed them, educated them in the way of the lord. I was given a medal.

*Xander and Anya sit on sofa beside Giles*

**Giles** Yes, wonderful. Uh, congratulations. Um, this'll sound a little strange, but, ah, did you notice any odd... disturbances in the house?

**Mrs. Holt** *frowns* I don't understand.

**Giles** We-well, um, like uh, furniture moving of its own accord, or, uh, objects appearing out of nowhere, or, or perhaps you saw someone appear one moment, and then they were gone the next, i-inexplicably.

**Mrs. Holt** Why, that sounds like crazy talk.

**Giles** Yes, it does, doesn't it? Yes. Um... *Looks at Xander and Anya* Well, forgive me for, for asking this, but um, the children in your care, were any of them ever ill, or did anything ever happen to any of them?

**Mrs. Holt** Well, some had the flu and such. No one died, if that's what you mean. The engraving on the medal says how good I was with the children. *Smiles*

**Giles** *smiles* Oh, yes.

**Mrs. Holt** I treated them as I would my own flesh and blood. Gave them hugs and praise when they were good, and ... punished them when they were dirty.

**Giles** Well, ah, children will be children. They, you know, they do like to play in the, uh, the muck. *Smiling Mrs. Holt looks disapproving.*

**Anya** You didn't mean mud dirty.

**Mrs. Holt** My kids didn't think I knew, but I did.

**Giles** *starting to understand* Very, uh, perceptive of you.

**Mrs. Holt** Without me they would have been shut out of the kingdom. Lost to lust.

**Giles** But you ... helped them.

**Mrs. Holt** The girls felt the vanity more than the boys. I'd see them preening like Jezebel. Doting over their pretty hair.

**Xander** So you'd hack it off.

**Mrs. Holt** I'd remove the temptation to admire themselves. *Giles removes his glasses* They were better for it.

**Anya** What about the bathtub? Something happened there.

**Mrs. Holt** I performed baptisms on the most unclean. Those who were tainted with impure thought and deed.

**Giles** You held them under?

**Mrs. Holt** They needed to be reborn. *Rises* You choose to pass judgment on me?

**Giles** *Rises* Well, someone ought to! You traumatized and, *she waves her hand dismissively* and abused these children, children who, who have no doubt become extremely disturbed adults! *She starts to walk away; he pursues her* You have ruined lives, Mrs. Holt. Furthermore, what you did has now manifested itself as a, a

malevolent presence which threatens still more lives! You have a great deal to answer for.

**Mrs. Holt** I refuse to listen to this when I can smell the sin on each and every one of you. *Points to them all*

**Xander** Yeah? You smell sin? Well let me tell you something, lady, she who smelt it dealt it! *Giles looks at him.*

**Xander** It's like what you said, but faster.

*Cut to the three of them leaving her apartment.*

**Xander** Well, that totally adds to my "old people are crazy" theorem.

**Anya** I don't get it. I mean, those kids were tortured, but they weren't killed, so where are those ghosts coming from?

**Giles** I don't believe there are any ghosts.

**Anya** One ran right through me.

**Giles** Not a ghost. An apparition. I believe we're dealing

with a kind of poltergeist. A whole cluster of them, in fact, born out of intense adolescent emotion and sexual energy.

**Anya** Both of which were totally pent up during Mrs. Holt's reign of repression.

**Xander** So with Buffy and Riley having ... you know, acts of nakedness around the clock lately, maybe they set something free. Like a ... big burstin' poltergasm.

**Giles** Yes. And now the poltergeists are drawing more and more energy out of them. Feeding on them in fact. Buffy and Riley are, are powering this whole thing.

**Xander** Okay, they're the battery in the boo factory, so what happens when the battery's drained?

*Cut to Buffy and Riley in bed. Blurry slow-motion kissing.*

**Giles voiceover** They die.

## Part Four

*Buffy and Riley in bed. Blurry slow-motion kissing. Panting, moaning. Riley pulls away, lies back.*

**Buffy** Don't stop. Never stop touching me. *IShe turns his face toward her and they kiss again.*

*Cut to Tara spreading a red cloth on a table, then sitting in a chair. Willow brings candles and sets them on the table, sits down. We see Giles sitting on the floor. They're in Willow and Buffy's dorm room.*

**Anya** What good are weapons against disembodied spirits, Xander? They have no ass to kick.

*We see Xander rummaging in Buffy's weapon chest.*

**Giles** She's right. *Gets up, holding a book* You should just stay outside.

**Willow** We'll bind the spirits long enough for you to get Riley and Buffy out.

**Xander** How much time will you buy us?

**Tara** Could be tricky, we're calling upon the communal spirit of a certain time and place. *Willow lighting candles. Xander takes out weapons, hands one to Anya, holds a machete.*

**Xander** Let's go.

*Anya looks at the sword he gave her, and follows him.*

*Cut to Xander outside the Lowell House. He sighs.*

**Xander** What do you feel?

**Anya** *pressed against the window* Sad, afraid of being without you, and a little hungry.

**Xander** I meant about the house.

**Anya** Oh. Still haunted.

*Cut to the dorm room.*

**Tara** Give me your hands. Form a circle.

*She and Willow and Giles hold hands, eyes closed.*

**Tara** Children of the past, spirits of Lowell, be guided by our light. Come forth and be known to us.

**Giles** Ho-how will we know when it works? *A noise. They all open their eyes and see a bunch of ghostly children standing around them.*

**Tara** We'll know.

*They look around nervously.*

*Cut to exterior of house. The door swings open. Xander and Anya look in nervously. Xander steps forward, looks in.*

**Xander** House is clean.

**Anya** Let's go. You first.

*Xander takes a breath, walks in. Anya follows. They look up. The entire staircase is covered in the leafy, spiny vines.*

**Xander** We need to work fast. Never know how long before the munchkins get homesick.

**Anya** Or the human battery conks out.

*They start walking up the stairs, through the vines.*

**Xander** Watch your fingers.

*He starts hacking at the vines with his machete.*

**Tara** We implore you ... be still. *Ghost children watching silently*

**Giles** Find it in your hearts to leave our friends passage.

**Willow** Transform your pain. Release your past. And ... uh ... get over it.

*Giles looks at her, nervous. Willow shrugs.*

*Cut back to Lowell House. Xander is ahead of Anya, hacking at vines.*

**Xander** You okay?

*Anya looks angry, hacking at a vine.*

*Xander makes it to Riley's door, tries to reach for the knob. A sudden wind comes up.*

*Cut to dorm room. The wind blows Willow's hair around. The children look up. Their hair is blowing too. The wind howls loudly. Screeching noises.*

**Tara** yelling Find here the serenity you seek, the peace you -

*The red-covered table flies out from under their hands and crashes against the door. The wind stops. They look around.*

**Giles** What's happened?

**Tara** We lost them.

**Willow** Xander.

*Cut to Lowell House. The howling and wind continue. Xander is suddenly thrown back from the door, landing on his back.*

**Anya** Xander!

*The vines grab Xander, throw him into the bathroom and shut the door.*

**Anya** Xander! *Runs to the door and grabs the knob. She is thrown back, through the balcony railing and down to the floor below. Lands half on the floor, half on a sofa.*

*Cut to Xander in the bathtub, being held underwater by unseen hands, struggling. Through the water he can see the children standing over him, watching. He can't breathe.*

*Cut to Anya getting painfully to her feet, looking determined. Starts up the stairs. Howling and screeching noises continue.*

**Anya** Shut up, repressed crybabies!

*A huge thorn suddenly sprouts from the vine her hand is resting on. The thorn goes right through the middle of her hand. She screams.*

**Anya** Ow!!

*Pulls the thorn out, looking even madder. Continues up the stairs.*

*Cut to Xander still struggling. Through the water he sees Anya reaching for him. She pulls him out of the water and helps him up.*

*They burst out of the bathroom into the hall. There are more vines everywhere.*

**Xander** Come on, we just gotta-

*A vine knocks him down.*

**Anya** Xander!

*Anya helps him up and they continue fighting their way through the vines.*

**Anya** We can make it through this.

*The push on cautiously. A bunch of vines wrap around Anya.*

**Anya** Xander, get it off!

*He unwraps her. They clutch each other, make their way to the door. Twist the knob and push the door open.*

*Shot of the bed seen from far away, as before, suddenly rushing closer and closer.*

*The howling noises stop.*

*Shot of Xander and Anya framed in the doorway.*

*Buffy and Riley in bed, naked. The light from the doorway illuminates them. They sit up, clutching the sheets against themselves.*

**Buffy** Xander! Don't you knock?

*Shot of Xander and Anya looking disheveled. They look at each other, turn and walk away.*

**Riley** voiceover I can't believe it really happened.

*Cut to cafeteria the next day.*

**Buffy** I just had no idea. It's so creepy! *Looks up at the others* He was really singing? *Willow nods.*

**Xander** I'd say it was more like crooning. *To Anya* If we grow old together, remind me to skip the midlife crisis. *Puts his hand on her knee.*

**Anya** smiling, softly Okay. *They look affectionately at each other.*

**Willow** Come on, you have to admit, it was kinda sexy.

**Xander** Please stop saying that. I'm willing to offer cash incentives.

**Riley** We're just lucky no one got injured. *Looking at Buffy* No thanks to us.

**Willow** Don't be too hard on yourself.

**Buffy** He's right, Will. If Riley and I hadn't ... gotten so wrapped up in each other, none of this would've happened.

**Anya** True. Feel shame.

*Riley looks like he is doing just that.*

**Xander** My girlfriend. Mistress of the learning plateau.

**Willow** Really, it wasn't your fault. You were under the influence of powerful magicks.

**Buffy** We were like zombies. I had no control over myself at all.

**Willow** Must have been horrible.

*Buffy looks sidelong at Riley.*

*Riley looks at her, looks down.*

**Buffy** Yeah. Horrible.

*They both nod firmly.*

**Riley** Uh-huh.

**Buffy** Mm-hmm.

**Riley** It was bad.

## New Moon Rising

Transcript by **joan the english chick** <pisces@englishchick.com>

Written by **Marti Noxon**

Directed by **James A. Contner**

### Disclaimer

*I do not own these characters or situations. I merely transcribed what I saw and heard on the screen.*

### Prologue

**Giles** Previously on Buffy the Vampire Slayer...  
*Oz and Willow in bed.*

*Willow trying to kiss Oz but he pulls away.*

**Willow** Oz... don't you love me?

*Oz walking forward and kissing her.*

**Oz voiceover** The wolf is inside me... all the time.

*Oz walking away from the house, getting into his van.*

**Oz voiceover** Until I figure out what that means, I shouldn't be around you. Or anybody.

*The van driving away.*

*Shot of Adam's face.*

*Shot of Adam killing Prof. Walsh.*

**Buffy** The Initiative created this thing and they can't stop it, but we will.

*Spike trying to bite Willow but flinching back in pain.*

**Riley voiceover** The implant works. Hostile 17 can't hurt any living creature in any way.

**Spike in the Bronze** I get this chip out, you and me are gonna have a confrontation.

*Shot of Willow and Tara holding hands and moving the soda machine.*

*Shot of Willow and Tara holding hands and lifting a rose.*

**Willow** I just like having something that's ... mine.

**Tara** I am, you know. Yours.

Episode begins

*Willow and Tara walking across campus.*

**Tara** Do you like cats?

**Willow** I'm more of a dog person myself. But I'm not like, "death to all cats." Why?

**Tara** Cause I was thinking of getting one.

**Willow** Can you have one in the dorms?

**Tara** No, but this would be a sneaky cat.

**Willow** That would be cool. You mean it'd be sort of like a familiar?

**Tara** Actually, I-I was thinking it would be sort of like a pet. You know, we could ... we could name her Trixie, or Miss Kitty Fantastico, or something.

**Willow** And we could make kitty go bonkers with string and catnip and stuff?

**Tara** Absolutely.

**Willow** Fun! I'm in.

**Tara** So, you're not allergic or anything.

**Willow** Nope.

**Tara** Good, cause ... I want my room to be Willow-friendly.

**Willow** Me too.

*They hold hands and keep walking.*

**Tara** So I'm excited about the Scooby meeting ... I think. What's it about?

**Willow** I'm not sure. Probably just your garden-variety disaster.

**Buffy voiceover** Zippo.

*Cut to Giles' apartment*

**Buffy** Patrol's been totally uneventful. My kill count's way down.

*We see the gang. Buffy sitting on Giles' desk. Riley standing in living room. Anya (on Xander's lap), Xander, Willow, and Tara on stools against the kitchen counter. Giles in kitchen.*

**Willow to Tara** She means there's been less bad-guy activity.

**Giles** Well, we know what that often indicates.

**Xander** Buffy doesn't make her quota. *Shakes finger at Buffy* Bad slayer!

**Giles** Well, I wish it were that innocuous, but with Adam around, I feel he's involved somehow.

*Giles is holding a bag of snacks. He pours snacks into a bowl.*

**Willow to Tara** When things get slow, it's usually because there's some extra evil brewing.

*Tara nods*

**Riley** Except the weird thing is, we've been busy at the Initiative. Our squads are pulling a lot more captures. We got demons coming out our ears.

**Willow to Tara** That's a metaphor.

**Tara smiling** I got it, thanks.

**Willow** I'm overhelping, aren't I?

*Tara laughs*

**Giles coming out of kitchen with bowl** So the activity's shifted but not stopped. *Hands bowl to Willow, but she doesn't take it* That's fascinating. *Sits at desk and puts bowl down*

**Anya** To an extremely bored person, maybe.

*Giles looks annoyed*

**Anya** Well, that was a thrilling hour.

*Everyone starts to get up.*

**Giles** *rising* You know, I really don't appreciate your snide remarks, Anya. *Anya and Xander look at him in surprise*

**Giles** Now, I have a great deal of experience in these matters...

*We hear the door open. Buffy and Riley look toward it. Giles keeps talking*

**Giles** ...and if I say there is a matter of some import brewing, I-I- *Giles notices everyone looking behind him. He turns.*

*Shot of Tara looking confused.*

*Shot of Willow looking shocked.*

*Shot of Oz in the doorway, hands in jacket pockets.*

**Oz** Hey.

## Part One

**Willow** Oz.

*Oz looks around, uncomfortable.*

**Tara** *understanding* Oz.

*Willow looks at Tara, looks back at Oz.*

*Shot of Buffy looking at Willow, concerned.*

**Willow** When, when did you get back?

**Oz** Pretty much now.

*Xander looks at everyone, steps forward.*

**Xander** Oz, man. Hate to sound grandma, but... you don't call, you don't write.

**Oz** Yeah, sorry.

*They shake hands.*

**Buffy** So are you here here, or are you just passing through?

**Giles** Well, um, let's not, uh, bombard the poor chap with, uh, questions right off. Can I get you something, um, tea? *Takes off glasses, moves toward kitchen*

**Oz** I'll pass, thanks.

*Riley looks confused. Oz walks forward to Willow.*

**Oz** Look, I'm going to Devon's to see if he's got a place I can crash. But... I was hoping that we could talk. Later. Tonight.

**Willow** I guess so.

**Oz** I'll come by your place?

**Willow** Okay.

*Oz smiles.*

**Oz** It's great to see you guys again. Really.

*Oz leaves.*

*Willow still looks shocked.*

**Anya** Everyone's uncomfortable now.

*Buffy goes to Willow and touches her arm.*

**Buffy** You okay?

**Willow** I-

**Tara** I just, um - I realized, um, I'm-I'm late for study group.

**Willow** Tara, wait.

**Tara** No, no, it's okay. You-you should be with your friends, and, and I-I should go. *She leaves.*

**Willow** Wait...

*Everyone looks at Willow, who is upset.*

*Fade to graveyard.*

**Riley** So, um, I was missing something this afternoon, wasn't I?

*Riley and Buffy walk through graveyard. He wears his battle fatigues. Buffy wears a long leather coat and a white cap. Riley carries a bag.*

**Riley** I mean, breakups are tough, but when Oz walked in, it seemed like emotions were running extra high.

**Buffy** Oz and Willow had a rough breakup.

*Riley nods.*

**Demon** Grr.

**Riley** Hold that thought.

*Buffy ducks and Riley punches the demon over her head. Then he lifts Buffy by the waist and she kicks the demon. It spins away, punches. Buffy ducks. Riley punches. Buffy kicks. Riley grabs the demon and hurls it over a gravestone. It falls unconscious.*

**Riley** Man, that was record time.

**Buffy** *pouting* It's no fun when they're that easy.

**Riley** *grinning* Speak for yourself. *Takes out radio* Base, this is Agent Finn. We've an HST down. Please send a retrieval team to sector 72.

**Radio** *unintelligible* Finn. We'll get there as soon as we can.

*Riley puts radio away and picks up his bag. They walk on.*

**Buffy** So, I was just about to say something fascinating.

**Riley** Oz and Willow.

**Buffy** Right. They had a rough breakup. Some stuff came up, and Oz pretty much bailed overnight. It left Will really devastated.

**Riley** I remember.

**Buffy** The thing is before that, they were doing great. I mean, she was totally dealing with Oz being a werewolf, it wasn't even-

**Riley** Whoa, wait.

*They stop walking.*

**Riley** Oz is a werewolf, and Willow was dating him?!

**Buffy** Yes. Hence the high emotions.

**Riley** You're kidding me. Gotta say I'm surprised. I didn't think Willow was that kind of girl.

**Buffy** What kind of girl?

**Riley** Into dangerous guys. She seems smarter than that.



**Buffy** Oz is not dangerous. Something happened to him that wasn't his fault. God, I never knew you were such a bigot. *Starts to walk away*

**Riley** *stopping her* Whoa, hey, how did we get to bigot? I'm just saying it's a little weird to date someone who tries to eat you once a month.

**Buffy** Yeah, well love isn't logical, Riley. It's not like you can be Mister Joe Sensible about it all the time.

*Riley rolls his eyes.*

**Buffy** God knows I haven't been.

**Riley** I'm not talking about you.

**Buffy** How about we don't talk about this at all? Okay? Let's just patrol. *She walks off looking angry. Riley is confused. He follows her.*

*Willow opens her dorm room door. Oz is leaning against the doorframe.*

**Oz** Hey.

**Willow** *nervous* Hey.

*Oz smiles.*

**Willow** So... you wanna come inside?

**Oz** Actually, I want you to come outside. I wanna show you something.

*They walk across campus. It's dark. They're both wearing jackets. Willow stops walking.*

**Willow** Oz... *He stops walking too* This is all so weird.

*Oz sighs, fidgets with something on his hand*

**Willow** I-I-I feel like... this isn't really happening. Like it's a dream or, or something.

**Oz** It's real. Look up.

**Willow** What?

**Oz** *smiling* Look at the sky.

*Willow looks up. The moon is full.*

**Oz** I guess you stopped keeping track of 'em after I left.

**Willow** Full moon. *Looks at Oz, back up at moon*

**Oz** Full moon.

**Willow** Full moon, but-but how? I mean *smiling* you did it! How, how did you do it? Where did you go?

**Oz** It's a long story.

**Willow** *looks up again, then down, smiling* Oh my god, Oz! *She hugs him. He holds her and closes his eyes. Willow pulls back. Not smiling any more.*

**Willow** This is... I mean, it's wonderful for you.

**Oz** I talked to Xander, and he said you didn't have a new guy.

**Willow** No. No new... guy.

*Oz smiles and takes her hand.*

**Oz** I know what I put you through, and I'm not gonna push. But I am... a different person than when I left. And I can be what you need now. *Willow looks sad.*

**Oz** That's what I want. That's why I'm here.

(Cut to Graham and two other commandos walking through the woods. The other two are carrying big guns. One of them nudges Graham.)

**Commando 1** Sir.

*Graham takes out his handgun. They all look and see rustling in the bushes. A noise from behind makes them turn, and then something comes out of the bushes. It looks like a werewolf. They try to grab it. It shoves Graham and another soldier. Graham goes flying backward into a tree and falls to the ground. The other soldier flies back onto the ground, gets up but is pushed over again. The creature is on top of him and he screams. The third commando is attacked by another creature and flies into another tree. Graham lifts his head and sees the first creature with its mouth covered in blood. Graham's head drops back onto the ground.*

## Part Two

*Buffy and Willow's dorm room. Willow sitting on her bed with something in her lap. Oz reclines on the end of the bed.*

**Willow** I love this.

**Oz** A woman in Tibet traded it to me for the Radiohead record. Got a lot of mileage out of the barter system.

**Willow** So Tibet was your favorite?

**Oz** Well, it's where I stayed the longest. This warlock in Romania sent me to the monks there to learn some meditation techniques. Very intense. All about keeping your inner cool.

**Willow** Good, 'cause you were such a spaz before. *Smiles.* So that's it? You keep your cool, and no more wolfie?

**Oz** No, there's more. I take some herbs and stuff. Some chanting. A couple of charms. *He shows some beads on a string wrapped around his hand.*

**Willow** It's incredible. You've been all around the world. You've had this ... complete mind/body transformation. I've just been here. *Chuckles* Same old Sunnydale.

**Oz** Doesn't mean you haven't gone through a lot.

**Willow** It's true. Some of it, you know, was me telling myself I hated you and cursing your name. Not literally.

**Oz** Well, thanks for that.

**Willow** And, I don't know, I - I think I'm getting better at my spells and stuff.

*They look at each other. Willow fidgets, looks at the window.*

**Willow** It's so light out.

**Oz** Yeah, we talked all night.

**Willow** Well, I believe a manly sized breakfast is in order, don't you?

**Oz** Or we could just... *puts his hand on hers* sleep a little while.

*He gives her a meaningful look. Willow looks nervous*

**Oz** Whatever you want.

**Willow** I'll have the less confusing waffles right now.

*Oz smiles.*

**Oz** Breakfast it is.

*They both get up.*

**Willow** Lemme just, ah, freshen up.

*She takes her toothbrush and toothpaste and leaves. Oz watches her go, smiling.*

*Knock on door. Oz gets up and answers it. It's Tara. She's surprised to see Oz.*

**Tara** Oh, sorry, I-I-I'll come back.

**Oz** Are you looking for Willow? She's just in the bathroom down the hall.

**Tara** No, no. No, it's, it's okay. *Backing away*

**Oz** I saw you at Giles' yesterday.

**Tara** Yeah. Sometimes Willow takes me with her to the s-scoobies.

**Oz** You sure you don't wanna come in?

*Tara shakes her head and leaves. Oz shuts the door, looking confused. Willow comes back in and sees his expression.*

**Willow** What?

**Oz** Your friend came by. The blonde girl? But she wouldn't stay.

*He turns away to get his coat.*

**Oz** So what do you think? Where you wanna go?

*Willow looks upset again. Doesn't look like she heard the question.*

*Cut to Riley's bedroom. Riley and Buffy asleep. The alarm goes off and they wake up. Riley stops it. Buffy yawns.*

*Riley turns to Buffy and rubs her stomach.*

**Riley** Morning.

**Buffy** Morning.

*She sits up and pulls away, getting out of bed. She's wearing one of his shirts.*

*Riley watches her walk away. He gets out of bed and pulls on pants. Stretches, starts doing pushups.*

*Buffy comes back wearing pants. Puts some clothes on the bed and watches him.*

**Buffy** Those like, regulation? Do you have to do those every morning?

**Riley** No, just a good way to start the day.

*Buffy has a bag. She's putting clothes into it.*

**Buffy** Great, then you can have your perfectly balanced breakfast, and then you can call your mother.

*Riley stops pushups. He did exactly ten.*

**Riley** Okay, I'm up less than a minute, and somehow I've managed to piss you off.

**Buffy** I should go home.

**Riley** No, come on. Is it that whole thing about Willow last night? *He sits on the bed.* Look, I only said what I said because I'm concerned. I don't wanna see her get hurt.

**Buffy** You sounded like Mr. Initiative. Demons bad, people good.

**Riley** Something wrong with that theorem?

*Buffy looks exasperated. She walks a few steps away.*

**Buffy** There's different degrees of-

**Riley** Evil?

**Buffy** It's just... different with different demons. There are creatures - vampires, for example - that aren't evil at all.

**Riley** Name one.

*The door opens. It's Forrest. He looks solemn.*

**Forrest** Rye, we need you downstairs. Beta team got hit.

**Riley stands up** Bad?

**Forrest** We lost Willis.

*Riley winces.*

**Riley** Graham?

**Forrest** He's walking.

*Shot of Buffy looking concerned.*

**Forrest** We're going on a hunt.

*Riley turns to get a shirt.*

**Buffy to Forrest** What kind of demon was it?

**Riley angry** Does it matter?

*Walks past her holding his shirt. He and Forrest leave.*

*Focus on Buffy as we hear the door close.*

*Cut to Buffy and Willow's dorm room. Willow sitting on her bed again, holding a stuffed animal. Buffy comes in with her bag.*

**Buffy** Hey.

**Willow** Hey. You okay?

**Buffy rubbing her neck** Yeah, I just - I don't wanna talk about it. I wanna hear about you and Oz. You saw him, right?

**Willow** I was with him all night.

*Buffy raises her eyebrows.*

**Buffy** All night? *Grins* Oh my god. *Sits on Willow's bed.* Wait. Last night was a wolf moon, right?

**Willow** Yup.

**Buffy** Either you're about to tell me something incredibly kinky, or-

**Willow** No kink. *Smiling* He didn't change, Buffy. He said he was gonna find a cure, and he did. In Tibet.

**Buffy smiling** Oh my god. I can't believe it. *Pause* Okay, I'm all with the woo-hoo here, and you're not.

**Willow** No, there's "woo" and, and "hoo." But there's "uh-oh," and... "why now?" And... it's complicated.

**Buffy** Why complicated?

**Willow sighs, steels herself** It's complicated... because of Tara.

**Buffy frowns** You mean Tara has a crush on Oz? No. *The clue-by-four hits Buffy.*

**Buffy** Oh!

*Willow gives a nervous smile.*

*Buffy stands up.*

**Buffy** Oh. Um... well... that's great. You know, I mean, I think Tara's a, a really great girl, Will.

**Willow** She is. And... there's something between us. It-it wasn't something I was looking for. It's just powerful. And it's totally different from what Oz and I have.

**Buffy** Well, there you go, I mean, you know, you have to - you have to follow your heart, Will. And that's what's important, Will.

**Willow** Why do you keep saying my name like that?

**Buffy with false cheer** Like what, Will?

**Willow sits up** Are you freaked?

**Buffy** What? No, Will, d- *stops herself, sighs* No. *Sits on bed* No, absolutely no to that question.

*Willow looks skeptical.*

**Buffy** I'm glad you told me. What did you say to Oz?

**Willow** I was gonna tell him ... but then we started hanging out, and ... I could just feel everything coming back.

*Buffy looks sympathetic.*

**Willow** He's Oz, you know?

**Buffy** Yeah. I know.

**Willow** I don't wanna hurt anyone, Buffy.

**Buffy** No matter what, somebody's gonna get hurt. And the important thing is, you just have to be honest, or it's gonna be a lot worse.

*Willow nods.*

*Cut to the tombs. Spike lying on top of a coffin, covered with a blanket. Footsteps slowly approaching. A greenish hand reaches for Spike's throat but he grabs it.*

**Spike not opening his eyes** From the sound of those massive mud flaps, I'd peg you as a demon. Which means you're in for a world of... *Opens his eyes and sees Adam Pain.*

*Spike gets to his feet.*

**Adam** Spike, I want you to come with me.

**Spike** Do you? *Shrugs* Well, let's go then. *Turns as if to leave, then spins around and punches Adam in the stomach. No effect. Spike shakes his hand in pain.*

**Spike** Ow.

**Adam** Come. *Steps forward; Spike steps back* You're going to help me with my problem.

**Spike** Why is that exactly?

**Adam** I'm going to help you with yours.

*Spike looks interested.*

*Tara opens her dorm room door. Willow is standing there.*

**Willow** Hi.

**Tara** Hi.

*Tara stands back so Willow can come in, then Tara closes the door.*

**Willow** I can only stay for a minute. I have class.

**Tara** Me too, I-I-I have class too.

**Willow** I just want you to know that what you saw this morning, it wasn't-

**Tara** No, it's okay. I-I always knew that if he came back-

**Willow** We were just talking. Nothing happened.

**Tara hopeful smile** Oh. *Pause* Really?

*Willow nods.*

**Willow** But, you know, it was intense. Just talking. We have a lot to talk about. *Frowns* I kinda feel like my head's gonna explode.

**Tara struggles for a moment** Whatever, you know, happens ... I'll still be here. I'll still be your friend.

**Willow** Of course we'll be friends! That's not even a question.

**Tara upset** But I'm saying, I know what Oz means to you.

**Willow** How can you, when I'm not even sure? I mean, I know what he meant to me. But he left, and... everything changed. I changed, and... then we-

**Tara** What?

**Willow teary** I don't know. I just - life was starting to get so good again, and - *sighs, moves closer to Tara* You're a big part of that. *Crying* And here comes the thing I wanted most of all, and... I don't know what to do, I ... I wanna know, but I don't.

*Tara looks sympathetic. She brushes the tears off Willow's cheek.*

**Tara** Do what makes you ... h-h-happy.

*Willow hugs her. Tara strokes Willow's hair.*

*Inside one of the college buildings. Oz is looking at a wall covered with flyers and posters. He wrinkles his nose and calls "Willow!" just as Tara walks by. She stops and looks at him. Oz looks confused. He walks toward Tara.*

**Oz** Hey. I thought I sm...ah, heard Willow.

*Tara looks nervous, clutching books to her chest.*

**Tara** Hey. *notices Oz holding books* You're um, you're coming back to school here, huh?

**Oz** Pretty much. Feeling ... oddly motivated. *He still sniffs the air and looks around, confused*

**Tara** That's um, that's great. I mean, that's, that's great for you and Willow, right?

**Oz** I hope so.

**Tara nervous** Good, that's, because-

**Oz** Is that her sweater?

**Tara looks down** I just, I just hope that you guys'll be very ... happy.

**Oz moves closer** You smell like her. *Tara still doesn't look*

*at him* She's all over you, do you know that? *Getting angry*

**Tara** I can't. I-I can't talk about this. *Tries to walk away. Oz grabs her arm.*

**Oz** But there's something to talk about? *Angrier Tara just gasps and stares at him.*

**Oz** Are you two involved?!

**Tara** I have, I, I, I have to go.

**Oz** Cause she never said anything to me like that. We

talked all night and she never- *Tara starts to walk away* No, stop! *Grabs her again. Tara looks scared.*

**Oz yelling** Is she in love with you? Tell me, is she?! *Shakes her by the shoulders. Then he lets her go. He's panting. They look down at his hand and it grows fur and claws. Tara looks really scared.*

*Oz looks up. His face is half-wolfed and his eyes are black.*

**Oz** Run.

### Part Three

*Tara runs through the hallways, not carrying books any more. The werewolf chases her. She runs into a classroom, up the tiers of chairs, tries to get out the back door but it's locked. The werewolf chases her up the stairs, then back down. She tries to get away but he corners her. Tara screams and throws a chair at him. He collapses and doesn't move. Tara stands there panting. We see a tranquilizer dart sticking out of the werewolf.*

*(Riley and Forrest and a bunch of other Initiative guys come in. Riley is putting away the tranquilizer gun.)*

**Forrest** Are you okay?

**Tara** What's going on?

**Forrest** We'll take it from here.

*Riley and the others are putting Oz in a bag.*

**Commando 2** This thing looks like it may be one of the demons that took out Graham's guys the other night.

**Riley** We'll take it back. We'll make an ID. If it is, we'll put him down.

**Tara** You don't understand, that's - *stuttering*

**Forrest** Listen, we know what we're doing. You're in shock.

**Tara** But-

**Forrest** We'll handle it. *Walks away.*

**Tara** No.

*Cut to Adam's underground lair.*

**Spike** Well, that sounds like a lot of fun.

**Adam** You see my problem, though. Total annihilation of the humans doesn't help me. I'll be needing heavy casualties on both sides.

**Spike** I get that. I'm still not sure how the Slayer fits in.

**Adam** The humans need a leader... a champion. The Slayer can do that.

**Spike skeptical** Yeah... the thing about the Slayer is... she is a whiny little thing, but when it comes to the fighting, she does have a slight tendency to win.

**Adam** Then I guess you should be on her side.

*Spike smiles tolerantly.*

**Spike** This all goes down, the chip comes out, yeah? No tricks.

**Adam** Scout's honor.

**Spike** You were a Boy Scout?

**Adam** Parts of me.

*Cut to Willow in the school library, pretending to read. Tara rushes in. Willow sees her and gets up.*

**Willow** What's up? You okay?

**Tara** Oz. We were talking and, he changed. Right in front of me.

**Willow** What? It's daylight.

**Tara** I know, but it happened.

**Willow** Oh my god, are you all right?

**Tara** I'm fine. Riley and the commando guys, they stopped him. But they don't know it's Oz. I tried to tell them, but ... they took him away.

**Willow** When? Just now?

*Tara nods.*

**Tara** I think they might hurt him.

**Willow** I, I have to go, I have to find Buffy.

**Tara** I know.

*Willow runs off. Tara looks upset.*

*Cut to Giles' place. Xander and Anya on the sofa. Giles behind it. Willow pacing. Buffy in the background, on the phone.*

**Willow** Tara said they took him right before she found me.

**Anya** So that's good, right? I mean, they probably haven't had time to eviscerate him yet.

*Willow sits on sofa.*

**Xander** An, you can help by making this a quiet time.

**Giles** Once again we're faced with a fairly daunting prospect of having to infiltrate the Initiative.

**Xander** It'd be great if we knew someone dating a man on the inside. Someone with connections.

*Buffy hangs up phone and comes around to the sofa.*

**Xander** Oh, wait! *Gestures at Buffy*

**Buffy** He's still not answering his pages. I left him another message.

**Willow** So what do we do?

**Buffy** Well, we need to move fast. So we make a plan without Riley... *Shot of Giles looking concerned and hope he calls.*

*Underground at the Initiative. Oz-wolf is in a cage, growling and trying to get out. Riley, Forrest, soldiers with guns, and scientists in white coats are watching. Another scientist approaches.*

**Forrest** What's the word, Doc? Is this the animal that took apart our men?

**Doc 1** We don't know yet, soldier.

**Riley** What's the holdup? I thought Graham gave you a full description.

**Doc 1** The holdup is that he described characteristics present in over 40 known varieties of demon. So we're cross-checking DNA evidence - hair, fibers-

**Riley impatient** And how long is that gonna take?

**Doc 1 annoyed** I have no idea.

**Riley** I don't need a bunch of tests to know that this thing's a killer.

*Takes out his gun and points it at Oz. Suddenly Oz stops growling and morphs back into his human self. Riley lowers his gun and steps back. Everyone looks surprised. Oz looks up at them panting and closing his eyes.*

*Fade to white screen.*

*Fade to Oz's perspective, lying on a table with two docs over him and many more in the background. Doc1 is on the left, shining a flashlight in his eyes. Riley is behind him.*

*Shot of Oz on the table, naked and looking groggy.*

*Riley pushes forward.*

**Riley** Hey, he's coming to. Oz!

**Doc 1** He won't be able to talk for a while. We gave him Haldol to keep him quiet. *Shining flashlight on Oz's teeth.*

**Riley** Why? He's not a threat now.

**Doc 1** I allowed you to stay as long as you let us do our work, Agent Finn. Only Colonel Macnamara can place a cease order on medical testing, and he's told us to proceed.

**DOC 2** I always suspected that stuff about werewolf transformations being based on a lunar cycle was campfire talk. *Injects Oz with something. Oz groans. Riley sees the second doctor pulling out another instrument (stun gun?).*

**Riley** Oh, hey, that's enough. Come on, the guy's a student, I know him.

**Doc 1 points to the other soldiers** Take him out.

**Commando 3** Yes sir.

*Riley looks angry, but lets the other soldiers escort him away.*

*Doc 2 puts the tip of the instrument on Oz's chest and zaps him with electricity. Oz screams and turns into the werewolf.*

**Doc 2** See that? Transformation related to negative stimulation.

*The docs exchange a look.*

*Back at Giles'*

**Buffy** Something's wrong. Riley usually returns my phone calls by now.

**Xander** We can't wait much longer.

**Buffy** I know. *Looks at Willow* Okay. Xander, you and I are gonna go in. We've done it before.

**Willow** I'm going with you.

**Buffy** No. Look, it's too dangerous, Will. Besides, I need you to help Giles hack into the city's electrical grid. We've gotta try to power down the Initiative.

**Willow** Giles can do it without me. I can give him all the instructions, I can show him exactly what to do.

**Giles** Of course.

**Willow** I-I can't just sit here.

*Buffy looks at Xander.*

**Buffy** Okay. Okay, you can back us up. *Sighs* Now, the only way I know into the Initiative is through the elevator in the Lowell House. But my clearance is long gone.

**Xander** So we grab a guy, make him take us.

**Spike** Or you could just use the back way.

*Everyone turns to see Spike standing by the closed door.*

**Spike** Hell of a lot less bother.

**Giles** How did you get in?

**Spike** Door was unlocked. You might wanna watch that, Rupert. Someone dangerous could get in.

**Buffy** Or someone formerly dangerous and currently annoying.

**Spike extremely amused and pleased with himself** Now, now. None of that. Or I won't help you get Red's mongrel back. *Everyone looks surprised.* Bad news travels fast with us demons. We all like a good laugh. *Chuckles*

**Giles** Short of cash, Spike?

**Spike** I happen to be seeking monetary gratification, yeah. But I also get a kick out of jackin' up those army ginks myself. I know how to find the big guy who can take you to Oz.

**Buffy** Uh-huh. So what's the going rate on a wild goose chase, Spike?

**Spike** Fine, if you're not interested. But I was stuck in that hole, remember? And I've heard things from other guys who've gotten out. I can get you in. No alarms, no cameras ... no waiting.

*Everyone looks at Buffy.*

*Oz huddled in a corner of a cell in the Initiative, naked and shivering. The door opens. Oz looks up, squinting like the light hurts his eyes. There's a big bruise on his shoulder. He frowns as Riley comes in.*

**Riley** Oz. Put these on, man. *Gives Oz some clothes.*

*Oz frowns but starts to get up.*

*Riley helping Oz walk through the darkened Initiative staging area. Oz is clothed but weak. He leans on Ri-*

*ley. Suddenly the lights come on and they're surrounded by soldiers with guns. Forrest and Graham step forward. Graham's holding his handgun.*

**Forrest** End of the line.

*Riley looks alarmed.*

## Part One

*The Initiative brig. A guard lets Colonel Macnamara in. He enters and goes over to Riley's cell. Riley stands up from sitting on the bed and stands at attention. The colonel unlocks the door and walks into the cell.*

**Colonel** At ease.

**Riley** Permission to speak, Colonel.

**Colonel** Denied.

*Riley looks surprised.*

**Colonel** Being new around here, Finn, I had a look at your record and Professor Walsh's notes. Until recently, you were an exemplary soldier headed straight for the top. Then you meet this girl, this ... slayer, and suddenly you begin to exhibit signs of disloyalty. You abuse your command. But tonight... *shakes his head, squints* To release a lethal HST back into the population - *Riley shakes his head.*

**Riley** Sir, the prisoner-

**Colonel** You will speak when I tell you to!

*Riley goes back to attention.*

**Colonel** Tomorrow I am going to institute a court-martial to investigate the extent of your involvement with the Slayer and her band of freaks. *pause* They're anarchists, Finn ... too backwards for the real world. You help us take them down, and you just might save your military career. Otherwise, you'll go to your grave labeled a traitor. *Riley looks shocked. The Colonel turns and leaves.*

**Colonel** No woman is worth that.

*The cell doors close.*

*Cut to Buffy, Willow, Xander and Spike walking through the woods, armed. Buffy and Willow wear white lab coats. Spike and Xander wear green army fatigues.*

**Buffy** I've mentioned how much I'm gonna kill you if this is a scam, right?

**Spike** Look, would I wear this if I wasn't on the up-and-up?

**Willow** You do sorta look like an evil olive.

**Xander** Guys... check it out.

*They all see the hidden doorway. They look at each other. Spike walks toward it.*

*Shot of Adam in his lair working on a computer. The metal part of his face is hinged back and wires are running into his skull from the computer.*

*Spike pulls the doors open.*

**Spike** For a nasty town like Sunnydale, nobody seems to mind their locks.

*The other three look at each other.*

**Buffy** You first.

*Spike rolls his eyes and enters.*

*Shot of Adam. Something beeps and he looks at another computer screen. It's showing diagrams of underground tunnels.*

*Cut to Anya working on a computer while Giles looks on.*

**Giles** Try typing in.... *looks at paper maps of the area X-H-4-J-7 for the emergency shutdown command. That covers the entire electrical grid for the university and outlying area.*

*Anya types it in.*

*Shot of Adam at his computer. The words EMERGENCY POWERDOWN IN PROGRESS flash on his screen in red.*

*Shot of Buffy, Spike and the others in the hallways of the Initiative. Suddenly the lights go out. Blue emergency lights come on.*

*Shot of the UC Sunnydale campus, going black section by section.*

*Shot of Anya and Giles as the power in Giles' apartment goes out (but the computer stays on). Anya smiles proudly.*

**Anya** Slap my hand now! *Chuckles and holds up hand*

**Giles** Beg your pardon?

**Anya** In celebration.

**Giles** Oh... *slaps her hand* Yes.

**Anya** Ow!

*Buffy kicks in a door and they burst into the room. It's the Colonel's bedroom. He's in bed. Buffy and Xander march over to his bed and point guns at him. He tries to reach for something on the bedside table.*

**Buffy** Hey! *Points her crossbow in his face. He pulls his arm back*

**Buffy** You know who I am?

**Colonel** *looks from her to Xander, to Spike and Willow in the doorway* Yeah.

**Buffy** Then you know I'm pretty good with this thing. Take us to him.

**Colonel** Finn stays in the brig. Helping an HST escape is a court-martial offense. *Buffy looks surprised* You're only gonna make matters worse.

**Buffy** Riley tried to help Oz escape?

**Colonel** *looks from one to the other* That's who you came for. The wolf.

**Xander** Guess we're two for one.

**Buffy** Get dressed.

*Buffy walks down the hallway alone, past the guy standing guard outside the brig. As she passes him, she drops something.*

**Guard** Hey, you dropped-

*As he bends to pick it up, Buffy knees him in the face. He falls back. Buffy bends over him, takes his key-card, and uses it to open the door. She enters the brig where Riley is sitting on his bed. He gets up.*

**Riley** How'd you get in? *Buffy opens his cell door*

**Buffy** Talk later. Stealthy escape now.

*She turns to go. Riley stops her.*

**Riley** Buffy... *She turns back to him* I leave now, I can't ever come back.

*Buffy just looks at him.*

**Riley** I just wanted to hear that out loud.

*They leave.*

*Cut to the gang walking down the halls with Buffy holding her crossbow to the Colonel's head.*

**Voice** Hold it!

*The hallway in front of them suddenly fills up with soldiers holding guns. We see Oz in his cell nearby, watching. Buffy sees him too. More soldiers appear at the other end of the hall. Buffy and the gang are trapped.*

**Buffy** Stay back... or I'll pull a William Burroughs on your leader here.

*Everyone looks confused.*

**Xander** You'll bore him to death with free prose?

*Buffy looks annoyed.*

**Buffy** Was I the only one awake in English that day? *Slowly, like you'd talk to an idiot* I'll kill him. *To the Colonel* Get him out.

*The Colonel nods to one of the soldiers, who drops his gun and lets Oz out. Willow starts forward.*

**Willow** Oz....

**Oz** Will, get back.

*He looks down at his hand, which is hairy and clawed again. Willow steps back looking shocked.*

*Oz concentrates and his hand goes back to normal. Riley steps forward and grabs him.*

**Buffy** Let's go.

*Still holding the Colonel, they go back down the hall. The soldiers follow. They get into the elevator.*

*Everyone stands silently looking at each other until the elevator stops. Everyone gets out except Riley, Buffy, and the Colonel. Riley opens the elevator control panel and rips out the wires, creating lots of sparks. He and the Colonel glare at each other. Buffy gets out of the elevator, still covering the Colonel with her crossbow. Riley follows.*

**Colonel** You're a dead man, Finn.

*Riley turns back.*

**Riley** No, sir. I'm an anarchist.

*He punches the Colonel in the face and walks away.*

*At the old Sunnydale High ruins. Buffy and Riley are setting up a campsite. They have coolers and a camp lantern. Riley spreads a sleeping bag on the ground. Buffy is pouring from a thermos.*

**Buffy** I hope everybody else is okay. It was better to split up, right? I mean, we're just too findable in a big clump.

**Riley** It was better. Besides, I think it's mostly me the Initiative wants now. *He sits on the sleeping bag and sighs.*

**Buffy** Probably. So what should we do?

**Riley** *puts his head in his hands* We'll be safe for tonight at least. The campus is still blacked out, so that oughta slow the Initiative down. I'll - *gestures vaguely* figure out my next move tomorrow.

*Buffy sighs.*

**Buffy** Quite a day, huh?

*Riley nods.*

**Buffy** You woke up to a big bowl of Wheaties. Now you're a fugitive. *Comes over to sit next to him*

**Riley** I don't know. I'm sorry it ended that way. But I am glad it's done. I'm glad I know where I stand, finally.

*Buffy looks pensive.*

**Riley** I was wrong about Oz. I **was** being a bigot.

*Buffy shakes her head.*

**Buffy** No you weren't. You were thrown. You found out that Willow was in... kind of an unconventional relationship, and it gave you a momentary wiggins. It happens.

**Riley** Still... I was in a totally black and white space, people versus monsters, and it ain't like that... especially when it comes to love.

*Buffy looks up. She comes to a decision.*

**Buffy** I have to tell you some stuff... about my past. And it's not all stuff that you're gonna like.

*Riley looks a little nervous. He can tell this is important.*

**Riley** You can tell me anything.

**Buffy** I think so. *Smiles* I think I can.

*Cut to Oz and Willow sitting in Oz's van.*

**Willow** This thing looks pretty good, considering you drove it overseas. *Oz doesn't look at her.*

**Oz** Well, it broke down outside of Mexico, and I traded my bass to have it fixed and garaged.

*Pause.*

**Oz** I shouldn't have come back now.... I just thought I'd changed.

**Willow** You have changed. *Smiles* You stopped the wolf from coming out. I saw it.

**Oz** But I couldn't look at you. *He still can't.* I mean, it turns out... the one thing that brings it out in me is you... which falls under the heading of ironic in my book.

**Willow** It was my fault. I upset you.

*He finally looks at her.*

**Oz** Well, so we're safe then, *sarcastic* cause you'll never do that again. *Willow tries to look amused.*

**Oz** But... you're happy?

**Willow** *smiles* I am. I can't explain it-

**Oz** It may be safer for both of us if you don't.

*Willow looks sad.*

**Willow** I missed you, Oz. I wrote you so many letters... but I didn't have any place to send them, you know?

*Pause.*

**Willow** I couldn't live like that.

**Oz** It was stupid to think that you'd just be... waiting.

**Willow** I was waiting. I feel like some part of me will always be waiting for you. Like if I'm old and blue-haired, and I turn the corner in Istanbul and there you are, I won't be surprised. Because... you're with me, you know?

**Oz** I know. *Pause* But now is not that time, I guess.

**Willow** *shakes her head* No.

*They look at each other.*

**Willow** What are you gonna do?

**Oz** I think I better take off.

**Willow** When?

**Oz** Pretty much now.

*Willow nods. She's teary again. Oz leans over and they hug.*

*(Shot of the campus still in darkness.)*

*Cut to Tara in her darkened dorm room, looking out the window. There's a knock on the door. She gets up to answer it. It's Willow, holding a candle.*

**Willow** No candles? Well, I brought one. It's extra flamey.

*Tara doesn't say anything. Willow steps forward and gives her the candle, closes the door behind herself.*

**Willow** Tara, I have to tell you...

**Tara** No, I-I understand. You have to be with the person you l-love.

**Willow** *smiles* I am.

*Tara looks amazed.*

**Tara** You mean...

**Willow** I mean. *pause* Okay?

**Tara** Oh, yes.

**Willow** I feel horrible about everything I put you through. A-and I'm gonna make it up to you. Starting right now.

**Tara** *starts to smile* Right now?

*Willow smiles and nods. Tara blows out the candle.*



## The Yoko Factor

Transcribed by **Joseph B**

Written by **Doug Petrie**

Directed by **David Grossman**

Executive Producer **Joss Whedon**

### Disclaimer

*This is a transcript intended for anyone who cannot watch BTVS for whatever reason, to enjoy, as well as those who think transcripts are just cool, and as reference material for fanfic writers. Buffy and all copyrighted characters are the product of Joss Whedon and I have nothing but respect for him and those whose hard work is put into bringing us a great show. I did this of my own free time and will never make a dime from it. Now let me add. If you are looking at this transcript, save it, copy it, send it to your friends. Unlike other transcribers, who I have nothing but respect for, if you see any mistakes that might be in this transcript, feel free to correct them, or if you just want to personalize it to suit yourself, by all means. Hell I do it.*

### Prologue

*Fade in. Close up of a wide-screen monitor. A white-haired man in a suit is sitting behind a desk. The office he's in is dark and the reflection of Colonel McNamara is seen on the glass of the monitor.*

**Mr. Ward** And the men?

**McNamara** These are exceptional boys. Their capture ratio just keeps increasing. \*They're\* keeping it together. Morale's a problem. The death of Professor Walsh. The escape of the prototype. Controlling the HSTs is getting harder. We have serious overcrowding in the containment areas.

*As he spoke, the camera has slowly panned away from the monitor to the Colonel. We can see he is standing in some kind of communications center in the Initiative. There is a large world map on one wall. He is the only one there.*

**Mr. Ward** Quite a mess.

**McNamara** It's not my mess, sir. I'm just holding the fort while you figure out what you want to do with the place.

**Mr. Ward** This incident with Finn was unfortunate.

**McNamara** Fell in with a bad crowd. Quite frankly, I don't think he was ever the soldier that you all hoped he was. Boy thinks too much.

**Mr. Ward** Nevertheless, we want him back. The government's invested a sub-

**McNamara** We'll catch up to him. My feeling is . . . he won't stray too far from the girl.

**Mr. Ward** Yes, uh . . . *puts on reading glasses to look at something on his desk* Buffy Summers. *removes glasses* Our data banks don't have much on her.

**McNamara** She's just a girl.

*Cut to-*

**Spike** *sighs* She's a lot more than that.

*He is in a chamber underground, in the sewers. Light reflecting off water is shimmering on the wall behind him as he walks across the room.*

**Spike** The Slayer's dangerous is all I'm saying.

*Camera tracks Spike until we see Adam standing in front of a computer set-up. This is his hideout. Adam is sliding a disk into the drive slot in the metal plate covering his left pectoral.*

**ADAM** Yes. She makes things interesting.

*Spike walks up to him.*

**Spike** No. See? You're not getting it, Mr. Bits. You're gonna be interestingly dead. *paces again* Little Miss Tiny's got a habit of bollixing up the plans of every would-be, unstoppable bad-ass who sets foot in this town.

*He stops to face Adam.*

**Spike** Just want you to know, when the big ugly goes down, the Slayer's gonna be right in the thick of it. You ready for that?

**ADAM** I'm counting on it.

*Wolf's howl. Buffy theme and opening credits roll.*

### Part One

*Fade in. Close up of a zippo in Spike's hand. He flips the lid open with his thumb and strikes the flame. He brings the lighter up to the cigarette in his mouth.*

**ADAM** Two Slayers.

**Spike** *closing the lighter* That's right.

*Cut to wider shot. Adam is now pacing the chamber.*

*Spike is sitting back in an old beat-up couch, stuffing sticking out in large patches.*

**ADAM** And you killed them both?

**Spike** *grinning* Yeah. I killed the hell out of them.

**ADAM** Yet you fear this one?

**Spike** *offended* Hey, watch it, mate. I don't fear any-

thing. Just know my enemies.

**ADAM** Do you? Then why haven't you killed this Slayer yet?

**Spike** Because . . . *trails off* Stinking, rotten luck is why. On top of that, now I got this bugging chip up my head.

**ADAM** Yes. Your behavior modification circuitry. I know what you feel.

**Spike** *scoffs softly* Not likely.

*Adam stands in front of him.*

**ADAM** You feel smothered. Trapped like an animal. Pure in its ferocity, unable to actualize the urges within. Clinging to one truth. Like a flame struggling to burn within an enclosed glass. That a beast this powerful cannot be contained. Inevitably it will break free and savage the land again. I will make you whole again. Make you savage.

*Moved, Spike has to blink back tears.*

**Spike** *awed* Wow. *composes himself* I mean, \*yeah\*. I get why the demons all fall in line with you. *sits up* You're like Tony Robbins. If he was a big scary . . . Frankenstein looking– *reconsiders* You're exactly like Tony Robbins.

**ADAM** I will restore you to what you once were. When I have the Slayer . . . how and where I want her.

**Spike** *sighs* Easier said. She's crafty. Her and her little friends.

**ADAM** Friends?

**Spike** There's your –what do you call it– variable. The Slayer's got pals. You want her evening the odds in a fight you don't want the Slayerettes mucking about.

**ADAM** Take them away from her.

*Spike perks up at that idea.*

**Spike** Now there's a plan. She's working solo, she won't have a chance to come after us when the wild rumpus begins. *chuckles* Plus, it will make her miserable. And I never get tired of that.

*He sits back again. He smiles at that prospect.*

**Spike** *to himself* Yeah. Leave 'em to me.

**ADAM** You can't hurt them. What can you do to make sure they're out of the picture?

**Spike** Not a blessed thing. They're gonna do it for me.

*He brings his cigarette to his lips and as he takes a drag we–*

*Cut to Stevenson Hall, room 214. The room is dark. The door opens and Buffy enters switching on the light. She is still wearing the clothes we saw her in when she was in L.A. to see Angel ("Sanctuary"). As she closes the door she sees Willow's bed which looks as if it hasn't been slept in for quite sometime. She tiredly rubs a hand over her face and crosses the room to lay on her own bed. She doesn't close her eyes and there is a forlorn look on her face.*

*Cut to exterior shot of the ruins of Sunnydale High School. Cut to interior of one of the burnt out hallways. Amidst the debris, we see the small camp Riley had set up in the last episode. A lantern is the only source of light aside from streams of moonlight shining through holes in the ceiling. It looks like he's been there for a while.*

*Xander is there with a backpack on his shoulder.*

**Riley** Do you know if she's back yet?

**Xander** L.A. Woman? Haven't heard from her. She'll probably come here first thing, though. Hey, who's your buddy?

*Xander swings the backpack from his shoulder and tosses it to Riley.*

**Xander** So you don't have to be G.I. Joe while your civvies are getting washed.

*Riley pulls out a pair of really baggy pants with a blue and white confetti pattern.*

**Xander** Try those on. You'll feel like a new man.

**Riley** Would this man have a bright red nose and big, floppy feet?

*Perturbed, Xander purses his lips and raises his eyebrows.*

**Riley** Hey, I'm sorry. That's the cabin fever talking.

*Xander looks the place over.*

**Xander** But as post-apocalypse-splendor goes . . .

**Riley** I've done wonders with the place.

**Xander** Yeah.

**Riley** Still . . . The sooner Buffy gets back, the better I'll feel.

*Riley sits down on his sleeping bag, his back against the blackened wall.*

**Xander** You and me both, big guy.

**Riley** I take it you're not an Angel fan either?

**Xander** Well, it's not like I hate the guy. Just, you know . . . the guts part of him.

**Riley** Can't blame you. But to be fair, it's not him you hate. It's the curse.

*Xander doesn't respond.*

**Riley** Right?

**Xander** What did Buffy tell you?

*He sits down on the cooler.*

**Riley** On Angel? Everything. More than I wanted to know sometimes. She loved him. He turned evil. He, uh, killed people. She cured him. He left. Interesting little curse.

**Xander** One moment's happiness.

**Riley** What do you mean?

**Xander** You know, it's his trigger. Angel's an okay guy if he's mopey and sad and brooding, but if you give him even one second of pure, real pleasure . . .

**Riley** And that sets him off.

**Xander** Only in the big ol "kill your friends" kind of way. And you know what makes Angel happiest? I'll give you a hint. It not creme brulee.

*Riley doesn't say anything for a couple of seconds.*

**Riley** Buffy.

*Xander nods, opening his palms in a "there you go" gesture. Riley dwells on this for a moment and it dawns on him.*

**Riley** Sex scoffs softly with Buffy.

*Xander's jaw drops as he realizes . . .*

**Xander** She . . . kind of left that part out, huh?

**Riley** Yeah, she did. That explains a lot of things that . . . I wish weren't explained.

**Xander** Hey, man. That's all ancient history.

**Riley** scoffs She went running to L.A. to bone up on her history.

**Xander** No! I'm sure it's boneless. She just needs to make sure everything's okay. She's probably back already.

**Riley** Maybe.

**Xander** You'll feel a lot better when you see her.

*But Riley doesn't look so sure.*

**Riley** I guess we'll see.

*Cut to exterior of Giles' apartment building.*

**Giles** singing If I leave here tomorrow/

*Cut to Giles' apartment. He is sitting on the side of his sofa, playing "Freebird" on his guitar.*

**Giles** singing Would you still remember me?/

*Camera pans slowly around him.*

**Giles** singing Well I must be traveling on now/ There's too many places I've got to see/

**Giles** singing And if I stay here with you girl/ Things just couldn't be the same/

**Giles** singing 'Cause I'm as free as bird now-high-pitched gasp

*He jumps up from the couch as he's startled to see Spike standing in his home. The vampire starts heading for the kitchen.*

**Spike** You know, for someone who's got "Watcher" on his resume, you might want to cast an eye to the front door every now and again.

*Giles has removed his glasses and looks peeved. He rounds the sofa and stands at the entrance of the hallway as Spike opens the refrigerator.*

**Giles** What do you want?

**Spike** Ah. *he takes out a transfusion blood bag* Knew I left one. *closes fridge* Buffy around?

**Giles** Why?

*Giles moves in front of the bar as Spike pops the plastic bag into the microwave and turns it on.*

**Spike** I need to speak to the lady of the house. Hey, be a pet and give her a message for me, would you? Tell her

I just might have something she just might want.

**Giles** And what might that "something" be?

*Spike regards him with little importance.*

**Spike** Information. Highly classified. Not cheap word-on-the-street prattle either. I'm talking about the good stuff now.

*Unimpressed, Giles sits on one of the stools and puts his glasses back on. He crosses his arms.*

**Giles** Thrill me.

**Spike** sighs It's nothing I know. What, you think I'd come running over saying "I've got a secret, beat me till I talk?" There's files in the Initiative. I'm pretty sure I know where.

*Giles' interest is perked. The microwave beeps.*

**Giles** Files?

**Spike** taking out the bag Yeah. Secrets.

*He bites open a corner of the bag, grabs a coffee mug, and starts to pour the blood.*

**Spike** Mission statements. Design schematics. All of Maggie Walsh's dirty laundry, which I guess would include lots of tidbits about—

**Giles** removing glasses Adam.

**Spike** Well, yeah. Say someone were to risk his life and limb—well, limb anyway—to obtain said files. It might be worth a little something.

*Spike lifts the mug to his mouth and drains it.*

**Giles** A-at . . . this point a cynical person might think that you're offering just what we need when we need it most.

**Spike** That person'd be right, Rupert. Supply and demand. And it won't be cheap this time.

**Giles** What do you want?

*Spike seems to think about it as he sets the mug down next to the sink.*

**Spike** Hmm, year supply of blood, guaranteed protection, merry bushels of cash, and, most important . . . a guarantee that I'm not to be in anyway slain.

**Giles** puts on glasses Done.

**Spike** With a smile and a nod from you? Sorry. Not close to good enough. This deal's with the Slayer.

**Giles** I'll tell her.

**Spike** Oh, you'll tell her! Great comfort that. What makes you think she'll listen to you?

**Giles** Because . . . *trails off, unsure*

**Spike** Very convincing.

**Giles** I'm her Watcher.

**Spike** I think you're neglecting the past-tense there, Rupert. Besides, she barely listened to you when you were in charge. I've seen the way she treats you.

*Giles grows uncomfortable at those words. He grabs a bottle off the bar and starts to pour himself a drink.*

**Giles** Oh, yes? And how's that?

**Spike** Very much like a retired librarian.

*Giles doesn't say anything and continues to pour.*

**Spike** Look, I've got what she wants as long as she has what I want.

*He walks out of the kitchen and heads for the door. As he passes Giles—*

**Spike** Spread the word. She knows where to find me.

**Giles** *softly, without authority* I'll think about it.

*We hear the front door close and Giles brings the glass to his lips.*

*Cut to Tara's dorm room. Willow is sitting on the bed playing with a small black and white kitten in her lap.*

*Tara is sitting on the large chest at the foot of the bed. She is looking though the course selection booklet.*

**Willow** Oh. I keep thinking "Okay, that's the cutest thing ever," and then she does something cuter and completely resets the whole scale.

**Tara** Did you see her yawn earlier?

**Willow** Yes! I thought I was going to die.

*She picks up the kitten to look into its eyes.*

**Willow** *babying voice* Oh, I love you, Miss Kitty Fantastico!

**Tara** We got to get her a real name.

**Willow** It's so cool that she's ours. *pause* Uh, yours. That she's yours is-is cool.

**Tara** She can be ours if you want?

*Willow just smiles at that.*

**Tara** You still need an elective. *glances down at booklet* How about . . . Sophomore Level Psychology?

**Willow** Oh. Kinda psyched out since Professor Walsh. Maybe something fun like drama. I could be dramatic.

*Willow picks the kitten up again in front of her face.*

**Willow** *dramatic voice* You cannot have more catnip! You have a catnip problem!

**Tara** *laughing* Definitely drama.

*The kitty starts pawing at Willow's hair and face. She lowers it to her lap again.*

**Willow** I haven't even dealt with the housing situation yet. Have you done anything? I hear there some off-campus places that are way cool for groups to, you know, go in on.

**Tara** Oh, I just figured you'd be dorming it up with Buffy again.

**Willow** Well, we haven't really talked about it. I used to assume we'd be roomies through grad school well into little old lady hood. You know, cheating at bingo together and forgetting to take our pills.

**Tara** But?

**Willow** But . . . I don't know. It hardly feels like we're roomies now. I mean, she's busy with Riley and I'm gone a lot too.

*Willow considers this and doesn't look happy about it.*

**Willow** I guess I should ask her.

*Cut to exterior of Stevenson Hall the next day. Cut to close up of the "Chocolate" poster on Buffy's door. There is a knock on the other side. Buffy opens it to reveal . . .*

**Buffy** Riley.

**Riley** I got a little tired of sitting around waiting, so . . .

*Buffy is looking at the pants he has on and grins slightly.*

**Buffy** You joined the circus?

**Riley** Xander took my clothes to clean 'em and left me these. *stepping inside* Does he, uh, hate me in some way I don't know about yet? I think I would've attracted less attention in my uniform.

**Buffy** *uncertain* Is it okay for you to be here?

**Riley** You tell me.

**Buffy** I just meant with the government branch hunting you down and all.

**Riley** I'm good.

*He reaches into his back pocket and pulls out a small cell phone which looks as if it's been jury-rigged.*

**Riley** And, uh, it took me a while, but I patched into their frequency. *clicks it on and we hear a garbled voice* Can't sneak up on a guy if he's listening in.

**Buffy** You're the sneakiest.

**Riley** Why they hired me.

*Feeling awkward, Buffy walks over to her desk to stack a text book on top of another book, giving herself something to do.*

**Riley** You okay?

*She faces him, leaning on the desk.*

**Buffy** Yeah. I just— Angel kind of upset me.

**Riley** How?

**Buffy** It's not that interesting.

**Riley** Got my attention.

**Buffy** He just spun my head a little.

**Riley** You don't want to talk about it.

**Buffy** It's just deconstructing Angel can wait. Right now, I just want to get out there and patrol and-and find Adam. We can talk about it . . . later.

*Riley seems a little hurt by this but tries to cover it.*

**Riley** It's the pants, isn't it? It's okay. I couldn't take me seriously in these things either.

**Buffy** Riley, it's not that big a deal.

**Riley** Tell you what, why don't I get out of your face? You had a long trip.

**Buffy** Look, you don't have to go.

**Riley** It's okay. *forcing a grin* Besides . . . heh. (indicating pants) I have to recharge them every two hours or they go dead on me.

**Buffy** *quietly* Okay.

*Cut to the hall. Close up on Riley as he closes the door. He is less than happy as he walks away.*

*Cut to Spike's crypt. Xander and Anya are walking down the steps of the entrance towards Spike. He's carrying a bundle of clothing and Anya is drinking a soda through a straw.*

**Xander** Here. You should've just saved the ensemble from the last time we snuck into the Initiative. *hands the clothes to Spike* I'm not a clothing delivery service.

**Anya** Well, he is, kinda. He did Riley yesterday.

*Xander gives her a look and she busies herself with sucking on the straw and sits down. Spike is looking through the clothes and finds a small pistol.*

**Spike** Hello. This is just . . . swell.

*Dropping the rest of the clothes on a stone bench, he aims the gun at the wall.*

**Spike** Gotta say . . . liking this quite a lot.

*He starts swinging the barrel around towards Xander who watches unconcerned.*

**Spike** Kinda changes the balances of pow–OWW!!

*He clutches a hand to his forehead as pain hits him. Frustrated, he stalks across the crypt.*

**Spike** Akk! Oh, come on! You got to be kidding?

**Anya** *playing with her straw* Wow. That chip in your head means you can't even point a gun. How humiliating.

**Xander** Doesn't work anyway. It's a fake.

*Spike turns around to glare at him.*

**Anya** Can't even point a decorative gun?

**Xander** Give it up for a American chipmanship.

**Spike** It doesn't work? What about self-defense? I'm taking a risk here, you know?

**Xander** Can I tell you how much I really . . . don't care?

**Spike** *warningly* Attitude. See how far that'll take you in boot camp. *Xander gives him a questioning look* Say, I hope you get one of those toughs-as-nails drill sergeants who's only hard on the men because he's trying to keep them alive when the bullets start flying. I love that stuff.

*Anya is now standing giving Xander a perplexed look.*

*Spike sits down on the bench.*

**Xander** Boot camp? Yeah. Like I'd go there.

**Spike** What, you changed your mind? Not gonna join?

*Anya hits Xander hard on the chest.*

**Anya** *angry* You're joining the Army!?

**Xander** *to Anya* Okay, one– Ow. *to Spike* Two– Where'd you get that idea? *to Anya* Three– OW! I'm not joining the army!

**Anya** Oh, good. Stopped that nonsense just in time.

**Xander** I was never–

*He turns to Spike who's examining the fake gun.*

**Xander** Who'd you hear this from?

**Spike** Oh, your girlie-mates were talking. Something about, uh, being all you can be. Or all **you** can be. And

having laugh. Figured you were signing up. Say, have you got anything larger in the . . . toy gun line?

*He holds out the gun to him but Xander isn't paying him any attention.*

**Xander** "All I can–" *paces to the other side of the crypt* Can you believe this!? Like I'm some sort of useless lunk. It happens I'm good at a lot of things. I help out with all kinds of . . . stuff. I have skills . . . and . . . stratagems. I'm very . . . *looks to Anya* Help me out.

**Anya** *nonchalant* He's Viking in the sack.

**Spike** *not caring* Terrific. *indicates the clothes in his hands* You didn't have these cleaned after the last time, did you?

*Xander continues as if not hearing him.*

**Xander** This is so like them, lately. It's all about them and the college life. Well, you know what college is? It's high school only without the actual going to class. Well . . . high school was kinda like that too. But the point is, I'm out there working hard to make a living. It's nothing but a huge joke to them. Xander got fired from Starbucks. Xander got fired from that phone-sex line.

**Anya** They look down on you.

**Xander** And they hate you.

**Anya** But they don't look down on me.

**Spike** Hey, it was just a laugh. There's no need to go insane over it.

*Xander glares menacingly at him.*

**Xander** Is anybody talking to you?

**Spike** *mock gasp* Sir, no sir.

*Cut to the woods. Buffy is patrolling, walking on a dirt path leading up to a cave entrance. She is carrying the blaster Professor Walsh had given her ("The I In Team"). She's heading towards the cave when Forrest Gates jumps out into the path behind her and she whirls around to face him. They are pointing their blasters at each other.*

**Forrest** Don't shoot.

**Buffy** Give me a reason not to?

**Forrest** You're killing humans now?

**Buffy** Not yet. *lowers blaster* Beating you senseless should do just fine.

**Forrest** I can have a patrol here in under a minute. So here's the plan: you go you're way, I'll go mine.

*Buffy turns and continues to the cave. Forrest starts to follow but stops when she looks back at him.*

**Buffy** I'm checking out that cave.

**Forrest** My orders exactly.

**Buffy** Alone?

**Forrest** We're spread a little thin, so yeah. Family's tearing apart.

**Buffy** *sarcastic* Family. What kind of family are you? Corleones.

*She turns and enters the cave. Cut to interior. Buffy steps inside followed by Forrest.*

**Forrest** We weren't until you showed up.

**Buffy** What? No girls in the club?

**Forrest** You think you're the first girlfriend Riley's ever had? *she stops to glare at his back as he continues ahead* Such a big head on that skinny little body. *he stops to face her* No. You're just the first one to get him to commit treason. Riley had a career. And a future till he met you. And, yeah, I got a problem with that.

**Buffy** A future? A future doing what? *steps closer to him* Illegal experiments. Torture. Murder. I guess killing someone isn't really a problem for you.

**Forrest** Less and less. And why don't you get the hell out of here before I—

*He takes a threatening step to her.*

**Buffy** *angry* Touch me and you'll find out what Slayer strength is like.

**Forrest** *gamely* I think it's about time you showed me then.

**ADAM** OS Yes.

*They look back the way they came and see Adam suddenly standing there.*

**ADAM** I think that would be interesting.

*Off Buffy and Forrest's "Oh, shit" expressions, fade out.*

## Part Two

*Fade in. Buffy steps forward ready to fire her blaster but Adam swings his arm and knocks it out of her hands. She quickly strikes with a front kick that does little damage and blocks Adam's arm when he swings it at her again. Forrest rushes in to attack but Buffy is between him and Adam and shoves him back hard.*

**Buffy** Get out of here!

*As Forrest falls to the ground, Buffy hits Adam in the face with a hard backhand. Adam hardly feels it and grabs her by the neck throwing her across the cave. She slams into the rock wall and drops to the ground. Adam turns his attention to Forrest and his Polgara skewer juts out of his left arm.*

*Forrest is getting back to his feet.*

**Forrest** Not moving.

*He raises his blaster and fires it at Adam. Reacting to the blast, Adam arches back, his arms wide as if accepting the charge. The rings of electricity course over his body then seem to be absorbed within him. He looks at Forrest.*

**ADAM** Thank you.

*Buffy saw this and is rising to her knees.*

**Buffy** Go! Get out!

*But Forrest charges Adam and the demonoid cyborg meets him with the skewer, shoving it through his chest.*

**Buffy** NO!

*Forrest quickly goes limp and Buffy runs towards them. With his free arm, Adam tosses Forrest's body in the air and it slides off his skewer and crashes into Buffy, knocking her down. Adam immediately picks up Forrest's blaster.*

**Buffy** Oh, God.

*Buffy rolls Forrest's body off of herself and is rising to her feet when Adam fires the blaster. The charge hits her full force and sends her flying back where she collides with a large boulder. She drops to her knees and, as soon as she's on her feet, bolts for the entrance. Adam tracks her*

*with the gun and fires another blast. It just barely misses her, blowing apart a huge chunk of the cave wall.*

*Cut to outside. We see Buffy stumbling out of the cave on legs that don't seem to work right, but she continues to pick up speed as she runs down the hill. She takes a quick glance over her shoulder. It doesn't look like Adam is after her but she doesn't stop, desperate to escape.*

*She suddenly loses her footing on the edge of a steeper slope and tumbles down the incline. She doesn't roll very far before she's stopped by a large rock sticking out of the ground, hitting her head hard.*

*Cut to overhead shot, looking down on her. Buffy is lying unconscious beside the rock. Her head turned to the side, we can see a gash on the left side of her forehead and a bruise already forming next to her eye.*

*Cut to elevated shot of Sunnydale. Nighttime. Cut to Spike walking casually down the steps to the courtyard of Giles' apartment building. He is wearing the commando garb Xander provided him with. He stops before reaching Giles' front door, taking one last pull on his cigarette then grounds it out under his boot. He stands there for a moment, then takes a couple of deep breaths, prepping himself, and rushes into the apartment.*

**Spike** *closing the door* I think I lost the buggers.

*Willow stands up from where she was sitting at Giles' desk.*

**Willow** Any luck with the disks?

*He pulls out a few disks from the pockets of his flak jacket and commando pants.*

**Spike** *handing them to her* Took what they had. Should be something useful on one of them.

**Willow** Hope so.

*Willow sits down again in front of her laptop. Tara is standing beside her.*

**Tara** What are we looking for?

**Willow** *sliding one of the disks into her laptop* Anything about Adam.

*Giles is sitting at the bar, pouring himself a drink. He doesn't sound completely sober.*

**Giles** *unconcerned* Were there any problems getting in and out?

**Spike** No. I mean, a couple of them made me on the way out, but I took care of 'em.

**Giles** *sarcastic* Gave them a good running-away-from-them, did you?

*Spike shoots him a look.*

**Spike** Well, yeah. When do I get paid?

**Giles** When Willow tells me you've brought us something useful.

*Spike turns his attention to Willow. Tara is looking at what she's doing with interest and he notices the subtle, but intimate way, she's stroking a lock of Willow's hair. He raises a thoughtful eyebrow, taking note of this. Then he steps up behind Giles.*

**Spike** I could've gone straight to the Slayer, you know? I cut you in, let you pretend you're actually in charge, now you've got to wait for Red's permission to finish the deal?

*Giles is seething into his drink.*

**Giles** As soon as we see what's on the disks.

*The laptop starts making electronic jittery noises.*

**Tara** It looks like gibberish.

*Giles and Spike look over at them.*

**Spike** Gibberish?

**Willow** They're encrypted.

**Giles** Oh, wonderful.

*Giles steps away from the bar and disappears down the hall. On the laptop there are small symbols crisscrossing the screen.*

**Spike** Can you fix 'em?

**Willow** Crack a government encryption code on my laptop? Easy as really difficult pie. Why?

**Spike** *sighs* You're not exactly the whiz these days either. God, I'm never gonna get paid.

*Effected by the offhanded remark, Willow shifts uncomfortably in her chair.*

**Willow** I am a whiz.

**Tara** She is a whiz.

**Willow** If every a whiz there was. I-I just need some time.

**Spike** No. I just heard you weren't . . . *Willow hits a key and the jittering stops* Your mates said you weren't playing with computers so much. *indicates Tara* Into the new thing.

**Willow** *frowning* What new thing?

**Spike** *nonchalant* You know, you two. The whole wicca thing.

**Willow** They-they were talking about that?

**Spike** Can we get back to business here? I've got a deal at stake.

*But Willow is very concerned now.*

**Willow** What did they say?

**Spike** *impatient sigh* Talking about, you know, it's a phase. You'll get over it.

**Willow** What? Who said that? Was it Buffy? *to Tara* 'Cause . . . you know what she means by that.

**Spike** No, she was defending you. 'Cause Xander said you were just being trendy.

**Willow** Trendy?

**Spike** I don't know what they were going on about. A person wants to be a witch, that's their business.

*Willow shakes her head, thoughtfully.*

**Willow** *softly* I knew Buffy was freaked.

**Tara** You should talk to her, 'cause I'm sure she—

**Spike** Pressing business, ladies. *pointing to the screen* Don't want to get sidetracked. *taps it with his finger* Still got your monsters to fight.

*Cut to the Initiative. The containment area. Close up of a butt-ugly demon who steps too close to the sliding glass wall of its cell and is zapped by a charge of electricity. The place is filled with demons, every cell occupied, some with more than one. It is also noisy with their growling. Colonel McNamara has just walked in with a lieutenant and they make their way down the long row of white cells.*

**Lieutenant** Cell capacity maxed out three days ago, sir. We keep up this pace they'll be nowhere left to contain the hostiles.

**McNamara** *coldly* They're animals, lieutenant. We pack them in until we're out of room and then we pack them in some more.

**Lieutenant** *worried* They're going to start tearing each other apart, sir.

**McNamara** I have no problem with that scenario.

*As they reach the other side of the containment area, we see two demons in the last cell fighting, their claws at each other's throat.*

*Cut to the communications room, which is filled with techs and alive with activity and radio chatter. McNamara and the lieutenant enter and their attention is immediately drawn to one of the officers who's receiving an urgent message for help from one of the squads out in the field.*

**Commando** *on radio* Back-up team! Request immediate back-up! Over! They're tearing us apart over here! Two men down! From out of nowhere! Mayday! Repeat! Mayday!

*Cut to Riley at the ruins of Sunnydale High School, sitting on his sleeping bag. He puts down the soup can he was eating out of and lifts up his jury-rigged cell phone*

*he was listening to.*

**Commando** *on phone* –Team Epsilon requesting immediate back-up! We're in the alley behind the school building! Where the hell is– Fall back! Fall back! It's coming–

*The transmission is cut off. Riley gets up and grabs his commando gear.*

*Cut to a shot of Riley running down an empty street. Cut*

*to an alley and we see a commando go flying across the alley and hit the wall. Riley comes running around the corner just in time to see him fall to the pavement unconscious. He hears fighting further down the alley and raises his flashlight, shining it on the back of a figure in a long black coat. As soon as the light hits him, the person whirls around and glares at Riley.*

*Off Angel's pissed off expression, fade out.*

### Part Three

*Fade in. Angel and Riley are facing each other. Angel is standing amidst the bodies of three more unconscious commandos. Riley lowers the flashlight.*

**Angel** Riley Finn.

*Riley slips the flashlight into his cargo pocket.*

**Riley** I know you?

**Angel** We have a friend in common.

*Recognition fills Riley's expression.*

**Riley** Angel.

*Angel takes a step forward glancing down at the commandos on the ground.*

**Angel** Welcoming committee your idea?

**Riley** Way I heard it. You were all peaceable now. You didn't by any chance go and lose that pesky soul again, did you?

**Angel** *dangerously* Don't push me, boy.

*If Riley had tail feathers they would have been ruffled. If he had whiskers they would have bristled.*

**Riley** *calm rage* Now what possibly could've happened with Buffy that would make you lose your soul?

*Angel is walking a slow path that would take him around Riley.*

**Angel** *coolly* That'd be between me and her.

*Riley steps in Angel's path and hits the release on the asp in his hand extending it to a baton.*

**Riley** Where do you think you're going?

**Angel** Going to see an old girlfriend.

*They are now standing right in front of each other.*

**Riley** Oh, you really think I'm gonna let that happen?

**Angel** You think you're gonna stop me?

**Riley** I surely do.

*Angel throws a right cross at Riley's face but he deflects it with his free hand and whips the baton into Angel's face. Riley quickly spins into a backhand swing and Angel catches his arm, forcing him down on one knee, and slams a knee into Riley's face. Angel doesn't let him go and lifts him back to his feet to swing him around and throw him through the air. Riley flies back into a large heap of trash bags and cardboard boxes next to the loading dock of a building. He scrambles out of the trash onto the loading dock and picks up his baton where it had landed. Angel leaps high through the air landing on the*

*dock before Riley can get to his feet. Riley uses the baton to block Angel's kick but the weapon is knocked out of his hand and the vampire punches him across the face. Still on his knees, Riley retaliates with a fist to Angel's groin and, as the vampire bends down around his pain, gets to his feet picking up an empty liquor bottle and smashes it over his head. He grabs Angel by the coat and rams a knee into his back sending him against the building. Angel swings a backhand but Riley blocks it and slams the same knee into his stomach. Angel recovers and grabs Riley's flak jacket slamming him back against a heavy door. He hits Angel in the face with a left cross, but Angel just slams him against the door again, getting his hands around his throat. As Riley is forced down, under Angel's strength, he pulls out a taser from his jacket and shoves into Angel's chest. The shock flings him back and he falls into the trash heap. Riley's on his feet and goes after him. Angel raises his head and growls at him, in full vamp face. Riley plants a hard kick into his chest and Angel tumbles out onto the pavement. Standing over him, Riley tries to hit him with the taser once more, but Angel catches his wrist, forcing him to drop it, and drives a fist into his stomach. He lifts Riley over his head and growls as he runs with him across the alley to send him crashing into a group of storage drums against the side of a warehouse. Riley tumbles to the ground but Angel picks him up again and sends him flying to the other side of the alley. He lands on a pile of large metal conduit tubes, which break his fall none too gently, and he flops to the pavement.*

*Angel hears the loud engine of an approaching vehicle and quickly climbs up the side of the warehouse, disappearing over the top. Riley is on his knees when he sees the humvee rounding the corner. He manages to get to his feet and hurries on unsteady legs down a narrow passage between two of the buildings before the headlights sweep the alley.*

*Cut to Buffy's dorm room. She walks inside, looking like hell, and removes her jacket as she steps up to the mirror on the wall. Ugly bruising has formed around the gash on her forehead and she winces as she touches it with her fingers.*



*Cut to outside her door. Someone steps in front of it and knocks. A moment later, Buffy opens the door and is surprised to see–*

**Buffy** Angel.

**Angel** Hi. Can I come in?

**Buffy** softly I guess.

*He hesitates.*

**Angel** Uh, I need a little more than that.

**Buffy** Oh. Um . . . come in.

*He walks inside past her and she closes the door. He turns to face her and she takes notice of the blood on his temple and his split bottom lip.*

**Buffy** stoic You're hurt.

**Angel** You too.

**Buffy** I'll live.

**Buffy** You want to tell me who ran your face into that doorknob?

**Angel** Not really. It's not world-in-peril stuff.

**Buffy** Let me guess. *a touch of venom* You thought of something else really hurtful to say and, well, you couldn't tell me on the phone because the funniest part is that look on my face–

**Angel** Buffy, please. I really don't have a lot of time.

*She hears the slight urgency in his voice.*

**Buffy** concerned What's going on?

*The door bursts open a Riley steps in, steadying himself against the shelf of Willow's desk. He raises his arm and aims the Baretta in his hand at Angel, thumbing back the hammer.*

**Riley** pissed I told you you weren't coming near her.

*Buffy takes in his battered appearance. She goes ballistic.*

**Buffy** pissed You've got to be kidding me. This is why you came?

**Angel** No. This was accident.

**Buffy** very pissed Running a car into a tree is an accident! Running your fist into somebody's face is a plan! Please, explain this to me!

*Angel doesn't answer her but looks at Riley.*

**Angel** calmly Put that gun down.

**Riley** It's pretty much all I got left, so I'm thinking not. He attacked four of my men, Buffy. I think he's up to his old tricks.

**Buffy** He won't hurt anybody. *to Angel* Tell him.

*Angel starts to move forward.*

**Angel** with contained violence Might hurt you.

*Riley steps forward.*

**Riley** Please try.

**Angel** Heh. Some threat. You can barely stand.

*Riley brandishes the gun in front of his face.*

**Riley** Trigger finger feels okay.

**Angel** sideglance to Buffy You actually sleep with this guy?

*While his head's turned, Riley punches him in the face. Angel quickly hits him back.*

**Buffy** Okay, stop it!

*Buffy steps in between them and shoves them apart. Riley slams back against Willow's desk and Angel goes flying onto Willow's bed.*

**Buffy** Okay, that's enough! I see one more display of testosterone poisoning and I will personally put you both in the hospital!

*She glances back and forth between them. Riley looks like he still wants to shoot Angel.*

**Buffy** challengingly Anybody think I'm exaggerating?

**Angel** He started–

*Buffy points a warning finger at him and he wisely shuts up. She gives him a "working my last nerve" look and walks over to Riley.*

**Buffy** softly Riley. *glances at his gun*

**Riley** I'm sorry. *he holsters it* Just wanted to know that you were safe.

**Buffy** gently I need to talk to Angel for a minute.

**Riley** exasperated What?

**Buffy** Riley, please.

*He looks over at Angel who's just sitting down on the bed, elbows resting on his knees. He looks down at Buffy again.*

**Riley** quietly firm I'm not leaving this room. *crosses his arms* I mean it.

*Riley continues to glare at Angel. Buffy looks over her shoulder and gives Angel a slight tilt of her head, then walks past Riley to the door. Angel stands up to follow her and doesn't even bother to hide the smirk on his face as he passes Riley. He closes the door and Riley is left alone.*

**Riley** Not moving a muscle.

*Out in the empty hall, Buffy turns on Angel.*

**Buffy** angry Okay. I come to see you, to help you, and you treat me like I'm just . . . your ex.

**Angel** Well, technically–

**Buffy** Shut up! And then you order me out of **your** city and then you come here and start pounding on my boyfriend?! I would really like to know what the HELL are you trying to do?!

**Angel** I was trying to make things better.

*She regards his sincere expression and can't keep herself from laughing. It becomes contagious because Angel can't help but to smile also.*

**Angel** Heh. Well. *chuckles* It's a . . . going pretty good, don't you think?

*Buffy is leaning against the wall.*

**Buffy** smiling Swell.

**Angel** You know– heh. *seriously* I couldn't leave it like that. The way I spoke to you– I came to apologize. I . . . I

had no right.

**Buffy** And Riley?

**Angel** I got jumped by some soldiers. He came in in the middle. And wasn't real forthcoming with the benefit of the doubt.

**Buffy** Put yourself in his place.

*Angel does consider this.*

**Angel** I get it.

*Buffy is looking down at the floor.*

**Buffy** Look . . . You weren't entirely wrong, what you said in L.A. *she meets his eyes* We don't live in each other's worlds anymore. I had no right to barge in on yours and make judgments.

**Angel** I'm still sorry.

**Buffy** Thank you.

**Angel** And, next time . . . I'll apologize by phone. *Buffy laughs softly* Uh, things are pretty tense around here.

*Buffy rests her head back tiredly.*

**Buffy** They really are.

**Angel** Can I do anything?

**Buffy** Honestly . . . I think the best thing you can do right now is—

**Angel** *understandingly* Okay.

**Buffy** It means a lot that you came.

*Angel just looks at her for a moment then starts walking down the hall. Buffy is heading to her door when Angel turns around again.*

**Angel** Oh, and . . . Riley.

**Buffy** Yeah?

**Angel** I don't like him.

*Buffy smiles.*

**Buffy** Thank you.

*Angel turns and continues down the hall. Buffy watches him for a couple of seconds then returns to her room. She opens the door and we see that Riley did in fact move several muscles for he is standing on the other side of the room. He has removed his flak jacket and turns to face her.*

*Cut to Adam's lair. He is sitting in front of his computer set-up. The metal plate on the left side of his head is open and there is a cable plugged into a socket, wiring him directly to the system. We hear a heavy door being opened and he looks over to see Spike walking into the chamber. The vampire is back in his usual attire and is finishing off a can of beer.*

**Spike** *happily* Now that . . . *crushes can and throws it down* was fun!

**ADAM** You were successful?

**Spike** "no problem" *scoffs* Easier than I'd thought it'd be, too.

**ADAM** You're sure?

**Spike** *scoffs* Feel it in my bones. It's, uh . . . called the Yoko Factor.

*Spike lights a cigarette and Adam just looks at him.*

**Spike** Don't tell me you've never heard of the Beatles?

*Adam disconnects the cable and closes his face plate.*

**ADAM** I have. *stands* I like "Helter Skelter."

*He crosses to the other side of the chamber.*

**Spike** What a surprise. The point is, they were once a real powerful group. It's not a stretch to say they ruled the world. And when they broke up everyone blamed Yoko, but the fact is the group split itself apart, she just happened to be there. And you know how it is with kids. They go off to college, they grow apart. Way of the world.

**ADAM** So you separated the Slayer from her friends. I'm pleased.

*Adam turns and gazes down at the ground, looking thoughtful.*

**Spike** Well . . . since we've got all our ducks in a row and not talking to each other . . . guess it's time for the grand plan, huh? You know the one where I get the chipecotomy. You got everything you need, right?

*Adam looks at him.*

**ADAM** No. There's one more thing.

*Spike regards him with a frown.*

## Part Four

*Fade in. From where we left Buffy and Riley. She's stepping up to him and they're standing between the beds.*

**Buffy** *softly* How bad are you hurt?

**Riley** Dunno yet. Night's still young.

**Buffy** *mournful* Riley, I have to tell you something.

**Riley** Figured.

**Buffy** Maybe you want to sit down.

**Riley** I'm fine.

**Buffy** Riley, I—

**Riley** *insistent* Wait. Me first.

*Buffy blinks in surprise.*

**Riley** Buffy . . . I feel like we've gotten really close. At

least I thought we had. I don't know much about Angel *Buffy lowers her eyes* or your relationship with him . . . but . . . all I ask is . . . if you're gonna break heart, do it fast.

*Buffy looks up at him, frowning.*

**Buffy** What? You think that Angel and I . . .

**Riley** Didn't you?

**Buffy** No. Of course not. How can you even ask me that?

**Riley** *sighs* I don't know. Xander said—

**Buffy** Xander?! Oh, he's the deadliest man in Deadonia.

**Riley** No. It's not his fault. I prodded and he explained how Angel went bad. The, uh, trigger.

**Buffy** *quietly* Oh.

**Riley** And, uh *chuckles* after that, I went a little nuts! You know? I mean . . . On the one hand . . . I should believe in us. But on the other . . . Sometimes things happen between exes and when I saw that he was bad. . .

**Buffy** He's . . . not bad.

*Riley just looks at her.*

**Riley** Seriously? That's . . . a good day? *Buffy rolls her eyes in confirmation* Well, there you go. Even when he's good he's all Mister . . . Billowy Coat King of Pain and girls really–

**Buffy** Riley, stop.

*She takes his hand and they sit down on her bed.*

**Riley** See? Nuts.

**Buffy** Have I ever given you any reason to feel that you can't trust me?

**Riley** No.

**Buffy** Then why with the crazy?

*He looks into her eyes.*

**Riley** *meaningfully* Because I'm so in love with you I can't think straight.

*Her eyes start to glisten.*

**Buffy** Tell me about it.

*He hugs her and she closes her eyes as she holds him tight.*

**Buffy** Riley. *pulls away* I still have to tell you something. And there's no easy way–

**Riley** Just say it.

**Buffy** *a beat* Forrest is dead.

*Riley takes this news and leans his elbows on his knees, resting his face in his hands.*

**Buffy** *gently* I'm so sorry. There was a fight. Adam killed him. I barely got away. I know that there's nothing I can say that's gonna make this better. But we will find this thing and destroy it.

**Riley** *somber* I have to go.

**Buffy** Are you sure?

*He doesn't look at her once as he raises his head and stands up.*

**Riley** I have to go now.

*He walks to the door, grabbing his flak jacket off Willow's chair and leaves.*

*Off Buffy's concerned expression, we–*

*Cut to Giles' apartment. Willow is still working on the laptop. The encryption code is still crisscrossing the screen.*

**Willow** *a tad frustrated* It's still encrypted.

*Buffy and Tara are standing to either side of her.*

**Tara** *to Buffy* Well, Willow's working really hard on it.

**Buffy** Okay, well, how long before you . . . un-crypt it?

**Willow** Hours. Days maybe. Anyone suggesting months would not be accused of crazy talk.

*Giles is in the kitchen pouring himself a drink and more inebriated than ever.*

**Giles** What ever happened to Latin? At least when that made no sense, the church approved.

**Buffy** *slightly impatient* I can't just wait around, Will. The disk is no good to me unless you crack it soon.

*Buffy doesn't see Willow's withering look behind her back as she walks towards the living room area. Anya is sitting on the arm of the couch, her feet on the cushion. Xander is sitting next to her not looking entirely happy.*

**Anya** Hey! We worked really hard getting that. Xander delivered clothing.

**Giles** Church approved.

*Giles happily closes the cork of the liquor bottle with his palm.*

**Buffy** Sorry, you guys, but we're on a clock here. Okay, Adam was at that cave so maybe he was there for a reason? I-I can–I can go back, scope it out, track him if I have to.

**Willow** *sarcastic* Right. *stands moving to the living room* And then maybe you'll get lucky and he'll still be there and he can rip your arms off for you? *sternly* Buffy, you can't go back alone.

**Giles** You never train with me anymore. He's gonna kick your ass.

**Buffy** *shocked* Giles.

*He steps out of the kitchen, drink in hand, and leans against the entrance of the hallway.*

**Giles** Sorry. Was it a bit honest? *drunken grin* Terribly sorry.

**Xander** *standing* So she doesn't go alone. *turns to him* Giles, weapons all around.

**Buffy** You're not going, Xander.

*He turns to face her, giving her a hard look.*

**Buffy** Y-you'd get hurt.

**Xander** *as if expecting this* Oh. Okay. You and Willow go do the superpower thing, I'll stay behind and putt around the Batcave with crusty old Alfred here. *with a thumb to Giles*

**Giles** Ah-ah, no. I am no Alfred, sir. No, you forget. Alfred had a job.

**Buffy** Willow is not going either. I'm doing it alone.

*Willow steps closer so now she's standing at one end of the coffee table across from Buffy. Xander is between them. Tara slips past Giles and disappears down the hallway.*

**Willow** *still sarcastic* Oh, great. And then when you have your new "no arms" we can all say "Gee, it's a good thing we weren't there getting in the way of that!"

*Anya gets up from the couch but they don't notice her following Tara.*

**Xander** Right! Maybe we can help in other ways? *to Buffy* Want some fighting pants, Buff? I can get ya some new fighting pants!

**Buffy** You guys, this isn't helping.

**Willow** Oh, wow! We're already getting in the way. We're pretty good at this, Xander, huh?

**Xander** Right. I'm so good at it you might have to ship me off to the Army to get me out of the way!

**Buffy** The Army?

**Xander** You didn't think I knew about that, did you? You two talking about me behind my back.

*Willow frowns at him.*

**Buffy** Us talking about **you**? How about you telling Riley every last detail of my life with Angel?

**Willow** And besides, when is there any "us two?" You two are the two who are the two. I'm the other one.

**Xander** Uh-huh. But maybe that all changes when I'm doing sit-ups over at Fort Dix?

*Giles almost chokes on his drink.*

**Giles** Fort Dix?

*He bursts out in a wheezing laugh. The three of them stare at him*

**Buffy** Are you drunk?

**Giles** *happily* Yes. Quite a bit, actually.

**Buffy** Well, stop it! *to Xander and Willow* This is stupid.

**Xander** Stupid? So you finally have the guts to say it to my face?

**Buffy** I didn't say you were stupid! So . . . stop being an idiot and let me fix this!

*Xander rolls his head in an exasperated way and sits down on the couch.*

**Buffy** Okay, I need you. I need both of you. All the time! Just . . . not now. Adam is very dangerous.

**Willow** Wait. How do you need me, really?

**Buffy** You're . . . good with the computer stuff. *Willow accepts that* Usually. *Willow glares at her* And-and there's the witch stuff.

**Willow** *accusingly* Witch stuff? What exactly do you mean by "witch stuff?"

**Buffy** You guys, what is happening? This is crazy!

**Giles** Oh, no, it's not. *moves to his desk* It's all finally making perfect sense and I'm not going to miss a moment of it.

*He sets his drink down and tries to sit. But his aim is off and his ass doesn't come close to hitting the chair and he drops to the floor.*

*Cut to Giles' very clean, white bathroom. Anya is sitting on the closed lid of the toilet and Tara is leaning against the side of the tub. They can still hear the muffled argument on the other side of the closed door.*

**Tara** You think this will go on for a while?

**Anya** *nonchalant* Hard to say.

*They fall silent as they look around the bathroom.*

**Tara** Nice bathroom.

**Anya** *nodding* Like the tile.

*Cut back to the others. Xander is on his feet again, rounding to stand behind the couch. Behind him, Giles stumbles towards the stairs taking off his glasses.*

**Xander** And if I did join the Army, I'd be great! You know why? 'Cause they might give me a job that couldn't be done by any well-trained border collie.

**Giles** That's it. I'm going to bed.

*He struggles to pull his sweater over his head as he stomps up the stairs. Willow stands beside Xander.*

**Willow** No, you'd do wonderful in the Army. Hey, do you think the umbilical cord between you and Anya can stretch that far?

**Xander** I knew it! I knew you hated her!

*Giles' sweater drops down from the loft above and falls on him covering his face. Xander yanks it off his head.*

**Willow** Look, I'm not the one being judgmental here. I'll leave that territory to you and Buffy.

**Buffy** Judgmental? If I was anymore open-minded about the choices you two make my whole brain would fall out!

**Xander** *to Willow* Oh! And superior. Don't forget that. *to Buffy* Just because you're better than us doesn't mean that you can be all superior!

*He walks past her and crosses his arms as he leans against a cabinet dresser behind her.*

**Buffy** You guys, stop this! What happened to you today?

**Willow** It's not today! Buffy, things have been wrong for a while! Don't you see that?

**Buffy** What do you mean wrong?

**Willow** Well, they certainly haven't been right, since Tara. We have to face it. You can't handle Tara being my girlfriend.

**Xander** No! It was bad before that! *he steps out in between them again* Since you two went off to college and forgot about me! Just left me in the basement to— *turns on Willow in shock* Tara's your girlfriend?

**Giles** *from upstairs* Bloody helllll!

**Buffy** Enough! All I know is you want to help, right? Be part of the team?

*Willow and Xander shake their heads, grumbling.*

**Willow** *unison* I don't know anymore.

**Xander** *unison* Really not wanted.

**Buffy** *raising her voice* No! No, you said you wanted to go. So let's go! All of us. We'll walk into that cave with you two attacking me and the funny drunk drooling on my shoe! Hey! Hey, maybe that's the secret way of killing Adam?!

**Xander** Buffy . . .

**Buffy** *hurt and angry* Is that it? Is that how you can help? *a beat* You're not answering me! How can you possibly help?

*They don't reply and turn their eyes away from her. She regards them silently for a moment.*

**Buffy** *somberly* So . . . I guess I'm starting to understand why there's no ancient prophecy about a Chosen One . . . and her friends.

*She hurries to the door grabbing her jacket.*

**Buffy** If I need help, I'll go to someone I can count on. *They don't move as she slams the door, leaving them behind.*

*Cut to Adam's lair. We hear the heavy door opening again. Adam is standing and turns when someone walks into the chamber.*

**ADAM** I've been waiting for you.

*Cut to close up of Riley.*

**Riley** And now I'm here.

## Primeval

Transcribed by **Sean Johnson** <highflyerjohnson@yahoo.com>

### Prologue

*Fade into Walsh talking to Adam.*

**Walsh** Almost time to wake up, Adam, and take your first look at the world. I know you're gonna make me proud.

*Cut to Walsh getting skewered by Adam.*

**Walsh** Aah!

**Giles** v.o. Previously on Buffy the Vampire Slayer

**Walsh** v.o Adam...

*She falls to the floor.*

*Cut to Adam and Spike.*

**Adam** Spike, I want you to come with me. You're going to help me with my problem.

**Spike** Slayer's got powers.

**Adam** Take them away from her.

**Spike** This all goes down, the chip comes out.

**Adam** Scout's Honor.

*Cut to the crypt where Buffy and Forrest fought Adam.*

**Forrest** Riley had a career. He had a future 'till he met you and yeah, I got a problem with that.

*Forrest uses his blaster on Adam, shocking him.*

*Adam just looks at Forrest.*

**Adam** Thank you.

*Forrest runs up to Adam, only to get a skewer put in him.*

*Cut to Giles' apartment.*

**Buffy** Okay, Adam was at that cave, so maybe he was there for a reason. I'll go back, I'll scope it out—

**Giles** You don't train with me anymore. He's going to kick your ass.

**Buffy** Giles!

**Xander** Stupid. So you finally had the guts to say it to my face.

**Willow** What exactly do you mean by 'witch stuff'?

**Buffy** You guys, what is happening?!

**Willow** Buffy, things have been wrong for a while!

**Buffy** I'm starting to understand why there's no ancient prophecy about a Chosen One and her friends.

*As she storms out*

**Buffy** If I need help, I'll go to someone I can count on.

**Adam** I've been waiting for you.

**Riley** And now I'm here.

*Fade into an exterior shot of the (burned down) high school.*

*Cut to the crypt.*

*Buffy is walking around.*

**Buffy** Riley?

*She turns around and walks over to somewhere else.*

**Buffy** Riley?

*Cut to Riley and Adam.*

**Adam** Your thoughts are troubled. In turmoil. I understand, brother. We have a lot to discuss. Speak.

**Riley** What have you done to me?

**Adam** Nothing. It was mother, Your...Professor Walsh. She implanted the behavior modifier.

**Riley** A chip in my head. She really did it.

**Adam** Actually, the chip is here. *points to his chest* Tied directly into your central nervous system through your thoracic nerve. This is Phase One of your preparation. It lay dormant until the time came. I simply activated it, brother.

**Riley** Stop calling me that. I'm not your brother. You're a botched science experiment. I'm a human being, who's gonna do everything in his power to—

**Adam** Sit.

*Riley sits down.*

**Adam** You have no power. Not yet. Once you forget your old life and embrace your destiny as I have, you will know power you've never dreamed of. I think you're going to like it.

### Part One

*Fade into the crypt.*

*Adam is walking around.*

**Adam** Demons claim to old ways and ancient feuds. And they're hopeless with technology. Unworthy. *he turns around*

**Riley** Not really wanting a lecture right now.

*Adam continues walking.*

**Adam** Disappointed by demon-kind, we turned to humans. Smart, adaptive, *he turns around* but emotional and weak. Blind. There's imperfection everywhere. Something must be done. Who will deliver us?

*Riley says nothing.*

**Adam** Mother. She saw our future. Yours and mine. She saw that you were necessary. She saw the role you will play by my side. Stand up.

*Riley stands up.*

**Adam** You see, we are brothers after all.

*Cut to Spike in the crypt.*

**Spike** It warms the cockles of my non-beating heart seeing you lads together.

**Adam** I didn't send for you, Spike.

**Spike** Yeah, well...I'm not much the being-sent-for type.

*He starts walking forward.*

**Spike** I'm much more the "I did my part, now get this chip out of my head" kind of guy.

*Spike looks at Riley.*

**Spike** Slightly stiffer than usual.

*He snaps his fingers in Riley's face, who doesn't move a muscle.*

**Spike** Subtle, but I like it.

*As he starts nudging Riley*

**Spike** What's with him?

**Adam** I activated his chip.

**Spike** Oh, so, it's chips all around, is it? Someone must've bought the party-pack.

**Adam** You get yours removed when the Slayer is where I want her.

**Spike** She's separated from her friends.

*As he walks over to a chair:*

**Spike** They want nothing to do with her.

*As he sits down:*

**Spike** She's all alone.

*As Adam walks over to Spike:*

**Adam** That's how I want her. Where I want her is down in the Initiative. *stops walking* She will ensure that as many demons die as humans, she will achieve maximum carnage before she's too weak to go on.

**Riley** No. You can't—

**Adam** Stop talking.

*Riley stops.*

*Adam looks at Spike.*

**Spike** Right. The Initiative. But getting her there—that's what the bleeding disks are for, isn't it? Our little witch gives her the info and pop—Alice heads back down the rabbit hole.

**Adam** The witch.

**Spike** Uh, Willow. *uses his hands to demonstrate height* About so high, perky, good with math. Natural choice.

**Adam** A friend.

**Spike** Right.

**Adam** One of the friends from whom you so efficiently separated her.

**Spike** Damn right I did. You should've seen her. They won't be talking to each other for a long, long—

*Adam looks down at Spike.*

**Spike** Hang on. I think I might've detected a small flaw.

**Adam** So you failed.

**Spike** Well, hey, you're supposed to be so smart. *he stands up* You let me plan this thing. Okay, let's not quibble about who failed who. The important thing is make sure the Slayer is where we want—

**Adam** Go.

**Spike** Gone.

*He starts to leave.*

*Halfway out, he stops and turns to him.*

**Spike** So, uh, we'll do this chip thing when I get back.

*Adam just looks at him.*

*Spike nods his head in agreement and leaves.*

*Cut to an exterior view of Giles' apartment.*

*There is a knock at the door.*

*Cut to the interior.*

**Giles** Oh...

*He walks over to the door and opens it.*

*Tara and Willow are on the other side.*

**Willow** Hey.

**Giles** Hello. *looks down at his clothes* Um, oh, uh, pardon the robe. It's a bit of a late start.

**Willow** Right.

**Tara** I hope you're feeling all right, Mr. Giles.

**Giles** Oh, yes, quite well, thank you. I'll—I'll probably have a brisk jog later on. Did you want something?

**Willow** I forgot my laptop and the disks.

**Giles** *takes off his glasses* Uh, yes, please, please come in.

*Willow walks inside.*

**Giles** Will you be working here? Uh, typing...talking? Because, um, that will be fine.

**Willow** *smiling* No, that's okay.

*She takes her laptop and puts it in her bag.*

*Giles looks at Tara, who smiles and nods.*

*Willow comes back over to the two.*

**Willow** Got 'em. So...see ya.

**Giles** Right. Yes, well, good luck with—with all that.

**Willow** Ok. Bye.

**Tara** Bye.

**Giles** Bye.

*He closes the door.*

*Cut to Buffy and Willow's dorm room.*

*Buffy gets up from the floor and walks over to look at a picture of her, Willow, and Xander.*

*She puts the picture down and picks up the phone.*

*After a beat, she puts the phone down.*

*She walks over to a bag, and takes an axe.*

*Cut to an exterior view of Xander's house.*

*Cut to the interior view of Xander's basement.*

*Xander is lying in bed.*

*A door closes.*

**Anya** o.s. Xander?

*She comes down the stairs.*

**Anya** You said you wanted to check the board at the unemployment office this morning.

*She lifts the covers.*

**Anya** You can't go like that. They won't even interview you if you're naked.

**Xander** I'm not going. There's never anything good.

**Anya** *sighs*

**Xander** Maybe I should join the Army.

**Anya** Don't they make you get up really early in the morning?

**Xander** Oh, yeah.

*As Xander pulls the covers over him:*

**Xander** Never mind.

*She pulls the covers away from his face.*

**Anya** Are you still upset about that fight you had with your friends? It was hours ago! Get over it.

**Xander** Anya, you—Forget it.

**Anya** So, they all think you're lost, directionless loser with no plans for his future? Pfft.

**Xander** Anya, you can't "pfft" that stuff away.

**Anya** Why not?

**Xander** I don't know. 'Cause I think maybe they're right.

*Anya sighs and kneels down to Xander's bed and lays on his chest.*

**Anya** So what if they are? You're a good person, and a good boyfriend, and...and I'm in love with you. Whatever they think of you, it shouldn't matter.

**Xander** Yeah. Yeah, it doesn't matter.

*Cut to a crypt.*

*Buffy is walking around inside with an axe.*

*She walks through to another part of the crypt.*

*Cut to the other part of the crypt.*

*She looks around and sees many computers.*

**Buffy** o.s. Adam...where are you?

*Cut to the inside of a lab.*

*A ball moves away to reveal a laboratory.*

**Adam** This is where it all happens. Where the new race begins.

**Riley** Where are we?

**Adam** In the Initiative. There are areas no one knew about beyond those that needed to. Mother kept her secrets well.

*Pan over to a zombie-type woman.*

**Adam** Didn't you?

**Riley** o.s. Professor Walsh?

**Adam** This is all how she planned it, except she thought she would be alive.

*Professor Walsh walks over to a table with another doctor, who turns around.*

*It's Doctor Angleman.*

**Riley** Are you—

*Adam looks at Riley.*

**Riley** Is that what you were gonna do to me?

**Adam** They're just workers. You know your destiny is much greater.

*A zombie-man sits up.*

**Riley** Forrest? Oh, God.

**Forrest** God has nothing to do with it.

*Cut to Adam.*

*Cut to Riley.*

*Cut to black.*

## Part Two

*Fade into Adam's lair.*

*Buffy walks around and runs into Spike, who puts his hands up.*

**Spike** Easy, Sheriff. Watch where you point that thing.

**Buffy** What are you doing here?

**Spike** Looking for a little weekend getaway place. Shove off.

*He starts walking past Buffy.*

**Buffy** Adam's been using these caves.

*Spike stops walking.*

**Spike** What?

**Buffy** I found his lair.

**Spike** *sigh* Oh, cripes. That's all I need. Runnin' into that goon.

**Buffy** Yeah, well, Adam's cleared out of here. Whatever he's planning is about to go down.

**Spike** Look at little Nancy Drew. What about those disks I nabbed? They ought to tell you something.

**Buffy** Willow has the disks.

**Spike** Well, then I'd get on that.

*Cut to Buffy.*

**Spike** o.s. Can't ignore valuable information

*Cut to Spike.*

**Spike** Just 'cause you two birds fell out, now can you?

**Buffy** Right.

**Spike** Well, you do what you want.

*As he starts to leave:*

**Spike** No worry of mine, now is it?

*Cut to Willow's room.*

*Willow and Tara are working on deciphering the disks.*

**Tara** Maybe you should rest. Clear your head?

*She sits down.*

**Willow** Can't. *cut to the screen* Not now. I—I think I'm on to something. I've been assuming the *cut to the two*—the ciphertext was encrypted with an asymmetric algorithm. Then it hit me. A hexogonic key pattern. It's—

**Tara** Hey, look, you did it.

*Cut to the screen.*

*After a beat, cut back to the two.*

**Willow** I didn't. I haven't even finished typing in the new code.

**Tara** Something's doing it.

**Willow** Must be programmed to *cut to the screen* self-decrypt to a certain point. *cut back to Willow* That is so



annoying. It's like someone blurting out the answer to a riddle just when you've—I mean Yippee! We have the information.

**Tara** I'm not sure if "Yippee"'s the right response, either. Read that.

*The phone rings. Tara gets up to answer it.*

**Tara** Hello? Yeah, she's right—I mean, let me check.

*She moves the phone to her shoulder.*

**Tara** It's Buffy.

*Cut to a close up of Willow's face.*

*Cut to the lower level of the Initiative.*

**Riley** Professor Walsh. Professor Walsh, it's Riley Finn. Can you hear me?

**Forrest** o.s. She's dead. Artificially *walks into view* reanimated with basic to moderate brain activity. Mommy can hear you, but she's still a walking corpse.

*Professor Walsh pulls out a syringe.*

**Riley** So are you.

**Forrest** Mm-mmm *No*. Got that wrong. I'm surging with life... and strength. Adam made me to be nearly as bad as he is. Really looking forward to trying out your girl again.

**Riley** I'm sorry, Forrest.

**Forrest** Don't be. This is the best thing that ever happened to me. I'm free of all my weaknesses...my doubts. He's gonna fix you up too, soon as we got some choice parts. Then you and me will be back on the same side again. Moving toward a new future.

**Riley** I'll never let that happen.

**Forrest** You don't get it brother, you don't have a choice. Your will belongs to us now.

**Riley** No. That's not true.

**Forrest** Then why don't you get out of that chair and walk out of here?

**Riley** You can't control my—

**Walsh** Riley, be a good boy.

*She comes toward him with a syringe and puts it into his skin.*

*Cut to the campus.*

*Many people are walking around.*

*Buffy walks up, meeting with the Scooby Gang.*

**Buffy to Xander** Where's Anya?

**Xander** Oddly, Anya decided not to join us, despite all the fun we had at our last meeting.

**Willow** And I don't think Tara felt welcome.

**Buffy** Why? Because of the things that we said?

*Willow nods.*

**Buffy** Will, who told you we were talking behind your back, specifically?

**Willow** Well, um...Spike, specifically, but—

**Buffy** And who told you that we thought you'd be better off joining the Army?

**Xander** That's not...exactly what he said.

**Giles** Well, uh...S—S—Spike can be very convincing when—when—when, uh...I'm very stupid.

**Buffy** He played us. He wanted us to fight to split us up. That's where it came from. The stuff we said the other night.

**Giles** Of course. Well, piffle, let's move on.

**Xander** I'm movin'.

**Willow** Me, too.

**Buffy** Good. Great.

*Cut to Willow.*

*Cut to Xander.*

*Cut to Giles.*

*Cut to a shot of all four.*

**Willow** So...why do you think Spike made with the head games?

**Xander** He's all dressed up with no one to bite. He's gotta get his ya-yas somehow.

**Buffy** I think it was more than that. I think it was Adam.

**Xander** Spike's working for Adam?! After all we've done—nah, I can't even act surprised.

*Giles smiles.*

**Buffy** I just went to Adam's lair and he was gone. But, Spike just happened to be there. He made this big noise about getting information off those encrypted disks.

**Willow** Oh, I decrypted them.

*Buffy looks at her, surprised.*

**Willow** Well, they decrypted themselves, but I almost had it.

**Giles** What did they say?

**Willow** A bunch of stuff we already know about 314. But it also said there's some final phase where Adam manufactures a bunch of creepy cyber-demonoids like him. There's a special lab in The Initiative, but it didn't say where.

**Buffy** Adam fed Spike those disks. It has to be. He wanted me to know about his evil-guy assembly line. This lab, it's in the Initiative?

**Willow** Hidden somewhere.

**Buffy** We'll give the demon his due. He thought this one out.

**Willow** What do you mean?

**Buffy** You know how overcrowded the containment cells have been at the Initiative?

*Willow nods.*

**Buffy** Those demons were just too easy to catch. It's like they wanted in that place.

**Giles** *putting on his glasses* The Trojan horse.

**Buffy** Adam's gonna make sure the demons attack the Initiative from the inside.

**Xander** Demons versus soldiers. Massacre, massacre.

**Willow** And Adam has a neat pile of body parts to start assembling his army. Diabolical, yet...*makes a face*  
Gross.

**Xander** Does anybody else miss the Mayor, I just wanna be a big snake?

**Buffy** I've got to shut him down, Giles. His final phase is about to start.

**Giles** We need to warn the Initiative.

**Buffy** They're not gonna listen to me.

**Willow** Riley?

**Buffy** He's a deserter. He got some bad news anyway, and kinda took off.

**Xander** Okay, I'm confused again. Adam has this evil plan. Why is he so anxious for you to know about it?

**Buffy** He wants me there. Probably figures I'll even the kill ratio.

**Xander** He's not worried you might kill, oh say, him?

**Buffy** No, he's really not.

*Cut to the lower lab.*

**Adam** She's coming. I can feel it.

**Spike** Good on you. Got a chunk of prognosticating demon in there, right?

*He walks over to a chair.*

**Spike** Now, *claps his hands* if you'll just get this chip out of my cranium...*he sits down* I'll be out of your way. And mind the hairline. I don't fancy fussing over a comb-over as I resume my killing ways. Come on, we had a deal.

**Adam** When she's here.

**Spike** *sighs*

*Cut to Riley.*

*Cut to Giles' apartment.*

**Giles** Certainly no lack of supplies. I only wish I knew which ones would kill Adam.

**Buffy** According to Riley, his power source is uranium core embedded somewhere inside his chest. Probably near the spine.

**Xander** Great, so we just ask him to lie down quietly while we do some exploratory surgery.

**Willow** What about magic? Some kind of, I don't know...uranium extracting spell?

*Everyone looks at her in disbelief.*

**Willow** I know. I'm reaching.

*Giles stands up.*

**Giles** Perhaps a paralyzing spell.

*He walks over to the bookshelf and pulls a book off.*

**Giles** Only I can't perform the incantation for this.

**Willow** Right. Don't you have to speak it in Sumerian or something?

**Giles** I do speak Sumerian. It's not that. Only a...an experienced witch can incant it, and you'd have to be within striking distance of this object.

**Xander** See what you get for takin' French instead of Sumerian?

**Buffy** What was I thinking?

**Xander** So no problem, all we need is combo Buffy-her with Slayer strength, Giles' multi-lingual know how, and Willow's witchy power.

*Giles looks at him.*

**Xander** Yeah, don't tell me. I'm just full of helpful suggestions.

**Giles** As a matter of fact, you are.

*Cut to an exterior shot of Lowell House.*

*Cut to the inside.*

*The gang walks through the door.*

**Willow** Nervous?

**Xander** No way. I'm full of that good old kamikaze spirit.

**Giles** Xander, just because this is never gonna work, there's no need to be negative.

**Willow** The adjoining spell, is it powerful enough to defeat Adam?

**Giles** It's very powerful. It's also extrordinarily dangerous.

**Buffy** Game faces, guys. We're going in.

*She kicks in the window.*

*Dissolve to another area of the Initiative.*

*Fade in to Buffy and Willow climbing.*

**Buffy** How you doing?

**Willow** Super. What was I thinkin', using stairs all this time?

**Buffy** Okay. Will-

**Willow** No, really, Buffy. It's not as scary as I thought.

**Buffy** No. It's not what I was gonna say. I just...I'm sorry. I hate that things have been so strained between all of us.

**Willow** It's not your fault. Spike stirred up trouble.

**Buffy** Yeah, but I think trouble was stir-rippable. I think we've all sort of drifted apart this year, don't you?

**Willow** Maybe a little. But, you know, first year of college, it's hard to keep the old high school gang together.

**Buffy** But I want it together. Will, I miss you. And Giles, and Xander. And it is my fault. I've been wrapped up in my own stuff, I've been a bad friend.

**Willow** You're the Slayer, Buffy. Your stuff is pretty crucial.

**Buffy** I mean Riley. And...Riley, mostly.

**Willow** Well, I haven't been Miss Available either. I-I kept secrets. I hid things from everyone.

**Buffy** That's not your fault. Will, you were going through something huge.

**Willow** I wanted to tell you, but I was so scared.

**Buffy** You can tell me anything. I love you. You're my best friend.

*They hug.*

**Willow** Me, too. I love you too.

*They begin falling due to the weight.*

**Willow** o.s. Oh, falling now!

*They land on the ground, but continue to hug.*

**Buffy** Let's promise to never not talk again.

**Willow** I promise, I promise.

*Xander slides down.*

*Buffy and Willow hug him.*

**Buffy** Xander.

**Willow** Oh, wonderful Xander!

**Buffy** You know we love you, right?

**Willow** We totally do.

**Xander** Oh God, we're gonna die, aren't we?

**Willow** No, we just missed you.

*Xander looks up.*

**Xander** Giles, hurry up!

*Giles looks down.*

**Xander** You definitely wanna get down here for this!

*Cut to Buffy and the gang.*

*Giles is inching the door with a crowbar.*

**Buffy** Okay, we stick together, then everything should be fine. Everybody ready?

*Giles gets the door open.*

**Buffy** Let's...

*They open the door to reveal 5 Commando guys with laser blasters.*

**Buffy** ...do this.

*Cut to black.*

### Part Three

*Fade into an area in the Initiative.*

*Adam and Spike are watching the cameras.*

**Spike** Must-See-TV. Bait's been taken. Trap's all set. The Slayer has landed. So...

*He turns and looks at Adam.*

**Spike** Hello??? Paging Dr. Owe Me One.

**Adam** She's not alone.

*Spike looks closer at the TV.*

**Adam** o.s. You've failed me again.

**Spike** Well, that's one way of looking at it.

**Adam** What's the other way.

*He bolts for the door, but Forrest grabs his neck.*

**Spike** Oh, come on! It's not like I wasn't trying! That's worth something, isn't it?

**Adam** I suppose. Yes. I will honor our agreement to remove your chip.

*Cut to Forrest and Spike.*

*Cut to Adam.*

**Adam** Take his head off.

*Forrest grabs Spike and pins him down in a chair.*

*Spike struggles, but he takes out a cigarette and puts it out on Forrest's eye.*

**Forrest** screams

*Spike breaks loose and runs out.*

**Adam** Let him go.

*Cut to the video screen.*

*Cut to Adam.*

**Adam** There's nowhere left to run.

*Cut to Forrest, breathing hard.*

*Cut to Colonel McNamara's office.*

**Buffy** Colonel—

**Colonel** Shut up. You've got some nerve, lady. *un-zips the bag* You think you and your friends can just keep waltzing into a government installation brandishing weapons like—

*He holds up the device.*

**Colonel** Like—

**Willow** It's a gourd.

**Giles** Magic gourd.

**Colonel** What kind of freaks are you people? *puts the gourd down*

**Buffy** Adam is here, Colonel. In the Initiative.

**Colonel** Nice try.

**Buffy** Those overcrowded containment cells of yours: courtesy of Adam. He's pulling a Trojan Horse on you, he's just waiting—

**Colonel** Everything in this installation is under 24-hour surveillance.

**Willow** Including the secret lab?

**Colonel** Including everything! *a beat* What secret lab?

**Buffy** The one Adam's been using. The one built for the final stage of the 314 project.

*The colonel has a blank look on his face.*

**Buffy** And you have no idea what I'm talking about.

**Colonel** I know everything that goes on around here. A tick on a mouse couldn't get in without my knowing it. And if Adam wants to try we're ready for him.

**Giles** Jolly good. How—How exactly do you plan to get close enough to Adam to remove his power source?

**Colonel** Hit him simultaneously with multiple taser blasters. Incapacitate him with as much voltage as we can muster.

**Xander** Great plan. That's right up there with "duck and cover".

**Buffy** I've seen Adam hit with taser blasts. He feeds on it. And now you're gonna provide him with an all-you-can-eat buffet?

**Colonel** You telling me my business?

**Buffy** This...is not your business. It's mine. You, the Initiative, the boys at the Pentagon—you're all in way over

your heads. Messing with primeval forces you have absolutely no comprehension of.

**Colonel** And you do?

**Buffy** I'm the Slayer. You're playing on my turf.

**Colonel** Up there, maybe. But down here, I'm the one who's in control.

*The lights go out.*

**Soldier** Sir, the power grid's down. Backup's not responding.

*Cut to the screen.*

*Cut back to the soldier.*

**Soldier** We're locked in.

*Cut to Willow.*

*Cut to Buffy.*

*Cut to Adam's area in the Initiative.*

*He flips a switch labeled "Main Power Grid".*

*The lights go out.*

*He flips a switch labeled "Containment Area".*

*Cut to a screen. A scientist and a soldier are walking.*

**Adam** This will be interesting.

*Cut to the lower level of the Initiative.*

*The cages all open.*

**Scientist** scared What's going on?

**Soldier #2** I don't know!

*A cage opens.*

**Scientist** Go!

*A demon runs out and starts clawing at the scientist.*

**Scientist** screaming

*Another demon starts clawing at the soldier.*

**Soldier #2** screaming

*Cut back to the Colonel and the gang.*

**Soldier** Containment area's been breached. Hostiles are loose.

**Colonel** How many?

**Soldier** All of 'em, Sir.

**Buffy** o.s. It's Adam.

*The Colonel looks at Buffy.*

**Buffy** Look, I'm the only one who can stop him now. Just let me handle this. Get your people out of here.

**Colonel** All right, you men follow me. We gotta take the Armory now.

**Soldier #3** Sir.

**Buffy** Colonel.

**Colonel** These people are under arrest, do you understand?

**Soldier #4** Yes, sir.

*The soldiers and the Colonel all leave.*

*A soldier stands up.*

*Buffy gives him a kick to the chest.*

*Another soldier tries to attack her, and she bangs his head into the desk, then hits him in the face, knocking him out cold.*

**Buffy** We've gotta find Adam.

**Willow** On it.

*She goes over to the computer, and sits down.*

**Giles** The enjoining spell *cut to Buffy* is extremely touchy. It's, uh, *cut to Willow* volatile. We—we can't risk it *cut to Buffy* being interrupted. We need a place that's *cut to Giles and Xander* close to you and quiet.

*Cut to the screen.*

**Xander** o.s. Uh...quiet?

*Cut down below.*

*A soldier flies through the air.*

*Another soldier flies through the air.*

*Cut to the stairwell.*

*A demon flips another soldier over, and punches one in the face.*

*A demon throws a soldier over the railing.*

*Cut to another part of the Initiative.*

*There is fire coming out from almost every area.*

*Cut to yet another part of the Initiative.*

*A soldier comes up, firing a machine gun.*

*He hits a demon in the chest, and he falls to the ground.*

*Cut to the soldier.*

*He is still firing the machine gun, but a vampire has jumped on him.*

*The soldier fires the gun, and tries to shake him off at the same time.*

*Cut to the stairwell.*

*A woman has just died from a vampire bite.*

*Cut to another area.*

*Spike is attacking demons.*

*He gives a back kick to one of them.*

*He punches another in the stomach, and then hits him in the head.*

*Cut to the railing.*

*We see a man's hand slowly working its way up.*

*He nearly gets up but is pulled down again by a demon.*

*Cut back to the gang.*

**Buffy** How we doing, Will?

**Willow** Done. Hold on. According to this, there's air ducts and electrical conduits *cut to the screen* all running into there.

**Buffy** So?

**Willow** So, there's no there there. Look.

*Cut to the screen.*

*Cut to Buffy.*

**Buffy** It's Adam.

**Giles** You sure?

**Buffy** Right behind 314.

**Buffy** Can you unlock it?

**Willow** I don't have to. All—All the locks in the Initiative have been disengaged...except for the exits.

**Xander** Demon open house.

**Buffy** Great. So we know we're going to 314. Now all we have to do is get there.

*Cut to the "demon open house" the fight below.*

*Graham runs up and begins shooting a gun at a demon.*

*He kills him, and he does the same to two other demons.*

*Cut to the door.*

*The gang runs out.*

*Buffy punches a demon in the face.*

*Buffy kicks a demon in the leg.*

*She gives a sidekick to another demon.*

*Xander hits one demon with a laser blast.*

*They all run past.*

*A scientist's arm is on fire.*

*A man flies over the railing.*

*Another demon tries to hit Buffy, but she hits him first.*

*She sees a soldier with a gun.*

*As Buffy pushes Willow:*

**Buffy** Willow, down!

**Buffy** Come on!

**Willow** Go!

*They all run past.*

*We see another explosion.*

*Cut to the inside of 314.*

**Buffy** Okay, it should be over here.

*They move a cart in front of the door.*

*She opens up two doors.*

**Buffy** Once I'm in, barricade the door behind me. Is this place okay to be Magic Central?

**Giles** It, uh, should do.

**Willow** As long as we don't get blowed up or nothin'.

**Xander** What're the odds of that?

**Buffy** How long before the ritual kicks in?

**Giles** Five minutes, give or take.

**Xander** Buffy, I still don't like you going in alone.

**Buffy** I won't be.

*Willow closes the doors and moves a cart against the doors.*

*Giles and Xander move a gurney against the other door.*

*Cut to the lower level of the Initiative.*

*Buffy sees Riley.*

**Buffy** Riley.

*She climbs down the ladder.*

**Buffy** Are you hurt? *no answer* Say something!

*Riley says nothing.*

*Professor Walsh and Dr. Engleman appear.*

**Buffy** What is this?

*She looks at Riley.*

**Buffy** Why won't you talk to me?

**Adam** o.s. He can't.

*Pan over to Adam.*

**Adam** He hasn't been programmed to. He's part of the final phase now...as you were supposed to be.

**Buffy** Sorry. I don't jump through hoops on command. I've never really been one to tow the line.

**Adam** Oh. *beat* Kill her.

*Forrest grabs her.*

**Forrest** I thought you'd never ask.

*Cut to Walsh and Engleman.*

*We hear Buffy struggling.*

*Professor Walsh takes a device and slowly walks toward Buffy.*

*Cut to black.*

## Part Four

*Fade into the lower level of The Initiative.*

*Buffy is still struggling.*

*She kicks Professor Walsh in the face, and she goes flying.*

*We hear glass breaking.*

*Buffy throws Forrest into the wall, breaking glass.*

*Riley looks at the broken glass.*

*Cut to the inside of 314.*

*Giles lights a candle.*

**Willow** *chanting* "The power of the Slayer and all who yield it. Last to ancient first, we invoke thee. Grant us thy domain and primal strength. Accept us in the power we possess. Make us mind and heart and spirit joy. Let the hand encompass us. Do thy will."

*Cut back to the lower level of The Initiative.*

*Forrest punches Buffy in the face, and sends her flying to the floor.*

*Buffy springs up, and kicks him in the face.*

*She punches him in the face two more times, a left and a*

*right hook.*

*He punches her in the stomach twice.*

*He tries to punch her, but he grabs her hand, twists it around, and leads her head to a metal table, knocking her out.*

*She slowly gets up.*

**Riley** Buffy.

*Forrest punches her in the face.*

*He turns to Riley.*

**Forrest** Shut up, and watch me kill your girlfriend, Finn. That's an order.

*He growls and turns around to face Buffy.*

*Cut to Riley.*

*We hear fighting noises coming from Forrest and Buffy.*

*His hand begins moving to the glass.*

*He picks up a piece of it.*

*Buffy tries to side sweep him, but it doesn't work.*

*She punches him in the face.*

*Riley begins ripping at his skin with the glass.*

*Cut to the inside of 314.*

**Willow** Spiritus...Spirit.

*She hands a card to Xander.*

**Xander** Animus...Heart.

*She hands a card to Giles.*

**Giles** Sophus...Mind.

**Willow** And Manus...

*Cut to Buffy punching Forrest.*

**Willow** o.s. The hand.

*Riley reaches into his chest and begins pulling.*

*Forrest punches Buffy twice, knocking her down.*

*He flips her over, grabs her, and pulls her down.*

*Cut to Riley.*

**Riley** groans

*Forrest picks her up and growls.*

*Buffy takes her hands in a power cord and snaps it.*

*Cut to the inside of 314.*

*The camera view is fading.*

**Willow** We enjoin that we may inhabit the vessel—the hand...daughter of Sineya...first of the ones...

*Cut to the lower level of The Initiative.*

*Riley is still trying to get the chip out.*

*Forrest grabs Buffy and throws her down on a table.*

*Buffy is struggling.*

*Professor Walsh and Doctor Engleman hold her down, trying to put her into restraints.*

*Riley struggles with the chip, and finally pulls it out.*

*Cut to Forrest holding Buffy.*

**Forrest** Is that it? Is that all you got?

**Riley** No.

*Walsh, Engleman, and Forrest all look over.*

**Riley** She's got me.

*He knocks out Professor Walsh and Dr. Engleman.*

**Forrest** Look who's come off the bench.

*He starts to walk toward Riley, but Buffy kicks him in the face.*

*Buffy gets up.*

**Buffy** I need to get to Adam. Like, now. Are you able?

**Riley** Go.

*She leaves.*

*Riley runs toward Forrest but he gets flipped over by him.*

*Riley grabs his stomach but Forrest backhand elbows him to the face.*

*Forrest flips him on the ground.*

*As Riley gets up, Forrest kicks him in the stomach.*

*Cut to the Initiative.*

*Many men are running with guns, shooting at HST's.*

**Colonel** Fall back! Fall back! Protect the flank! Walk down that pit!

*Cut to Adam's area in the Initiative.*

**Buffy** Fun, isn't it?

**Adam** I do appreciate violence.

**Buffy** Good.

*Buffy tries to run toward him, but he punches her, sending her backwards.*

*She rolls, gets up, and kicks him.*

*She begins punching him in the face.*

*Adam grabs her hand, and throws her into the wall.*

*His skewer comes out.*

*He tries to stab Buffy, but she snaps it with her knee and punches him in the face.*

**Buffy** Broke your arm.

**Adam** Got another.

*His hand sprouts into a mini-gun.*

**Adam** I've been upgrading.

*He begins firing at her.*

*She dives over the computer console.*

*He stops.*

*Cut to the inside of 314.*

**Willow** We implore thee, admit us, bring us to the vessel, take us now.

*Cut to Adam's room at the Initiative.*

*Buffy gets out from her hiding place and sees Adam.*

*He blows up the console.*

*Adam looks for Buffy.*

*She stands up, eyes glowing orange.*

**Adam** You can't last much longer.

**Buffy speaking simultaneous** We can. We are forever.

*Cut to Adam.*

*Cut to Buffy.*

**Buffy Speaking Sumerian**

**Adam** Interesting.

*Adam fires at Buffy, but it generates some sort of force field.*

**Buffy Continues speaking Sumerian**

**Adam** Very interesting.

*Cut to the inside of 314.*

*The HST's begin breaking down the door.*

*Cut to the lower level of the Initiative.*

*Riley jumps on Forrest, and grabs him.*

*Riley kicks Forrest in the stomach with his knee.*

*Forrest grabs Riley's head, attempting to put him in a headlock.*

*Forrest throws Riley across the room.*

**Forrest** What're you makin' me do this for?

*He begins to walk over to Riley.*

**Forrest** Not that I'm not enjoyin' myself.

*He kicks him in the face, sending him backwards.*

**Forrest** But Adam's not gonna like it if I—

*Riley hits Forrest in the face with a tank of oxygen.*

*He hits him in the face with it again.*

*And again.*

*He hits him in the stomach with it, forcing him back.*

*Riley hits the tank in Forrest's face.  
He tries to hit him with his elbow, but Forrest grabs the tank, causing Riley to fall on the ground.  
Forrest holds up the tank.  
Riley scrambles to his feet and runs.*

**Forrest** growls  
*He jumps over a gurney.  
Cut to a close up of the tank.  
"FLAMMABLE"  
There is a huge explosion.  
Cut to Adam's room at the Initiative.  
He is still firing his mini-gun at Buffy.  
He fires a rocket at her, but she holds her hand up.*

**Buffy** Sumerian Kur.  
*The rocket then bursts into 3 birds.  
She holds her hand up again, and Adam's rocket goes back inside him.  
Adam tries to attack her, but she blocks every punch.  
She kicks him in the stomach, and he falls.  
She grabs his head.*

**Adam** How...can you—  
*Dissolve to the inside of 314.*

**Xander** You could never hope to grasp the source  
*Superimpose Adam's room at the Initiative.*

**Buffy** of our power.  
*She uppercuts him, sending him flying to the ground.  
She picks him up and kicks him against the wall.  
She reaches into him and pulls out the uranium.*

**Buffy** But yours is right here.

**Adam** groans  
*He falls to the ground.  
Riley walks up.*

**Riley** Buffy.  
*The uranium begins levitating.  
A woman begins speaking Sumarian, and the uranium disappears.  
Buffy's eyes go normal and she faints, but Riley catches her.  
Cut to the inside of 314.  
Everyone else drops.*

**Willow** Wow. That was—  
*The door breaks down and a demon comes inside.  
Spike comes in and breaks the demon's neck.  
The demon falls to the floor.*

**Spike** Nasty sort of fellow. Lucky for you blighters I was here, eh?

**Giles** Yes, thank you.  
*Cut to Spike.*

**Giles** Although your heroism has been slightly muted by the fact that you were helping Adam to start a war that would kill us all.

**Xander** You probably just saved us so we wouldn't stake you right here.

**Spike** Did it work?  
*They all get up.*

**Spike** Well, then everything's all right. And we all get to be not staked through the heart. Good work, team.  
*Buffy and Riley open the door.*

**Giles** Buffy.  
*Willow comes over and hugs her.*

**Willow** Wasn't it amazing?

**Xander** You were great.

**Buffy** We were great.

**Riley** We still got men out there.

**Spike** Well, let's go save 'em, by gum.

**Buffy** You guys get to the exits, get 'em open.  
*She looks at Riley.*

**Buffy** You, organize the soldiers, pull 'em back. I'll take point.  
*She starts walking out.*

**Willow** Are you up to this?

**Buffy** I am.  
*She knocks out a demon.  
Cut to an office.*

**Man** It was an experiment. The Initiative represented the Government's interests in not only controlling the otherworldly menace, but harnessing its power for our own military purposes. The considered opinion of this counsel is that this experiment has failed.  
*Fades between different battle scenes:  
Buffy attacking many demons.*

**Man** v.o Once the prototype took control of the complex, our soldiers suffered a 40 percent casualty rate.  
*Graham shooting demons*

**Man** v.o Only through the actions of the deserter and a group of civilian insurrectionists that  
*Xander helping Willow down onto the ground.*

**Man** v.o Our losses were not total. I trust the irony of that is not lost on any of us. Maggie Walsh's vision  
*A soldier with a gun.*

**Man** v.o Was brilliant, but ultimately unsupportable.  
*Colonel McNamara getting attacked by a demon.*

**Man** v.o The demons cannot be harnessed.  
*The end result.*

**Man** v.o Cannot be controlled.  
*Fade into an office.*

**Man** It is therefore our recommendation that this project be terminated and all records concerning it expunged. Our soldiers'll be debriefed. Standard confidentiality clause. We will monitor the civilians and usual measures prepared should they try to go public. I don't think they will.  
*Cut to the screen.*

**Man** *o.s.* The Initiative itself will be filled in with concrete. Burn it down, gentlemen. Burn it down, and salt the Earth.

*The TV screen goes to static.*

*Cut to black.*



## Primeval

Transcribed by **Joseph B**

Written by **David Fury**

Directed by **James A. Contner**

**Originally aired** May 16, 2000

### Disclaimer

*This is a transcript intended for anyone who cannot watch BTVS for whatever reason, to enjoy, as well as those who think transcripts are just cool, and as reference material for fanfic writers. Buffy and all copyrighted characters are the product of Joss Whedon and I have nothing but respect for him and those whose hard work is put into bringing us a great show. I did this of my own free time and will never make a dime from it.*

*Now let me add. If you are looking at this transcript, save it, copy it, send it to your friends. Unlike other transcribers, who I have nothing but respect for, if you see any mistakes that might be in this transcript, feel free to correct them, or if you just want to personalize it to suit yourself, by all means. Hell I do it.*

### Prologue

*Fade in. Night. Exterior shot of the ruins of Sunnydale High School. Dissolve to interior. Buffy is walking through the rubble in one of the burnt out corridors. She reaches Riley's campsite.*

**Buffy** Riley?

*She turns around and calls down the empty corridor.*

**Buffy** louder Riley.

*Cut to Riley. He is standing in Adam's lair.*

**Adam** Your thoughts are troubled.

*Adam walks across the chamber to stand in front of him.*

**Adam** In turmoil. I understand, brother. We have a lot to discuss.

*Riley opens his mouth to say something but for some reason he can't talk.*

**Adam** Speak.

**Riley** What've you done to me?

**Adam** Nothing. *starts pacing in front of Riley* It was Mother. Your Professor Walsh. She implanted the behavior modifier.

**Riley** stunned A chip in my head. She really did it.

*Adam stops in front of him.*

**Adam** Actually, the chip is here. *points to Riley's chest close to his left shoulder* Tied directly into your central nervous system through the thoracic nerve. This is phase one of your preparation. It lay dormant until the time came. I simply activated it, brother.

**Riley** angry Stop calling me that. I'm not your brother. You're a botched science experiment. And I'm a human being who's gonna do everything in his power to—

**Adam** Sit.

*There's no hesitation and Riley sits down on the rock behind him.*

**Adam** You have no power. *Riley lowers his eyes* Not yet. *(pacing again)* Once you forget your old life and embrace your destiny as I have, you will know power you've never dreamed of. *(smiling)* I think you're going to like it.

*Riley raises his eyes and glares at Adam's back.*

*Wolf's howl. Buffy theme and opening credits roll.*

### Part One

*Fade in. Adam's lair. Riley is still sitting. Adam is pacing.*

**Adam** Demons cling to old ways and ancient feuds. And they're hopeless with technology. Unworthy.

**Riley** Not really wanting a lecture right now.

*Adam continues as if not interrupted.*

**Adam** Disappointed by demon-kind, we turned to humans. Smart, adaptive. But emotional and weak. Blind. But there's imperfection everywhere. Something must be done. Who will deliver us?

*Adam stops, looking down at Riley.*

**Adam** Mother. She saw our future, yours and mine. She saw that you were necessary. She saw the role that you will play by my side. Stand up.

*Riley rises to his feet. Adam puts his hands on Riley's*

*arms.*

**Adam** You see, we are brothers after all.

*Cut to Spike leaning against the wall of the entrance leading out into a larger cave.*

**Spike** Warms the cockles of my non-beating heart seeing you lads together.

*Adam turns to Spike.*

**Adam** I didn't send for you, Spike.

**Spike** Yeah, well. I'm not much the "being sent for" type. *walks towards them* I'm much more the, uh, "I did my part now get this chip out of my head" kinda guy.

*Spike looks at Riley.*

**Spike** Slightly stiffer than usual.

*He raises a hand in front of Riley's face and snaps his fin-*

*gers four times. Riley doesn't even blink, giving Spike a hard look.*

**Spike** Subtle but I like it. What's with 'im?

*Spike starts poking him in the chest making Riley sway slightly on his planted feet.*

**Adam** I activated his chip.

**Spike** Oh. So it's chips all around, is it? Someone must have bought the party-pak.

**Adam** You get yours removed when the Slayer is where I want her.

**Spike** She's separated from her friends. *crosses the chamber* They want nothing to do with her. She's all alone.

*Spike sits down and relaxes on the beat-up sofa. Adam walks towards him.*

**Adam** That's how I want her. Where I want her is down in the Initiative. *looking at Riley* She will ensure that as many demons die as humans. She will achieve maximum carnage before she's too weak to go on.

**Riley** No! You can't—

**Adam** Stop talking.

*Riley stops talking, though it's clear he has more to say.*

**Spike** Right. The Initiative. But getting her there, that's what the bleedin' disks are for, isn't it? Well, the little witch gives her the info and pop, Alice heads back down the rabbit hole.

**Adam** The witch?

**Spike** Uh, Willow. *raises his hand over his head* About so high. Perky. Good with math. Natural choice.

**Adam** Her friend?

**Spike** Right.

**Adam** One of the friends from whom you so efficiently separated her.

**Spike** *happily smugged* Damn right I did. You should've seen 'em. They won't be talking to each other for a long, long—

*Spike trails off as he suddenly realizes something. Adam is waiting patiently.*

**Spike** Hang on. I think I might have detected a small flaw.

**Adam** So you failed.

**Spike** W— *sighs* Hey, you're supposed to be so smart, (standing) you let me plan this thing.

*Adam just looks at him.*

**Spike** Okay, let's not quibble about who failed who. *Adam turns his back on Spike and walks back to Riley* The important thing is making sure the Slayer is where we want—

*Adam points out of the chamber.*

**Adam** Go.

**Spike** *not missing a beat* Gone.

*Spike heads for the cave, then stops and turns to Adam.*

**Spike** So, uh, we'll do this chip thing when I get back. *Adam just turns his head and glares at him. Spike nods and leaves.*

*Cut to exterior shot of Giles' apartment building the next morning. Someone is knocking on a door. Cut to inside Giles' apartment. He's in a robe reaching for the handle of his front door. He is holding a small wet towel against the back of his neck, suffering from a hangover. He opens the door to reveal Willow and Tara. Willow looks a bit uncomfortable.*

**Willow** *awkward* Hey.

**Giles** *awkward* Hello.

*There is a moment of uncomfortable silence then Giles tightens his robe around himself.*

**Giles** Oh, uh, pardon the robe. Bit of a late start.

**Willow** *softly* Right.

*Tara breaks the lull that follows.*

**Tara** I hope you're feeling all right, Mr. Giles.

**Giles** *forced smile* Oh, yes. Quite-quite well, thank you. Yes, I'll—I'll probably have a brisk jog later on.

*Another moment of silence.*

**Giles** *to Willow* Did you want something?

**Willow** I forgot my laptop and the disks.

**Giles** *motioning her in, removing his glasses* Uh, please, please, come in.

*Willow goes to his desk and starts gathering her stuff.*

**Giles** Uh, will you be working here? Y'know, typing, talking. W—because that, that—that would be fine.

*Willow has closed her laptop and regards him for a second.*

**Willow** No. That's okay.

*As she slips the laptop into her bag, Giles looks towards Tara. She offers him a smile. Giles breaks eye contact by putting his glasses back on.*

**Willow** Got 'em.

*Willow stops at the doorway and faces him again.*

**Willow** So . . . see ya.

**Giles** Right! Yes, well, good luck with-with that.

*We can see Willow's eyes watering as she nods.*

**Willow** Okay. Bye.

**Tara** Bye.

*They turn and leave, crossing the courtyard. Giles silently closes his door and presses the wet towel against the back of his neck again.*

*Cut to Buffy and Willow's dorm room. Buffy is sitting down on the floor against the side of her bed. It looks like she's been up for a while. The cut on her forehead is still prominent but seems to be healing. She slowly stands up and walks over to Willow's night stand. She picks up a small framed photo and looks at it. Close up of the picture. It's of Buffy, Willow, and Xander, as they were as juniors in high school, lying on the grass out in the*

*sun. Xander's head is propped against her leg and Willow is looking over Buffy's shoulder. They are all smiling. Forlornly she puts the picture down and lifts the phone receiver to her ear about to start dialing. She decides against it and puts it back down. Taking a moment to think, she walks around to the other side of her bed and puts an open shoulder bag on it, ready to fill it. She stops and looks down at the floor at something that's caught her attention. She reaches down and picks up a long-handled battle axe with a shiny blade, that would make Angel jealous.*

*Cut to exterior shot of the Harris home. Cut to Xander's basement. Overhead shot of Xander in his fold-out bed. He is awake staring up at the ceiling. We can see that he isn't wearing a shirt.*

**Anya** OS Xander.

*Cut to Anya standing on the middle landing of the stairs.*

**Anya** *walking the rest of the way down to the bed* You said you wanted to check the board at the unemployment office, this morning.

*Xander turns his head to the side to glance at her. He doesn't say anything and looks back up at the ceiling. Anya grabs the covers and lifts them. Seeing what's underneath, she lets them fall.*

**Anya** You can't go like that. They won't even interview you if you're naked.

**Xander** *gloomy* I'm not going. There's never anything good. *sighs* Maybe I should join the Army?

**Anya** Don't they make you get up really early in the morning?

**Xander** *blinks* Oh, yeah. Never mind.

*He pulls the covers over his head. Anya pulls the blanket off his face.*

**Anya** Are you still upset about that fight you had with your friends? It was hours ago. Get over it.

**Xander** Anya, you— *pause* Forget it.

**Anya** So they all thing you're a lost directionless loser with no plans for his future. *with the wave of her hand* Pfft!

**Xander** Anya, you can't *waving his hand* "pfft" that stuff away.

**Anya** Why not?

**Xander** I don't know. 'Cause I think maybe they're right. *Taking in his depressed mood, Anya lays down beside him resting her head on his shoulder.*

**Anya** So what if they are? You're a good person and a good boyfriend and . . .

*She starts to play with his chest with her finger.*

**Anya** And I'm in love with you.

*She lifts her head to look at him.*

**Anya** Whatever they think of you. It shouldn't matter. *She rests her head on his shoulder again.*

**Xander** Yeah. Yeah, it doesn't matter.

*But from his expression we can see that's not true.*

*Cut to the interior of a dark cave. Buffy steps into view from around the bend. She has her bag hanging from her shoulder and is armed with the battle axe. This is the same cave where she fought Adam yesterday. She whips her head to the right when she hears loose pebbles tumbling down the side of the wall from a hole in the ceiling where sunlight is shining through. She continues further until she reaches a narrow passage. When she steps through on the other side she sees a chamber which is connected to the sewer tunnels. There is a beat-up couch and a long desk with several computer monitors on it.*

**Buffy** softly Adam.

*She steps further inside. The place looks deserted.*

**Buffy** Where are you?

*Cut to closeup of a smooth concrete wall. There is a perfect circle in the wall, a portal as the door rolls to one side to reveal Adam and Riley standing in a cave. Adam walks through the portal first stepping down into a large underground chamber.*

**Adam** This is where it will all happen.

*As soon as Riley steps down the portal closes again and he follows Adam into what looks like a laboratory with metal operating tables lining both sides of the chamber.*

**Adam** Where the new race begins.

**Riley** Where are we?

**Adam** In the Initiative. There are areas no one knew about. Beyond those that needed to. Mother kept her secrets well.

*Riley sees a person in a lab coat crossing slowly in front of them. He recognizes Maggie Walsh, but her skin looks gray, decaying. There are thick tubes running from her chest circling behind her neck into a small device which seems to be circulating blood.*

**Adam** to Walsh Didn't you?

**Riley** Professor Walsh?

*But she doesn't respond to him. Just continues to walk like a zombie to one of the operating tables, carrying a metal pan in her hands.*

**Adam** This is all how she planned it. Except she thought she would be alive.

*Walsh hands the pan to another zombie in a lab coat whose back is turned to us. On the table between them someone wearing commando fatigues is lying on it. The second zombie turns and Riley sees it's Dr. Angelman.*

**Riley** worried Are you— Is that what you're going to do to me?

**Adam** They're just workers. *puts a hand on Riley's shoulder* You know your destiny is much greater.

*Riley dwells on those words and doesn't like the implications.*

*The zombies have stepped away from the table and the person lying on it suddenly sits up. It is another cyborg demon like Adam. But Riley recognizes him.*

**Riley** *with dread* Forrest. Oh, God.

*Forrest looks at him. We can see metal devices implanted into either of his temples. His face, from his forehead to the top half of his mouth is still his normal brown flesh.*

*The rest of his head is an orange demon yellow as well as his jaw and neck; sutured and metal stapled to his human flesh. His lower jagged teeth a contrast to his normal upper human teeth.*

**Forrest** God has nothing to do with it.

*Adam has a grotesquely proud smile on his face.*

*Off Riley's shocked expression, fade out.*

## Part Two

*Fade in. Buffy is walking quickly through the caves, on her way out. Then she senses something to her left and spins in that direction, battle axe ready.*

*Spike, coming from a smaller tunnel, stops and raises his hands.*

**Spike** Easy, sheriff. Watch where you point that thing.

**Buffy** What are you doing here?

**Spike** Looking for a little weekend getaway place. Shove off.

*Spike heads further into the cave in the direction Buffy just came from.*

**Buffy** Adam's been using these caves.

*He looks over his shoulder and stops.*

**Spike** What?

**Buffy** I found his lair.

**Spike** Oh, cripes. That's all I need. Running into that goon.

**Buffy** Yeah, well Adam's cleared out of here. So whatever he's planning is about to go down.

**Spike** *mockingly* Look at little Nancy Drew. What about those disks I nabbed? They ought to tell you something. *Buffy lowers her eyes.*

**Buffy** Willow has the disks.

**Spike** Well, I'd get on that. *Buffy rolls her eyes at him* Can't ignore valuable information just 'cause you two birds fell out, now can you?

*Buffy just looks at him, realization entering her eyes.*

**Buffy** *a beat* Right.

**Spike** Well, *shrugging* you do what you want. *walking off* No worry of mine now, is it?

*Buffy turns and, with renewed purpose, hurries on her way out.*

*Cut to Tara's dorm room. Willow is sitting on the bed working on the laptop.*

**Tara** Maybe you should rest? Clear your head?

*Tara sits down next to her.*

**Willow** Can't. Not now.

*The encryption is still crisscrossing the screen.*

**Willow** I think I'm on to something. I-I've been assuming that the . . . the ciphertext was encrypted with an asymmetric algorithm. Then it hit me. A hexigonic key pattern.

*The computer beeps and Tara points to the screen.*

**Tara** Hey, look! You did it!

**Willow** *frowning* I didn't. I haven't even finished typing in the new code.

*On the screen legible text is starting to appear.*

**Tara** Something's doing it.

**Willow** Must be programmed to self-decrypt at a certain point. That is so annoying. It-it's like somebody blurting out the answer to a riddle just when you've- *without enthusiasm* I mean, yippee! We have the information.

**Tara** I don't know if "yippee" is the right response either. Read that.

*The phone rings and Tara goes to answer it as Willow reads what's on the screen.*

**Tara** Hello? Yeah, she's right- I mean . . . let me check.

*Tara puts the receiver against her shoulder and looks at Willow.*

**Tara** It's Buffy.

*Cut to the secret lab. Riley is sitting in a large, metal chair. He's not restrained to it but his arms and feet are planted on the rests as if he was.*

**Riley** Professor Walsh.

*The Walsh zombie is standing in front of the small work table beside him, filling a long syringe with a dark red liquid.*

**Riley** Professor Walsh, it's Riley Finn. Can you hear me? *The zombie continues as if not hearing him.*

**Forrest** OS She's dead.

*Forrest crosses in front of Riley and stands next to Walsh.*

**Forrest** Artificially reanimated with basic to moderate brain activity. Mommy can hear you, but she's still a walking corpse.

**Riley** So are you.

**Forrest** *shaking a negative finger* Hm-mm. Got that wrong. I'm surging with life and strength. *flexing his arms* Adam made me to be nearly as bad as he is.

*He jabs a clawed fist at the air in front of him. We can see that his right arm is demon and slightly longer than his human left one. He's looking at the long talons on his new hand.*

**Forrest** Really looking forward to trying out your girl again.

**Riley** I'm sorry, Forrest.

**Forrest** Don't be. This is the best thing that ever happened to me. I'm free of all my weaknesses, my doubts. He's gonna fix you up, too. Soon as we got some choice parts. Then you and me will be back on the same side. Moving toward a new future.

**Riley** I'll never let that happen.

**Forrest** *stepping closer* You don't get it, brother. You don't have a choice. Your will belongs to us now.

**Riley** No. That's not true.

*Forrest leans his hands on the armrests of Riley's chair, looking him straight in the eyes.*

**Forrest** Then why don't you get out of that chair and walk out of here.

**Riley** You can't control my—

**Walsh** Riley . . . be a good boy.

*The Walsh zombie is looking at him with colorless dead eyes and Forrest steps back as she approaches. She lays a dead hand on Riley's wrist and plunges the syringe into his arm.*

*Cut to UC Sunnydale. Buffy is walking across the open campus, her arms crossed, oblivious to all the students around her. She stops on the walkway as the others approach from different directions, forming a square. Xander to her left, Giles to her right, and Willow in front of her. They don't say anything for a long uncomfortable moment. Finally, Buffy looks at Xander.*

**Buffy** Where's Anya?

**Xander** Oddly, Anya decided not to join us despite all the fun we had at our last meeting.

**Willow** *tersely* And I don't think Tara felt welcomed.

**Buffy** Why? Because of the things we said? *Willow nods* Will, who told you that we were talking behind your back, specifically?

**Willow** Well, I— Spike, specifically. But—

**Buffy** *to Xander* And who told you that we thought you'd be better off joining the Army?

**Xander** *a beat* That's not . . . **exactly** what he said.

*Buffy looks to Giles. He was bringing his cup of coffee to his mouth, but then lowers it.*

**Giles** Um, uh, Spike can be very convincing when-when-when, uh . . . *sighing* I'm very stupid.

**Buffy** He played us. He wanted us to fight to split us up. *There's another awkward moment of silence as they all consider this.*

**Buffy** That's where it came from. The . . . stuff we said the other night.

**Giles** Of course. *trying to sound light* Well, piffle. Let's—let's move on.

**Xander** *eager* I'm moving.

**Willow** Me too.

**Buffy** Good. *a beat* Great.

*But it's obvious none of them are entirely convinced of this and they stand there avoiding eye contact. Finally. . .*

**Willow** So . . . why do you think Spike made with the head games?

**Xander** He's all dressed up with no one to bite. He's gotta get his ya-yas somehow.

**Buffy** I think it was more than that. I think it was Adam.

**Xander** Spike's working for Adam!? After all we've done—*throws his arms up* Nah. I can't even act surprised.

**Buffy** I just went to Adam's lair and he was gone. But Spike just happened to be there and he made this big noise about getting the information off those encrypted disks.

**Willow** *perks up* Oh, I decrypted them.

*Buffy blinks in surprise.*

**Willow** *begrudgingly* Well, they decrypted themselves, but I almost had it.

**Giles** What did they say?

**Willow** Bunch of stuff we already knew about 314. But it also said there's some final phase where Adam manufactures a bunch of creepy cyber-demonoids like him. There's a special lab in the Initiative, but it didn't say where.

**Buffy** Adam fed Spike those disks. It has to be. He wanted me to know about his evil-guy assembly line. *to Willow* This . . . lab, it's in the Initiative?

**Willow** Hidden somewhere.

*Buffy considers this.*

**Buffy** Well, give the demon his due. He thought this one out.

**Willow** What do you mean?

**Buffy** You know how overcrowded the containment cells have been at the Initiative? Those demons were just too easy to catch. It's like they wanted in that place.

**Giles** The Trojan Horse.

**Buffy** Adam's gonna make sure the demons attack the Initiative from the inside.

**Xander** Demons versus soldiers. Massacre, massacre.

**Willow** And Adam has a neat pile of body parts to start assembling his army. Diabolical yet . . . *grimacing* gross.

**Xander** Does anybody else miss the Mayor-I-just-want-to-be-a-big-snake?

**Buffy** I got to shut him down, Giles. His final phase is about to start.

**Giles** We need to warn the Initiative.

**Buffy** They're not going to listen to me.

**Willow** Riley?

**Buffy** He's a deserter. He . . . got some bad news anyway and kinda . . . took off.

*Willow regards Buffy thoughtfully. Xander raises his hand.*

**Xander** Okay, I'm confused again. Adam has this evil plan. Why is he so anxious for you to know about it?

**Buffy** He wants me there. Probably figures I'll even the kill ratio.

**Xander** He's not worried you might kill . . oh, say . . him?

**Buffy** candidly No. He's really not.

*Cut to secret lab. Adam is gazing up at the ceiling but seems to be looking at something beyond that.*

**Adam** smiling She's coming. I can feel it.

*He turns around to face Spike who is standing beside Riley's chair.*

**Spike** Good on you. Got a chunk of prognosticating demon in there, 'ey?

*Spike walks over to one of the operating tables.*

**Spike** Now, claps his hands together if you'll just get this chip out of m'cranium . . hops up on table I'll be out of your way. And mind the hairline, I don't fancy fussing with a comb-over once I've resumed my killing ways.

*Riley just watches them silently, unable to talk. Adam doesn't move.*

**Spike** sternly Come on, we had a deal.

**Adam** When she's here.

*Sighing impatiently, Spike lets his head hang down. Off Riley's tense expression, we leave them.*

*The gang has retreated to Giles' apartment. He's looking down at the supplies they've gathered on the coffee table.*

**Giles** There's certainly no lack of supplies. I only wish I knew which ones would kill Adam.

*He sits down on the arm of his couch removing his glasses. Willow is on the couch going through an old book. Xander is standing behind the sofa and Buffy is sitting on the floor, knife in hand, sharpening a very large stake about the size of a baseball bat.*

**Buffy** According to Riley, his power source is a uranium core embedded somewhere inside his chest, probably near the spine.

**Xander** Great. So we just ask him to lie down quietly while we do some exploratory surgery.

**Willow** What about magic? Some kind of . . I don't know . . uranium-extracting spell?

*The others look at her and Willow winces.*

**Willow** I know. I'm reaching.

**Giles** Perhaps a paralyzing spell?

*Giles moves to a book case and grabs a book from on top.*

**Giles** Only I can't perform the incantation to this.

**Willow** Right, don't you have to speak it in Sumerian or something?

**Giles** I do speak Sumerian. But it's not that. *sits down again* Only an experienced witch can incant it and you

have to be within striking distance of the subject.

**Xander** to Buffy See what you get for taking French instead of Sumerian?

**Buffy** mock regret What was I thinking?

**Xander** So, no problem! All we need is combo Buffy. Her with Slayer strength, Giles' multi-lingual know-how, and Willow's witchy power.

*Everyone looks at him.*

**Xander** Yeah, don't tell me. I'm just full of helpful suggestions.

**Giles** seriously As a matter of fact, you are.

*Now everyone stares at Giles.*

*Cut to panning shot of the blue sky over UC Sunnydale. Camera stops on Lowell House. Cut to interior. We see Buffy step to the porch, through the glass of the front door, and leads the others inside. When they're all in she closes the door behind them. Xander and Giles are carrying loaded shoulder bags.*

**Willow** to Xander Nervous?

**Xander** nervously No way. I'm full of that good old Kamikaze spirit.

*Buffy takes the lead again and they follow her through the large living room.*

**Giles** conversationally Xander, just because this is never going to work there's no need to be negative.

**Willow** The enjoining spell isn't powerful enough to defeat Adam?

**Giles** It's very powerful. It's also . . extraordinarily dangerous.

*Buffy opens the double doors into the central hallway and stops in front of the full length mirror in the wall. She turns to the others.*

**Buffy** Game faces, guys. We're going in.

*She lashes out with a side kick and they all jump back as the mirror shatters to reveal the empty elevator shaft leading down.*

*Dissolve to a short time later. Camera angle looking down the deep shaft. Cut to Buffy and Willow. They are in rappel harnesses and are slowly descending, walking the wall of the shaft.*

**Buffy** How you doing?

**Willow** tad scared Super. What was I thinking using stairs all this time.

**Buffy** Okay.

*Buffy is silent as they continue to descend. Then she looks at Willow again.*

**Buffy** Will—

**Willow** No, really, Buffy. It's not as scary as I thought.

**Buffy** No. That's not what I was going to say.

*Willow looks at her. Buffy hesitates, glancing down the shaft.*

**Buffy** I just . . . I'm sorry. I hate that things have been so strained between all of us.

**Willow** It's not your fault. Spike stirred up trouble.

**Buffy** Yeah, but I think trouble was stir-rippable. I think we all sort of drifted apart this year, don't you?

**Willow** Maybe a little. But you know, first year of college it's hard to keep the old high school gang together.

**Buffy** But I want it together. Will, I miss you. And- and Giles and Xander. And it is my fault. I've been so wrapped up in my own stuff, I've been a bad friend.

**Willow** You're the Slayer, Buffy. You're stuff is pretty crucial.

**Buffy** I mean Riley and . . . Riley, mostly.

**Willow** Well, I haven't been Miss Available, either. I-I kept secrets. I hid things from everyone.

**Buffy** That's not your fault. Will, you were going through something huge.

**Willow** I wanted to tell you, but I was so scared.

**Buffy** *tears in her eyes* You can tell me anything. I love you. You're my best friend.

*Willow also has tears in her eyes and Buffy reaches out to her with one hand holding her line. Willow also reaches out.*

**Willow** Me, too. I love you, too.

*They hug each other. Then, together, they start to descend much faster.*

**Willow** Falling now!

*But they're close to the bottom and land safely on their feet on top of the elevator. Then they hug again, holding each other tightly.*

**Buffy** Let's promise to never not talk again.

**Willow** I promise, I promise.

*Then they see Xander sliding down next and let him land right between them. They quickly move in to hug him from both sides.*

**Buffy** Xander!

**Willow** Oh, wonderful Xander!

**Buffy** You know we love you, right?

**Willow** We totally do!

*Xander glances at both of them.*

**Xander** *with dread* Oh, God, we're gonna die, aren't we?

**Willow** No. We just missed you.

*He looks at them again as they continue to hug him and a big smile cracks his face. He looks up the shaft at Giles.*

**Xander** Giles, hurry up!

*Giles looks down and sees the three of them hugging.*

**Xander** You definitely want to get down here for this!

*Moments later, they are all standing on the elevator now. Xander is sliding a prybar in between the doors to the floor above the elevator.*

**Buffy** Okay. We stick together and everything should be fine. Everybody ready?

*Xander and Giles got their hands between the doors now and start sliding them apart.*

**Buffy** Let's . . .

*They open the doors and find themselves looking up at half a dozen Initiative commandos pointing blasters and rifles down at them.*

**Buffy** . . . do this.

### Part Three

*Fade in. Close up of a black and white security monitor. On the screen we see Buffy rounding a corner into a corridor being escorted by three commandos.*

**Spike** OS It's Must See TV.

*Cut to Adam and Spike looking at the monitor. They are in a control room. Spike takes a pull on his cigarette.*

**Spike** Bait's been taken. Trap's all set. The Slayer has landed. So . . . turns to Adam one chipperectomy please.

*Adam ignores him and continues to watch the monitor.*

**Spike** Hellooo! Paging Dr. Owe Me One.

**Adam** She's not alone.

*Spike looks at the monitor again and steps closer to the small screen. He sees Willow, Xander, and Giles enter the corridor being escorted by three more commandos.*

**Adam** You failed me again.

*Spike doesn't turn around.*

**Spike** Well, that's one way of looking at it.

**Adam** What's the other way?

*Spike looks over his shoulder at him, then takes off, running past Adam. Adam makes no move to stop him.*

*Spike has almost reached the doorway when Forrest suddenly steps in catching him by the throat with his claw.*

**Spike** GOH! C'mon! It's not like I wasn't trying! That's worth something, isn't it?

**Adam** I suppose. Yes. I will honor our agreement and remove your chip. *to Forrest* Take his head off.

*Forrest growls and slams Spike against a control panel getting both hands around the vampire's neck. Spike tries to struggle but Forrest is too strong. He raises his cigarette and slowly grounds it out in Forrest's left eye. Forrest has to pull back and Spike shoves him off and escapes. Forrest is about to give chase when-*

**Adam** Let him go.

*Forrest stops and turns to Adam. Adam looks at the monitor again which is now showing an empty corridor.*

**Adam** There's no where left to run.

*Close up of Forrest. He looks pissed and his left eye has turned into a solid white dead orb.*

*Cut to the command center of the Initiative. Several commandos are guarding Buffy and the others and*

*they're watching Colonel McNamara who is searching Giles' bag.*

**Buffy** Colonel—

**McNamara** Shut up. You got some nerve, lady.

**Buffy** You have to listen to me.

**McNamara** You think you and your friends can just keep waltzing into a government installation, brandishing weapons like . . .

*He takes out a large pear-shaped object with strange markings carved into it. He looks it over.*

**McNamara** Like . . .

**Willow** It's a gourd.

*McNamara just looks at her.*

**Giles** It's a magic gourd.

**McNamara** What kind of freaks are you people?

*He sets the gourd down on the table.*

**Buffy** Adam is here, Colonel. In the Initiative.

*McNamara steps closer to her.*

**McNamara** Nice try.

**Buffy** Those overcrowded containment cells of yours, courtesy of Adam. He's pulling a "Trojan Horse" on you. He's just waiting—

**McNamara** Every inch of this installation is under constant twenty-four hour surveillance!

**Willow** Including the secret lab?

**McNamara** Including everything!

*He gives her a stern look for a moment, then turns to Buffy.*

**McNamara** What secret lab?

**Buffy** The one Adam's been using. The one built for the final stage of the 314 project. *From the colonel's expression she realizes . . .* **Buffy** And you have no idea what I'm talking about.

**McNamara** I know everything that goes on around here. A tick on a mouse couldn't get in without my knowing it. And if Adam wants to try we're ready for him.

*From Buffy's expression it's clear he's not convincing her.*

**Giles** *offhandedly* Jolly good. H-how exactly do you plan to get close enough to Adam to remove his power source?

*Buffy raises her eyebrows expectantly at McNamara.*

**McNamara** Hit him simultaneously with multiple taser blasters. Incapacitate him with as much voltage as we can muster.

**Xander** Great plan. That's right up there with "duck and cover."

*Willow smirks at that.*

**Buffy** I've seen Adam hit with taser blasts, he feeds on it. And now you're gonna provide him with an all-you-can-eat buffet?

**McNamara** You telling me my business?

**Buffy** *stepping closer* This is not your business. It's mine. You, the Initiative, the boys in the Pentagon, you're all in way over your heads. Messing with Primeval forces you have absolutely no comprehension of.

**McNamara** And you do?

**Buffy** I'm the Slayer. You're playing on my turf.

**McNamara** Up there, maybe. But down here, I'm the one who's in control.

*As if on cue, all the lights go off and the emergency lights kick in half a second later. A commando sitting in front of a control panel speaks up.*

**Commando #1** Sir. The power grid's down. Back-up's not responding.

*He tries typing in commands into his keyboard but nothing happens.*

**Commando #1** We're locked in.

*Cut to Adam. He is sitting in front of a large control panel looking at a monitor showing the containment cells full of demons. He starts hitting switches and the lights go out in the containment area. He poises a clawed finger over another switch and looks into a different monitor, this one showing him a female scientist and a commando entering the containment area.*

**Adam** *with anticipation* This will be interesting.

*He flips the last two switches.*

*Cut to the containment area and all the cells start to slide open. One demon "Spider-Man-ing" on the ceiling sees its cell opening and drops down like a cat. Vampires and demons of all types start pouring out, growling hungrily.*

**Scientist #1** What's going on?

**Commando #2** I don't know.

*Then they see the demons coming at them.*

**Scientist #1** GO!

*A fur-covered demon runs at the scientist and she drops her clipboard just before it leaps on her. Another demon jumps on the commando and they both start to scream. Blood sprays across the clipboard.*

*Back in the command center, McNamara is leaning against the control panel listening to the reports while Buffy and the others look on.*

**Commando #1** Containment area's been breached. Hostiles are loose.

**McNamara** How many?

*The commando looks up at him.*

**Commando #1** All of 'em, sir.

**Buffy** It's Adam.

*McNamara straightens and faces her.*

**Buffy** Look, I'm the only one that can stop him now. Just let me handle this. Get your people out of here.

*Instead, he turns to a couple of commandos behind him.*



**McNamara** All right, you men follow me. We got to take the armory now.

**Buffy** Colonel—

*McNamara doesn't even glance her way as he walks by her. He stands in front of another commando and points to Buffy.*

**McNamara** These people are under arrest, do you understand?

**Commando #3** Yes, sir.

*The rest of the commandos follow the colonel as he leads them out of the room. As soon as they're gone, the first commando starts to rise from his chair. Buffy hits him with a side kick that sends him to the floor and the second commando rushes her. Buffy grabs the barrel of his blaster, pulling him in, and slams his head on the control panel. With the blaster now in her hands, she smashes the stock across the commando's face and he falls to the floor.*

*She turns to the others.*

**Buffy** We've got to find Adam.

**Willow** On it.

*Buffy, Willow, and Xander walk around to the other side of the control panel and Willow takes a seat in front of a terminal and immediately goes to work on the keyboard. Giles retrieves his bag from the table.*

**Giles** Buffy, the enjoining spell is extremely touchy. It's, uh, volatile. We-we can't risk it being interrupted. We need a place that's close to you and quiet.

*Giles joins the others standing around Willow. Xander is looking down at the control panel.*

**Xander** Uh, quiet?

*Close up of a black and white monitor showing the main wide-open compound of the Initiative. There is a giant battle being fought between the freed demons and the commandos. Growls, gunfire, and explosions can be heard.*

*Cut to the jumbo-hangar size chamber of the Initiative and we're suddenly in the middle of the battle. A demon sends a commando flying high through the air. Not too far away another demon is flinging another commando off in a different direction. It's a chaotic free-for-all. Several soldiers are already down being fed upon by vampires and other demons. A couple of explosions on the other side of the compound rocks the chamber. A large gray demon is at the top of the staircase leading to the catwalk and is backhanding a commando in the face, making the human flip backwards and tumble down the stairs. Another soldier charges the demon from the catwalk and it punches him hard across the face.*

*Below a demon has a soldier by the back of his uniform and is throwing him over the railing down into The Pit. The human screams as he falls to the lower level.*

*Amidst a cluster of humans and demons fighting hand-to-hand, a tall hulking green demon strides through looking for something to kill. On the other side of that conflict a commando armed with a submachine gun rushes forward and hits the creature with a spray of automatic fire. The demon jerks with the impact of the bullets then drops to its knees and falls forward. The commando continues to fire at new targets when a vampire grabs him from behind and drags him down, fangs already in his neck.*

*A female scientist had tried to escape up the metal staircase leading to the catwalk, but a demon caught her and easily snaps her neck. As her body drapes limply across the railing, the camera tracks a running demon coming out from under the staircase. We see Spike standing in the middle of the battle and he sees the demon coming at him. It doesn't look like the demon was aiming for Spike but the blonde vampire raises his arm clotheslining the demon's midsection as it leaps into the air. The scene goes into slow-motion as the demon tumbles back to the floor. There is a bright explosion in the background behind him, as Spike spins around and kicks an approaching vampire across the face. Spike ducks as another demon takes a swing at him slamming a fist into its gut then hammering both fists onto its back, grabbing its coat, and slamming the creature headfirst into a nearby crate. The first vampire is back up and a couple of commandos are moving in on Spike's right, but the humans back off when they see Spike hit the vampire with a jumping side-kick. A second vampire charges him and Spike is ready with a powerful right hook. The vampire falls and Spike moves on into the fray. Slow-mo ends.*

*Another explosion rocks the compound as we cut to a scientist trying to climb out of The Pit. He's struggling to the top rail and we see he's being attacked by several viny tentacles. He doesn't make it and screams as he's dragged back down into The Pit to whatever monster is screeching below him.*

*In the command center, everyone is still gathered around Willow. Xander now has the blaster in his hands watching the doors.*

**Buffy** How we doing, Will?

**Willow** Done.

*Her fingers are dancing across the keyboard.*

**Willow** Hold on. According to this there's airducts and electrical conduits all running into there. She points to an area on the screen displaying a diagram of the Initiative.

**Buffy** So?

**Willow** So, there's no "there" there. Look.

*She points to an empty area off the diagram and Buffy looks at it more closely.*

**Buffy** It's Adam.

**Giles** Are you sure?

**Buffy** Right behind 314. *to Willow* Can you unlock it?

**Willow** I don't have to. All-all the locks in the Initiative have been disengaged. Except for the exits.

**Xander** Demon open house.

**Buffy** Great. So we know we're going to 314. Now all we have to do is get there.

*In the main compound the battle still rages on. It's hard to keep track of each struggle, so many demons and soldiers fighting, we can't even tell if either side is winning. But we do recognize one of the commandos as Graham Miller runs into view. He stops next to the railing of The Pit, raising his automatic rifle, and starts picking off demons on the other side of The Pit with quick well-aimed bursts.*

*From a door on the far side of the compound, Buffy rushes out into the battlefield followed closely by Xander, Willow, and Giles. She's leading the way, running interference and quickly takes down a vampire in their way with a hard right hook, barely slowing down. Xander has his blaster ready to back her up as she continues to clear a path. A demon is suddenly in front of her and she kicks it hard in the side of its knee and, as it kneels, follows through with a swinging roundhouse kick to its face. They don't stop. Explosions rage behind the gang not very far away. Another vampire is in their way. Buffy spins into a heel kick knocking it aside. A commando comes running by her being chased by a vampire. A hard side kick to its midsection and Buffy sends the vamp back slamming into a parked humvee. A fur covered demon charges her next. Xander fires the blaster. Buffy ducks and the blast hits the creature sending it writhing to the floor and she runs past it. The others follow.*

*Cut to the battle surrounding them. A scientist is running around frantically waving his arm which is on fire. Nearby a large green demon is slamming a commando onto the back of another parked humvee. A second commando jumps down from the roof of the vehicle onto the demon, taking it down.*

*Buffy weaves a path for the others as they enter a chain-linked area but the battle is being waged everywhere. In front of them a horned demon is hitting a soldier sending him flying back a long distance to crash into a large stack of boxes. It turns around just in time to take Buffy's backhand across the face. As the creature falls, Buffy suddenly finds herself in Graham's line of fire. She turns, ready to duck for cover and finds Willow behind her.*

**Buffy** Willow, down!!

*She grabs Willow and sends them both to the floor. Xander and Giles also dive to the ground just as Graham unleashes a volley of rounds in their direction. Then a de-*

*mon grabs him from behind and he struggles as it takes him down. We don't see what happens to him.*

**Buffy** Come on!

*Buffy is quickly on her feet and Giles pulls Willow up and they follow her, Xander covering their backs. They reach the metal security door leading into the research area and Buffy rushes through the unlocked door, closely followed by Willow. Giles reaches the door next as Xander brings up the rear and he notices a vampire crawling onto a stack of armory crates atop a motorized cart, baring its fangs down at him. Giles swings his bag up across its face and the vamp tumbles down to the floor. He and Xander disappear through the door.*

*The battle rages on.*

*Cut to interior of lab 314. Buffy opens the door and the others follow her in.*

**Buffy** Okay, it should be over here.

*Buffy and Willow hurry to the corner of the far wall and push aside a shelf loaded with containers of different color chemicals. Buffy feels along the wall until she finds the edges of the secret double doors. They swing open with a hiss. Bright light washes over her from inside as there is still light in that area. She turns to face the others.*

**Buffy** Once I'm in, barricade the door behind me.

*Willow nods. Buffy looks over to Giles.*

**Buffy** Is this place okay to be magic central?

*Giles is standing by the door, looking out through the small window watching the corridor. He gives the room a quick once-over.*

**Giles** It, uh, should do.

**Willow** As long as we don't get blown up or nothin'.

**Xander** What're the odds of that?

*We hear another loud explosion from somewhere outside.*

**Buffy** How long before the ritual kicks in?

*Giles has moved away from the door and set his bag on an examination table to begin pulling out the supplies.*

**Giles** Five minutes, give or take.

**Buffy** I'll move fast then.

*She is about to step inside the secret door when—*

**Xander** stepping closer Buffy, I still don't like you going in alone.

*Buffy looks at them and smiles.*

**Buffy** meaningfully I won't be.

*Buffy turns and disappears into the lighted corridor. Willow closes the doors after her and rolls the shelf back in place. Meanwhile, Giles and Xander start barricading the other door.*

*Cut to Buffy. She emerges from an elevated entrance-way overlooking the secret lab. She sees Riley in the large chair below her. He appears to be alone.*

**Buffy** Riley!

*She climbs down the short metal ladder and hurries to his side.*

**Buffy** Are you hurt?

*He looks at her but doesn't say anything.*

**Buffy** Say something.

*We can see that he's trying to and Buffy grows concerned. Riley's eyes move to look at something behind her. She turns and sees the Walsh and Angleman zombies standing very still, not too far away.*

**Buffy** What is this? *looks at Riley* Why won't you talk to me?

**Adam** OS He can't.

*Buffy turns around again and sees that Adam has just entered the lab through the portal. It is closing behind him as he walks towards her.*

**Adam** He's not programmed to. He's part of the final phase now. As you were supposed to be.

**Buffy** *pleasantly sarcastic* Sorry. I don't jump through hoops on command. I've never really been one to tow the line.

*Adam is now standing in front of her and is just looking down at her for a moment.*

**Adam** Oh. *eyes still on Buffy* Kill her.

*Forrest suddenly steps up behind her and wraps an arm around her neck. Buffy struggles against his hold but can't free herself.*

**Forrest** I thought you'd never ask.

*Adam turns and walks past Riley's chair exiting the lab. The Walsh zombie starts moving, picking up a surgical saw and switches it on. The spinning blade whines as she slowly approaches Buffy.*

## Part Four

*Fade in. Buffy is still struggling in Forrest's hold as the Walsh zombie closes in with the surgical saw. Buffy kicks out with both feet and knocks the zombie back. Walsh goes tumbling against a table and falls to the floor. Buffy swings Forrest around, freeing herself, and his back slams up against the work table. A glass beaker falls off the shelf and shatters close to the edge of the table near Riley's right arm. Riley looks down at the broken glass.*

*Cut to 314. Willow, Xander, and Giles are sitting in a circle on the floor. Giles has just finished lighting four candles in the corners of their circle. Camera's POV inside their circle spinning slowly.*

**Willow** The power of the Slayer and all who wield it. Last to Ancient First. We invoke thee. Grant us thy domain of primal strength. Accept us and the powers we possess.

*Overhead shot. Camera is slowly rotating above them. Willow is reading from an open book in her lap and we can see the gourd in the center of their circle.*

**Willow** Link us mind and heart with spirit joined. Let the hand encompass us. Do thy will

*Cut to the secret lab. Buffy punches Forrest across the face then tries to hit him with a backhand. He catches her arm then grabs the back of her neck and shoves her hard to the floor. Her face crashes into a rolling surgical tray on the way down and she lands on her back. Buffy kicks up to her feet again and strikes with a roundhouse kick that Forrest blocks, then lays into him with a right and left hook combination finishing with a hard punch to his midsection. Forrest is hardly phased and retaliates with a fist to her stomach. Buffy tries to counter with a spinning backhand but he catches her arm again and throws her against a nearby table. Her middle hits the edge and her face slams down on the metal surface.*

*Buffy falls to the floor again.*

**Riley** Buffy!

*Buffy is trying to get up and Forrest kicks her in the stomach, sending her rolling across the floor. Forrest looks over his shoulder at Riley.*

**Forrest** Shut up! Watch me kill your girlfriend, Finn. That's an order.

*Forrest turns to Buffy and growls as he goes after her.*

*Close up of Riley as he looks down at the broken pieces of glass and he struggles to move his arm against his programming. His fingers slowly lift up from the armrest and begin to move towards the counter. Riley glances at the fight and sees Forrest kicking Buffy across the floor again. Riley manages to work his hand on the counter and wraps his fist around a jagged shard of glass. Close up of his fist as he holds the shard tightly. Then his hand strikes upward and we hear the sharp end sink into flesh. Cut to the fight. Buffy scissor-kicks herself to her feet and launches a front kick which Forrest blocks, but hits him with a following right hook.*

*Cut to Riley. He has stabbed himself in the chest close to his left shoulder. Pain etches his face as he's making a short diagonal incision*

*Cut to 314. Willow has a stack of tarot cards beside her and takes the first one on top.*

**Willow** Spiritus . . . spirit.

*She sets the card down on the floor in front of her, then picks up the next card, handing it to Xander.*

**Xander** Animus . . . heart.

*He sets the card down in front of him. Willow hands the next one to Giles.*

**Giles** Sophus . . . mind.

*He sets his card down in front of him. Willow picks up a fourth card.*

**Willow** And Manus

*Cut to Buffy. Slow-mo as she's hitting Forrest with a right-left combination.*

**Willow** VO . . . the hand.

*Cut to Riley. Close up on the incision he's made in his chest. He has dropped the glass shard and is reaching into the wound with his fingers. He closes his eyes, his face a mask of pain, as he tries to find his chip.*

*Cut to Buffy. Forrest is hitting her across the face with a hard backhand and she falls forward against one of the operating tables. He grabs her and flips her onto her back on top of the table. He brings a hammerfist down at her face but Buffy catches his arm and raises her leg to kick him on the side of his head. This only seems to piss him off and he yanks her off the table and she hits the floor hard.*

*Cut to Riley in serious pain, still reaching in for the chip. Forrest grabs Buffy off the floor and lifts her high over his head. She grabs a thick electrical cable hanging across the lab and rips it in two releasing a burst of sparks.*

*314. Camera's POV inside the circle is starting to spin faster.*

**Willow** We enjoin that we may inhabit the vessel. The hand, daughter of Sineya, first of the Ones.

*Riley still hasn't found the chip.*

*Forrest slams Buffy down on top of another table and she struggles as he presses a forearm across her throat. The Walsh and Angleman zombies move in. Walsh grabs one of Buffy's arms and Angleman takes a hold of her kicking legs.*

*Riley has finally found the chip and pulls it out of his chest. Through his pain he looks at the small blood-coated chip, his fingers also covered in blood.*

*Buffy is having little success in freeing herself. Overhead, the exposed cable continues sparking loudly as it dangles from the ceiling. Forrest is glaring down at her.*

**Forrest** Is that it? Is that all you got?

**Riley** OS No!

*Forrest looks up and the zombies release Buffy, turning towards Riley.*

**Riley** She's got me!

*Riley rushes forward and rips the tubes out of the zombies' chests shoving them aside as they fall to the floor now undead dead.*

**Forrest** Look who's come off the bench.

*Forrest lets Buffy go and starts to round the table towards Riley. Buffy lashes out with a hard kick to his face which sends him stumbling back against the wall. She hops off the table and hurries to Riley.*

**Buffy** I need to get to Adam, like, NOW. Are you able?

*Riley just glances down at her.*

**Riley** Go.

*Buffy runs out of the lab where Adam had disappeared and Riley faces Forrest as the cyber-demonoid straightens and growls at him. Riley charges him and Forrest grabs him flipping him high over his head. Luckily, Riley lands –a little unevenly– on his feet but quickly turns and grabs Forrest from behind. Forrest immediately slams an elbow back into his face and turns on him grabbing Riley's arm and flipping him onto his back. Riley hits the floor hard and tries to roll back to his feet. Before he can stand, Forrest plants a boot against his chest and sends him tumbling back.*

*Cut to the main compound. Colonel McNamara is leading his squad of commandos into the battlefield. He has his sidearm drawn and fires several shots at the demon up on the catwalk. It's hit a few times and the creature tumbles over the railing and falls to the ground below. The rest of his squad are also firing at targets of their own. McNamara surveys the rest of the battle.*

**McNamara** shouting Fall back! Fall back!

*They start to retreat, laying down covering fire. McNamara points to The Pit.*

**McNamara** Watch the flank! Lock down that Pit!

*Cut to a black and white image of the raging battle. Adam is in his control room watching the monitors.*

**Buffy** Fun, isn't it?

*Adam turns around to see Buffy standing in the doorway with her arms crossed.*

**Adam** I do appreciate violence.

**Buffy** Good.

*Buffy charges Adam and leaps into the air to attack him. Adam intercepts her with a hard punch to her midsection and she goes flying back, tumbling across the floor. She comes up on her knees, then shoulder rolls forward, springing to her feet, and hits him with a hard front kick to the stomach. She follows through with a left hook, then a right-left combo to his face. She snaps a backhand against his face, but Adam doesn't appear to be bothered by her attack. However, he does take the time to block her next punch, grabbing her arm, and runs her face-first into a control panel. He swings her around and she hits the floor rolling until she's stopped by the wall.*

*Adam advances on her, his skewer unsheathing from his left arm. Buffy is on her feet and side-steps his thrust, grabbing his arm and breaks the skewer over her knee. She hits him in the face with a right hook and this makes him stumble a few steps back.*

**Buffy** grinning Broke your arm.

**Adam** unconcerned Got another.

*He looks down at his right arm and a panel on his metal gauntlet unlocks and slides open. A metal device slides out of the gauntlet, covering his clawed hand, and from that, a long six-barrel minigun springs out.*

*Buffy's eyes widen in shock.*

**Adam** I've been upgrading.

*Buffy starts running across the room and Adam is firing before he even raises the gun. He swings his long gun-arm after her and the rounds trail closely behind Buffy. She leaps into the air, vaulting over a control panel, and drops down behind it out of sight. Adam continues shooting.*

*314. Camera's POV from inside the circle, spinning faster.*

**Willow** We implore thee. Admit us. Bring us to the vessel. Take us . . . now!

*Overhead shot as Willow, Xander, and Giles are hit by the spell and throw their heads back, looking up at the ceiling. From this angle, the camera moves in fast-forward speed, darting across the lab, through the secret door, and down the corridor into the control room where it finds Buffy hiding behind the control panel. She arches back as the power hits her.*

*Adam lets loose a grenade round and the control panel shatters in a fiery explosion.*

*A few seconds later, the smoke begins to clear and Adam is looking at the shattered remains of the control panel. Nothing moves until—*

*Buffy stands up from behind the rubble. She is unharmed. Her eyes flash in a glowing orange color.*

**Adam** You can't last much longer.

*When Buffy speaks her voice is combined with the voices of Willow, Xander, and Giles, speaking in perfect unison.*

**Buffy** We can. We are forever.

*Adam lowers his gun-arm as he gazes at her. Close up of Buffy. We see her pupils have shrunk to tiny pinpoints, her irises orange surrounded by yellow. Her expression is very calm.*

**Buffy** Sumerian Sha me-en-den. Gesh-toog me-en-den. Zee me-en-den. Oo-khush-ta me-ool-lee-a ba-ab-tum-mu-de-en.

**Adam** Interesting.

*Adam raises his gun-arm and starts firing. The hundreds of rounds hit an invisible barrier about a foot in front of Buffy and the air ripples like raindrops on water.*

**Buffy** Sumerian Im-a-sheng-ab.

*For the first time **ever** . . . Adam seems worried.*

**Adam** Very . . . interesting.

*In 314. A fur-covered demon has reached the barricaded door and is trying to smash it's way in. Willow, Xander, and Giles, in their trance, are oblivious to this.*

*Cut to the secret lab. Riley jumps at Forrest leading with a fist to his face. He grabs Forrest by the shoulders and slams a knee into his gut. It doesn't seem as if Forrest felt a thing. He spins Riley around, jabbing him smartly in the kidney, then tosses him into the air. Riley flies across the lab in a spinning flip and lands hard on one of the*

*steel operating tables. He flops down to the floor.*

**Forrest** What are you making me do this for?

*Forrest marches towards him as Riley is trying to rise to his knees.*

**Forrest** Not that I'm not enjoying myself.

*He plants a boot into Riley's chest and kicks him hard. Riley goes sliding across the floor and bowls over a group of heavy metal canisters. He lifts his head and sees Forrest coming after him.*

**Forrest** But Adam's not gonna like it if I—

*Riley stands up with one of the canisters in his hands swinging it across Forrest's face. Forrest actually feels this and Riley slams the canister into his face again. Then he shoves the tank against Forrest's chest and we hear the valve opening as Riley drives him back to the other end of the chamber, until he slams him against one of the tables. Riley proceeds to smash the canister into Forrest's face a couple of more times before Forrest wraps his arm around it and throws Riley to the floor. Riley quickly gets back to his feet and dashes to the other side of the lab as Forrest raises the tank over his head. Riley dives on top of one of the metal tables and takes it down on its side with him, shielding himself.*

*Forrest looks up and sees several things. The word FLAMMABLE on the side of the canister, the open valve releasing gas, and the exposed cable dangling above him. The cable sparks. The canister explodes blowing Forrest apart in a angry fireball. The blastwave hits Riley's table and sends him sliding back until he hits the wall. The explosion dies down as pieces of Forrest continue to fall. Riley seems shaken but unharmed.*

*Cut to the control room. Adam is still cutting loose with the minigun but Buffy is safe behind her mystic barrier. Adam loads another grenade round and fires. Camera zooms in behind Buffy's shoulder and the scene goes into slow-mo as she raises an open palm and the artillery round slows down before reaching her and suddenly scatters into three white doves. Adam just watches the birds fly away with an expression as close to amazement as he can get. He aims his gun-arm at Buffy again. Buffy raises her palm again and moves it in a circular motion. Adam's minigun closes and retracts back into his gauntlet. Adam is puzzled as he looks down at his empty hand.*

*Adam approaches Buffy in powerful strides and she calmly walks forward to meet him. He swings his large arms at her but Buffy weaves and ducks all his strikes in fluid motions without moving her feet. Then she catches one of his arms, then the other, crossing them at the wrists, and holds them with one hand as she jackhammers her other fist three times into his face. He frees his arms and she deflects his punch and shoves him back to*

*hit him in the chest with a stepping sidekick. This sends him back against the control panel behind him and he falls to his knees. Buffy advances on him and he raises an arm to ward her off. She grabs his wrist and wraps her other hand around his throat.*

**Adam** surprised But how can you . . . ?

*Fade to overhead shot of 314.*

**Willow/Giles/Xander** You could never hope to grasp the source—

*Fade back to Buffy.*

**Buffy** —of our power.

*Buffy picks him up and tosses him into the air. Adam executes a mid-air flip and bounces off the control panel landing on the floor. Buffy drags him to his feet and swings him around. She jumps into the air and unleashes alternating front kicks so fast she succeeds in hitting him the in chest six times before landing on her feet. Adam slams up against the wall and Buffy drives her fist into his chest, plunging it deep into his body. Adam grabs her arm but can't keep her from shoving it further in. She pulls her arm out holding something in her hand. Close up shot shows us it's a metallic cylinder containing a glowing green material. There is a chunk of something attached to it that might be a part of Adam's spine.*

**Buffy** looking at the uranium core But yours is right here.

*Adam's eyes lose focus as he looks at her and he falls to the floor with a fading groan.*

*Buffy continues to stare at the power core. Riley rushes into the room, sees Adam on the floor, and looks at Buffy.*

**Riley** Buffy.

*She doesn't seem to notice he's there. She opens her palm and the core slowly rises into the air.*

**Buffy** speaking Sumerian

*The air around the core starts to shimmer then it seems to crumple in on itself with the sound of twisting metal. It shrinks and, with a flash of light, disappears.*

*Riley slowly approaches her as she just stares at nothing in front of her. He touches her chin and looks at her orange eyes. She finally seems to notice him and slumps forward into his arms.*

*In 314, the others slump as well, they're heads falling forward. Camera's POV from the center of their circle: it's spinning is slowing down and stops as they tiredly raise their heads.*

**Willow** Wow. That was—

*The barricade on the door gives way and the fur-covered demon rushes in, ready to pounce on them. They are helpless to defend themselves—*

*But Spike suddenly grabs the demon from behind, forcing it to its knees and snaps its neck with a twist. The*

*gang is still recovering as they see this. Giles is removing his glasses.*

**Spike** chuckling Nasty sort of fellow. Lucky for you blighters I was here, 'ey?

**Giles** Yes. Uh, thank you. Although your heroism is slightly muted by the fact that you were helping Adam to start a war that would kill us all.

*Spike stops grinning.*

**Xander** He probably just saved us so we wouldn't stake you right here.

**Spike** Well, yeah. *a beat* Did it work?

*The others just look at each other then start to get to their feet. Seeing that none of them are reaching for a stake, Spike starts grinning again.*

**Spike** Well, then everything's all right. We all get to be not staked-through-the-heart. *points at them with bravado* Good work, team.

*The shelf of chemicals is pushed aside as the secret doors are opened and Buffy steps into the room followed by Riley. Her eyes are back to normal and she's smiling.*

**Giles** Buffy!

*Willow goes to her and hugs her.*

**Willow** Wasn't it amazing?

**Xander** You were great.

**Buffy** We were great.

**Riley** We still got men out there.

**Spike** still bravado Well, let's go save 'em, by gum!

*Giles, Willow, and Xander give him a look. Spike gets a "what?" expression on his face.*

**Buffy** You guys get to the exits, get 'em open. *to Riley* You, organize the soldiers and pull 'em back. I'll take point.

*Buffy heads for the door and everybody falls in behind her.*

**Willow** Are you up to this?

**Buffy** I am.

*As if to prove her point, a demon suddenly appears in the doorway. Buffy doesn't slow down as she punches it in the chest and it goes flying back.*

*We are taken to a dark room somewhere in Washington. The only source of light is illuminating a large conference table where Mr. Ward is seated with several other men in suits. The camera pans slowly as he speaks.*

**Mr. Ward** It was an experiment. The Initiative represented the government's interest in not only . . . controlling the otherworldly menace but in harnessing its power for our own military purposes. *a beat* The considered opinion of this counsel is that the experiment . . . has failed.

*Dissolve to the Initiative. Slow-motion. The battle is still raging on but Buffy is out there now. She's fighting a demon beside one of the parked humvees, slamming a knee*

*into it as another demon leaps off the vehicle at someone off screen. As the first demon falls a vampire comes at her and she takes it down with a hard left hook.*

**Mr. Ward** VO Once the prototype took control of the complex, our soldiers suffered a forty percent casualty rate.

*Cut to Buffy leaping into the air hitting two demons in the face with alternating kicks. The scene dissolves to superimpose another scene at the same time. Riley runs up behind a vampire and hits it with a backhand fist. Close up of Graham as he sees him taking the vamp down. Riley signals to him. Graham shouts to the soldiers around him and they hurry to follow Riley. Buffy punches another demon across the face and runs off screen to continue fighting.*

**Mr. Ward** VO And it seems that it was only through the actions of a deserter and a group of civilian insurrectionists that . . . our losses were not total.

*Both scenes dissolve and we see Xander in the elevator shaft helping Willow down to the top of the elevator. The commandos start entering the shaft as well and begin climbing the rappel lines.*

**Mr. Ward** VO I trust the irony of that is not lost on any of us?

*Dissolve to McNamara running into the command center, weapon ready. He finds the room empty and hurries to one of the control panels.*

**Mr. Ward** VO Maggie Walsh's vision was brilliant but . . . ultimately, insupportable.

*A fur-covered demon runs into the room behind him and he turns firing several shots at it. The demon charges him and McNamara screams as it leaps on him.*

**Mr. Ward** VO The demons cannot be harnessed. Cannot be controlled.

*Dissolve to the main compound. The battle is over. Dead humans and demons litter the battlefield. There are still a few demons and vampires alive, feeding on the dead.*

*We return to Washington.*

**Mr. Ward** It is therefore our recommendation that this project be terminated and all records concerning it expunged. Our soldiers'll be debriefed. Standard confidentiality clause. We will monitor the civilians. And the usual measures prepared should they try to go public. *ponders* I don't think they will.

*Cut to a black and white monitor showing the aftermath of the battle. Camera pans around to show the carnage. Dead commandos and demons alike. Several demons feeding on dead humans.*

**Mr. Ward** VO The Initiative itself will be filled in with concrete. Burn it down, gentlemen. *pause* Burn it down . . . and salt the earth.

*The camera stops on a dead demon and the picture on the monitor becomes snow and static hisses.*

## Restless

Transcript by **joan the english chick** <pisces@englishchick.com>

### DISCLAIMER

*I do not own these characters or situations. I merely transcribed what I saw and heard on the screen.*

### Note

*This episode was unusual in that they showed "Previously on Buffy..." and then went directly into the opening credits, then began the episode without a commercial break. So the "teaser" came after the opening credits instead of before.*

### Prologue

*Shot of Adam.*

**Buffy** The Initiative created this thing and they can't stop it, but we will.

**Giles** *Voiceover* Previously on Buffy the Vampire Slayer...  
*Overhead shot of Willow, Giles, and Xander doing the spell in "Primeval."*

**Willow** *Voiceover* Power of the slayer and all who wield it, last to ancient first, we invoke thee.

*Giles lighting a candle.*

**Willow** Make us mind and heart and spirit join.

*Shot of Willow's hand laying down a Tarot-sized card.*

**Willow** Spiritus, the spirit.

*Shot of Xander laying down another card.*

**Xander** Animus, heart.

*Shot of Giles laying down another card.*

**Giles** Sophus, mind.

*Shot of Willow holding the last card.*

**Buffy** And Manus, the hand.

*Shot of Buffy with bullets dissolving in front of her.*

**Buffy** You could never hope to grasp the source of our power.

*Buffy reaching into Adam's chest and pulling out his power supply. Adam falling over dead.*

*Wolf howl*

### Part One

*No commercial*

**Buffy** Are you sure you'll be all right? Cause I can be there in the morning.

**Riley** *shakes head* It's just a debriefing.

*We see they're at Joyce's house, standing by the door. Giles is in the dining room. Willow sitting on the stairs.*

**Riley** They're not gonna make me disappear, and they're not pinning anything on me. I got Graham and a lot of the guys testifying I'm the reason they're alive. I might actually get out of this with an honorable discharge.

**Giles** *eating something* In return for your silence, no doubt.

**Riley** Oh yeah. Having the inside scoop on the administration's own Bay of Mutated Pigs is definitely an advantage.

**Willow** *cheery* It's like you're blackmailing the government. *They look at her* In a ... patriotic way.

*Riley smiles.*

**Riley** I'll call you when it's over.

*He and Buffy smooch.*

**Xander** *offscreen* Dinner is served.

*Xander enters with a bowl of popcorn. Joyce behind him.*

**Xander** And my very own recipe.

*Willow takes a handful.*

**Willow** Ooh, you pushed the button on the microwave that says "popcorn"?

**Xander** *shakes head* Actually, I pushed "defrost," but, um, Joyce was there in the clinch.

**Riley** Well, you guys have fun tonight. *Extends his hand to Joyce* It was very nice meeting you.

**Joyce** *shakes his hand* It was nice meeting you ... finally.

**Riley** Bye.

**Buffy** Bye.

*Riley leaves. Buffy shuts the door behind him. We see Joyce is holding a bowl of peanuts.*

**Joyce** *to Buffy* Did you notice how pointedly I said "finally"?

**Buffy** *innocent face* No.

*They all go into the living room.*

**Xander** Let the vid-fest begin.

**Giles** *to Joyce* You sure you won't join us?

**Joyce** No, you guys have your fun. *Buffy and Willow sit on the sofa, Xander on the floor* I'm tired. I can't believe you're not exhausted. Have you even slept since...

**Giles** Still feel a little bit too wired.

**Willow** Mm. Yeah, that spell, that was, that was powerful.

**Buffy** Don't think I **could** sleep.

*We see Buffy and Willow curling up on the sofa with blankets over them.*

**Xander** Well, we got plenty of vids. And I'm putting in a preemptive bid for "Apocalypse Now," huh? *Holds up the video*



**Willow** *scowls* Did you get anything less heart-of-darkness-y? *Joyce smiles, puts down bowl*

**Xander** Apocalypse Now is a gay romp! It's the feel-good movie of whatever year it was.

**Buffy** *not buying it* What else?

*Joyce and Giles exchange a smile and she heads for the stairs.*

**Xander** Don't worry. Got plenty of chick-and-British-

guy flicks too. These puppies should last us all night.

*Shot of Joyce smiling at them as she climbs the stairs.*

*Shot of a hand putting a tape in the VCR and pressing Play.*

*Pan up to the TV screen. The FBI warning comes up.*

*Shot of Giles, Buffy, Willow, and Xander fast asleep in their seats.*

## Part Two

*The four still asleep. Giles in a chair, Buffy and Willow on the sofa, Xander on the floor. Zoom in slowly on Willow, clutching a red blanket against herself.*

*Fade to Tara's face. She appears to be lying on her stomach, resting chin on crossed arms. We see a bare shoulder.*

**Tara** I think it's strange. I mean, I think I should worry that we haven't found her name.

**Willow** Who, Miss Kitty?

*Shot of their kitten, playing with a ball of red yarn in slow-motion.*

**Tara** You'd think she'd let us know her name by now.

**Willow** She will. *Looking down at Tara* She's not all grown yet.

**Tara** You're not worried?

**Willow** I never worry here. *Smile* I'm safe here.

**Tara** You don't know everything about me.

**Willow** Have you told me your real name?

*Tara smiles.*

**Tara** Oh, you know that.

*Willow smiles, reaches for something.*

*Shot of a paintbrush dipping into ink jars.*

**Tara** They will find out, you know.

*Shot of Willow's face.*

**Tara** About you.

**Willow** Don't have time to think about that. *Frown* You know I have all this homework to finish.

*The camera pulls back so we can see Tara is lying face-down on her bed, naked, and Willow is painting on her back.*

**Tara** Are you gonna finish in time for class?

**Willow** I can be late.

**Tara** But you've never taken drama before.

*Shot of Willow dipping the paintbrush again, moving it across to Tara's back, which is covered with Greek symbols.*

**Tara** Might miss something important.

*Pause*

**Willow** I don't wanna leave here.

*Tara twists back to look at her.*

**Tara** Why not?

*Willow stands up, looking down at Tara. She turns away toward a dark red curtain. Walks over to it.*

**Willow** It's so bright.

*Pulls back the curtain to reveal a brightly sunlit desert. The light falls on Tara, who looks over.*

**Willow** *looking back at Tara, still holding the curtain open* And there's something out there.

*Shot of the desert, straggly plants, rocks. We briefly see something (someone?) moving, then it's gone.*

*Shot of the kitten stalking forward toward the camera, in slow-motion.*

*Cut to Willow walking down the halls of Sunnydale High, looking anxious. She walks up to Xander and Oz.*

**Xander** Hey.

**Willow** *casual* Hey, guys. *Keeps walking*

**Oz** Heard you're taking drama. *The guys walk after her*

**Willow** Uh-huh.

**Oz** It's a tough course.

**Willow** You took it? *Walks up to a locker, starts trying to open it*

**Oz** Oh, I've been here forever.

**Xander** So whatcha been doin'? Doing spells? *To Oz* She does spells with Tara.

**Oz** Yeah, I heard about that.

*Willow still trying to open the locker.*

*Bell rings.*

**Willow** *anxious* I'm gonna be late. *Walks off*

**Xander** Sometimes I think about two women doing a spell ... and then I do a spell by myself.

*Oz looks at him. Xander looks at Oz, then quickly away. Cut to Willow entering the backstage area. Costumes hanging on a rack. People getting into costume. Makeup table with mirrors. Sound of an orchestra tuning up. People wearing all kinds of different costumes. Willow walks around looking lost.*

*Harmony runs up to her. She's dressed as a Swedish Milkmaid with two braids.*

**Harmony** Isn't this exciting? Our first production! I can't wait till our scene! I love you! Oh! *Hugs Willow. Suddenly drops the fake friendly act. Don't step on my cues.*

**Willow** Production?

*We see Buffy peeking out through the curtain at the audience. She runs over to Willow and Harmony. She's*

*dressed as the lead character in "Chicago": short straight black hair, short tight black dress.*

**Buffy** Ohmigod. The place is packed. Everybody's here! Your whole family's in the front row, *cheerful* and they look really angry.

**Willow** There's a production?

**Harmony** *rubbing Willow's shoulders* Oh, somebody's got stage fright.

**Willow** Isn't this the first class?

*Riley approaches, dressed as a cowboy.*

**Riley** Well, you showed up late, or you'd have a better part. *Smiling* I'm Cowboy Guy.

**Buffy** *to Willow* Your costume is perfect. *Whispers* Nobody's gonna know the truth. You know, about you.

**Willow** *bemused* Costume?

**Buffy** *pouting* You're already in character! Oh, I shoulda done that! *Stomps foot, turns away*

**Willow** But how come there's - I mean, I was given to understand that a drama class would have, you know ... drama class. I mean, we haven't even rehearsed!

**Harmony** *snorts* Well, maybe some people haven't. *Smiles up at Riley*

**Riley** I showed up on time, so I got to be Cowboy Guy. *Harmony nods*

**Willow** *to Buffy* I just think it's really early to be putting on a play. I, I don't even know what... *Eyes widen* This isn't Madame Butterfly, is it, because I have a whole problem with opera.

**Giles** *offscreen* All right, everyone! *Buffy looks excited.* *Sound of Giles clapping hands for attention* Pay attention! *Everyone gathers around Giles* In just a few moments that curtain is going to open on our very first production. Now, everyone that Willow's ever met ... is out in that audience, including all of us. That means we have to be perfect. *Shot of Willow looking upset* Stay in character, *Willow sees something hairy behind a prop.* *She stares* remember your lines, and energy energy energy, especially in the musical numbers!

*Shot of Buffy looking really excited.*

**Willow** *whispering* Did anyone see that?

**Giles** Acting is not about behaving, it's about hiding. The audience wants to find you, *We see Harmony behind him, wearing vampire face, grabbing his shoulders and trying to bite him* strip you naked, and eat you alive, so hide. *to Harmony* Stop that. *She stops*

**Giles** Now, costumes, sets, um, the things that you, uh, you know, uh, you, um... *Shot from above.* *We see the cast gathered, Harmony still jumping up behind Giles trying to bite him* you hold them, you touch them, uh, use them, um...

**Harmony** Props?

**Giles** No.

**Riley** Props?

**Giles** Yes! *Points at Riley* It's all about subterfuge. *To Harmony* That's very annoying. *To everyone* Now go on out there, lie like dogs, and have a wonderful time. *Shot of Riley looking excited* Now, if we can stay in focus, keep our heads, and if Willow can stop stepping on everyone's cues, *shot of Willow looking anxious* I know this'll be the best production of "Death of a Salesman" we've ever done. *To Harmony* Stop it. *Loudly* Good luck everyone! Break a leg! *Pushes through them and leaves* *Excited chatter.* Willow frowns.

*Sound fades out.* *We still see the costumed students chattering and moving around, but it's silent.* Willow walks through the crowd looking confused. *To the side, in the darkness, she sees a bald man wearing glasses.*

**Bald Man** *whispers* I've made a little space for the cheese slices.

*He shows her a table with slices of American cheese laid neatly in a row.*

*Willow frowns.* *Eerie music starts up.* Willow walks past a curtain. *She's in a narrow tunnel made of red stage curtains on either side. She walks slowly through it.* *Creepy music.* It's dark. Then Willow walks into a beam of light, and Tara is there.

**Tara** Things aren't going very well.

**Willow** *agitated* No! This drama class is just ... I think they're really not doing things in the proper way, and now I'm in a play and my whole family's out there, and ... why is there a cowboy in "Death of a Salesman" anyway?

**Tara** *frowns* You don't understand yet, do you?

*Willow frowns, looks around.*

**Willow** *whispers* Is there something following me?

*Tara nods.*

**Tara** Yes.

**Willow** Well, what, uh, what should I do? The, the play's gonna start soon, and I don't even know my lines.

**Tara** The play's already started. That's not the point.

*Willow looks alarmed*

*Cut to the stage.* Riley on the left with hands on his belt. In the middle, Harmony wearing a yoke with buckets on either end. On the right, Buffy reclining seductively on a sofa.

**Riley** *swaggers forward, pushes up cowboy hat* Why, hello, little lady. Can I hold those milk pails for you? *Laughter from audience*

**Harmony** Why thank you, but they're not very heavy. *Overacting* Why have you come to our lonely small town, which has no post office and very few exports?

**Riley** I've come looking for a man. *Looks directly into camera* A salesman.

*Cut to Willow looking anxious.*

**Tara** *offscreen* Everyone's starting to wonder about you. The real you. If they find out, they'll punish you, I ... I can't help you with that.

**Willow** Well, what should I ... what's after me? Is it something I-I was supposed to do? W-was I supposed to-

**Tara** Shh. *Looking around*

*Willow looks around. Hears a buzzing noise.*

**Willow** *whispers* What was that?

*Tara looks worried.*

*Cut to stage. Riley in the foreground facing the audience. Buffy in the middle ground facing Riley. Harmony in the background, sitting on the sofa, crying.*

**Buffy** *with contempt* But what else could I expect from a bunch of low-rent, no-account hoodlums like you? Hoodlums, yes, I mean you and your friends, your whole sex, throw 'em in the sea for all I care, throw 'em in and wait for the bubbles, men with your groping and spitting all groin no brain three billion of you passing around the same worn-out urge. Men! With your ... sales!

*She says all this in one breath without pause or inflection. Harmony sobs throughout and Riley stands expressionless.*

*Cut to Willow looking over her shoulder. She turns back and Tara is gone.*

**Willow** *looking scared, whispers* Tara? Tara, okay, this really isn't fu-

*A stake or dagger slashes through the curtain right by her face. She gasps, turns away. A hand covered in rags reaches out of the other curtain, tries to grab her. She's knocked to the floor. She screams and covers her head with her hands. Another hand reaches for her.*

**Buffy** Will!

*Buffy leaning through the curtains to grab her.*

**Willow** Buffy! Oh god.

**Buffy** Come on. *Helps her up and through the curtain. They're in a Sunnydale High classroom.*

**Buffy** Stay low. *They crouch down and creep between the desks* What did it look like?

**Willow** I don't know. I-I don't know what's after me.

**Buffy** Well, you must have **done** something. *Frowning in disapproval*

**Willow** No. I never do anything. I'm very seldom naughty. I, I just came to class, and, and the play was starting.

**Buffy** *straightens up* Play is long over. *Stares at Willow* Why are you still in costume?

**Willow** Okay, still having to explain wherein this is just my outfit.

*Gesturing to her clothes*

**Buffy** Willow, everybody already knows. Take it off.

**Willow** No. No. *Looks around nervously* I need it.

*Buffy rolls her eyes.*

**Buffy** Oh, for god's sake, just take it off.

*Spins Willow around and rips her clothes off.*

**Buffy** That's better. It's much more realistic.

*Suddenly all the desks have students in them. Buffy turns and goes to take her seat.*

**Harmony** See? Isn't everybody very clear on this now?

*We see Anya sitting next to Harmony, giggling. The whole class is giggling.*

*Shot of Willow in her nerdy schoolgirl outfit and long straight hair from BTVS first season. Holding some paper.*

**Anya** My god, it's like a tragedy.

*Shot of Buffy looking at Willow.*

**Oz** *to Tara* I tried to warn you. *Gives Willow a disgusted look*

**Anya** *still giggling* It's exactly like a Greek tragedy. There should only be Greeks.

*Willow looks around the room nervously, looks down at her paper.*

**Willow** *licks lips* My book report. This summer I, I read "The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe."

**Xander** *loudly, to ceiling* Oh, who cares?

*Willow looks hurt. Sound of giggling. Shot of Oz nuzzling Tara's cheek while she giggles.*

**Willow** This book ha-has many themes...

*Something bursts onscreen and knocks Willow down. She screams.*

*Shot of Buffy putting her head down on her arms on the desk, looking bored. Sound of Willow screaming and the attacker growling.*

**Willow** Help! Help me!

*Shot of Xander looking bored.*

*Shot of Oz and Tara giving each other conspiratorial smiles.*

**Willow** Help me!

*Growling noise continues as Willow struggles. The creature/person attacking Willow has dark skin and long matted dark hair, and is wrapped in rags. It bends as if to bite her neck. Closeup of Willow's face with the dark hair half-obscuring it. Her eyes widen. The skin on her face wrinkles and her eyes cloud.*

*Cut to the real Willow on the couch, asleep, still covered with the red blanket, twitching and making noises as if choking.*

### Part Three

*Willow still twitching and gasping for air. Pan down to Xander who suddenly sits up.*

**Xander** I'm awake. I'm good. Did I miss anything?

*Looks at Willow, who's still asleep and twitching*

**Giles** *eating popcorn* Not very much at all really.

**Buffy** *eating popcorn* Bunch of massacring.

*Xander looks at TV, raises eyebrows.*

*On TV, a soldier carrying a gun walks through a forest.*

**TV Soldier** We gotta keep going, men. *Panting* We gotta take that hill. *Xander looks interested* Damn this war!

**Giles** I have to say, I really feel that "Apocalypse Now" is overrated.

**Xander** No, no. *Points at screen* It gets better.

**TV Soldier** Men...

**Xander** I remember that it gets better.

**TV Soldier** Oh my god. What's happened to my men? Ahhh!

*Buffy looks bored.*

**Buffy** Want some corn? *Holds out bowl to Xander*

**Xander** *turns head* Butter flavor?

**Buffy** New car smell.

**Xander** Cool. *Leans across Willow to take a handful* What's her deal? *indicating Willow*

**Buffy** Big faker.

**Giles** *still looking at TV* Oh, I'm beginning to understand this now. It's all about the journey, isn't it?

*Xander rolls his eyes.*

**Xander** Well, thanks for making me have to pee. *Gets up*

**Buffy** You don't need any help with that, right?

**Xander** *heading for stairs* Got a system.

*Xander climbs the stairs. He emerges in the upper hallway. Joyce appears behind him, wearing a revealing red nightie.*

**Joyce** Hey.

*Xander turns.*

**Xander** Hey Joyce. Mrs. Summers. *Takes a step closer* We're not making too much noise down there, are we?

**Joyce** Oh, no. Anyway, they all left a while ago.

**Xander** Oh, I should probably go catch up.

**Joyce** *grins* I've heard that before.

**Xander** I move pretty fast. You know, a man's always after-

**Joyce** Conquest?

**Xander** *shrugs* I'm a conquistador.

*Pan across Joyce's breasts.*

**Joyce** *we see her face and hear her voice, but her lips aren't moving* You sure it isn't comfort?

**Xander** I'm a comfortador also.

**Joyce** *leans seductively against the door frame* I do know the difference. I've learned about boys.

**Xander** That's cool about you.

*Shot of Joyce giving him a seductive look.*

*Shot of Xander staring at her.*

**Joyce** *offscreen* It's very late.

*Shot of Joyce. Again we hear her voice although her lips don't move*

**Joyce** Would you like to rest for a while?

*Pan over to her bed with the covers turned down. Xander looks from it to her.*

**Xander** Um, yeah. *Confidently* I'd like you. I'm just ... gonna go to the bathroom first.

**Joyce** Don't get lost. *Slinks into her room.*

*Xander enters the bathroom, closes the door, lifts the toilet lid, unzips his pants. Suddenly he looks over and sees a lab full of a whole bunch of Initiative people watching him: scientists in white coats in the foreground, writing on clipboards, soldiers in the background wearing fatigues. Xander raises his eyebrows, zips his pants back up.*

**Xander** Okay, I'm gonna find another bathroom.

*Opens the door and leaves, still watching them over his shoulder. Crosses the hall and goes through the opposite door. Now he's in his basement, dark. The door at the top of the stairs is closed, doorknob rattling ominously.*

**Xander** *loudly* I didn't **order** any vampires.

*Knob rattles louder and louder. Then we hear pounding on the door.*

**Xander** *nervous* That's not the way out. **Backing away** *Cut to a playground, daylight. Giles and Spike are swinging on swings, both dressed in Giles-type tweeds. Buffy playing in the sandbox.*

*Xander walks up.*

**Xander** Hey, there you are.

**Buffy** *putting sand in pail with plastic shovel* Are you sure it's us you were looking for?

*Giles smiles at her.*

**Spike** Giles here is gonna teach me to be a Watcher. Says I got the stuff.

**Giles** Spike's like a son to me. *They both smile and continue swinging*

**Xander** That's good. I was into that for a while, but... *nods toward the street* I got other stuff goin' on.

*Long shot of the ice-cream truck surrounded by kids. Closer shot of Xander in the truck, wearing his striped shirt and hat, serving ice cream to kids.*

**Xander** *in playground* You gotta have something. *Looks at Buffy* Gotta be with movin' forward.

**Buffy** *like a proud little kid* Like a shark.

**Xander** Like a shark with feet and ... much less fins.

**Spike** *like a proud little kid* And on land!

**Giles** Very good!

*They keep swinging.*

**Xander** Buffy, are you sure you wanna play there?

*Buffy gives him a pouty look like a little kid told not to do something.*

**Xander** It's a pretty big sandbox.

**Buffy** I'm okay. *Suddenly we see her against the backdrop of the desert from Willow's dream. Rocks, sand, scraggly trees* It's not coming for me yet.

**Xander** I just mean ... you can't protect yourself from ... some stuff.

*Buffy looks directly at him. The playground backdrop is back.*

**Buffy** I'm way ahead of you, big brother.

**Xander** Brother?

*Buffy looks at him expressionless. Soft music: a woman vocalizing without words.*

*Spike and Giles swinging higher and higher.*

**Giles** Go on, put your back into it! A Watcher scoffs at gravity.

*They continue swinging. Woman continues humming.*

*Shot of Buffy still expressionless.*

*Shot of Xander squinting at her.*

*Shot of the other Xander in the truck, watching them.*

*Shot of the four of them from the truck-Xander's perspective.*

*Truck-Xander pulls back from the window, goes to the wheel, although the truck is already in motion: tree-lined streets going by. Anya is sitting in the passenger seat doing something with her hands. Xander sits in the driver's seat. Anya looks at him.*

**Anya** Do you know where you're going?

*Xander looks at her, surprised.*

**Anya** I've been thinking about getting back into vengeance.

*We see her playing with a lollipop in its wrapper.*

*Xander takes his striped hat off, puts it on the dashboard.*

**Xander** Is that right?

**Anya** Well, you know how I miss it. I'm so at loose ends since I quit. I think this is going to be a very big year for vengeance.

**Xander** But ... isn't vengeance kind of ... vengeful?

**Anya** *petulant* You don't want me to have a hobby.

**Xander** Not a vengeance hobby, no! It's dangerous. People can't do anything they want. Society has rules, and borders, and an end zone. It doesn't matter if-

*He hears giggling, turns.*

*We see Willow and Tara in the back of the truck, snuggling and nuzzling. Both wearing exaggerated eye makeup.*

**Xander** Do you mind? I'm talking to my demon.

*Shot of Willow in a very short black bustier, Tara in a short black skirt and very revealing white blouse. Tara*

*has one leg bent and Willow's hand is on her thigh. Both have heavy black eye makeup and thick red lipstick.*

**Willow** Sorry.

*Xander stares at them. Both girls smile seductively at him. We hear Tara's voice although her lips don't move.*

**Tara** We just think you're really interesting.

**Xander** Oh, I-I'm going places.

**Willow** I'm way ahead of you. *Caressing Tara's leg.*

*Closeup of Willow and Tara grinning at each other, nuzzling. Willow whispers in Tara's ear. They both giggle.*

*Pan down to Willow's hand stroking Tara's thigh.*

**Xander** *riveted* Is that right?

*They look at him.*

**Willow** Watch this.

*Willow puts her hand on Tara's waist. Tara puts her hand on Willow's shoulder. They lean toward each other. Shot of Xander's wide-eyed face. We hear kissing noises and soft moans. Extended shot of Xander staring.*

**Tara** Do you wanna come in the back with us?

*Xander stares open-mouthed.*

**Anya** Oh, go on.

*Xander stares at her. Sexy music starts.*

**Xander** I don't have to.

**Anya** I'll be fine. I think I've figured out how to steer by gesturing emphatically.

*Xander looks at the road, looks at Anya, looks back. Gets up.*

*Shot of Anya gesturing emphatically at the road.*

*Xander walks past the ice-cream-selling window in the side of the truck. Outside, we see more tree-lined streets rushing by. The girls are gone.*

*Xander walks to the back of the truck, climbs up onto a loft-like thing, past a big pile of newspapers and other random debris. He shoves a cooler out of the way, falls down onto the floor in his basement. Looks around, exasperated.*

**Xander** Girls?

*The upstairs doorknob begins rattling again. Xander walks forward nervously. Suddenly there's pounding on the door too. He looks up, scared.*

**Xander** yells I know what's up there!

*Pounding continues. He backs away, turns, sees the bald man holding up a plate of cheese slices.*

**Bald Man** These ... will not protect you.

*More pounding, growling. Xander goes past the bald man and out the back door.*

*Xander is in the Sunnydale High hallways, but the colors are all weird. Everything's purple and green. Weird noises like microphone feedback. Xander pushes his way past students talking in the halls. Looking over his shoulder, he can maybe see something through the other students' legs, chasing him.*

**Xander** Giles.

*Giles is leaning against a wall, dressed casually, holding an apple.*

**Giles** Xander, what are you doing here?

**Xander** What's after me?

**Giles** It's because of what we did, I know that. *Takes a bite of the apple*

**Xander** *shakes his head in confusion* What we did?

**Giles** Hm. Now, the others have gone on ahead. *Points down the hall.* Now, listen very carefully. Your life may depend on what I'm about to tell you. You need- *Giles' voice changes to a man speaking French. Sounds like the voice on a tape in a beginning language class. Giles continues talking and gesturing, but what we hear is the French.*

**Giles** *French*

**Xander** What? Go where? I don't understand.

**Giles** ?? Ce n'est pas le temps pour des jeux. [This is not the time for games.]

*Anya approaches.*

**Anya** Xander. *Fake French woman's voice* Il faut que tu viens avec nous maintenant. On t'attends. [You have to come with us now. They're waiting for you.]

**Giles** C'est que j'ai vous dire. [That's what I said.]

**Xander** Honey, I don't... I can't hear you.

*Anya takes his hand.*

**Anya** C'est pas importante. Je t'escorte. [It's not important. I'll take you.]

**Giles** Allons-y la. [Let's go.]

*Giles also takes Xander's hand, trying to pull him down the hall. A random guy goes by on a skateboard, pushes Xander down the hall.*

**Xander** W-wait! Where we going? Where? *Looks over his shoulder as they pull/push him down the hall. Struggles. Hey! People in the crowd pick him up. In the crowd we can still see Giles with the apple in his mouth. Let go! Hey! The final "Hey" echoes.*

*Fade to Xander in green army fatigues, hands cuffed behind his back, moving through a forest. Asian-type music. Another guy in fatigues, holding a gun, is guarding him. An image of Xander's face is overlaid over the left half of the screen.*

*Fade to a dark room lit with red lights. Soldiers bring Xander in and he kneels. There's a cot at the right with a person on it.*

**Male Voice** Where are you from, Harris?

**Xander** Well, the basement, mostly.

**Male Voice** Were you born there?

*Camera moving toward the person on the cot.*

*Shot of Xander looking toward the cot, a soldier guarding him in the background. Xander nods.*

**Xander** Possibly.

**Voice** I walked by your guidance counselor's office one time.

*The person sits up partway and we see it's Principal Snyder, with a towel around his neck.*

**Snyder** A bunch of you were sitting there ... waiting to be shepherded.

*Xander looks confused, alarmed.*

**Snyder** I remember it smelled like dead flowers. Like decay. Then it hit me. The hope of our nation's future is a bunch of mulch.

**Xander** You know, I never got the chance to tell you how glad I was you were eaten by a snake. *(Suddenly gets an "I shouldn't have said that" look on his face)* Snyder sits up slowly. His face is all sweaty.

**Snyder** Where are you heading?

**Xander** *shrugs uncertainly* Well, I'm supposed to meet Tara and Willow. *Shot of hands lifting a wooden bowl.*

**Xander** And possibly Buffy's mom.

*Snyder's hands lifting water from the bowl and pouring it over his bald head.*

**Snyder** Your time is running out.

**Xander** No, I'm just trying to get away. There's ... something I can't fight.

**Snyder** Are you a soldier?

**Xander** *shakes head* I'm a comfortador.

*Snyder leans forward so his face is illuminated.*

**Snyder** *contemptuous* You're neither. You're a whipping boy. Raised by mongrels and set on a sacrificial stone.

**Xander** *nods* I'm getting a cramp.

*He stands, looks around. He's somewhere else. Around a corner we see the same dark-haired person/creature that previously attacked Willow. It's crawling or crouching behind a trellis. It growls. Xander backs away. We see he's in the courtyard outside Giles' apartment. He runs to Giles' door, opens it, enters.*

**Xander** Giles, it's here!

**Giles** It's more serious than we thought.

*We see Giles and Buffy and Anya looking at Willow, who's in a chair still gasping and choking. They all ignore Xander. We hear what sounds like helicopter noises.*

**Xander** Giles!

**Buffy** I can fight anything. Right?

**Anya** Maybe we should slap her.

*Xander runs past them, down the hall that should lead to Giles' kitchen, but instead he comes out in Buffy's dorm. Students walking around, chattering. Harsh, jangly rock music with the helicopter noise as the percussion. Xander goes through the hallways and into Buffy and Willow's room.*

**Xander** Buffy?

*Hears growling behind him. He yanks open the closet door and goes in. Fights his way past the clothes and is*

*in a dark room, horizontal-striped light like it's coming through Venetian blinds. He runs through dark brick-lined hall, comes out in his basement again. Stops, looks around. The music slowly fades out. There's still pounding on the upstairs door and the knob rattling. He goes toward it, up a couple of stairs, shaking his head.*

**Xander** *whispers* That's not the way out. The door bursts open. Xander looks down at himself, then back up the stairs.

**Voice** What the hell is wrong with you?

*Xander looks chastised.*

*We see a man silhouetted in the doorway above. It's Xander's dad.*

**Dad** You won't come upstairs? What are you ... ashamed of us? Your mother's crying her guts out!

#### Part Four

*A pocket watch on a chain, swinging back and forth in front of a chest wearing Giles' tweedy conservative clothes.*

**Giles** *voiceover* You have to stop thinking.

*Fade to Buffy's face, looking pleased. The reflection of the watch moves across her face.*

**Giles** *voiceover* Let it wash over you.

**Buffy** Don't you think it's a little old-fashioned?

**Giles** This is the way women and men have behaved since the beginning...

*We see Giles' apartment, with no furniture except one chair, which Buffy is sitting on. Giles stands in front of her with the pocket watch.*

**Giles** ...before time. Now look into the light.

*Shot of the watch swinging.*

*Shot of Buffy's face. Suddenly she bursts out laughing.*

*Cut to a park at night. A hedge cut into the shape of an elephant, covered with Christmas-lights. People walking around. We hear a circus huckster calling out.*

*Buffy wearing overalls and pigtails, pulling Giles by the hand.*

**Buffy** Come on! Come on!

*We see Olivia walking beside Giles, pushing a baby carriage. But there's no baby in it.*

**Buffy** We're gonna miss all the good stuff.

**Olivia** Does she always want to train this badly?

**Giles** Well, it appears she's never heard the fable about patience.

*Buffy pulls them through crowds of people. Carnival booths, colorful lights.*

**Olivia** Which one is that?

**Giles** The, the one about the fox, and the, uh, less patient fox.

**Buffy** *stops in front of a game booth* Here, I want to, I want to! *Jumping up and down*

**Xander** You don't understand.

**Dad** No. You don't understand. *Starts down the stairs, stomping angrily* The line ends here with us, and you're not gonna change that. *Xander looking down, unable to look at his dad.*

**Dad** You haven't got the heart.

*Suddenly Dad shoves his hand into Xander's chest. Xander looks down. The hand is covered with rags. He looks up, scared. We get a brief glimpse of a pair of feral eyes surrounded by dark stringy hair. Grey skin. The person growls.*

*The hand pulls Xander's heart out of his chest.*

*Cut to the real Xander writhing and gasping in his sleep on the floor. Pan across to Giles sleeping in the chair. Zoom in on Giles' face.*

**Giles** Yes, go ahead.

*Buffy turns to the booth. There's a big coffin with a fake-looking vampire standing behind it.*

**Vamp** *bouncing* I am a vampire!

*Buffy throws a yellow ball at it, misses by a mile.*

**Giles** *exasperated* Buffy, you have a sacred birthright to protect mankind. *Buffy turns to look at him, pouting* Don't stick out your elbow.

*Olivia sighs*

*Buffy looks chastised. She picks up another ball.*

**Vamp** *bouncing* I am a vampire!

*Buffy throws, hits it right in the chest. It falls backward.*

**Vamp** Ahh, you staked me!

*Buffy spins around, grinning with delight. Giles looks unimpressed.*

**Giles** I haven't got any treats.

**Olivia** For god's sake, Rupert, go easy on the girl. *Smiling*

*Buffy turns to get some cotton candy*

**Giles** *to Olivia* This is my business. Blood of the lamb and all that. *Looks at Buffy* Oh, now you're gonna get that all over your face.

*Buffy turns. Her face is covered in mud. The color changes as if a negative were inverted.*

*The color goes back to normal. Giles frowns in confusion. His face goes blurry.*

**Giles** I know you. *echoing*

**Spike** *offscreen* Hey!

*Giles turns, sees Spike standing near the entrance to his crypt.*

**Spike** Come on! *Gesturing* You're gonna miss everything! *Turns and goes into the crypt.*

*Cut to Giles entering the crypt. Crying noises. Candles are lit all around.*

**Giles** Don't push me around. You know I have a great deal to do.

*We see Olivia sitting on a coffin next to the baby carriage, which is lying on its side. She's crying.*

*Black & white shot of a bunch of people with cameras, and Spike looking past them at Giles.*

**Spike** I've hired myself out as an attraction.

*Strikes a threatening pose. The people ooh and ahh, camera flashes going off.*

*(Color shot) Giles staring at Spike, Olivia still crying in the background.*

**Giles** Sideshow freak?

*(B&W shot) Spike flips up the collar of his coat.*

**Spike** Well, at least it's showbiz.

*Poses again. More oohs and camera flashes from the crowd.*

*(Color) Giles moves forward, looks in confusion at Olivia, back in Spike's direction.*

**Giles** *very confused* What am I supposed to do with all of this?

**Spike** *offscreen* You gotta make up your mind, Rupes.

*B&W shot of Spike.*

**Spike** What are you wasting your time for? *Pose, flashbulbs*

*(Color) Giles turning to look at Spike again.*

*B&W shot of Spike.*

**Spike** Haven't you figured it all out yet, with your enormous squishy frontal lobes? *Another pose, more oohs, flashbulbs*

*(Color) Giles walking across the crypt.*

**Giles** I still think Buffy should have killed you.

*(B&W) Spike looks annoyed. He strikes a Jesus-on-the-cross pose. Very loud oohs, cameras flashing.*

*(Color) Giles walking through crypt. The bald man stops him.*

**Bald Man** I wear the cheese. It does not wear me.

*He has cheese slices on his head and shoulders. He slides past Giles.*

**Giles** Honestly, you meet the most appalling sorts of people.

*He walks on. In the background we see Spike still in Jesus pose, more flashbulbs going off.*

*Giles goes through a door and is in the Bronze. Young people talking, laughing, drinking. The stage is lit, but there's no band, and we hear no music. Giles walks over to a couch where Willow and Xander are sitting looking at old magic books. Giles is suddenly holding a book.*

**Giles** I'm so sorry I'm late. There's a great deal going on. And all at once!

*Goes to sit on a chair opposite them.*

*Willow nods.*

**Willow** Don't we know it. Only at death's door over here, look at Xander!

*She pulls back Xander's jacket to show his ripped T-shirt and the bloody stain on his chest from having his heart pulled out.*

**Xander** Got the sucking chest wound swingin'. *Points at it, then at the stage* I promised Anya I'd be there for her big night. *Giles looks at the stage* Now I'll probably be pushing up daisies, in the sense of being in the ground underneath them and fertilizing the soil with decomposition.

*Shot of Giles' face in the foreground. In the background, we see Anya standing on stage in front of the mike, holding some papers.*

**Anya** Okay. A man ... walks into the office of a doctor. Willow and Xander go back to their books He's wearing on his head, um...

*Cut to Anya looking at her papers*

**Anya** Wait, there's, there's a, there's a duck. Is that right?

**Man in crowd** You suck!

**Anya** Quiet! You'll miss the humorous conclusion.

**Giles** She's doing quite well.

**Willow** Do you know this is your fault?

*While Giles talks, we still see Anya in the background telling her joke.*

**Giles** We have to think of the facts, Willow. I'm very busy. I have a gig myself, you know.

**Willow** *sighs* Something's after us. It's, uh, like some primal ... some animal force.

*In the background we see Anya doing a funny walk.*

**Giles** That used to be us.

**Xander** Don't get linear on me now, man.

**Anya** And ... then the duck tells the doctor that there's a man, that's attached to my ass.

*Crowd laughs*

*Xander laughs*

**Anya** See, it was the duck, and not the man that spoke. *Smiles proudly. Applause*

*Xander applauds. Willow is still looking at her book. Anya turns and leaves the stage.*

**Willow** Rupert. *Giles turns to look at her* You've gotta focus. You must have some kind of explanation. If we don't know what we're fighting, I don't think we stand a chance.

*Giles frowns, begins to sing.*

**Giles** *sings* It's strange, it's not like anything we've faced before.

*He gets up. Suddenly there's a piano player and a guitarist onstage, accompanying Giles' song. People applaud as Giles walks toward the stage.*

**Giles** *sings* It seems familiar somehow. Of course!



*Drums start up. Giles grabs the mike. We see there's both a guitar and a bass player. People cheer enthusiastically. Giles sings* The spell we cast with Buffy Must have released Some primal evil that's come back seeking removes glasses I'm not sure what Willow, look through the chronicles Willow nods, reaches for another book For some reference To a warrior beast

*He puts his glasses on, grabs the mike again. More excited cheering as the music swells.*

**Giles sings** I've got to warn Buffy There's every chance she might be next Xander, help Willow someone sings harmony on this line

*Shot of Willow and Xander holding up cigarette lighters while reading the books.*

**Giles sings** And try not to bleed on my couch I've just had it steam-cleaned.

*music slows*

*Shot of people in the audience smiling, swaying, holding up lighters*

**Giles sings** No, wait...

*Loud feedback. The mike goes dead and the band stops*

*playing. Giles looks confused. He gets down on his knees and starts following the microphone cord backstage. He traces it to a big pile of tangled cord, digs in it and pulls out his pocket watch on its chain.*

**Giles** Well, that was ... obvious.

*We see the dark-haired creature braced on the wall above him, holding a weapon.*

**Giles** I know who you are.

*Another shot of the creature. Its weapon looks like a stake.*

**Giles** And I can defeat you ... with my intellect. *We see the creature approaching from behind I ... can cripple you with my thoughts. It grabs his hair, puts a weapon against his forehead Of course, you underestimate me. You couldn't know.*

*Closeup of Giles' face with blood dripping down from his forehead. We hear his voice but his lips don't move.*

**Giles** You never had a Watcher.

*Cut to the real Giles sleeping on the chair, twitching, dropping his glasses on the floor.*

## Part Five

*(Fade in on Buffy sleeping on the sofa, covered with a green blanket. We see that she still has the cut on her forehead that she got in "The Yoko Factor.")*

**Anya** whispers offscreen Buffy! Wake up!

*Buffy opens her eyes. She's lying on her bed in the dorm room, on her side, facing Willow's bed. The cut on her forehead is gone. She frowns.*

*Shot of Anya lying in Willow's bed, under the covers.*

**Anya** whispers Buffy, you have to wake up right away!

**Buffy** I'm not really in charge of these things. *Closes eyes*

**Anya** anxious Please wake up. Oh please.

**Buffy** opens eyes I need my beauty sleep. So stop it, okay? *Rolls over onto her back*

*The creature is hanging from the ceiling above her. It snarls at her.*

*Cut to Buffy in her bed in Joyce's house, sitting up startled. The covers are rumpled around her. She lies back.*

*Cut to Buffy standing in the doorway of the bedroom, looking at the bed.*

**Buffy** Faith and I just made that bed.

*Shot of the bed, still rumpled but now without Buffy in it.*

**Tara** offscreen For who?

*Buffy frowns, looks to her left.*

**Buffy** I thought you were here to tell me.

*Shot of Tara with her hair up, facing Buffy.*

**Buffy** looking back at bed The guys aren't here, are they? We were gonna hang out looks at Tara and, watch movies t-

**Tara** You lost them.

**Buffy** No. Looks confused No. I think they need me to find them.

*Shot of the digital alarm clock next to the bed, showing 7:30 AM.*

**Buffy** upset It's so late.

**Tara** Oh ... that clock's completely wrong. Here.

*Shot of Tara's hands holding out the Tarot card "Manus" (the hands. It has a picture of two hands crossed, one open, the other balled into a fist.)*

**Buffy** I'm never gonna use those.

*Buffy's face in profile. Tara's face out of focus in background.*

**Tara** You think you know ... what's to come ... what you are. You haven't even begun.

*Shot of the bed, now neatly made.*

*Buffy frowns.*

**Buffy** I think I need to go find the others.

*She leaves.*

**Tara** softly Be back before dawn.

*Fade to a school hallway. Can't tell if it's Sunnydale High or the college. It seems to have elements of both. Buffy walks through the halls wearing a flowered dress. She speaks to a random guy walking past.*

**Buffy** Have you seen my friends? *He shakes his head and walks on They wouldn't just disappear.*

*She looks around, walks down the halls. We see a row of lockers. Suddenly Buffy notices a hole in the wall. The*

*plaster is torn back, revealing a layer of bricks with a face-sized hole. She walks over to it.*

**Buffy** Mom?

*Joyce's face appears in the hole.*

**Joyce** Oh, hi, honey.

**Buffy** Why are you living in the walls?

**Joyce** Oh, sweetie, no, I'm fine here. Don't worry about me.

*Buffy frowns, tries to see inside the hole.*

**Buffy** It looks dirty.

**Joyce** Well, it seems that way to you. *Smiling* I made some lemonade, and I'm learning how to play mah-jongg. You go find your friends.

**Buffy** I, I think they might be in danger.

*Joyce starts to laugh. Buffy looks confused.*

**Joyce** I-I'm sorry, dear. *Giggling* Um, a mouse is playing with my knees.

**Buffy** I, I really don't think you should live in there.

*Suddenly she looks over and sees Xander climbing up some stairs. Looks like the stairs leading to the library in UC Sunnydale.*

**Joyce** Well ... you could ... probably break through the wall.

*Buffy walks toward stairs. Joyce watches her go.*

*Shot of Buffy's feet, wearing sandals, walking slowly down a hall.*

*Shot of two men sitting at a conference table, facing each other, in a room with high ceilings and plain gray walls. On the left wall is a big map of the world. On the right, a row of cabinets. There are two empty chairs. In the foreground we still see Buffy's feet.*

*Man on the left speaks. It's Riley.*

**Riley** Hey there, killer.

**Buffy** *offscreen* Riley? You're back.

**Riley** I never left.

*Buffy's feet walk closer, as does the camera angle.*

**Buffy** *offscreen* But how did the debriefing go?

**Riley** I told you not to worry about that. It went great. They made me surgeon general.

*Shot of Buffy looking surprised.*

**Buffy** Why didn't you come and tell me? We could have celebrated.

*Shot of Riley sitting in the chair, wearing a suit.*

**Riley** Oh. *Looks at the other man* We're drawing up a plan for world domination. *Looks back at Buffy, pleased.* The key element? Coffeemakers that think.

*Buffy frowns.*

**Buffy** World domination? I-is that a good?

**Riley** Baby, we're the government.

*He swings around in his chair to strike a James Bond-like pose. The camera shoots him from below, through the glass tabletop. On the table we see a handgun.*

**Riley** It's what we do.

**Other Guy** She's uncomfortable with certain concepts. *He's wearing a suit too, with no jacket.* It's understandable. Aggression is a natural human tendency. *Looks at Buffy* Though you and me come by it another way.

*Shot of Buffy with the dark-haired creature behind her.*

**Buffy** We're not demons.

**Other Guy** Is that a fact?

*Shot of Buffy. The creature is gone.*

**Riley** Buffy, we've got important work here. *Same camera angle on Riley, the gun prominent in the foreground.* A lot of filing, giving things names.

**Buffy** *looks at other guy* What was yours?

**Other Guy** Before Adam? *Shakes his head. Suddenly the lighting turns blue* Not a man among us can remember. *Buffy looks around at the blue lighting. In the background we see shadows moving; we hear noises like emergency doors slamming shut.*

**Computer Voice** The demons have escaped. Please run for your lives.

**Adam** This could be trouble. *He and Riley stand*

**Riley** We better make a fort.

**Adam** *nodding* I'll get some pillows. *Leaves*

*Buffy looks very nervous. Shadowy figures behind her seem to be moving closer. She looks down and sees her weapons bag lying at her feet. Looks up.*

**Buffy** *gasping anxiously* Wait! I have weapons!

*She sits on the floor and opens the bag. It's full of mud. Buffy frowns, putting her hands in the mud and moving them around. Lifts her hands, covered in mud. Brings them up and smears the mud on her face. Reaches in for more, rubs it all over her face as the colors invert again like a photo-negative.*

*Suddenly the color returns to normal and Buffy looks up with her "I'm gonna kick your ass" expression.*

**Riley** *offscreen* Thought you were looking for your friends. Okay, killer...

*Shot of Riley wearing regular civilian clothes*

**Riley** ...if that's the way you want it. I guess you're on your own. *Walks off.*

*Buffy's still on the floor in the gray room surrounded by blue light. Suddenly a beam of sunshine lights her. She gets up and walks off.*

*Fade to Buffy's feet walking along a hallway, which turns to rippled sand like on a beach. She walks past a palm tree and is in the desert from before: rocks, scraggly bushes, sand. Again we hear the woman humming. Buffy walks down a hill. The camera zooms out and we can see more of the same landscape with mountains in the distance. A breeze ruffles her hair and dress.*

**Buffy** I'm never gonna find them here.

*She looks up and sees Tara far off, walking toward her. Tara has her hair up, wears a long pink skirt and matching top that exposes a lot of her stomach.*

**Tara** *voiceover* Of course not. That's the reason you came.

*Tara fades out and reappears closer, then this repeats. She stops walking.*

*Shot of Buffy and Tara standing about thirty feet apart, facing each other with miles of desert stretching out behind them.*

**Buffy** *voiceover* You're not in my dream.

**Tara** *voiceover* I was borrowed.

*Shot of Tara standing with big rocks behind her. She wears a gold necklace.*

**Tara** Someone has to speak for her.

*Shot of Buffy standing with rocks, bushes and mountains behind.*

**Buffy** Let her speak for herself. We see the dark-haired creature walking up behind her. That's what's done in polite circles.

*The creature moves around to in front of Buffy and we finally get a good look at her. It's a dark-skinned woman with dreadlocks and long sharp fingernails. Her face is painted with white or grayish paint, lines of black paint across her eyes, and she wears rags. She crouches low and walks around Buffy like a wild animal. She looks like a cavewoman.*

**Buffy** Why do you follow me?

*The woman shakes her head.*

**Tara** *offscreen* I don't.

**Buffy** Where are my friends?

*Shot of the woman backing away from Buffy, still crouching down low.*

**Tara** *offscreen* You're asking the wrong questions.

**Buffy** *firmly* Make her speak.

*The woman shakes her head again.*

**Tara** *offscreen* I have no speech. No name. I live in the action of death, the blood cry, the penetrating wound. *The woman straightens up and looks Buffy in the eye.*

**Tara** I am destruction. Absolute ... alone.

*Buffy frowns.*

**Buffy** The Slayer.

*The other woman looks at her.*

**Tara** *offscreen* The first.

*Shot of Buffy's hand, holding a bunch of Tarot-shaped cards. In the one on top we see a scene of Giles, Buffy, Willow, and Xander in Joyce's living room watching TV.*

*Shot of Buffy looking at the card in her hand, with the mountains behind her.*

**Buffy** I am not alone.

*Shot of Tara in the background, the First Slayer in the middle ground, and Buffy's back in the foreground.*

**Tara** The Slayer does not walk in this world.

**Buffy** I walk.

*Side shot of the three of them.*

**Buffy** I talk. I shop, I sneeze. I'm gonna be a fireman when the floods roll back.

*Shot of the First Slayer lifting her chin in anger.*

**Buffy** *offscreen* There's trees in the desert since you moved out. *The First Slayer shakes her head* And I don't sleep on a bed of bones.

*Shot of Buffy's face.*

**Buffy** *firmly* Now give me back my friends.

*The First Slayer speaks in a very low, hoarse voice.*

**First Slayer** No ... friends! Just the kill.

*Shot of Buffy watching her.*

**First Slayer** We ... are ... alone!

*The bald guy leans in between Buffy and the First Slayer, holding up two slices of cheese. He grins and shakes the cheese at Buffy, then retreats offscreen.*

**Buffy** That's it. I'm waking up.

*The First Slayer attacks her, pushes her to the ground and tries to bash her head on it. African drum music begins.*

*Buffy rolls the First Slayer off her and kicks at her. They both get up. The First Slayer punches her.*

*Long shot of Buffy falling backward from the punch, slow-motion. No music.*

*Music resumes and the action returns to real-time. The First Slayer tries to punch down but Buffy rolls to her feet and kicks her in the back. She kicks again but the First Slayer ducks. Buffy punches.*

*Long shot of the First Slayer falling backward from the punch, slow-motion. No music. The first Slayer starts to get up.*

*One last drum-beat as the action returns to real-time.*

*The First Slayer gets up. Faceoff.*

*Shot of Buffy shaking her head.*

**Buffy** It's over. *Woman humming begins again. First Slayer shakes her head* We don't do this any more.

*Drums begin again. The First Slayer grabs her again and they roll down a sandy hill, clutching each other and rolling over and over as the drums continue.*

**Buffy** *voiceover* Enough!

*Cut to Buffy waking up on Joyce's floor. She lifts her head and looks around. Pan across Giles, Willow and Xander sleeping in their spots. Buffy groans and starts to get up. Growl.*

*The First Slayer lands atop Buffy and starts stabbing repeatedly at the floor with her stake. Shot of Buffy lying underneath the First Slayer, rolling her eyes.*

**Buffy** Are you quite finished?

*First Slayer pulls her stake out of the floor.*

**Buffy** It's over, okay? I'm going to ignore you, and you're going to go away.

*The First Slayer pulls back and Buffy sits up, then stands.*

**Buffy** You're really gonna have to get over the whole ... primal power thing. *walks toward the sofa*  
*Shot of the First Slayer staring at her.*

**Buffy** *over her shoulder* You're **not** the source of me.  
*She picks up her blanket and sits back down on the sofa next to Willow. Another shot of the First Slayer staring at her.*

**Buffy** Also, in terms of hair care, you really wanna say, what kind of impression am I making in the workplace? 'Cause-

*Cut to the real Buffy waking up on the sofa. The cut on her forehead is back. She looks around.*

*Shot of all four of them. Giles, Willow and Xander awake at the same instant. They all sit up and look at each other.*

*Fade to the four of them sitting around the kitchen table.*

**Willow** The First Slayer. Wow.

**Xander** Not big with the socialization.

**Willow** Or the floss.

**Giles** Somehow our joining with ... Buffy and ... invoking the essence of the, the Slayer's power was an affront to the source of that power.

**Buffy** You know, you could have brought that up to us **before** we did it.

**Giles** I did. I said there could be dire consequences.

**Buffy** Yes, but you say that about chewing too fast.

*Joyce enters, wearing a bathrobe.*

**Joyce** I'm, uh, guessing I missed some fun?

**Willow** The spirit of the first Slayer tried to kill us in our dreams.

**Joyce** Oh, you want some hot chocolate?

*Everyone says "yeah" or "yes please."*

**Joyce** Xander?

**Xander** Yes, what, Joyce? *Nervously* Uh ... Buffy's mom.

**Joyce** Be my kitchen buddy again, help me carry? *Nods toward the kitchen*

**Xander** Yes. Sure. *Nervously* Buffy's mom.

**Giles** *to Buffy* You all right?

**Buffy** Yeah. I think I might jump in the shower.

**Giles** You seem a bit, uh...

**Buffy** A little. *Pensive* The First Slayer. I never really thought about it. *Sighs* It was intense. I-I guess you guys got a taste of that, huh. *Willow nods.*

**Xander** Yeah, from now on, you keep your Slayer friends out of my dreams. Is that clear?

*Buffy smiles.*

**Willow** It's not good for the sleepin'.

*Giles shakes his head in agreement.*

**Buffy** Ah... *Gets up* Well, at least you all didn't dream about that guy with the cheese. *Walks off.*

*The others look up in surprise.*

**Buffy** *offscreen* I don't know **where** the hell that came from.

*The other three look at each other.*

*Cut to Buffy emerging from the stairs into the upper hallway. Walks down the hall toward the bathroom. Frowns, turns, looks into her bedroom. Walks into the doorway, looking at her bed.*

**Tara** *voiceover* You think you know ... what's to come ... what you are. You haven't even begun.

*Long shot of the darkened bedroom, with Buffy framed in the doorway. She slowly backs away, turns and walks out of sight.*

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