

Buffy vs. Dracula

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Transcriber's Notes

I do not own the characters or situations of BTVS, and I claim no credit for the content of this episode. I have merely transcribed what appeared on my screen, with help from the closed captions. Nomar the Wonder Kitty also helped, mostly by attacking the keyboard cable.

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There were several instances during this episode where a line of dialogue was heard but did not appear in the closed captions. I have indicated this in the transcript by using underlines>. I do this because I consider it interesting. If you don't, please accept my apologies.

I also apologize in advance for my lame transcription of the fight scenes. I don't know the names of different punches and kicks. Use your imagination.

Teaser

Fade in on Buffy in bed. She closes her eyes, opens them, fidgets, closes them, opens them. She looks at the clock, looks over to Riley who's asleep next to her. Buffy frowns and gets up.

Cut to Buffy running through a graveyard, night. She's chasing a vampire. She leaps onto a headstone, tackles the vampire and they fall to the ground. They get up. Buffy kicks him. He kicks at her but she ducks. She pulls out Mister Pointy and stakes the vampire.

Closeup on Buffy, panting and looking around.

Cut to Riley still sleeping. Buffy climbs into the bed

and snuggles up next to him, closing her eyes.

Wolf howl. Opening credits. Since it's the season premiere I'll point out that the cast is listed in the opening credits as follows: Sarah Michelle Gellar, Nicholas Brendon, Alyson Hannigan, Marc Blucas, Emma Caulfield, James Marsters, and Anthony Stewart Head as Giles.

Guest starring Rudolph Martin, Michelle Trachtenberg, Amber Benson as Tara, and Kristine Sutherland as Joyce Summers. Written by Marti Noxon, directed by David Solomon.

Part 1

Fade in on a beach, daytime. Buffy runs into the camera's view and catches a football.

Buffy Ha! Touchdown! Oh yeah. Go team me. *She does a victory dance*

Shot of Riley grinning. Buffy throws him the ball; he catches it with a frown.

Riley Anybody ever tell team you the quarterback throws like a girl? *Throws the ball back*

Buffy catches the ball, frowning I do?

Riley gives a "well, yeah" shrug.

Buffy frowns, takes a grip on the ball and throws it. It hits Riley in the face and he falls down.

Buffy concerned Ooh, sorry!

Switch to long view. In the foreground we see Willow, Tara, and Anya lounging on beach blankets while Xander is sitting by a fire pit, trying to light it. In the background we can see Buffy and Riley and, beyond them, the ocean. Riley is getting up and running at Buffy.

Buffy No, don't, no - *shrieks as Riley tackles her*

Xander I'm exhausted just looking at those two. All the splashing and jumping and running... Shouldn't relaxing involve less exertion?

Anya Absolutely. Exertion can lead to sweatiness.

Tara Which can cause the pain and heartbreak of stinkiness. Better to just stay put.

Willow I think we've just put our finger on why we're the sidekicks.

Buffy and Riley approach.

Willow Game over?

Riley Uh, Buffy slayed the football. *Holds up the deflated ball, then tosses it aside*

Buffy Where's my burger? *Xander is still trying to light the fire)*

Riley Yeah, man, I'm starving. Cow me. *He and Buffy sit*

Xander The, uh, fire's not cooperating. It's comforting to know that I lack the culinary finesse of a cave-

man.

Willow *gestures at fire Ignis incende.*

The logs burst into flame. Xander falls backward onto his butt in the sand.

Buffy Willow, check you out! Witch-fu.

Tara smiles at Willow.

Willow It's no big. You just have to balance the elements so when you affect one, you don't wind up causing...

A huge clap of thunder interrupts as dark clouds appear out of nowhere and it starts to rain. Everyone jumps up shrieking and starts frantically gathering up their stuff.

Willow I didn't do it! I didn't do it!

They all grab their stuff and run off.

Exterior shot of a castle, evening, with the storm still raging. A truck drives up. Two guys get out and go to the back of the truck, where they remove a tarp from something and begin to pull out a large box.

Guy1 Come on, hurry it up, I'm getting soaked.

Guy2 I'm trying. Geez, this thing weighs-

They give a pull and the box falls to the ground, cracking open slightly, leaning at an angle with one end on the ground and the other leaning on the truck. A little dirt leaks out of the cracked corner.

Guy1 annoyed Nice. Good job.

Guy2 *kneels to check out the broken corner* Look at this. Guy's carting dirt around.

Guy1 Leave it. We'll, we'll turn it on its side.

They begin trying to right the box.

Guy2 Dirt. Man, rich people are-

A hand bursts out of the box and slashes his throat. He screams and staggers backward. The other guy watches in horror as a body begins to burst out of the box.

Exterior shot of Giles' building.

Cut to inside Giles' apartment. Willow is typing on a computer as Giles looks on.

Willow There you go. All set.

Giles Thank you, Willow. Obstinate bloody machine simply refused to work for me. *Walks off*

Willow Just call me the computer whisperer. *Stands up, putting something in the scanner* Let's get scan-nin'. I want to see this puppy go.

Giles puts a pile of old books on her outstretched arms.

Giles Start with those.

Willow *scowls* Start? Where is finish?

Giles Willow, it's essential that we begin archiving the library. I mean, most of these texts have no duplicates.

Willow But... now? Doesn't winter seem more like archiving season?

Giles *looks surprised* Well, you don't have to, Willow, I mean, you're, you're welcome to leave if, uh...

Willow No. It's fine. *Sits back down* It's just, you've been Mr. Project all summer. You know? Labeling the amulets and indexing your diaries. *Giles gives a little smile* I draw the line at making giant rubber band balls. That's when you'll just have to get a life. *Opens the scanner and takes out whatever is in it*

Giles *clears throat* That's what I'm trying to do, actually, is, um, get a life. *Sits down*

Willow *not looking at him, doesn't realize he's turned serious* It might go better if you left the house.

Giles Willow, um... you mustn't repeat what I'm about to say. Especially not to Buffy. *Willow looks confused and concerned*

Willow Uh-oh.

Giles You promise?

Willow Oh, god. Well, I guess. Now that I know there's something to know, I can't **not** know, just because I'm afraid somebody'll know I know, you know?

Giles Did that mean yes?

Willow Yeah.

Giles We're doing all this because I, I want you and the others to have everything you need at your fingertips. You see, I'm, I'm going back to England.

Willow looks shocked.

Willow You're... what? But you can't! You're... Buffy's Watcher!

Giles sighs.

Willow I mean, in a fired way, but...

Giles Well, it's become quite obvious that Buffy doesn't need me. I-I don't say that in a self-pitying way, I'm, I'm quite proud, actually. *Smiles gently*

Willow But what about the rest of us? We still need to be watched! Personally, I can't get through a day without a little hairy eyeball.

Giles *laughs softly* I appreciate the sentiment, but it's, it's just not so. You'll be fine. You all will. *Gets up* And you know, we'll, we'll stay in touch. You can always call me whenever you like.

Willow When are you gonna tell Buffy?

Giles Soon. It won't be easy, but, um... I know she'll understand.

Cut to Buffy eating dinner with Joyce.

Buffy Thanks, Mom. Everything was yummy. *Put her napkin on the table*

Joyce Hey, you up for dessert? We could, uh, take a drive, get some ice cream.

Buffy *stands* You know, I, I would, but I kinda have to get out on patrol. *Begins gathering up dishes*

Joyce Now? It's 8:30.

Buffy Well, vamps don't really care what time it is. You know, dark equals dinner bell. *Begins carrying dishes to kitchen. Joyce stays seated*

Joyce Right, of course. *Look around empty table* You know, I'm gonna have to get used to this place without you again. It gets so quiet.

Buffy comes back in.

Buffy You know, maybe we should make a regular date of this, when school starts.

Joyce *nods* Mm.

Buffy I'm sorry. *Kisses Joyce on cheek* Duty calls. It's a total drag. *Leaves*

Cut to Buffy punching a vampire in the cemetery, looking like she's having plenty of fun. She punches him several times and then grabs his shoulders and knees him. He gets up and she's on his back.

Shot of a bunch of smoke or fog, coalescing into a face. We see just a pair of eyes and a nose.

Back to Buffy on top of the vampire. He throws her down. She gets up and charges, ducks a punch, punches and then kicks him. She tries to kick again but he grabs her and lifts her over his head, then throws her down. She gets up again, jumps on him with her legs around his neck. He throws her down, she flips him over and then stakes him.

Buffy stands up looking satisfied, begins to stride away purposefully. She walks between the grave-stones and suddenly stops, whirls around.

Man Very impressive hunt.

We see a man walking forward out of the darkness. He's very thin and pale, has long hair, and speaks with an accent.

Man Such power.

Buffy That was no hunt. That was just another day on the job.

We see that the man is wearing a long flowing cloak and has long flowing hair. He walks toward Buffy.

Buffy Care to step up for some overtime?

Man We're not going to fight.

Buffy Do you **know** what a slayer is?

Man Do you? *Smirking*

Buffy looks intrigued.

Buffy Who are you?

Man I apologize. I assumed you knew. I am Dracula.

Buffy's eyes widen and she looks delighted.

Buffy Get out!

Part 2

Fade in on Willow and Xander walking through the darkened graveyard, holding plastic cups of iced coffee.

Willow Xand... what if somebody had a secret, and that somebody promised somebody else that they wouldn't tell anyone.

Xander *nodding* News flash, Will. Everybody knows.

Willow No, thi-this isn't about me and Tara.

Xander Oh. Well, not that I wouldn't be all ears if you wanted to tell me a secret about you two. Even if it was very, very naughty.

Willow *grins* Sorry, this is of the non-naughty variety. And I'm not telling you. *Nods firmly*

Xander Okay. Want to see if Buffy's hanging around the headstones?

Willow Sure. So if I was gonna tell you, which I'm not going to...

Cut to Buffy still looking amazed.

Buffy So lemme get this straight. You're... *in Dracula's accent* "Dracula". The guy, the count.

Dracula I am. *We can see his fangs now.*

Buffy And you're sure this isn't just some fanboy thing? Cause ... I've fought more than a couple of pimply overweight vamps that called themselves Lestat.

Dracula *looks a little annoyed* You know who I am. As I would now without question that you are Buffy Summers. *Walks toward her, looming over her.*

Buffy You're heard of me?

Dracula Naturally. You're known throughout the world.

Buffy *smiles bashfully* Naw. Really?

Dracula Why else would I come here? For the sun? I came to meet the renowned... killer.

Buffy Yeah, I prefer the term slayer. You know, killer just sounds so...

Dracula Naked?

Buffy Like I... paint clowns or something. I'm the good guy, remember?

Dracula Perhaps, but your power is rooted in darkness. You must feel it.

Buffy frowns and ponders this for a moment.

Buffy No. You know what I feel? Bored.

She lunges at him with her stake. He dissolves into smoke. As she straightens up looking confused, he reappears behind her. She turns, lunges again. He dissolves into smoke again. Buffy looks around.

Buffy Okay, that's cheating.

Xander and Willow walk up.

Xander Hey Buff, what's up?

Willow You look like you just-

Buffy Get out of here. Now.

Xander Fine, but I was gonna give you a sip of my double-mint mocha, but... *We see Dracula reappearing behind him*

Buffy Behind you.

Willow and Xander turn and see Dracula.

Willow Hi.

Xander Nice. Look who's got a bad case of dark prince envy. *Behind him we see Buffy holding her stake, looking concerned*

Dracula I have no interest in you. Leave us.

Xander No, we're not going to *in Dracula's accent* "leave you". And where'd you get that accent, Sesame Street? *As the Count on Sesame Street* Vun, two, three - three victims. Mwa ha ha!
Dracula looks annoyed.

Buffy *whispering* Xander, I'm pretty sure that's Dracula.

Xander Wow, really? *Hurries to stand behind Buffy* Hey, sorry, man, I was... just jokin' around.

Dracula This is not the time. *Locks eyes with Buffy* I will see you soon.

He spreads his cape out and moves toward them, turning into a bat and flying over their heads as they all duck and yell. The bat flies away, squeaking. They straighten up and look around. The bat comes back and flies around Buffy's head. She covers her head with her hands.

Buffy Bat! Ooh, bat!

The bat squeaks and flies away again.

Exterior shot of Giles' building.

Xander VO And then Buffy's all, "Look out!"

Cut to inside Giles' apartment.

Xander And then frigging Dracula's standing right behind us. *Sits on sofa where Anya and Willow are already sitting. We see Buffy and Riley standing around.*

Willow And then, he lunges at us, like whoosh! *With hand gestures*

Xander He totally looked shorter in person.

Buffy I told you he'd heard of me, right? I mean, can you believe that? *Shot of Giles nodding patiently* Count Famous heard of me.

Riley I couldn't believe it the first twenty times you told us, but it's starting to sink in now.

Buffy I'm sorry. Am I repeat-o-girl? I was just... blown away.

Riley It's not that surprising that he's heard of you, Buffy. You are the slayer.

Buffy I guess. Just - the way he said it, you know, I mean, he made it sound so...

Willow Sexy? I bet he made it sound sexy. *Grinning. We see Tara coming up behind her.*

Buffy Kinda. He of the dark penetrating eyes and lilty accent. *Sits*

Xander VO I wonder if he knows Frankenstein.

Tara *sits on arm of couch and gives Willow a glass of soda* You thought Dracula was sexy?

Willow Oh! No. He, he was... yuck.

Anya Right, except for the whole tall, dark, and handsome thing? Yucko.

Xander How would you know?

Anya Well, we hung out a few times. *Xander looks jealous* Back in my demon days, you know, once or twice. He's pretty cool. *sighs wistfully, then remembers herself* You know, from, from a whole... evil thing perspective.

Xander *scoffs* Please. He was no big whoop.

Willow No big whoop?? What about that thing where he turned himself into a bat? That was awesome!

Giles It must have been, yes. *Everyone looks at him* I must admit, I'm sorry I missed that.

Willow *suddenly realizing* Me too! The whole time I was thinking, "Gosh, I wish Giles were here, he'd know what to do!"

Giles smiles tolerantly; he knows what she's trying to do.

Willow *to the others* Didn't you guys... think that?

Buffy Actually, I was more thinking, "Bat!" *Wiggles hands near her head*

Xander *to Giles* How come he can do that?

Giles I, I have no idea. There's a great deal of myth about Dracula. I imagine the trick to defeating him lies in separating the fact from the fiction.

Willow Great point! That is so Giles, to think of something like that, you know? *To the others* That, that we... would have never... *trails off*

Buffy So we should take things slow with Dracula. I mean, he said that we would meet again, but I would like to avoid that until we do some serious homework.

Riley I don't know. I mean, he may have a bunch of swell party tricks, but he's still just a vampire. I say we load up with stakes and crossbows and go after him now.

Xander Second.

Anya No, Buffy's right. Dracula's too slick to fall for the usual stuff.

Buffy So we hold off. No killing until we know exactly what we're dealing with.

Riley You're not just saying that because of those dark penetrating eyes of his, are you?

Buffy Noooo, his eyes were – *Gets up and goes over to Riley* There were - there was no penetration. *Embarrassed* Cross my heart.

Giles All right. Willow, you and Tara find out everything you can about the actual legend of Vlad the Impaler on the Internet, *Willow and Tara nod* and, uh, I'll check the library. *Everyone starts to get up*

Riley If the Initiative was still around, we'd be able to find everything on this guy in a few hours.

Buffy We might not be as fast, but we'll find him. You guys, we'll reconvene here in the morning. *Everyone says "uh-huh" and goes off. Riley pulls Buffy aside.*

Riley What's your plan?

Buffy Big sleep. My count encounter wiped me out.

Riley *nods* I'm kinda wired. Maybe I should just let you get your rest.

Buffy You sure? I mean, maybe if you just lie down with me... *suggestive look*

Riley *grinning* Nothing you are about to say will lead to rest.

Buffy I guess you're right. I'll see you in the morning?

Riley Mm-hmm. With donuts.

Buffy Mm. Heaven. *Smooch* See? A little sugar and I'm all yours. Dracula schmacula.

Cut to Anya and Xander walking down the street.

Anya I doubt he'd remember me. I was just a silly young thing. I mean, like seven hundred or so. But he did say that this guy I cursed was doomed forever, which was really sweet, don't you think?

Xander Adorable.

Anya It was a great spell. I made this jerk incredibly fat, like a human minivan.

The camera pans up to the rooftop of the Espresso Pump, where we see a wolf growling as it walks along the roof following Anya and Xander.

Anya VO You should just mention my name if you see him again.

Xander Or better yet, why don't you just go sit on top of a crypt and flaunt your neck cleavage until Dracula shows up? Then you two can talk private.

Anya Oh please, don't tell me you're jealous.

Xander Oh no, just because you're panting over the guy. *Stops walking*

Anya I am not panting. Now stop being silly. I'll see you tomorrow. *Smooch*

Xander You don't wanna come back to my place?

Anya It's whites day, remember? The bleach smell makes me nauseous. *Walks off*

Xander Fine. I suppose Dracula doesn't use bleach, huh? He's a darks-only man. *Walks off. We see the wolf still watching him.*

Cut to Xander rounding a corner on the dark street. He jumps in shock when he sees Dracula waiting for him.

Xander (sighing) Great. Perfect. *suddenly deciding he's not scared* You know what? You're not so big. *Looks Dracula up and down* One round of old-fashioned fisticuffs, you'd fold like a bitty baby. *Dracula scowls.*

Xander *rolls up sleeves* Okay, let's do it. And no poofing. Come on, puffy shirt. Pucker on up, cause you can kiss your pale ass-

Dracula Silence.

Xander Yes master. *Shakes head* No, that's not—

Dracula *lifts a hand* You will be my emissary, my eyes and ears in daylight.

Xander Your emissary?

Dracula Serve me well. You will be rewarded. I will make you an immortal. A child of darkness that feeds on life itself... on blood.

Xander *in Dracula's accent* "Blood"? *speaking very quickly* Yes! Yes! I will serve you, your excellent spookiness.

Dracula frowns.

Xander *still speaking too quickly* Or master. I'll just stick with master.

Dracula You are strange and off-putting. Go now.

Xander nods, turns to go, turns back.

Xander But master, how can I find- *Sees Dracula is gone* Brilliant. What an exit! Guy's a genius! *Giggles crazily and walks off*

Cut to Riley opening a crypt door and walking in. Candles are lit everywhere. He walks in, looking around.

Spike Well, well.

Spike emerges from the shadows holding a crossbow.

Spike You can take the boy out of the Initiative, but you can't take the Initiative out of the boy.

Riley I'd put that down, unless you're bucking for one hell of a headache.

Spike hesitates, puts the bow down.

Spike I can't be too careful. I got quite a few demons after me these days.

Riley I'm looking for some information. Might pay a little.

Spike *shrugs* I'll play. *Goes over to a couple of chairs*

Riley What can you tell me about Dracula?

Spike Dracula? *scoffs* Poncy bugger owes me eleven pounds, for one thing. *Puts a cigarette in his mouth*

Riley You know him?

Spike Know him? We're old rivals. *Lights cigarette* But then he got famous, forgot all about his foes. *Points at Riley* I'll tell you what. That glory hound's done more harm to vampires than any slayer. His story gets out, and suddenly everybody knows how to kill us. *Sits down* You know, the mirror bit?

Riley But he's not just a regular vampire. I mean, he has special powers, right?

Spike Nothing but showy gypsy stuff. What's it to you, anyway?

Riley He's in town. Making his presence known.

Spike *smiling* Drac's in Sunnydale-way? *Puts feet up on a cassock* I guess the old boy needed closure after all.

Riley Actually, he's gunning for Buffy. But I'm out to find him before he gets another shot at her. *Sits*

Spike Tough talk, cowboy. But you're not gonna catch him napping in a crypt. No, the count has to have his luxury estate and his bug-eaters and his special dirt, don't he?

Riley So you're saying I should check out mansions, that sort of thing?

Spike No. *stands* I'm saying... you should go home to your superhoney. Have a nice, safe snog. You're out of your depth on this one, boy. *Turns his back on Riley*

Riley You've helped Buffy before, so she has a problem with killing you now that you're helpless. *Spike still turned away*

Riley I don't.

Spike turns to face him, walks up to him.

Spike I'd like to see you try.

Riley stands, gets in Spike's face.

Riley Would you?

They stare each other down. Finally Spike looks away.

Spike Pfft.

Riley walks to the door.

Spike *calls out as Riley is at the door* You're never gonna find him.

Riley leaves.

Spike *to himself* Not before he gets to her.

Exterior shot of Joyce's house, night.

Buffy in bed, asleep.

Pan over to the window. Fog pours in from outside, flows across the floor toward the bed. A breeze comes up, ruffling the sheets. Buffy wakes and sits up with a gasp. Dracula stands at the foot of the bed.

Dracula You are magnificent.

Buffy I bet you say that before you bite all the girls.

Dracula No, you are different. Kindred.

Buffy Kindred? Hardly, I-

Dracula Pull your hair back.

Buffy looks surprised but pulls her hair back from her neck. Shot of Dracula admiring her.

Buffy VO This isn't how I... usually fight.

Buffy looks a little self-conscious. Glances at the window.

Buffy You think you can just waft in here with your music video wind and your hypno-eyes... *trails off*

Dracula I have searched the world over for you. I have yearned for you. *Sits on the bed next to her* For a creature whose darkness rivals my own.

He puts his hand on her chin and moves her head aside. He sees the scar where Angel bit her (episode "Graduation Day") and touches it with his fingertips.

Dracula You have been tasted. *smiles slightly as he trails his fingers over her cheek*

Buffy He was-

Dracula Unworthy. *Buffy stares at him, looks scared* He let you go. *Looks her in the eyes* But the embrace... his bite... you remember.

Buffy *uncertain* No.

Dracula caresses her face some more.

Dracula Do not fight. *Puts his hand behind her neck* I can feel your hunger.

He leans down to bite her neck. Buffy gasps but doesn't pull away.

Part 3

Fade in on exterior of Joyce's house, morning. Cut to Buffy asleep in bed. She wakes up. Sits up looking a little confused.

Cut to Buffy dressed, looking in the mirror. She fiddles with her hair, notices something, pulls her hair back to expose two bite marks on her neck. She looks at it for a moment, then grabs a scarf and ties it around her neck.

Cut to Riley leaning over with a donut.

Riley Here's a jelly one, you want it?

Closeup of Riley's hand holding the donut out.

Shot of Buffy on Giles' couch with the donut being held in her face.

Buffy No.

Xander Got it! Got it. Mine, mine. *Note: throughout this scene Xander speaks each line very quickly and moves around a lot.*

Xander rushes out of the kitchen and grabs the donut. We see Giles in the kitchen. Xander walks in little circles, nibbling quickly at the donut. Riley looks in the box for another donut. We see Willow on a chair in the background.

Willow Well, I think we have Dracula factoids.

Xander *sitting on a stool eating the donut* Like any of that's enough to fight the dark master...

Everyone gives him a strange look.

Xander ... bator.

Willow A lot of it we already knew. *Riley walks to another chair opposite the couch* Turnoffs: wood, fire, crosses, garlic. Turnons: nice duds, minions, wistful long slow bites that last for days...

Riley Yeah, I did a little research too. *Shot of Buffy looking distracted* Dracula likes to live in style. Which means we can rule out the usual dumps vampires haunt.

Xander Ah! But he's smart enough to figure that we probably already know that. I'm guessing he's lying low. *Licks his donut. Giles comes out from the kitchen*

Willow Actually, my research backs Riley up. Drac isn't the lay-low type.

Giles *gives Riley a glass of milk* So we can, uh, check out the nicer places. Don't you think, Buffy?

Buffy isn't paying attention. We see Xander moving from chair to chair and tapping fingers nervously.

Giles Buffy?

Buffy blinks, tunes back in.

Buffy Yeah. We'll check all the swanky places first. What else did you guys get?

Giles Well, Willow has most of it, actually.

Willow *sits up* Only because you gave me super pointers! I never would have...

Giles *puts up hand to stop her* Just go ahead, Willow.

Willow OK. Dracula's modus operandi is different from other vampires. He will kill just to feed, but he'd rather have a connection with his victims. And he has all of these mental powers to draw them in.

Buffy looks thoughtful.

Willow He, he can read and control minds... appear in dreams...

Buffy *distracted* Uh huh.

Willow Makes sense. That stare... he just kinda... looked right through you. Didn't you feel it, Buffy?

Riley looks at Buffy.

Buffy *pause* No. *gets up* No, I didn't.

Xander See! Buffy didn't feel it. I think you're drawing a low of crazy conclusions about the unholy prince.

Everyone gives him a strange look.

Xander ... bator.

Giles The point is, though he goes through the motions of an intimate seduction, the end result is the same. He turns them into a vampire.

Buffy looks as if she hadn't considered that.

Xander Well. That **is** intimate. Dracula's gifting these ladies with his own blood. And blood — *He notices a spider on the desk next to him, glances around to see if anyone's looking* Blood is life.

Everyone looks confused.

Xander According to them. *Slams his hand down on the spider*

Giles Um... Just be aware that he, he tends to form a relationship with his prey. *When no one's looking,*

Xander scoops the spider into his mouth and chews
It's not enough for him to take her. She must want to be taken. She must... burn for him. *Buffy looks uncomfortable, fiddling with her scarf.*

Buffy That's... interesting. I'm gonna go find him.
She starts to leave. Everyone gets up.

Riley You shouldn't go by yourself, Buffy. I mean, this guy's seriously dangerous.

Buffy It's cool, I got it. *Opens door, leaves.*

Buffy walking through the courtyard outside Giles' apartment. Riley comes out after her.

Riley Hey. *grabs her arm and stops her* Take off that scarf.

Buffy What? No. *puts hand over scarf*

Riley *gives an "I knew it" nod* You're under the thrall of the dark prince!

Buffy *scoffs* I am not under the thrall of the dark prince.

Riley Then take off the scarf.

Buffy Oh, let go of me! This is ridiculous. *tries to break arm out of Riley's grasp but he holds on*

Riley rips off the scarf as the others come out too. Everyone looks at Buffy's neck. She sits on the edge of the stone fountain and puts her head in her hands.

Giles Why didn't you say anything?

Xander Cause she didn't want to worry us, right Buffster? It's nothin'. Just a scratch.

Willow Two deep, puncture-y scratches.

Buffy looks apologetically at Riley.

Buffy I'm not sure why I tried to hide it. Uh, there was just this voice, and it was, it was telling me to cover it.

Riley And what did I tell you? *to the others* That's thrall.

Xander You're saying Dracula has some sort of freaky mind control over her? You're watching too many creature features, man.

Buffy But it does seem like he has this... control over me, I... even though a big part of me is resisting.

During this speech we see Xander grab a fly off a nearby leaf and eat it.

Riley No, that's okay. I shouldn't take this personally. I mean, what with Angel, I mean, it's understandable that there would be transference. I mean, they're both broody immortals.

Buffy looks dismayed and gets up to walk close to Riley.

Buffy *firms* I am not transfer-y. *quieter* I swear to you. I'm your girl, and I'm gonna stay that way.

Riley Okay. But you are not going anywhere near him again.

Giles Uh, Riley's right, you should - you should stay out of sight. Let the rest of us look for Dracula.

Buffy I can't go home. He already got inside once.

Xander You can come over to my place. I'll make sure you stay put.

Giles Good. Um, Riley and I can, uh, can... search for Dracula, and Willow, you and Tara could uh, could do a protection spell on Buffy's mother's house, and prevent him from returning.

Willow *nodding* Got it. How'd he get inside anyway?

Cut to Joyce walking through her house.

Joyce He seemed so nice and normal. A little pale.
We see Willow and Tara working magic on the front door.

Willow A good Sunnydale rule of thumb? Avoid white-skinned men in capes.

Joyce I'm not like this. I don't invite strange men over for coffee, it's just... Oh, when you girls are older you'll understand. *Sits on stairs* It's hard to date. Sometimes you just... feel like giving up on men altogether.

Willow and Tara sneak little looks at each other and try not to grin.

Shot of the sun setting on the horizon.

Cut to Giles and Riley walking through the grounds of a mansion. Riley has a notepad. Giles carries a bag.

Riley Another bust. *crosses something off on notepad*

Giles And it's getting dark. I should have turned up a better lead. There must be an easier way to find him.

Riley Too late to worry about that now. If we hurry, we can hit these last places.

They leave the estate.

Cut to Xander's basement.

Anya How come I have to be here slayer-sitting while the other guys get to look for Dracula?

We see Buffy and Anya sitting on the couch while Xander paces.

Anya I mean, just because I'm-

Xander What time is it?

Anya (checks watch) Uh, almost six. *stands up so she's standing in front of the open closet door* Look,

I mean, I'm the one who knows him, I-I'm the one who had a really good look at him, and so, I mean, what-

Xander pushes her into the closet and shuts the door.

Anya Hey! What?

Xander puts a chair under the doorknob to hold it shut. We hear Anya banging on the door and yelling.

Buffy sits oblivious through all of this.

Xander turns to Buffy.

Xander *still talking too fast* I'm supposed to deliver you to the master now.

Buffy looks up at him.

Xander There's this whole deal where I get to be immortal. You cool with that?

Buffy Take me to him.

She stands. We still hear Anya pounding and yelling. Exterior shot of the castle, night.

Xander and Buffy walking up to the castle, walking up the steps.

Cut to interior of the castle. The typical wooden furnishings. Torches and candles everywhere. Xander leads Buffy in.

Xander Master? I deliver the slayer. She who you most desire. *Buffy walks in behind him, still looking kind of catatonic. Xander gives a little bow.*

Xander Sorry, whom.

Pan across a long table.

Shot of Dracula standing by the fireplace, wearing black pants, red shirt, black vest. He turns slowly.

Xander So now comes the immortality, right? You do the thing, and-

Dracula Leave us.

Xander stops.

Dracula We must not be interrupted.

Xander You bet. *leaves*

Buffy and Dracula stare at each other across the long table.

Dracula I knew you'd come.

Buffy Why? Because I'm under your thrall? *Whips out Mister Pointy and drops the dazed expression* Well, guess again, pal.

Dracula Put the stake down.

Buffy Okay. *Puts it down, then looks at her hand in surprise* Right. That... was not... you. *Sounding unconvinced* I did that. I did that because... I wanted to.

Dracula watches her.

Buffy Maybe I should rethink that thrall thing. *looks around nervously and gives a little whimper*

Part 4

Exterior of castle. Riles and Giles walk up.

Riley I've lived in Sunnydale a couple of years now. Know what I've never noticed before?

Giles Uh, a castle?

Riley A big honking castle.

They walk toward it.

Cut to Riley and Giles opening the castle door and entering, looking around. Riles points down one hallway. Giles nods and goes down it. Riley goes the other way.

Shot of a woman with yellow eyes and vampire teeth peeking out from the shadows, smiling.

Cut to Buffy and Dracula in the dining room.

Buffy Stay away from me.

Dracula Are you afraid I will bite you? *walking slowly toward her* Slayer, that's why you came.

Buffy No. Last night... it's not gonna happen again.

Dracula *still walking toward her* Stop me. Stake me.

Buffy *backing up a little* I... *glancing at stake on the table* Any minute now.

Dracula Do you know why you cannot resist?

Buffy Cause you're famous?

Dracula Because you do not want to.

Buffy *shakes head nervously* My friends-

Dracula They're here. *she looks at him* They will not find us. We are alone.

Buffy looks anxious.

Dracula Always alone.

Buffy continues to look anxious.

Dracula *begins to circle around her* There is so much I have to teach you. Your history, your power... what your body is capable of...

Buffy *shaking head* I don't need to know.

Dracula You long to. And you will have eternity to discover yourself. *Comes back around in front to face her* But first... a little taste.

Buffy I won't let you.

Dracula I didn't mean for me.

Shot of Buffy looking determined.

Cut to Riley moving through the dark hallways. He tries a door but it's locked. He turns away, but then the door opens and Xander comes out.

Xander Nobody harms my master.

Riley Your master?

Xander You want him? You come through me.

Riley punches him in the face. He falls down.

Riley Okey-dokey.

Steps over Xander and through the door.

Cut to Giles in another part of the castle. He tries a door and it opens. He steps into the darkness beyond and falls off a ledge to the floor about eight feet below.

Giles Oh, good show, Giles. Uhh... at least you didn't get knocked out for a change. *Turns over on his back with a groan*

Giles Oh... oh, ladies.

Three vampire women appear and begin crawling over him,

Giles You would... be the three sisters, yes?

They begin kissing his cheek and rubbing his chest.

Giles E-excellent, right. Uh, I'd heard that you were myth... obviously erroneous.

One of them rips his shirt open and begins caressing him.

Giles Aah! Ooh, that's, uh, that, uh... *giggling tickles! Ooh, uh... oh, dear god. Panting*

Cut back to Dracula. He holds up his arm and rolls up the sleeve.

Buffy What are you-

Dracula All those years fighting us. Your power so near to our own... *Cuts his arm with a fingernail till blood wells up... and you've never once wanted to know what it is that we fight for? Holds his arm out to Buffy* Never even a taste?

Buffy *looks conflicted* If I drink that-

Dracula I have not drunk enough for you to change. You must be near death to become one of us. And that comes only when you plead for it.

Buffy *staring at his wrist* I'm not hungry.

Dracula No. Your craving goes deeper than that. *Buffy stares at him.*

Dracula *whispering* You think you know... what you are... what's to come. You haven't even begun. *Buffy looks at his arm, at his face. Takes his hand in both of hers and puts her mouth on the bloody wrist.*

Dracula Find it. The darkness. Find your true nature.

Buffy's eyes are wide.

A very quick series of shots flashing by. Most are shots of Buffy fighting, but a few are shots of the First Slayer from episode "Restless". There's also a shot of a vein with blood corpuscles rushing through it.

Buffy lifts her head.

Buffy *softly* Wow.

She suddenly shoves out her hand and pushes Dracula away. He lands on the table and slides across it on his back.

Buffy *normal voice* That was gross.

She walks forward as Dracula gets to his feet.

Dracula You are resisting.

Buffy Looks like.

Dracula Come here. Come to me. *holds out hand*

Buffy You know, I really think the thrall has gone out of our relationship. But I want to thank you for opening up my eyes a little.

Dracula What is this?

Buffy My true nature. You want a taste?

Dracula growls and lunges at her. She jumps over his head, whirls, kicks him, punches him twice, kicks him into a wall. He spins back, grabs her arm, punches her and flings her across the room. She lands on the table on her back.

Cut to Riley walking up to an open door.

Riley Buffy? Are you in- *stops himself before falling into the pit* Giles! Giles!

Riley pulls out a cross and holds it up. The three female vampires hiss and slink away. Riley tosses the cross to Giles, who catches it.

Riley Come on, come on. Grab my hand.

Giles Thank god you came.

Riley Come on!

Giles There was no possible escape.

Still staring back toward the sisters, Giles takes Riley's hand and Riley pulls him up. Giles notices his foot has only a sock on it.

Giles Oh, my shoe. *Pointing back into the pit* Silly me, I'll just pop-

Riley No no no, sir! *Pulls him away* No more chick pit for you. Come on. *They get up and move off down the hall.*

Cut back to Buffy running across the room. She barrels into Dracula and they fall to the floor, rolling. He's on top. He punches her, she punches him, then she grabs his shirt and flips him over. Now she's on top. She punches him a few times. Then he catches her fist and flings her off him. He's grinning. They both get up, grab each other and fall down again. Buffy's on top. She brings both her hands down but he blocks and flings her away again. She flies backward and hits the wall. She grabs him, he flips her across the table and then jumps onto it. She hits him

with a chair and then sweeps his feet out from under him. He punches her. She grabs a torch and he rolls away just as she hits the table with it. They face each other across the table.

Buffy A guy like you should think about going electric. Seriously.

Dracula growls and turns to smoke. Buffy looks around, sees where the smoke is converging, drops the torch and runs toward the smoke. She grabs Mister Pointy off the table as she runs, leaps to the top of the stairs, and is there to stake Dracula just as he appears from the smoke. He looks shocked.

Buffy How do you like my darkness now?

Dracula growls, falls down the stairs and explodes into dust.

Buffy saunters down the stairs.

Riley and Giles rush in.

Riley Buffy! You okay?

Buffy Yeah. Chock full of free will.

Giles And Dracula?

Buffy Eurotrashed.

Xander rushes in holding a torch.

Xander *back to talking normally* Where is he? Where's the creep that turned me into his spider-eating man-bitch?

Buffy He's gone.

Xander Dammit! You know what? I'm sick of this crap. I'm sick of being the guy who eats insects and gets the funny syphilis. As of this moment, it's over. I'm finished being everybody's butt-monkey!

Giles, Riley, and Buffy nod and try to look solemn.

Buffy Check. No more butt-monkey.

Riley It coulda been worse. At least you weren't making time with the dracu-babes like Giles here.

Giles I was not making time! I, I was, uh, just about to kill those, uh, loathsome creatures when Riley interrupted me. *Wrapping his torn shirt around himself*

Riley *grinning* You were gonna nuzzle 'em to death?

Riley and Buffy grin and start to walk away.

Giles Of course not! I was in complete... *the others have walked off control.*

He walks out.

Shot of the candles burning in the chandelier.

Shot of the stairs.

Shot of the bottom of the stairs. The fog appears and begins to converge.

As soon as Dracula has fully appeared, a hand appears and stakes him again. He gasps.

Buffy You think I don't watch your movies? *rolling her eyes* You always come back.

Dracula explodes into dust again. Buffy folds her arms and watches.

The fog begins to collect again.

Buffy VO I'm standing right here!

The fog dissipates.

Exterior shot of Giles' building.

Buffy VO You wanted to see me?

Cut to inside Giles' apartment. Giles gets up as Buffy walks in.

Giles Yes. Thanks for coming. Can I offer you some tea?

Buffy Oh... no, thanks. *notices a plate on the table by the sofa* Ooh, cookies. How come I rate the little cookie treatment?

Giles Well, actually, I have something to tell you. *comes over with a teapot. They both sit on the sofa.*

Buffy Actually, I have something that I'd like to talk to you about, too.

Giles Oh, well, you go first, by all means.

Buffy No, go ahead.

Giles No, I insist. *pouring tea*

Buffy *after a moment, softly* You haven't been my Watcher for a while. *Giles stops pouring* I haven't been training... and I haven't really needed to come to you for help.

Giles *sadly* I agree. *sets down the teapot*

Buffy *gestures helplessly, gets up to pace* And then this whole thing with Dracula... it made me face up to some stuff. *Giles looks concerned* Ever since we did that spell where we called on the first slayer... I've been going out a lot. *Giles looks surprised* Every night.

Giles Patrolling?

Buffy Hunting. That's... what Dracula called it. *pacing* And he was right. He understood my power better than I do. He saw darkness in it.

Shot of Giles looking very concerned.

Buffy *sits down again* I need to know more. About where I come from, about the other slayers. I mean, maybe... maybe if I could learn to control this thing, I could be stronger, I could be better. But... I'm scared. I know it's gonna be hard. And I can't do it... without you. I need your help. *pause* I need you to be my Watcher again.

Giles stops frowning.

Buffy *sighs, laughs nervously* Boy, I just, I just keep talking, don't I? I'm sorry, you-you had something you wanted to say?

Giles *smiling* No... it's nothing.

He picks up his teacup. Buffy looks relieved.

Cut to Joyce's house. Buffy walks through the halls and peeks into Joyce's bedroom.

Buffy I'm outta here. *Joyce comes onscreen, in the bedroom. Buffy moves offscreen but keeps talking* Riley and I are going to the movies.

Joyce Okay. Have a good time.

Buffy goes into another room and sees the back of a

girl with long brown hair.

Buffy VO What are you **doing** here?

The girl turns around, looks surprised, then gives Buffy a sour look. Buffy doesn't look too pleased either.

Cut back to Joyce in her room, calling out.

Joyce Buffy? If you're going out, why don't you take your sister?

Cut back to the bedroom. Both girls turn to look at the doorway, looking annoyed.

Buffy and Dawn *in unison* Mom!

Executive Producer: Joss Whedon.

The Real Me

Transcript by **Joan the English Chick** <pisces@englishchick.com>

Transcriber's Notes

I do not own the characters or situations of BTVS, and I claim no credit for the content of this episode. I have merely transcribed what appeared on my screen, with help from the closed captions.

Please feel free to link to this transcript. Please do not redistribute it, or post it on a website (other than the Psyche transcript site), without first emailing me.

I apologize in advance for my lame transcription of the fight scenes. I don't know the names of different punches and kicks. Use your imagination.

Teaser

Buffy I've been going out a lot.

Giles Patrolling?

Buffy Hunting.

Various shots of Buffy fighting and killing vampires.

Giles VO Previously on BTVS...

Buffy VO That's... what Dracula called it. And he was right.

Shot of Buffy talking to Giles.

Buffy He understood my power better than I do. He saw darkness in it.

Shot of Giles looking concerned.

Buffy I need to know more. About where I come from, about the other slayers. I need you to be my Watcher again.

Shot of Xander in Dracula's castle.

Xander Dammit! You know what? I'm sick of this crap. I'm sick of being the guy who eats insects and gets the funny syphilis. As of this moment, it's over. I'm finished being everybody's butt-monkey!

Shot of Buffy walking into a room in Joyce's house, seeing Dawn.

Buffy VO What are you **doing** here?

Shot of Dawn looking annoyed.

Shot of Joyce in her room, calling out.

Joyce Buffy? If you're going out, why don't you take your sister?

Shot of Buffy and Dawn looking annoyed in Joyce's direction.

Buffy and Dawn in unison Mom!

Episode begins with a black screen.

Giles VO There is nothing but you.

Head-shot of Buffy with her eyes closed. Quiet, meditative music begins.

Giles VO You are the center. And within you, there is the core of your being... of what you are.

Shot of Giles walking in a circle around Buffy.

Giles Find it... breathe into it.

We see Buffy wearing a tank-top and pants, leaning over a short pedestal with both her hands on it. Giles walks in front of her.

Giles VO Focus inward. Let the world fall away... fall away... fall away...

The camera zooms in on Buffy's face as Giles repeats "fall away." She opens her eyes. Buffy leans forward and goes into a handstand, balancing on her hands on the pedestal. The pedestal is about two feet high and four inches square. We see exercise mats underneath it and a vault in the background. Giles is still walking circles around Buffy, staring at her.

Shot of a large flat crystal with three smaller crystals standing on end atop it.

Shot of Giles watching Buffy.

Closeup of Buffy's face, eyes closed again. She begins to remove one hand from the pedestal. Slow-motion shot of Buffy bringing one arm out parallel to the floor, so she is balancing on the other hand. Giles still walking around her, watching. The music continues. Buffy's face looks very peaceful.

Shot of the crystals. A hand appears and tries to balance a fourth crystal on top of the three standing ones, but it's clumsy and all the crystals fall over with a clunk.

Buffy's eyes pop open, she loses her concentration and crashes to the floor with a cry. Giles starts toward her in alarm, sees she's all right. He then looks in a different direction, pulling off his glasses in an angry motion.

Shot of the ceiling from Buffy's point of view. Dawn's face emerges into the shot.

Dawn Can we go now?

Shot of Buffy looking annoyed.

Wolf howl. Opening credits.

Part 1

Michelle Trachtenberg (Dawn) is now listed with the regular cast members, after Emma Caulfield and before James Marsters.

Guest starring Mercedes McNab, Bob Morrisey, Amber Benson as Tara and Kristine Sutherland as Joyce Summers. Written by David Fury, directed by David Grossman.

Fade in on a hanging mobile of fish. The camera pans across a bedroom.

Dawn VO Nobody knows who I am. Not the real me. It's like, nobody cares enough to find out. I mean, does anyone ever ask **me** what I want to do with my life? Or what my opinion is on stuff? Or what restaurant to order in from?

We see Dawn sitting on a bed, wearing pajamas, writing in a diary. There's a huge pile of stuffed animals on the bed with her.

Dawn VO No. Underline. Exclamation point.

We see her underlining the word and drawing the exclamation point. She ponders for a moment and then violently draws a few more, stabbing at the paper with her pen.

Dawn VO Exclamation point, exclamation point. *pause* No one understands. No one has an older sister who's a slayer.

Shot of Buffy opening the refrigerator and taking out a carton of milk.

Dawn VO People wouldn't be so crazy about her if they had to live in the same house with her every single day. Everybody cares what she thinks. Just 'cause she can do backflips and stuff.

Buffy sniffs the milk and puts it on the counter. In the background we see Joyce drinking coffee and Dawn opening a cabinet to get out a box of cereal. Buffy picks up a banana from a bowl of fruit, turns away.

Dawn VO Like that's **such** a crucial job skill in the real world.

As Buffy moves to the background of the shot to get a bowl, Joyce and Dawn move to the foreground. Joyce pours milk into her coffee cup. Dawn opens the cereal box and sits down.

Dawn VO Plus Mom lets her get away with everything. "Your sister's saving the world."

Joyce moves to the background again as Buffy returns with a bowl, which she places on the counter, moving the milk carton aside. She picks up the banana again and turns away, peeling it. Dawn takes Buffy's bowl and pours cereal into it.

Dawn VO I could so save the world if somebody handed me super powers. . .

Dawn turns away from the table as Buffy returns with a knife, prepared to slice the banana into her bowl, but finds the bowl missing. She sees it sitting at Dawn's spot full of cereal, and makes an irritated face.

Dawn VO . . . but I'd think of a cool name and wear a mask to protect my loved ones, which Buffy doesn't even.

Dawn returns with a spoon, wearing an innocent expression. Buffy turns away to get another bowl, and Dawn picks up the carton of milk. She empties it into her bowl and sits down to eat.

Dawn VO If this town wasn't so lame everyone would completely know what she does. And then I bet they wouldn't even be that impressed, because like, killing things with wood? Oh, scary vampires, they die from a splinter.

Buffy returns with another bowl, reaches across Dawn for the cereal box, pours it into her bowl, picks up the milk carton and finds it empty. Dawn continues eating, pretending not to notice.

Joyce So Buffy, what are your plans today?

Buffy continues giving Dawn a dirty look for a moment, then looks away.

Buffy Oh, actually, Giles and I are gonna go to the magic shop for supplies for my new and improved training sessions.

Joyce Oh, that's great.

Buffy *walking to sink, then to fridge* Oh, yeah, I'm actually—

Joyce *interrupts* You can take Dawn shopping for back to school supplies.

Dawn puts down her spoon and turns around, preparing to argue.

Buffy What??

Dawn Mom, I-I thought you were taking me.

Joyce Well, honey, I've got the Gurion showing tonight, and there's so much to do to get the gallery ready. *Turns to leave kitchen.*

Buffy No, but, see, Mom—

Buffy and Dawn run after Joyce as she walks to the living room.

Buffy That doesn't really work for me. We're just going to the magic shop. No school supplies there.

Dawn Yeah, Mom, I'm not going to Hogwarts. *She giggles at her own joke till she notices Buffy looking*

annoyed and confused. Geez, crack a book sometime.

Joyce Look, I'm sure Giles doesn't mind dropping you and your sister off at the mall afterwards.

Buffy Actually, he does mind. This is supposed to be quality Watcher/slayer time. I told you, she completely ruined my training yesterday.

Dawn Did not!

Buffy Oh, you know you did too.

Joyce Buffy. I realize the importance of your new slayer thing, but—

Knock on door.

Joyce —I could really use your help.

She walks past the two girls, both sighing and rolling their eyes in annoyance. They glare at each other as Joyce opens the door and Riley comes in.

Riley Morning, Mrs. Summers. You look great.

Joyce Oh, thank you, Riley. *Exits*

Buffy goes over to Riley.

Buffy Suck up.

Riley What? It's a nice outfit.

Dawn pretends not to be watching them.

Buffy Mm-hmm.

Riley Besides, "I'm here to violate your firstborn" never goes over with parents. Not sure why. *He and Buffy smooch.*

Dawn VO Riley, my sister's boyfriend, is **so** into her. They're always kissing... and groping. I bet they have sex!

Riley stops kissing Buffy and looks at Dawn.

Riley Hey, kid.

Dawn I'm not a kid.

She walks off as Buffy & Riley move into the living room.

Buffy Well, this is a surprise of the nicest kind.

Riley Now it's my turn to be surprised. I thought we had plans today.

They sit on the sofa.

Buffy Plans? We planned plans?

Riley Well, you said, uh, "come over tomorrow and we'll hang", and then I said, "OK." Not the invasion of Normandy, but still a plan.

Buffy nods in resignation.

Buffy Right.

Riley *studying her expression* We're not hangin' today, are we?

Buffy Giles is on his way to pick me up.

Riley Oh, slayer training.

Buffy Slayer shopping, actually, but equally as important.

Riley I have no doubt. Okay, well, we'll hook up later. *Starts to get up*

Buffy Are you mad at me?

Riley Oh, no, not at all. I'm plotting your death, but in a happy way. *Smiles*

Buffy Good.

Riley Look, Buffy, I know what this means to you. I think it's great that you've got this new mission. I'll see you tonight.

Smooch. Riley gets up.

Riley Bye. *calling* See ya, kid!

Dawn OS I'm not a kid!

Cut to a shot of a bright red convertible driving down the street. Giles is at the wheel, Buffy beside him and Dawn in the back. Classical music plays on the radio.

Giles Well, I sympathize with you, Buffy, I truly do. But I'm certain that Riley understands better than anyone else the importance of training. You can't allow personal concerns to distract you from—
Dawn reaches between them to change the radio station Dawn, will you stop fiddling with the radio and sit down?

Dawn sits back, looking exasperated. The radio plays classical music.

Dawn VO I don't think Buffy's Watcher likes me too much.

Shot of Dawn back in her room, writing in her diary.

Dawn VO I think it's 'cause he's just so... old. I'm not sure how old he is, but I heard him use the word "newfangled" one time. So he's gotta be pretty far gone.

Cut back to Dawn fidgeting in the backseat of the car.

Buffy *studying a piece of paper* There's a lot of books on this list. Any of them come on tape? You know, read by George Clooney or someone cute like that?

Giles You're entering a new realm here, Buffy. One for which I myself am not entirely prepared. Are you ready for this commitment?

Buffy I'm just kidding! Hey, this Betty's ready. Color me committed.

The car engine races as Giles tries to shift.

Giles Blast!

Buffy You put it in neutral again, huh?

Giles I'm just not used to this automatic transmission. I-I loathe this sitting here, not contributing.

Shot of Dawn looking surprised.

Giles No, i-it's not working out.

Buffy Giles, are you breaking up with your car?

Giles Well, it did seduce me, all red and sporty!

Buffy Little two-door tramp.

Giles gives her a sour look.

Giles I-I-I don't know, I just - I was so at loose ends, I-I found myself searching for... some way of feeling more...

Buffy Shallow?

Giles Perhaps, as I am to act as your Watcher again, a modicum of respect might be in order.

Buffy Do I have to?

Giles I'm serious, Buffy, there's going to be far less time for the sort of flighty, frivolous-

Dawn *pointing* Hey, there's Willow and Tara!

Giles Ooh, they haven't seen my new car.

He pulls over. Buffy rolls her eyes at him. We see Willow and Tara coming out of the coffee shop.

Willow Hey Giles, sharp wheels!

Tara The rest of the car's nice too.

Everyone gets out of the car.

Giles Handles like a dream.

Buffy Where are you guys heading?

Willow Magic shop. I have some charms on back order.

Dawn *smiling* Willow, hi.

Willow Hey Dawny! *They hug* How's my favorite chess partner? Still leading with your knight?

Dawn shrugs in embarrassment.

Dawn VO Willow's the awesomest person.

Cut back to Dawn in pajamas, now lying on her bed writing in the diary with a smile.

Dawn VO She's the only one I know who likes school as much as me.

Cut back to the street. Dawn smiles at Willow, then the camera pans over to Tara.

Dawn VO Even her friends are cool!

Tara smiles and gives a little wave.

Tara Hey Dawn.

Dawn VO Like Tara. *Cut back to Dawn in the bedroom* She and Willow are both witches. They do spells and stuff, which is so much cooler than slaying. I told Mom one time I wished they'd teach me some of the things they do together. A-and then she got really quiet and made me go upstairs. *She pauses in her writing and looks puzzled.* Huh. I guess her generation isn't cool with witchcraft.

Cut back to the street. Dawn and Tara are walking side-by-side, with Giles ahead of them and Buffy and Willow in the lead.

Buffy So Giles and I worked out a whole schedule around school. A block of time every day just to focus on my new slayer training.

Willow That's a work ethic! Buffy, you're developing a work ethic.

Buffy Oh, no. Do they make an ointment for that?

Willow People gotta respect a solid work ethic. Look at you, motivated Buffy. Eager to soak up learning. Oh, you and I are gonna have so much fun this semester.

Buffy *stops walking, and so do the rest of them* Yeah, that reminds me. With the whole new training schedule, I kinda had to drop a class.

Willow That's understandable. Your slayer studies are way more important.

Buffy So I won't be taking drama with you.

In the background we see Tara and Dawn peering in the windows of the magic shop.

Willow What? You have to, you promised!

Buffy Well, I know, but Giles said that it just was-
gesturing to Giles who's behind her, looking in the opposite direction

Willow The hell with Giles. *Giles turns in surprise*

Giles I can hear you, Willow.

Willow Drama is just Tuesday and Thursday afternoons. You can blow off training Tuesday and Thursday afternoons, can't you?

Buffy What happened to "people gotta respect a work ethic"?

Willow Other people, not me! There's a whole best friend loophole.

Tara *calling to them* Shop's kinda dark. Maybe it's closed.

Giles That's odd.

Everyone looks bemused and walks toward the magic shop.

Cut to interior of the magic shop as Giles opens the door and walks in. It's dark and the furniture is overturned. Giles and Buffy walk in slowly, followed by the others, all looking around.

Buffy Well, I think "odd" just got upped to "bad".

Giles *calling* Hello? Anyone here?

Tara Mr. Bogarty?

Everyone looks at Tara.

Tara The owner. I-I come in here a lot.

Willow advances farther into the store.

Willow Well, maybe this happened... really late at night when nobody was...

She trips over something and falls to the floor.

Buffy Will?

Tara comes forward.

Willow I'm fine, I - I just tripped over...

She sits up and sees the body. He's lying face-up and we can see vampire bite marks on his neck.

Willow Mr. Bogarty.

Dawn *behind Buffy and Giles* Wha-what is it, is he okay?

She tries to move forward but Buffy pushes her back.

Buffy It's nothing you need to see, Dawn, go wait outside.

Buffy hustles her toward the door with a hand on Dawn's elbow.

Dawn I don't wanna wait outside!

Buffy Dawn!

Dawn Ow, that hurt! *Buffy pushes her out the door onto the street* You're hurting me. I'm telling.

Buffy Look, I don't have time for this. Just do as I say and wait.

She starts off, then turns back.

Buffy Here.

Buffy goes back inside. Dawn sighs in annoyance, walks around a little, then goes back and peers between the blinds. Inside the shop she can see Buffy, Tara and Willow standing around as Giles kneels beside the body.

Guy Whatcha doin'?

Dawn turns with a gasp. A scruffy older man is standing there, unshaven, his tie loose.

Guy What are you doing here? You can't loiter. There's no loitering.

He advances on Dawn as she backs up, scared.

Guy That's why I'm a cat. Quiet. See, cat's in the cupboard *making cat-scratching gestures with his hands* but they find you there anyway, and it hurts. *Dawn has backed up against a van. She looks around, scared.*

Guy *sobbing* Please, make it stop. *in a different tone* Shut up, shut up, they'll hear you!

Dawn *tries to call out* Buff- *Shrieks as the guy puts his finger on her lips*

Guy I know you. Curds and whey. *Dawn looks shocked* I know what you are. *slowly and ominously* You... don't... belong... here. *Dawn shakes her head, looks on the verge of tears.*

Part 2

Cut in on the outer door to the magic shop. It opens and Tara comes out. She looks around.

Tara Dawn?

She walks out a little farther, looking around.

Tara Dawn?

She looks down and sees Dawn sitting on the ground, leaning against a building.

Tara Dawn. You okay?

Dawn Is... Is that guy dead in there?

Tara nods.

Tara Yeah.

She sits down next to Dawn.

Tara They're gonna be a little while longer, doing the detective thing. Best non-scoobies like you and me stay out of the way.

Dawn nods. They sit silently for a few moments.

Tara Do you wanna thumb-wrestle?

Dawn nods again.

Dawn Okay.

They lock their hands together and begin to thumb-wrestle.

Cut to a shot of the dead guy lying face-up. Giles' hands reach over and close his eyes.

Buffy Judging by the bite-fest, I'd say it was more than one vampire.

Giles *standing up* I make it four at least.

Buffy Looks like someone's put together a new fang club. *Walks to the counter. Willow is behind it, holding a book.*

Willow Well, I've cross-checked the inventory list, and things are definitely missing. *puts inventory book on the counter* Mostly books. Including "A Treatise on the Mythology and Methodology of the Vampire Slayer."

Buffy pulls out her list as Giles picks up the inventory book.

Buffy Oh, shoot! Was that the only copy?

Giles Come on, Buffy, this could be very serious. Whoever's leading this pack of vampires appears to be interested in learning more about you. Perhaps searching for weaknesses or... good lord.

Buffy What?

Giles Well, I had no idea the profit margins on a shop like this were so high.

Buffy and Willow exchange a look.

Giles Look at this! Uh, low overhead, out-of-state orders, international - it's no wonder there's never any trouble attracting new owners. *Looking around* A place like this is a virtual-

Buffy Deathtrap?

Giles What? Well, uh, yes, there is that. But, uh, still... *puts book down and looks around some more* Location, pedestrian traffic...

Willow So what's the next step?

Giles *still gazing around* Buffy, you should begin looking for their lair straight away.

Buffy I'll get Riley to help me patrol.

Willow Wait, aren't you forgetting something?

Giles Impressive square footage...

He walks off as Buffy gives Willow a questioning look

Willow You're on Dawn duty.

Buffy looks annoyed.

Buffy Oh, duty. I gotta drop my sister back home. *eyes widening* My mother's gonna **kill** me.

Giles *wandering back into view* I bet the death rate keeps the rent down. *pauses* Oh, hello. Something's been taken from this case, look here.

He goes over to a case where the glass has been knocked out.

Buffy What'd they take?

Willow looks in the inventory book.

Giles I should think an item of, of value, or-or power, possibly even a-

Willow A unicorn. 10-inch ceramic unicorn imported from Thailand.

Buffy Was it valuable?

Giles stares in puzzlement at the empty case.

Willow OS List price, \$12.95.

Giles Which begs the question, what kind of an unholy creature fancies cheap tasteless statuary?

Cut to head shot of Harmony.

Harmony Okay, hi. First of all, I wanna thank everybody for a really successful raid on the magic shop last night. *applauding* Good job, minions!

We see Harmony in the underground lair, wearing a skimpy black top and shiny gold pants. Four male vampires are standing around. They applaud along with her, a little uncertainly. They are Brad, Cyrus, Peaches, and Mort. Mort is very tall and large, whereas the others are fairly average-sized.

Harmony Yes, you deserve it. Secondly... *turns away to reach for something* somebody remembered to pick me up the sweetest little unicorn!

Holds up the ceramic unicorn and smiles at Brad. The other vamps stare at him.

Brad *whispering to other vamps* What?

Harmony Brad, guess someone was feeling guilty for standing me up in the tenth grade. *Admiring the unicorn*

Brad *to other vamps* I, I had to get her something. She sired me.

Peaches *to Cyrus* Sire-whipped.

We see Mort adding the unicorn to a large collection of other unicorn statues sitting on a table.

Harmony Anyway, the books you guys brought me to help with the plan? Well, I've been skimming through the book jackets all morning, and let me tell you, there's some pretty useful stuff in there, so- *Cyrus raises his hand.*

Harmony Yes, uh ... sorry, forgot your name.

Cyrus Cyrus.

Harmony Cyrus, huh, right. Peaches' friend. *Peaches nods* What's your question?

Cyrus When are we gonna do it?

Harmony Eww! That's rude! I barely know you! *Cyrus looks sideways at the other vamps in confusion* Uch, and you're a minion!

Mort He means the plan! When are we gonna do the plan?

Harmony Ohhh! The plan! *laughs in embarrassment* Ah, well, first lemme tell you I'm really psyched about it and I hope the rest of you guys-

Mort *yelling* When?!

Harmony *yelling* Tonight! *more calmly* We kill the slayer... tonight. *Smiles in self-satisfaction. The other vamps grin and nod at each other.*

Cut to Dawn sitting on her bed holding her diary, wearing the same clothes she was wearing at the magic shop.

Joyve VO So not only didn't you take your sister shopping for school supplies-

Dawn listens in. Cut to Joyce's bedroom. While Buffy and Joyce argue, Joyce walks back and forth getting dressed and putting on jewelry.

Joyce -you brought her to a murder scene.

Buffy No, I didn't bring her to it, it... just... sorta came upon us. It's not like she saw the body or anything.

Joyce Oh, well. That makes it all right then, doesn't it?

Buffy No, that is not what I meant.

Joyce I asked one favor of you, Buffy. To look after your sister. And now you want to unload her, so you and Riley can go out.

Buffy To patrol. I'm working, it's not like I wanna go to the sock hop.

Joyce I have to be at the pre-show reception in half an hour. Who's gonna watch Dawn?

Dawn OS, *calling from her room* I don't need anyone to watch me!

Buffy and Joyce *unison* Yes you do!

Joyce walks into the bathroom.

Buffy Wait. So what you're saying is if I can get an acceptable babysitter here before you leave, I can go patrol?

Dawn OS Babysitter? I'm fourteen! I'm old enough to be a babysitter!

Joyce And who are you gonna get on such short notice?

Dawn OS I can take care of myself!

Buffy *suddenly realizing* Xander.

Joyce Xander?

Sound of running footsteps. Joyce and Buffy look up as Dawn appears in the doorway.

Dawn Okay.

Doorbell rings.

Cut to Dawn running up to the front door, pausing to fix her hair. She's wearing a tight short dress. She opens the door. Xander stands there holding a pizza.

Xander Dawn patrol.

Dawn *smiling* Hey.

Xander Check this out, they put cheese on round bread. It's gonna be big.

He comes in. Dawn watches him with a smile as Joyce appears, putting on a jacket. We see her and Xander talking, but we only hear Dawn's voiceover.

Dawn VO Xander is so much cuter than anyone. And smarter too. He totally skipped college and got a job working construction. Which is so kind of... deep, you know? He builds things. And he's brave too.

Cut to Dawn in her pajamas, lying on the bed and writing in her diary.

Dawn VO Just last week he went undercover to stop that Dracula guy.

Note: the closed-captions provide the following dialogue during this scene which is not actually heard

Joyce Xander, thanks for doing this.

Xander Total non-sweat.

Joyce Again, thanks for coming. Oh, uh, here is my card. If you have any problems, you just call me on the cell phone.

Cut back to downstairs as Joyce gives Xander her card.

Xander Have fun. Not too much fun, though. *Although we can hear this line and it sounds like Xander's voice, we see his face and his lips aren't moving.*

Joyce Dawn, be good. Kisses Dawn goodbye

Xander Oh, we will. We're just gonna play with matches, run with scissors, take candy from... some guy... I don't know his name. *Winks at Dawn. Joyce leaves, and Dawn, smiling at Xander, starts to shut the door.*

Dawn VO Xander treats everyone like an equal. He doesn't look down on people.

Anya appears in the doorway, preventing Dawn from closing the door. Anya carries a stack of board-game boxes.

Anya Hello there, little girl.

Dawn's happy expression turns to one of dismay.

Dawn VO Even when he should.

Anya *talking as if to a very small child* We are gonna have fun, fun, fun. Look, I've got Monopoly, Clue, and ooh, the Game of Life! That sounds good!

Dawn looks upset. She closes the door.

Tara OS Poor Dawn.

Cut to Tara looking at herself in a mirror, which is above a sink with a towel rack beside it.

Tara She was pretty shaken up.

Willow Well, sure. Bloody death and stuff.

The camera pans out and we see they are in a dorm room, unpacking. Willow goes to hang a painting while Tara is unpacking bathroom stuff from a box.

Willow She'll be okay.

Tara It's just... I, I think it's tough for her, not being able to... well, allowed to, you know, help.

Willow tries the painting in a few places, then puts it atop a bureau and begins unpacking another box.

Willow Help?

Tara Oh, you. You guys. The slayer circle.

Willow Well, Buffy doesn't really need... a-and I think Dawn's a little young.

Tara I-I know, you're right. It's just hard. That outsider feeling.

Willow looks over at her.

Willow Tara... you're not an outsider.

Tara Well, yeah. I kinda am.

Willow *walking toward her* No, you're not.

Tara Willow, it's okay. Where does this go?

Willow Somebody making you feel uncomfortable? Is it Xander? It's Xander, isn't it?

Tara No, Xander's a sweetie.

Willow It's Giles! It's 'cause he's... British and doesn't understand about stuff.

Tara It's no one. *Continues taking stuff out of the box* You guys all just have this really tight bond. It's-it's hard to break into that. And I'm not even sure I want to.

Willow walks up behind Tara and puts her arms around Tara's waist, resting her chin on Tara's shoulder.

Willow I'm sure.

Tara puts her hands over Willow's.

Willow You're completely one of the gang now. Everyone accepts that.

Closeup of their faces as they both smile.

Willow You're one of the good guys.

Tara's smile disappears and she pulls away, disengaging herself from Willow's embrace. Willow doesn't notice her expression.

Willow Maybe I can talk to the rest of the group and we can do something, some kind of scooby initiation. *They both return to what they were doing* Oh! Maybe we could wear some kind of special ring that identifies us as members.

Tara I don't think so. But maybe something like that would be nice for Dawn. I do worry about her sometimes.

Willow You don't have to. She's got big sister Buffy happily looking out for her.

Cut to Buffy and Riley walking through a graveyard.

Buffy So then my mom goes off on me about how I'm supposed to watch out for Dawn and make sure that she's shielded from something that might upset her.

Riley Like dead shopkeepers.

Buffy She didn't see him! A foot, maybe. A dead foot, which is bad, okay, but hello, I see dead stuff **all** the time, and you don't see Mom shielding me.

Riley So you want your mother to give you space to be a slayer, and shield you from it at the same time.

Buffy Thank you, logic boy. Did I mention this is a rant? Sense really has no place in it.

Riley I'm getting that. *sighs* What's the deal, Buffy? You seem really-

Buffy stops him by putting out a hand. She stops walking and looks intently to her right.

Buffy Oh, trash can. From a distance it looked kinda-

Riley Tense.

Buffy Nooo, I-I was gonna say brown, squat, shadowy...

Riley Uh-uh. Back to what I was saying before we were rudely attacked by nothing. You seem really tense.

Buffy *shrugs* Yeah, there's a new vampire gang in town.

Riley I mean domestically tense. You're on Dawn's case a lot.

Buffy I guess. It's just... *sighs* I don't know, it... I know it's always been this way. She's the baby. But for some reason lately, it's just really getting to me. She's **always** around.

Riley Well, yeah. You're like her idol, Buffy.

Buffy Her idol? I don't think so, unless you like to spill things on your idol's new leather pants, and-

Riley You know what I mean. You have super powers... and college... a studly yet sensitive boyfriend...

Buffy And a pesky life-or-death job that I can't quit or even take a break from.

Riley She doesn't get the sacrifices. She's a kid.

Buffy And that's what bugs. **She** gets to be a kid, and she acts like it's the biggest burden in the world. Sometimes **I** would like to just curl up in Mom's lap and not worry about the fate of the world. I'd like to be the one who's protected, who's waited on-

Cut to Joyce's house.

Dawn -hand and foot, getting her own way. Always the favorite.

We see that they're playing the Game of Life around a low table in the living room, surrounded by various junk food. Dawn is eating a bowl of ice cream.

Xander You nut. Your mom loves you both equally. But if I'm wrong, I find money usually helps tip the scale. Slip Joyce a 10 or a 20 once in a while. Then we'll see who's the favorite.

Dawn smiles.

Dawn VO He says I'm like a kid sister...

Xander *looking at the game board* Here comes the judge!

Dawn VO... but sometimes when he looks at me, I feel like he sees me as I am...

Xander gives Dawn a big goofy grin.

Dawn VO... as a woman.

We see that Dawn has chocolate ice cream smeared all over her face.

Anya Oh, crap. *slaps down her cards* Look at this! Now I'm burdened with a husband and several tiny pink children, more cash than I can reasonably manage...

Xander That means you're winning.

Anya Really?

Xander Yes. Cash equals good.

Anya Ooh! *claps her hands in excitement* I'm so pleased. *Scoops up the plastic markers that represent children* Can I trade in the children for more cash?

Dawn gives her a disgusted look.

Suddenly something smashes in the window, showering them with broken glass. They all duck behind the table. Dawn shrieks. Xander gets up and goes to see what it was. Anya follows. Xander picks up a rock with a note tied around it. He unties the string, hands the rock to Anya, and reads the note. Dawn stays on the floor watching.

Xander "Slayer, come out and die."

We see the note, written in large letters. The "i" in "die" is dotted with a smiley-face.

Harmony OS I'm waiting for you, Buffy!

Xander goes over to the hole in the window and peeks out. He sees Harmony, surrounded by her four minions, who carry weapons. Harmony looks annoyed.

Harmony yells I know you're in there!

Cut to Xander standing in the doorway, holding the front door open.

Harmony OS What do you mean, she's not in there? *Xander looks unimpressed.*

Harmony She has to be. I'm calling her out!

We see Anya and Dawn a few feet behind Xander.

Xander Then I bet she'll be real sorry she missed your call. 'Fraid you and your buddies are gonna have to come back and be killed by Buffy later.

Harmony scornful They're not my buddies. They're my minions.

Xander They're... what now?

Harmony Minions! You know, lackeys? They work for me.

Xander looks skeptical. Then he starts laughing.

Harmony What's so funny?!

Xander Nothing! What could be funny, just "Look out, it's a terrifying Harmony gang, ooh!"

Laughing
Harmony Stop laughing! *Tries to attack him, but she can't go past the doorway. Dawn ducks behind Anya. Xander continues laughing*

Xander I just, I just can't picture anyone pathetic enough to be following— *Looks at the minions again and pretends to be shocked* Is that Brad Konig? Huh! Hey Brad, who'd have thought when you were beating up kids in gym class, you'd end up Harmony's lapdog?

Brad Screw you, Harris.

Harmony You should know all about being somebody's lapdog. I hear you were a good little puppy for Dracula.

Anya and Dawn look insulted on Xander's behalf.

Xander You heard wrong.

Harmony laughs Don't feel bad. I hear that mind-control thing he does works really well on weak fraidy-cat losers. You didn't stand a chance.

Dawn still behind Anya Shut up!

Xander Dawn, I'm handling this. Shut up, Harmony!

Harmony Make me.

Xander Fraid I don't feel like getting into another hair-pulling contest with you.

Harmony You're the hair-puller, you big girl!

Dawn Oh yeah? Come inside and say that! Xander will kick your—

Anya Dawn, no!

Xander makes his "uh-oh" face.

Harmony morphs into vampire face and lunges at Xander, shoving him to the floor as Dawn shrieks.

Part 3

Harmony is on top of Xander, holding him down as he struggles. Dawn shrieks and pushes past Anya to run up the stairs. The minions rush to the door but can't enter.

Xander The invitation was for one.

The minions snarl. Anya turns and runs into another room.

Harmony Not such a pushover any more, am I? *Punches Xander in the face a few times*

Anya running around Slayer's house have more weapons lying around. *Picks up a lamp*

Harmony I've been working out, learning some new tricks, honing my—

She bends to bite Xander as Anya runs up with

the lamp. Harmony straightens up and backhands Anya, breaking the lamp and sending Anya flying.

Harmony Instincts.

Xander kicks Harmony in the stomach and she flies backward out the front door, crashing into the minions. They all fall down the porch stairs. Xander and Anya rush to close the door and lean against it, looking out at the vampires.

Harmony This isn't over, Xander! I'll be back!

Xander And we'll be ready for you! Stakes... crosses... the whole enchilada.

He and Anya pull their heads away from the windows.

Xander Buffy is not going to be happy about this.

Anya shakes her head in agreement.

Cut to Buffy laughing hysterically.

Buffy Harmony... *laughing* Harmony has minions? *We see Buffy and Riley in the kitchen laughing, along with Anya and Xander, who aren't laughing.*

Xander Yeah, that was pretty much my reaction.

Buffy I'm sorry, I'm sorry. *Clear throat and stops laughing* It's just... Harmony has minions! *Starts laughing again*

Xander And Ruffles have ridges. Uh, Buffy, there's actually a more serious side to all this.

Buffy I sure hope so, 'cause I'm having trouble breathing. *Giggles, then stops and takes a deep breath* What is it?

Xander *nervously, looking at Anya* Well, she did come here to kill you.

Buffy bursts out laughing again. Riley also snickers.

Riley *chuckling* Buffy, come on, they have killed once that we know of. She could be a threat to you. *Buffy laughs harder*

Anya Especially now that she can enter your house any time she wants.

Buffy stops laughing for real this time.

Buffy What?

Xander and Anya fidget.

Xander Uh, yeah, actually, she-Harmony-kind of happened to sort of get an invite.

Buffy You guys can't invite her in. I mean, only someone who lives here can- *The clue hits. Xander nods. Buffy frowns.*

Buffy *quietly* Where is she?

Anya In her room. Look, I think she's still pretty freaked out.

Buffy Dawn! *starts to stomp out. Xander stops her*

Xander Buff, it was an accident. She didn't mean it.

Buffy Oh, well that just makes it okay then, doesn't it? *Stomps out*

Xander *calling after her* No, but believe me, nobody feels worse than her right now.

Cut to Harmony and minions walking through a dark graveyard.

Harmony What a total disaster. My first plan! I so wanted it to go well. Plus, I didn't even get to kill stupid Xander Harris! God, that was so embarrassing.

Mort We'll go back later.

Harmony No! It's no good. Buffy's gonna expect us now. The whole surprise is blown.

Peaches *to Cyrus* Who're you growling at?

Cyrus Not me, my stomach. If I don't eat somebody soon, I-I'll get dizzy.

Peaches Let's go back to the lair. That census taker may not be empty yet.

Brad Not me. This night is young, and I want some action.

A hand taps Brad on the shoulder, and when he turns, it punches him in the face. He goes down. The other three minions turn.

Spike Happy to oblige. Here I thought it was gonna be a slow night. *puffing on a cigarette, sizing up the minions* Step on up, kiddies. Thrashings for all.

The minions start forward.

Harmony Stop!

She emerges from behind Mort. Spike looks surprised.

Spike Well. Hello, Harm.

Harmony Spikey. I mean, Spike.

Spike Long time. You look good.

Harmony I feel good.

Spike *smirks* I remember.

They both grin.

Harmony How've you been?

Spike *shrugs* Not bad. Just got a brand-new telly in my crypt, so...

Mort *walking up behind Harmony* Why are you talking to him?

Harmony It's okay, we used to go steady. *sighs* Spike, Mort. Mort, this is-

Mort I know who he is. He kills our kind.

Harmony Oh yeah! *to Spike* What's up with that?

Spike *shrugs* Bloke's gotta have a hobby, don't he? Piss off, Mort.

Mort growls and steps forward, but Harmony stops him.

Harmony Mort, just give us... a couple minutes, 'kay? *Turns back to Spike* He's really testy. Some of us were thinking of voting him out of the gang. *She and Spike step aside where the minions can't overhear.*

Spike Gang?

Harmony Oh, yeah. I've got my own gang now.

Spike *checking out the minions* Is that what those circus freaks are?

Harmony Uh huh. I mean... shut up! *Spike grins* We're gonna kill the slayer.

Spike Singing my song now, are you? You should pay me royalties for that one, or at least get your own tune.

Harmony I'm not gonna make the same mistakes you did. I've been doing my homework, reading books and stuff.

Spike What, Evil for Dummies? *walks around her* Look at you, all puffed up and mighty, thinking you're the new Big Bad. It's, uh... well, let's face it, it's adorable.

Harmony You just can't stand the fact that I'm my own person now. There comes a time in every woman's life when she realizes she needs to take the next step. I've taken it. I've found the real me... and I like her.

Spike moves closer to her during this speech until their faces are inches away.

Spike Hope you'll be very happy together. In the meantime, save slayer slaying for the professionals.

Harmony *sighs* You'll see. Buffy'll be dead by sunrise. I've got a plan.

Spike *chuckling* Lemme guess. Snatch one of her friends, use 'em as bait, lead her into a trap. That sort of thing?

Harmony *bluffing* No! Much, much better one. *Spike looks skeptical.* I'm not gonna tell you!

Spike Thought as much. Best of luck. Let me know how this arch-villain thing works out for you. *Backs away and walks off*

Harmony I'll do that. *shouting after him* And after Buffy is gone? I'm gonna kill everybody in this town that was ever mean to me... Spike!

Spike waves a hand over his shoulder as he walks off. Harmony sighs, then turns back to the minions.

Harmony *smiling* Guys! New plan.

Cut to Buffy laying out a huge array of stakes and crosses on her bed as Riley watches.

Riley That's a lot of weapons for somebody you weren't sweating twenty minutes ago.

Buffy Well, that was before Dawn gave Harmony a backstage pass to kill us all in our sleep.

Xander Buff, I left word with Willow. She'll come do a return engagement of her uninvasion spell. She probably still has the stuff from last week. And bang, boom, you're back in the Fortress of Solitude. All better.

Buffy No. Not all better. I mean, it's not like Dawn hasn't grown up in this house knowing all the rules. *Cut to the hallway where we see Dawn listening in.*

Buffy OS Especially the biggie! Numero one-oh. "Do not invite bloodsucking dead people into our house." *Dawn rolls her eyes*

Cut back to the bedroom.

Buffy I mean, please. I would never have Harmony over even when she was alive.

Xander People slip, Buffy. Your mom did. She invited in the mas- *Catches himself* Dracula. In for coffee.

Buffy and Riley give Xander an odd look.

Buffy Well, that was different. I mean, she... He would... She was lonely, and, and, and she didn't know he was a vampire. **The** vampire. Meanwhile, Dawn knew exactly what Harmony was and she rolled out the welcome mat for her.

Cut back to Dawn in the hallway.

Riley OS She's just a kid. *Dawn rolls her eyes*

Cut back to the bedroom.

Buffy You know, will everybody please stop saying that? I was just a kid when I met my first vampire, but somehow, I still managed to remember the rules.

Riley You had to. It was your job.

Buffy *putting on a jacket* No. No, it was common sense. But nobody expects even that much from Dawn, do they? No, she has to be protected and coddled from the big bad world, well you know what? We are doing nothing but turning her into a little idiot who is going to get us all killed.

Cut back to the hallway. Dawn makes an unhappy face.

Cut back to the bedroom. Xander and Riley look displeased, but they don't argue any more.

Cut back to the hallway. Dawn turns and walks away.

Cut back to the bedroom. Buffy sighs and speaks more quietly.

Buffy She just has to be more careful. Now, I can't be there to protect her 24 hours a day. I-I just can't.
Cut to Dawn running through the downstairs part of the house, passing by Anya in the kitchen.

Anya Hey! Don't!

Dawn runs out the back door and Anya follows.

Anya Dawn!

Dawn stops a few feet outside the door and puts her hands to her face, as if trying not to cry. Anya grabs her shoulder, startling her.

Anya What do you think you're doing?

Dawn Leave me alone.

Anya I will after you come back inside the house.

Grabs Dawn and starts shoving her back toward the door.

Dawn Let go of me! *breaks free*

Anya No, it's not safe out here!

Dawn shrieks as Mort steps from behind a bush, wearing his vamp face.

Mort You got that right.

He hits Anya, sending her flying back inside, where she falls on the kitchen floor unconscious. Mort grabs Dawn and passes her to the other minions, who herd her away shrieking. Mort pauses to look at Anya lying on the floor, then follows the other minions.

Part 4

Xander, Riley and Buffy come down the stairs and find Anya on the kitchen floor.

Xander Anya!

Xander and Riley kneel to lift Anya up. Buffy goes to look out the door.

Anya *half conscious* Oh, vampires took...

Riley This head wound looks bad. We gotta get her to the hospital.

Buffy goes to the phone.

Anya *murmuring* They took her...

Xander Shh, shh.

Anya Dawn.

Buffy Dawn? Wha-what about Dawn?

Anya She ran out... they took her... vampires...

Buffy Oh god. Oh god. Uh, take care of Anya.
Hands the phone to Riley and runs out

Riley Buffy!

Cut to the underground lair. The minions look a little impatient.

Harmony All right, once again, nice work, minionators. I'm really, really proud of you guys. *Mort comes in* Ah, Mort. I trust you made our guest... comfortable?

Mort *confused* You told me to chain her to a wall.

Harmony Yeah, I know, I'm being, you know, sarcastic or whatever? *Mort looks blank* Anyway... *turns back to the other minions* I'm feeling really good about this new plan, people. I think it's a winner.

Cyrus When do we eat the girl?

Harmony We don't. Not yet.

Cyrus Why not?

Harmony Because! That's not the plan! *sighs* Do I have to go over the plan again? We use the sister as

bait. We send Buffy a note—

Peaches More notes?

Harmony *annoyed* We send Buffy a note, telling her that if she wants to see her sister again, she has to come alone to a place we choose. She comes, we jump her, we kill her.

Peaches nods.

Mort So it doesn't really matter if we're actually holding the slayer's sister, just as long as she thinks we are. She'll walk into the trap.

Harmqony I guess.

Cyrus So it won't make any difference if we eat the girl now.

Harmony We're not eating the girl.

Peaches Why not?

Harmony Cause! That's not the plan.

All the minions look dissatisfied.

Cut to a TV showing mostly static. Spike bangs on it and fiddles with the knobs and antenna for a while, with no results.

Spike Bollocks. Gonna have to pinch one of those satellite dishes.

He looks up as the door bangs open and Buffy strides in.

Spike Well, speaking of dishes, to what do I owe this unpleasant- *Buffy hits him in the face* Ow! Bloody hell!

Buffy *grabbing his shirt* I don't have time for banter, Spike. Where's Harmony's lair?

Spike Haven't seen her in months. How should I know— *Buffy hits him in the face again* Ow!

Buffy Where is she?

Spike At least lay off the nose. *Buffy pulls back her fist* Okay! Okay! Used to have a cave in the north

woods. About forty meters past the overpass construction site.

Buffy punches him in the nose again, then lets go and turns to leave.

Spike Ow!! I was telling you the truth!

Buffy *leaving* I know.

Spike rubs his nose and glares after her.

Cut to the lair.

Harmony They don't respect me. They pretend they do, but deep down they think I'm nothing.

We see that she's talking to Dawn, who's chained to a wall with her wrists at head height.

Harmony I mean, I'm the one who put this group together. Me! But they treat me like I don't even matter. Do you have any idea what that feels like?

Dawn A little.

Harmony *whining* They have no idea how much pressure I'm under. I have to make all the hard decisions. And it's hard!

Dawn gasps. Harmony turns to see Mort leading the other minions in, all wearing vamp faces.

Harmony Excuse me, I didn't hear anybody knock.

Mort We've been talking it over, and we decided we don't like this plan.

Peaches *scornfully* Except for Brad. He abstained.

Harmony *angry* Oh really? You have a plan you like better?

Mort We're gonna feed on the girl and kill you.

Dawn looks scared.

Mort Maybe not in that order.

Harmony I don't think I like your attitude, Mort. *to the others* Kill him for me.

The other minions don't move. Mort smirks.

Harmony All right. You're all on my list. *Looks nervous as Mort advances toward her* Th-this isn't fair. Okay, so things haven't been perfect. I just need a little more time to grow into my leadership role.

Mort Time's up.

He grabs her by the throat. Dawn watches fearfully as Cyrus walks toward her.

Dawn *nervous* Touch me and my sister's gonna kill you.

Cyrus smirks and reaches out one finger. He pokes her in the shoulder and laughs. The other minions laugh too. Suddenly the point of a stake shoots through Cyrus from behind. He stops laughing and turns to dust. Mort lets go of Harmony and they both turn, as do the other minions, who are holding weapons.

Buffy Can't say she didn't warn him.

Harmony *to Mort* And you didn't like the plan.

Buffy Dawn, close your eyes.

Dawn does so.

Harmony So, slayer, at last we meet.

Buffy We've met, Harmony, you halfwit.

Harmony I'm the halfwit? Um, excuse me, but look who's fallen into my-

Peaches attacks Buffy with a large axe. She ducks his swing and stakes him. As he turns to dust, Buffy grabs the axe from him, Brad attacks, and Buffy chops off his head. Dawn scrunches her eyes together tightly.

Harmony Trap.

Buffy Harmony, when you tried to be head cheerleader, you were bad. When you tried to chair the homecoming committee, you were really bad. But when you try to be bad... you **suck**.

During this speech we see Mort moving around behind Buffy. Dawn opens her eyes and sees him.

Dawn Buffy, watch out!

Buffy turns and swings the axe but Mort knocks it out of her grasp and knocks her down.

Harmony Ooh, good shot, Mort, I think you got her on the-

Mort glares at her. Harmony laughs nervously, turns and runs away.

Mort swings at Buffy; she punches him, grabs a large stick and hits him with it. He punches her. She ducks a few more punches and lands one on him.

Shot of Dawn struggling against her chains as sounds of battle continue.

Buffy kicks Mort a few times, he hits her a few times and she goes down. He picks her up and throws her. She gets up and they exchange more punches and kicks. Mort grabs Buffy by the neck and lifts her off the ground. She looks around and notices a large unicorn statue nearby. She shoves Mort away, lands on the ground, grabs the unicorn and stabs him through the heart with it. He turns to dust. Buffy scowls at the unicorn, then shrugs and puts it down.

Buffy strides toward Dawn, picking up the axe along the way.

Buffy You are going to be in so much trouble when we get home. *Strikes at the chains with the axe*

Dawn Yeah, well... I'm telling Mom you slayed in front of me.

Buffy Fine. I'll just tell her that you ran out of the

house in the middle of the night, *another strike at the chains* that you got Anya hurt, *another strike* invited a vampire in, *strike* got kidnapped...

Cut to exterior shot of Joyce's house, night.

Cut to interior of the kitchen. Buffy and Dawn enter, moving quietly, looking around guiltily. Just as Buffy closes the back door, Joyce comes in the front door.

Joyce Sorry it ran so late. Everything, uh, go okay?

Buffy and Dawn look at each other.

Buffy Yeah. Yeah, you know... I got the vamps and we watched some TV.

Joyce *smiles* Well, I know at least one of us who's supposed to be in bed by now.

Dawn obediently kisses Joyce and exits.

Joyce Night.

Buffy So how was the exhibit?

Joyce *opening the fridge* Oh, it was fantastic.

We see Dawn looking back at them as she walks toward the stairs.

Dawn VO Buffy probably would've gotten in way more trouble than me anyway.

Cut to the magic shop, day. Dawn is sitting at a table writing in her diary.

Dawn VO But I guess it was pretty okay of her not to say anything to mom. Anya's gonna be okay, and Xander wasn't mad at me. So stuff mostly worked out.

The camera pans over Dawn to the counter, where we see Buffy leaning against it.

Buffy Giles, are you sure about this?

Giles stands up behind the counter.

Giles Why wouldn't I be?

Buffy Well, aside from the fact that most magic shop owners in Sunnydale have the life expectancy of a Spinal Tap drummer... and, have you ever run a store before?

Giles I was a librarian for years. This is exactly the same, except people pay for the things they don't return. *comes out from behind counter* It'll give me focus. Increase my resources. And it'll prevent you lot from trampling all over my flat at all hours. *he and Buffy walk toward the back* There may even be some space for you to train in the back.

Buffy Boy, you've really thought this through. How bored **were** you last year?

Giles I watched Passions with Spike. Let us never speak of it. *Exits*

Buffy follows him out, laughing. A moment later she reappears in the doorway.

Buffy Don't. Break. Anything.

Dawn gives her an exasperated look. Buffy goes out, then comes back in again.

Buffy Just don't **touch** anything. *exits*

Dawn VO Not that Buffy's really changed at all. Like she ever would.

Buffy reappears in the doorway.

Buffy What you're doing right now, not moving? *Makes the "okay" sign with her fingers* Good. Keep doing that. *Exits*

Dawn She still thinks I'm Little Miss Nobody, just her dumb little sister. Boy, is she in for a surprise.

Executive producer **Joss Whedon**

The Replacement

Teaser

Giles VO Previously on Buffy the Vampire Slayer...
Dawn sitting on her bed writing in her diary.

Dawn VO No one knows who I am. Not the real me. No one understands. No one has an older sister who's a slayer.

Buffy I know it's always been this way. She's the baby.

Shot of Dawn in the shadows.

Buffy But for some reason lately, it's just really getting to me.

Riley Well, yeah. You're like her idol, Buffy.

Anya grabbing Dawn's shoulder.

Anya What do you think you're doing?

Dawn Leave me alone.

Anya I will after you come back inside the house.
Grabs Dawn and starts shoving her back toward the door.

Dawn Let go of me! *breaks free*

Anya No, it's not safe out here!

Shot of vampire growling.

Shot of vampire hitting Anya, who goes flying into Joyce's kitchen and collapses on the floor.

Xander Anya!

Xander and Riley helping Anya up.

Riley This head wound looks bad. We gotta get her to the hospital.

Fade in on Buffy, Riley, Xander, and Anya sitting in Xander's basement. The guys are sitting on the sofa, with the girls sitting on the floor each in front of her respective boyfriend. They're watching TV, except Buffy, who has a book in her lap and is studying it. Xander's holding the TV remote. Anya's right arm is in a sling.

Xander Wish I had something food-like to offer you guys, but the hot plate's out of commission.

Anya We think the cat peed on it.

On the TV, one Asian guy screams, and a bunch of other Asian guys perform kung-fu on each other.

Xander I do have Spaghetti-O's. Set 'em on top of the dryer and you're a fluff cycle away from luke-warm goodness. *Gestures at the dryer*

Riley Hmm. Yeah, I had dryer food for lunch.

Upstairs we hear a door slam.

Xander *looking up* Ah, I guess the folks are back.

We can hear voices yelling at each other. Xander,

Anya, and Riley look uncomfortable. Buffy is oblivious.

Xander No, no, I was wrong. Just incompetent burglars.

More yelling from upstairs. Then there's a bang (another door slamming?). Plaster dust from the ceiling drifts down onto Anya.

Xander Yeah, maybe it's definitely time to start looking for a new place. Something a little nicer. Buffy, you've been to Hell. They have one-bedrooms, right?

Riley laughs, then notices Buffy isn't paying attention.

Riley Hey Buffy, how's that book? Full of zippy dates and zesty names?

Buffy *not listening* I'm fine.

Riley leans forward, reaching his arms over Buffy's shoulders and placing his palms on the book pages.

Buffy Heyyy. I'm enjoying the studying.

Riley Who are you lately? Give it up and watch the movie.

Buffy I guess it has been a long day with the crusades. I can take a little break from the violence for some *looks up at TV* ooh, fighting.

Onscreen, the kung-fu guys argue. Their mouths move, and we hear the English that has been badly dubbed in.

Xander Incompetently-dubbed kung fu. Our most valuable Chinese import.

Anya Much more durable than their hot plates.

Riley leans forward to rub Buffy's shoulders.

Riley Just relax.

Buffy Mm... mm. That feels good.

Xander looks at them, cracks his knuckles, and puts his hands on Anya's shoulders.

Anya Ow! What are you doing? I have a dislocated shoulder! *Xander stops rubbing. Riley stops rubbing Buffy's shoulders too.* I'm trying to concentrate on the kicking movie.

Buffy Hey! Rubbing went away.

Riley starts rubbing again.

Riley Oh... sorry, I got caught up in the action. *gesturing at TV*

Buffy Yeah, it's pretty good.

On screen, the fighting continues.

Buffy Oh, give me a break! This is all wrong. See, first you would get the big guy, with a flying kick. Then you would take out all the little ones, bam, ba- see, now with the flying kick. *scornfully* From a dead stop! What's powering it, raw enthusiasm?

Riley Hey Buff, maybe you oughta leave the work behind sometimes. You're not always on slayer duty, you know?

Buffy It would drive you crazy if we were watching an army movie and they were all saluting backwards and... invading all willy-nilly.

More shouting and banging from upstairs. Xander and Anya shift uncomfortably. Riley coughs.

Buffy And anyway, I mean, you know, you can't blame me for being critical. Willow's the same way when we watch a, a movie about witches, right Xander?

Xander *distracted by the noise from upstairs* What? Oh yeah, she's all like, "What's that, a cauldron?

Who uses a cauldron any more?"

Cut to a dark lair filled with steam or smoke. Cheesy dramatic music. A demon is tending to a huge cauldron full of bubbling yellow liquid. Steam rises from it. The demon pulls the hood of his cloak back, so we can see he has brownish skin with cracks through which yellowish light(?) shows. His eyes are sunken and red, and his voice is very deep.

Toth The last step in thy forging is my pain... the price with which I purchase... the death of the slayer.

He has some kind of rod or stick in his hand. He plunges it into the cauldron, along with his hand. He screams in pain.

Wolf howl. Opening credits.

Guest starring Michael Bailey Smith, and Kristine Sutherland as Joyce Summers. Written by Jane Espenson, directed by James A. Contner.

Part 1

Fade in on a nice modern apartment building surrounded by bushes and grass. We see a "For Rent" sign outside.

Cut to interior hallway.

Willow If you get the apartment, this'll be your hallway.

We see Willow, Anya, Xander, Buffy, and Riley walking down the hall. Xander wears a yellow T-shirt with a brightly flowered Hawaiian shirt over it. Anya still has her arm in the sling.

Willow We'll walk down this hall, and we'll say, "La la, I'm on my way to Xander's."

Buffy Just warning you, Xander, I probably won't be doing that.

Riley Really? I will.

Xander Hey, we're just lookin'. Rent's way high, so don't get your hopes all carbonated.

Anya But you have references.

Xander No, I have Albert, which is me doing an important voice. *Does important voice* 'Xander Harris? An excellent tenant. And a very nice-looking fellow.'

Anya opens a door and they walk into the apartment. It's large and spacious.

Willow Whoa! Big!

Buffy It's nice. And not subterranean. It's very, uh, above-terranean.

Xander looks less than thrilled.

Anya I want it. Pay anything.

Woman OS Xander Harris?

The real-estate manager woman enters, smiling at Riley.

Riley Uh, no, Riley Finn. *shakes her hand* This is Xander.

Xander wipes his hand on his shirt before holding it out.

Xander Hey.

He and the manager shake hands.

Manager Ah.

Xander I brought my friends.

Manager I see.

Xander They wouldn't always be around.

Willow But we're clean and-and quiet.

Xander looks nervous. The Manager looks uncertain.

Anya *Standing in the living room, gesturing around* We can have the scooby meetings in the living room, and-and Giles can explain the boring things over there.

Willow *going into kitchen* Oh, there's a microwave! It would be like having hot and cold running popcorn.

Manager Phone and electricity are hooked up. There's a private balcony, ceiling fan, closet space... *sees Xander opening a door* And that's the bedroom.

Xander opens the door and finds Buffy and Riley sitting on the bed, smooching.

Xander Guys, you can't save it for the bedroom?

Buffy and Riley look around pointedly.

Xander Okay, good point.

He walks away. In the background we see Buffy and Riley getting up.

Manager I brought an application for you to fill out. *giving Xander a piece of paper*

Xander An application? I can't just... tell you my references? Because there's Albert.

Manager We run your credit check based on the application.

Xander Oh! Credit check. *nervously, to the others* Little check on the credit. See how credible my checks are. *Laughs nervously. The others laugh politely.*

Manager And we'll be asking for first, last, security, and a small cleaning deposit. The total's at the bottom of the sheet there.

Xander looks at the sheet. Riley, Buffy, and Willow lean in to look too. Anya comes over and glances briefly at the sheet.

Anya *to Manager* He'll take it. *to Xander* Xander, go get the furniture, I'll wait here. *to Manager* He's been living in his drunken parents' basement where something urinated on the hot plate.

Xander *laughs nervously* Anya, can we talk quietly over there? *to Manager* Excuse us.

He pulls Anya aside, leaving the other three with the Manager. They smile nervously at her.

Riley Uh, we, uh... we like the ceiling fan.

Willow Yes. It's very, you know, kind of old south.

Buffy But without the unpleasant slavery associations.

Anya OS But why can't we have it?

Cut over to Xander and Anya across the room.

Xander *quietly* I told you, my construction job is ending, and I won't have any more money coming in. And by the way, you do have your own place.

Anya So when I wanna visit you, I have to be in that awful basement?

Xander Not forever. Just until things come together.

Anya Which is when, Xander? 'Cause right now, things are looking pretty untogether, and you can't expect me just to wait around for- *Her voice rises and the others try not to notice*

Xander Quiet, please. Anya, what is this? What's going on with you?

Anya *loudly* What's going on with me is my arm hurts... and I'm tired... and I don't really feel like taking a tour of beautiful things I can't have.

She stalks out. Manager looks a little suspicious. The others smile gamely.

Xander *with a big fake smile* I guess I'll just start on that application. I think you'll like it. I've been told I have lovely penmanship.

He takes the application, puts it on a counter and begins filling it out. Manager watches, looking skeptical.

Cut to exterior shot of the magic shop.

Cut to inside. Giles is surrounded by boxes, looking at one.

Giles *to himself* "Miscellaneous curses." *laughs, picks up something unidentifiable from the box* Brilliant. Be lucky if I don't curse my hands off at the wrist.

He picks up the box, turns, and is confronted by Toth.

Giles Oh!

Toth *raising his stick* The slayer is not here.

Giles grabs something out of the box and holds it up toward Toth.

Giles Rabbit's foot, no, wait... *Tosses it aside and looks in the box for something else. Toth brushes the box out of Giles' hands. Giles gasps and holds up a wooden statue about a foot and a half high.*

Toth That is a fertility god. *Giles looks at it in dismay* Feeble man, you are not going to distract me— *Giles hits him in the head with the statue. He reels backward. Giles hits him with the statue a few more times, then Toth shoves Giles, and he falls into a pile of boxes.*

Toth *pointing the stick at Giles* You are not the slayer. *Giles rolls over and looks up at him* You do not concern me.

Toth turns and walks out, his black cape flowing behind him. Giles watches, stunned, then lets his head drop back onto the floor with a groan.

Cut to a shot of Giles standing, holding the statue, making hitting motions.

Giles Like this... and this... and this...

The camera follows him as he moves across the magic shop floor, and we see Riley, Buffy, Willow, and Xander. The girls sit on the floor with books in their laps. The guys are standing around watching Giles demonstrate what happened.

Riley That thing's pretty heavy.

Willow That's Oofdar. Goddess of childbirth. She's got some nice heft to her.

Buffy How badly did you hurt him?

Giles Well, hurt, uh... maybe not... hurt.

Willow Well, I-I'm sure he was startled.

Giles Uh, yes, yes, I'd imagine it gave him, uh, rather a turn.

Buffy *grinning* He ran away, huh?

Giles Um, sort of more... uh... turned and swept out majestically, I suppose. He said I didn't concern him.

Buffy So a mythic triumph over a completely indifferent foe?

Giles *insulted* Well, I'm not dead or unconscious, so I say bravo for me.

Willow *holding up a book* Some good demons in this one. See if your guy's in here.

Giles walks over to take the book.

Xander So you bought the magic shop and you were attacked before it opened. Who's up for a swingin' chorus of the "We told you so" symphony?

Riley *hefting the Oofdar statue* Owning this place does seem kinda dangerous. *takes a few experimental swings*

Giles *looking up from the book* Toth.

Riley What?

Buffy He called you a Toth. It's a British expression. It means, like, moron.

Giles No, Toth is the name of the demon. *Sees Xander holding a crystal* Be careful with that. *Xander looks around at the others, puts the crystal down carefully* Ancient demon. Very strong. Last survivor of the Tothric clan. It also says that for a demon he's unusually sophisticated.

Buffy Sophisticated. So I should discuss men's fashions with him before I chop his head off?

Giles *exasperated* They're referring to the fact that he does not fight bare-handed. He uses tools, devices. Oh, he's also supposed to be very focused. And since he mentioned the slayer, I think we know what the focus is.

Riley He mentioned Buffy? Where do we find him, and how hard can I kill him?

Giles *consulting book* Well, there's no mention of the types of places he might frequent, but... *closes book and stands up* I have an idea. *Walks around, talking thoughtfully* He had a very specific olfactory presence.

Xander Well, I guess we're off to the olfactory. I hate that place. *Everyone rolls their eyes at him* I'm joking, I know what it means. He smelled. *uncertainly* Right?

Willow Some demon rituals involve anointing with oils. Was it sort of... sandalwoody?

Giles Um... not even remotely. But he was very, um... distinctive.

Cut to exterior location, night. Giles, Xander, Buffy, Riley, and Willow walk along cautiously. Buffy carries a large axe.

Buffy The city dump. Where smells go to relax and be themselves.

Riley People say they're recycling. *shakes head* They're not recycling. *Xander pats him on the shoulder*

Willow I found a spell so you can't smell anything, but it does it by taking your nose off, so... no.

They hear noises and see someone rooting around in the trash.

Riley What are **you** doing here, Spike? *We see that Riley has a crossbow*

Spike straightens up, holding a mannequin arm.

Spike Oh, there's a nice lady vampire who set up a charming tea room over the next pile of crap. What do you think I'm doing? I'm scavenging, ain't I? *Holds up a small lamp in the other hand*

Willow Very pretty.

Spike nods and turns to put the arm and the lamp in a shopping cart nearby.

Giles Spike, um... we're looking for a demon, um... tall, robed, skin sort of hanging off. Deep voice?

Spike You mean a great tall robe-y thing like that one? *Pointing behind them*

They all turn and see Toth standing there. He points his stick at them. Fire flashes out of it and they all duck just in time.

Riley Take cover!

Spike Big guy! Kick her ass!

Toth fires again. Buffy and Xander duck aside, and the bolt shatters Spike's lamp which he's still holding.

Spike Oh, very nice! I was on your side! *angrily tosses the pieces of lamp aside*

Toth fires again.

Xander Watch out!

Xander thrusts Buffy behind him. The blast hits him full in the chest and he flies backward into a pile of trash. The others rush over.

Riley Hey, you okay?

Xander I'm okay.

Willow Buffy, he's gone.

Xander I'm fine.

Riley Easy, easy.

Riley and Giles help Xander up. He groans.

Riley He disappeared.

They look around. No sign of Toth. They start to

walk off.

Riley That had to hurt.

Xander Yeah, yeah.

Giles Take it slowly.

They walk off. The camera pans slowly back across the piles of trash. Among the bags, we see another Xander, lying apparently unconscious. Blackout.

Part 2

Note: from this point on the two Xanders are referred to herein as "ScruffyXander" and "SuaveXander."

Fade in on the city dump, day. The camera pans across mounds of trash to where ScruffyXander is lying, yawning and beginning to wake up. Eyes closed, he makes a disgusted face.

ScruffyXander Anya... you trying to use the hot plate again?

Slowly he opens his eyes, looks around. We can hear flies buzzing.

ScruffyXander Uh-oh.

He gets up and walks off.

Cut to ScruffyXander walking around the corner of his parents' house, looking confused and disheveled. He goes down the outer stairs to his basement door, tries to open it but it's locked. He knocks.

ScruffyXander Anya? An?

He knocks some more, then kicks the door, hurting his foot, and hops around in pain. He limps up the stairs and goes to the nearest window. It's ground-level. He lies on the ground, wipes dirt off the window, and peers in.

Long shot of a person wearing khaki pants but no shirt, combing his hair in front of the mirror inside Xander's room.

ScruffyXander *peering in window* Oh my god!

Closer shot of the person inside as he turns away from the window. It looks just like Xander.

ScruffyXander OS What? No way! Who is... me?

We see SuaveXander putting on a blue button-down shirt. His hair is neatly combed and appears to be wet.

Cut back to outside.

ScruffyXander What am I doing in there? **Buffy.** Need Buffy.

He gets up, trips over his own feet and falls over.

Cut to ScruffyXander standing at a pay phone with the receiver tucked under his ear as he digs in his pockets.

ScruffyXander *into phone* No, it ate my quarter. Uh-huh. But see, I'm sort of having this aggressively bad day. *pulls quarter out of pocket* Ooh! I found a quarter! I found a quarter!... Well, ma'am, for me it **is** worth getting excited about.

He hangs up, puts the quarter in, and dials.

ScruffyXander Come on, Buffy.

He turns and sees SuaveXander walking toward him, looking very tidy and confident. ScruffyXander quickly turns away and hides his face with one hand, then watches as SuaveXander walks past him.

Buffy *on phone* Hello?

ScruffyXander dithers for a moment, then hangs up and goes after SuaveXander.

Cut to Buffy holding the phone to her ear.

Buffy They hung up.

She hangs up and picks up an axe. We see that she's in her bedroom at Joyce's place. Riley sits on the bed. Buffy moves toward the bed, where she puts the axe in a bag with some other weapons.

Buffy Well, if this guy wants to fight with weapons, I've got it covered from A to Z. From axe to... zee other axe. Riley looks tense. *She walks over to him.* Relax. Another day, another demon.

Riley Right. It'll be good.

Buffy Hey.

She leans down to kiss him. The kiss goes on, and then we hear choking, gagging noises. Shot of Dawn in the doorway, pretending to gag. Buffy and Riley stop smooching, look annoyed.

Dawn My friend Sharon's older brother knows a girl who died because she choked on her boyfriend's tongue.

Buffy *annoyed* Go away, Dawn. Riley looks *amused*

Dawn I'm not in your room. I'm in the hallway. The hallway doesn't belong to you.

We see Joyce coming out of the room across the hall.

Buffy *moving toward the door* Get **out** of here.

Dawn Mom, I can stand in the hallway, right?

Buffy She's watching us like a big freak!

Joyce *sighs, puts hand to her forehead* This must be my "two teenage girls in the house" headache. I thought it felt familiar.

Buffy Good work, Dawn. You gave her a headache.

Dawn I did not! *to Joyce* Did I give you a headache, Mom? I'm sure part of it is Buffy's.

Buffy But part of it is Dawn's.

Joyce It's so nice you've learned to share. You girls, sort this out yourselves. It's good for you. *Exits. Buffy looks annoyed.*

Dawn *smiling smugly* She didn't say I couldn't stand here.

Buffy *smiling smugly* Hmm.

Buffy shuts the door in Dawn's face.

Dawn OS Ow!

Cut to Spike in his crypt, arranging a mannequin. As the camera moves out we can see that the mannequin is from the waist up only no legs. Spike arranges its clothing, then turns away and takes a long blonde wig from his shopping cart and carefully places it on the dummy's head. He smiles slightly.

Spike Very posh.

He turns away as if to get something else, but suddenly whirls and aims a kick at the mannequin. It falls over and its head comes off, bouncing on the floor. Spike kicks it into the air and catches it. The wig is still on. Spike holds the head up and gazes at it.

Spike Oh, slayer. *Rubs his thumb along its cheek* One of these days...

Cut to exterior shot of a construction site, day. Various men and machines are working. SuaveXander walks through the scenery, approaches a rack where a bunch of hard-hats are hanging. He picks up the one marked "Harris" and puts it on. He walks off.

Cut to SuaveXander wearing the hard hat, gloves, and safety goggles, using some kind of noisy power tool on a piece of wood. A guy walks up behind him. It's his boss.

Boss Hey Harris! *No reaction. Boss yells louder. Harris!*

SuaveXander *turns off tool* Harris, right. Yeah.

Boss In my trailer, okay? I'm talking to all the guys today. The job's winding down.

SuaveXander Right, I'll... be right there.

Boss walks off as SuaveXander puts down the tool.

Shot of ScruffyXander hiding behind a Porta-Potty, watching. He's still wearing the yellow t-shirt and

flowered shirt over it, now looking extremely dirty. His hair is disheveled.

Shot of SuaveXander walking toward boss's trailer.

ScruffyXander *muttering* Welcome to payback, mister evil-plan-face-stealer. You take my life, you get my being fired absolutely free.

We see SuaveXander walking across the site, smoothly ducking underneath a big pipe being carried by two other guys.

The door of the Porta-Potty opens and smacks ScruffyXander in the face. A hard-hatted guy, exiting the Porta-Potty, looks at ScruffyXander as he puts a hand to his face.

Guy Harris. Where's your hard hat?

ScruffyXander makes a face and walks off.

Cut to interior of boss's trailer.

Boss Sit down.

SuaveXander does so, putting his hard hat on the desk.

Shot of ScruffyXander outside, walking up to the trailer, trying to look through the window but it's too high.

Cut back inside.

Boss How long you work here, Harris?

We see that SuaveXander has something shiny in his hand, about the size and shape of a US quarter. He's turning it around in his fingers.

SuaveXander Huh? I'm not sure.

Boss About three months?

SuaveXander I guess, yeah.

Cut back outside. ScruffyXander is trying to make a table to stand on, by pulling together some random pieces of wood that were lying around. He climbs up on it and peers in the window. We see the boss and SuaveXander from ScruffyXander's perspective.

Boss OS And you haven't done much construction work before this, is that right?

ScruffyXander I knew they were gonna notice that.

Boss I have to tell you, that's surprising... 'cause your work here has been first-rate. Yeah, we have another job lined up in Carlton when you're finished here.

Cut back inside. We see that the shiny thing in SuaveXander's hand is reflecting the light onto the boss's face and chest.

Boss You ever think about staying on full-time?

Cut back outside.

ScruffyXander What? Why isn't he firing me?... Him?

Cut back inside.

Boss I was thinking that I'd have you head up our interior carpentry crew... *Closeup of the shiny thing in SuaveXander's hand, reflecting the light...* see how it goes. It's more responsibility, but the pay is better.

SuaveXander *enthusiastically* That would be **great**.
Cut to outside.

ScruffyXander Promotion? But I... I mean, he didn't... Doesn't he see the shiny thing? *Gestures angrily at the window. This causes him to lose his balance and fall off his perch.*

Cut back inside. The boss shakes SuaveXander's hand.

Boss Congratulations, Harris. You and your girl should go out and celebrate.

SuaveXander I already have an idea how.

Cut to exterior of the apartment building, night. The For Rent sign is gone.

Cut to interior of the apartment. SuaveXander is filling out forms while the manager lady watches. He's still wearing the khaki pants and blue shirt, but now with a brown suit jacket over it.

Manager I was going to call you, Mr. Harris, let you know your credit checked out fine, but... I really didn't think you'd be back.

Cut to the hallway. ScruffyXander is listening in, crouching on the floor.

ScruffyXander "Mister Harris." Yeah, right.

Manager I'm sure you'll like the building...

Cut back to inside the apartment.

Manager *smiling*... I think someone said you're currently in your parents' basement?

SuaveXander Right. There comes a point where you either have to move on, or just buy yourself a Klingon costume and... go with it.

Manager laughs a little more than necessary.

Manager Well... *picking up documents* I hope you'll be happy here, Mr. Harris. We're certainly happy to have you.

SuaveXander Thank you. *We see that he's doing the trick with the shiny thing again.*

Manager And if you... need anything... day, or night... please. Call me.

SuaveXander grins.

Manager I, um... I'm leaving my home number here...

Cut to hallway.

ScruffyXander She's coming on to him... me!

Cut back to inside apartment.

Manager Call me. *hands SuaveXander her card* Even for, you know ... non-business stuff. Maybe we could, uh, do something?

Cut to hallway.

ScruffyXander Please, lady, that is so not me. He's too clean for one thing. And his socks are all matchy.

He leaps aside as the door opens. He rushes to hide around the corner.

Manager *in doorway* Remember... any time.

She closes the door and walks off.

Cut back to inside apartment. SuaveXander is dialing the phone.

SuaveXander Anya, you there?... Look, I know you're still mad, but... I figure you're probably sitting there pretending you're not home but listening anyway.

Cut to Anya's apartment. She's standing there in a bathrobe, still with arm in sling, listening to SuaveXander on the answering machine.

Anya Am not.

Cut back to apartment.

SuaveXander Look, I have something to show you. Meet me at the apartment.

Cut back to Anya's.

SuaveXander *on machine* You know the one. Nine o'clock. *Beep.* Anya looks conflicted.

Cut back to hallway outside Xander's apartment. The door opens and SuaveXander comes out. He closes the door, locks it with the key. ScruffyXander comes out from around the corner and leaps on SuaveXander's back, yelling.

ScruffyXander Yaah!

SuaveXander throws him off and ScruffyXander falls down. He gets up and they stare at each other. SuaveXander punches ScruffyXander in the face. He goes down again, clutching his nose.

ScruffyXander I won't let you do this!

Neighbour Woman OS What's going on down there?

ScruffyXander You can't do this to me!

SuaveXander turns and runs off. ScruffyXander groans and clutches his face.

ScruffyXander Oh, man, I need Buffy.

Cut to shot of Sunnydale, night, with rain pouring down. Cut to exterior of Giles' apartment courtyard. ScruffyXander runs across the courtyard, soaking wet.

SuaveXander OS No, no. He looked **exactly** like me.
ScruffyXander goes to the window and sees SuaveXander talking to Riley, Buffy, and Giles.

SuaveXander It stole my face. We have to find it, and we have to kill it.

ScruffyXander turns away.

ScruffyXander She sees it's not me. Please, Buffy...

resist his spell. Do this for me.

He turns to look in the window again.

Buffy to SuaveXander Don't worry, Xander. Whatever stole your face, it has to deal with the slayer now.

ScruffyXander stares through the window in alarm. Blackout.

Part 3

Exterior shot of a UC Sunnydale dorm building, still night, still raining. Cut to inside Willow's bedroom. She enters, carrying some books. A moment later the door bursts open and ScruffyXander comes in, thoroughly drenched.

ScruffyXander Don't be scared, Will. Just listen. It's me, Xander.

Willow puts her books on the bed, looking confused.

ScruffyXander And I can prove it.

Willow Um... okay. *Sits on the bed*

ScruffyXander Let's see. *paces* Stuff only you and me know. Okay! On my seventh birthday... I wanted a toy fire truck, and I didn't get it, and you were real nice about it, and then the house next door burnt down, and then real fire trucks came, and for years I thought you set the fire for me. And if you did, you can tell me. *grins nervously. Willow doesn't respond. He paces more.* For a while last year, I thought I was lactose-intolerant, but it was just some bad Brie. Oh! *points at Willow* Every Christmas, we watch Charlie Brown together, and I do the Snoopy dance.

He begins to do the Snoopy dance, wearing a big grin. Willow watches for a moment and then gets up.

Willow smiling Xander... stop dancing.

ScruffyXander Aha! You called me Xander!

Willow Xander, shut up! Why wouldn't I think you were Xander?

ScruffyXander Oh. Huh.

Willow What's goin' on?

ScruffyXander sighs Okay. I woke up in the dump this morning.

Willow Xander, the basement isn't a dump. It, it's more like a really nice hovel.

ScruffyXander No. The dump. The city dump. I got hit last night, fall down boom, woke up this morning.

Willow Nuh uh! We walked you home last night, remember? *Sits down on bed again*

ScruffyXander You walked? Will. Did I do anything weird? Did I wave any shiny things around?

Willow Shiny things, what are you talking about?

ScruffyXander Last night, that wasn't me. There's a double out there. Some... thing has stolen my face, and it's going around pretending to be me, and it's hypnotizing people. It even got to Buffy and Giles and Riley. It's over there right now and they have no idea.

Cut to Giles' apartment.

Giles What's intriguing me is that there are any number of demons with the ability to mimic a simple form, but, uh... this sounds like more than that.

SuaveXander Hold up. Do we really have to figure out what it is? Let's just go kill it.

Riley Yeah. When the imposter's killed, the body'll probably turn back into whatever it really is, and then we'll know.

Buffy Toth!

They all look at her.

Buffy The demon with the creepy stick thing.

SuaveXander thoughtfully Toth.

Buffy It's gotta be! He hit Xander with that blast, and somehow it allowed him to take Xander's form. Couldn't that be what the creepy stick thing did?

Giles Yes... I suppose, yes, yes, it makes sense. A shape-shifting device. *Moves offscreen toward his bookshelves*

SuaveXander It does make sense. It must be Toth.

Cut back to Willow's room. Willow and ScruffyXander are sitting side-by-side on the bed. He's wringing out his wet clothing.

ScruffyXander angrily It's a robot. It's an evil robot constructed from evil parts that look like me designed to do evil.

Willow Uh huh. Or it's Toth.

ScruffyXander still angrily Or, it's Toth.

Cut back to Giles'.

Buffy I was gonna look for Toth anyway. Guess now I start... looking for you.

SuaveXander Should I go with you? I... told Anya to meet me at my new place. I'd feel a whole lot better knowing she's safe from this creep.

Buffy nods.

Buffy Go be with her. I, I mean, if you were out there looking for the double too... *looks at Riley, then back at SuaveXander* let's just say that I wouldn't wanna run into you and kill the wrong one.

SuaveXander Good thinking. When you kill this thing, you better make sure you got the one's who's actually—

Cut back to Willow's.

ScruffyXander A demon. A demon has taken my life from me, and he's living it better than I do.

He's now standing and has his Hawaiian shirt in his hands. He gives it a shake to remove the water. Willow is still sitting on the bed, and winces as the water sprays her.

Willow Well, we're working on it. There has to be a way to get to Buffy to... unhypnotize her. I'll find a spell to snap her out of it. *Stands up and goes to her bookcase*

ScruffyXander *sourly* Right. Whatever.

Willow *turns back to him* Xander, you sound a little... you have to help me figure this out, you know.

ScruffyXander But I never help. I get in trouble and Buffy saves me.

Willow That's not true! Sometimes we all helped save you. *realizes that was unhelpful* And sometimes you're not in trouble.

They both sit on the bed again.

ScruffyXander I'm just... another great humiliation. *Willow looks sympathetic* But this time it's even worse. This demon, he's like taking my life, and everyone's treating him... Everyone's treating him like a grown-up! Will, I'm starting to feel like...

Willow Like what?

ScruffyXander Like ... he's doing everything better. He's smarter, and ... *shakes head* I don't know, maybe I should just let him have it. Take my life, please.

Willow Xander, no! *Puts hand on his shoulder* You're just tired, and ... and all soggy. That's why it seems so hard, but you can't let him just take your whole existence.

ScruffyXander Why not? It's not like I was doing anything so great with it. When I get to the pearly gates I'm sure the guy is not gonna go, "Hey, what a

kick-ass comic book collection, come on in!" *Willow still looking sympathetic* No, what have I got that's even worth— *eyes widen* Anya!

Willow You think he's after her?

ScruffyXander She won't know. He can just ... no. No way! *Jumps up* No way. He can take anything, but he can't have her. I need her.

Willow *half disgusted, half smiling* Really?

ScruffyXander *desperately* He could be with her right now! Figure out a spell, something ... reveal. I gotta find her. *Turns to leave*

Willow Xander... *He turns back* You already knew he was taking over your life, and ... you didn't think about Anya till just now?

ScruffyXander Hey, wait till you have an evil twin. See how you handle it. *Exits*

Willow *pouts* I handled it fine.

Cut to Anya's apartment. ScruffyXander bursts in.

ScruffyXander Anya? An?

He looks around. No one there. He notices the answering machine blinking and pushes the button.

SuaveXander *on machine* Meet me at the apartment. You know the one. 9:00.

ScruffyXander looks around, runs to a bureau, starts rummaging through the drawers.

ScruffyXander It's gotta be here. Where is it?

Cut to Xander's apartment. SuaveXander is getting together a bottle of wine and two glasses. Anya stands in the living room, on a blanket that's spread on the floor. A picnic basket is at her feet.

Anya You're lying. It's a trick.

SuaveXander No. Trust me.

He walks over with the wine and puts it on the floor next to the basket.

Anya You really got this apartment?

SuaveXander I really did. And do you know why? *Anya looks around.*

Anya The ceiling fans? Very attractive.

SuaveXander No. It's because I knew you wanted it. It's all for you.

She moves closer to him and they kiss.

SuaveXander Anya, you didn't see me today, did you? I mean, we didn't talk?

Anya What do you mean? I just got your phone message, that's all.

SuaveXander Good.

They kiss some more, kneel and then sit on the blanket.

Anya So... what happens next?

SuaveXander Well, at some point we take off our clothes.

Anya I mean what happens next in our lives? When do we get a car?

SuaveXander *confused* A car?

Anya And a boat. No, wait, I - I don't mean a boat. I mean a puppy. Or a child. I have a list somewhere.

SuaveXander What are you talking about?

Anya Just . . . we have to get going. I don't have time just to let these things happen.

SuaveXander There's no hurry.

Anya Yes there is. There's a hurry, Xander. I'm dying.

SuaveXander looks shocked.

Anya I may have as few as fifty years left.

SuaveXander Fifty years? What is thi—Oh, wait a minute. This is about this. *Touching her arm sling*

Anya What about the sling?

SuaveXander You haven't been hurt like this since you became human. *She nods reluctantly* Maybe it's finally hitting you what being human means.

Anya *pouting* No, that's not it.

SuaveXander Yes, I think it is. You were gonna live for thousands of years. *Anya nods* And now you're gonna age and die. That must be terrifying.

Anya You don't understand what it's like.

SuaveXander Being suddenly human? I think I can get what that would be like. And we can get through it together.

Anya You can't make it any different. I'm going to get old. And . . . you can't promise you'll be with me when I'm . . . wrinkly and my teeth are artificial and stuck into my wrinkly mouth with an adhesive.

SuaveXander No, I can't promise that. But it doesn't sound terrible. And that's saying something. *Anya looks somewhat comforted* I promise you, Anya. Very soon you won't be thinking about getting older.

They smooch.

Suddenly the door bursts open and ScruffyXander rushes in. SuaveXander and Anya look up.

ScruffyXander Get away from her!

Anya Xander!

Anya and SuaveXander stand up.

Anya *to SuaveXander* Xander!

SuaveXander *to ScruffyXander* Get out. You don't belong here.

ScruffyXander Anya. It's me.

Anya looks in confusion from one to the other. She starts to walk toward ScruffyXander but SuaveXander stops her.

SuaveXander It's a demon. He stole my face, he's trying to trick you.

Anya looks from one to the other, very confused.

SuaveXander Anya, you know I'm me, right?

ScruffyXander No!

Anya looks at ScruffyXander again and moves closed to SuaveXander.

Anya What is it? Make it go away.

Cut to Giles'. Riley is looking at a map. We see Giles in the background looking at books.

Riley So you're thinking we split up?

Buffy Yeah, you check the places where he might try and go and blend in as Xander. I'll check the places where Toth might hang out.

The door bursts open and Willow enters.

Giles I swear, this time I **know** I had that locked.

Willow Buffy, Toth looks like Xander.

Riley We already know. We're on our way.

Buffy Wait a second, how did you know about this?

Willow He came to me. I-I mean Xander did. And he's in terrible shape, we need to help him.

Shot of Giles reading a book, not listening to them.

Riley He came to us too.

Willow No. We each had a Xander. I mean . . . you didn't have a Xander, you had a, a demon in a Xander suit.

Buffy What makes you so sure that yours is the right one?

Willow He knew stuff! He, he did the Snoopy dance. *Another shot of Giles reading* Buffy, it was Xander, and he needs us.

Giles Oh, dear lord.

Riley Buffy, our Xander, did he seem a little—

Buffy He seemed kind of forceful and confident.

Willow That's not Xander.

Giles I said, "'Oh, dear lord.'"

Buffy You always say that.

Giles Well, it's always important! *coming forward to join them, carrying book* Neither Xander is a demon.

Willow Um . . . is one of them a robot?

Giles What? No. Um, uh, the rod device, it's called a ferula-gemina. It splits one person in half, distilling personality traits into two separate bodies. As near as I can tell, Toth was attempting to split the

slayer into two different entities. *Hands the book to Willow*

Buffy Two Buffys?

Giles Yes. One with all the qualities inherent in Buffy Summers, and the other one with everything that belongs to the slayer alone ... the, uh, the strength, the, uh, speed, the heritage. And when it hit Xander, I think it separated him into his strongest points and his *grimaces* weakest.

Riley But which one's the real one?

Giles They're both real. They're both Xander. Neither one of them is evil. There's nothing in either of them that our Xander doesn't already possess.

Riley I still don't get the original plan. I mean, why do it? The slayer half would be like slayer concentrate, pretty unkillable.

Giles But the two halves can't exist without each other. Kill the weaker Buffy half, and the slayer half dies.

Buffy So the same goes for the Xanders. We lose one, we lose them both.

Cut back to Xander's apartment.

ScruffyXander He's the demon! *Anya looks uncertainly at SuaveXander* Or possibly a robot. Look at me. Look in my eyes. Can't you see it's me?

Anya looks from one to the other, still completely confused.

Anya I, I don't know!

ScruffyXander *desperately* Please! Look at him! Listen to him! He's all smooth! You have to know it's me!

SuaveXander Don't worry, Anya. I'll get rid of this thing. I'm thinkin' this is gonna last about fifteen seconds. *Walks slowly toward ScruffyXander*

ScruffyXander reaches inside his clothing and pulls out a gun. He points it at SuaveXander.

ScruffyXander I'm thinkin' less.

Part 4

Fade back in on the standoff. ScruffyXander points the gun at SuaveXander, with Anya behind. Suddenly Anya rushes forward.

Anya No! Don't shoot him!

She pushes the gun so it points at the ceiling. SuaveXander comes forward and grabs ScruffyXander's hands and they all three grapple for the gun.

Cut to exterior shot of a car zooming down the streets. Cut to interior of car with Riley driving and Buffy in the passenger seat.

Buffy Can't this thing go any faster? Ultimate driving machine, my ass.

Riley We're pushing 70.

Pause. Buffy looks meditative.

Buffy Riley, do you wish—

Riley No.

Buffy No? You don't even know what I was gonna say.

Riley Yes, I do. You wanted to know if I wished you got hit by the ferula-gemina, got split in two.

Buffy Well, you have been kind of rankly about the whole slayer gig. Instead of having slayer Buffy, you could have Buffy Buffy.

Riley Hey. I *have* Buffy Buffy. Being the slayer's part of who you are. You keep thinking I don't get that, but...

Buffy It's just ... I know how ... un-fun it can be. The bad hours, frequent bruising, cranky mon-

sters...

Riley Buffy... if you led a perfectly normal life, you wouldn't be half as crazy as you are. I gotta have that. I gotta have it all. I'm talkin' toes, elbows, the whole bad-ice-skating-movie obsession, everything. There's no part of you I'm not in love with.

Buffy looks up at him. He glances at her. She smiles a little, then looks out her window.

Buffy We better get there soon. If Xander kills himself, he's dead. *frowns* You know what I mean.

Riley nods.

Shot of the car zooming along.

Cut back to the apartment. The Xanders and Anya are still wrestling over the gun.

ScruffyXander Let go! I have to kill the demon-bot! *The gun falls to the floor. SuaveXander grabs it.*

SuaveXander Anya ... get out of the way.

Anya is standing in front of ScruffyXander. Buffy and Riley rush in.

Buffy Xander!

Riley closes the door.

SuaveXander *smiling* All right, Buffy. I have him.

ScruffyXander No! Buffy! I'm me! Help me!

Anya My gun! He's got my gun! *Pointing to the gun in SuaveXander's hand*

Riley You own a gun??

Buffy Xander ... gun-holding Xander. *Walks quickly over to SuaveXander* Give me the gun.

Both Xanders stare. Finally SuaveXander holds the gun up and gives it a quick twist with one hand so that the bullets fall out onto the floor. He flips it shut and hands it to Buffy, who looks impressed.

Anya Buffy, which one's real?

Buffy hands the gun to Riley.

ScruffyXander I am.

SuaveXander No, I am.

They try to attack each other but Buffy steps between them. She flings ScruffyXander across the room; he lands against the kitchen counter.

SuaveXander Thank you.

Buffy grabs him and shoves him over next to ScruffyXander.

SuaveXander Ow!

Anya, Riley, and Buffy come up to examine the two Xanders side-by-side.

Riley Wild.

Buffy Yeah. Okay, Xander ... Xa ... *sighs* You've been split in two. But you're both Xander. And you **can't** kill each other. Um, well, you could, but it would be really bad.

The Xanders look at each other.

SuaveXander No way.

ScruffyXander He can't be me. He's all ... fancy.

Riley We can prove that you're both Xander.

Buffy Yeah! *to Riley* How?

Riley Um...

Buffy Um...

Riley Well, there has to be a way.

Buffy Ooh! What number am I thinking of?

Riley I don't think that's gonna do it.

XanderS *in unison* Eleven and a half.

Buffy Wrong. Oh! But see?

The Xanders frown.

ScruffyXander No. We're not the same. We're all different.

Riley Different properties went into each of you, but you're both Xander.

Anya Different properties?

ScruffyXander What different properties?

Buffy Uh, uh, you know, uh, sense of direction. Good night vision, stuff like that.

ScruffyXander Oh, but he has a thingie! In his pocket! *pointing to SuaveXander's pocket* A shiny disk that stuns and disorients!

SuaveXander *reaching in pocket, taking out the thing* What disk?

ScruffyXander Cover your eyes! *covering eyes with hands*

SuaveXander This?

ScruffyXander It'll melt your brain!

Buffy takes the thing from SuaveXander. Anya and Riley lean in to see.

Buffy *to ScruffyXander* Look.

SuaveXander *tolerantly* It's a nickel someone flattened on the railroad track. I found it on the construction site and I thought it was cool. It's not magic.

ScruffyXander uncovers his eyes to take the thing from Buffy.

ScruffyXander No, I ... huh. It **is** kinda cool. *SuaveXander nods tolerantly* Washington's still there, but he's all smushy. *looks more closely* And he may be Jefferson.

Anya Okay, isn't anyone gonna tell me why there are two Xanders?

Buffy I will on the way to Giles'. Let's go.

They all turn to leave just as the door is smashed in. ScruffyXander and Anya hide behind SuaveXander, grabbing his shoulders. Toth strides in.

Buffy Oh great. Rod boy.

Toth I will not miss again, slayer.

ScruffyXander *standing behind SuaveXander, clutching him around the shoulders* The gun! Pick up the little gun pieces!

Toth raises his rod. Buffy and Riley dive away in opposite directions. Toth fires at Buffy and misses, tearing a big hole in the floor.

SuaveXander Hey, I just made a small cleaning deposit!

Riley jumps on Toth from behind, making him drop the rod. He throws Riley off. Riley punches him a few times, then Toth head-butts him and flings him aside. Buffy comes up and kicks Toth a few times, punches him a few times, then he picks her up and body-slams her. She kicks up as he approaches, catching him on the chin. She gets up, lands a few more kicks and punches, and Toth goes down.

Buffy Sword!

Riley grabs the sword from the bag of weapons and throws it to her. She catches it and stabs Toth. He screams and dies.

Buffy stands up, panting. Anya and ScruffyXander let go of SuaveXander. They all cluster around the corpse.

SuaveXander Oh, yeah. That cleaning deposit's gone.

ScruffyXander *gasps* I was thinking the same thing! Hey, do you suppose we're both Xander?

SuaveXander gives him a big grin. Anya stares at them.

Cut to a shot of the two Xanders side-by-side. Now they're dressed the same, both in yellow T-shirts and identical Hawaiian shirts, but ScruffyXander's shirt is all dirty whereas SuaveXander's is clean, and ScruffyXander's hair is much messier.

ScruffyXander Look and admire, ladies.

We see that they're in the magic shop. Willow, Buffy and Anya are in a row staring at the Xanders, fascinated. In the background we see Riley watching, and Giles on the floor making markings with chalk.

Buffy *looking closely* Look, there's a scar there, *pointing at ScruffyXander's forehead* and there's the same one right there. *(pointing at SuaveXander's forehead)*

Willow It's all double. *pointing* This zit, and this ... kinda funny dippy thing. A-and this weird little hair that grows in the wrong way *pointing to ScruffyXander's nose*

ScruffyXander Okay! Back off, ladies.

Riley Psychologically, this is fascinating. Doesn't it make everyone wanna lock them in separate rooms and do experiments on them?

Everyone gives him an odd look.

Riley Just me, then.

Anya So ... you Xanders really do have all the same memories, all the same ... *looking downward* physical attributes? *Laughs suggestively*

SuaveXander We're completely identical.

ScruffyXander Yeah, we checked out some stuff in the car on the way over. *Anya frowns in puzzlement* Fingerprints!

Anya *turning to the others* Well, maybe we shouldn't do this reintegration thing right away. See, I can take the boys home, and ... we can all have sex together, and ... you know, just slap 'em back together in the morning.

Giles tries not to look appalled. Buffy and Riley grin.

SuaveXander She's joking.

ScruffyXander No she's not! She entirely wants to have sex with us together. Which is ... **wrong**, and, and it would be very confusing.

Giles *getting up from the floor* Uh, uh, we just need to light the candles. Also, we should continue to

pretend we heard none of the disturbing sex talk.

Willow Check. Candles and pretense.

Everyone moves around getting stuff ready, except the Xanders.

Anya It's not like it'd be cheating. They're both Xander.

ScruffyXander Now, hold on a sec. If you weren't putting a whammy on people with the shiny thing, how'd you do it? How'd you get the promotion?

SuaveXander Well, I'm good at that stuff.

ScruffyXander I am?

SuaveXander Yeah.

ScruffyXander And hey, how 'bout that lady, huh? The apartment manager.

SuaveXander How weird was it when she called me "Mister"?

The Xanders grin goofily at each other.

Willow We're ready. We should do it now. *The Xanders turn their grins toward her*

Anya What'll we do if this doesn't work?

XanderS *unison* Kill us both, Spock! *They look at each other and laugh delightedly.*

Buffy They're ... kinda the same now.

Giles Yes, he's clearly a bad influence on himself.

ScruffyXander Hey, summon the goddess. Chant the chant. Let's do it.

Willow Actually, it's not that hard. Your natural state is to be together. Toth's spell is doing all the work of keeping you apart. I just have to break it. So you two ... *takes them both and positions them inside the chalk markings* stand right here. Side by side. We don't want you to end up with two fronts, now do we?

ScruffyXander Are you sure you know how to do this?

Willow *exhales* Here we go. Brace yourselves.

The two Xanders close their eyes and prepare.

Willow Let the spell be ended.

Closeup of a single Xander, still with eyes closed.

Xander You gotta be kidding. "Let the spell be ended," that's not gonna work.

He opens his eyes and sees there's only one of him.

Xander Oh!

Willow smiles proudly.

Anya I liked it the other way. Put him back.

Shot of Buffy raising her eyebrows.

Cut to interior of Xander's basement. Xander and Riley are carrying boxes out. Anya is sitting on a stool

reading a magazine. Riley and Xander put the boxes by the door, and Xander pauses to look around.

Riley Getting nostalgic?

Xander I don't know. At first it's just a place, then you start to make memories, and ... then you're like, *pointing* that's where Spike slept, and *pointing* there, that's where Anya and I drowned the separvo demon. Oh! *points* and, and right there, that's where I got my heart all ripped out. *shakes head* I really hate this place.

He and Riley turn to pick up the boxes as Buffy walks by. She goes to pick up another box, passing Anya.

Buffy Anya. I see you've joined the non-sling-wearing crowd.

Anya *smiling* Yes, I'm feeling better. And I anticipate many years before my death. Excepting disease or airbag failure.

Buffy That sounds nice. *Walks off carrying box*
Xander walks up to Anya, carrying another box.

Anya Ooh! *tosses magazine aside* Presents?

Xander Not unless you want my collection of Babylon 5 commemorative plates. Which you cannot have. I just thought you could help carry a little.

Anya Me? *pouts* Buffy has super strength. Why don't we just load her up like one of those little horses?

Xander Anya. Please.

Anya *getting off stool* Fine. I'm just your slave. *Takes box and goes out*

Xander watches her go. Riley watches too, while packing a box.

Xander How is it that she can always make me feel SuaveXander's left the building?

Riley You two have your friction, but ... she digs the whole package. It's obvious.

Xander Still, I do envy you sometimes. *Riley looks up at him* I mean for the sanity. Not that I'm still into Buffy. *quickly* Not that I ever was.

Riley *grinning* Hey, I'm well aware of how lucky I am. Like, lottery lucky. Buffy's like nobody else in the world. When I'm with her it's like ... it's like I'm split in two. Half of me is just ... on fire, going crazy if I'm not touching her. The other half ... is so still and peaceful ... just perfectly content. Just knows: this is the one. *Smiles a little, continues packing for a moment, then looks up at Xander again.* But she doesn't love me.

Xander stares at him, not knowing what to say. Buffy re-enters.

Buffy Got something else for me to carry?

Riley Uh, you can help me pack this.

Buffy Sure. *goes over to Riley and kisses him* Sure. *They both turn to the packing as Xander watches.*
Blackout

Executive producer Joss Whedon.

Out of My Mind

A *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* episode transcribed by **Joan the English Chick** <pisces@englishchick.com>.

Transcriber's Notes

I do not own the characters or situations of BTVS, and I claim no credit for the content of this episode. I have merely transcribed what appeared on my screen, with help from the closed captions.

I prefer that you link to this transcript on the Psyche site rather than post it on your site, but you can post it on your site if you want, as long as you keep my name and email address on it. Please also keep my disclaimers intact.

You can use my transcripts in your fanfiction stories; you don't have to ask my permission. However, if you use large portions of episode dialogue in your fanfic, I recommend you give credit to the person who wrote the episode.

I apologize in advance for my lame transcription of the fight scenes. I don't know the names of different punches and kicks. Use your imagination.

Teaser

Riley talking to Xander.

Riley Buffy's like nobody else in the world. But she doesn't love me.

Giles Previously on *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*...

Riley in fatigues.

Riley What have you done to me?

Riley strapped into a chair in the Initiative, reaching for a piece of glass on the nearby table.

Adam VO Professor Walsh. She implanted the behavior modifier.

Riley VO The chip in my head.

Adam VO Actually, the chip is here...

Riley stabbing himself in the chest with the piece of glass.

Adam pointing to Riley's chest.

Adam VO... tied directly into your central nervous system through the thoracic nerve.

Riley yanking the chip out of his chest.

Riley pointing a gun at something.

Riley VO What's happening to me?

Riley in Willy's bar, sweeping a bunch of glasses off the bar.

Willow pulling back a curtain and jumping when she finds Riley behind it.

Buffy VO Engleman said Walsh was feeding you drugs.

Buffy leaning over a sweaty Riley who's lying on Xander's couch.

Riley Something's crawling inside me.

Initiative Doc I don't want to think about the damage our guys could do under the stress of withdrawal.

Buffy walking into Dawn's room.

Buffy and Dawn looking at each other.

Joyce VO Buffy? If you're going out, why don't you take your sister?

Buffy and Dawn looking annoyed.

Buffy/Dawn unison Mom!

Dawn writing in her diary.

Dawn VO Nobody knows who I am. Not the real me. No one understands. No one has an older sister who's a Slayer.

Fade in on a graveyard, night. Camera pans across the crypts and finds Buffy crouched on top of one. She stands up, stake in hand. Looks around, leaps to the ground.

Cut to Buffy running through the graveyard, pausing, looking around.

A pair of arms bursts out of a fresh grave but Buffy stakes the vampire before it can finish coming out of the ground.

Buffy straightens up, turns as another vamp emerges from another grave. She ducks his swing, throws a few punches, kicks him in the chest. He does a back-roll and comes up to his feet.

Riley appears out of nowhere and throws the vamp aside.

Buffy Riley?

Riley smiling Buffy, what are you doing here?

Buffy My job?

Riley Well, I just thought you were in the north sector.

Buffy Watch out!

The vamp attacks Riley from behind. He kicks the vamp's legs out from under him and throws him aside. The vamp hits a crypt and slides down.

Buffy Never mind.

Riley punches the vampire, then stakes him.

Shot of another vamp emerging from the ground. Buffy spots him and starts forward with a yell, raising her stake.

Another person appears from the left side of the screen and tackles the new vamp, carrying him to the ground. Buffy looks bemused.

Buffy Why do I even bother to show up?

The two fighters get up and we see that the newcomer is Spike. He blocks a couple of punches from the other vamp, then grabs his arm.

Buffy Spike, what are you doing here?

Spike Same thing as you and your Cub Scout here, I'll wager.

He lands a few punches and the vamp goes down. Spike turns toward Buffy with a big grin.

Spike A spot of violence before bedtime.

The other vamp punches him in the face and he goes down. He gets to his knees, wiping blood from his nose. The other vamp growls. Buffy rushes forward.

Shot of Spike standing up, still wiping his nose with his hand. The other vamp attacks from the left. Buffy appears from the right, shoves Spike out of the way, and stakes the vamp.

Spike exhales loudly, and Buffy gives him a dirty look.

Spike What? I softened him up.

He wipes more blood from his nose, sniffs it, then licks it from his fingers.

Buffy Better keep out of my way, Spike. I'm not gonna take this much longer. *Riley walks over to join them.*

Spike And I should do what in my spare time? Sit at home knitting cunning sweater sets?

Buffy Would it keep you out of my way?

Riley She's right. You shouldn't be out here when she's patrolling.

Buffy turns to Riley in exasperation as if she's going to say something, but she doesn't.

Spike Oh! I saw that. Looks like neither boy's entirely welcome. You should take him home, Slayer. Make him stay there. I've got knitting needles he can borrow.

Riley looks annoyed.

Buffy Spike... I just saw you taste your own nose blood, you know what? *Spike grins at her* I'm too grossed out to hear anything you have to say. Go home.

She stalks off. Riley gives Spike a dirty look, then follows. Spike looks injured.

Spike yelling after them It's blood! It's what I do!

Cut to Buffy walking along, looking tired and annoyed. Riley catches up with her.

Riley Hey, hope I didn't get in the way.

He puts his arm around her. She gives a fake smile.

Buffy Of course not. I-I was just... startled. And, you know I don't... love the idea of you patrolling alone.

Riley Not much for bench-warming.

Buffy No, you made the squad. You... threw that vampire like he was a... teeny-weeny little vampire.

Riley grinning Hey, wanna go again? Come on, I bet this place is just teeming with aerodynamic vampires.

Buffy looks around.

Buffy Nah. *pauses* Unless you wanna go back and kill Spike for the fun of it?

Riley raises his eyebrows in a sort of shrug. They both turn and continue on their way.

Cut back to Spike staring after them.

Spike I will know your blood, Slayer. *pause* I will make your neck my chalice... and drink deep.

He wipes blood from his nose again, turns, and tries to stride away purposefully, but he falls into an open grave.

Long shot of the graveyard looking empty, with the open grave in the foreground.

Spike voice coming from the grave Ow!

Wolf howl. Opening credits.

Guest starring Mercedes McNab, Bailey Chase, Charlie Weber, Time Winters, Amber Benson as Tara, and Kristine Sutherland as Joyce Summers. Written by Rebecca Rand Kirshner, directed by David Grossman.

Part 1

Fade in on a UC Sunnydale building filled with students walking around, talking, studying, etc.

Willow You can't possibly be arguing that Marat didn't betray the French Revolutionaries.

We see Willow and Buffy walking through the halls.

Willow This was the guy who declared the rights of man, and then the next thing you know he's... killing Girondin like it's going out of style.

Buffy Will, you're totally missing my point. Now, I agree that Marat wasn't a real martyr, but the death

in the tub... the neck wound, all that blood, just a little more fang-y than knife-y. I mean, Charlotte Corday wasn't a real martyr either, but...

Willow Buffy!

Willow stops walking and grabs Buffy's hand.

Buffy What?

Willow *smiling hugely* Listen to us! We-we're arguing! We're having a debate about a college lecture! I have dreamt of this day since... forever! *proudly* You are turning into quite the student. *Buffy smiles* Should I be watching my occipital lobe?

Buffy Your what?

Willow Occipital. *pointing to her head* The lobe in the back of your brain. You know, like, "should I be watching my back?" But, you know, the... back of your brain. *sighs*

Buffy Apparently not. Don't worry, Will, you still wear the smarty-pants in the family.

Willow I don't know. You've been studying... really a lot.

Buffy I'm trying. But they're really piling on the reading, and Giles fills any free time I have with extra training... I'm starting to think this working hard is hard work.

Willow Isn't it crazy like that?

Buffy I thought it was gonna be like in the movies. You know, inspirational music... a montage, me sharpening my pencils, me reading, writing, falling asleep on a big pile of books with my glasses all crooked, 'cause in my montage I have glasses. *Willow nods* But real life is slow, and it's starting to hurt my occipital lobe.

Willow *sympathetic* Aw. Poor Buffy's brain. *Pats Buffy on the head*

Buffy Actually, I'm heading to training now. Do you wanna come with?

Willow I'm in. *They start walking again* Maybe we can argue some more about the French Revolution. Hey! Wasn't that Robespierre the coolest?

Buffy Robespierre? You're kidding me, right?

Willow I'm just gettin' it goin'.

Cut to a shot of a circle saw cutting some wood. We hear Giles' voice indistinctly over the saw noise. The camera pulls back and we see it's Xander wielding the saw, wearing safety goggles, standing in the middle of the magic shop. Giles is behind the counter wearing a dust-mask, painting something.

Giles *muffled by the noise* It seems the plans worked perfectly.

Xander stops the saw and unclamps the piece of wood from the vise.

Xander Yes, blueprints, not a bad idea. That, and getting straight "measure twice, cut once." You know, for the longest time I had it backwards. Messy!

Xander begins fitting the piece of wood into a bookcase(?) that he's working on.

Giles *pulling mask down from his mouth, so it hangs around his neck* Well, I must say, I'm very impressed.

Xander Yeah, carpentry is pretty cool.

Knock on the door. Giles goes to answer it. As he walks across the shop and the camera follows him, we see Tara standing by a small round table, wearing a long skirt, holding a deck of tarot cards. Then we see Anya moving stuff around on the shelves.

Anya Oh! Who put the monkey heads near the Styx water? Do we **want** to pick exploded monkey out of our hair? *Picks up a jar and a monkey head, and walks across the room.*

Giles opens the door. Willow and Buffy stand there, smiling.

Buffy Trick or treat!

Giles Hello, you two, come on in.

Willow Thank you, kind proprietor.

They enter.

Tara Hey, you.

Willow Hey! *looking around* Oh, wow, this place looks great. Oh, I feel like a witch in a magic shop. *picks up a jar from a table* Ooh. Are these real newt eyes? *Looks at Giles*

Giles No, too... rich for my blood, I'm afraid. No, these are salamander eyes, it's the... cataracts which give them their newt-like appearance. *moving past her* They're really equally effective, though, it's... just a matter of overcoming snobberies.

We see Buffy putting her purse down, and Xander looking at a blueprint, holding a pencil.

Xander I'm telling you Giles. You gotta set up a blind taste test and prove once and for all that generic amphibian eyeballs are just as good.

Willow I don't know. If you ask me, the newt name still means something. *puts down jar and walks off*

Giles *to Buffy* You ready to train?

Buffy You betcha.

Giles Shall we then?

Buffy We shall then.

They walk off toward the back.

We see Willow sitting at the round table, with Tara standing beside her. A lot of tarot cards on the table.

Tara I just... keep thinking how cool it would be, if we got a real psychic to sit up here and read fortunes and stuff.

Willow You should do it.

Tara Not me. But, but I'd love to, to watch and learn. From someone who's really good, you know?

Willow You're really good. *holds out her hands* I'll prove it. Here, do me.

Tara nods and sits, putting down the cards, taking one of Willow's hands. Willow watches her study it.

Tara Hmm.

Willow What do you see?

Tara Willow hand.

They both smile.

Cut to Giles opening the door to the back as Buffy and Xander watch. Giles holds the door for Buffy.

Shot of Buffy entering, looking around. Someone tackles her from the side, pulling her out of the shot so we see Giles and Xander behind, looking surprised.

Buffy falls to the floor on top of Riley, who has his arms around her waist.

Buffy Unh! Ow, Riley...

They get up.

Riley Just keeping you on your toes.

Buffy Or off them, as it were. What's gotten into—
She stops as she looks around the room and sees it for the first time.

Buffy Oh my god. Look at this place!

Long shot of the room. We see a punching bag hanging from the ceiling, a vault horse atop a set of mays, a stationary bike, and a scarecrow/dummy. In the background there's something that looks like a mini-fridge(?). Against the far wall there's a set of weights. Symbols are painted on the floor and walls.

Buffy *gasps* Thank you. *looks up at Giles* Thank you... so much.

Giles *removing his glasses and then the mask that's still around his neck* It's just a start, you need a proper space to train, so—

Buffy I love it. *Giles gives a small smile*

Riley *grinning* So come on, let's test this puppy out. Think you can take me? *throws a few fake punches at Buffy. She mostly ignores him, walking farther into the room. What's the matter, afraid of a little competition?*

Buffy It must have been so much work.

Xander I'm the dummy man. *coming forward* I mean, I... made the dummy. *gestures at it* The thing that you hit that doesn't hit back. *shrugs, looking embarrassed* That, I made.

Buffy It's great. *to Giles* I-it's all great.

Giles *putting his glasses back on* Well, you've earned it. Truly.

Buffy Thank you guys so much. You're like my... fairy godmother and Santa Claus and Q all wrapped up into one.

Riley looks confused.

Buffy Q from Bond, not Star Trek.

Xander nods.

Buffy I'm gonna go change.

Cut to the graveyard, night. The camera pans jerkily across gravestones and bushes. We hear the sound of someone panting. The camera moves up the stairs leading into a crypt.

Cut to Spike sitting in his crypt, watching TV.

Spike Oh Pacey, you blind idiot. Can't you see she doesn't love you?

Suddenly there's a banging on the door. Spike jumps up and turns off the TV. More banging and Harmony comes in, looking disheveled and nervous. She shuts the door behind her and presses her back against the wall.

Spike Well, well, well. Looky here.

Harmony *anxiously* Is it safe? Has Buffy gotten to you yet? I saw her patrolling just now... with a stake! *Spike pretends to look shocked* She won't give up until she's killed me to death!

Spike *skeptical* Buffy's looking for you.

Harmony Of course! *walks forward* That's why I'm on the lam. Didn't you hear? I'm totally her arch-nemesis!

Spike Is that right. I must have missed the memo.

Harmony There was a mem—? *sighs* Spike, oh my god! This is like a real emergency! Uhh! *Spike grins* I need a hideout so bad. You're my only hope. We're just gonna have to rise above... our petty differences... *looks anxiously at Spike* Listen, Spike... I'm desperate.

Spike *still grinning, looking her up and down* Desperate, are you?

Harmony smiles a cajoling smile.

Harmony Come on, Spike. Pretty please? I'll do anything!

Spike Anything, will you?

Harmony Yeah! I said I'll do anything.

Spike raises his eyebrows.

Harmony Ohhhh. You mean will I have sex with you? *shrugs casually, like "duh"* Well, yeah.

Spike grins to himself as Harmony sits in his chair and takes out a cigarette. She begins flicking a lighter, trying to light it. She flicks it quite a few times before she finally figures it out and gets the cigarette lit.

Spike Taking up smoking, are you?

Harmony leans back in the chair.

Harmony I **am** a villain, Spike, hellooooo. *Takes a drag and starts to cough*

Spike I guess you are at that. What with the slayer on your tail and all.

Harmony watches him warily.

Spike She's not the type to give up, either. She'll hunt you down, day and night, till you're too tired and too hungry to run any more. And then? *leans down to grab a handful of dust* Then... *dusting off his hands* that is you.

Harmony looks upset.

Spike I guess you're gonna have to kill her.

Harmony *whining* I tried! It was all hard and stuff! *sits up* You do it.

Spike *looking down at her* I'd love to. But, I can't. Remember? I've got this cute little government chip in my head.

Harmony *sighs* Oh, right. Guess it'll have to be me after all. *looks up at Spike again* Can you help with the thinking?

Spike *nods* Yeah. I suppose I could do that.

Harmony smiles and sits back again, putting the cigarette to her lips.

Cut to Buffy and Riley lying in bed, side-by-side. Riley is tapping his hands agitatedly on his chest. Buffy gives a contented sigh.

Riley Yeah.

Buffy Mm, that was relaxing.

She turns onto her side as if to sleep. Riley continues patting himself, looks over at her.

Riley You, uh... wanna relax some more? *Turns onto his side and snuggles up against her*

Buffy Again? Right away again?

Riley is kissing her bare shoulder.

Riley Maybe you're too tired.

Buffy Hey. *reaches behind her to caress his cheek* I have the endurance of ten men.

Riley Let's make it women, okay? *Buffy laughs* Just for the imagery.

Buffy Whatever. You know, it takes a lot to wear me out. *turns toward him*

Riley Oh, I love a challenge.

Buffy Mm.

Buffy turns back onto her back and Riley moves on top of her. They kiss passionately.

Dawn VO Well, wouldn't you?

Cut to Dawn in Joyce's kitchen, pouring from a box of Sugar Bombs cereal. There are a number of bowls on the table in front of her.

Dawn Every kid tries to make the substitute cry. It's like a rite of passage.

We see Joyce in the background, cooking over the stove.

Joyce I certainly would not. Being a substitute is an extremely difficult job. Besides... *looks at the bowls* Honestly, Dawn, how many bowls of cereal are you planning on eating?

Dawn Oh, these aren't for eating. I'm just trying to get the extra out of the way so I could... *sticks her hand in cereal box, pulls out a toy* get this. *he smiles cheerfully at Joyce and sits down.* Anyway, *pointing to Joyce* I want eggs.

Joyce You want the cereal prize, but you don't want the cereal. You **are** growing up. All righty, half an omelette coming up. *Scooping the eggs onto two plates*

Dawn Oh, um, with ketchup if you please?

Joyce Mm-hmm.

Joyce turns away from the stove, holding the two plates. Suddenly she stops and blinks as if dizzy. Dawn looks up from unwrapping the prize.

Joyce *confused* Oh, what is the... *looks at Dawn* Who are you?

Dawn looks confused. Suddenly Joyce collapses to the floor, the plates shattering. Dawn jumps up in alarm.

Shot of Joyce lying unconscious on the floor, surrounded by pieces of plates and food.

Dawn backs away, panting fearfully, and grabs the telephone. She dials 911.

Cut to a hospital emergency room. Double doors burst open and Buffy pushes in past some people, followed by Riley. Long shot down the hospital hall. We see Dawn sitting on a chair, fiddling with a stethoscope that's hung around her neck. Buffy rushes up to her.

Buffy Hey. How's Mom? Are you okay? *Hugs Dawn*

Dawn I'm okay.

Man And your mom's doing just fine.

A young man in a white coat approaches. Buffy lets go of Dawn and stands up.

Dawn *still sitting* This is Ben. He gave me his stethoscope.

Ben *Lent* you his stethoscope. Buffy, right? *holds out hand* I'm Ben, I'm an intern here. I've had the pleasure of hanging out with the renowned Dr. Dawn here while your mom's being tested. *Buffy shakes his hand*

Riley So what's goin' on? What happened?

Ben Well, she's doing okay now... the doctors don't really know what caused the collapse...

We see Dawn putting the stethoscope earpieces in her ears and tapping the end with her fingers. The voices fade out; we can still hear them, but they're muffled as they would sound to Dawn with the stethoscope in her ears.

Ben *muffled* ... it could've just been a dizzy spell, low blood sugar, that sort of thing.

Buffy But it's nothing bad. I, I mean it's not... serious, right?

Ben *muffled* Very unlikely. So your mom doesn't

have a... history of fainting?

We see Dawn putting the stethoscope to Ben's chest. We hear a normal heartbeat.

Buffy *muffled* No. I mean, not that I know of. She's usually really healthy.

Ben *muffled* Well, I think they'll be running tests for a few more hours...

We see Dawn putting the stethoscope to Buffy's chest. We hear a normal heartbeat.

Ben *muffled* ... then they'll probably want her to come back for some follow-up tests in a couple weeks, but it really doesn't look like anything too serious.

Buffy Oh, thank god. I was freaking out.

We see Dawn getting up and walking around them.

Ben *muffled* I think you'll be able to take her home before too long.

Riley *muffled* Well, that is definitely good news.

We see Dawn putting the stethoscope to Riley's chest. We hear a heartbeat that is much too fast and irregular. Dawn's eyes widen and she looks up at Riley's face.

Blackout.

Part 2

Fade in on a hospital exam room. Riley sits on the exam table buttoning up his shirt.

Doctor I know I'm repeating myself here, but I don't know what else to say to convince you.

We see Buffy watching as a female doctor talks to Riley. The doctor is writing on her clipboard.

Doctor I have never in all my years of medicine let a patient with tachycardia this severe leave a hospital.

Riley You said you couldn't keep me.

Doctor Legally, no, I can't force you to do a thing. *Riley nods and resumes buttoning his shirt* But with that pulse, believe me, I'd get on my knees and beg you if I thought I could change your mind.

Riley You can't. I'm going home.

Doctor And your friend here can't convince you to—

Riley holds up a hand to stop her.

Riley I'm going.

Buffy looks very concerned.

Doctor All right then, but you're leaving against my recommendation.

The doctor leaves. Riley looks at Buffy, then stands

up.

Buffy What's going on? What are you doing? What if you have a heart attack?

Riley *puts hands on her shoulders* Listen to me. Calm down.

Buffy *Me* calm down? I'm not the one with a pulse of a hundred and fifty.

Riley My heart's different than yours, Buffy. It works differently now, but it's okay.

Buffy But you're still a human, Riley. You could still have a heart attack.

Riley I'm a human who was used as a lab rat for months.

They look up as the door opens. Joyce and Dawn enter.

Joyce Hi.

Buffy Hey. How are you? *hurries over to hug Joyce*

Joyce Oh... embarrassed, mostly. I'm sorry to put you through this. But, no more tests, so you can take this pincushion home.

Riley *Yes. comes forward* Let's, uh, get outta here.

He holds the door for Joyce and Dawn. Buffy gives him a concerned look, then exits also. Riley follows.

Cut to Joyce's living room. Joyce is lying on the sofa, sipping from a mug, with Buffy and Dawn sitting by her. Willow stands beside the sofa.

Willow What about a crossword? Some people say feed a cold, I say puzzle it.

Joyce Oh, no thanks, Willow.

Dawn I like chicken fingers with mustard when I'm sick.

Joyce *puts mug on coffee table* I know you do, sweetie. I can make us some later.

Buffy Oh, uh-uh. You are sitting right here on this couch today.

Joyce I feel silly lying here like a lump!

Willow You could make a game out of it. A-a very quiet game, about being a lump.

Joyce I feel fine. Honestly, I'm more concerned about Riley than I am about me.

Buffy You shouldn't even be thinking about that. He's not worried, so I don't think we should be.

Cut to Buffy's room. Buffy is pacing. Willow lies on the bed while Dawn sits on the floor, leaning against the bed.

Buffy I don't get what he's thinking. *steps over Dawn as she paces around the bed* Why isn't he worried?

Willow Maybe he thinks his body can handle it. He **is** in really good shape.

Buffy Nobody's body can handle a heart attack. *steps over Dawn to pace the other way again*

Willow I know. I'm sorry, Buffy. I'm trying too hard to make it okay.

Buffy *sighs* I just keep coming back to the Initiative. *Dawn watches her pace back and forth.*

Willow It does have that icky government feel to it.

Dawn Did you know that one time the CIA tried to kill Fidel Castro with poisonous aspirin?

Buffy Dawn, please.

Dawn looks annoyed. Buffy sits on a chair.

Buffy I know I have to do something, I just don't know what.

Dawn Another time the CIA—

Buffy Dawn!

Dawn It's important.

Buffy looks annoyed but nods.

Dawn *quickly* Tried to make Castro go crazy by putting itching powder in his beard. *Buffy raises her eyebrows accusingly* It's about the government!

Willow Call the Initiative. If they know what's wrong with him, they have to help.

Buffy Yeah, but call them how? First of all, they don't exist any more, and secondly, they never **claimed** to exist in the first place.

Willow looks defeated.

Buffy *getting up* It's so unfair. I mean, i-it's like Big Brother can spy on you all the time, and-and the second I have something to say, no one will listen!

Dawn *muttering* Sounds more like Big Sister.

Willow There has to be a way.

Buffy Like what? Take a tour of the White House and pretend to get lost, and look for some door with a sign on it that says "'Secret Government Monster Hunters"'?

Dawn If they're really spying on you all the time, you just say something so you know they'll hear you. *Buffy looks thoughtful* Like sometimes, I write fake things in my diary in case... *trails off*

Buffy I gotta go. Uh, see you guys later.

She grabs her bag and leaves. Dawn looks over at Willow.

Dawn What'd I say?

Cut to Buffy entering Riley's room. We see a punching bag in the foreground. It's dark.

Buffy Riley?

No one's there. Buffy walks in, closing the door behind her. She picks up the phone and puts it to her ear. We hear a dial tone, alternating with clicking noises.

Buffy *into phone* Riley's in trouble. He needs help. *She hangs up.*

Fast music starts. Cut to Riley playing basketball with a bunch of other guys. They're all yelling. The camera moves very fast, as do the men, giving it all a dizzy frantic feeling. Riley is clearly playing very well. The other men shake their heads as the game ends.

Guy No way, man.

Riley I'm out.

He throws the ball to one of them. He's very sweaty. He turns and walks off.

Riley walks past a bench where a guy is sitting. He glances at the guy, then away.

Riley Graham. *Keeps walking*

Graham Riley. *We see Graham sitting on the bench, talking over his shoulder* Can we talk?

Riley bends over a water fountain and drinks. Graham gets up, gestures to two men standing nearby in button-down shirts.

Graham Agent Goodman, Agent Brown.

Riley walks toward Graham.

Riley So talk.

Graham What's goin' on, man? *Riley shrugs* You gotta get this taken care of immediately. We gotta get you into an operating room.

Riley Very convincing. Makes me completely wanna put myself under government control.

Graham stares Riley down with the two other agents behind him. Riley puts out his hands, in fists, with the wrists together, as if inviting handcuffs.

Riley Please take me where they can make me unconscious and naked.

Graham Hey, you think I'd pull something on you?

Riley You're still in. I'm out. I don't know what orders you're following.

Graham Oh, come on. You know Walsh pumped all those chemicals and crap into us. You got more than anyone. She messed us up bad.

Riley *scornful* And now the government's knocking themselves out to kiss it and make it better.

Graham Riley, I'm tellin' you, you need help. I'm not saying it to trick you.

Riley *shakes head* Maybe you even believe it.

Graham I know it. You don't want this.

Riley You're sure you got the fix for it?

Graham Yeah. We got a guy, a doctor. He's gonna take care of you, and we're going to him now. *Riley nods* I'm not givin' you a choice.

Riley I guess you're not.

Suddenly he punches Graham in the face. The other two agents grab both Riley's arms but he throws one of them off, knees the other one in the stomach and punches him. He blocks a kick from the first one, punches him, clotheslines him, throws the other one to the ground and runs off.

Cut to interior of UC Sunnydale building. We see Buffy talking to Graham amid a crowd of students. Graham's face is bruised.

Buffy So you messed up and now he's gone and when are you even gonna tell me what's wrong with him?

Graham I'm not permitted to say.

Buffy Say.

Graham *sighs* Hyperadrenal overload and a bunch of stuff that sounds even worse than that, and all it means is he's way stronger than he oughta be and feeling no pain. His heart can't take it. We've been at him for weeks about it.

Buffy sighs.

Graham There's a specialist waiting at Sunnydale General, fourth floor neurology. Get Riley there. If you don't—

Buffy I'll get him there.

Graham *nods* I'll tell the doc.

Buffy turns to walk off. Graham watches her go.

Graham Buffy.

She turns back.

Buffy If you tell me to hurry... I'll kick your ass.

She walks off as Graham watches.

Cut to shot of Sunnydale, evening.

Fade to Riley walking through woods, approaching the entrance to a cave and entering it.

Cut to interior of the magic shop. We see Willow and Tara sitting at the round table with Giles standing in the background.

Willow Poor Riley.

Giles Could he have simply gone back to his apartment?

Giles walks toward them and we see Buffy standing beside the table. Xander and Anya are sitting across from Willow and Tara.

Buffy No, he's not at his apartment, he's not at the gym, he's not at the library... he's gone somewhere where he doesn't wanna be found.

Anya So basically he's gone AWOL.

Buffy Basically exactly.

Willow Poor Buffy.

Xander Maybe he just needs some time alone. Like, I had this friend once, who really liked this girl, and... he got all worried that maybe she didn't like him back... *Buffy and Giles look confused* and maybe that made him act like a total jerk. Maybe Riley reminds me of that friend.

Anya smiles.

Willow What are you talking about?

Xander Then again, maybe not. Maybe he just wants attention.

Buffy Well, here's a hot tip, if you want attention?

Be there so people can give it to you.

Anya *softly* I care about you, Xander.

Xander *smiles confusedly* Thanks.

Anya *smiles* Don't be insecure.

Xander *shrugs, shakes his head* Thanks... I won't.

Anya And, I also have this "friend" *making air-quotes* and, uh, I have it on really good authority that she really likes that guy, your "friend" *air-quotes*... and, by the by, my friend—

Buffy You guys, enough! *Anya and Xander look embarrassed* Okay, Riley is in real danger here. *sighs* Anya, Xander, why don't you guys check the docks. *Anya and Xander nod.*

Xander Aye aye.

They get up and leave.

Willow Tara and I can scope out the burned-out school. Riley hid there once. Maybe he... feels it's homey or something.

Buffy *thoughtful* Homey. You know what else he might find homey in a... dank, unpleasant evil sort of way? *Giles sits in Xander's vacated seat* The Initiative caves. I don't know them too well.

Giles *sipping tea* We do have an associate who knows those caves like the back of his... melanin-deprived hand.

Buffy *sighs* I **so** don't want to deal with Spike right now. That guy is really starting to bug me in that special "I wanna shove something wooden through his heart" kinda way.

Willow He does seem extra twitchy lately. Maybe the whole not killing is gettin' to him.

Buffy Plus hanging out all day in that moldy crypt, you just **know** he's doing something nasty.

Cut to Spike sitting with Harmony in the crypt.

Spike Okay, is it bigger than a breadbox?

Harmony *smiling* No. Four left.

Spike So it's smaller than a breadbox.

Harmony *giggling* No! Only three!

Spike *quietly annoyed* Harmony... is it a sodding breadbox?

Harmony *clapping and laughing* Yes! Oh my god! Someone's blondie bear is a twenty-question genius!

Banging on the door. Harmony stops laughing and looks scared.

Harmony She's found me!

She jumps up and runs over to a coffin, climbs into it. Spike follows and slides the lid onto the coffin, then sits on top of it trying to look casual.

Buffy busts the door open and strides in.

Buffy I've got a proposition for you.

Spike *jumping off the coffin* Funny, I've got a proposition for you, what about knocking? *Buffy ignores him, pulling out a wad of cash and unfolding it* Seems only fair since we vamps can't enter your flat

without an invite, you could at least — Say, look at those pretty pieces of paper.

Buffy Riley's sick with some Initiative thing and he's missing. I think he might be in the caves. You find him, bring him to the fourth floor of the hospital, their doctors get to him in time... *holds up the money* you get the cash.

Spike Oh, dear, is the enormous hall monitor sick? Tell me, is he gonna die?

Buffy slaps him across the face.

Buffy He is not the only person that can die.

Spike Hey. I'm just saying, if it's really that important to you, I think I'll get half now.

Buffy looks at the money in her hand. She rips the bills in half, slams one half against Spike's chest, and strides out.

Spike watches her go, then looks down at the half-bills in his hand.

Harmony pushes the coffin lid aside and peeks out.

Harmony So? What'd she say about me?

Cut to hospital corridor. The double-doors open and Graham walks through, walks down the hallway, past a security guard who nods at him. Graham goes through another set of double-doors and enters a lab. The doctor (Dr. Overheiser) is there.

Overheiser Any word?

Graham They'll be here any minute.

Overheiser looks at a folder in his hand.

Graham That's soon enough, right? I mean, if we bring him in now?

Overheiser I'll be honest. I'm not sure it's soon enough if you brought him in yesterday.

Knock on the door. Graham turns.

Graham Finally.

He opens the door to see the security guard apparently standing there. Then the guard falls forward, his head hitting Graham's. Graham falls back and the guard falls on top of him as we see Harmony walking in behind the dead guard. Overheiser looks up in alarm. Spike follows Harmony in, carrying a crossbow. He tosses it to Harmony, who catches it and points it at the doctor, letting the tip of the arrow touch his cheek.

Spike You got yourself a new patient, doc.

Blackout.

Part 3

Fade in on Buffy walking in the woods, holding a flashlight. It's dark. She finds the cave entrance that Riley used earlier, and walks in.

Exterior shot of a college building.

Cut to interior of a room with several tiers of chairs. The door opens and Spike enters, followed by Overheiser and then Harmony with the crossbow.

Overheiser Look, you don't understand. This is a complicated neurological procedure and I've never performed it before.

They walk down the steps, past rows of seats, into a surgical theatre.

Spike Little performance anxiety, eh doc? *Takes off his jacket, sits on the operating table* Butterflies in the old belly? Harm, do us a favor. Shoot the nasty butterflies for the good doctor. *Overheiser looks from Harmony to Spike and moves toward the operating table* There you go. It's not so complicated. Just do whatever those Initiative lab monkeys did, only backwards.

Harmony sits on a nearby counter.

Overheiser This is a medical school, not a proper operating facility, these instruments... *gesturing at the tray of instruments*

Spike *sighs* They look pointy enough. They'll do.

He lies back on the table with his hands behind his head.

Overheiser You're not listening. That chip is deeply imbedded in your cerebral cortex. Removing it could leave you a vegetable.

Spike That's not gonna happen, mate. See, I have faith in your survival instinct.

He looks significantly over at Harmony. Overheiser looks too. Harmony smiles and lifts the crossbow.

Spike *smiling* Yeah. You'll have me up and killing before the night's over. *Note: although it sounds like "killing," and the closed-captions say "killing," his lips clearly say "fighting."*

Overheiser looks apprehensive. Spike continues to grin.

Spike Come on, doc! *nudges the doctor with his foot* You'll do me right. Nothing bad'll happen to you.

Suddenly an arrow flies across the room, narrowly missing the doctor, and lodging in the wall opposite. Spike and Overheiser look at it, startled, then look over at Harmony.

Harmony Oops. *grinning apologetically* String was slippery.

Cut to exterior shot of the burned-out old Sunnydale High School building.

Willow VO calling Riley!

Cut to inside. Willow and Tara walking through the rubble.

Tara This place kinda creeps me out.

Willow You shoulda been here when it was a school. *calls Riley!*

They walk on, very slowly, looking nervous.

Willow Oof. Darkness.

Tara Piles of it. We shoulda brought a flashlight.

Willow Ooh! I know! *reaches into her bag* Better to light a candle than curse the damn darkness. *Smiles. Pulls a small bottle out of her bag* A little spell. *Shows it to Tara* **Fiat lux!** *Latin, translation: "let there be light"*

Willow throws the bottle at the ground. There's a big burst of flame and then the entire area is lit with a soft diffuse light.

Tara Wow.

Willow There, that's better.

Tara stares at her in amazement.

Willow calling Riley! Come on out!

She begins to walk again. Tara follows, still staring.

Tara How'd you do that? With the light?

Willow Oh, you know. You taught me.

TARA I taught you teeny Tinkerbell light.

Willow Okay, so I... tinkered with the Tinkerbell. It was easy. And besides, isn't this better than... using a flashlight like some kind of doofus?

Cut to Buffy with a flashlight, walking through the caves, calling.

Buffy Riley? Riley, answer me. *mutters softly* Please.

She walks on. Pan across the rocks, with vines growing on them. We hear a repetitive knocking noise.

Buffy Riley?

She rounds a corner and finds Riley punching the rock wall. There's a large cavity in the wall where he's clearly been punching for some time. He's shiny with sweat and looks tired.

Riley not looking at Buffy You know, this doesn't even hurt.

Buffy Your hand is bleeding.

Riley looks at her Don't feel a thing.

He moves to punch the wall again but Buffy stops him.

Buffy This stops now. I'm taking you to the doctor.

Riley The one from the government, you mean? Like the ones who did this to me in the first place?

Puts up a hand in a "no thanks" gesture and backs away

Buffy *moving toward him* He's the only one that understands what's wrong with you. He's the only one that can help.

Riley What's wrong with me? I'm more powerful than I've ever been, Buffy. Most people would kill to feel this way.

Buffy Yeah, and this feeling is **going** to kill you. Riley, your body was not built for this kind of strength—

Riley I can handle it. This is my deal, Buffy, just... back off.

He walks past her. She turns to watch him.

Buffy What is this?

He stops walking, turns back to her.

Buffy What's happening to you?

Riley I go back... let the government get whimsical with my innards again... They could do anything that—Best-case scenario, they turn me into Joe Normal, just... *sighs* Just another guy.

Buffy And that's not enough for you?

Riley It's not enough for **you**.

Buffy Why would you say that?

Riley Come on. Your last boyfriend wasn't exactly a civilian.

Buffy So that's what this is about? You're going to die, all over some macho pissing contest.

Riley *shakes his head* It's not about him. It's about us. *Buffy shakes her head, not understanding* You're getting stronger every day, more powerful. I can't touch you. Every day, you're just ... a little further out of my reach.

Buffy You wanna touch me? *walks toward him* I'm right here. I'm not the one running away.

Riley Not yet.

Buffy So you have this all figured out? I'm bailing because you're not in the super club.

Riley *shrugs* It's human nature.

Buffy *angrily* Don't Psych 101 me. *Riley looks away* Not now. Not after everything that... Nobody has ever known me the way you do. Nobody. *Riley doesn't look at her* I've opened up to you in ways that I've never opened up to... God, you're just sitting back there thinking that none of this means anything to me.

Riley *still not looking at her* I never said that.

Buffy *teary-eyed* Because it obviously doesn't mean anything to you. Do you really think so little of

me—

Riley Buffy.

Buffy No! No. Do you think that I spent the last year with you because you had super powers? If that's what I wanted, then I'd be dating Spike. *quietly* Riley, I need you. *He looks at her, looks apprehensive* I need you with me... and I need you healthy. But if you wanna throw it all away because you don't trust me, then... *firms* then I'm still gonna make you go to that doctor.

Riley looks at her, looks away. He sighs.

Riley Take me to him.

Buffy nods.

Buffy We have to hurry.

She strides past him, but he grabs her arm and turns her to face him.

Riley Loving you is the scariest thing I've ever done, Buffy.

Buffy I don't know why.

She puts her hand over his heart.

Buffy The doctor said we didn't have much time.

They walk off.

Cut to Spike on the operating table. A sheet lies vertically over the top of his head, and his eyes are closed. As the camera pulls back we see the doctor wearing rubber gloves, working on Spike's head. Harmony comes into view, walking behind Overheiser.

Harmony I read in a magazine that some women think a man's real sex organ is his brain.

She leans next to the doctor and looks at where his hands are.

Harmony Yecch! No contest. I mean, look at it. It's so... pink and wriggly-looking. *grins suddenly; to the doctor* Can I touch it?

Spike's eyes pop open.

Spike/Overheiser *unison* No!

Harmony *looking over at Spike's face* Oh my god, you're awake?

Overheiser Local anesthetic.

Harmony Wow, Spikey, how does it feel?

Spike Like someone's cutting into my brain with a knife, you silly bint.

Harmony looks back at Spike's brain.

Harmony *to doctor* You know what it means that he can't hurt any living thing? It means he can't even pick flowers.

Spike What? Yes I can!

Overheiser *softly* Please be quiet.

Everyone is quiet for a moment. Then Harmony points at Spike's brain again.

Harmony Is it supposed to do that?

Overheiser Please. For god's sake, please, be quiet.

Harmony Listen, buster. I don't see a crossbow in **your** hands, okay?

Spike Harmony, if your incessant prattling bolloxes up this operation, I'm gonna personally yank out your pink and wriggly tongue.

Overheiser looks at Harmony.

Harmony What are you looking at?

Cut to the hospital room. Riley and Buffy come through the double-doors and find the security guard and Graham on the floor.

Buffy Uh-oh.

Buffy bends over the guard while Riley goes to Graham.

Riley Graham. Graham. *Helps him sit up.* Riley holds up two fingers How many fingers I got?

Graham Seventeen.

Riley and Buffy exchange a concerned look.

Graham Hostile 17 and a blonde girl.

Buffy sighs Spike and Harmony, together again.

Riley helps Graham stand up. They look around.

Giles Where's Dr. Overheiser?

Buffy Uh, Spike must have taken him. What would Spike want with—*The clue hits* The chip. He's gonna force the doctor to remove the chip from his brain.

Riley bends over and puts his hands on his knees, panting. He's pale and sweaty.

Buffy Riley?

Riley straightens up, breathlessly I'm okay. Okay.

Graham to Buffy We're running out of time. We don't find the medic soon, he's not gonna make it.

Buffy thinking fast Okay, okay, brain surgery. He, he's gonna need a medical facility, he-he's gonna need, uh, uh, equipment...

Graham This is a big hospital.

Buffy No, uh-uh, he wouldn't do it here. It's too risky. We'll split up. Graham, get on the horn, or the... pipe, or whatever you guys get on, I-I want you to check animal hospitals, doctors' offices...

Graham walks to the door. Riley stops him.

Riley Hey, about before...

Graham We're good. Apologize later, if you're not dead.

He leaves. Riley looks nervously at Buffy. She walks toward him.

Buffy firmly You are **not** going to die.

Riley Bet you say that to all the boys.

Buffy No. There is one peroxided pest whose number is up. *They start to walk off* When I get my hands on Spike, I'm gonna rip his head off, I'm gonna...

Cut to closeup of Spike's face. He's still on the operating table.

Spike ... bathe in the slayer's blood. Gonna dive in it. *with relish* Swim in it.

Shot of Overheiser and Harmony behind the sheet, staring at Spike's brain. Harmony is smoking another cigarette.

Spike I'm gonna do the bloody backstroke.

Harmony blows out smoke, which drifts toward Spike's face. She begins to jump up and down.

Harmony I see it, Spike! I see the chip! It's nestled in there like... a pretty little Easter egg with your brain all around it like that green plastic grassy stuff... only this is more a beige, like—

Overheiser Would you please put out that cigarette? It's really not allowed.

Harmony Oh yeah? Says who?

The doctor turns to look pointedly at the NO SMOKING sign on the wall.

Harmony Oh god, sorry! Didn't see the sign!

She turns away to put out the cigarette. The doctor turns and drops something into a dish. It makes a metallic clinking noise.

Overheiser The chip's out. *Harmony squeals excitedly* Didn't think I could do it, I just... it's out.

Spike Yeah?

Harmony jumping up and down, clapping Yay! Yay for Spikey!

Spike Right then. *determinedly* Stitch me up, doc. Got places to go. And slayers to kill.

Blackout.

Part I

Fade in on Harmony holding the crossbow. Pan across to Spike, sitting up while the doctor puts a few last stitches in his head.

Spike Listen to me. My stomach's growling, I'm so

starved. *The doc looks nervous, begins to apply a bandage* I'm afraid I'm gonna have to have me a little snack.

Overheiser looks very nervous. Spike turns his head

to speak over his shoulder.

Spike Oh, don't worry. I won't fill up on the bread. I'll still have plenty of room for the main course.

The door opens and Buffy walks in, followed by Riley.

Spike *fiercely* Slayer!

He jumps off the table. Harmony moves to stand beside him, holding the crossbow. Buffy and Riley stand side-by-side. Faceoff. The doctor tries to sidle around toward the door.

Spike morphs into vampire face.

Spike Suit up, Harm.

Harmony morphs into vampire face.

Buffy turns to stop the doc as he tries to leave.

Buffy Stay here. *She pushes him so he falls to the floor* We're gonna need you.

Spike Buffy. I swear I was just thinking of you. I wanted to tell you the great news. My head's all clear now. No more bug-zapper in my noggin.

Buffy That means I get to kill you.

Spike You get to try.

The standoff continues. Suddenly the crossbow goes off and the arrow flies, landing in Riley's leg. Buffy looks over at him. Riley doesn't seem to react.

Harmony Oops.

Riley storms toward her. She moves toward him. He brushes the crossbow out of her hands.

Buffy punches Spike in the face.

Riley throws Harmony down on the operating table, picks her up and throws her against a wall full of equipment.

Buffy punches Spike in the face a few more times; he stumbles back against the operating table.

Riley punches Harmony, throws her across the room, leans against a counter panting. He turns as Harmony shoves a wheeled chair toward him. He trips over it and goes down. Harmony kicks him in the face.

Spike jumps up onto the operating table and grins down at Buffy. In the background we can still see and hear Riley and Harmony exchanging blows.

Spike At long last.

He leaps on top of Buffy, carrying her to the ground and landing on top of her. He pins her hands down and bends to bite her neck. Buffy struggles.

Spike gives a yell of pain and jerks backward. Buffy punches him, then shoves him off her so he lands next to the doctor. Spike looks angrily at Overheiser, who looks scared.

Riley punches Harmony in the face; she kicks him away. He starts toward her again but stops, grabbing his chest and groaning in pain.

Buffy Riley!

Riley stumbles against a metal table and falls down with it on top of him. Harmony looks at her fist, then runs off.

Buffy crawls over to Riley and puts her hands on his chest.

Buffy Riley.

Spike gets up and opens the container where the doctor supposedly put his chip. He takes out a penny from inside it.

Spike *looking at doctor* A penny?

Overheiser *getting up* I told you I couldn't do it.

Buffy Oh god. Doctor! Doctor, we need you **now**!

The doctor rushes to lift the table off of Riley as Spike and Harmony move to the door. Spike grabs his jacket and pauses to look back, then turns and leaves.

Buffy and the doctor lift Riley up to a sitting position. Cut to exterior graveyard, night. Spike and Harmony run between the trees and gravestones.

Spike Buffy, Buffy, Buffy! Everywhere I turn, she's there! That nasty little face, that... bouncing shampoo-commercial hair, that whole sodding holier-than-thou attitude.

Harmony Well, aren't we kinda unholy, by the—

Spike She follows me, you know, tracks me down. I'm her pet project. Drive Spike round the bend. Makes every day a fresh bout of torture.

He stops running, picks up a headstone and throws it against another. Harmony cringes as the dust showers her.

Harmony Spike!

Spike You don't understand. I can't get rid of her. She's everywhere. She's haunting me, Harmony!

He grabs her upper arms. She looks very scared. Spike stares at her, slowly calms down.

Spike *quietly* This... has got to end.

Cut to Riley lying on the operating table, with the doctor putting a bandage on his chest. Buffy walks in.

Overheiser All patched up.

Overheiser exits and Riley sits up. We see that in addition to being shirtless, he's also only wearing half a pair of jeans – the other pant-leg was cut away to help get the arrow out of his leg. Another bandage is wrapped around his thigh. He picks up his shirt

and begins to put it on. Buffy puts one hand on Riley's good leg and lightly touches the bandage on his chest with her other hand.

Buffy How's it goin' in there?

Riley Good. Back to normal.

Buffy leans her head against his chest to listen to his heartbeat.

Buffy Yep.

He strokes her hair. She leans back and takes his bruised hand in hers, pulling his hand to her heart.

Buffy And see... I'm still touchable.

Riley *nods* Give me a week or so to heal, and... I'll take full advantage of that fact.

Buffy smiles, still holding his hand

Buffy Are you gonna be okay? 'Cause I should really go check on my mom.

Riley looks up at her.

Riley Yeah. Yeah, go ahead. I'll be fine.

Buffy I'll talk to you later.

He nods. She leans up and kisses him softly, then turns away.

Shot of Riley's hands as Buffy pulls her out of his grasp and leaves.

Shot of Riley watching her go, looking pensive.

Cut to Riley and Graham walking down the hall in a dorm or frat building. Riley has a noticeable limp. Graham's face is still bruised.

Graham It's a good thing Buffy found you when she did, 'cause you were about to detonate big-time. Always said she's pretty impressive.

Riley You know, she really is.

Graham But you know you don't belong here, right? *Keeps walking and talking although Riley has stopped walking and is staring at his back* This town? I mean, you're nothin' here.

Riley Hey. *Graham stops walking, turns to look at him* What are you saying?

Graham Come on, man. You know it's true. There's nothing for you here.

Riley There's her.

Graham Okay, right, there's her. And? You used to have a mission, and now you're what? The mission's boyfriend? Mission's true love?

Riley looks at the floor, then walks on, past Graham.

Graham You belong with us.

Riley doesn't reply, keeps walking. Graham watches him go.

Cut to Spike's crypt. Spike is sleeping in his chair. Banging noises. Spike opens his eyes and gets up as the door flies open and Buffy walks in.

Spike Should have known it's you. Been nearly six hours.

Buffy Well, it would've been less if I wasn't busy cleaning up your mess.

Spike My mess? I just **borrowed** the doc. The mess is yours, Slayer. Yours and the boy's.

Buffy I'm done.

She takes a stake from her back pocket and walks toward Spike. He looks surprised.

Buffy Spike, you're a killer. And I shoulda done this **years** ago.

Spike looks her in the eye.

Spike You know what? Do it. Bloody just do it.

Buffy What?

Spike End... my... torment. Seeing you, every day, everywhere I go, every time I turn around. Take me... out of a world ... that has you in it! *Yanks off his shirt and throws it aside* Just kill me!

Buffy stares at him, then raises her stake and lunges. Spike winces, but she stops at the last minute. They stare into each other's eyes.

Suddenly Spike grabs Buffy by the upper arms and kisses her passionately. She returns the kiss. It goes on for a moment and then Buffy pulls back with a little noise of dismay, bringing her hand to her mouth. She stares at Spike and he stares back, both panting. The stake is gone from her hand.

Slowly Buffy drops her hand from her mouth and walks back to Spike, putting both her hands to the back of his head and pulling him down toward her. They kiss again, very passionate. Spike brings his hands up to clutch her back, kissing her cheek and the side of her neck.

Buffy *panting* Spike... I want you.

Spike *muffled against her neck* Buffy, I love you. *He pulls back. Closeup of Buffy staring at him.*

Spike OS God, I love you so much.

Cut to Spike sitting up in bed with a gasp.

Shot of Harmony sleeping in the bed next to him.

Shot of Spike sitting up in the bed, looking horrified, while Harmony continues to sleep.

Spike Oh, god, no.

Closeup of Spike's face.

Spike Please, no.

Blackout. The sound of Spike panting continues as the producer credit appears.

Executive Producer Joss Whedon.

No Place Like Home

Written by **Douglas Petrie** — Directed by **David Solomon**
Prologue

Int. Czech Republic, Monastery, Corridor, Night
Two Monks race down the corridor, panicked, throwing terrified glances behind them. They clutch religious items in their arms: books, candles, incense. One of the monks stumbles, dropping a censer of incense. His companion helps him up and they continue their flight down the candlelit hallway. The monks careen through a set of massive wooden doors and slam them shut. They slide a beam the size of a tree trunk across the doorway.

Title Card: Two Months Ago

Int., Czech Republic, Monastery, Great Hall, Night
As he beam slides home, one of the monks calls fearfully to the other in Czech.

Monk #2 subtitle It's coming. It's going to kill us!

Monk subtitle Our lives aren't important. We have to protect the Key.

The two monks race to the center of the great room and join a third senior member of their order. They kneel on the floor before the Senior Monk, around several lit candles and magick talismans.

Senior Monk subtitle Help me perform the ritual.
All three monks extend their arms and begin chanting. As they speak the ancient words, a tremendous crash echoes through the monastery and the massive wooden door trembles in its frame. As the junior monks glance fearfully at the door, the elder admonishes them.

Senior Monk subtitle Concentrate. Concentrate.
The ritual resumes and a breeze springs up inside the chamber. The relentless pounding on the door continues; the crossbeam starts to splinter.

Suddenly, a bright flash of light leaps from the center of their circle. Then all goes dark as the door finally gives way and shatters, blasted into the room in pieces.

Dissolve to

Ext., Sunnydale Industrial District, Factory Lot, Night

Fade in

On a sign mounted on a chain link fence

PRIVATE PROPERTY
NO TRESPASSING
VIOLATORS WILL BE PROSECUTED

Title Card: Now

Buffy flies into frame and slams against the sign. She ducks just as a vampire's fist smashes into it where her head was an instant before. The Vampire is a huge, burley Hell's Angel biker-type and he looms menacingly over Buffy.

Biker Vampire I've always wanted to kill the Slayer.

Buffy And I've always wanted piano lessons. So really, who's surprised we have all this unexpressed rage?

Buffy punctuates her words with blow after blow, knocking the hulking vampire back several feet. He retaliates with a brutal punch to her face, sending her reeling. She blocks a second blow and wrenches the demon's arm behind his back and flattens him against the fence.

Buffy But honestly? I think I'm expressing mine better. Tell you what... you find yourself a good anger management class...

The vampire throws her off but she slams him back into the fence again and whips out a stake.

Buffy And I'll jam this pokey wood stick through your heart.

Before the vampire can react, Buffy stakes him to dust and slips the stake back into her coat.

Buffy to herself I think that sets the world speed record for closure.

Man o.s. Hey!

A bright light shines in Buffy's eyes as she turns to see the factory night watchman approaching.

Night Watchman Miss, if you're looking for one of those rave parties, I'm afraid you're late. Chased a bunch of kids out of here last night.

Buffy covers Oh, right. Yeah. Darn. My fellow ravers will be so disappointed. It was my turn to bring the Bundt cake.

Night Watchman You know, if it was my call, I'd let you do whatever you want. It's not like anybody's using this place or nothin'. But they just don't pay me enough to argue with the boss so...

Buffy Already gone!

She turns to leave but the guard stops her.

Night Watchman Oh, hey! Hold it, miss. Take your... whatever this is with you.

He bends over, picks up a glowing yellow orb and hands it to Buffy, who looks at it curiously.

Buffy Thank you.

Night Watchman Glow balls, huh? *laughs* I swear, I don't get your generation. What is that thing?

Buffy *distracted* I'll let you know as soon as I find out.

She turns and walks off into the night.

Opening credit sequence.

Act I

Int., Summers Home, Kitchen, Day

Buffy is preparing a breakfast tray for her mother. Dawn enters, smiling.

Buffy Dawn, touch nothing.

Dawn Who died and made you the Iron Chef?

Buffy Look, Mom's sick and I made her a nice non-instant breakfast for once. And I don't need you...

Dawn knocks over the rose vase on the tray.

Dawn Oops!

Buffy ... doing that.

Joyce *enters in her bathrobe, smiling.*

Joyce Oh! Check out the "Pamper Mom" platter. *to Dawn* You two do all this?

Dawn Oh, Buffy helped.

Buffy can't believe her sister.

Buffy I didn't "help"...

Joyce I'm sure you did. *sits down* So neither of you is pregnant, failing or under indictment? *off their looks* Just checking.

Buffy We knew you were feeling less-than-great so...

Joyce Yeah, the headaches they said would go away came back and brought some friends along with.

Buffy Well, what did the doctor say?

Joyce Oh, take four of some-pills a day and come back for tests.

Buffy So they don't know what's wrong?

Joyce Not yet.

Buffy Well, that's unacceptable. I think we should get a second opinion.

Joyce Well, we need a first opinion first, honey.

Buffy Okay, we'll go right now.

Joyce Buffy, I know you're concerned, okay? But don't be. I'm still the mom. Which means I get to worry about you two. Which is a good thing because you're a Vampire Slayer. *pulls Dawn onto her lap* And you... you are my little punkin' belly!

Dawn *embarrassed* Oh, Mom! That's like my kid name.

Joyce So I can't be retro?

Buffy notes Joyce and Dawn's easy camaraderie and feels a little excluded.

Buffy Did you ever have any names for me?

Joyce No... I think you were always just Buffy.

Dawn I got some names for ya...

Buffy is hurt but covers. Joyce suddenly remembers something.

Joyce *to Buffy* What are you doing hanging around here? Isn't this Giles' big day?

Buffy Oh! Bigger than big. It's his grand opening.

Joyce So go. Bring me back a... I don't know... a flying broomstick or something.

Dawn Those never really work.

Joyce Whatever. Book club tonight?

Dawn Uh-huh.

Buffy You guys have a book club? *off their looks* Okay, I'm gonna go. I will be back later. *to Joyce* What time is your doctor's appointment? *off her exasperated look* I just want to know... take it easy. I want you to relax all day, keep your feet up, plenty of Oprah.

Dawn Plus you can check my rain forest report and you know there's like eighty bazillion old board games—

Buffy grabs Dawn by the arm and drags her out of the house.

Dawn Hey! You said I couldn't come.

Buffy Changed my mind.

Cut to

Int., The Magic Box, Day

Buffy enters and glances up at the quaint bell that rings when she opens the door. She strolls into the store, taking in the curios and knickknacks lining the shelves. The store is quiet and empty. She looks up to find Giles standing serenely in the center of the store, dressed in a spangled purple robe and pointed purple warlock's cap. Giles smiles at Buffy cheerily who merely stares him down. Finally, he drops the façade and shrugs out of the costume just as Dawn bursts through the door behind Buffy, gasping for breath.

Dawn *to Buffy* I told you you couldn't ditch me! looks around Whoa... Mr. Giles! This place is so... wow. I mean, check out all the magick junk.

Giles Our new slogan...

Dawn So when's it open? You know, for customers?

Giles Since nine this morning, actually.

Buffy Dawn. Go. Browse. And—

Dawn "‘You break it, you bought it.’" Heard you the first sixty times.

Dawn wanders into the recesses of the store to check the place out.

Giles to Buffy Still, not to worry. No, I've got feelings about this place. Magick's a small niche market but... well, think about it. Sunnydale... monsters... supply and demand. They'll be lining up around the block in no time.

Buffy Yeah. You'll be making money hand over fist. *Suddenly puzzled, she holds her hand over her fist.*

Buffy Which I guess is a good thing.

Giles You all right? You seem a little distracted.

Buffy It's just my mom's still sick and we have no idea what the deal is.

Giles She is getting medical attention?

Buffy Yeah. We have a highly trained medical staff working 'round the clock to tell us diddly.

Giles I'm sorry. Still, you know, time and patience... both great comforts—

The bell jingles as Willow and Riley enter. Willow runs in, excited.

Willow Giles! Where's your hat and cloak?

Riley Yeah, the hype was out of control.

Dawn to Willow Willow! You gotta see this. They have the coolest talismens... mans... talisguys. I—

Buffy interrupts Actually, I have a little Scooby-centric deal to deal with first.

Buffy reaches into her bag and removes the glowing yellow globe.

Buffy I put this before the group. What the hell is it?

Giles It appears to be paranormal in origin.

Willow How can you tell?

Giles Well, it's so shiny.

Buffy Found it on patrol.

She hands the object to Giles.

Riley May be more where that came from. I say we go back out again tonight.

Buffy Um... sure.

Dawn to Riley You can't patrol. Buffy said.

Buffy No, I didn't.

Dawn Yeah, remember? You said it'd be easier if you didn't have to look out for anybody.

Buffy nervous Well, I wasn't talking about Riley.

Riley Don't worry about it.

Dawn Oh, she just said you look even cuter when you're all weak and kitteny and she'd better go solo or you'd get hurt. So welcome to the club. She'll never let me go either.

Buffy is mortified and furious. Giles, Willow and Riley look away, uncomfortable. Dawn finally registers the awkward silence.

Dawn What? What?

Riley Giles, you got that danger room set up out back? I'm feeling the need for a little physical rehab about now.

Giles hands the globe to Willow.

Giles to Riley Of course, yes. *to Willow* If any customers do—

Willow On it.

Buffy Dawn, we're going.

Dawn knows she's in trouble and heads out, dejected. Willow stops Buffy before she leaves.

Willow Buffy, wait. Go easy on her.

Buffy Why?

Willow I can't help it. I just have all this involuntary empathy for Dawn. 'Cause she's, you know, a big spaz.

All of Buffy's pent-up frustrations suddenly pour out.

Buffy She's so annoying. Especially now that Mom's sick. She's all over her while I have to be the grown-up and the two of them are like the Giggle Twins and why can't I ever be L'il Punkin' Belly?

Willow While I don't feel qualified to address the last part, I can tell you that Dawn's not just the youngest, she's the baby and maybe your mom needs that right now.

Buffy Dawn doesn't care what my mom... *beat* You just have no idea how much I wish I were an only child these days.

The crash of breaking glass comes from the rear of the store.

Dawn o.s. Oops!

Buffy winces and looks knowingly at Willow.

Cut to

Int., Summers Home, Foyer, Day

Buffy and Dawn enter, Dawn still going on about the incident at the shop.

Dawn We can't all be born with big, fancy, Chosen One reflexes, you know.

Buffy Shh! Mom?

A soft moan comes from the living room.

Int., Summers Home, Living Room, Day

Buffy and Dawn rush to Joyce, who is lying on the couch in obvious distress.

Buffy Mom!

Dawn What's wrong?

Joyce *weak* It's just my head.

Buffy I'm taking you to the doctor.

Joyce No, sweetheart. I'm fine.

Buffy We don't know that. We don't know anything. We're going.

Joyce I just need my prescription. Please?

Buffy picks up the slip and stands.

Buffy Hospital pharmacy open?

Joyce Mmm-hmm.

Buffy Ten minutes.

She heads out.

Cut to

Int., Sunnydale Hospital, Pharmacy Counter, Day
The technician hands Buffy a bottle of pills and she turns to leave, examining the bottle as she goes. She passes two orderlies and a nurse wheeling a patient down the corridor on a gurney. Ben, the nurse, calls out to Buffy, stopping her.

Ben Hey! It's Buffy, isn't it?

She looks at him, confused.

Ben Ben... but you can call me man-nurse. Everybody else here does.

Suddenly the patient sits up, struggling to get off the gurney. It's the factory night watchman from the night before.

Night Watchman I don't belong here. I have important instructions. Fascists!

Ben pushes him back down while the orderlies fasten his restraints.

Ben Now you're hurting the nice orderly who's here to help you. *to nurse* I need nine cc's of Phenobarbital in this guy n—

Buffy steps up and slams the man down onto the gurney with one arm and effortlessly holds him there.

Ben *amazed* Or not. *to orderlies* Now let's strap him. *to patient* For your own good, I promise. *to Buffy* You know, not to be rampantly sexist in the workplace, but you've got some serious muscles for a girl.

Buffy I... um...

Ben Radioactive spider bite.

Buffy How'd you guess?

Ben I'm a doctor—well, almost.

The night watchman seizes Buffy's arm and looks at the medicine bottle she's holding.

Night Watchman Doesn't even help. Doesn't make a damn bit of difference!

Buffy *to Ben* I've met this guy. He's a security guard. He's not crazy.

Ben If you say so...

Night Watchman *to Buffy* They're coming at you. Don't think you're above it, missy. They come through the family! They get to your family!

Buffy My family? What do you mean?

He lets go of her arm and the pill bottle falls to the floor.

Ben *to orderlies* Let's get him to Exam One. Now would be nice.

Buffy stares after him as the orderlies wheel him out.

Ben picks up Buffy's pills and hands them to her.

Ben I'm real sorry about that. Here. For your mom?

Buffy Yeah, thanks.

Ben She's not feeling better?

Buffy Not yet but she will be. I'm starting to figure out what's wrong.

Cut to

Int., Sunnydale Industrial District, Factory, Day
The same factory where Buffy found the glowing orb. A voice echoes in the cavernous chamber, speaking in Czech.

Man *o.s.; subtitle* God help me!

Pan down to reveal the monk from the Czech monastery crouched on the floor amid a circle of lit candles and magickal icons similar to the one we saw before. He's marking locations on a map of Sunnydale.

Suddenly, a deep boom reverberates through the factory and he looks up fearfully at the tempered steel door. The massive portal shudders as it's struck by some titanic force from outside.

Monk The Beast!

The pounding continues and the steel buckles inward with each blow. The door suddenly flies into the room, taking a good portion of the surrounding wall with it.

When the dust settles, Glory, an attractive blond woman in a form-fitting red dress stands incongruously amid the rubble. She strides into the room and smiles manically at the monk who cringes in fear.

Glory There you are. I have been looking all over for you.

Fade out

Act II

Int., The Magic Box, Day

Giles hands a couple their purchase with a smile.

Giles Thank you for choosing to shop at The Magic Box and please do come again.

Willow stands at the counter, perusing an ancient tome. Giles waits until the couple leaves the store, then bounds over to her, giddy.

Giles Did you see that? Customers! Real, live customers! They came in and I gave them things and they gave me money and then they left! It's brilliant! *He jumps back to the cash register to deposit the cash.*

Willow Congratulations. You're an official capitalist running dog. But I gotta tell ya... on the orbular front? We're batting zeroes.

Giles Well, we'll just have to keep trying.

A group of customers enters and begins browsing. Giles calls out to them.

Giles If there's anything you need help with, let me know.

One of the customers is Anya who stops at the main display table, examining the items. She picks up a small bag of dust and carries it over to Giles.

Anya Your conjuring powder is grotesquely overpriced.

Giles Anya...

Anya I'm sorry. I'm nearly out of money. I've never had to afford things before and it's making me bitter.

Giles The change is palpable. That stuff doesn't come cheap.

Anya Well, you're getting ripped off. I could hook you up with the troll that sheds it.

Buffy runs in, flustered.

Buffy Giles, I have an idea what's making my mom sick.

Giles Have you spoken with her doctors?

Buffy They won't find anything. What's hurting her—it's supernatural. *picks up the orb* The night watchman who found this thing? He went crazy—like overnight.

Willow, Giles and Anya back away cautiously.

Buffy It won't hurt us. I had it on me all night. But this guy, he saw things... he said things.

Giles Such as?

Buffy They'll come at me through my family.

Giles Who will?

Buffy I don't know... yet. But whatever touched this guy, it made him see through what the rest of us are seeing. He knew someone's hurting my mom and they're trying to get to me.

Giles It's possible but still... the ramblings of a madman aren't much to go on.

Buffy Yeah, but it's a start. We need to find out who's making my mom sick and how.

Willow Then what?

Buffy Then I hunt them... find them... and kill them.

Cut to

Int., Sunnydale Industrial District, Factory, Day

Glory has the monk tied to a chair and gagged. He's been beaten severely. She paces around him while she talks, frequently getting right up in his terrified face.

Glory You know, when you think about it, I'm the victim here. First off, I don't even want to be here. And I'm not talking about this room or this city or this state or this planet. I'm talking about the whole mortal coil now, you know? It's disgusting! The food... the clothes... the people. I could crap a better existence than this. *beat* But... okay—and feel free to tell me if this next part gets a little too personal, because I'm told I have boundary issues—but I'm hurt! Yes, by your incredibly selfish behavior. Newsflash, hairdo: it's not always about you. All I want is the Key! Why? Why can't you tell me where the Key is? *beat; realizes* Oh! Forgive me... monkey. Sometimes I just... I get so anxious—like there's something deep inside of me and it's swelling up and it's making me crazy!—that I forget there's all that duct tape on your face!

Glory rips the tape off violently and smiles at him. It's clear now that she's insane.

Glory Now... tell me where the Key is.

Glory shoves her knuckles into the monk's eyes and wrenches his nose.

Glory Or I'm going bowling.

She holds him there, sputtering in pain, then releases him.

Glory It's okay, it's okay, it's okay! The stutter's sexy. Keep it coming.

The monk stares at her for a beat then whispers in Czech.

Monk Zabbij me... zabbij me. *transl.* Kill me... kill me.

Glory stands up, enraged.

Glory Josve novem svete, tak prohoba speak American! *transl.* We're in the New World now so please, for God's sake, speak American!

Monk I... will tell you... *spits* nothing.

The monk glowers at her, scared but defiant. Glory sighs and suddenly seems on the verge of tears.

Glory Fine. You know what I wish? I wish that you could feel what I'm feeling right now.

She backs away from the monk and we now see a Security Guard chained to a steam pipe behind her. He hunches over, terrified.

Guard Lady, whatever you are... whatever you're on, please.

Glory ignores him 'Cause I don't know how much more of this I can take.

Guard I have a wife. Her name's Jennifer. We have two daughters.

Glory is in her own world. Her focus is on the monk. She pays no attention to the guard.

Glory to monk I bet this is fun for you, isn't it? Say it. Why? You don't even own the damn thing and I want it, I need it and I gotta have it now and you keep refusing to tell me where the Key is!

Glory starts to come apart mentally.

Glory It's typical! The whole mortal meatsack comes complete with stink and bile sweat and protein. Yes, I said humans! Not now, Mommy's talking! Wriggling, piling, prowling, crawling, clowning, cavorting, doing it over and over and over and over until someone's gonna sit down on their tuffet and make this birthing stop!

With a strangled cry of despair, Glory puts her fingers on either side of the hapless guard's head. White light flares and his eyes go wide with shock and pain. He collapses to the floor, whimpering and gasping, while Glory takes a deep breath and stands, calm and refreshed.

Glory Ahh... that is so much better.

Cut to

Int., The Magic Box, Day

The shop is bustling with customers now. Anya is working the register and Buffy and Willow are at the counter, busily researching. A Customer approaches Willow with an antique hourglass.

Customer Do you gift wrap?

Willow Do we! *to Anya* Do we? *Anya nods* Oh! We do. Little help...

Giles is desperately trying to manage the customers and answer a flurry of questions.

Giles No, no. Ground cloven hooves are 30% off. The whole ones are full price. *turns around* That's not... candy!

He looks up with relief as Xander enters the store.

Giles Xander! There's too many of them... people! And they all seem to want things.

Xander I hear ya. Stay British. You'll be okay.

He pats Giles on the shoulder then heads over to Anya.

Xander The thousand-yard stare. Damn! You hate to see it on any man but especially in retail.

Anya wraps up a woman's purchase and hands it to her.

Anya to woman Please go.

The woman walks away, shaking her head.

Xander Anya, the Shopkeeper's Union of America called. They wanted me to tell you that "please go" just got replaced with "have a nice day".

Anya But I have their money. Who cares what kind of day they have?

Xander No one. It's just a long cultural tradition of raging insincerity. Embrace it.

Anya calls out to her customer.

Anya Hey, you! Have a nice day.

Xander There's my girl!

Anya grins with pride and Xander wanders over to Buffy. In b.g., Willow is utterly failing at gift wrapping the hourglass.

Xander to Buffy Did you ever think in a million years you'd miss the high school library?

Buffy Someone put a spell on my mom. Something to make it seem like she's sick.

Xander That's a new kind of nasty. Any suspects?

Buffy Well, I've got the list narrowed down to just under infinity.

Willow carries the hourglass over to Anya, the wrapping paper hanging off it.

Willow Does this look right to you?

Anya Sure, if you wrapped it with your feet.

Anya takes the hourglass and starts wrapping it herself. Willow frowns and turns away.

Anya You know, Buffy, there used to be this French sorcerer back in the 16th I-don't-know-what named—

Giles Cloutier?

Anya So cute in his little knickers. But he had this one spell demons just hated called *tirer la couture*.

Buffy "Rotate many foodstuffs"?

Willow "Pull the curtain back".

Anya A spell to see spells... well, a trance to see spells, actually, but you get the idea. Try that.

Buffy What do you mean "see" spells?

Giles Well, all spells leave a trace signature. It's just not perceptible to the human eye. In this case, it could be the image of a hand choking your mother.

Anya Or a cloud of mist around her.

Willow Or maybe the shape of the demon that's performing the spell?

Giles Possible, yes.

Anya holds up the perfectly-wrapped hourglass, beaming.

Buffy Okay, so I'll do what Monsieur Silk Knickers did. I'll go home, I'll get trancey and I'll see what's affecting my mom.

Willow I don't know, Buffy. Trances?

Giles Yes, Buffy, the Sorcerer Cloutier was legendary. His skills at achieving higher states of consciousness were—

Buffy Better than mine? *to Willow* I knew he was gonna say that. *to Giles* But I've been practicing concentration skills. I know I'm close.

Giles *serious* Are you ready?

Buffy It's my mom. I'll get ready. *to Willow* What do I need?

Cut to

Int., Summers Home, Buffy's Room, Day

Buffy sits on the floor in the middle of her bedroom and dumps out a bag of incense, powders and other magickal talismans.

Buffy Thanks for coming over. I really appreciate the help.

Riley steps into frame and hunkers down next to her.

Riley Sure thing. So what do I do?

Buffy Lots. Tons. Lots and lots of tons. This is all kinda—

Riley New terrain?

Buffy All prayin', no slayin'. Okay, so the incense needs to be ignited... and there's a job. And this stuff needs to get poured around me in a circle, counter-clockwise—

Riley So you need me to light incense and pour sand?

Buffy Magick incense... and spooky sand... and the ritual itself is—

Riley Something you do alone. You sure this isn't just your way of trying to make me feel less—what

are the words?—cute and weak and kittenish?

Buffy Kitteny.

Riley Right. Much manlier. Look... I really am okay.

Buffy I know.

Riley So I'm not quite Super Guy anymore. It was borrowed power anyway. Had to give it back some time.

Buffy I know you can handle yourself. I just didn't want to see you get hurt.

Riley Maybe instead of you trying to take care of me, we agree to take care of each other. Deal?

Buffy smiles and nods.

Buffy Done.

She stands and they shake hands. Riley leans over and kisses her forehead.

Riley For luck.

He turns to go but she pulls him back.

Buffy Hey, a girl needs more luck than that.

Riley smiles and kisses her tenderly.

Riley Have a nice trip.

He heads out and she closes her bedroom door behind him.

Time cut

Buffy prepares for the ritual: incense is lit, conjuring powder is poured in a circle on the carpet. She sits, cross-legged, in the center and places her hands on her knees. She closes her eyes and begins meditating. The silence is broken by a knock on the door.

Dawn *o.s.* What are you doing?

Buffy *frustrated* My boyfriend. Go away.

Dawn *o.s.* Liar. Are you doing magick?

Buffy No, I'm not!

Cut to

Int., Summers Home, Upstairs Hallway, Day

Dawn Can I watch?

Cut to

Int., Summers Home, Buffy's Room, Day

Buffy No, you can't!

Dawn *o.s.* Oh, come on! Please, please, like times ten and cubed? Please?

Cut to

Int., Summers Home, Upstairs Hallway, Day

Dawn tries to open Buffy's door but Buffy slams it in her face.

Dawn Yeah, well, I can smell your stinky incense down the hall, you know. And your clothes are gonna reek. And if you are doing magick, I am so telling.

Cut to

Int., Summers Home, Buffy's Room, Day

Buffy folds up a towel and shoves it under the crack in the door.

Buffy Fine! Go! Go tell. Go do whatever you want. Just go!

Cut to

Int., Summers Home, Upstairs Hallway, Day

Dawn is hurt. Despite everything, she really wants her big sister's approval. She turns and walks back down the hall, dejected. She goes into her room and slams the door.

Cut to

Int., Summers Home, Buffy's Room, Day

Buffy returns to the circle, sits, and resumes her meditation.

Time cut

Night. Buffy is still in the lotus position in deep meditation, her trance deepening with each passing moment. Her eyes suddenly snap open and she gets up and leaves her room. The house around her appears grainy, sepia-toned, reality slightly altered.

Int., Summers Home, Upstairs Hallway, Night

Buffy makes her way down the hall and stairs to the living room, taking in her surroundings as she goes, the familiar house suddenly appearing strange and new.

Int., Summers Home, Living Room, Night

Joyce's voice comes to Buffy as if from a great distance. Buffy turns to find Joyce dressed and putting on her overcoat.

Joyce Buffy?

Buffy Mom? Are you going out?

Buffy studies her mother carefully but sees nothing out of the ordinary.

Joyce Well, either modern medicine's working or I just took the world's best placebo. Either way, I'm going out for a couple of hours.

Buffy Nothing...

Joyce Hmm?

Buffy There's nothing.

Buffy stares intently at her mother, trying to detect anything abnormal, but everything seems fine. Her attention is suddenly drawn to a family photograph on the wall behind Joyce. The picture shows Joyce, Buffy and Dawn smiling happily. Dawn's image appears and disappears, flickering in and out of the photo like a bad television reception.

Joyce Are you sure you're feeling okay? You seem a little out of it. *beat* Hey... Buffy?

Buffy *covers* Yeah. I'm fine. Long day's all. You go, have a good time.

Joyce smiles wistfully.

Joyce You're so grown up.

Joyce turns and heads out. As soon as she's gone, Buffy immediately finds another family portrait and finds the same thing: Dawn fading in and out.

Cut to

Int., Summers Home, Upstairs Hallway, Night

Buffy approaches Dawn's room and cautiously opens the door. Dawn is not there and Buffy walks slowly in.

Cut to

Int., Summers Home, Dawn's Room, Night

Buffy stands in wonder as the entire room around her shifts back and forth between Dawn's normal teen girl setting and a room full of boxes and odds & ends: an unoccupied storage room. Dawn's voice echoes from far away, calling to Buffy.

Dawn Buffy? Buffy.

Buffy turns to find Dawn, angry at her intrusion. But Dawn herself is fading in and out of reality along with all her things.

Dawn Who said you could come in my room?

Buffy finally realizes what's going on.

Buffy *cold* You're not my sister.

Fade out

Act III

Int., Summers Home, Dawn's Room, Night

Resume. Buffy stares coldly at Dawn.

Dawn Yeah! Like I even want to be related to your nasty self—

Buffy rushes forward and seizes Dawn by the arms.

Dawn Ow! What are you doing?

Buffy What are you?

Dawn Get off me!

Buffy You want to hurt me?

Dawn Let go of me, you freak!

Buffy Then you deal with me.

Dawn I'm telling mom!

Buffy You stay away from my mother!

Buffy shoves Dawn against the wall with tremendous force. Dawn stares at Buffy, shocked, and Buffy stares back, her gaze unwavering.

The moment is broken by the ringing of the phone.

Cut to

Int., Summers Home, Living Room, Night

Buffy answers the phone.

Buffy What?

Intercut with

Int., The Magic Box, Night

Giles tries to hear Buffy over the bustle of customers.

Giles Buffy? Oh, I'm glad I've caught you. I think we may have underestimated what we're dealing with.

Buffy checks to see if Dawn's nearby before answering.

Buffy Go on.

Giles We've uncovered more than expected about this orb. It's called the Dagon Sphere and it has a history going back many centuries.

Buffy What's it do?

Giles It's a protective device, used to ward off ancient primordial evil.

Buffy Any word on what this evil looks like?

Giles Unfortunately, no. This is where—to customer Excuse me. to Buffy This is where accounts get vague. All we've managed to uncover so far is the Dagon Sphere was created to repel That Which Cannot Be Named.

Buffy I'm going to go back to the factory where I found it. Whoever planted this doohickey's got answers.

Giles Buffy, you've heard me say this before but do be careful. Anything that goes unnamed is usually an object of deep worship or great fear—maybe both. Have you completed the trance? Seen what's harming your mother?

Buffy That's the thing... I just saw—

Buffy breaks off when she senses Dawn standing behind her.

Giles Yes?

Buffy Nothing. It didn't work.

She drops the phone in its cradle and faces Dawn.

End intercut

Dawn What are you talking about?

Buffy Slayer stuff. I'm going out.

Buffy heads for the door.

Dawn Do you really think I care you're the Slayer?

Buffy stops and turns to her.

Buffy What's that supposed to mean?

Dawn gives her a cold look.

Buffy I'll be home in an hour.

Dawn Mom's coming back.

Buffy hard I'll be back first.

With that, Buffy grabs her jacket and leaves.

Cut to

Ext., Summers Home, Front Yard, Night

Buffy walks down the front steps and is halfway across the lawn when she stops, sensing something. She reaches behind a tree and yanks Spike out into the yard.

Buffy Spike.

Spike Hi, Buffy.

Buffy Don't take this the wrong way but...

She socks him in the nose.

Spike Ow!

Buffy What are you doing here? Five words or less.

Spike counts the words on his fingers.

Spike Out... for... a... walk... bitch.

Buffy Out for a walk at night by my house. No one has time for this, William.

Spike On your merry way, then. You know, contrary to one's self-involved world-view, your house happens to be directly between parts... and other parts of this town. And I would pass by in the day but I feel I'm outgrowing my whole "burst into flame" phase.

Buffy Fine. Keep going, I cut you a break.

Spike Oh, yeah. Okay, let me guess... you won't kill me? Wooo... the whole crowd-pleasing threats-and-swagger routine. How stunningly original. You know, I'm just passing through. Satisfied? You know, I really hope so because God knows you need some satisfaction in life besides shagging Captain Cardboard and I never really liked you anyway and... and you have stupid hair.

He turns and stalks off into the night leaving Buffy not just a little bit perplexed. She looks down at the base of the tree and notices a dozen or so cigarette butts where Spike was standing. Having no time to worry about it now, Buffy heads off to the factory. She doesn't notice Dawn watching intently from her second-floor window.

Cut to

Ext., Sunnydale Industrial District, Factory Lot, Night

Buffy easily snaps the chain on the fence and heads inside.

Int., Sunnydale Industrial District, Factory Lot, Night

Buffy flicks on her flashlight and starts exploring the musty corridors of the abandoned building. Even-

tually, she comes across the tremendous gaping hole in the wall and the twisted remains of the tempered steel door. She examines the wreckage with concern.

Cut to

Int., Summers Home, Foyer, Night

Joyce enters, looking pained.

Joyce Buffy? Girls?

No answer.

Joyce Where is everybody?

She looks in the living room and dining room but sees no one. Suddenly, Dawn is right behind her, holding a teacup and saucer. Joyce starts.

Dawn Hi, mom.

Joyce Oh! Dawn. Where's Buffy?

Dawn You don't have to worry about her.

Joyce You're probably right. I mean, it's not like she's never patrolled before. Anyway, I was feeling kind of—what's the medical term?—crappy. So I called off the big night out.

Dawn Want tea, mom? I made it for you.

Cut to

Int., Sunnydale Industrial District, Factory Lot,

Night

Buffy shines her light over the shattered remains of the blast door, then looks deeper into the room. She sees the monk, semi-conscious and tied to the chair.

Buffy Whoa.

She runs to his aid and starts loosening his restraints.

Buffy It was you who planted the Dagon Sphere, right? I got it. Don't worry. I'm stronger than I look.

Glory silently approaches Buffy from behind.

Buffy I have had experience with stuff like this before. Best of all...

Buffy whirls around and seizes Glory by the throat.

Buffy cold I'm not stupid.

Glory gives Buffy a withering look, wrenches Buffy's arm from her neck and backhands the Slayer with such force that she flies 50 feet across the room and impacts the cement wall so hard she cracks it. Buffy falls to floor and looks up at Glory, stunned at her power.

Glory You sure about that last part?

Fade out

Act IV

Int., The Magic Box, Night

The jingling bell signals the departure of the final customer of the evening. Giles, Xander and Willow sit around the reading table, exhausted. Anya is at the register counting the day's receipts.

Giles Would someone please rip that bloody bell off its hinges?

Xander Would that involve moving?

Willow My feet are numb.

Xander I'll see your numbness and I'll raise you a lower back pain.

Giles I think I liked it better when demons would just crash in here and tear the place apart. Just seemed so much simpler.

Anya You're out of crystal balls. Those babies are really popular with the amateurs. Better re-stock and raise the price 10%. Make it 15.

Giles Anya...

Anya Your cash register looks like squirrels nest in it.

Giles Anya...

Anya And the Hand of Glory packs some serious raw power. Better institute a seven-day background check for—

Giles Anya! *beat* Would you like a job?

Anya Okay.

Giles Good. Then we can talk shop tomorrow.

Anya smiles Okay... boss.

Willow Hey, any word from Buffy on how her spell went?

Giles She said it didn't work. Now she's off investigating whoever left the Dagon Sphere behind.

Xander You're not worried about the Slaymaster General, are you Big G?

Giles No, no. I just hope she isn't doing anything too rash.

Cut to

Int., Sunnydale Industrial District, Factory Lot, Night

Buffy slams into the cement wall again, face first. The wall cracks under the impact. Glory strides toward her and seizes her by the shoulders.

Glory And another thing? I just want you to know...

She slams Buffy into a support pillar and pummels her.

Glory The whole "beat ya to death" thing I'm doing? It's valuable time out of life that I'm never

gonna get back.

Buffy tries to fight back but Glory grabs both her arms and wrenches them downward. Buffy cries out in pain.

Glory Wait, I've always wanted to try this. You know that thing with worms where if you have one, you rip it in half, you got two worms? Do you think that'll work with you?

Buffy slams her head into Glory's face and breaks free. Glory cries out in shock.

Glory You hit me! What, are you crazy?

Buffy presses the attack, hitting and kicking for all she's worth, forcing Glory backward, but her blows seem more to offend Glory than injure her.

Glory You can't go around hitting people. What, were you born in a barn? Fine. Be that way.

Glory easily blocks Buffy's next blow and swings her around into the wall. She sends a blow for Buffy's head but the Slayer ducks at the last instant and Glory's fist punches through the concrete. Glory picks Buffy up by the throat and holds her there, gasping for air.

Glory I just noticed something. You have super powers. That is so cool. Can you fly?

She hurls Buffy clear across the room where she lands, dazed, next to the dying monk. Buffy gets to her feet and prepares to engage Glory again but realizes her priority is the monk. She helps him out of the chair.

Glory Hey! Hands off my holy man!

Buffy picks him up and runs toward the window. Realizing what Buffy is about to do, Glory charges after them. She's too late: Buffy crashes through the window with the monk and tumbles to the ground below.

Glory stumbles to a halt when the heel on her shoe breaks off. She takes off the shoe and glowers at it in frustration.

Cut to

Ext., Sunnydale Industrial District, Factory Lot, Night

Buffy helps the monk up and they escape across the parking lot.

Cut to

Ext., Sunnydale Industrial District, Factory Lot, Night

Glory whips her shoe across the room in a fit of rage and stomps her feet. The tremendous force from her blow cracks the floor and she looks up as the support

beams shatter and the ceiling comes crashing down on her.

Glory Oh, shi-

Cut to

Ext., Sunnydale Industrial District, Factory Lot, Night

A cloud of dust roils out of the shattered window above as Buffy helps the critically injured monk across the lot.

Monk Stop. Please.

Buffy No. We have to keep going.

They stumble across the lot to the chain-link fence surrounding the property. The monk collapses against it, gasping.

Monk My journey's done, I think.

Buffy Don't get metaphory on me. We're going.

She tries to lift him again but he stops her.

Monk You have to... the Key. You must protect the Key.

Buffy Fine. We can protect the Key together, okay, just far, far from here.

Monk Many more die if you don't keep it safe.

Buffy How? What is it?

Monk The Key is energy. It's a portal. It opens the door...

Buffy The Dagon Sphere?

Monk No. For centuries it had no form at all. My brethren, its only keepers. Then the abomination found us. We had to hide the Key, gave it form, molded it flesh... made it human and sent it to you. *Buffy stares at him in shock as the realization sinks in.*

Buffy Dawn...

Monk She's the Key.

Buffy You put that in my house?

Monk We knew the Slayer would protect.

Buffy My memories... my mom's?

Monk We built them.

Buffy angry Then un-build them! This is my life you're—

The monk starts coughing heavily. He's fading fast.

Monk You cannot abandon.

Buffy I didn't ask for this! I don't even know... what is she?

Monk Human... now human. And helpless. Please... she's an innocent in this. She needs you.

Buffy She's not my sister?

Monk She doesn't know that.

The monk exhales one last time and dies. Buffy is stunned, her life turned upside down.

Cut to

Int., Summers Home, Foyer, Night

Buffy enters, still somewhat in a daze. She finds her mother and Dawn together on the couch in the living room.

Joyce You're home.

Dawn gets up and leaves the room.

Dawn I wasn't bothering her.

Joyce What was that all about?

Buffy Nothing. *beat* Sister stuff.

Buffy turns and follows Dawn up the stairs.

Cut to

Int., Summers Home, Upstairs Hallway, Night

Buffy knocks on Dawn's bedroom door.

Dawn o.s. Go away.

Cut to

Int., Summers Home, Dawn's Room, Night

Buffy opens the door and stands in the threshold.

Dawn sits quietly on her bed.

Buffy I'm sorry.

Dawn You hurt my arm.

Buffy I know.

Dawn Butthole.

Buffy Really sorry.

Dawn I tell you I have this theory? It goes where you're the one who's not my sister. 'Cause mom adopted you from a shoebox full of baby howler monkeys and never told you 'cause it could hurt your delicate baby feelings.

Buffy takes a few steps into the room.

Buffy That's your theory?

Dawn Explains your fashion sense. And your smell.

Buffy *sincere* I'm sorry, okay?

Dawn Broken record much?

Buffy You can't even take an apology. You always do that. Ever since—

Buffy stops herself and sits down next to Dawn.

Buffy I just had a bad day.

Dawn Well, join the club.

Buffy Can I be president?

Dawn I'm president. You could be the janitor.

Buffy *smiles* Okay.

Buffy reaches up and strokes Dawn's hair.

Dawn Buffy?

Buffy Yeah?

Dawn What's wrong with mom?

Buffy I don't know.

Buffy and Dawn share a troubled look as Buffy continues stroking her sister's hair.

Fade to black

Family

A *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* episode transcribed by **Joan the English Chick** <pisces@englishchick.com>.

Transcriber's Notes

I do not own the characters or situations of BTVS, and I claim no credit for the content of this episode. I have merely transcribed what appeared on my screen, with help from the closed captions.

I prefer that you link to this transcript on the Psyche site rather than post it on your site, but you can post it on your site if you want, as long as you keep my name and email address on it. Please also keep my disclaimers intact.

You can use my transcripts in your fanfiction stories; you don't have to ask my permission. However, if you use large portions of episode dialogue in your fanfic, I recommend you give credit to the person who wrote the episode.

I apologize in advance for my lame transcription of the fight scenes. I don't know the names of different punches and kicks. Use your imagination.

Teaser

Giles V.O. Previously on BTVS...

Spike and Buffy kissing.

Spike V.O. Buffy, I love you.

Spike sitting up in bed looking horrified.

Willow arranging stones on the floor in a square.

Willow We conjure the goddess Thespia to help us locate demonic energy.

Tara Are you sure we're ready for that?

Willow pouring herbs into Tara's hand.

Willow blowing herbs off her own hand.

Tara hiding her herbs under the bed and pretending to blow them away.

Willow looking confused.

Willow Or not.

Glory talking to a monk tied to a chair.

Glory Tell me ... where ... the key is.

Monk talking to Buffy.

Monk The key is energy. It's a portal. My brethren sent it to you.

Buffy Dawn. She's not my sister?

Monk She doesn't know that.

Buffy brushing hair back from Dawn's face.

Episode begins

We see Willow and Tara's kitten playing with a small ball of yarn.

Willow V.O. Tell me a story.

Tara V.O. Okay. Once upon a time, there was, um ... a kitty. She was very little, and she was all alone, and nobody wanted her.

Willow V.O. This is a very upsetting story.

Tara V.O. Oh, oh, but it gets better.

The kitten runs offscreen.

Cut to a shot of her trying to crawl under a bed.

Tara V.O. 'Cause one day the kitty was running around in the street and a man came, and swooped her up...

A pair of hands comes into the shot and swoops up the kitten.

Tara And took her to the pound.

We see Tara sitting on the end of Willow's bed lifting the kitten into her lap. Willow is in the bed, under the covers.

Tara And at the pound there were lots of other kitties, and there were puppies, and some ferrets...

Willow smiling Were there dolphins?

Tara handing kitten to Willow Yes. Many dolphins at the pound.

Willow Or was there a camel?

Tara thinks There was the front of a camel. A half camel. *Smiles*

Willow cuddling kitten Did the kitty get chosen by some nice people?

Tara Well, now you ruined the ending.

Willow Mmm... *lets go of the kitten and it runs off* I'm sleepy.

Tara Do you mind if I keep the light on? I was gonna look up some spells.

Willow It's fine. *pouts* I don't need to be snuggled. *smiles*

Tara smiles back Vixen!

Tara takes some books that are on the bed and piles them up on the floor.

Willow You've been spell gal night and day lately.

Tara Well, I just wanna keep up with you, and I'm ... well, I just like to be useful. You know, to the gang? *Willow looks concerned* I just ... never ... feel useful.

Willow You are. You're essential.

Tara smiles. She comes over and gets under the covers with Willow, turning off the light.

Tara Do you think Buffy found out anything tonight?

Willow At the factory? I don't know. If there was something, I figured she'd call us.

Tara lies down, putting her head on Willow's shoulder, and they snuggle up together.

Cut to Joyce's house, night. Giles and Buffy sit in the living room. They talk quietly.

Giles Uh, I don't know what to say.

Buffy Tell me about it. *looks toward the stairs*

Giles She has no idea?

Buffy No. She thinks she's my kid sister.

Giles Are you going to tell her?

Buffy How can I? *sighs, gets up* She'd freak, and that's the last thing we need.

She walks to the doorway and looks up the stairs.

Buffy *sighs* We have to keep her safe.

She turns and walks back into the living room.

Giles This ... woman, this, uh, whatever she was... she knows you now. *Buffy sits* Should we be thinking about ... sending Dawn away?

Buffy Away where?

Giles I don't know, uh ... your father's?

Buffy *scoffs* Yeah, he's, um ... in Spain, with his secretary. Living the cliché. *Giles looks sympathetic.* I called him when Mom got sick, he hasn't even...

Giles I'm sorry.

Beat.

Buffy When he bailed on us ... I remember, Dawn cried for a week. Except she didn't. She wasn't there, but ... I can still feel what it was like.

Giles puts his hand over his mouth and frowns.

Buffy They sent her to me, Giles. I think ... I have to take care of her. I want to.

Giles Do we tell the others?

Buffy No. No one. They-they'd act weird around her, and it's, it's safer for everyone if they don't know.

Giles Yes. *Stands, begins to pace* We have to find out who this woman is, and what she needs Dawn for.

Buffy ponders this.

Giles I mean, if she comes after you—

Buffy She'll come. *Looks toward the stairs* She'll come for us.

Cut to a pile of rubble that suddenly explodes upward as Glory throws it off of her. She rises in the middle of the destroyed building, still wearing her red dress. She looks around angrily.

Glory Okay. Now I'm upset.

Wolf howl. Opening credits.

Guest starring Mercedes McNab, Clare Kramer, Charlie Weber, Amy Adams, Steve Rankin, and Amber Benson as Tara. Written and directed by Joss Whedon.

Part 1

Exterior shot of UC Sunnydale, day.

Cut to inside dorm. Buffy is stacking some boxes in the hallway. Xander and Riley are carrying a mini-fridge out of a dorm room. Xander bumps his hand on the door frame.

Xander Ow! Thumb! Necessary opposable thumb!

Riley Sorry. Crybaby.

Buffy You know what, you guys, just leave it here.

Riley Got it.

He and Xander put down the fridge. Dawn emerges from another door, carrying a stack of boxes that obscure her vision.

Dawn I don't need help.

Buffy Just be careful.

Buffy turns and enters through the door Dawn just exited. We see Willow, Anya, and Giles in a dorm room, surrounded by boxes.

Anya But we just helped her move the stuff in a few

days ago... *turns and sees Buffy* ... and it was fun!

Giles *reading a book* People help each other out, Anya. It's one of our strange customs.

Buffy Giles, I noticed you're doing the smallest amount of helping that can actually be called helping.

Giles Well, I saw myself in more of a ... patriarchal sort of role. You know, lots of pointing and scowling. *Smiles. Looks to his left, points and scowls.* You two, stop that!

Shot of Xander and Riley grappling, bent over at the waist. Xander has Riley in a headlock.

Riley He started it.

Xander He called me a bad name. *Tara looks at them and grins* I think it was bad. It might've been Latin.

Giles Stop it, or you're going to break something.

Buffy Or I'm going to break something.

The guys suddenly let each other go and straighten up. We see Willow and Tara folding clothes, smiling at each other.

Xander Still can't believe you're giving up this cherry corner suite.

Anya *re-entering from hallway* Just a few days after we moved you in!

Buffy *shrugs, tries to look casual* It's no big. *Giles looks up from his book* You know, with Mom not being well, I'm hardly ever here. *Picks up a pile of clothes to put in a box* Just figured I'd ... save a little cash for this semester, that's all.

Willow I think that's smart.

Xander Still, it's hard to give up. You've got the two entrances *pointing to the two doors to the room* lot of opportunity for bawdy French farce, and everybody loves bawdy—

Buffy Where's Dawn?

Riley I think she just walked out. *Points out one of the doors*

Buffy *hurrying forward* Dawn!

Dawn re-enters and breezes past Buffy.

Dawn Some of your CDs are my CDs.

Buffy I know. Come help me fold.

Tara smiles at them. Everyone returns to packing and carrying (and reading in Giles' case). Willow takes a suitcase and leaves the room.

Buffy bends over to fold something and grabs her lower back with a sigh.

Riley Starting to feel that fight?

Buffy and Dawn fold a sheet.

Buffy Nothing like gettin' your ass kicked to ... make your ass hurt.

Dawn You'll totally take her next time.

Xander 'Cause you'll have backup, baby. She's messin' with all of us.

Giles Yes, uh, we'll, we'll, uh, find her weaknesses, and then, uh—

Tara Yeah. You learn her source, *grins* and, uh, we'll introduce her to her insect reflection.

Everyone looks at her in confusion. Tara stops smiling.

Tara Um ... that, that was funny if you, um, studied Taglarin mythic rites... *softly* and are a complete dork.

Riley Oh, then how come Xander didn't laugh? *Tara takes a box and exits*

Xander *not realizing he's been insulted* I don't know that Taglarin stuff.

Riley Oh.

Cut to Tara walking out into the hall, shaking her head. Willow approaches.

Willow Hey. You wanna start taking stuff down to the car?

Tara *nods* Yeah.

Willow Okay.

Willow goes back into the dorm room. Tara walks off with her box.

Tara *whispering to herself* Stupid. ...

Cut to Willow re-entering the dorm room.

Willow Okay. Guys, now remember, you have to be at the Bronze by eight.

Everyone looks blank.

Buffy Bronze.

Willow Tomorrow night! Tara's birthday!

Buffy Right! Right.

Anya *to Xander* We have to bring presents, right? Birth is a present thing?

Xander I got something ... picked out, yeah.

Willow *anxious* You-you guys can all still come, right? I mean, I know there's ... this new evil and all, but...

Buffy No, no. We'll be there. I could definitely use a break from all this craziness.

Cut to a woman in a hospital gown, being wheeled on a gurney through a hospital hallway. Hospital noises. Camera pulls back and we see a male intern pulling the gurney. Ben approaches.

Ben What's the story?

Intern Another crazy. Got her family out there. *nods toward waiting room*

Ben OK, let me guess, no history of mental problems.

Intern Yeah. That makes like five this month.

Ben Ah, they told me Sunnydale was gonna be interesting.

Intern *chuckles* Yeah. Aren't you off?

Ben *looks at watch* Yeah, as of now. Have fun.

He turns and walks off.

Cut to hospital locker room. Ben enters, walks past two rows of lockers, opens a locker, begins taking his clothes off and putting them in the locker.

Pan back across the two rows of lockers. A Lei-Ach demon comes into view. It has gray skin broken by red bloody-looking sores, and dark sunken eyes. It opens its mouth and puts out a thick, black, forked tongue. Its nose twitches as it walks forward, putting out its tongue again with a hissing noise.

Glory comes into the shot, putting one hand over the demon's mouth, the other hand on the back of its head.

Glory I need a favour.

She pushes the demon backward out of the shot.

Cut to the magic shop. Anya hands a paper bag to a customer.

Anya *smiling* Thank you for coming. We value your patronage. *Yelling after the departing customer* Please come again for more purchases!

Giles comes into the shot and puts a box on the counter.

Giles Could we please be a little less effusive, Anya? Don't want to frighten the people.

Anya I'm just so excited. They come in, I help them ... they give us money in exchange for goods ... you give me money for working for you ... I have a place in the world now. I'm part of the system. *smiles widely* I'm a working gal.

Giles *smiles* Yes. Well, why don't you start organizing the shipping orders. *Takes the box and starts to walk off*

Anya Oh, no, that's boring. I just want to do the money parts.

Buffy and Xander enter.

Buffy Well, sure I forgot about the party. I mean, there's kind of a lot going on. And it's not ... you know ... the most thrilling social event of the season.

Xander *nods* Yeah ... it's a big deal for Willow, though. I mean, you are gonna be there?

Buffy Yeah. *shrugs* Barring monsters.

Anya Hey, hi. *Leans over the counter toward Xander*

Xander Gimme sugar. I've come to buy sugar.

He puts his hands on Anya's face and they kiss.

Anya Mmm. We value your patronage.

Buffy to Giles So, any breakthroughs on the identity of Miss Congeniality?

Giles Well, I have narrowed it down somewhat.

He looks down at a table. The camera pans out so we can see the large assortment of books spread out on the table.

Buffy Your definition of narrow is impressively wide.

Giles Well, you didn't give me much to go on. She-she looks human, so the mug shots aren't any use, and, uh, you can't be more specific about what she's like?

Buffy *ponders* She was kinda like Cordelia, actually. *Giles nods thoughtfully* I'm pretty sure she dyes her hair.

Giles Right! That one, of course. Our work is done.

Buffy There must be something on her. *sits at table as Xander approaches*

Xander *melodramatically* The answer is somewhere here. *stares at the book-covered table* It's right in front of us and we're too blind to see it! *Slams his hand down on the table*

Buffy gives him an exasperated look. Giles rolls his eyes.

Xander I'm helping, I'm reading, *sits, whispers* I'm quiet.

Giles takes a box and begins climbing some stairs to the loft. Buffy and Xander sit at the table looking at books.

Buffy So ... what'd you get her?

Xander Huh?

Buffy Tara. You said you got a present already.

Xander Yeah, that was a tangled web of lies, sweetie. I'm not really sure what kind of thing she'd ... I mean, I don't really know her that well.

Buffy *nods* I know.

Xander *quickly* I mean, she's nice.

Buffy *quickly* Yeah! Yeah, nice ... nice. I-it's just, I-I sort of...

Xander I don't necessarily get her ... but she's really nice.

Buffy Yeah. There's ... just that thing.

Xander *agreeing* That thing.

Buffy That ... thing of not understanding—

Xander Half of what she says?

Buffy As for example. But she's super nice.

Xander You betcha.

They continue looking at books.

Buffy Think there'll be a lot of Wiccass there, heavy Wiccan crowd?

Xander Well, that's sort of her deal. Her and Willow are all Wiccie. Swingin' with the Wiccan lifestyle.

Buffy Which is cool.

Xander Well, yeah.

Buffy I just hope we fit in, not awkward.

Xander With Willow it's like, she's got this ... whole new thing in her life. But she's still Willow, so I can always figure her out. But Tara, I just know she likes Willow, and she already has one of those.

Buffy groans and slams a book shut.

Buffy Ugh! I have a present-buying headache. Tara's damn birthday is just one too many things for me to worry about.

Xander Relax. You should take a few minutes. *jerks his thumb toward the training room in the back* Train or stretch out. You should do something to ... work off the tension.

Cut to Buffy punching Spike in the face. Then she kicks him. We see they're in his crypt. Spike kicks Buffy in the stomach, then punches her in the face, once, twice, thrice. On the fourth swing Buffy grabs his arm and punches him with her other hand. She lands a roundhouse and then an uppercut. She kicks Spike in the stomach and then does a backflip, kicking him in the jaw.

Spike spins, tries a circle kick but Buffy ducks it. She blocks a punch, then he grabs her by the throat from behind, holding one of her hands. She kicks him in the face over her shoulder, twists out of his grip and throws him. He lands sitting on his armchair and it slides backward until it hits the wall. Buffy leaps up to stand on the two arms of the armchair, punches Spike in the face four times. He pushes her legs apart and she falls onto his lap. Spike grabs her butt and Buffy wraps her legs around his neck as he stands up. Then she flings herself backward, landing with her hands on the floor, and uses her legs to flip Spike over by the neck. She lands on top of him. Spike throws her off and she slides against a wall. Spike stands up. Buffy crouches, panting.

Spike You want me, Slayer, come and get me.

Buffy Oh, I'm coming. I'm coming right— *lunges up toward him*

Cut to Spike and Harmony in bed.

Harmony -now!

Spike is on top of Harmony, covered by a blanket, both of them naked and panting. Harmony caresses Spike's face.

Harmony What are you thinking?

Spike All about you, baby.

Harmony Aww. *Pulls Spike's head down to her shoulder* You're my little lamb.

Cut back to the magic shop. Giles comes back down from the loft.

Giles Come up with anything yet?

Xander Well, candles, maybe, or bath oils of some kind.

Buffy I saw a really cute sweater at Bloomy's ... but, I think I want me to have it.

Giles And you are talking about what on earth?

Buffy Tara's birthday. We're at a loss.

Giles You're in a magic shop, and you can't think what Tara would like. I believe you're both profoundly stupid.

Xander Well, we don't really know ... the kind of things witches like. What, are we gonna get her some cheesy crystal ball?

Giles Bloody well better not. I've got mine already wrapped.

A youngish guy with blond hair and a beard (Donny) is looking at the shelves. Now he turns and looks at the books on the table in front of Buffy and Xander.

Donny Uh, are all these magic books?

Giles Uh, private collection. Uh, books for sale are against the walls over there. *gestures with his coffee cup, then walks toward the counter*

Donny continues looking through books on the table.

Donnn So all these books got spells in 'em? Turn people into frogs, things like that?

Everyone looks dubiously at him. We see Anya behind the cash register.

Xander Yeah, we're building a race of frog people. It's a good time.

Donny grins.

Donny So, uh... *gestures at them* You all witches? Hey, don't do a spell on me now. *Laughs*

Giles Was there something in particular you were looking for?

Donny continues chuckling. The door opens and Willow and Tara enter, laughing.

Willow Her insect reflection. That is so good.

Tara I just thought that'd be funny, you know, if her center of power was—

Donny Whatta you know.

Tara sees him and stops laughing, looks alarmed.

Donny What's the matter? You don't have a hug for your big brother?

Willow looks surprised. Tara looks upset.

Blackout.

Part 2

Fade in on the same scene.

Tara still looks upset. Willow looks at her.

Willow Brother?

Shot of Buffy and Xander still sitting at the table, watching.

Tara Willow, this is *stutters* Donny.

Willow walks forward. Tara follows, looking uncomfortable.

Willow Hi.

Donny *shakes Willow's hand, smiling* Nice to meet you.

Tara And, uh, these are my-my friends.

Donny looks back at the others, who nod and wave.

Donny What, uh, all of you hang out? Wow. That's more people than you met in high school. *Gives Tara a friendly punch on the arm*

Tara How did you fi — I, I mean, how come you came?

Donny Well, duh, birthday girl. Uh, we came down in the camper, been all over the campus.

Tara We?

Tara and Willow turn as the door opens and a man walks in (Mr. Maclay), followed by a girl about Tara's age (Cousin Beth).

Donny Look what I found! *gesturing at Tara*

Tara Uh, Dad, hi. *walks forward. Willow watches*

Mr. Maclay Well, here's my girl.

Tara hugs her dad awkwardly. We see Giles walking forward, as the others watch the reunion scene.

Tara S-such a s-surprise.

Donny Yes.

Tara Cousin Beth.

Beth Hey.

Mr. Maclay One of your dorm-mates said I might ... find you here. *looking around*

Tara Oh. Oh, um, *turning toward the others* these are, these are friends. Um, this is Mr. Giles, um, he runs the shop.

Shot of Willow smiling.

Giles V.O. How do you do?

Mr. Maclay Pleasure. Well, I, I don't mean to interrupt your plans, I know we've come on you kind of suddenly, but I thought we could have dinner.

Tara Okay.

Mr. Maclay Why don't I pick you up at six, And we'll ... *glances at the others* do some catching up.

Tara Yes, sir.

Mr. Maclay *to the others* Forgive me for running out. We're double-parked.

Giles gestures with his coffee cup like "that's okay".

Mr. Maclay, Cousin Beth, and Donny leave. Tara watches anxiously.

Donny *waving from doorway* Nice to meet you all.

Willow waves and smiles back.

Tara walks farther into the shop, toward Willow.

Willow That's so weird. Your ... whole family.

Tara *smiles nervously* Yeah.

Shot of Buffy and Xander exchanging a look.

Willow OS They seem nice.

Tara You know, they-they're okay. Families are always—

Willow *understandingly* They make you crazy.

Tara Usually. Wanna get into research mode?

Willow Sure.

They move off.

Cut to interior foyer of Joyce's house, day. Buffy enters through the front door, tossing her keys onto a table.

Buffy *calling* Honey, I'm home.

Riley *coming down the stairs* Did you have a good day at work?

Buffy It's a rat race.

They kiss.

Riley I squared away the rest of your stuff. Wouldn't even know you ever left.

Buffy Oh, you're a god. You're like the ... god of boyfriends.

Riley Nah, I just like it when you owe me favors.

Buffy Well, this earns you a big favor. There could be outfits.

Riley Ooh. Be still my heart.

They kiss again. Dawn emerges from the other room, carrying a bag.

Dawn See ya later.

Buffy Whoa! Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, where do you think you're going?

Dawn I'm going to Melinda's for dinner.

Buffy Since when?

Dawn Now-ish.

Buffy You can't. I-it's not safe for you to walk there.

Dawn It's just across the street. What is the big deal, I'm just gonna go—

Buffy No. It's family night. *glances at Riley* And besides, Melinda's a bad influence. I don't like you hanging out with someone that ... short.

Dawn *annoyed* I am so glad you're moving back into the house. This is the source of my gladness.

She stalks off. Buffy sighs.

Buffy She makes me crazy. *Walks past Riley into the living room*

Riley That's ... kinda the word I was searching for.

Buffy *sits on sofa* What? She shouldn't be going over there.

Riley Yeah, a lot of young people nowadays are experimenting with shortness. Gotta nip that in the bud.

Buffy She ... can't be running out whenever she'd like.

Riley *walks forward* It's more than that.

Buffy What do you mean?

Riley *sits next to her, shakes his head* You tell me.

Buffy We all have to be careful. This ... demon chick is ... exciting and new. I don't know what I'm up against.

Riley If we're in trouble here I could contact Graham, maybe get the government boys on it—

Buffy No! No, I-I-I don't want them anywhere near this.

Riley *annoyed* Just a suggestion.

Buffy Look, the fewer people that are involved, the safer I will feel.

Riley Every time I think I'm getting close to you ... *shakes head* I gotta take off. *Gets up*

Buffy *gets up to follow* Wait! What?

Riley *walking toward front door* I'll call you later.

Buffy Riley! *He stops walking* I **want** you to help. I'm not—

Riley Yeah. Know you got a lot on your mind. You decide you wanna let me in on any of it, *opens door* let me know. I'll come running.

He exits. Buffy looks troubled.

Cut to exterior Sunnydale dorm, day.

Cut to inside. Tara enters her room, stops when she sees her dad standing there. He has his arms folded, staring at her roomful of witchy stuff.

Mr. Maclay The door wasn't locked. I was a little early. *looks around* I suppose you ... wanted me to see all these ... *picks up a large crystal and examines it* toys. *puts crystal down* You don't even try to hide it any more. I'd hoped maybe you'd gotten over the whole witchcraft thing. That if we let you go, you'd ... get it out of your system. *puts hands in pockets* Then they told me to look for you in ... *disgusted* that store.

Tara I didn't—I, I didn't kn-know that you were coming.

Mr. Maclay Of course we came. We haven't heard from you in months. Your birthday's getting closer and closer. You know what that means.

Tara *upset* I don't think it's ... *stammers* it, it won't mean that—

Mr. Maclay You're turning twenty. *walks toward her* It's the same age your mother was when she... Do your friends even know?

Tara *softly* Y-yes.

Mr. Maclay Are you lying to me? *Tara looks down* Tara, you're coming home with us. You know it's the only way.

Tara Home?

Mr. Maclay You can't control what's going to happen. You have evil inside of you and it will come out. And letting yourself work all this magic is only going to make it worse. Where do you think that power comes from?

Tara It ... it doesn't feel evil ... sir.

Mr. Maclay Evil never does. *Tara looks down, upset* I don't feel much like eating right now. *Starts to walk past her* I'll give you some time, but we need to be gone by morning. *Walks to the door. We see him unfocused in the background; in foreground Tara looking sad* Your family loves you, Tara, no matter what. How do you think your friends are going to feel when they see your true face?

Cut to the Lei-Ach demon asleep or unconscious. Something hits its face and it begins to wake. The camera pulls back slowly and we see that the demon is standing, chained to a clothes-rack, surrounded by fur coats. Its nose twitches. A shoe flies into the shot and hits the demon in the face, and it growls.

Glory OS Finally. I thought you were gonna nap the whole day away. *Demon growls and struggles* Stop whining.

We see that they're in a large walk-in closet with clothes racks on all four walls. Glory stands in the middle of the room, now wearing a shiny green (leather?) dress. She has her previous red dress on a hanger, which she now hangs up.

Glory You know, I remember when the Lei-Ach were a proud warrior race, not sneaking around hospitals looking for weak sickly types to suck the bone marrow from. *Demon growls and struggles* But ... let's talk about my problems for thirty seconds, if that's perfectly all right with you.

She walks toward the demon and we see a vanity table against one wall. Glory kneels on the chair, leans her hands on the table and talks to her reflection in the mirror.

Glory Blonde ... short ... strong for a human ... *turns back around, sits on chair, speaks angrily to demon* and massively rude! Broke my shoe, took my monk, do you have any idea who I'm talking about?

The demon growls and grunts.

Glory A slayer?? Oh god, please don't tell me I was fighting a vampire slayer! *Puts one hand to her forehead* How unbelievably common! If I had friends, and they heard about this ... *Shot of the demon looking like it's going to fall asleep again* and you know she's going around telling everybody, I mean she probably just— *leaps up and grabs the demon by the throat* Pay attention! I am great and I am beautiful, and when I walk into a room all eyes turn to me, because my name is a holy name, and you will listen! *Removes her hand from demon's throat, strokes his hair with both hands* Get your friends ... find the girl ... kill the girl ... okay baby? *Demon nods. She smiles and looks closer at it* You have the cutest little suppurating sores! Has anyone ever told you that?

Cut to some sort of irregularly shaped crystal ball. Camera pulls out and we see Tara sitting in her room, staring sadly at the crystal. Behind her the door opens and Willow enters. Tara doesn't turn.

Willow Hey.

Tara *turning* Hey.

Willow Was dinner fun?

Tara stands, nodding.

Willow Well, there's Scoobyage afoot. Giles called a meeting about our spankin' new menace.

Tara Oh ... y-you should go, they don't need me for that. You can fill me in.

Willow *walks toward her* No, no, you have to come. This demon chick is supposed to be really powerful, and I was thinking. Maybe we could try that, that spell, you know, the one to find demons?

Tara That didn't work.

Willow Yeah ... but we only tried it once, and I-I think I got some ingredients wrong.

Tara Well, I-I'm tired. Maybe we can do it tomorrow?

Willow You sure you don't wanna—

Tara Look, my family's here, okay, I can't just—

pauses Not everything is about your friends and stuff.

Willow *makes a face* Sorry. *Backs away from Tara, starts walking to the door*

Tara No! No, I mean... *Willow turns back* There's just so much ... going on. It's just ... I'm, I'm really tired.

Willow *nods* Okay.

Tara I'll see you in the morning. You can fill me in.

Willow Great. We'll be demon hunters. *Leaves* *Tara turns, hunts through some books, picks one up and leafs through it, frowning. She finds what she's looking for and looks up with a calculating expression.*

Cut to magic shop. Buffy, Anya and Xander sitting around the table. We see Dawn in the background looking at a bookshelf. Willow enters.

Willow Hey. Am I late? Did I miss any exposition?

Giles *enters the shot from the right* No, no, no, no, nothing earth-shattering to relate. *leans his hands on the back of a chair as Willow sits* I just have a few thoughts, and, uh, wanted to make sure that we were all on the same page.

Dawn Can I buy one of these?

Buffy OS No.

Dawn With my own money?

Buffy OS I let you come, now sit down and look studious.

Dawn looks annoyed, walks toward the table and out of the shot. The camera pans past the bookshelves and around a corner.

Giles OS Well, first of all, I want to talk to you about ... safety. Um, this creature could be—

We see Tara hiding around the corner, listening.

Buffy OS, *fading* Will be.

Giles OS, *fading* Will be coming after Buffy, and possibly all of us.

Tara *whispering* Blind Cadria, desolate queen, work my will upon them all. Your curse upon them, my obeisance to you.

She holds up her hand and blows on it. Red dust (?) flows out of her hand. Cut back to the other room, where Giles is sitting down with the others around the table. We see the tendril of red floating into the room from Tara's hiding place, toward the table.

Giles Now, I may have a lead on this monk that Buffy spoke of. There, there are a few orders that I-I've read up on—

The red dust turns yellow and floats into the middle of the table, then sends out shoots, one for each Willow, Buffy, Dawn, Giles, Anya and Xander. It hits them in the eyes and they all simultaneously flinch back. A pause, then Giles continues, looking confused.

Giles I-I'm sorry, where was I?

Buffy The monk.

Giles Yes, um, I'd like us all to start looking at these orders, I-it's possible whichever one this monk belonged to was wiped out entirely...

His voice fades out. We see Tara retreating backward, watching them.

Blackout.

Part 3

Fade in on interior of Willy's Bar. Pan across various people and demons drinking at tables. Pan over to the bar. The bartender (not Willy) paces behind it.

Bartender You shouldn't be coming in here. *Turns and takes a glass from a shelf* You got a rep with these monsters. *Puts glass on the bar, shakes head* But you come in here... *turns and gets a bottle* night after night. *Pours into the glass, looks up at the customer* Are you lookin' to get killed?

Shot of Riley sitting on a bar stool, watching the bartender pour.

Riley I come for the ambiance. *picks up glass, looks around* What can I say? This place just reeks of class. *Drinks the shot*

Bartender Yeah, well, if Willy was here—

Riley Well, Willy's not here. *puts glass down* Hit me. *Bartender scowls and pours.*

Female Voice Drinking alone?

A woman with long dark hair and a low-cut blouse (Sandy) walks up next to Riley.

Sandy It's not a good sign. *Sits on the stool next to him*

Riley So they tell me. *looks at her* I buy you a drink, neither one of us has that problem any more, now do we? *Sips his drink*

Sandy Vodka tonic.

Riley to bartender Vodka tonic.

Bartender puts a napkin in front of Sandy and walks off.

Sandy to Riley I'm Sandy.

Riley Riley.

We hear the bartender pouring Sandy's drink.

Sandy This place is such a dive.

Riley No no, it's great. You just have to close your eyes, *Sandy chuckles* plug up your nostrils, it's fine.

Sandy We... could go somewhere else. Someplace more... private.

Riley *sighs, stares off into the distance* Ohhhh, Sandy, Sandy. It's no good. My heart belongs to an-

other. Besides, *looks at her again* I don't go out with vampires.

Sandy narrows her eyes in annoyance and uses her straw to stab at the ice in her drink.

Riley to bartender Never interested in my intellect. *Cut to interior of Spike's crypt. Spike sits in his arm-chair holding his mannequin head with the long blonde wig, caressing its cheek. The door opens and he quickly hides the head under his chair as Harmony enters, carrying several shopping bags.*

Harmony Hi baby!

Spike *bored* Hello, sweetbreads. Have fun?

Harmony Uhh, it was so exciting. You wouldn't believe it. I went to April Fool's, and absolutely everything was on sale.

Spike You **paid** for it?

Harmony *unpacking bags* Oh, no. I just killed the clerk. Still, a bargain's a bargain. *Spike frowns and shakes his head* Oh, I ran into Carol Beets. You know. She sired Brandon, Brandon from the sewer gang... and she said, the Lei-Ach demon... *happily* was recruiting his brethren to kill the slayer!

Spike *suddenly paying attention* How's that?

Harmony Apparently, he got recruited by some big nether-wig and now he's on a mission. *Spike looks thoughtful* You think they might actually do it? Kill her?

Spike *pondering* God, that would be... pleasant.

Harmony Well, if they do, I think we should do something. *Spike jumps up* Like a gift basket or something. *Spike grabs his jacket* Where are you going?

Spike To get a decent seat. *puts on jacket* If the slayer's gonna die... I'm gonna watch. *Exits* *Cut to Tara walking across campus. It's dark. She looks over her shoulder several times. Then she sees Cousin Beth approaching. Beth looks surprised and pleased.*

Beth Tara.

Tara Beth, what are you—

Beth I-I was looking for you.

Tara I'm sorry we didn't get to have dinner.

Beth I just ... wanted to see if everything was okay.
Tara smiles See if you needed any help with anything. Packing.

Tara *stops smiling* Beth, I'm not, I'm n-not *stutters* coming back with you.

Beth You're not?

Tara I-I don't think so.

Beth You ... selfish bitch!

Tara What?!

Beth You don't care the slightest bitty bit about your family, do you? Your dad's been worried sick about you every day since you've been gone. There's a, a house that needs taking care of ... Donny and your dad having to do for themselves while you're down here living god knows what kind of lifestyle. *Tara looks upset* I can't wait till your little friends find out the truth about you. And they will, you know. No matter how innocent you act, they'll see.

Tara *firmly* No they won't.

Beth They will. Unless you ... do some kind of spell on them *sees Tara's face* You did!

Tara N-no!

Beth You did something to them. I'm telling your father.

She starts to turn away. Tara grabs her arm.

Tara No! No, it wasn't anything!

Beth You think you can just go around cursing people? Your dad's gonna pop.

Tara It was just so they wouldn't see. So-so-so they wouldn't see the demon part of me. *teary* Please don't tell Dad. It's harmless.

Cut to Buffy in her workout room, doing some stretches on the floor.

Cut to Willow in the magic shop, taking a book off a shelf. There's a knock on the door.

Willow Tara?

Willow goes to the door and opens it. We see three Lei-Ach demons standing there, snarling. Willow doesn't see them. She looks around the doorway in confusion, then closes the door and turns away.

Willow *to herself* I thought I heard something. *Shrugs and walks off*

Shot of the lead Lei-Ach demon grinning. Blackout.

Part 4

Fade in on UCS campus, still night. Tara sits on a bench while Cousin Beth scolds her.

Beth Don't you see how out of control you are? You've been lying to these people for a year, and now you've put a spell on them, is that right? *shakes head* Is that a human thing to do? Now I'm telling your father. If he doesn't force you to come home, and I think he should, I know he's going to tell your friends the truth. If I were you, I'd tell them first. And then I'd tell them good-bye.

Cut to magic shop. Dawn is playing with a glass snow-ball, shaking it to make the snowflakes move. A Lei-Ach demon comes up right behind her, but she doesn't notice. Another demon walks across the foreground, toward the table, where Anya is stacking up some books.

Anya Do I get paid overtime for this? *Gets up and walks right past the demon, not noticing it*

Giles OS Certainly not. *comes into the shot, walking past the demon as a second demon joins it* Dawn, would you close the door?

We see Willow and Xander sitting at the table, studying books as the two demons walk past them, staring at them.

Dawn OS I didn't open it.

The lead demon turns, sniffing, and extends its tongue as it moves off toward the back.

Cut to Buffy in the workout room, punching a punching bag. She pauses to do some arm stretches. We see the demons walk in behind her. Slow eerie music. Buffy frowns and looks toward the door.

Shot of the room from Buffy's POV: it's empty, no demons.

Buffy turns back to the punching bag, doing some shoulder rolls, making a face as if she's sore. We see the lead demon coming up behind her.

Suddenly Buffy whirls around and blocks as the demon tries to grab her. The music changes to fast fight-music. Buffy falls to the floor with the demon on top of her. We see a second demon standing beside them.

Buffy Giles!

Shot of Buffy with her hands in front of her, pushing at the demon, but we don't see the demon.

Shot of Giles getting up from his desk as Buffy yells.

Buffy OS Something's in here!

Shot of Xander getting up as well. Xander rushes toward the back. The third demon stops him before he

reaches the doorway, grabs him by the upper arms as he struggles.

Shot of Willow getting up, staring in confusion.

Shot of Xander struggling against what looks like empty air.

Dawn runs up behind Giles.

Xander flies backward as the demon throws him. He lands on his back on the floor, grabbing at his neck, trying to grab the demon's hands as it chokes him. Anya turns from the bookshelf and comes forward.

Willow grabs a chair. Anya grabs something else from the counter (a crystal ball?).

Willow uses the chair to whack at the area on top of Xander (we still don't see the demon). Xander sighs as the demon lets go of his neck.

Anya Where'd it go??

Willow looks around, suddenly goes flying backward.

Giles pushes Dawn toward his desk.

Giles Under there, go.

Dawn Willow? *crawls under the desk*

Cut back to Buffy still wrestling with the first demon. The workout room door opens and Spike enters, grinning. Buffy breaks out of the demon's grasp and shoves it backward, off of her. As she stands up, the second demon grabs her around the waist from behind. Spike stops grinning as the first demon gets up. Spike rolls his eyes in exasperation and hurries forward. He tackles the first demon and pulls it aside, landing on the floor on his back with the demon on top of him.

Buffy punches the second demon over her shoulder, then flips it, grabs it and shoves it against the wall. It slumps down and is still.

Shot of the workout room from Buffy's POV: it's empty. She rushes toward the door. Shot of Spike still on the floor with the demon in a stranglehold.

Spike You're welcome!

The demon punches him in the face.

Buffy enters the main shop area and runs forward.

Anya Where'd it go?! *swinging her weapon around randomly*

Shot of Giles suddenly reeling backward as the unseen demon punches him.

Shot of Buffy looking around.

Anya retreats behind the counter and lifts her weapon cautiously.

Xander It's over there!

Giles How many are there?

Anya I ordered them injured(?) once this month!

Buffy Shut up! *Music stops. Silence as Buffy looks around.*

The front door opens and Tara enters. She walks forward a few steps, looking anxious.

Tara Buffy, behind you!

We see a demon standing immediately behind Buffy. She turns just as it grabs her and throws her onto the table. She rolls off the other side of the table onto the floor.

Cut back to the workout room. The demon punches Spike in the face several times; he flies backward and hits the wall. He notices a rack full of weapons hanging on the wall and grabs one. It looks a bit like a scythe, only with a short handle. The demon rushes at Spike but he kicks it and it falls to the floor. Spike lifts the weapon and chops downward.

Cut back to the shop as Buffy stands up.

Buffy Tara, where is it? *looking around* Can you see it?

Tara Oh, god.

Tara comes forward as the demon punches Buffy in the face. Punching noises continue as Tara rushes into the middle of the room and stops, looking down to concentrate.

Tara *panting* Blind Cadria, lift your veil. Give evil form... *The demon turns away from Buffy to glare at Tara... and break my spell.*

We see a light flash in Buffy's eyes and suddenly she can see the demon, which is rushing at Tara. It hits her in the face; she goes down. The demon turns back to Buffy. She punches it, then it grabs her arm and throws her to the floor. She rolls over several times.

Tara's dad enters, followed by Donny and Beth.

The demon stands over Tara, who is still lying on the floor.

Mr. Maclay Tara!

The demon looks up, rushes toward Mr. Maclay. He falls backward onto the floor. Buffy, still on the floor, trips the demon and it falls on its stomach across the three steps up to the higher store level.

Buffy flips up to her feet and puts one foot on the back of the demon's neck, gives it a shove. We hear the crack as the demon's neck breaks.

Shot of Mr. Maclay sprawled on the floor staring.

Shot of Dawn peeking out from under the desk. Giles gives her his hand and helps her up.

Mr. Maclay What in god's name is that?

Spike enters from the back.

Spike Lei-ach demon. *Everyone looks at him* Fun little buggers. Big with the marrow-sucking.

Mr. Maclay gets up.

Shot of Tara sitting on the floor, looking guilty.

Mr. Maclay I don't understand.

Buffy *arms folded, looking down at Tara* I'm not sure I do either.

Tara I'm sorry. I'm s-s-so sorry. *sniffing* I was, I was trying to hide.

Willow comes forward and kneels by Tara.

Tara I didn't want you to see ... what I am.

Willow Tara, what?

Buffy What do you mean, what you are?

Tara tries to speak but can't.

Mr. Maclay OS Demon. The women in our family... *Everyone looks up at him* have demon in them. Her mother had it. That's where the magic comes from. *Tara looks down, then looks up at Willow, who stares at her.*

Mr. Maclay We came to take her home before... *sighs* well, before things like ... *points at the dead demon* this started happening.

Giles You cast a spell on us, to keep us from seeing your ... demon side. *to Buffy* That's why we couldn't see our attackers.

Buffy looks behind her at Dawn.

Buffy Nearly got us killed.

Tara I'll go. *scrambles to her feet.*

Tara *To Buffy* I'm very sorry.

Mr. Maclay The camper's outside.

Willow Wait! Go? *grabs Tara's elbow* I, she just did a spell that went wrong. It-it was just a mistake.

Mr. Maclay That's not the point and it's not your concern. She belongs with us. We know how to control her ... problem.

Willow looks at Tara in distress.

Willow Tara ... look at me. *Tara does.* I, I trusted you more than anyone in my life. Was all that just a lie?

Tara *teary* No!

Willow Well, do you wanna leave?

Mr. Maclay It's not your decision, young lady.

Willow *sharply to him* I know that! *more softly, to Tara* Do you wanna leave?

Tara shakes her head, crying.

Mr. Maclay You're going to do what's right, Tara. Now, I'm taking you out of here before somebody **does** get killed. *Tara wipes her face on her sleeve* The

girl belongs with her family. I hope that's clear to the rest of you.

Willow looks anxiously at Tara.

Buffy OS It is.

Shot of Buffy narrowing her eyes at Tara.

Buffy You want her, Mr. Maclay? You can go ahead and take her.

Shot of Tara looking sad, as if that's what she expected.

Shot of Mr. Maclay nodding in satisfaction.

Shot of Buffy whirling around to face Mr. Maclay, putting her hands on her hips.

Buffy You just gotta go through me.

Tara looks up in amazement as hope begins to grow.

Mr. Maclay OS What?

Buffy OS You heard me.

Shot of Buffy staring him down, looking very tough.

Buffy You wanna take Tara out of here against her will? You gotta come through me.

Dawn And me!

Tara smiles.

Dawn walks up to stand beside Buffy. They both give Mr. Maclay the same steely glare.

Mr. Maclay Is this a joke? *steps down one of the stairs* I'm not gonna be threatened by two little girls.

Dawn You don't wanna mess with us.

Buffy She's a hair-puller.

Giles walks up behind them.

Giles And ... *puts on his glasses* you're not just dealing with, uh, two little girls.

Tara smiles even more.

Xander You're dealing with all of us.

Spike 'Cept me.

Xander 'Cept Spike.

Spike I don't care what happens.

Mr. Maclay This is insane. You people have no right to interfere with Tara's affairs. We ... are her blood kin! Who the hell are you?

Shot of Giles, Dawn, Buffy, Willow, Tara, Xander, and Anya all standing together in a group, with Spike in the background.

Buffy We're family.

Tara smiles through tears. She looks at Willow, who smiles back.

Mr. Maclay looks angry.

Donny Daaad. You — you gonna let 'em just... *stomps forward* Tara, if you don't get in that car, I swear by god I will beat you down.

Xander And I swear by your full and manly beard, you're gonna break something trying. *Donny looks cowed*

Beth Well. I hope you'll all be happy hanging out with a disgusting demon.

The same shot of the whole Scooby gang spread out in a row. Anya, farthest back, raises her hand.

Anya E-excuse me. What kind?

Beth What?

Anya What kind of demon is she? There's a lot of different kinds. Some are very, very evil. And some have been considered to be useful members of society. *Smiles proudly. Xander turns to smile back at her.*

Beth Well, I-I... what does it matter?

Mr. Maclay Evil is evil.

Anya Well, let's just narrow it down. *Xander nods*

Spike Ohhh. *looks around* Why don't I make this simple.

Spike walks forward and taps Tara on the shoulder. When she turns, he punches her in the face.

Both Tara and Spike reel backwards in pain. Tara grabs her nose, Spike his head.

Spike Oww!!

Willow *angry* Hey! *suddenly realizing* Hey...

Tara *both hands over her face* He hit my nose!

Willow And it hurt! Uh, him, I mean.

Tara looks at her in surprise.

Buffy *to Mr. Maclay* And that only works on humans. *Willow smiles*

Spike There's no demon in there. That's just a family legend, am I right? *Mr. Maclay looks angry* Just a bit of spin to keep the ladies in line. *smirks* Oh, you're a piece of work. I like you.

Tara *softly, to Willow* I'm not a demon.

Willow *smiling* You're not a demon.

Tara He hurt my nose.

Willow Aw.

Spike *still rubbing his forehead* Yeah, you're welcome. *Stalks off*

Tara and Willow smile hugely at each other.

Shot of Buffy and Dawn in identical poses side-by-side, with their arms crossed, their heads cocked at the same angle, and the same steely glare on both their faces. Giles stands behind them.

Giles Mr. Maclay, I would say your business here is finished.

Mr. Maclay Tara. *Tara looks at him* For eighteen

years your family has taken care of you and supported you. If you wanna turn your back—

Tara *walking forward* Dad... just go.

Mr. Maclay scowls, turns and heads for the door. Donny follows. Mr. Maclay pauses at the door.

Mr. Maclay *disgusted* Magic.

Beth gives Tara a very dirty look.

Beth Are you happy now?

A slow smile spreads across Tara's face as fast rock music begins.

Cut to the Bronze. A montage of scenes of the whole group wearing party clothes, talking and laughing in different groups. Xander giving Tara a drink. Buffy talking with someone. Willow laughing at Xander's joke. Dawn racing through the crowd and Buffy stopping her. Willow blowing bubbles while Tara opens her presents, admiring the crystal ball from Giles. Dawn running up to Tara, holding a broom with a bow tied around it. A bunch of them hanging out, talking, playing pool.

Cut to Buffy leaning against a pole, watching the action with a smile. Behind her the door opens and Riley enters, with a gift box under his arm. He goes up to Buffy.

Riley Sorry I'm late.

Buffy *smiling* You came.

Riley Of course I came.

They kiss.

Cut to Tara talking to Anya, who wears a party hat.

Tara No, see, 'cause your insect reflection represents your insignificance... *Anya nods in terms of the karmic cycle.*

Anya nods to show that she understands, then ponders it for a moment.

Anya But it's still not funny.

Cut to Xander, Buffy, Dawn and Giles talking together. Riley comes over with three blue plastic cups, gives one to Buffy and one to Giles. We see that Xander already has a cup.

Dawn *with her back to the others, watching the crowd* This place is so cool. *looks at hand* 'Cept I have to wear this stupid stamp on my hand.

Xander That's to keep you from boozing it up.

Dawn Oh please. Only losers drink alcohol.

A beat as the others take this in. The cups they're all holding are prominently visible. Dawn is cheerfully oblivious.

Cut back to Tara and Anya.

Anya So what's an eagle reflection?

Tara Umm...

Willow approaches.

Willow My dance?

She takes Tara's hand and leads her onto the floor as a slow song starts. They begin to dance. Willow has her hands on Tara's waist; Tara's hands on Willow's shoulders.

Willow Good birthday?

Tara Best birthday.

Willow I still can't believe you didn't tell me about your family and all that.

Tara I was just afraid if you saw the kind of people I came from, you wouldn't wanna be anywhere near me.

Willow See ... that's where you're a dummy. I think about ... what you grew up with, and ... then I look at what you are ... it makes me proud. It makes me

love you more.

Tara Every time I— *takes a deep breath* even when I'm at my worst ... you always make me feel special.

Willow smiles.

Tara How do you do that?

Willow Magic.

They embrace, putting their heads on each other's shoulders and swaying to the music.

Singer I can't take my eyes off you... I can't take my eyes off you... *this line of song repeats several more times as they continue slowly moving to the music and the camera moves around them. We see them slowly rising upward.*

Long shot of Willow and Tara, surrounded by other couples who are also dancing. But Willow and Tara are floating several feet above the floor.

Blackout.

Executive Producer **Joss Whedon**

Fool for Love

Written by **Douglas Petrie**

Directed by **Nick Marck**

Cast

Buffy Anne Summers	Sarah Michelle Gellar
Xander Harris	Nicholas Brendon
Willow Rosenberg	Alyson Hannigan
Rupert Giles	Anthony Steward Head
Riley Finn	Mark Blucas
Spike	James Marsters
Any a Emerson	Emma Caulfield
Dawn Summers	Michelle Trachtenberg
Joyce Summers	Kristine Sutherland
Angel/Angelus	David Boreanaz
Darla	Julie Benz
Drusilla	Juliet Landau
Harmony Kendall	Mercedes McNab
Vampire Slayer <i>China</i>	Ming Liu
Vampire Slayer <i>New York</i>	April Wheedon-Washington
Cecily Addams	Kali Rocha
Aristocrat #1	Edward Fletcher
Aristocrat #2	Katharine Leonard
Aristocrat #3	Matthew Lang
Rocker Vampire	Chris Daniels
Chaos Demon	Kenntn Feinberg
Vampire #1	Steve Heinze

Prologue

Ext., Sunnydale Cemetery, Night

All is quiet in the mist-shrouded graveyard. Suddenly, the peace is shattered as Buffy pounds a Vampire dressed like a Van Halen reject to the ground.

Buffy You know, it's probably none of my business but I just gotta ask...

The vampire lunges at her and she backhands it.

Buffy You smell this bad when you were alive?

She kicks the vampire into a headstone.

Buffy 'Cause if it's a post-mortem thing, then boy, is my face red...

She flips him over the headstone and whips out a

stake.

Buffy But just so you know, the fast-growing field of personal grooming has come a long way since you became a vampire.

Buffy somersaults over the headstone, stake raised and ready to strike. But the vampire seizes her arm as she lands, spins her around and plunges the stake into Buffy's abdomen. Her eyes go wide with shock and pain as she looks down at the stake protruding from her body.

Wolf howl. Opening credits.

Part 1

Ext., Sunnydale Cemetery, Night

Resume. Buffy looks down in horror at the stake in her gut. She grips the shaft and, with a gasp of pain, pulls it out. Her sweater is soaked with her blood.

For the first time in a long time, Buffy feels fear. She turns and flees, trying to escape the vampire. The

hunter had become the hunted. Her wound slows her, however, and she casts terrified glances over her shoulder.

Suddenly, the vampire leaps in front of her and she stops with a gasp, looking around desperately for an escape route.

Rocker Vampire You're going? But you were having so much fun a minute ago!

Buffy brings the stake up but the creature easily knocks it from her grasp and tosses her against a nearby crypt. She doubles over in pain as the vampire picks up her stake and approaches with a predatory grin.

Buffy is helpless. She realizes that this is the moment she's been dreading but always knew would come. She's going to die.

As the vampire raises the stake for the killing blow, he's suddenly tackled to the ground by Riley. He rains blows down on the demon and takes out a taser but the vampire knocks it from his hand before he can use it and takes off across the graveyard. Riley is about to give chase when he notices Buffy's obvious distress and rushes to her aid.

Riley Buffy! What happened?

She holds up her bloody hands, then collapses in arms, unconscious.

Int., Summers Home, Buffy's Room, Day

Riley is applying first aid and dressing Buffy's wound.

Buffy I can't believe I passed out. Do you think I'm a total wuss now?

Riley Oh, yeah. I like a girl who can play a few hard sets of tennis with a major stab wound.

Buffy You said it wasn't that bad.

Riley I said I've seen worse. There's a difference.

Buffy Well, at least no major organs got kebabed.

Riley I still think you need to see a real doctor.

Buffy That would put me in a real hospital which would get my real mom real freaked out. I can't do it. Don't worry. Accelerated healing powers come with the Slayer package. And the boyfriend who comes complete with combat medical training? That's just a Buffy Summers bonus.

Riley So tell me about the bad guy—or guys. What do you think they were?

Buffy Vampire.

Riley How many?

Buffy One.

Riley is surprised.

Riley So... what? He was like a super-vampire or something?

Buffy No, he was the regular kind. He just beat me.

Riley That ever happen before?

Buffy I'm in the best physical shape of my life. I mean, if you're asking how it happened, I don't—

The door flies open and Dawn runs in.

Buffy Dawn!

Dawn Sorry to interrupt the sex-capades. I just wanted to tell you that Mom's coming.

Riley hides the bandages and tape just as JOYCE enters the room.

Joyce Hi, Riley.

Riley Hey, Mrs. Summers. How're you feeling?

Joyce I'm fine, bordering on chipper and tomorrow planning on being obnoxious.

Riley smiles Glad to hear it.

Joyce Buffy, when you have a minute I'd like to go over the grocery list for next week.

Buffy You got it.

Joyce re: alcohol Are you disinfecting something?

Buffy Huh? Oh, uh—

Dawn Mine! Some nail polish experiments are doomed before they even begin.

Joyce But you keep pushing the envelope, honey.

Joyce smiles and leaves, closing the bedroom door behind her.

Dawn smiles; to Buffy Did I just pull a Slayer-related Mom cover-up thing? Come on, who's the man?

Buffy You are. A very short, annoying man.

Stung, Dawn's smile fades.

Buffy If I show you something, you promise you won't tell?

Dawn crosses her heart and Buffy lifts her shirt to reveal the bandaged stab wound. Dawn is awed.

Dawn Oh, cool! off Buffy's look I mean, gross!

Buffy And Mom cannot know. Okay? You'll help me with the household stuff?

Dawn Oh, sure. I save your butt and you dump all your chores on me. off Buffy's look I got it. You're covered. We're good. Just lucky it's not bikini season.

Buffy smiles and strokes Dawn's hair.

Riley So Dawn takes household duty. I'll take tonight's patrol.

Buffy By yourself?

Riley Just a sweep.

Buffy Do me a favor? Will you take the gang along with?

Riley Okay. I will patrol with the group tonight.

Dawn When do I get to patrol?

Buffy Not until you're never.

Ext., Sunnydale Cemetery, Night

Riley moves stealthily among the headstones, ducking from shadow to shadow. He pauses behind a

large marble slab and raises his arm, fist closed, and pumps it up and down twice before moving further into the cemetery.

Willow, Anya and Xander follow about twenty yards behind him, munching potato chips and making no effort to conceal themselves.

Xander to Willow What's with the hand move? Does that like mean something?

Willow It's code. I think it breaks down to "'choo-choo'".

She mimics pulling a train whistle.

Anya It means to follow him. That, or wait here for him.

They watch Riley's covert movements for a moment, then Willow turns to Xander.

Willow Ask.

Xander yells Hey, Riley! What's the *hand gesture* all about?

Riley exasperated It means yell real loud so the vampires who don't know we're coming will have a sporting chance.

Xander to Willow See, now he's all mean and sarcastic.

Willow That's because you were doing all the yelling, Mr. Stealthy-Pants.

Anya to Riley It's their fault.

Riley Guys, I'm thinking if we split up, we could cover more ground. Tell you what? I'll take the cemeteries, you guys get the Bronze.

Anya Are we not being covert enough?

Xander We're sorry!

Willow Sorry.

Xander We'll be sneakier. Promise.

He munches loudly on a handful of chips.

Riley Okay. Just ditch the chips and watch my back.

Willow Done.

She reaches into the bag and grabs a handful of chips herself before setting the bag down. Riley moves off into the cemetery again.

Xander to Anya You know what he's like? He's like a cat. You know, a big jungle cat. How come I'm not like that? It's just so cool.

Willow munching I think you're cool.

Int., The Magic Box, Night

The reading table is piled high with books. Giles and Buffy are into some deep research.

Giles Here's another one. Early 18th Century Slayer. *Buffy closes her book with a sigh and sets it on the stack.*

Buffy Good. Let's hope she'll be more helpful than this last one.

Giles Why? What does it say?

Buffy Same as all the others. Slayer called... blah, blah... great protector... blah, blah... scary battles... blah, blah... oops! She's dead. Where are the details?

Giles Details? Well, it says this Slayer forged her own weapons.

He hands the book to Buffy.

Buffy Gotta love a gal with an anvil. But where are the details of the Slayer's last battle? You know, what made that fight special? Why did she lose?

Giles You didn't lose last night, Buffy. You just-

Buffy Got really close. I slipped up, Giles. I've been training harder than ever and still I... *beat* And there's nothing in any of these books to help me understand why. I mean... look, I realize that every Slayer comes with an expiration mark on the package. But I want mine to be a long time from now. Like a Cheeto. If there were just a few good descriptions of what took out the other Slayers, maybe it would help me to understand my mistake, to keep it from happening again.

Giles Yes, well, the problem is after a final battle, it's difficult to get any... well, the Slayer's not... she's rather...

Buffy It's okay to use the D-word, Giles.

Giles Dead. And hence not very forthcoming.

Buffy Why didn't the Watchers keep fuller accounts of it? The journals just stop.

Giles Well, I suppose if they're anything like me, they just find the whole subject too—

Buffy Unseemly? Damn. Love ya but you Watchers are such prigs sometimes.

Giles Painful... I was going to say.

Buffy and Giles share a meaningful look.

Giles But you're right. Accounts of the final battles would be very helpful. But there's no one left to tell the tales.

Buffy has a sudden revelation.

Giles What?

Int., Spikes' Crypt, Night

Buffy shoves Spike against the wall and holds him there.

Spike Ow! *beat* Wait. Not ow. You feeling all right, Slayer? This stuff usually hurts.

Buffy spins him around to face her.

Buffy Don't even start, Spike.

Spike What do you want?

Buffy Slayers. You killed two of them.

Spike *wary* I did.

Buffy You're gonna show me how.

Part 2

Int., The Bronze, Night

Spike and Buffy sit at a corner table. Spike greedily drains a mug of beer while Buffy stoically watches.

Spike You know, there quite a few American beers that are highly underrated. This unfortunately is not one of them.

Buffy Update, Spike. We're not here to discuss the fine choice of hops. It's about two Slayers: one in China during the Boxer Rebellion, one in New York. *She holds up a wad of cash and snatches it back as he tries to grab for it.*

Buffy Both got killed by you. Tell the tale, you get the cash.

Spike Right. You want to learn all about how I bested the Slayers and you want to learn fast. Right, then. We fought. I won. The end. Pay up.

Buffy That's not what I—

Spike What did you want, eh? A quick demo? A blow-for-blow description you can map out and memorize? It's not about the moves, love. And since I agreed to your little proposition, we can do this my way. Wings.

Buffy What?

Spike Spicy buffalo wings. Order me up a plate. I'm feelin' peckish.

Buffy sighs and turns to signal a waitress.

Buffy Excuse me—

The movement aggravates her injury and she winces in pain.

Spike As I thought. Some nasty thing got a taste of you.

Buffy Don't get all excited. I'm fine.

Spike Oh, right. Stuck in a dark corner with a creature you loathe, diggin' up past uglies, 'cause you're fine.

Buffy Just tell me what I want to know.

Spike I told you. No one's narrating on an empty stomach here.

Buffy shakes her head in exasperation.

Buffy Were you born this big a pain in the ass?

Spike What can I tell you, baby? I've always been bad.

Int., London (1880), Victorian Parlor, Night

A very different Spike is sitting and composing poetry off in the corner of a dinner party. The spir-

ited laughter of the party-goers can be heard in the background. Spike's hair is long and unruly and he's dressed as a proper gentleman, complete with tie and reading spectacles. He's awkward and bookish—none of the confident swagger we're used to.

Spike *to himself* Luminous... oh, no, no, no. Irradiant's better.

A Waiter approaches and holds out a tray.

Waiter Care for an hors d'oeuvre, sir?

Spike Oh, quickly! I'm the very spirit of vexation. What's another word for "'gleaming"'? It's a perfectly perfect word as many words go but the bother is nothing rhymes, you see.

The waiter smiles patronizingly and moves off into the crowd. Spike's eyes are drawn to Cecily, young woman just entering the party.

Spike Cecily...

He turns back to his poem with renewed purpose and jots down several more lines, then gets up and moves through the crowd toward her.

Title Card London, 1880

Cut to: A group of young Aristocrats—a woman and her two male companions—are gathered, discussing current events.

Aristocrat #1 I mean to point out that it's something of a mystery and the police should keep an open mind.

One of the men turns to Spike as he passes by.

Aristocrat #2 *to Spike* Ah, William! Favor us with your opinion. What do you make of this rash of disappearances sweeping through our town? Animals or thieves?

Spike *haughty* I prefer not to think of such dark, ugly business at all. That's what the police are for. *looks at Cecily* I prefer placing my energies into creating things of beauty.

The third aristocrat snatches the poem from Spike's hands.

Aristocrat #3 I see. Well, don't withhold, William.

Aristocrat #1 Rescue us from a dreary topic.

Spike *to Aristocrat #3* Careful. The inks are still wet. Please, it's not finished.

Aristocrat #3 Don't be shy. *reads* "My heart expands/'tis grown a bulge in it/inspired by your beauty, effulgent." *laughs* Effulgent?

Everyone laughs, mocking Spike. Uncomfortable, Cecily glances at Spike and walks off. Spike shoots Aristocrat #3 a sour look, snatches back his poem, and follows her.

Aristocrat #2 And that's actually one of his better compositions.

Aristocrat #1 Have you heard? They call him William the Bloody because of his bloody awful poetry!

Aristocrat #3 It suits him. I'd rather have a railroad spike through my head than listen to that awful stuff!

Cut to: Spike approaches Cecily who is sitting on a sofa, away from the main party, and looking out the window.

Spike Cecily?

She turns and sighs when she sees him.

Cecily Oh. Leave me alone.

Spike *re: other guests* Oh, they're vulgarians. They're not like you and I.

Cecily You and I? I'm going to ask you a very personal question and I demand an honest answer. Do you understand?

He nods.

Cecily Your poetry, it's... they're... not written about me, are they?

Spike They're about how I feel.

Cecily Yes, but are they about me?

Spike Every syllable.

Cecily Oh, God!

Spike Oh, I know... it's sudden and... please, if they're no good, they're only words but... the feeling behind them... I love you, Cecily.

Cecily Please stop!

Spike I know I'm a bad poet but I'm a good man and all I ask is that... that you try to see me—

Cecily I do see you. That's the problem. You're nothing to me, William. You're beneath me.

She stands and walks off, leaving Spike devastated and alone.

Ext., London Street, Night

Spike staggers down the street in tears, ripping up his poems as he goes. He bumps into a passerby and drops the pages.

Spike Watch where you're going!

He gathers up the torn sheets and makes his way toward a nearby alleyway.

Ext., London Alley, Night

Spike is sitting on a bale of hay and finishing the job of destroying his poetry. He looks up at the sound of a woman's voice to find Drusilla standing serenely in the dark alley with him.

Drusilla And I wonder... what possible catastrophe came crashing down from heaven and brought this dashing stranger to tears?

Spike Nothing. I wish to be alone.

Drusilla Oh, I see you. A man surrounded by fools who cannot see his strength, his vision, his glory. *beat* That and burning baby fish swimming all around your head.

Spike backs away from her, nervous.

Spike That's quite close enough. I've heard tales of London pickpockets. You'll not be getting my purse, I tell you.

Drusilla *smiles* Don't need a purse.

She points to his heart and head in succession.

Drusilla Your wealth lies here... and here. In the spirit and... imagination. You walk in worlds the others can't begin to imagine.

Spike is riveted by her insight into his character.

Spike Oh, yes! I mean, no. I mean... mother's expecting me.

Drusilla opens the collar of his shirt.

Drusilla I see what you want. Something glowing and glistening. Something... effulgent.

Spike is beside himself. Finally someone who understands him.

Spike *sotto* Effulgent.

Drusilla Do you want it?

Spike has never wanted anything more.

Spike Oh, yes! *touches her chest* God, yes.

Drusilla looks down for a moment as her face changes and her fangs descend. Spike reacts, more confused than afraid. She pulls back his shirt collar and buries her fangs in his neck. Spike cries out in pain but his cries quickly turn to moans of pleasure as Drusilla ends his human existence.

Ext., Sunnydale Cemetery, Night

Riley, Willow, Anya and Xander are crouched behind headstones as the Rocker Vampire who staked Buffy makes his way through the graveyard. Riley sees him first.

Riley Guys...

Xander What you got?

Riley That's him. Let's go.

The vampire slips into a crypt as the four of them cautiously approach. Boisterous laughter can be heard coming from inside. Riley motions for the others to stay put as he steals up to the crypt entrance and peers inside. He sees the Rocker Vampire with four others and backs off, frustrated. He returns to the others.

Xander It sounds like a party in there.

Riley Forget about crashing. There's too many of them. We'll come back at daybreak when they're asleep and we're better armed. It's okay. We can kill them just as dead in the morning.

Int., The Bronze, Night

Buffy and Spike are shooting pool as Spike relates his story.

Buffy So you traded up on the food chain. Then what?

Spike No, please. Don't make it sound like something you'd flip past on the Discovery Channel. Becoming a vampire is a profound and powerful experience. I could feel this new strength coursing through me. Getting killed made me feel alive for the very first time. I was through living by society's rules. Decided to make a few of my own. Of course, in order to do that... I had to get myself a gang.

Int., Yorkshire, England (1880), Coal Mine, Day
Angelus has Spike by the throat, choking him.

Angelus Perhaps it's my advancing years that makes me so forgetful, William. Remind me. Why don't we kill you?

Spike chokes... ike.

Angelus What's that?

Title Card Yorkshire, 1880

Angelus releases Spike in disgust.

Spike It's Spike now.

Reveal Drusilla and Darla standing to either side of Angelus.

Spike You'd do well to remember it, mate.

Angelus I'm not your mate. And when did you start talking like that?

Darla to Spike Look, we barely got out of London alive because of you. Everywhere we go, it's the same story and now—

Angelus You've got me and my women hiding in the luxury of a mine shaft, all because William the Bloody likes the attention. This is not a reputation we need.

Spike takes a deep swig from a wine bottle.

Spike Oh, I'm sorry. Did I sully our good name? We're vampires.

Angelus All the more reason to use a certain amount of finesse.

Spike Bollocks! That stuff's for the frilly cuffs-and-collars crowd. I'll take a good brawl any day.

Angelus approaches Spike menacingly.

Angelus And every time you do, we become the hunted.

Darla sing-song; to Drusilla I think our boys are going to fight.

Drusilla claps her hands giddily.

Drusilla The King of Cups expects a picnic! But this is not his birthday.

Darla looks at Drusilla like she's crazy.

Darla Good point...

Spike to Angelus Yeah, you know what I prefer to being hunted? Getting caught.

Angelus That's a brilliant strategy really... pure cunning.

Spike Sod off! *laughs* Come on. When was the last time you unleashed it? All out fight in a mob, back against the wall, nothing but fists and fangs? Don't you ever get tired of fights you know you're going to win?

Angelus No. A real kill. A good kill. It takes pure artistry. Without that, we're just animals.

Spike Poofter!

Angelus shoves Spike and the fight is on. Angelus snaps a metal rod in half, lifts Spike up and slams him down on his back, raising the makeshift stake. Spike stops it inches from his heart and smiles up at Angelus.

Spike Now you're gettin' it!

Angelus drops the rod and backs off.

Angelus You can't keep this up forever. If I can't teach you, maybe someday an angry crowd will. That... or the Slayer.

Spike sits up, suddenly interested.

Spike What's a Slayer?

Int., The Bronze (Present), Night

Back to the pool game. Buffy listens while Spike tells his tale.

Spike After that, I was obsessed. I mean, to most vampires, the Slayer was the subject of cold sweat and frightened whispers. But I never hid. Hell, I sought her out. I mean, if you're looking for fun, there's death, there's glory and sod all else, right? *shrugs* I was young.

Buffy So how'd you kill her?

Spike moves behind Buffy.

Spike Funny you should ask.

His hand whips out and takes her by the neck. She instinctually reacts, bringing the pool cue up as a weapon but Spike holds her at bay.

Spike Lesson the first A Slayer must always reach for her weapon.

His face shifts as the demon in him comes forward.

Spike I've already got mine.

He shakes his head and his face returns to normal. After a moment, he releases Buffy's neck and takes the pool cue from her. He walks over to the table and lines up a shot.

Spike A good thing, too. Become a vampire, you've got nothing to fear. Nothing but one girl. That's you, honey. Back then... it was her.

Int., China (1900), Buddhist Temple, Night

Spike and the Slayer are fighting. She's a young, diminutive Chinese girl, adept at martial arts and swordsmanship. She kicks Spike back and whips her sword at his head. He ducks but not quite quick enough. The blade splits the skin over his left eyebrow and blood runs down his face. Spike is enjoying himself immensely.

Ext., Chinese Village, Night

Fires burn as panicked villagers flee in every direction, their belongings and farm animals in tow. Explosions can be heard not too far distant.

Title Card China, 1900 Boxer Rebellion

Int., Buddhist Temple, Night

Spike dodges another blow from the Slayer's sword.

Spike Just like I pictured it. This good for you?

The Slayer charges him, sword whickering through the air in a deadly blur. Spike dodges every swing and viciously backhands the girl, breaking her grip on the sword.

The Slayer goes hand-to-hand with Spike, landing several kicks and punches to his head, serving only to further enrage the vampire. He beats her back but begins to lose ground again. The Slayer backs him up against a support column and pins him there, her foot to his throat. She raises a stake, poised to strike the killing blow, when an explosion outside blasts part of the temple wall inward, the concussion breaking her hold on Spike.

Spike goes on the offensive, knocking the stake from her hand. As the Slayer bends to retrieve it, Spike seizes her arm and wrenches it up behind her back. He pulls the hapless girl to him and sinks his fangs deep into her neck.

The Slayer gasps in pain as her life drains away. Spike turns the dying girl toward him. She speaks to him in Chinese.

Slayer subtitle Tell my mother I'm sorry...

Spike I'm sorry, love, I don't speak Chinese.

She dies and Spike throws her to the ground like so much refuse. Panting heavily, he licks his lips with pleasure.

Spike to himself A fella could get used to this.

Part 3

Int., China, Buddhist Temple, Night

Resume. Spike is staring down at the Slayer's corpse as Drusilla glides into the temple.

Drusilla Oh, Spike, look at the wonderful mess you've made. That's a Slayer you've done in. Naughty... wicked... Spike.

She holds out her hand and Spike approaches, lust in his eyes. He grabs Drusilla up in his arms and looks into her eyes.

Spike You ever hear them saying the blood of a Slayer is a powerful aphrodisiac?

She looks at him, wanton hunger in her eyes.

Spike Here, now... have a taste.

He holds his blood-covered finger up and she seductively sucks on it, moaning with pleasure. Spike grins and picks her up, pushing her against the wall and kissing her passionately. She eagerly responds,

pulling at his clothes as they sink to the floor in each other's embrace.

Ext., Chinese Village, Street, Night

Houses burn brightly as the terrified villagers flee the looters. Spike and Drusilla walk arm-in-arm through the violence, smiling and whispering to each other. They meet Darla and Angel, the four of them forming an incongruous picture of calm amid the panic and terrified screams around them.

Darla So where have you two been?

Drusilla to Spike May I tell?

Spike No need to be humble.

Drusilla to Darla My little Spike just killed himself a Slayer.

Angel looks him up and down, his face expressionless.

Angel Congratulations. I guess that makes you one of us.

Spike Don't be so glum, mate! The way you tell it, one Slayer snuffs it, another one rises. I figure there's a new Chosen One getting all chosen as we speak. I tell you what... when and if this new bird does show up, I'll give you first crack at her.

Drusilla's attention is suddenly drawn to something behind Angel.

Drusilla I smell fear.

Angel Yeah, this whole place reeks of it.

Drusilla sinks into Spike's arms, ecstatic.

Drusilla It's intoxicating!

Angel takes Darla by the arm.

Angel Let's get out of here. This rebellion's starting to bore me.

Spike and Drusilla revel in the misery around them, laughing in each other's arms, before following Angel and Darla into the night.

Int., The Bronze (Present), Night

Spike That was the best night of my life.

Spike and Buffy are still at the pool table. Buffy's face is neutral, expressionless, at Spike's casual description of the death of a Slayer.

Spike And I've had some sweet ones. *off her look* What are you looking at?

Buffy *disgusted* You got off on it.

Spike Well, yeah. I suppose you're telling me you don't? *laughs* How many of my kind reckon you've done?

Buffy Not enough.

Spike *nods* And we just keep coming. But you can kill a hundred, a thousand, a thousand thousand and the armies of Hell besides and all we need is for one of us—just one—sooner or later to have the thing we're all hoping for.

Buffy And that would be what?

Spike leans in close and whispers in her ear.

Spike One... good... day.

Buffy pushes him away from her.

Spike *laughs* Hey! You asked and I'm tellin'. The problem with you, Summers, is you've gotten so good, you're starting to think you're immortal.

Buffy Not really. I just know I can handle myself.

Spike Oh? Then how do you explain this?

He reaches out and punches Buffy in her wound. Both Buffy and Spike cry out in pain as Buffy doubles over and Spike's chip lights his brain on fire.

Buffy *gasping* So that's it? Lesson over?

Spike Not even close. Come on.

He picks up a pool cue and heads outside.

Ext., Sunnydale Cemetery, Night

Riley strides purposefully through the mist-shrouded trees toward the crypt where the vampires are still partying. The Rocker Vampire is regaling his companions with his tale of fighting and besting a Slayer.

Rocker Vampire o.s. Killed with her own weapon!

Int., Sunnydale Cemetery, Crypt, Night

The Rocker Vampire holds up Buffy's stake for the others to see.

Rocker Vampire They ought to put this in a museum!

The door bangs open and Riley walks confidently in.

Riley You know what they put in museums? Mostly dead things.

The Rocker Vampire leaps up and charges Riley. He easily blocks the demon's blows and seizes its arm, giving it a violent twist. The vampire's arm breaks with a snap and the stake drops from its hand into Riley's. Without hesitation, Riley slams it into the vampire's chest. As the dust settles to the floor, Riley takes out an incendiary grenade and pulls the pin. The handle flips up and Riley holds it for a beat, letting the fuse burn down. Then he sets it on the ground in front of the stunned vampires and runs out the crypt door.

Ext., Sunnydale Cemetery, Night

Riley dashes into the trees as the crypt explodes from within.

Ext, The Bronze, Night

Buffy squares off with Spike.

Buffy Give it to me.

Spike lashes out at her and she easily ducks his blows, then wraps her hand around his throat, pinning him against a chain-link fence. Spike smiles and laughs.

Buffy What?

Spike Lesson the second: Ask the right questions. You want to know how I beat 'em?

Buffy releases him and steps back.

Spike The question isn't "'How'd I win?'". The question is "'Why'd they lose?'".

Buffy What's the difference?

Spike lunges at her, the pool cue aimed at her throat. Spike stops it inches from her skin. Buffy never even flinches.

Spike There's a big difference, love.

Buffy kicks the cue from his hands.

Buffy How'd you kill the second one?

Spike Hmm? A bit like this.

He sends a series of punches at her but Buffy easily ducks them all.

Buffy That didn't hurt?

Spike I knew I couldn't touch you. If there's no intent to hurt you, then that chip they shoved up my brain never activates. If, on the other hand...

Spike's face changes and he lunges at her but he's brought up short by a crippling brain seizure.

Spike See, now that hurt.

Buffy Yeah? This hurt too?

Buffy gut-punches him, then pounds him to the ground.

Buffy How'd you kill 'em, Spike?

He jumps up and attacks but Buffy flips him over onto the ground again, whips out a stake and lands on top of him. Spike seizes her wrist before she can plunge it into his chest.

Spike You're not ready to know.

Buffy I'm ready.

Spike Okay, then. Went like this.

Spike flips Buffy up and off him as we Smash cut to:

Int., New York City (1977), Subway Car, Night

A young black woman in dark leather lands hard on the floor of the train and rolls to her feet. Spike, looking very much like Billy Idol, squares off with the Slayer and throws a punch. The car is empty, save for the two combatants.

Title Card New York City, 1977

Begin Intercut

The fight on the subway car and Buffy and Spike outside the Bronze.

As Spike fights the Slayer in the past, he also fights Buffy in the present, the battles mirroring each other across time. Spike feels no pain from the chip, indicating the fight with Buffy is more demonstration than anything else.

Spike to Buffy The first was all business but the second, she had a touch of your style.

Spike and the Slayer trade blows. This Slayer does indeed fight much like Buffy. She runs Spike head-first into the train car's window, smashing it. Spike looses a cry of delight and attacks again.

Spike to Buffy She was cunning, resourceful... oh, did I mention? Hot. I could have danced all night with that one.

Buffy You think we're dancing?

Spike That's all we've ever done.

Spike breaks one of the subway car's hand rails and wields it as a weapon.

Spike V.O. And the thing about the dance is, you never get to stop.

Spike flips the pool cue up and spins it like the hand rail.

Spike to Buffy Every day you wake up, it's the same bloody question that haunts you: is today the day I die?

He brings the pool cue down in a vicious arc and Buffy counter-attacks, enraged.

Spike cracks the Slayer across the face with the metal rail, sending her reeling to the floor and pounds her repeatedly with it.

Spike V.O. Death is on your heels, baby, and sooner or later it's gonna catch you.

Spike brings the rail down for another blow but the Slayer catches it and slams it back into his face.

Spike to Buffy And part of you wants it... not only to stop the fear and uncertainty, but because you're just a little bit in love with it.

Buffy has heard enough. She backhands Spike across the face.

On the subway, Spike falls to the floor and the Slayer jumps on his chest, straddling him. She pounds him repeatedly in the face as the train car's lights go out. When they come back on, the Slayer is on her back with Spike straddling her, his hands around her throat.

Spike Death is your art. You make it with your hands, day after day.

Buffy stares at him, her face a blank mask.

The Slayer struggles beneath Spike.

Spike That final gasp. That look of peace. Part of you is desperate to know: What's it like? Where does it lead you? And now you see, that's the secret. Not the punch you didn't throw or the kicks you didn't land. She never wanted it. Every Slayer... has a death wish.

Spike grips the Slayer's head between his hands and twists violently, snapping her neck and killing her.

Spike to Buffy Even you.

Spike stands up and faces Buffy.

In the subway, he walks to the end of the car and pulls the emergency cord. As the train grinds to a halt, he returns to the dead Slayer and pulls off her black leather coat.

Spike The only reason you've lasted as long as you have is you've got ties to the world... your mum, your brat kid sister, the Scoobies. They all tie you here but you're just putting off the inevitable.

Spike shrugs into the Slayer's coat.

Spike Sooner or later, you're gonna want it. And the second—the second—that happens...

Spike claps his hands together inches from Buffy's face.

End Intercut

Spike You know I'll be there. I'll slip in... have myself a real good day.

He stares intently into Buffy's eyes, then steps back.

Spike Here endeth the lesson. I just wonder if you'll like it as much as she did.

Buffy cold Get out of my sight, Spike. Now.

Spike Oh... did I scare ya? You're the Slayer. Do something about it. Hit me. Come on. One good swing. You know you want to.

Buffy I mean it.

Spike So do I. Give it me good, Buffy. Do it!

The tension is rising between them.

Buffy Spike...

His passion aroused, Spike leans in to kiss her. She backs away in horror.

Buffy What the hell are you doing?

He grabs Buffy by the arms, his words coming in a breathless pant.

Spike Come on. I can feel it, Slayer. You know you want to dance.

Buffy Say it's true. Say I do want to.

She shoves him to the ground and looks down at him with disgust.

Buffy It wouldn't be you, Spike. It would never be you.

She tosses the wad of cash at him contemptuously.

Buffy You're beneath me.

Buffy turns and walks off into the night, leaving Spike alone in the dark alley.

He begins to gather up the money, stifling a sob. As Buffy's words ring down through the years, he becomes the same spurned and awkward young man he once was. Her words have hurt him more than her blows ever have. He closes his eyes in anguish, takes a deep breath, and when he looks up again, only murderous hate remains.

Int., Spike's Crypt, Night

Spike throws open an old trunk and starts searching through the contents. Harmony looks at him with concern.

Harmony Spike, what are you doing?

Spike to himself Beneath me... I'll show her.

He takes out a double-barreled shotgun, cracks the breech and loads two rounds.

Spike Put her six bloody feet beneath me. Hasn't got a death wish? Bitch won't need one.

Part 4

Int., Spike's Crypt, Night

Spike is gathering up his things, preparing to go after Buffy. Harmony is worried for him.

Harmony Okay, I'm trying to be supportive here so don't drive a stake through my heart like last time, but you can't kill Buffy. She's the Slayer. She is so gonna kick your ass.

Spike I've got two barrels here that'll prove you wrong.

Harmony I knew you'd take this personally. You are so sensitive! How are you going to kill her? Think! The second you even point that thing at her, you're gonna be all ahhh!

She holds her hand to her head in mock pain.

Harmony And then you'll get bitch-slapped up and down Main Street unless she's had enough and just stakes you!

Spike Sure, it'll hurt like hell for about two hours...
He grabs Harmony by the neck and twists. She gasps

in pain.

Spike But she'll be dead just a little longer than that.
He tosses Harmony aside and runs out.

Harmony Fine! But don't come crying to me when you fail. You couldn't kill her before you got the chip. You had plenty of chances!

Ext., Spanish-style Tavern (1998), Night
Drusilla and Spike are arguing.

Drusilla Why can't you kill her?

Spike You're the one who keeps bringing her up!

Title Card South America, 1998

Spike I haven't said a word about the bloody Slayer since we left California. She's on the other side of the planet, Dru!

Drusilla But you're lying! I can still see her floating all around you, laughing. Why? Why won't you push her away?

Spike But I did, pet. I did it for you. You keep punishing me. Carrying on with creatures like this.

Pull back to reveal a Chaos Demon standing nearby, holding a beer. He's tall with antlers that drip and ooze.

Chaos Demon Okay, you guys obviously have a thing going on here.

Drusilla I have to find my pleasures, Spike. You taste like ashes.

Spike *re: demon* So this is my fault now?

Chaos Demon *to Spike* I didn't know she was seeing somebody. *off Spike's look* I should take off.

Spike Yeah, why don't you do that?

The demon blows a kiss to Drusilla, then walks off.

Drusilla You can't blame the ghoul, Spike. You're all covered with her. I look at you... all I see is the Slayer.

Int., Summers Home, Joyce's Room, Night

Buffy enters to find her mother packing a suitcase.

Buffy Hey, I put together that grocery list for you.

Joyce Oh, great. Thanks, hon.

Buffy Are you okay?

Joyce I'm fine. Have you seen my conditioner?

Buffy Did you look under the sink?

Joyce realizes that's where it is and goes to retrieve it.

Buffy Where are you going?

Joyce Oh, I was hoping to put this off but... you know the nothing that I've been dealing with the last couple of weeks? It might not be nothing.

Buffy What is it?

Joyce I'm staying overnight at the hospital for observation. I'm getting a CAT scan.

Buffy doesn't know what to say. Joyce is quick to reassure her.

Joyce It's only one night and they say even if there is something, it's still very early if they didn't see it before. I'm going to be fine.

Buffy puts on a brave smile for her mother's sake.

Buffy I know you will.

Ext., Summers Home, Back Porch, Night

The back door opens and Buffy walks out and sits down on the back steps. She is terrified for her mother, her eyes brimming with tears. She puts her head in her lap and sobs uncontrollably.

Spike watches her from the bushes, then moves forward, striding purposefully toward her, gun at his side. He raises the gun and cocks it.

Buffy looks up at the sound, her face wet with tears.

Buffy What do you want now?

Spike is about to pull the trigger when he sees her tears and through them, her pain. His rage vanishes in an instant.

Spike What's wrong?

Buffy I don't want to talk about it.

Spike lowers the gun.

Spike Is there something I can do?

Buffy says nothing, the reality of her mother's situation hitting her like a steel weight, overcoming her.

Spike sits down next to her and tentatively pats her back, trying to comfort her. She lets him.

Pull back on the two of them, sitting together, side by side.

Fade to Black

Shadow

A *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* episode written by David Fury and transcribed by **Joan the English Chick**
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Transcriber's Notes

I do not own the characters or situations of BTVS, and I claim no credit for the content of this episode. I have merely transcribed what appeared on my screen, with help from the closed captions.

I prefer that you link to this transcript on the Psyche site rather than post it on your site, but you can post it on your site if you want, as long as you keep my name and email address on it. Please also keep my disclaimers intact.

You can use my transcripts in your fanfiction stories; you don't have to ask my permission. (However, if you use large portions of episode dialogue in your fanfic, I recommend you give credit to the person who wrote the episode.)

I apologize in advance for my lame transcription of the fight scenes. I don't know the names of different punches and kicks. Use your imagination.

Teaser

Glory You keep refusing to tell me where the key is!
Monk talking to Buffy.

Monk We had to hide the key... made it human and sent it to you.

Buffy brushing hair back from Dawn's face.

Buffy V.O. Dawn.

Dawn What's wrong with Mom?

Giles V.O. Previously on *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*...

Buffy I don't know.

Riley talking to Xander.

Riley Buffy's like nobody else in the world. When I'm with her it's like, half of me is just... on fire, going crazy if I'm not touching her. But she doesn't love me.

Riley talking to Buffy.

Riley I know you got a lot on your mind. You decide you wanna let me in on any of it, you let me know.

Riley in Willy's bar talking to Sandy.

Sandy We... could go somewhere else. Someplace more... private.

Riley Ohhhh, Sandy, Sandy. My heart belongs to another. Besides, I don't go out with vampires.

Spike and Buffy kissing.

Buffy Spike. I want you.

Spike God, I love you so much.

Spike sitting up in bed.

Spike Oh god, no. Please no.

Buffy talking to Joyce.

Buffy Are you okay?

Joyce You know the nothing that I've been dealing with the last couple of weeks? I-it might not be nothing.

Buffy What is it?

Joyce I'm, uh, staying overnight at the hospital for observation. I'm getting a CAT scan.

Buffy sitting on the back steps crying, putting her face in her hands.

Fade in on hospital CAT scan room. Joyce lies on the machine, wearing a hospital gown. We see a glass window, behind which two technicians are standing. The machine makes noises as the part Joyce is lying on slides into it. Close-up on Joyce's face. She closes her eyes. Long shot of the machine. Close-up on Joyce's face again, her eyes open again. She closes them again.

Cut to Dawn fiddling with a bracelet on her right wrist. A hand comes into view and gives her a can of soda. It's Buffy. Dawn looks up at her. She sits down next to Dawn and opens her own can.

Dawn What is a CAT scan exactly?

Buffy I don't know. It's some... x-ray, I guess.

Dawn Where do they get the CAT scan from? I mean, do they test it on cats or... or does the machine sort of look like a cat?

Buffy Dawn, I'm really...

She stops herself as Dawn gives her an apprehensive look. Buffy puts her arm around Dawn and brings Dawn's head to rest on her shoulder. She kisses the top of Dawn's head.

Long shot of them sitting there in the hospital waiting room as various staff people walk by.

Cut to a telephone book, open to a page where we see a large advertisement for the Magic Box.

Tara V.O. Your one-stop spot to shop for all your occult needs.

We see Tara and Giles standing behind the counter, looking at the ad.

Tara Catchy.

Giles Think so?

Tara Uh-huh. In a... hard to read sort of way, but I think it's great.

Giles Oh.

Tara moves away as Giles studies the ad and soundlessly mouths the words to himself. The door opens and Anya enters, followed by Xander and Willow. Anya immediately begins straightening the merchandise on the shelves.

Xander I'm just saying, I think it's rude.

Willow I wouldn't call it rude.

Xander Rude-ish. Rude-esque. Whatever you want to call it. When a person makes a "destroy all vampires" date, it's simple courtesy to wait for your co-destroyers. Am I right, Giles?

Giles I'm almost certain you're not, but to be fair, I wasn't listening.

Tara Oh, the-the new phone book's in with Mr. Giles' ad.

Anya races around the counter, shoving past Tara.

Willow Oh, nice.

Anya Yay! Am I mentioned? *looking eagerly at the ad*

Giles Not as such.

Anya disappointed Oh.

Xander Okay, we were supposed to hook up with Riley this morning, to take on a nest o'vamps holed up in a tomb? So we get there, and guess what? Tell him, Will.

Willow Tomb go boom.

Xander Yep. Captain America blowed it up real good. All by his lone wolf lonesome.

Giles Hmm, uh, rather reckless of him. *We see Anya still studying the ad.*

Xander I'd say very rather.

Giles All that aside, I should think you'd be pleased to avoid the confrontation.

Anya That's what I've been saying. I mean, I for one didn't want to start my day with a slaughter. *Suddenly gets a look of realization on her face; excitedly* Which really just goes to show how much I've grown! *Smiles hugely. Willow and Tara grin at each other*

Giles Yes, well, um, in any event, uh, since you're all here, Tara and I could use your help researching Buffy's mysterious woman.

Xander Oh yeah, this has been fruitful. Trying to look up something you... never saw and don't know the name of.

Anya Just do what I do: flip through the pages and look busy.

Willow It'd be nice if we knew where she was, where she's hiding out.

Xander No doubt lurking around some sewer or condemned church or rat-infested warehouse. You know, the usual haunts.

Cut to: a beautiful, well-appointed apartment. Glory reclines on a round bed surrounded by shoe-boxes. A demon dressed in monk's clothing is kneeling on the floor, holding a scroll.

Dreg Most beauteous and supremely magnificent one, this dark spell I hold in my worthless and scabby hand is our gift to you, most tingly and wonderful Glorificus...

Glory trying on a shoe Please, call me Glory. And get up, looking at you is hurting my neck.

Dreg gets up Forgive me, shiny special one. I beg of you to rip out my inadequate tongue.

Glory reaches out her hand Gimme.

Dreg grins and walks forward, sticking out his tongue. Glory waits till he's close enough and then grabs the scroll.

Dreg Oh. *laughs nervously* I thought... *still laughing as Glory examines the paper* You should know, your elaborate marvelousness, that this dark incantation has been lost for eons...

Glory Uh-huh. *trying on another shoe*

Dreg And great dangers have been faced to...

Glory sticking her leg straight up in the air Does this pump make my ankle look bony?

Dreg No! No, no, your terrifically smooth one, it is the epitome of ankles. *Glory ignores him, trying on another shoe* To touch such an ankle would be—but I'm not touching. I'm backing away.

Glory kicks out her foot and the shoe flies off it, hitting Dreg in the forehead.

Dreg Ow! Thank you.

Glory Dreg, is it? *Gets up*

Dreg Yes. Dreg. Your creamy coolness has honored me by speaking my name. Your voice is like a thousand sweet songbirds that—

Glory irritated Yeah, I never tire of hearing that. Look, just so we're clear, the spell's gonna work, right? *Dreg nods anxiously. Glory turns and goes to the window, peeking around the curtain* I mean,

nothing worse than a gift that doesn't work. Then I'd have to get all mad and kill you! *apologetically* It's this whole big thing.

Dreg It will work, your extremeness. Provided you have the other items you need.

Glory Don't worry. I'll have them all right.

She walks past him to where a copy of the phone book is sitting open to the page with Giles' ad. She

tears out the page and smiles at it.

Glory I'll have it all.

Wolf howl. Opening credits.

Guest starring Clare Kramer, Charlie Weber, Kevin Weisman, William Forward, Amber Benson as Tara, and Kristine Sutherland as Joyce Summers. Written by David Fury, directed by Daniel Attias.

Part 1

Exterior of the Summers house, day. Riley approaches the front door and finds it slightly ajar. He knocks and walks in.

Riley *calling* Hello? Buffy?

He takes off his jacket, then notices something on the floor and picks it up. It's a blanket. He frowns, looks up the stairs, drops both blanket and jacket and starts up the stairs.

Cut to: Spike holding a pink sweater up to his face and inhaling deeply. He lowers the sweater, sighing happily, then takes another sniff as Riley appears behind him.

Riley What are you doing in here?

Spike whirls around and we see he's in Buffy's bedroom. He quickly hides the sweater behind his back.

Spike What, me? I was um... uh... what are **you** doing here?

Riley Looking for the girl who's gonna rip your arms off when she finds out you were in her bedroom. *Walks forward.*

Spike Oh yeah? Well... me too.

Riley glances down, makes a move toward Spike's hands. Spike flinches backward and tries to maneuver so Riley can't see what he's holding.

Riley *bemused* Were you... were you just smelling her sweater?

Spike *scoffs* No. *Riley glares at him* Well, yeah, all right, I did. It's a... predator thing, nothin' wrong with it. Just... know your enemy's scent, whet the appetite for a hunt. *He sniffs the sweater again* Ah, that's the stuff! Slayer musk, it's bitter and aggravating!

Spike presses the sweater against his face and makes angry growling noises. Riley snatches the sweater away from him, tosses it aside, then grabs Spike by the front of his shirt.

Riley Out.

As Riley hustles Spike out, Spike grabs a piece of lacy pink underwear from a drawer.

Riley hurries down the stairs, pulling Spike after him.

Spike Hey, watch it! Easy, you're bruising the leather! *They reach the bottom of the stairs and Riley lets go* Look. I know for a bleeding fact the Slayer wouldn't mind me being here.

Riley Right. What's a little sweater-sniffing between sworn enemies.

Spike Your girl in the habit of buying her enemies drinks? 'Cause she spent the better part of last night with me, *smugly* doing just that.

Riley 'Cause you guys are such tight pals.

Spike Yeah.

Riley That's good. Tell me another.

Spike Okay, how 'bout this one. Twice in recent memory, she's had the lover-wiccass do a deinvite on the house. Keep out specific vamps. Ever ask yourself why she's never taken my name off the guest list?

Riley *falters for a moment* Because you're harmless.

Spike Oh yeah, right. *scoffs* Takes one to know, I suppose. Least I still got the attitude. *looking Riley up and down* What do you got, a piercing glance? Face it, white bread. Buffy's got a type, and you're not it. She likes us dangerous, rough, occasionally bumpy in the forehead region. *patronizingly* Not that she doesn't like you... but sorry Charlie, you're just not dark enough.

Riley scowls, grabs Spike, opens the door and thrusts Spike out into the sunlight.

Spike Hey... Hey! Hey! Hey!

Riley Am I dark enough for you now?

Spike Bloody pull me back in, you sod, I'm starting to sizzle!

Riley You don't know anything about Buffy, you never did. I'm the one who knows what she needs.

Spike Oh yeah? That's why you're with her at hospital right now, giving her what she needs.

Riley *pulls Spike back inside* What are you talking about?

Spike Don't you know, didn't she tell you?

Riley You tell me.

Spike Mum's sickly. Buffy took her to the hospital for a bit of prod 'n probe. Bite-sized one went too. *needling* You know, it's—it's funny her not calling you about that. I've known since last night.

Riley grabs Spike and shoves him outside. Sizzling noises.

Spike OS Blanket! Blanket!

Riley kicks the blanket out and slams the door. He leans against the banister looking conflicted.

Cut to Buffy in the hospital, pacing outside a door marked "Examination Room." She twiddles her fingers nervously and sighs. A hand appears and grabs her shoulder; she spins around.

Buffy *sighs* Riley.

Riley Sorry. I heard. I thought maybe you'd... need...

Buffy hugs him.

Buffy I do. I do. I'm glad. *pulls back* I just, I-I didn't... I mean, until we knew what it was...

Riley I understand. How's she doing?

Buffy turns to look at the door.

Buffy Well, she just had a CAT scan. I was about to go in and find out. Will you... sit with Dawn while I talk to Mom? She's in the waiting room.

Riley Yeah, yeah, you got it.

Buffy nods, sighs, turns away. Riley turns in the opposite direction.

Cut to Buffy entering a darkened room.

Buffy Hi.

We see Joyce and a doctor standing in front of a set of CAT scan images stuck on a lighted wall. They turn.

Buffy May I come in?

Joyce Oh, of course, baby, come on in. Uh, where's Dawn?

Buffy Uh, she's with Riley. They're watching TV in the waiting room.

Dr. Isaacs Excuse me, I'm just gonna check on the status of the OR. *Exits*

Buffy The OR?

Joyce Dr Isaacs says I'm... lucky there's one available on such short notice. Some people wait for days, sometimes, weeks.

Buffy *softly* Mom, what did they find?

Joyce A shadow. I've got a shadow. *looks at the images on the wall* Somewhere... over there... he

showed it to me, but, um... they have to do a biopsy to find out exactly what it is.

Buffy looks upset. They hug.

Joyce *voice breaking* Doctor says it's too early to be concerned.

Buffy Right. *pulls back to look Joyce in the face* No concern.

Joyce Just a shadow.

They smile bravely at each other. Buffy turns to look at the images again.

Willow V.O. I just wish we knew what we were dealing with.

Cut to Magic Box. The table is spread with books, Xander, Tara, and Willow sitting around it.

Willow It feels like we're going around in circles.

In the background we see Anya looking at bookshelves and a customer walking through the shop.

Xander Our circles are going around in circles. We've got dizzy circles here, Giles.

The customer walks up to the counter and hands Giles an item.

Giles Ah, weeping buddha, shoulders your spiritual burden. *wraps the item* Makes a lovely paperweight too.

Tara Maybe she's not in the books.

Willow What do you mean?

Tara I mean, what if she's not a demon or sorceress or spirit or whatever these books cover? *Giles looks over at her as he rings up the sale* What if she's something else altogether?

Giles Thank you, come again. *Hands item to customer and comes out from behind counter toward the table* Something new, you mean?

Tara *shakes head* Something old. So old it pre-dates the written word.

Willow *thinks of something* Giles, the Dagon sphere. You said that was created to repel...

Giles That which cannot be named. *removes glasses thoughtfully*

Willow So I'm thinking maybe she...

Giles Predates language itself?

Willow nods significantly. Xander looks puzzled.

Xander Well hey, if it means I don't have to read any more, woo! And might I add a big hoo!

Giles If Tara's right, then we're blind. There's... there's no way we can determine... her moves, her habits, where she'll turn up next-

He turns around, putting his glasses back on, and is confronted by Glory. She has a few items in her

hands.

Giles Oh! I beg your-

Glory *abruptly* Uh-huh. *holds up items* I want these.

Giles Yes, of course! *hurries behind the counter, taking the items* Um, you find everything all right?

Glory No problemo. *takes out her purse as Giles scribbles on a receipt*

Giles That's, um...

Shot of Xander, Tara, and Willow sitting at the table, ignoring Giles and his "customer". Cash register noises. They continue looking at the books.

Giles Your receipt. *Hands receipt to an impatient Glory* And ... *puts items in a paper bag* Thank you! *hands bag to Glory. She smiles and leaves. Giles watches her, smiling.*

Giles *turns back to the others, removes glasses again* She could be anywhere. But if she is as powerful as, uh, Buffy says, I imagine it won't be long before she makes herself known.

Shot of the others sighing and turning back to the books.

Cut to hospital. Dawn is curled up asleep on an armchair. Riley drapes his jacket over her and

crouches beside her. Across the room we see Buffy sitting and watching them. Riley comes over to sit next to her. She puts her head on his shoulder. He kisses the top of her head.

Suddenly Buffy sees the doctor approaching. She gets up and walks over to him, leaving Riley behind.

Dr. Isaacs Everything went fine, they're moving her into recovery now.

Buffy *nervous* Do we have the results yet?

Dr. Isaacs Let's, um, sit down over here for a minute.

Buffy No! *more quietly* Excuse me, no, I... I don't mean to be rude, I just, I've been sitting for hours, I don't wanna sit. I just ... tell me, please.

Dr. Isaacs Your mother has... the term is low-grade glioma. It's a brain tumor. The clinical name is oligodendroglioma. It's in the left hemisphere of the cerebrum. In your mother's case the tumor seems to have started there. In other words, it hasn't spread from another part of the body...

He keeps talking but his voice fades out as the camera zooms slowly in on Buffy's dismayed face.

Blackout.

Part 2

Fade back in on Buffy still listening to the doctor.

Dr. Isaacs I know this is very difficult, and, uh, because of the nature of your mother's illness... unfortunately, things may progress very quickly.

Buffy Things? What things?

Dr. Isaacs Symptoms. There's a fair variety that might present. Loss of vision or appetite, lack of muscle control, uh, mood swings...

Buffy But what can we do?

Dr. Isaacs Well, not much, until we determine if the tumor's operable. Which we are working on. *Leads Buffy over to some chairs and they sit*

Buffy Is there something that I... I mean... can I help?

Dr. Isaacs Well, there's some literature you might want to look at. If we aren't able to go in surgically, there are a number of new treatments that are very promising. Your mother's prognosis is a lot better today than it would have been only a year ago. Even if the tumor's not operable, she has a real chance.

Buffy What's a real chance?

Dr. Isaacs Nearly one out of three patients with this condition does just fine. *Buffy sits back look-*

ing shocked. Camera stays on her face as the doctor continues. Now, let me ask. Does your mother's insurance company require copies of the MRI and pathology reports?

Buffy I'm not sure.

Dr. Isaacs OS Well, just let me know as soon as possible. And I could use some information regarding your mom's lifestyle and home environment. For instance, does she use a cell phone?

Buffy *frowns* Uh, I think so. Uh, yeah, she um, she has one of those ear things.

Dr. Isaacs OK, is your house near any power lines, chemical plants, waste disposal facilities?

Buffy Uh... I-I don't know. Maybe.

Dr. Isaacs Well, the more we know...

Buffy I'm sorry.

The doctor scowls and writes on his clipboard. Ben approaches and puts his hand on the doctor's shoulder.

Ben Excuse me Doc, but they told me you're needed in ICU.

Dr. Isaacs Excuse me, Miss Summers. *Gets up*

Buffy *distracted* Uh, it's okay.

Isaacs leaves and Ben sits down next to Buffy.

Ben Thought you looked like you needed a break. Guy's great, but he doesn't have the bone in his head that tells him when to back off.

Buffy You mean... they, they didn't need him?

Ben Well, I'm sure someone does somewhere, they always do. He really is a good doctor. Your mom's in good hands.

Buffy *smiles* Thank you. It's Ben, right?

Ben Right.

Buffy He, um, he was just telling me that there's nothing I can do.

Ben Yeah, I'm gonna tell you the same thing. Give yourself a break. Listen, your mom's gonna be unconscious for at least another six, seven hours.

Buffy A break?

Ben Well, I just mean go out, get some air. Come back later on this evening, talk to the doc then if you want. My unsolicited advice of the day.

He leaves. Buffy leans her head back and sighs deeply.

Riley OS Buffy.

Riley approaches and Buffy gets up to hug him.

Buffy It's bad.

Riley I know.

Buffy I... *grabs her coat and puts it on* I have to do something.

Riley Do something?

Buffy Yeah, like, you know, magic, like a healing spell.

Riley Buffy... people get sick. I don't think magic—

Buffy That attitude's not helping. *Riley looks cowed* I have to try.

Riley Okay.

Buffy I need to talk to Giles. Uh, will you do me a favor and, and drop Dawn off at school, and tell her I'll meet her at the magic shop in an hour when she gets off?

Riley Of course, whatever you need me to do. *Buffy starts to leave Buffy! she stops* What do you want me to tell Dawn... about your mom?

They both look at Dawn, still sleeping in the chair with Riley's jacket over her.

Buffy Tell her we don't know anything yet.

Riley nods. Buffy turns and leaves.

Cut to magic shop. Anya is looking through a pile of receipts. We see Xander in the background. Suddenly Anya stops and stares at a receipt.

Anya Hey. *louder* Hey! *shouting* HEY!

Xander turns to look at her. Anya holds up the receipt and waves it as Giles, Willow and Tara come rushing over. Giles wears a large false smile.

Anya HEY!!

Giles Anya, your heys are startling the customers.

Xander And-and pretty much the state.

Anya You sold someone a Khul's amulet and a Sobekian bloodstone.

Giles Yes, I believe I did. *takes receipt and examines it*

Anya Are you stupid or something?

Giles Allow me to answer that question with a firing.

Xander She's kidding! *to Anya* An, we talked about the employee-employer vocabulary no-nos. That was number five.

Anya *grabs receipt back from Giles* You never sell these things together, ever! Bad news! Don't you know about the Sobekites?

Willow Oh! I do. It was an ancient Egyptian cult, heavy into dark magic. *Anya nods*

Tara And the Khul's amulet, wasn't that a transmutation conduit?

Anya Damn straight!

Giles Be that as it may, I still see no reason for concern. I mean, the-the Sobekian transmutation spells were lost thousands of years ago. And besides, the young woman to whom I sold them would have to have had enormous power—*Stops suddenly.*

Willow *quietly* Young woman?

Giles Oh, dear lord.

Everyone looks alarmed except Xander, who looks confused.

Xander What?

Cut to a carousel whirling around, brightly lit, playing cheerful music. Pan down to Riley and Dawn sitting on a bench in front of it. Dawn is holding an ice-cream float, poking at it with her spoon, distracted.

Riley You're melting.

Dawn Oh, um... guess I'm not hungry.

Riley Maybe I'm not making this any better.

Dawn No, I just... this is better. *They smile nervously at each other and are quiet for a moment.* I had my tenth birthday party here.

Riley Really?

Dawn Mm-hmm. We'd just moved to Sunnydale, and... Mom rented the carousel for an entire hour

for just me and my friends. *pauses* Except I hadn't made any friends yet, so... it was just me and Mom and Buffy riding it by ourselves, over and over and over again... *Riley smiles* for the whole hour, just so Mom felt like we'd gotten our money's worth. *Pause, then Dawn speaks with her voice breaking* She's... she's not gonna get better, is she?

Riley *leans toward her* Absolutely she will. Summers women are tough. *Dawn smiles.*

Dawn I'm really glad you're here.

Riley Thanks.

Dawn Buffy's glad too.

Riley *smiles skeptically* Yeah?

Dawn She sure cries a lot less with you than she did with Angel.

Riley *surprised* Angel... made her cry a lot, huh?

Dawn Everything with him was all... *grimaces, makes claw motions with hands* eee, you know?

Riley All...?

Dawn You know... "my boyfriend's a vampire" crazy crazy. *Riley nods* Every day was like the end of the world. She doesn't get all worked up like that over you.

Riley looks stung, but tries not to show it. Dawn realizes she didn't say the right thing.

Dawn I think you've been really good for her.

She smiles encouragingly. Riley tries to return her smile, but he doesn't really feel it.

Cut to magic shop.

Willow So I figured there has to be some kind of mystical cure, right? I mean, like a, a potion, or a spell or something. We have to look.

During this speech the camera pans around the table showing us Anya, Xander, Tara, Buffy, and Willow sitting, and Giles standing, leaning with his hands on the table.

Willow We can look... I mean, we will, but... I haven't seen anything.

Giles The truth is, uh, the... mystical and the medical aren't meant to mix, Buffy. Sorry, um... the human mind is very delicate. Too much can go wrong.

Tara Yeah, I've heard stories about people trying healing spells... if we did something, it could make things a lot worse, Buffy.

Anya We've done just about enough making things worse for one day, haven't we?

Everyone looks guilty except Buffy, who looks confused.

Buffy Why? What do you mean?

Xander Uh, nothing. Anya broke a... bippity bop-pity boo. A thing. Don't worry about it.

Anya I did not! I didn't break—

Giles Anya, Buffy doesn't need to hear about your... clumsiness right now.

Anya *sighs* My clumsiness. I mean, that is so—*Willow and Xander give her meaningful looks. She looks at Buffy...* like... me. Slippery, slippery... butterfingers.

Buffy *not fooled* What happened?

Giles Nothing to concern you, uh—

Buffy Giles!

Giles *sighs* The, uh, *embarrassed* demon woman was here, the one who attacked you.

Buffy looks alarmed.

Willow It's no biggie, she-she just got an amulet and a bloodstone.

Anya That can create a monster.

Willow Okay, biggie.

Buffy My god, are you guys okay though? I mean, did—no one got hurt, right?

Giles Oh no, thankfully, no, uh, no violence to speak of.

Buffy Okay, so, that's good... *not understanding why everyone looks guilty* How did she get away with this bad mojo stuff?

Pause. The others look at each other in embarrassment.

Anya *whispering* Giles sold it to her. *Buffy looks at Giles accusingly*

Giles *defensive* I, I, I... I didn't know it was her! I mean, how could I? *sighs* If it's any consolation, I may have overcharged her.

Tara Anya figured out what the demon lady's up to.

Anya Yeah, a few thousand years ago there was this cult, the temple of Sobek.

Buffy Sobek.

Anya Reptile demon. Sobekites were reptile worshippers.

Xander Just once I would like to run into a cult of bunny worshippers.

Anya *angrily* Great. Thank you very much for those nightmares.

Xander Sorry.

Anya Anyway, their high priest Khul had great mystic powers. He, um, forged an amulet with trans-mogrifying crystal.

Willow Transmogrifying is changing a living thing into a different kind of thing.

Giles We've managed to decipher the markings that were on the bloodstone that I sold—that she left with. Um, cobra. She's going to transmogrify a cobra.

Buffy Okay, so she's making a monster. What for? What does it do?

Giles That's the part... *clears throat* we're working on it.

Buffy Well, you keep working on it I'll go kill it. *gets up to leave*

Giles Buffy?

Buffy turns back What? I'm going.

Xander Buffy, this chick creamed you last time.

Buffy That's because I wasn't ready for her last time. I am now.

Willow But you—

Buffy But what? Will, I can't just sit here. I have to do something.

She leaves.

Cut to: exterior shot of the Sunnydale Zoo, day.

Cut to: inside the reptile building. Pan across a sign explaining the characteristics of the cobra. We see a cobra case with the snake inside. Pan back across to Glory looking at the case. She punches a fist through the glass, reaches in and grabs the snake. She holds it up to her face, smiling. The snake hisses. Glory hisses back(?). The snake's tail lashes angrily.

Glory Chill, worm. I'm gonna make you a star! *Laughs. We see Dreg watching, smiling.*

Glory takes the snake by the tail and lowers it into a large clay vase, head-first. Dreg watches anxiously, then hands her the amulet. She holds it in both hands, over the mouth of the vase.

Glory Chant!

Dreg opens the scroll and begins to chant in a foreign language. Titles at the bottom of the screen translate.

Dreg The form is vessel, rendered new. The base is stone, bathed in blood. The gem is fire and elements rarified...

Glory speaks English Sobek, grant the power... *Dreg continues chanting that it may mold this wretched creature... that it may be reborn... that*

it may serve... irritated ah! Dark incantations! Always overwritten! *Dreg stops chanting, looks uncertainly at her* Why can't they just cut to the— *Suddenly Buffy tackles Glory from the side, slamming her into a wall.*

Buffy Fight?

Buffy kicks Glory in the face.

Glory No fair- *Buffy kicks her again* attacking- *Buffy punches her in the stomach, then in the face* when I wasn't even looking! *Buffy grabs her head and begins slamming it against the wall* Ow! *She grabs Buffy's hand, removes it from her head, and slams Buffy into the wall.* No, this is no good. *Buffy rises and tries to punch her again; Glory grabs Buffy's arm and pulls it behind her* I'm out of the moment... *braces her other hand against Buffy's shoulder* and you're not giving me anything I can use. *Dreg! I'm not hearing chanting! Punches Buffy in the face, then slams her against the wall*

Dreg OS Yes, Glory. *resumes chanting* *Glory lifts Buffy to her feet again.*

Glory Hey, hey. Work with me here. *Flings Buffy backward against another wall. She slides down to sit on the floor. There! grabs Buffy's hair and knees her in the face* That feels more real, don't you think? *Pulls Buffy up and flings her against another wall. Buffy lands upside down and stares, gasping, as Glory approaches. She grabs Buffy by the throat and lifts her up again.*

Glory Even if I do have to carry your performance. *She throws Buffy across the room. Buffy crashes through the glass into the snake case.*

Glory *throws up her arms* Scene!

Dreg Cir hayyan win-hud!

Glory *walking toward the vase* Arise. louder Arise.

Dreg Cir hayyan win-hud!

Glory *annoyed* Arise!

The vase rocks wildly back and forth. Suddenly it explodes as the creature bursts out of it. It looks like a very large snake, but with arms. It hisses and sways back and forth.

Dreg He is arisen!

Glory 'Bout damn time! *Smiles. Blackout.*

Part 3

Fade in on the reptile house. Dreg and Glory watch the creature arising. Buffy picks herself up and climbs out of the cage, unnoticed.

Glory Spawn of Sobek!

The creature turns toward her and approaches. She smiles and puts her hands on its face.

Glory The power is yours... *We see Buffy leaving to see what is unseen. To find what is shrouded in shadow. Already, you know what I seek. I have given you form, now find for me the key. Seek it out in the holy places. The creature hisses* Yes, yes, yes! Let your vision guide you to its hiding place, and then return to me and tell me where it lies.

Her smile fades as the creature continues to stare at her.

Glory Now would be good.

She smiles again and claps her hands as the creature turns away.

Glory giggles Fun, fun, fun!

Cut to magic shop. Giles talking to a customer.

Giles Aleister Crowley Sings? Um, sadly, no, I-I don't carry that, but I do have some very nice whale sounds. *Sees Riley entering* Oh, excuse me for a moment.

Giles walks toward Riley. We see Xander also getting up and coming to join them.

Riley Where's Buffy?

Giles Um, she—she left a while ago.

Riley What? *sighs* Where?

Xander That creepy demon woman's conjuring some kind of monster.

Riley And you let Buffy go after her? Alone?

Giles Uh, "let" isn't really a factor when she sets her mind to something, you know that. *He sees a customer approaching the counter and hurries off.*

Riley to Xander She'll get herself killed. It's crazy.

Xander Yeah. Crazy. Going off alone, half-cocked, instead of waiting for much-needed backup... charging in with a big old hand grenade... oh, wait. *Riley looks a little guilty.*

Riley This is different.

Xander Yeah, it is. Buffy needs something she can fight, something she can solve. I don't know what kind of action you're looking for... *looks closer at Riley* Do you?

Riley stares at him, then looks away.

Xander Hey, I'm not trying to get—

Riley It's cool.

Xander You okay?

Riley nods Just a little crazed.

Xander I hear ya.

Riley *moving toward the door* If, uh, she needs me... *He shrugs and leaves.*

Cut to: exterior shot of a church.

Cut to: interior of church. Pan across a statue of Jesus on the cross. Pan down. We see the snake creature moving through the church, hissing. Its eyes are yellow.

Cut to Magic Box. Giles hands something to a customer as the phone rings. He moves to answer it.

Giles Magic Box, your one-stop spot to shop for—

Buffy on phone Giles, it's me.

Giles Buffy! You all right?

Cut to Buffy in the hospital, on a pay phone.

Buffy No, I'm really not. *takes an ice-pack from a nearby rack of medical supplies; sighs* I-I couldn't stop her. I couldn't even slow her down.

Giles Where are you?

Buffy *puts the ice-pack inside her jacket, on her shoulder* Sunnydale Memorial.

Giles Are you badly hurt? I'll, I'll come right over.

Buffy No. No, I—I just wanted to warn you that that thing she conjured, it's loose—it's a big snake thing. Not mayor big, but it's pretty *winces* lethal looking.

Giles Do you know why she raised it?

Buffy I don't know yet.

Giles I'll warn the others. We'll get weapons, we'll fan out—

Buffy Wait. What time is it?

Giles *looks at his watch* Half past four, why?

Buffy School's out. Dawn's on her way over to you. Giles—

Giles Understood. We'll keep her safe here until you arrive.

Buffy Thanks. And Giles...

Giles Yes?

Buffy Dawn's kind of fragile right now. About Mom. She doesn't know how bad it is.

Giles We'll not say a word.

Buffy *sighs* Well, my mom's gonna wake up soon, and I should... be there when the doctors tell her.

Giles She's in good hands, Buffy. There's really nothing else you can do.

Buffy Okay. Bye.

Giles Bye.

They hang up.

Buffy walks off through the hospital halls, possibly limping a little.

Begin slow piano music without words.

Shot of Riley drinking in Willy's bar.

Shot of Buffy sitting in the hospital, waiting.

Shot of Dawn sitting at the table in the magic shop, trying to do homework but unable to concentrate.

Cut to bar. Sandy walks over to sit next to Riley. He looks at her.

Cut to hospital. Buffy sits on the hospital bed next to Joyce as the doctor talks. Joyce reacts to the news, turning her head away, then composes herself and turns back as she puts on a brave smile for Buffy.

Cut to a dark room where Riley and Sandy are alone. Sandy smiles up at Riley and runs her hands over his chest, pushing his jacket aside. Shot of Riley's face as Sandy kisses his neck. She pulls back and we see she's in vampire face. Riley looks a little apprehensive as he moves his head aside, exposing his neck. Sandy leans forward to bite him. Riley jerks in pain as Sandy bites him, then slowly he relaxes as she begins to drink. He closes his eyes and puts one hand on the back of her head.

Suddenly he thrusts her away forcefully. Shot of Sandy staring at him, then she crumbles to dust. Shot of the stake in Riley's hand. Pan up to his face. We see blood running down his neck from the bite marks. He looks a little shaken.

Cut to the snake creature moving across grass, night. It slithers up to the carousel, sees the bench where Riley and Dawn sat earlier. It hisses, its tongue flickers and its eyes glow red for a moment. It moves off.

Cut to exterior shot of the Magic Box. A customer exits holding a bag. Buffy walks up to the door, pauses, and enters.

Cut to inside. Giles is yawning and putting on his suit jacket. Willow is at the counter reading a book,

looking tired. Buffy walks in. Dawn sees her and jumps up from the table. We see Xander and Anya in the background as Dawn walks quickly over to Buffy. They hug.

Dawn Is she awake yet?

Buffy Yeah. She's waiting for us.

Dawn pulls back to look Buffy in the face.

Dawn Can we take her home now?

Buffy tries to smile, brushes hair back from Dawn's face.

Buffy We'll see. Go get your stuff.

Willow and Giles watch with concern. Dawn turns away to gather her stuff.

Buffy sighs, speaks quietly to Willow and Giles So, any monster reptile sightings?

Giles None.

Willow Tara and I did a mini-patrol earlier, but biggie snake was nowhere to be—

Suddenly the snake creature bursts in through the display window. Everyone turns as it slithers inside and rears up, looking at them. Dawn is in the forefront. The snake smacks a display case with one arm and it topples over onto Buffy, knocking her to the floor. The snake moves toward Dawn, who screams continuously as it looms over her. Its eyes glow red again. Dawn continues screaming as Buffy struggles to get out from under the case, and the snake stares at Dawn. Then it turns and slithers quickly back out the way it came in.

Blackout.

Part 1

Fade back in on the magic shop. Tara and Willow get up from behind the counter as Xander rushes over to Dawn.

Xander Dawn, you okay?

Willow Why was the big snake afraid of Dawn?

Giles rushes up to Buffy as she frees herself from under the case and stands up.

Buffy whispers It knows!

She turns and runs out. Giles runs after her.

Buffy runs out into the street and stops to stare. Overhead shot of the city street as the huge snake slithers down the middle of the street and people run out of its path. A car comes around the corner and screeches to a stop as the creature moves past it. People scream.

Buffy starts to run after the creature. Giles comes out of the magic shop, sees her running, and moves off

in another direction.

Shot of the snake moving down an alley with Buffy running after it. Buffy turns as Giles' convertible comes around the corner and screeches to a stop beside her. She jumps in and Giles burns rubber after the creature. As they round a corner, the creature uses its tail to shove a dumpster out into the car's path. Giles swerves to avoid it and crashes into a pile of garbage bags. Giles struggles to shift into reverse.

Buffy I've gotta stop this monster before it gets back to Glory.

Giles Glory?

Buffy That's what he called her. Giles, she's gonna know Dawn's the key if we don't—

Giles We will.

Giles backs the car out and they resume the chase.

Cut to: Exterior shot of Glory's apartment building.

Dreg OS Please! Please, mistress!

Cut to inside the apartment. Dreg is cowering as Glory throws shoeboxes at him.

Dreg Perturbed, yet ultimately merciful-

Glory sweeps a pile of shoeboxes off the sofa in annoyance.

Dreg Please, don't—

Glory What is taking so long, Dreg? You told me snakey-wakey would find my key. Now why isn't he back here with a beautiful message for me?

Dreg I grovel like a bug, most silky and effervescent Glorificus—*She throws more shoeboxes at him* Glory! Glory. Your most fresh and cleanness, it's just a matter of time.

Glory *angrily* Ohh! Everything takes time! What about my time? Does anyone appreciate that I'm on a schedule here? *Dreg nods nervously* Tick, tock, Dreg! Tick frickin' tock!

Cut to the snake slithering down darkened streets with Giles' car in pursuit. They careen around a corner and nearly slam into another car. The snake tears down a section of fence that's covered with a tarp, and moves off past it as Giles' car passes the fence with a screech of tires. Giles reverses back into view, and Buffy leaps out of the car and runs through the broken fence, past picnic tables, across a wide expanse of grass.

We see Buffy running across the grass after the snake; she seems to be tiring. The creature knocks over a sign reading "Bike path, closed after dusk." Buffy pauses to grab a piece of chain from another section of fence as the snake flees into a more wooded area. Buffy leaps up onto a large rock as the snake passes around it. She leaps off the rock and lands on the snake's back, looping the chain around its neck. The snake rears up and thrashes, trying to throw her off, but she holds on, tightening the chain around its neck and riding it like a wild horse. It bucks and fights but finally goes still as a gray film comes down over its eyes. Buffy frowns and lets go of the chain, which drops to the ground.

Suddenly the gray film slides aside and the snake rears up again, throwing Buffy off. She flies backward and lands on her back in the grass. The snake turns to growl at her as she gets up. She punches it in the face, making it reel backward. She climbs on top of it and begins punching it in the face, over and over. We see the tip of its tail thrashing and finally lying still as the creature dies. Buffy continues

to punch it, grunting with each blow.

Long shot of Buffy crouching over the dead creature and still steadily punching it. Pan up across lawn and trees, and we see the apartment building looming up behind the trees.

Cut to a closer shot of the building with Glory in one of the windows, looking out. Zoom in on her as she frowns and looks from side to side, then lets the curtain drop back over the window as she moves away. Cut to Joyce's hospital room. Buffy stands beside the bed.

Buffy You want me to stay?

Joyce No, I'm fine. I—I think I should... talk to Dawn alone.

Buffy *nods* Okay.

Joyce Oh. Do I have bad hair? *puts hands to her head* I don't look like scary mom, do I?

Buffy *smiles* No. You look beautiful. *She brushes some hair back from Joyce's forehead. Joyce smiles bravely.*

Joyce Okay. Let's do this. *puts her hand on Buffy's arm* Stay close.

Buffy *puts her other hand over Joyce's* I will.

Buffy turns and goes to the door, lets Dawn in. Dawn smiles nervously and walks over to hug Joyce. Buffy pauses in the doorway to watch them embrace.

Riley OS Buffy...

Buffy leaves the door slightly open, turns to walk toward Riley. He's wearing a turtleneck sweater.

Riley You okay? You look pretty beat up.

Buffy *nods* Minimal damage of the fighting kind. It's all the other kind.

Riley Come here.

He hugs her.

Riley It's okay. Just let it out. I'm right here.

Buffy I can't. *sniffles, pulls back* Not now. *glances toward the hospital room* They need me. If I start now... I won't be able to stop.

She bites her lip and we see tears in her eyes. Riley starts to lift his hand to her face.

Joyce OS Buffy?

Buffy turns and walks back to the hospital room door, wiping her eyes. Riley watches her enter the room and close the door behind her.

Long shot of Riley standing in the hallway, putting his hands in his pockets.

Blackout.

Executive Producer **Joss Whedon.**

Listening to Fear

A *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* episode written by Rebecca Rand Kirshner and transcribed by **Joan the English Chick** <pisces@englishchick.com>

Transcriber's Notes

I do not own the characters or situations of BTVS, and I claim no credit for the content of this episode. I have merely transcribed what appeared on my screen, with help from the closed captions.

I prefer that you link to this transcript on the Psyche site rather than post it on your site, but you can post it on your site if you want, as long as you keep my name and email address on it. Please also keep my disclaimers intact.

You can use my transcripts in your fanfiction stories; you don't have to ask my permission. (However, if you use large portions of episode dialogue in your fanfic, I recommend you give credit to the person who wrote the episode.)

I apologize in advance for my lame transcription of the fight scenes. I don't know the names of different punches and kicks. Use your imagination.

Teaser

Giles V.O Previously on *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*...
Sandy rubbing Riley's chest.

Sandy leaning in to bite Riley. He thrusts her away and she crumbles to dust.

Dreg This dark spell I hold in my worthless hand is our gift to you, Glorificus...

Glory *trying on a shoe* Please, call me Glory.

Tara What if she's something else altogether?

Giles Something new, you mean?

Tara *shakes head* Something old. So old it pre-dates the written word.

Glory in the warehouse with the tied-up monk.

Security Guard Lady, whatever you are, please... I have two daughters.

Glory screaming and putting her hands on the security guard's head. Light streams out of his eyes and mouth. Glory makes a pained face. The guard slumping to the floor with Glory on top of him.

Monk talking to Buffy.

Monk The key... is energy. My brethren sent it to you.

Buffy V.O Dawn.

Giles She has no idea.

Buffy No. She thinks she's my kid sister.

Buffy putting her arm around Dawn in the hospital, drawing Dawn's head onto her shoulder.

Buffy V.O I have to take care of her.

Joyce in the CAT scan machine.

Doctor Your mother has... low-grade glioma. It's a brain tumor.

Buffy reacting.

Episode begins

A tray of hospital food. A hand picks up a piece of green Jello. Pull back to discover Joyce and Dawn sitting in the hospital bed while Buffy sits beside the bed. Joyce has a bandage on her forehead. Dawn is eating green Jello with her fingers.

Joyce Listen you two, I know this creamed spinach is pretty delicious, but I promise, I won't be offended if you go out for some real food.

Buffy You kidding me? This is the good life. Relaxing in bed while people bring you food on trays.

Dawn *licking fingers* I like the Jello.

Joyce *laughs* Help yourself. There's something about food that moves by itself that gives me the heebie-jeebies.

Dawn It's good and wiggly. *speaks with mouth full* This girl at school told me that gelatin is made from ground-up cow's feet, and that if you eat Jello there's some cows out limping with no feet.

Joyce and Buffy grimace.

Dawn But I told her I'm sure they kill 'em before they take off their feet. *Suddenly nervous* Right?

Buffy to Joyce You're the one who insisted on teaching her to talk.

A doctor enters.

Joyce Oh, hello, Dr. Kriegel, um, you know my girls, *gestures to them* Buffy and Dawn.

Dr. Kriegel Yes, of course. You two are becoming part of the regular crew around here.

Buffy Just keeping her company.

Dr. Kriegel Good. Just be careful you don't wear her out.

Joyce Ohh, don't worry about that. I woke up exhausted, there's really no more exhausted to get.

The doctor takes Joyce's chart and looks at it.

Dr. Kriegel Well, maybe some good news will help. The blood work's come back from the lab, and everything seems fine. So, we've scheduled your surgery for day after tomorrow at ten in the morning.

Buffy and Joyce sober up at this.

Dr. Kriegel How's that sound to you?

Joyce Oh, well, I think they had me scheduled for volleyball, but, ah, we can work around it.

Dr. Kriegel *laughs* All right. Joyce, you take care. Make sure you get some good solid rest. And I mean that. *Exits*

Joyce Uhh, the day after tomorrow. I don't think I can stand to stay here another two days just waiting.

Buffy Waiting? Gimme a break, we got, we got tons to do.

Dawn We have soap operas to watch and trashy magazines to read.

Buffy And an adjustable bed to fiddle with. That alone will keep me busy for four hours or so.

Joyce Oh, I really don't need you to stay here, Buffy. I know you've got patrolling to do.

Buffy Not tonight. Tonight I have mom-taking-care-of to do. And besides, Riley's filling in for me with the others. I'm sure they have everything under control.

Cut to: graveyard, night. Giles has a dark-haired female vampire in a choke-hold from behind while Willow attacks from the front. The vampire shoves Willow away and twists out of Giles' grip.

Another female vampire, this one blonde, throws Xander to the ground as the first one throws Giles over her shoulder. The blonde vampire grabs Xander's shirt and pulls him upright.

Willow gets to her feet, holding a stake. She rushes at the brunette vampire, but the vampire grabs her, lifts her over her head, and throws her to the ground.

Xander rushes the blonde vampire from behind and she grabs him in a headlock and punches him in the face.

Giles rushes the brunette vampire and tries to lift her over his shoulder but she punches him in the back and then knees him in the chest.

The blonde vampire still has Xander in a headlock and is punching him.

Giles reels to his feet, disoriented, and the brunette vampire punches him in the face.

Xander breaks free of the blonde vampire and she punches him in the face with both her hands clasped together.

Willow gets to her feet again as the two female vamps are beating up on Giles and Xander. She picks up her stake and runs forward.

The brunette vampire throws Giles over her shoulder and as she straightens up, Willow comes up behind her and stakes her. Giles grabs for his own stake.

The blonde vampire shoves Xander to the ground and tries to get on top of him but he gets his feet on her stomach and kicks her backward. He gets up and lunges at her but she deflects him and throws him against a crypt. He staggers to his feet and she puts her hand on his neck and shoves him back against the crypt.

Giles lunges forward, shoves the vampire out of the way and raises his stake as if to stab Xander.

Xander Human chest! Human chest!

Giles Sorry!

The blonde vamp gets up, shoves Willow away as she approaches. Willow falls to the ground again. The vampire goes to where Giles and Xander are still standing by the crypt and shoves them up against it with one hand on each of their chests. They stare at her in alarm. Willow runs up behind the vampire and stakes her.

The guys gasp and pant as Willow begins to grin.

Giles My god, what a rough night.

Willow *giggling, grabbing at Xander* I just did two of 'em! Yay on me! *giggles in exhilaration*
Xander grins. The guys come on either side of Willow and they begin to walk off.

Willow That was pretty cool. Except the part where I was all terrified and... and now my knees are all dizzy.

Giles stops them as he spots something on the ground and bends over to pick it up. It turns out to be his glasses.

Xander Not so much a big success night for me. They resume walking as Giles begins cleaning his glasses on his shirt But I think I should get points just for showing up. Unlike some Riley Finn who shall remain unnamed.

Giles Yes, that was disappointing. Things would have been easier if he'd been here. *Puts glasses on*

Willow Oh, piffle, who needs him when I'm dusting two at a ti- *She suddenly staggers and they catch her, each grabbing an arm Whoops. smiles nervously*

at Xander Maybe it would've been good if ... he'd shown up.

Giles Perhaps he forgot.

They walk off.

Cut to: exterior shot of an alley, doorway of what could be an abandoned warehouse. Cut to inside. It's littered with random pieces of furniture and debris. Pan across the dark room to where Riley is sit-

ting on an old armchair or couch. A female vampire is crouched next to him, drinking blood from his outstretched arm. She lifts her head and smiles at him. Riley is stone-faced. The vampire returns to feeding, gripping Riley's arm in both hands. He stares off into the darkness.

Wolf howl.

Part I

Guest starring Charlie Weber, Nick Chinlund, Kevin Weisman, Randy Thompson, Amber Benson as Tara and Kristine Sutherland as Joyce Summers. Written by Rebecca Rand Kirshner, directed by David Solomon.

Fade in on hospital. Joyce is reading in bed while Buffy and Dawn are doing something at a nearby table. Willow enters with a large colorful paper bag.

Willow Care package! Special delivery for the Summers girls. *Puts the bag on the bed next to Joyce. Dawn comes running over, as Buffy follows more slowly* Now, let's see what I have in this sack of mine. Oh, I feel just like Santa Claus, except thinner and younger and female and, well, Jewish. *Joyce smiles as Willow reaches into the bag* This to Dawn is an extra-special gift for your mom, that I know she'll need. *pulls it out* A beer hat! See, i-it's got cup holders, and a straw that goes directly into your mouth, and to Joyce you can fill it with other stuff than beer. And somehow, when I was in the store this seemed like the most important idea *Buffy and Dawn smile at each other. Buffy is holding a cup and now there's the whole part where I'm crazy.*

Joyce It's perfect. Thank you, Willow. You're very sweet.

Willow hands the beer hat to Dawn.

Willow Now, let's see, who's next? Dawn, I believe I have something in here for you. . .

Joyce is now holding the cup. She puts her hand to her head and grimaces. Buffy looks concerned.

Buffy quietly Headache?

Dawn stops smiling.

Joyce Just a little one. *smiles* A biggish little one. *Willow stops going through the bag, looks concerned* I'm fine! Go on, what else is in that sack of goodies, Willow?

Willow All right. Dawn, to keep you busy. *She takes out a book marked "Spells" and hands it to Dawn, who smiles in delight.*

Dawn Ooh, spells! Thank you, Willow!

She hurries over to a nearby chair and sits down to read. Buffy folds her arms and looks at Willow.

Buffy You got her a book on spells. *Willow stops smiling* The girl who can break things by just looking at them, now has a book to teach her to... break things by looking at them?

Willow Oh, well, it doesn't actually have spells in it. Just history, and anecdotes, stuff like that.

Shot of Dawn quietly reading the book.

Willow Oh, Buffy—*reaches into bag* I have this for you. *Pulls out a large textbook called "World History" and gives it to Buffy*

Buffy Homework? *pouts* Oh. I don't believe in tiny Jewish Santa any more.

Willow *smiling* And a yo-yo. *Pulls yo-yo out of bag and gives it to Buffy*

Buffy *smiling* Thank you.

Willow The book is just in case you get a chance to look it over.

Shot of Joyce looking thoughtful.

Willow OS We're doing World War One now. The last exam was really pretty easy, just underlying causes and trench foot. So it should be no hassle to make it up—

Buffy *sighs* I don't even know if I'm gonna take that exam.

Joyce *scowling* I'd rip it in half and stick it in bed with me!

The girls look confused. Dawn looks up from her book.

Buffy tentatively Mom?

Joyce looks confused.

Joyce You know, I think I'm gonna take a little rest now.

She hands her cup to Buffy as Willow packs up her bag. Buffy puts the cup on a nearby table as Joyce lies back in bed.

Buffy Okay. We'll be right outside if you need us.

Dawn gets up and they leave. Joyce smiles after them, then lies back and closes her eyes.

Cut to hallway. Dawn looks anxious as Buffy closes the door behind herself.

Dawn to Willow What was she talking about? I mean, that was weird.

Willow She's gonna be fine.

Buffy joins them It's okay. I'm sorry, the doctor spoke to me, and uh, I should have told you. Um, the, the thing that's pressing on her brain, sometimes it, it might make her say weird things.

Dawn Does she know she's saying them?

Buffy Not really. It's sort of like a flash, you know, but you saw her two seconds afterward. She was normal.

Willow And after the operation, no more pressing. She'll be all normal all the time.

Buffy and Willow take Dawn's arms and they begin to walk down the hall.

Dawn to Buffy Is that right?

Buffy Hey, Santa doesn't lie.

Dawn and Willow smile.

As they walk down the hall, a man passes them going the other way with three women. He brushes Buffy.

Buffy Oh, excuse me.

Man Careful, the facts say a-a picnic is in order.

It's the security guard from the warehouse (see episode "No Place Like Home"). He turns around to look back at the three girls.

Guard What is that thing?

He points at Dawn and walks back toward them, becoming agitated. The three women with him exchange a worried look.

Guard There—there's no data. There's no pictures on this one there!

He continues pointing at Dawn. She looks scared. The guard's wife comes forward.

Guard What is the data? *scared* There's no one in there.

Dawn *scared* Buffy?

Buffy grabs Dawn and turns her away Come on, honey. Don't worry about it.

Buffy and Willow stare over their shoulders as they hustle Dawn away. The guard turns to his wife.

Guard I'm going home? *Wife nods* Home? Home, home, home.

His wife escorts him away. Buffy, Dawn, and Willow turn back to look.

Dawn What's wrong with him? *Shot of the guard being led away by his wife and daughters* Is it like Mom? A thing in his head?

Buffy staring after the guard I don't think so, I-I think it's, it's different. Don't, don't worry about it. *Brushes hair back from Dawn's face*

Ben approaches.

Ben I guess I missed that, was he bothering you?

Buffy Hey Ben, uh, this is my friend Willow.

Ben Hi.

Willow Hi. *They shake hands*

Buffy And, uh, yeah, the crazy man was a little... you know, crazy, but it's okay. *Dawn still looks shaken* Are they really gonna send him home?

Ben Don't get me started. The mental ward's booked beyond capacity, literally nowhere to put them, so the ones with families, they're letting 'em go home. Like his family's gonna be able to take care of him. He has to have someone to watch him 24-7! *looks at Dawn* What was he saying to you?

Dawn I—

Buffy Oh, he was just babbling.

Cut to: aerial shot of Sunnydale, night. Pan across roofs and treetops.

Cut to: roof of a UCS dorm building. Willow and Tara are lying side-by-side on their backs on a sleeping bag, with pillows under their heads and another sleeping bag covering them.

Willow You know what's weird?

Tara Japanese commercials are weird.

Willow Yes. And also, you know some of the stars we're looking at... don't even exist any more? In the time that it takes for their light to reach us, they've died. Exploded. *Tara turns her head to look at Willow* Poof.

Tara Were, um... were things rough at the hospital? *Willow frowns and shrugs.*

Willow You know, I used to love to look up at them when I was little. They're supposed to make you feel all insignificant, but... they made me feel like... like I was in space... part of the stars. *points* There's... Canis Minor... and... *points* and Cassiopeia.

Tara smiles, *points* And the big pineapple.

Willow frowns.

Willow Hmm. You know, I'm not sure I remember that one.

Tara Oh, it's, it's a major one. *points* See those three bright stars right over there?

Willow moves over to put her head on Tara's shoulder and look along Tara's pointing arm. Shot of the starry sky with Tara's finger pointing.

Willow Yeah.

Tara And see those stars along there? *Shot of the stars* That's the bottom of the pineapple.

Willow It's big.

Tara Hence the name. *pause* The real ones never made sense to me, I... sort of have my own.

Willow Teach me.

Tara *points* See those stars over there? "Short man looking uncomfortable."

They both giggle.

Tara Uh... *points* "Moose getting a sponge bath". Umm... "little pile o'crackers." *Willow frowns* Tha-that was a bit of a stretch. *They both laugh* You do it. What would you call... mm, that one? *points*

Willow Hmm, let's see.

Shot of the starry sky. One of the stars suddenly enlarges and streaks toward the earth, trailing a golden tail.

Willow A huge flaming meteor about to crash into something!

They scramble to their feet as the thing flies past them and lands somewhere in the distance. A burst

of light momentarily flashes from behind trees.

Cut to: Darkness. Bits of flaming rubble slowly appear as we see from the perspective of something digging its way out of something. The camera moves jerkily as the something looks around, finds itself in a trench carved by the passage of the meteor. Our perspective rises as we climb up out of the trench and find rocky earth, surrounded by trees. In the distance we see the security guard walking toward us, alone.

Guead *muttering to himself* I know what I said. I said-I said I won't go away far. A person needs to respect a man.

We see the guard from the perspective of something low to the earth, moving swiftly toward him.

Guard And then it says... that... the facts says... he's got to go take a walk and get some fresh air and find some fresh spaces.

He continues mumbling as we see from the perspective of something climbing a tree.

Guard ... and some fresh space! And needs to walk to get... to get where he's going.

Suddenly something drops down from the tree onto his back. It's a creature with a wrinkly gray face, cloven hooves, and a carapace like a cockroach's. The guard yells and falls to the ground. Blackout.

Part 2

Exterior hospital, night. Paramedics take a gurney from an ambulance and wheel it into the emergency room. Hospital noises.

As they wheel the patient inside, we see the alien creature crawling along the ceiling above them. Shot of its face. Its eyes are red and its mouth is like a big circle ringed with long yellow teeth. It is hairless.

Shot of the paramedics from the creature's point of view. Its vision appears slightly curved as if looking through a lens.

Cut to: Joyce in her hospital bed, holding the nurse call button, pushing the button again and again.

Joyce *irritated* This thing doesn't work! It isn't working!

Buffy I'm sure they heard you. *Takes the call button from Joyce and puts it aside. We see Dawn in the background reading.*

Joyce I bet it's not even hooked up to anything. Just like the push buttons at the crosswalk that are supposed to make the signal change.

Buffy I'm sure someone's on—What, the push buttons aren't hooked up to anything?

The doctor enters.

Joyce Oh, tell him, Buffy. Tell him, okay?

Buffy Look, Dr. Kriegel, we wanna go home.

Dr. Kriegel Well, of course. You can come back and visit your mother first thing in the morning.

Buffy No. We. I-I mean, all of us. My mom too.

Joyce looks anxiously at the doctor and nods.

Dr. Kriegel Oh. Well, I understand that, but it's not necessarily the first thing I'd recommend.

Joyce I can't! I-I can't stay here waiting for two days for this operation, I just can't. *Doctor sighs* It makes my head hurt to be here, can't you tell that?

Dr. Kriegel Joyce, there's no reason to get upset.

Joyce No reason to get upset? Oh, right, sorry, I must just think there is because of my brain tumor! *Dawn looks upset. Joyce calms down slightly.*

Buffy Here, Dawn, why don't you get something from the machine?

Buffy hands Dawn some money. She takes it and leaves, looking apprehensive.

Joyce *softly to Buffy* I-I'm sorry I said that, I'm just tired.

Buffy I know. Listen, Doctor, I don't see why we can't take her home, you know, just until. . . *gestures* I-I mean, wouldn't it be better for her to rest someplace where she felt safe and comfortable?

Dr. Kriegel Even if it would mean some work for you, taking care of her?

Joyce *sighs and leans back in bed* Oh, thank god.

Buffy I'll do it, anything.

Dr. Kriegel *sighs, shakes his head* There are medications to administer, I'd have to go over those with you, and I'd need for you to check her vitals, watch her pretty closely. I'm afraid you won't get a lot of sleep.

Buffy *shrugs* I'm not much of a sleep person anyway.

Joyce *anxiously* Can we go now? *starts to get out of bed* Let's go now!

Buffy Oh, hold on! *stops her* Lemme get all the medications and all the instructions on how to do everything.

Dr. Kriegel She's right. Let's do this right. We don't wanna forget anything.

Joyce sighs.

Cut to: Dawn sitting in the hallway reading her book. Shot of her from overhead, in the alien creature's point of view. Shot of Dawn reading as we see the creature crawling along the ceiling above her head.

Cut to: Willow and Tara walking through forest, night. Then we see Riley, Xander, Anya, and Giles walking behind them. Giles has a flashlight.

Riley Everyone stay close. *to Xander* I'm glad you called me in on this.

Xander Glad you answered.

Riley Oh, yeah. I'm sorry about last time. Heard I missed out on some fun.

Xander Oh, yeah, fun was had. Also frolic, merri-ment, and near-death hijinks.

Riley Look, there it is. *Pushes past Willow and Tara* They approach a long trench in the ground. It's about four feet deep, ten feet wide, and several hundred feet long. At its end there's a large chunk of what looks like rock. They all run up to the edge of the trench. Riley jumps down into it as Giles moves his flashlight over the rock.

Willow Wow. We have meteorite.

The rock at the end of the trench is steaming or smoking.

Anya Is it hot?

Riley puts his hands toward it.

Anya 'Cause, uh, if there's radiation, you could like go all sterile.

Riley looks alarmed. Xander jumps backward. Riley touches the rock carefully.

Riley No, it's not hot. It's warm. And broken. *Kneels to look at it. Everyone stares.* It's sort of-

Giles Hollow.

Riley Yeah.

Anya So, uh, we're all thinking the same thing, right?

Xander Festive pinata? Delicious candy?

Willow Something evil crashed to earth in this and then broke out and. . . slithered away to do badness.

Giles In all fairness, we don't really know about the slithered part.

Anya Oh, no. I'm sure it frisked about like a fluffy lamb.

Tara Let's look around. Maybe we can figure out where it went.

They move off. Riley climbs out of the trench to join them. They all go a little way into the woods. Willow moves around some trees and finds the security guard lying on the ground.

Willow It went here!

They all rush over. Riley kneels by the body and feels its neck.

Riley No pulse.

Xander joins Riley by the guard's head.

Anya Yep, the space lamb got 'im. *Giles gives her a disgusted look*

Xander I don't see any marks on him.

Willow I—I know him! He, he was at the hospital, a mental patient. They released him today.

Everyone leans down to look at the body. Riley takes out a pen and brings it toward the guard's mouth.

Giles Uh, Riley, what are you doing?

Riley I'm not sure, there's something. . .

He sticks the pen in the guard's mouth and it comes out covered with a clear slimy substance. Everyone reacts at the same time, making disgusted noises and covering their noses as it obviously smells bad.

Riley Oh, that might be toxic, don't touch it.

Xander Oh yeah, touching it was my first impulse. Luckily I've moved on to my second, which involves dry-heaving and running like hell. *straightens up* Oh, man, does that smell.

Anya So what do we do now?

Willow We can't call Buffy. *beat* I wanna call Buffy!

Tara You can't. She's got... life stuff. That has to come first.

Willow So, so we'll just figure this out ourselves. We're experienced.

Anya Yes, 'cause it seems like we're always dealing with creatures from outer space. Except that we don't ever do that.

Riley *gets up* This is definitely new territory.

Giles Perhaps we should explore a bit more, head into the woods a bit.

They all look into the woods. It's dark and scary-looking.

Xander Who votes research?

Everyone raises their hands and starts to walk away, except Riley.

Willow Research.

Riley Yeah, I think that's a good call. There could have been some other cases like this. I'm gonna stay here, examine the body some more, look around a little bit.

Xander Yeah, don't do anything hunterly.

Riley No, no, I'm just not great at research, which I'm sure you guys figured out. I like me a good crime scene.

Giles Um, give us a call if you need help.

Riley Believe me, something jumps out at me in the dark... you'll hear me even without the phone. Call me if you learn anything.

Willow You got it.

The group starts to move off.

Willow *to Giles* I don't wanna be the one who finds the bodies any more.

Riley watches them go, crouching next to the body. Then he gets up and takes out his cell phone, dials.

Riley I need to speak to the man at the desk. This is A... this is Riley Finn. You have an Agent Miller, Graham Miller, he'll tell you who... Yes. Emergency frequency.

Cut to hospital. Pan across a sign reading "Psychiatric Ward". Cut to a ward containing five beds with patients in them. A nurse is moving from bed to bed. One of the patients is muttering.

Patient Cold. Cold.

The nurse moves over to him. His arms are in restraints. The nurse pulls the blankets up over him. Then she turns off the light on his nightstand and walks away.

Patient Wait! You can't go! *snorts* Don't you be that kind of barn owl! *Nurse continues walking away*

Please! Please don't go! Please!

He begins to cry as the nurse turns out the overhead light and leaves the room.

Patient Please! Please! Please don't—

He looks around the darkened room and whimpers in fear. We hear scurrying noises. The patient twists around trying to look under the bed, panting.

Patient I can't see you! I can't see you! I can't see you!

We see the tail of the alien creature moving behind his bed. Then it climbs up on top of him with a squeal.

Cut to the nurse sitting at her desk doing paperwork. She hears the patient scream and looks up, then goes back to her paperwork.

Cut to the ward. The creature is on top of the patient with its cloven hands on his chest. It spits clear slime out of its mouth all over his face, making a squealing noise.

Shot of the nurse still doing paperwork, eating chocolate.

Cut to Dr. Kriegel in the hospital hall checking some paperwork as Joyce stands behind him, dressed.

Dr. Kriegel Well, I guess we're all set then.

He turns and we see Buffy and Dawn on either side of Joyce. The doctor hands Buffy a piece of paper and three pill bottles.

Dr. Kriegel You've got my home phone number, pager number, and here, these are the medications I talked to you about. The sedative and so forth, painkillers.

Buffy Right. No problem.

Dr. Kriegel Now, if this is gonna be too much for you, we can make your mom perfectly comfortable here.

Buffy No. No, no, I-I got this. We really, really appreciate—

Joyce *to Buffy* You look just like your father when he cries.

Shot of the four of them from the alien's perspective. Shot of the alien on the ceiling a few feet down the hall, watching them. We can hear Joyce talking but the words are inaudible.

Cut back to the group.

Buffy *to doctor* I—I told you she's been—

Dr. Kriegel I know. Joyce? *Joyce is staring dazedly at Buffy* Joyce. *She looks at him* We're all done here. Why don't you take your girls home now.

Joyce Yes. Yes, thank you. Thank you for all your help, doctor.

Dr. Kriegel I'll see you in a couple of days.

He walks off. The Summers women turn away, Buffy and Dawn flanking Joyce and linking their arms through hers.

Joyce Oh, let's get the hell outta here.

Shot of the three of them from the alien's POV as it watches them walk out.

Cut to: overhead shot of Sunnydale, night.

Cut to: inside foyer of the Summers house. The door opens and Buffy enters followed by Joyce and Dawn.

Buffy Here we go.

Joyce Oh, it's nice to be home.

Buffy closes the door behind them and turns on the lights. Joyce winces and puts her hand to her eyes.

Dawn Do you wanna go in to bed, Mom?

Joyce Buffy, no, that light is too bright. It's too bright.

Buffy rushes to turn the lights off again. Dawn rubs Joyce's shoulders.

Buffy Oh, okay, okay!

Joyce It's too bright. Buffy, it hurts. It hurts, it hurts my eyes.

Buffy It's off, it's off. You know what, to Dawn why don't you turn off the lights in the living room, to Joyce and I will take you upstairs and we'll shut off all the lights up there. Okay? Come on.

Buffy leads Joyce upstairs as Dawn moves into the living room.

Exterior shot of the house as the downstairs light goes off and then the upstairs ones. The porch light remains on. Blackout.

Part 3

Fade in on an aerial view of a pond surrounded by trees, with the alien landing trench beside the pond and a person standing next to it. A helicopter flies into the shot and moves toward the trench. Cut closer as the helicopter search light illuminates the trench and the person, who we see is Riley. The copter lands and several commandos in black clothing and black berets get out and run toward Riley. The one in the lead speaks.

Ellis You Finn?

Riley Yeah.

Ellis Major Ellis. I'm in charge of this op. *Shakes Riley's hand* What's the situation, just the one civilian casualty?

Riley That I know of. This way.

They all begin to walk. We see that one of the other commandos is Graham.

Graham You found a stiff in the woods and called us in? Don't you usually call your girlfriend for this kind of thing? *He grins.*

Riley gives him a dirty look.

They walk up to the body and Ellis kneels beside it.

Riley I wouldn't touch that stuff in his mouth if I were you.

Ellis Toxic?

Riley No, just messy. *Ellis stands* Guy seemed to have simply choked on the stuff. *Tosses Ellis a small vial* Near as I can tell, it's some kind of protein alkaloid.

Ellis holds up the vial and looks at the slimy stuff in

it. Riley gestures and the others follow him. They walk off toward the trench.

Ellis Does this fit the profile of any Sub-T you're familiar with?

Riley Not subterrestrial, Major. Extraterrestrial. *Leads them to the rock at the end of the trench* It came outta that.

Ellis Miller, set the trackers for a protein signature.

Graham Yes sir.

Riley No good, Major. This alkaloid's breaking down at an accelerated rate. It's dissolving too fast to track.

Ellis You got a better idea?

Riley Thing came from space. Gotta be some trace radiation.

Ellis We have Geiger counters in the packs.

Riley Shouldn't be too much background gamma noise out here.

Ellis Break 'em out.

They all walk off.

Cut to: exterior of the Summers house, still dark except the porch light.

Cut to: Buffy and Dawn on the living room sofa, watching TV. Dawn rests her head on Buffy's shoulder. Canned laughter from the TV.

View from the alien's perspective as it moves along the ceiling, through the foyer and toward the living room. It sees the girls, turns, sees Joyce coming down the stairs in her nightgown and robe. She walks into the kitchen.

Cut back to Buffy and Dawn watching TV. There's a noise from the kitchen as of dishes clinking together. They both look up. Buffy picks up the remote control and turns off the TV.

Dawn Mom?

More crashing noises. Buffy and Dawn get up.

Cut to Joyce bending over, looking in the refrigerator. The kitchen is dark. There's a sizzling noise. Buffy and Dawn come in.

Buffy Oh, my-

Dawn goes to Joyce as Buffy rushes to the stove and turns it off, moving a pan off the burner and coughing as whatever's in it gives off smoke. Joyce straightens up, holding the fridge door, and turns to give Buffy an annoyed look.

Buffy Mom, wha-what are you doing?

Joyce *angrily* I'm making breakfast. *closes fridge, looks Buffy up and down* And you shouldn't eat any more, you're disgustingly fat.

Buffy looks hurt.

Joyce looks confused.

Joyce Oh, Buffy, I don't know what I'm doing.

Buffy You just need some rest. We'll put you back to bed.

She and Dawn take Joyce's arms and lead her out. As they walk past the door leading down to the basement, we see that it's slightly ajar and there's light coming from below. Shadows on the door indicate that something is moving around in the basement.

Cut to Joyce's bedroom. Buffy is closing a pill bottle as Joyce swallows some water.

Buffy Okay, here we go. *Takes glass from Joyce* That will help you sleep. Come on, let's get you all tucked into bed.

Buffy and Dawn stand on opposite sites of the bed and pull the covers over Joyce as she lies down.

Buffy picks up Joyce's bathrobe and moves away as Dawn leans over to caress Joyce's forehead. Suddenly Joyce gasps and sits up, staring at Dawn.

Joyce Don't touch me! You—you thing!

Dawn *backing up* Mom, please!

Joyce Get away from me! *Buffy comes over and Dawn gives her an anxious look* You're nothing, you're, you're a shadow!

Buffy Mom—

Joyce I don't know what you are or how you got here!

Buffy Mom, it's Dawn.

Dawn backs away, upset, and runs out of the room.

Joyce Dawn? Honey, what's wrong?

The door slams behind Dawn. Buffy turns to Joyce.

Buffy She's... just tired. We all are. *She coaxes Joyce to lie down, which Joyce does, looking worried* Come on, go to sleep. I'll check in on you in a little bit. *Exits*

Cut to Buffy entering Dawn's room. Dawn is sitting on the bed.

Dawn *teary* She hates me.

Buffy *kneeling beside the bed* No.

Dawn She called me a thing.

Buffy She loves you. Okay? She's not herself. *puts her hand on Dawn's* I told you what the doctor said about the tumor.

Dawn *shakes head* No, not just Mom. People. They keep saying weird stuff about me.

Buffy Are you talking about the man in the hospital?

Dawn He called me a thing too. And there was another one. Weird guy outside the magic shop. *Buffy looks concerned* He said I didn't belong. He said I wasn't real. *Buffy sighs* Why does everybody keep doing that? What's wrong with me?

Buffy Nothing. It's not you. I think there's something that happens in people's brains when there's something wrong. It's, it's like a short-circuit... and it makes them feel like nothing's real except for them. That's all it is.

Dawn looks unconvinced.

Buffy Look, it is not you. *Gets up to sit on the bed next to Dawn* Okay? And if anyone says anything like that to you again, don't listen. Even if it's Mom. *Dawn stares at her, then shakes her head.*

Dawn *softly* I hate it.

Buffy I know. *puts her hand on Dawn's shoulder* Just don't listen.

Cut to: Xander staring at a small model of the solar system, which is hanging above his head. Behind him we see Giles and Willow sitting at a table covered with books. There are bookshelves everywhere.

Xander Look at how teeny Mercury is compared to, like, Saturn. Whereas in contrast, the cars of the same name-

Giles Xander, please, we have work to do here.

Xander *walks toward them* I still don't get why we had to come here to get info about a killer snot monster. *Sits*

Giles Because it's a killer snot monster from outer space. *Pauses* I did not say that.

Xander gives Giles an amused look. We see Willow is working on a laptop computer.

Giles *in lecture voice* Demons enter our world in all sorts of ways, this one came from above.

Xander And the university library's astronomy section is the home of aboveness. Got it. Hey, take in the study material, too. *Holds up a book titled "Met-
teors and You!"*

Anya and Tara approach.

Tara We've been scouring all the international periodicals for any other meteorite landings in the last week.

Anya Big zippo. *Sits*

Giles Well, then it would appear that the world is not being invaded.

Tara I'm pretty pleased about that.

Willow Uh, guys? I've got some stuff. *Everyone looks at her.* The most recent meteoric anomaly was the Tunguska blast in Russia in 1917. *Giles gets up to come behind her and look at the screen* Some witnesses claimed the meteor was hollow.

Xander Hmm. Maybe with a chewy demon center like ours.

Giles How far back does this list of anomalies go?

Willow Pretty far. Back to the Queller impact in the twelfth century.

Tara The what?

Willow Queller. I-I don't know why they call it that, it didn't hit a place called Queller or anything. It landed just outside of Reykjavik in Iceland.

Xander Wait, I just saw... *flipping pages* Queller. Quell... here, here! "Primitive people used to believe that the moon was a cause of insanity. Sometimes they would pray to the moon to send a special meteor to fix the problem the moon had caused. These meteors were expected to **quell**" *slams the book down on the table* the madmen.

Tara The man in the woods. He was a mental patient.

Xander And he got pretty well... quelled.

Willow Okay, I'm looking in history right now. It says in the Middle Ages there were these sweeping plagues of madness. People were losing their marbles everywhere. But then it would suddenly subside. And these dates look pretty close. Like-like maybe it happened after each one of the meteor events.

Giles So something emerged from the meteors... and quelled the madmen.

Xander Meteor go boom, crazy guy goes bye-bye.

Tara Xander's little book made it sound like this Queller thing had to be summoned. So... who summoned it?

Xander Who else? My money's on Glory, our resident beastie summoner.

Willow We should call Buffy. E-except we can't call Buffy. *looks up at Giles* Can we?

Giles No, but we better call Riley.

Cut to Riley talking on his cellphone.

Riley Queller demon?

Willow *on phone* Yeah, that's our perp. *Cut to Willow on a pay phone in the library* It's sort of a scavenger that can be summoned to kill—

Riley *on phone* Crazy people.

Willow Yeah, how'd you know?

Cut to Riley in the hospital psychiatric ward. We see another commando in the background.

Riley 'Cause I've got five corpses here at the mental ward at Sunnysdale Memorial.

Willow *on phone* You're at the hospital? Oh, listen, Riley, I... I saw Buffy's mom earlier, and she was acting kinda... wacky. Insane wacky, if you know what I mean?

Riley It's okay. Joyce was released earlier today. That intern, um, Ben, told me. They're safe at home.

Willow Oh, good. A-and the thing, the Queller, is it still there?

Riley We—I think I've got it cornered in the air ducts.

Ellis comes up and taps Riley on the shoulder, then nods to him. Riley holds up a finger to say "just a moment".

Riley Look, Willow, keep at what you're doing. Call me if you find out how I can kill this thing.

Willow Well, okay, but shouldn't we come help— *She hears a dial tone as Riley has hung up* Ooooookay. *Hangs up and walks away*
Cut to Joyce in bed, talking angrily.

Joyce I wish that someone had bothered to tell me that there would be tennis being played!

Overhead shot of Joyce lying on her bed, on her back with her knees bent and her hands on either side of her head. The blankets are shoved to the end of the bed.

Joyce I just didn't know. Those eyes... *grimly* Those eyes, they're like gasoline puddles! *quieter* Tell me.

Tell me because I need to know why, why are you staring at me like that?

Cut to Dawn in her room, lying in bed. Joyce can be heard still talking. Dawn hugs a stuffed animal and listens unwillingly.

Joyce OS What are you asking me? You are asking me, aren't you? Is this a test? And if this counts for the final grade, I need to know now! *Dawn makes faces, not wanting to hear this* Okay, there are teachers, and they put this on the syllabus, but they do not stare down at you, they do not cling, *teary* they do not look down on you. . .

Dawn grabs her pillow and pulls it over her ears, trying to blot out the sound, but she can still hear it.

Joyce crying You know there are people who are nice, and they give you presents, even when you are bad.

Cut to kitchen. Cheerful Spanish music is playing

on the radio. Buffy turns up the volume and begins washing dishes. She bites her lips as she works, trying not to cry, but after a few dishes she begins to sob. She wipes her nose with the back of her hand, tries to compose herself, then breaks down in tears, putting her hand over her face.

Cut back to Joyce's bedroom. She is still lying on her back talking to the ceiling.

Joyce Does someone know you're here? Because they should have told you that at the gate. You are **not** supposed to be here. I need to rest now. I—I don't like the way you're staring at me! *She pauses for a moment, staring wide-eyed* Did they tell you that at the gate?

Side shot of Joyce in her bed and the Queller on the ceiling above her.

Joyce firmly Stop staring at me, I don't like it!

The Queller squeals.

Part 4

Exterior hospital. Graham comes out the door, holding a Geiger counter. He walks a few steps staring at it, then stops as Ellis, Riley, and other commandos emerge behind him.

Graham Trail stops here, edge of the parking lot.

Ellis It stops? *Graham nods*

Riley A car. It hitched a ride. Probably underneath. So much for containment.

Ellis So some poor mental patient checks out of here today, drives away with this thing, *Riley looks alarmed* took it right to his own home.

Riley Checked out today.

Ellis to another commando Get me a list of all patients discharged in the last 24 hours.

Riley No. I know where it's going. We've gotta move, now!

They rush off.

Transcriber's Note As near as I can tell there are three doors to Joyce's bedroom. One leads to the hallway, one next to that leads to Dawn's room, and the door on the other side of the bed leads to Buffy's room. The bathroom is across the hall from Dawn's room and has two doors, one going to the hall, the other going into Buffy's room. This is relevant for the following scene. . .

Cut to Joyce still in her bed staring up at the alien.

Joyce I'm going to close my eyes, and when I open them, you are going to go away.

The Queller squeals and drops down on top of Joyce.

She screams.

Dawn hears the scream and gets up.

Joyce struggles against the Queller.

Joyce Get off me!

It spits its slime onto her face. She shakes her head trying to dislodge it.

Dawn opens the door and sees the demon on top of Joyce. She gasps. The Queller looks at her as she grabs a coatrack from her room and shakes the clothing off of it. She attacks the demon with it, shoving it off the other side of the bed.

Most of the slime seems to have hardened on Joyce's face. She pulls it away, gasping and panting. Dawn looks around, scared.

The Queller arises from behind the bed and launches itself at Dawn, squeaking. She screams and runs back into her room. The Queller chases her, crawling along the floor. Dawn runs through her room and out into the hall, as the Queller enters the hall from Joyce's room. Dawn runs into the bathroom and slams the door.

Dawn Buffy!!

Cut to Buffy still crying in the kitchen. The radio and the running water from the sink are loud, so she doesn't hear Dawn yelling. She wipes hair back from her face and sniffs.

Dawn runs through Buffy's room and into Joyce's room from the other door. Joyce is sitting up on the bed, clawing at her face and gasping. Dawn closes

the door, grabs an exercise bike and pushes it in front of the door, runs to the other door (leading to her own room) and slams it shut too.

Cut to Buffy in the kitchen. She splashes water on her face, reaches for a towel and dries her face.

Cut to Dawn in Joyce's room. She opens the door leading into the hall, and yells as loud as she can.

Dawn Buffy!

Buffy hears the scream and whirls around, dropping the towel.

Dawn slams the door shut again.

Buffy races out of the kitchen, down the hall and up the stairs. She opens the door to Joyce's room and finds Dawn and Joyce on the bed, still wiping slime off of Joyce's face.

Buffy What? What is it?

Dawn There's something out there, Buffy. It's after Mom!

Buffy You guys stay in here. Don't leave this room.

As Buffy closes the door, the Queller drops from the ceiling and lands on her face. She grabs it and they struggle, slamming against a wall and then tumbling down the stairs. The Queller squeaks and crawls away. Buffy rubs her neck and looks around in confusion.

Cut to Joyce and Dawn on the bed in the dark bedroom, hugging each other tightly.

Joyce It's okay, my baby. It's okay.

Dawn stares at the door over her mom's shoulder, looking scared.

Buffy walks slowly through the dark house, looking around for the Queller. She goes into the kitchen, goes over to the knife rack and takes out the largest knife. She spins around wearing her tough-Slayer expression and continues looking around, moving back toward the hallway. We hear creaking noises.

As Buffy nears the door to the basement, it suddenly pops open. She jumps in alarm and raises the knife. Spike emerges from the basement and gives her a wary look. Buffy sighs. Spike closes the basement door.

Buffy Spike?

Spike Yeah. Listen, uh, did you hear a noise?

Buffy What the hell are you doing in my house?

Spike Right then, caught me. *takes a deep breath* Your basement's full of junk. And me being in need of, uh, junk...

Buffy *can't believe it* You were stealing?

Spike Well, yeah. Can't exactly work the counter at Burger Barn, can I?

He has something in his hand. He tries to slip it into his pocket without being noticed, but Buffy spots it.

Buffy Wait, are those pictures of me?

The Queller attacks from the left, jumping onto Spike's face and knocking him to the ground. He cries out as he lands on the floor with the Queller on top of him, choking him. They struggle. Buffy grimaces and raises her knife, looking for an opening. Spike's flailing foot kicks Buffy's hand and the knife flies away. Buffy winces in pain and makes an exasperated face.

The Queller turns and sees Buffy. It squeals and attacks her as she moves toward it. They slam against a wall and fall down with the Queller on top. Buffy punches it and throws it off her, starts to scramble backward on her butt, into the hallway toward the front foyer.

Spike picks up the knife and whirls around.

Spike Buffy!

He throws the knife to her. She catches it just as the Queller knocks her down again and climbs on top of her. She stabs the knife into its back. It screams. Buffy stabs it again and again until it stops screaming and falls still. Buffy gasps and makes a pained face, rolling the Queller off of her, then lying back with a sigh.

Spike holds out his hand. Buffy takes it and he pulls her to her feet. Just as she rises, the door bursts open and Riley comes in, followed by the commandos. Spike and Buffy turn and see more commandos coming in the back door. The commandos yell random orders to each other.

Riley looks at Spike and Buffy apparently holding hands. Spike gives him a sour look.

Riley to Buffy Are you okay?

Buffy frowns at him, then rushes to the stairs.

Spike to Riley You just missed a real nice time.

Riley looks down and sees the Queller lying dead with the knife in its back.

Buffy bursts into Joyce's bedroom.

Buffy It's gone. I killed it.

Joyce *relieved* Oh god.

Dawn It's gone? You promise?

Buffy I promise. *Both Dawn and Joyce hug her, putting their heads on her shoulders. She puts her arms around them* Everything's all right. Everything's all right.

Cut to: exterior hospital, night. Ben comes down some stairs, walks over to a car, unlocks it and gets in, looking around nervously. As he closes the door, a voice speaks up from the back seat.

Dreg It's strange. Ben looks up, startled, and looks at him in the rear-view mirror A body might ask what exactly it is you think you're doing. He might ask what all this was meant to accomplish. Because to a humble postulant, it looks like chaos. Like unnecessary attention drawn where it ought not to be.

Ben *angrily* Get out!

Dreg Sir.

Dreg gets out, stands by the driver's-side window.

Dreg Sir, forgive me. I just want to understand. Why summon the Queller?

Ben What do you think? Because I'm cleaning up Glory's mess. Just like I've done my whole damn life.

He starts the car and drives off as Dreg watches.

Cut to hospital. A nurse is putting an IV in Joyce's arm as Buffy sits on the bed by her, holding her other hand. Joyce winces as the needle enters her arm. The nurse finishes and leaves. Buffy sighs.

Joyce Buffy, uh, *clears throat* I'm gonna ask you something, a-and if I'm, if I'm being crazy you just tell me, okay?

Buffy *nods* You got it.

Joyce The other day... well, actually, I'm, I'm not sure when, the days seem to all bleed together...

Buffy It's not important.

Joyce No, I guess it isn't. I do know I was... pretty out of it, and I had... not—not a dream... exactly, more like I had this... knowledge, i—it just came to me like... truth, you know? *Buffy frowns* Even though it didn't seem... possible, even though I shouldn't even think such things.

Buffy What?

Joyce That Dawn...

Buffy looks very startled.

Joyce She's not... mine, is she?

Buffy stares at her mom, then looks down. She comes to a decision and looks Joyce in the eye.

Buffy No.

Joyce absorbs this for a moment.

Joyce She's... she does belong to us, though.

Buffy Yes, she does.

Joyce And she's important. To the world. Precious.

Buffy nods As precious as you are to me.

Buffy smiles and nods again. Joyce nods back.

Joyce Then we have to take care of her. Buffy, promise me. If anything happens, if I don't come through this—

Buffy Mom—

Joyce No, listen to me. No matter what she is, she still feels like my daughter. I have to know that you'll take care of her, that you'll keep her safe. That you'll love her like I love you.

Buffy *teary* I promise.

Joyce Good. Good.

They hug.

Joyce Oh, my sweet brave Buffy. What would I do without you?

Buffy hugs her mom tightly, looking as if she'd like to ask the same question.

Cut to Joyce on a gurney, being wheeled away. She has one arm up behind her head and she smiles down the hall as she moves backward.

Shot of Buffy and Dawn with arms around each other, watching. Behind them we can see Riley, Xander, Anya, Giles, Tara, and Willow. The camera moves back from them as if we see them from Joyce's perspective.

Shot of Joyce looking very calm as the nurses take her away.

Shot of the others watching. The camera continues to pull back from them and then fades to black.

Into The Woods

A *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* episode written by Marti Noxon and transcribed by **Joan the English Chick**
<pisces@englishchick.com>

Transcriber's Notes:

I do not own the characters or situations of BTVS, and I claim no credit for the content of this episode. I have merely transcribed what appeared on my screen, with help from the closed captions.

I prefer that you link to this transcript on the Psyche site rather than post it on your site, but you can post it on your site if you really want, as long as you keep my name and email address on it. Please also keep my disclaimers intact.

You can use my transcripts in your fanfiction stories; you don't have to ask my permission. However, if you use large portions of episode dialogue in your fanfic, I recommend you give credit to the person who wrote the episode.

I apologize in advance for my lame transcription of the fight scenes. I don't know the names of different punches and kicks. Use your imagination.

Teaser

Buffy Riley!

Riley Know you got a lot on your mind. You decide you wanna let me in on any of it, you let me know.

Giles V.O. Previously on *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*...
Riley letting a female vampire bite him.

Riley V.O. Buffy's like nobody else in the world. But she doesn't love me.

Spike kissing Buffy.

Spike V.O. Buffy, I love you.

Spike sitting up in bed horrified.

Spike Oh God, no.

Joyce in the CAT scan machine.

Doctor V.O. Your mother has... a brain tumor.

Buffy reacting.

Buffy and Joyce hugging in a hospital room.

Joyce being wheeled into surgery as Buffy and Dawn watch.

Episode begins

Fade in on a pair of shoes. Pan across the body of Dawn, lying across several hospital waiting room chairs. The camera pulls out and we see that Dawn is asleep with her head in Buffy's lap as Buffy strokes her hair. Riley sits next to Buffy, dozing off. Buffy sighs.

Shot of the hospital corridor with various personnel coming and going.

Riley wakes up as someone walks over to them.

Giles Just me. Sorry. Can I get you anything?

Buffy No, thank you.

Giles Riley?

Riley No, I'm fine.

Giles nods, looks fidgety, walks off. We discover Willow and Xander sitting nearby. Behind them we see the nurses' station.

Willow What time is it?

Xander There's a clock behind you, Will.

Willow pouty I know, but there's a watch right above your hand.

Xander shows her his watch. Willow frowns.

Willow That can't be right. *Turns to look at the clock above nurses' station* Oh.

She sits back and exchanges a look with Xander.

Cut back to Buffy and Riley. Buffy leans her head back and sighs loudly. Riley puts his hand on her knee.

Buffy I can't stand this. What's taking so long?

Riley It doesn't mean anything.

Buffy You think?

Riley I'd worry more if your mom was out of surgery quickly. Might mean that, you know, they couldn't do much.

Buffy frowns, looks down at Dawn, looks up. Suddenly she puts her hand over Riley's which is still on her leg.

Shot of the hospital corridor. We see the doctor walking toward us.

Dawn wakes up as Buffy slides out from under her. Everyone stands up.

The doctor walks closer.

Zoom in on Buffy, nervously waiting for the news with Riley and Dawn behind her.

Wolf howl.

Part 1

Guest starring Bailey Chase, Nick Chinlund, and Kristine Sutherland as Joyce Summers. Written and directed by Marti Noxon.

Fade back in on the hospital scene.

Dr. Kriegel Okay, your mom's in recovery.

Buffy What happened, is she all right?

Dr. Kriegel It was possible to visualize the tumor completely, which means I was able to get all of it. So, barring complications in recovery... I think your mother's going to be fine. *Everyone reacts with relief* Of course we're still going to have to watch your mother carefully, and, uh, have her back in here for some follow-up testing, *Buffy nods* but, uh, overall I'd consider the procedure a complete success.

Smiles all round. Everyone hugs each other. Giles and Xander start to hug, then settle for a handshake instead.

Buffy hugging Riley Oh my goodness, doctor, thank you, thank you so much.

Dr. Kriegel Please, it's my pleasure.

Buffy hugs him and he yells in pain as she forgets her slayer-strength. She gasps and pulls back.

Buffy Sorry. Sorry!

The doctor puts a hand on his back and gives Buffy a funny look.

Cut to: exterior shot of Xander's apartment building, night.

Cut to: interior of Xander's apartment. Xander, Anya and Dawn are eating Chinese food around a low table.

Dawn When I was younger, I used to put my chopsticks in my mouth like this, *She puts chopsticks into her mouth so they stick out like very long fangs* and then Buffy would chase me around the house yelling, *makes claw hands* "I'm the slayer, I'm going to get you!" *Laughs*

Anya That's disturbing. You're emotionally scarred and will end up badly.

Dawn removes chopsticks No, it was great. I mean, she didn't actually stake me in the heart, you know.

Xander Buffy's pretty cool like that. *Gets up to clear the dishes* So, what do you wanna do now, Dawnster? Keeping in mind that I won't chase you because I'm old and I'm stuffed full of moo goo gai starch.

Dawn starts to reply but Anya interrupts.

Anya Well, we could play that game again, Life. That was fun.

Dawn frowns For you. You always win.

Anya Well... we can make a wager this time. You can give me real money. That would be different.

Xander sarcastic And after we teach her to gamble, maybe we can all get drunk!

Anya not getting it I don't think the bar would serve her, but we could bring something in. *to Dawn* Strawberry schnapps taste just like real ice cream.

Xander Okay, how's about a movie? *Opens the newspaper and walks back to them* They're showing them in theaters now. I hear it's like watching a video with a bunch of strangers and a sticky floor. *He lays out the newspaper where he and Dawn can both look at it*

Dawn points That one looks sad.

Xander The chimp playing hockey? Is that based on the Chekhov?

Anya comes running over and grabs the paper eagerly.

Anya There's a chimp playing hockey?

Dawn Um, no, the other one. I don't wanna see a sad movie.

Anya We have to see the chimp playing hockey! That's hilarious! The ice is so slippery, and, and monkeys are all irrational. We have to see this.

Xander You pick, Dawn. This is your night. We are celebrating your mom's good news.

Anya looks chastised.

Anya softly Go monkey. Choose monkey.

Dawn It's okay. You guys don't have to make a big deal for me. I'm only sleeping over here so Buffy and Riley can boink.

Xander looks embarrassed.

Xander No, that's not, that's not it at all, they just need time to, uh... *clears throat* be tender. Relax.

Anya smiles and rubs Xander's chest.

Anya to Dawn He's not very convincing, is he?

Dawn shakes her head in agreement.

Dawn "Alone time" always translates into "get Dawn out of the house so we can have loud obnoxious sex".

Xander looks like he wants to object, but doesn't. Anya smiles, then suddenly realizes something.

Anya softly to Xander Oh, does that mean we can't?

Xander gives her a look.

Cut to candles burning on a mantle. Soft romantic music. Pan over to Buffy and Riley dancing in the darkened Summers home.

Buffy Can we put this song on repeat?

Riley Whatever you want.

Buffy Can we put the whole night on repeat?

Riley Absolutely.

Buffy Good. *sighs happily* Mm, I can't believe how relaxed I feel. It's like all the tension's just left my body.

Riley Oh, really? 'Cause I had that scheduled for a little later on.

Buffy Scheduled? Are you planning on seducing me, Mr. Finn?

Riley Always.

They kiss.

Riley I want tonight to be special for you.

Buffy It's more than special. It's perfect.

Riley Well, I'm glad. You deserve it after everything you've been through.

Buffy Well, it's nothing compared to what my mom had to deal with.

Riley *nods* It was a lot. And you were incredible.

Buffy *smiles* Not really. Just covering for the weepy chicken within.

Riley Don't sell yourself short. You stayed strong throughout, Buffy. You never even cried.

Buffy Oh, I cried. I cried so hard, I didn't think I was gonna be able to stop.

Riley looks surprised. She puts her head on his shoulder.

Riley Oh.

Buffy That's all in the past now. Mom's out of the woods, and I'm here with you. That's all that matters.

She lifts her head up and they kiss again.

Fade to bare legs moving together under bed sheets. Pan up to Buffy and Riley in bed, kissing, naked with strategically placed sheets. Riley is on top. Panting noises. Lots of kissing and writhing. Closeup on Buffy's face as she closes her eyes in pleasure. Pan across them to the window.

Cut to exterior shot of the bedroom window. We see Spike standing on the ground below, smoking a cigarette and looking up at the window. He sighs.

Cut to the bedroom. Buffy is asleep. Riley watches her for a moment, then slides out of the bed. We can see a partially healed cut on his upper chest and a small bandage on his arm.

Cut to Spike outside, putting out his cigarette and turning to leave. He stops as he hears the house's front door open and sees Riley come out. Riley

doesn't see Spike. He closes the door quietly and walks off. Spike follows.

Cut to Riley walking through a dark alley. Spike still following. Riley walks up to an old warehouse, up some stairs to a door. Spike watches, frowning.

Cut to: exterior hospital, day.

Cut to: Joyce's hospital room. Joyce has a hand mirror and is looking at her reflection. There's a large bandage on her head.

Joyce I don't know, Buffy. I think I'll look like I have a cat on my head.

We see Buffy holding a wig.

Buffy But a very well-groomed cat.

Joyce I think maybe I'll... stick with a scarf.

Buffy Come on, wigs are fun. We can get you a whole bunch of different ones. You know, you can be, like, Sixties Mom, Action Mom... *wiggles her hips, suggestively* French Maid Mom...

Joyce *smiles* I must be getting better, 'cause you're making fun of me.

Buffy Well, you know. *sits on the bed* Got a lot of time to make up for.

Joyce You have more important things to make up. I know you've been missing a lot of school.

Buffy I may have to take a few incompletes, but I will make it through the semester.

Joyce Well, what about slaying and your friends? I want you to have your life back.

Buffy Right now I'd rather be here, styling your beautiful new plastic dream hair.

Joyce Fair enough, but you don't have to keep me company all night. Go out, have fun, get, get Riley to take you to a movie or something.

Buffy I gave Riley the day off.

Joyce I don't think he thinks of you as a chore, Buffy.

Buffy I know that. Look, I told him to make plans with his friends because I wanted to have you all to myself, okay? Besides, I can see him any time. *Gets up, turns away to put the wig on a stand* And I'm sure he'll come over later looking for a little... *suddenly stops herself, turns around to give Joyce an innocent look* bible study. *Nods*

Joyce Well, good. I mean, just as long as the two of you are spending some quality time with... the lord.

Buffy We are. Absolutely.

Cut to: looks like a hotel room. A commando is sitting on a sofa fiddling with some high-tech equipment: he has headphones on his ears. Graham

walks over to a table where Major Ellis has some maps spread out.

Ellis What've we got?

Graham Belize. Last transmission. Infra-red scans say they're—

Ellis Breeding. They're not gonna stay in that village for long. Looks like we got ourselves a hot spot. Tell the men to get ready.

Graham starts to leave, pauses.

Graham What about Riley? *Ellis looks confused*
Agent Finn. *Ellis nods* I'm telling you, sir, if we go in for a sweep and drop, he's definitely a guy we want on the team.

Ellis *nods* Well, let's bring him on board.

Graham It, uh, might take a little convincing.

Ellis Why? What's he got here in Sunnydale that's so special?

Cut to: Buffy in bed, asleep, alone. We hear the door open. Buffy wakes up halfway.

Buffy *sleepy* Riley?

We see Spike standing by the door.

Spike It's me.

Buffy wakes up fully, sits up holding the sheet to her chest.

Buffy Every time you show up like this, you risk all of your parts, you know that?

Spike I wouldn't be here if I didn't have a good reason. As usual, I'm here to help you, and I—are you naked under there?

Buffy *rolls her eyes* Get out.

Spike No, I'm serious. I mean, not about the naked part, I mean... *cranes his neck trying to see under the blankets*

Buffy Get out or I will drop you out head-first.

Spike lowers his voice, speaks intensely.

Spike I wanna show you something.

Buffy *realizing he is serious* What?

Spike You need to see this.

Buffy sighs.

Spike But we need to move if we wanna get there in time.

Buffy raises her eyebrows to indicate that she can't get dressed with Spike watching. He scoffs.

Spike Oh, please! Like I give a bloody damn.

He turns his back, and then makes an agonized face, forcing himself not to look as Buffy reaches for her clothing.

Cut to: Spike leading Buffy through the alley, up the stairs to the warehouse. Buffy looks confused. Spike opens the door for her.

They enter the warehouse and see a bunch of people being sucked on by vampires. Random trash, old bathtubs, etc., all around. Buffy stares at it in dismay.

Spike Don't stop, Slayer. This isn't what we're here for.

We see two large male vampires overseeing things. One of them is putting some money into his vest.

Buffy looks around with a frown, looks at Spike. He nods toward some stairs. They approach the stairs and start up them.

One of the vamps grabs Spike and spins him around.

Vamp 1 What do you think you're doing?

Spike Just having a little look, mate. Keep it down. *He turns away but the vamp stops him again.*

Vamp 1 You can't go up there.

Spike grabs the vamp by the throat and shoves him to the floor.

Spike I said keep it down.

Buffy watches all this from halfway up the stairs.

Spike turns, adjusting his jacket, and they go up the stairs.

The second level is just as messy as the first. Spike leads Buffy through the mess to a slightly open door. She looks suspiciously at him, then goes through the door and discovers Riley, sitting bare-chested on a mattress on the floor, with a female vamp sitting on his lap, drinking from his arm. He doesn't see Buffy yet.

Riley Harder.

The vampire continues sucking. Buffy gasps. Riley looks up and sees her.

Closeup on Buffy staring in horror. Blackout.

Part 2

Fade back in on the same scene. The vamp continues to feed from Riley. Riley looks at Buffy and gulps.

Riley Buffy.

Buffy stares at him, backs away and runs out. Spike smirks.

Riley Buffy!

Spike We only came here because we care about you, friend. *Riley shoves the vamp aside and gets up*
You need help.

Spike smirks and walks out.

Cut to Buffy hurrying down the stairs. Vamp #2 hands something to Vamp #1 and moves to intercept Buffy.

Vamp 2 Hey. Hey, hey.

He steps in front of her but she gives him a shove and he flies backward, hitting the wall as Buffy exits.

Spike comes down the stairs a few steps behind. Vamp 2 growls as Spike passes him.

Cut to Buffy exiting the warehouse, pausing at the bottom of the stairs, looking shell-shocked. Spike bursts out, passes her and turns back.

Spike I thought you should know—

Buffy lifts her head and gives him a fierce look. Spike looks startled. She runs past him and away, down the alley. Spike looks disappointed.

Cut to inside the warehouse. Riley comes rushing down the stairs, buttoning his shirt. Vamp #2 intercepts him, grabbing his shirt.

Vamp 2 Was that the slayer? What the hell do you think you're doing bringing the slayer here?

Riley Back off, man. I didn't know.

Vamp 2 Nobody's gonna risk coming here now!

Riley I said back off!

Vamp 2 punches Riley in the stomach. Riley punches him in the face and he goes down. Riley runs out as Vamp 1 helps Vamp 2 up.

Cut to: exterior of the Summers house, night.

Cut to: interior of Buffy's room. She enters, closes the door and leans against it, frowning, still looking shocked.

Fade to Riley entering his own apartment, which is dark. He closes the door and sighs, moves inside and turns on a lamp. Behind him we see Graham and Major Ellis, and another commando. Riley doesn't turn around.

Riley Get out.

Ellis I need to talk to you.

Riley turns to face them I'm not in a talkin' mood.

Ellis Then listen. *Walks toward him. Graham follows*

Graham Riley, just give the man a chance. You don't like what you hear, we'll be on our way.

Riley Talk fast.

Ellis We have a Code One in Belize. A demon tribe is taking apart missionaries in the rain forest down there.

Riley And you're telling me this because?

Ellis We're going down to terminate their operation. We want you to join us.

Riley looks from one to the other, then away.

Riley quietly I'm a civilian.

Ellis You're a soldier.

Riley I quit the government a long way back.

Ellis We're not government. We're army.

Graham Just like you.

Ellis moves closer to Riley It's not the Initiative, Finn. We don't do experiments. None of us give a damn what makes monsters tick. We just stop 'em.

Riley What do you need me for?

Ellis I think you can handle yourself. And I always need bodies. I'm not gonna lie to you. It's the real deal. High risk, low pay, and seriously messy. We ship out for Central America tomorrow midnight. Now maybe civilian life is working out for you. . . *Riley looks down* and maybe not. Midnight. Tomorrow. The decision's yours.

The commandos leave, as Riley ponders the offer.

Cut to: magic shop, day. Giles is hanging up a large banner that reads:

Don't Forget!

Winter Solstice Hanukkah Christmas Kwanzaa & ¹

Are Coming!

We see Xander, Anya, and Willow behind the counter unpacking merchandise.

Giles And so it begins.

He steps down from his footstool and we see that the last holiday listed is "Gurnenthar's Ascendance."

Giles No longer a victim of crass holiday commercialization, I'm . . . a purveyor of it.

Anya takes a jar out of a box. Willow moves out from behind the counter.

Anya Oh. Who ordered more chickens' feet? The ones we have aren't moving at all.

Xander That's generally what happens when you cut them off the chicken.

Anya I'm serious. *Opens jar* Maybe we could do a . . . holiday promotion. *Takes out a chicken foot* One free with every purchase! *smiles*

Giles Oh, yeah. *nostalgically* Dear holiday memories. Merry tykes by the fire, enjoying their new Christmas . . . chicken feet.

Willow comes up beside Giles, on the opposite side of the counter from Anya.

Willow Aw, holding them tight as they fall asleep. Painting their little toenails.

¹ [something obscured by Giles's arm]

Willow and Giles laugh. Xander grins. Anya grins too, though she is not amused.

Anya That's so very humorous. Make fun of the ex-demon! I can just hear you in private. *talks to the chicken foot* "I dislike that Anya. She's newly human and strangely literal".

Willow *frowns* Anya, I don't say that. No one says that. No one talks that way.

Anya There's nothing wrong with my idea anyway. I've been very good for this store. *frowns* If it wasn't for me, Giles would be a terrified old man staring at a quarterly tax statement and wetting himself.

Giles *insulted* I say, that's an exaggeration.

Willow Anya, you've helped out a lot, but I have too.

Anya *opening another jar* Yes, I forgot about all the vigorous sitting around.

Xander Anya, you can back off a little. You get paid. Willow's doing this on her own time.

Willow smiles and nods triumphantly.

Anya *with a fake smile* I'm sorry, Willow. Thank you for making time in your busy life to come in here and get in the way of mine.

Xander *annoyed* Anya, play nice.

Anya You know, fine, take her side instead of mine *Xander sighs, puts his hands over his face* even though I'm the one who sleeps with you and feeds you, bathes you...

Willow frowns.

Willow *to Xander* She bathes you?

Xander Only in an erotic, Penthouse-y way, not in a sponge-bath-y geriatric sort of...

Giles *puts up a hand* Please! Stop, I beg of you.

They all look up as the door opens (it has bells that jingle when it moves) and Buffy enters. She has a bag over her shoulder. She strides purposefully over to the counter.

Buffy I need to find out everything I can about a vamp nest downtown.

Giles A nest? What sort of—

Buffy There were people there. It, um, it looked like they were paying vampires to bite them.

Giles looks shocked.

Xander **Now** I know what to get for the person who has everything!

Willow Who would pay to get bitten?

Anya Oh, that's been going on for centuries. Humans hire vampires to feed off them, they, well, you know, they—they get off on the rush.

Giles And the... hazards of the underworld can become addictive to... some people.

Xander Why don't the vampires just kill 'em?

Anya Because they get cash, hot and cold running blood, and... they don't leave any corpses behind so they don't get hunted.

Giles But still, i—it can be terribly dangerous for humans. I mean, people can end up dying accidentally, or, or meeting a, a vampire who only pretends to play by the house rules.

Buffy *angrily* You knew about this and you didn't tell me?

Giles I hadn't seen it since my Ripper days. I had no idea it was going on in Sunnydale.

Buffy Well, it is. *Giles frowns* And I'm gonna stop it. *She turns toward a large trunk and opens it, revealing a stash of weapons.*

Giles Buffy, even if I had known about this, I might not have told you right now.

Buffy whirls around.

Buffy What? Why?

Giles Well, I'm not sure this is where your efforts are best spent. Perhaps you should focus on... a less ambiguous evil. Glory, for instance?

Buffy You said people are dying.

Giles They're willing victims. I mean, there are people out there who deserve your help who aren't.

Buffy Vampires are vampires. And my job description is pretty clear. *They all look uneasy* Are you coming with me or not?

Xander What's the rush, Buff? If we're going into a nest, maybe we should come up with a strategy. Wait for Riley.

Buffy scowls in extreme displeasure.

Buffy Back me up or not. I'm going.

She stalks out. Giles looks conflicted, but he and Xander begin to collect their things.

Giles Anya, will you mind the store?

Anya nods. The others gather up jackets and stakes, and leave. Anya watches them go with a smile.

Anya Have a nice day! Don't get killed.

The bell jingles as they exit.

Cut to: inside the warehouse. Buffy and Giles are coming down the interior stairs.

Buffy I don't understand. This place was doing serious business last night.

We see that the place is deserted. Willow and Xander are on the main floor. A small grill sits on a table, with a fire burning in it.

Xander Well, I guess everybody jumped ship once the word got out that the slayer found their crib. *pauses* I just want to apologize for the use of the word "crib".

Buffy to Giles Do you think they'll set up shop again in town?

Giles It's hard to say. I'm sure they'll lie low for a bit.

Buffy But they're around somewhere. There's gotta be a way to find these creeps.

Willow Don't worry, Buff, you'll find them.

Xander Yeah, I'm sure you'll get them next time, champ.

Buffy does her angry expression again. She grabs the grill and throws it against a wall. The fire begins to spread. Buffy stalks out as the others stare at her. Willow follows in her footsteps. Xander and Giles follow more slowly, looking concerned.

Cut to: Spike sitting in his armchair in his crypt,

holding a bottle of alcohol. He pulls out the cork, sighs, and lifts the bottle to take a swig. The door bursts open and Riley enters.

Spike What took you? *Puts the cork back in and sets the bottle aside* Guess it takes a while to get back to full strength after those bites.

Riley grabs Spike by the shirt and pulls him up out of the chair.

Spike Hey! Hey, let's be reasonable about this.

Riley slams him up against a pillar.

Riley You may have noticed, Spike, *punches Spike in the face* I left reasonable about three exits back.

Spike Look, I'm not the one who got you into this. Don't kill the messenger.

Riley scowls. He pulls back his arm and we see there's a stake in his hand. He plunges it into Spike's chest. Spike gasps.

Riley Why the hell not?

Part 3

Fade back in on Riley holding the stake in Spike's chest.

Spike *yelling* Ow! Bloody hell! Oh god! *quieter* Hey. *He looks down at his chest as he realizes he hasn't been dusted yet. Riley yanks the stake out. Spike grabs his chest in pain, and stares at the stake.*

Riley Plastic wood-grain. Looks real, doesn't it? *Grabs Spike's shirt again* Don't think I don't know what's goin' on with you, Spike. *They glare at each other* Stay away from her. Or we'll do this for real next time.

He pats Spike on the cheek and walks away. Spike leans against the pillar panting. He's still clutching his chest, but he begins to chuckle, and Riley turns back.

Spike *chuckling* Oh, man. You are really under it, aren't you?

Riley *angrily* What?

Spike Look at you. All afraid I'm hot for your honey.

Riley *walks back toward Spike* Because you are.

Spike Well... yeah. But that's not your problem. Even if I wasn't in the picture, you're never gonna be able to hold onto her.

Riley puts his hand over Spike's hand that is covering the wound. He pushes his hand deeper into it.

Spike Ow, bloody hell!

Riley Maybe I didn't almost kill you enough.

Spike *in pain* Come on. You're not the long haul guy and you know it.

Riley Shut up.

Spike You know it. Or else you wouldn't be getting suck jobs from two-bit vampire trulls.

Riley looks annoyed, lets go of Spike. Spike continues panting.

Spike The girl needs some monster in her man... and that's not in your nature... *He pushes away from the pillar, still holding his chest, and goes to sit in his chair...* no matter how low you try to go.

Spike sits back with an expression of pain. Riley paces around restlessly. Spike reaches for his bottle and begins to remove the cork again.

Riley You actually think you've got a shot with her?

Spike No, I don't. *removes cork* Fella's gotta try, though. Gotta do what he can. *Drinks*

Riley If you touched her... you know I'd kill you for real.

Spike I had this chip outta my head, I'da killed you long ago. *Replaces cork* Ain't love grand?

Spike tosses the bottle to Riley, who catches it and removes the cork again. He sits on a nearby coffin and takes a sip.

Spike *quietly* Sometimes I envy you so much it chokes me. *They exchange a look* And sometimes I think I got the better deal. *sighs* To be that close to her and not have her. To be all alone even when you're holding her. Feeling her, feeling her beneath you. Surrounding you. The scent... *louder* No, you got the better deal.

Riley looks over at Spike, takes another drink.

Riley *bitterly* I'm the lucky guy. *shakes his head* Yeah.

Long shot of the two of them sitting together. Riley tosses the bottle back to Spike.

Riley I'm the guy.

Spike takes another swig. They sit there together.

Cut to Buffy in her workout room, beating on a punching bag. She grunts angrily and scowls as she punches over and over.

Cut to the main room of the magic shop. Anya is going over paperwork behind the counter. Xander stands on the other side of the counter looking toward the back room.

Xander How long has she been in there?

Anya A while now. Seems pretty gung-ho about it too. Didn't even stop to say hello.

Xander Yeah, when we went to deal with that vampire nest, she got all Rambo and torched the place. *Anya looks up* Something seriously bad is going on with her.

Anya Oh, I don't know, maybe you're overreacting. I mean, who hasn't done stuff like that from time to time? I mean, I made this one guy spontaneously combust, *the door bell jingles* and he set his whole village on fire.

We see Riley entering.

Xander Can you stop being scary for a minute and listen to what I'm trying to tell you?

Riley approaches and Xander turns to face him. Riley nods toward the back.

Riley She in there?

Xander She's training.

Riley *nods* Would you guys mind clearing out? I need a minute alone with her.

Xander nods, goes to get his jacket.

Anya *to Riley* A little after-hours hanky-panky in the training room, huh? *She comes out from behind the counter as Riley walks toward the back* Boy, Xander and I could tell you some stories. . .

Xander Not now. Let's go, Anya. *He and Anya begin walking out*

Anya *calling over her shoulder* There's a funny thing with the vaulting horse that you can tr. . .

Xander Anya!

Anya What? He started it.

Xander In your world, maybe, but where the people are, this isn't the time for "Tales of Anya and Xander's Sexcapades".

Anya Oh. *Stops walking and turns to him* Uh, well, maybe we can go home and, you know, have 'em.

Xander Actually, I've got some stuff to take care of. *He walks past her and opens the door to leave. Anya follows him.*

Cut to Buffy still punching. Riley walks in behind her.

Riley We need to talk.

Buffy *continues punching* I'm not ready to talk to you yet.

Riley walks forward, removing his jacket and tossing it aside.

Riley Too bad.

He takes hold of the punching bag. Buffy stops punching.

Buffy I'm serious. *turns away* Unless you wanna fight.

Riley So let's fight. We need to have this out, Buffy. Right now.

Buffy turns back, annoyed.

Buffy And say what, Riley? "What were you thinking? How long have you been lying to me?" Nothing you say right now is gonna make this better.

She turns away again. Riley moves forward.

Riley I realize that. *Grabs her arm and turns her around* I don't expect. . . *angrily* I just need you to hear me out.

Buffy *quietly* Fine. Get your hand off of me.

He lets go of her arm, sighs, walks a few steps away.

Riley I think, when this thing started, it was just some stupid, immature game. I wanted to even the score after you let Dracula bite you.

Buffy I did not **let** Dracula—

Riley I know. On some level I know that. But I was still spun. *pause* I don't know, I—I wanted to know what you felt. I wanted to know why Dracula and Angel have so much power over you.

Buffy *shakes her head* You so don't get it.

Riley I wanted to get it, Buffy. I wanted to get you.

Buffy So this is my fault? Hey, gee, Buffy's so mysterious, I think I'll go out and almost die. I think I'll go and let some other. . . *She stops and looks down.*

Riley This isn't your fault. It's mine. I feel like hell for what I've put you through. *Buffy still doesn't look at him* It's just. . . *sighs* these girls—

Buffy Vampires. Killers.

Riley They made me feel something, Buffy. Something I didn't even know I was missing until—

Buffy I can't. I can't hear this.

She turns away again and Riley grabs her arm again.

Riley You **need** to hear this.

Buffy pulls her arm away, walks a few steps away.

Buffy Fine. Fine! Tell me about your whores! Tell me what on earth they were giving you that I can't.

Riley They needed me.

Buffy They needed your money. It wasn't about you.

Riley *walks closer to her* No. On some basic level it **was** about me. My blood, my body. *sighs* When they bit me... it was beyond passion. They wanted to devour me, all of me.

Buffy *teary* Why are you telling me this?

Riley It wasn't real. I know, it was just physical. But the fact that I craved it... that, that I kept going back... even if it was fleeting, they made me feel like they had such... hunger for me.

Buffy And I don't... make you feel that way? *Riley looks away* How on earth can you compare me to that? How can you tell me you understand what those vampires are feeling? You aren't a passion to them, you are a snack! A willing, idiotic snack.

Riley *angrily* No, I know exactly what they feel when they bite me, because I feel it every time we're together. It's like the whole world falls away. And all there is is you.

Buffy And you think that I don't feel the same way about you? How dare you tell me what I feel?

Riley You keep me at a distance, Buffy. You didn't even call me when your mom went into the hospital.

Buffy *incredulously* Oh, I'm sorry. You know, um, I'm sorry that I couldn't take care of you when I thought that my mother was dying.

Riley It's about me taking care of you! It's about letting me in. So you don't have to be on top of everything all the time.

Buffy But I do. That's part of what being a slayer is. *shakes her head* And that's what this is really about, isn't it? You can't handle the fact that I'm stronger than you.

Riley It's hard sometimes, yeah. But that's not it.

Buffy Then what? What else do you want from me, Riley? I've given you everything that I have, I've given you my heart, my body and soul!

Riley You say that, but I don't feel it. I just don't feel it.

Buffy Well, whose fault is that? Because I'm telling you, this is it, this is me. This is the package. And if

it's so deficient that you need to get your kicks elsewhere... then we really have a problem.

They both stare at each other silently for a moment.

Then Buffy looks down. Riley sighs.

Riley They want me back, Buffy... the military.

Buffy looks up in shock It's deep undercover, no contact with civilians. Transport's leaving tonight.

Buffy Tonight? When were you gonna tell me about this?

Riley I'm telling you now.

Buffy Are you going?

Riley I don't know. If we can't work this out...

Buffy Then what? This is goodbye? *Riley shrugs. Buffy gets mad.* You are unbelievable. You're giving me an ultimatum?

Riley No, I'm not.

Buffy Yes you are! You expect me to get over it now or you're gone!

Riley I don't, Buffy, that's not what I meant.

Buffy Well, I have heard enough. *angrily* I will not take the blame for this. *Starts to walk away.*

Riley I'm not asking you to. *Grabs her arm yet again*

Buffy Let go of me! *pulls her arm away*

Riley Or what? You'll hit me? *She stares at him. He spreads his arms out.* Go ahead. Come on, do it.

Buffy Get out of my way.

Riley I'm serious, Buffy, hit me. Hit me.

He walks right up to her. She walks around him and takes her jacket off a hook.

Riley I'm leaving, Buffy.

She stops walking but doesn't turn to face him. He turns to speak to her back.

Riley Unless you give me a reason to stay... I'm leaving tonight.

Buffy opens the door and walks out, closing it behind her. Riley looks upset.

Cut to Buffy walking through dark alleys. Suddenly Vamp #2 and another vamp appear behind her. Buffy slows, then stops and turns to face them.

Vamp2 The pyro act was a bad idea, slayer.

Buffy Felt pretty good to me.

Vamp2 I'm not running. And you're not shutting me down.

More vampires appear, surrounding Buffy. Overhead shot of her looking around as they form a loose circle around her. There are about ten of them in total.

Vamp2 In fact... you're not gonna make it through the night.

Part 4

Fade back in on Buffy surrounded by vamps. She looks at them, and speaks to Vamp 2.

Buffy Walk away. Vamp 2 moves closer I'm serious. Don't do this. Not now.

Vamp 2 lunges at her and she shoves him. He flies backward into some large tubes. The other vamps attack.

Buffy backhands Vamp 3, kicks Vamp 4 in the face, spins around to punch Vamp 5. Then Vamp 4 attacks her with a long staff. She punches him in the face, takes the staff and uses it to stake Vamp 6 behind her. She hits Vamp 4 in the face with the staff, dusts Vamp 7, punches Vamp 8, and quickly dusts three more vamps with three quick jabs of the staff. She pauses and faces down Vamp 2. He runs at her, and as he flies over her head she stakes him. She turns and puts the staff to the throat of the last vamp, a woman, who stands still looking scared.

Brief shot of Riley being bitten from earlier in the episode, as Buffy realizes the vamp she now faces is the one who was drinking from Riley.

Buffy slowly lowers the staff. The vampire looks surprised, then turns and begins to run away down the alley.

Buffy stands there looking thoughtful. After a moment she lifts the staff and throws it like a javelin. It flies down the alley and dusts the female vamp as she's running.

Buffy stands there staring down the alley. Someone comes up behind her.

Xander So, how'd that work out for ya?

Buffy turns to see Xander emerging from the shadows.

Xander Make you feel better?

Buffy What are you doing here?

Xander I thought you might need to talk. Then I saw the skirmish happen. I was gonna lend a hand, but I noticed you grew a few extra ones.

Buffy *angrily* Go home, Xander.

She turns and starts to stride away.

Xander Buffy.

Buffy *turns back* I'm serious!

Xander So am I. Something's up. You're acting like a crazy person.

Buffy turns and begins walking away again. Xander follows.

Buffy pushes aside a large metal door and enters a random building. Xander enters after her.

Cut to interior of another warehouse. Boxes and metal cans are stacked neatly on metal shelving. Buffy walks over to a set of shelves backed by a metal grating and leans her face against it. Xander walks in behind her.

Xander Take this, for instance. You don't wanna deal, so you hide? It's not very slayer-like.

Buffy Just leave me alone, Xander. You have no idea what's going on.

Xander No? Good, so you and Riley **aren't** imploding? *Buffy turns to face him in surprise* It doesn't take a genius. What I can't figure out is how you never saw it coming.

Buffy What? Who told you?

Xander Nobody told me anything, Buffy. It was right in front of my Xander face. The guy would do anything for you.

Buffy The guy got himself bit by a vampire! *Xander is surprised* He lied to me. He ran around behind my back and almost got himself killed! And now he tells me that he's leaving with some covert military operation at midnight unless I convince him not to. Now tell me that you understand. Because I sure as hell don't.

Xander You gonna let him go?

Buffy *sighs* It's not my decision to make.

Xander Of course it is.

Buffy Well, it's not fair.

Xander Who cares if it's fair? In about twenty minutes, Riley's gonna disappear, maybe forever, unless you do something to stop him.

Buffy What am I supposed to do? Beg him to stay?

Xander *in disbelief* Why wouldn't you? To keep Riley here—

Buffy I don't even know who he is any more. I mean, I thought he was... dependable.

Xander Dependable? What is he, State Farm?

Buffy You know what I mean.

Xander Yeah. I think you mean convenient. I think you took it for granted that he was gonna show up when you wanted him to, and take off when you didn't.

Buffy Look who's talking. Look who has Anya following him around like a lovesick puppy.

Xander Oh boy, is this **not** about me.

Buffy Is she more than a convenience? 'Cause that would kinda be a surprise.

Xander *angrily* If you don't wanna hear what I have to say, I'll shut up right now.

Buffy Good, 'cause I don't.

She starts to walk off. Xander intercepts her.

Xander I lied. See, what I think, you got burned with Angel, then Riley shows up.

Buffy I know the story, Xander.

Xander But you miss the point. You shut down, Buffy. And you've been treating Riley like the rebound guy. When he's the one that comes along once in a lifetime. *Buffy looks dismayed* He's never held back with you. He's risked everything. And you're about to let him fly because you don't like ultimatums?

Buffy's eyes begin to water as Xander's words finally get through.

Xander If he's not the guy, if what he needs from you just isn't there, *shakes head* let him go. Break his heart, and make it a clean break. But if you really think you can love this guy... I'm talking scary, messy, no-emotions-barred need... if you're ready for that... then think about what you're about to lose.

Buffy looks up at him, then looks around anxiously. There are tears in her eyes.

Buffy Xander...

Xander Run.

She turns and runs out. Xander watches as the door slams behind her.

Cut to: Buffy running as hard as she can, down the main street of Sunnydale, her expression still anxious.

Shot of Riley standing next to a helicopter, looking around.

Buffy runs along in the street, turns a corner and enters a more residential neighborhood.

Riley continues to look around, checks his watch. Behind him the helicopter blades begin to turn slowly.

Buffy runs down quiet streets.

Riley looks at the ground, looking very disappointed. The helicopter blades move faster and faster.

Buffy runs through a foresty area and down some wooden stairs.

Riley stares at the two trees between which he wants Buffy to appear. She doesn't. He turns and gets into the helicopter next to Graham.

Buffy runs through the forest and comes out on the helipad. The helicopter is already off the ground and rising fast.

Buffy Riley! Riley!

Shot of Riley inside the helicopter, staring grimly out the front window. Behind him we can see out the helicopter door and we see Buffy on the ground yelling up at him.

Buffy Riley! Riley!

He doesn't hear her and continues to stare out the front. Buffy watches as the helicopter rises and flies away.

Cut to: Buffy walking slowly down the residential streets.

Xander V.O. I've gotta say something...

Cut to: Anya's apartment. Anya is in her nightgown, sitting on the bed.

Xander 'Cause... I don't think I've made it clear.

Anya stands up. Xander walks toward her.

Xander I'm in love with you.

He walks closer toward her, and she toward him.

Xander Powerfully, painfully in love. The things you do... the way you think... the way you move... I get excited every time I'm about to see you.

They are up close now, looking at each other. Anya smiles slightly, looking a little teary.

Xander You make me feel like I've never felt before in my life. Like a man. *Pause. He shrugs uneasily* I just thought you might wanna know.

Anya moves up to him and they kiss.

Cut to Buffy entering the dark Summers house. She walks partway up the stairs and then sits down, looking sad. Her image fades into the image of Riley sitting in the helicopter with the dark town of Sunnydale laid out below him.

In Memory of D.C. Gustafson.

Triangle

A *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* episode written by Jane Espenson, and transcribed by **Joan the English Chick**
<pisces@englishchick.com>

Transcriber's Notes:

I do not own the characters or situations of BTVS, and I claim no credit for the content of this episode. I have merely transcribed what appeared on my screen, with help from the closed captions.

I prefer that you link to this transcript on the Psyche site rather than post it on your site, but you can post it on your site if you really want, as long as you keep my name and email address on it. Please also keep my disclaimers intact.

You can use my transcripts in your fanfiction stories; you don't have to ask my permission. However, if you use large portions of episode dialogue in your fanfic, I recommend you give credit to the person who wrote the episode.

I apologize in advance for my lame transcription of the fight scenes. I don't know the names of different punches and kicks. Use your imagination.

I've attempted to translate the Latin used in this episode, although it's been a while since I studied Latin. Please don't take my translations too literally.

Teaser

Giles V.O. Previously on *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*...
Buffy talking to the dying monk.

Monk We had to hide the key... made it human and sent it to you.

Buffy Dawn.

Doctor OK, your mom's in recovery.

Buffy Is she all right?

Doctor I think your mother's gonna be fine.

Buffy and the others reacting happily.

Spike I wanna show you something.

Riley Harder.

Riley being bitten. Buffy walking in, looking shocked.

Riley Buffy.

Buffy yelling at Riley.

Buffy I've given you everything that I have, my heart, my body and soul!

Riley I just don't feel it. They want me back, Buffy. The military.

Buffy reacting.

Riley I'm leaving tonight.

Buffy walking out on Riley.

Riley in the helicopter flying away. Buffy on the ground below, yelling up at him.

Buffy Riley!

Episode begins

Exterior shot of Xander's apartment building, night.

Cut to: Xander lying in bed staring at the ceiling.

Xander You ever have that feeling where there's something you know you're supposed to do and you forgot what it was?

We see Anya lying next to him. She thinks about it.

Anya Nope.

Xander I've been having that feeling, I just realized what it was. *looks at Anya* Like three weeks ago Riley asked me to borrow a crescent wrench. *shakes his head* I keep having this feeling like I'm supposed to give it to him.

Anya Well, that's not going to happen unless he comes back. You know, not to get the crescent wrench. Just to come back.

Xander I just mean, sometimes I sort of forget that he's gone. It's like, "where's Riley? Oh wait, the central republic of Where-in-the-hell."

Anya softly Xander?

He looks at her. We see they're holding hands.

Anya If you ever decide to go, I want a warning. You know, big flashing red lights, and-and-and one of those clocks that counts down like a bomb in a movie? And there's a whole bunch of, of colored wires, and I'm not sure which is the right one to cut, but I guess the green one, and then at the last second "No! The red one!" and then click, it stops with three-tenths of a second left, but then you don't leave. *pause* Like that, okay?

Xander Check. Big bomb clock. *She smiles* Come here.

He puts his arm around her and she moves to put her head on his chest.

Anya Maybe it's her.

Xander Huh?

Anya Well, maybe it won't happen to us because it's all about **her** messing things up. She couldn't make it work with Angel, and then she let Riley go away.

Xander Yeah, relationship debris is kind of piling up on the Buffy highway.

Anya Hmm. Humans make the same mistakes over and over. I saw it when I was a vengeance demon. Some guy dumps a girl, she calls me, I exact vengeance, blah blah blah, the next year, same girl, different guy. I mean, after you smite a few of 'em you start going "my goodness, young lady... maybe you're doing something wrong here, too."

Xander I don't think it's a pattern with her. No, it's just... you know, now that it happened again... man number two... I wonder how she's dealing with it.

Cut to: a courtyard filled with nuns. The camera follows one of them whom we only see from the back. She has a blonde curl of hair sticking out from under her habit.

Suddenly a vampire appears behind her, backing away from something. He bumps into the nun, turns around and grabs her, holds her in front of him. The nun screams. The vampire pushes her aside as Buffy runs up and kicks him in the face. He falls backward, flips upright again. Buffy kicks him

again. They continue fighting as the nun watches in amazement.

Buffy hits the vampire, he kicks Buffy twice, then she hits him a few times, kicks him a few times, and thrusts with her stake, but he grabs her arm and pushes her away. Buffy ducks as he leaps at her, then she straightens up and stakes him.

Buffy tosses the stake aside and goes to the nun, who is still on the ground.

Nun What, what, what was that, he looked like a, a demon!

Buffy Yeah, he did. Are you okay?

Nun Yeah, I think so.

Buffy Here.

Buffy helps the nun get up.

Buffy So, um, a-about being a nun... *They begin to walk along together* you know, um, with the whole... abjuring the company of men... you know, how's that working for you? The... abjuring.

Nun *confused* Um... good.

Buffy Yeah, do you, do you have to be like super-religious?

Nun Well, uh...

Buffy How's the food?

Wolf howl.

Part 1

Marc Blucas (Riley) is no longer shown as part of the regular cast.

Guest starring Abraham Benrubi, Amber Benson as Tara, and Kristine Sutherland as Joyce Summers. Written by Jane Espenson, directed by Christopher Hibler.

Fade in on Buffy and Giles in the exercise room. Giles has padded mitts on his hands and Buffy is training, hitting Giles in sequence.

Giles All right. Switch. Left lead.

Buffy continues hitting.

Buffy So you really think they might be able to help us?

Giles Uh, if you mean are they gonna help us find out something about Glory... I saw that coming. You're dropping your shoulder. *Buffy looks surprised, continues hitting* Uh, the resources that the... Watchers Council has at their disposal, *wistfully* I mean the Central Library alone is just...

Buffy stops hitting.

Buffy *sternly* Don't talk about the books again. You

get all... and sometimes there's drool.

She resumes hitting.

Giles I'm sorry, but we, we've really exhausted the materials I have here, and we're coming up empty. *More hitting* You're, you're still dropping your shoulder. I can see when you're gonna go with your right. *More hitting* You're doing it again!

Buffy hits him sharply in the upper arm and he stumbles aside.

Giles Ow!

Buffy Sorry! Sorry. So, Glory's all you're gonna talk to them about, right?

Giles *nods, rubs his shoulder* Let's, let's take a break. *Turns away*

Buffy Answer me.

Giles *moving away, gestures with the mitts still on his hands* I, I'm not gonna mention Dawn's name. I wouldn't do that, I promise.

Buffy But you're gonna tell them about the key? That Glory's looking for something called the key?

Giles *removes mitts* Well, knowing her goal is, is crucial. I mean, i-i-if anything helps them uncover her origins, her, her plans...

Buffy I know. It's just I trust these Watchers about as far as... you could throw them.

Giles *pouring himself a glass of water* Thank you very much.

Buffy *sighs* I'm just freaked about the idea of giving them any information that could possibly lead them to Dawn. *She comes over and sits on a bench. Giles sits next to her*

Giles Truly, Buffy, if I saw an alternative... if, if the Initiative were still around, I'd consider using them, but... they're gone, and then Riley was, was, uh, the last link we had to the government.

Giles wipes his face with a towel. Buffy looks down sadly.

Giles Sorry, I didn't mean to...

Buffy It's okay. You can say his name. *pensively* I'm doing all right. These things happen. People break up and they move on... for a while it feels like the end of the world, you know, but... big picture...

Giles Not so huge.

Buffy looks at him in disbelief.

Buffy Not so huge? I just said it feels like the end of the world, don't you listen?

Giles looks dismayed. Buffy leans in closer toward him.

Buffy *whispers* I'm teasing.

Giles *relieved smile* Oh.

Buffy Sort of. I'll be okay.

Giles Well, I do hate to go if you're feeling badly.

Buffy Look, if it help you find out something about Glory, *pats him on the back* I'm thrilled to have you gone.

She hops off the bench and walks away.

Cut to: magic shop, day. Anya, Xander, Willow, Tara, and Buffy sit around the round table looking at books and papers. Xander has Willow on his right and Anya on his left. Giles stands next to the table fastening his tie.

Anya You're going away for a **week**? That's great!

Giles Yes, yes, everybody seems delighted about it. *picks something up to read*

Anya Well, I get to run the store, right?

Giles looks alarmed.

Giles You? Ah, w-well, it's quite a lot for one person to take care of. Well, I-I mean, the trash men, for example, I mean, they, they, they've been making

such a mess in the back alley, the recycling people can't get in there to collect. Well, somebody has to talk to them.

Anya I can take care of that.

Tara I'm envious, Mr. Giles. A trip to England sounds so exciting and exotic. *realizes* Un... less you're English. *Giles grins*

Buffy Look, don't worry about the shop. We'll take care of it. We can open and close, and, and we'll deal with everyone.

Anya frowns.

Willow We can come by between classes! Usually I use that time to copy over my class notes with a system of different colored pens... but it's been pointed out to me that that's, you know, insane.

Tara I said "quirky".

Anya *annoyed* Hello, I work here! I'll take care of everything.

Xander *not looking up from his reading* Yeah, Anya can do it!

Anya Thanks, sweetie. *pats him on shoulder* Well said.

Giles Um, Anya, while, while I completely trust you uh, uh, to take care of the inventory and the money, um... dealing with people requires a certain, uh... finesse.

Anya *angry* I have finesse! I have finesse coming out of my bottom! I can completely lie to the health inspector. I can, you know, distract him with coy smiles, and, and bribe him with money and goods.

Xander See there? She'll be great.

Willow Don't worry, Giles. I'll help her take care of everything. It'll be ship-shape. Better, it'll be shop-shape. *smiles*

Anya Xander, she's talking to Giles like I'm not here. Make her stop.

Giles Perhaps I'd better call the airline...

Willow I'm just trying to help out! Xander, tell her. *smacks Xander in the arm*

Giles ... schedule an earlier flight back, excuse me.

Anya Tell her that I don't need her help.

Xander sits between Anya and Willow looking uncomfortable.

Xander *to Buffy* So, how goes the slaying?

Buffy I killed something in a convent last night.

Xander In any other room, a frightening declaration. Here, a welcome distraction. *Anya and Willow both look at him* Tell us all about the killing, Buff.

Buffy Pretty standard. Vampire staking. Ooh! But I met a nun, and she let me try on her wimple.

Xander Okay, now we're back to frightening.

Cut to: exterior of the Summers house, night.

Cut to: Joyce's bedroom. A light-blue bathrobe lies on the bed. Buffy enters, sees it, frowns, looks up.

Buffy You!

We see Joyce wearing a striped sweater and dark pants. She has a scarf over part of her head.

Buffy You with the actual clothing, who are you? turns toward Dawn's bedroom door Dawn, come look at this.

Joyce It's hard to recognize me, huh?

Dawn enters.

Dawn Whoa.

Buffy No more bathrobe.

Joyce Hmm. I looked at it today, and there it was, all fuzzy and blue, *shot of the bathrobe* and I just couldn't stand it any more.

Buffy I don't think the rest of us will miss it much either.

Dawn It was getting a little ripe, Mom.

Buffy to Dawn Maybe we should burn it.

Dawn It would keep the bugs away.

Joyce It doesn't smell! Fine, fine, make your funny jokes at the expense of the woman with the hole in her skull. *Sits on the bed*

Buffy to Dawn Let's go. I think we've tired her out.

Buffy goes into her room. Dawn follows. Joyce watches them with a smile, then leans back and sighs.

Buffy walks into her room, sits on the bed and begins flipping through a magazine. Dawn stands in the doorway watching.

Dawn Whatcha doin'?

Buffy Playing soccer.

Dawn Can I hang out in here?

Buffy Don't touch anything.

Dawn comes into the room, looks at a corkboard where several photos are hanging.

Dawn You took down his pictures.

Buffy Yeah.

Dawn I... I think I would've done that sooner. Like, boom! "Don't wanna see that face again".

Buffy It wasn't like that. I was never angry with him. *sighs* Okay, that's a lie. But it's not like I don't want to see his face.

Dawn I was just starting to kinda like the guy, and then... gone. So fast.

Buffy It wasn't really so fast. Him leaving. According to everyone who isn't me, it was kind of gradual.

Dawn Oh. Does that make it any better?

Dawn sits on the end of the bed.

Buffy No.

Dawn Because you should have noticed earlier?

Buffy Stop being insightful. It's creepy. *Dawn continues looking at her. Buffy speaks more softly.* It hurts. In all kinds of horrible ways. In the way where I'm furious at him... in the way where I blame myself... and all the little ways I imagine... how I could have fixed things.

Dawn It'll get better. *Frowns* Won't it?

Buffy I hope so. Yes. It has to. *Dawn lies down, puts her head in Buffy's lap. Buffy strokes her hair* I'll just keep going like I have been, and every day it'll get a little bit better.

Dawn Really? Every day?

Buffy Not really. But it'll be better soon.

Dawn It still feels all sudden to me. With him gone where no one can talk to him.

Buffy But you never know. Maybe he'll come back. Maybe he'll hate the jungle... or maybe he'll want to give it another try. I could... say all the things I didn't get to say.

Cut to: Spike holding a box of chocolates. He talks to someone we can't see.

Spike *softly* Um... there's something I got to tell you. About showing you Riley in that place. *deep breath* I didn't mean to... *long pause* Anyway, I know you're feeling all betrayed—by him, not me. *The camera pans around and we see he is talking to a mannequin, which has no legs but wears a blue blouse and a blonde wig. It's set up on a block of stone so that it is about Buffy's height.* I was trying to help, you know. Not like I made him be there, after all. Actually trying to help you. Best intentions. *He gets a little agitated, paces a few steps away.*

Spike I mean, you know, pretty state you'd be in, thinking things are all right *moves back toward the mannequin* while he's toddling halfway round the bend. *Stares at the mannequin, gets madder* Oh, I'll insult him if I want to! I'm the one who's on your side! Me! Doing you a favor! *very angry* And you, being dead petty about it—me, getting nothing but your hatred and your venom and—you ungrateful bitch!

He loses control of himself, smashes the box of chocolates over the mannequin's head.

Spike Bitch!

He hits the mannequin with the chocolates again and it falls over. The box of chocolate goes flying.

Spike sighs. He picks up the mannequin and replaces it. He carefully rearranges the wig, sighs again, picks up the box of chocolate, tries to stuff the chocolates back in. He composes himself and faces the mannequin again.

Spike quietly Buffy... there's something I wanted to tell you.

Cut to: magic shop. Anya is working at the cash register. Willow stands behind her with her back to the camera, holding a book. Tara is standing by the shelves behind the register, where there are jars of magical supplies.

Willow Good, and, and hellebore. It's up and to the right.

Tara takes down a vial and gives it to Willow.

Tara Hellebore, one of my favorites.

Willow It's powerful stuff. *She and Tara walk out from behind the counter* I tried to use it to de-rat Amy, and it didn't work. But I think it might have made her really smart. *They approach the table, where a variety of magical supplies are laid out. Willow puts the vial into a rack with some others.* She keeps giving me these looks like she's planning something. Rubbing her paws together.

Anya comes out from behind the counter and walks over to them.

Anya annoyed Hey. What are you two doing?

Willow Oh, we're gonna try out a few spells.

Tara There's this thing you can do where you create light, and we thought, what if you could make, like, simulated sunlight?

Willow Yeah, so then, you know, there Buffy is, middle of the night, and she finds this whole nest of vamps, a-and then she just goes, "'Presto!'"

Tara Only it won't be "'presto'" exactly.

Willow And, and voom! There's a, a floating ball of sunlight. Vamps get dusty.

Tara You don't wanna look right at it, though.

Anya That's swell, but you can't use this stuff. Giles has only been gone two days and you're already causing trouble. You shouldn't do things while he's gone.

Willow smiling You're the fish!

Anya What?

Tara grins.

Willow The, the fish in the bowl, in "'The Cat in the

Hat'". He was always saying that the cat shouldn't be there while the mother was out.

Anya What are you talking about?

Tara It's a book. This cat does all this mischief.

Willow It's so cute. He balances a bunch of stuff, including that fish in the bowl! A-and, but don't try it for real when you're six, because then you're not allowed to have fish for five years.

Anya upset You're referencing literature I have no way to be familiar with. You're trying to make me feel left out, and you're stealing!

Willow I'm not stealing. I-I'm just taking things without paying for th... *pauses* In what twisted dictionary is that stealing?

Tara Willow, maybe we should just pay.

Willow Anya, Giles would be totally fine with this. Come on, it'll be fun. *Gets an idea* We could show you how to do some stuff! You could be floatin' pencils by the end of the day.

Anya Sometimes I miss having powers. *Willow grins. Anya realizes something* Oh. Oh! I know what this is! *shaking her finger at them* This is peer pressure! Any second now you're gonna make me smoke tobacco and, and have drugs.

Willow Look how easy.

They all look at the table. A small stick of dried sage and a vial rise off the table and float in the air.

Anya Hey! Don't float the merchandise! *grabs the items and puts them back on the table*

Willow turns. A few items on the counter rise into the air.

Anya Stop that!

Xander appears, walking past the floating stuff without noticing.

Xander Hey, look at this, my two favorite girls! *to Tara* Three favorite girls.

Anya Xander, Willow's stealing. She's a burglar.

Willow Right, the cunning, broad daylight in front of everyone burglar. Xander, I'm just doing a spell to help Buffy.

Xander nods.

Anya Xander, Giles left me in charge. Tell her.

Xander Hey, hey, Judge Xander requesting a recess here.

Tara You really shouldn't pull him into this.

Xander Yeah, see? Tara's with me. *moves to stand behind Tara* Protect me, Tara.

Willow *walks back behind the counter, holding a mortar and pestle* Xander, what I'm doing, it's a

good thing. And if it doesn't work, Giles never even needs to know about it.

She puts the mortar and pestle on the counter, takes a pinch of something out of the bowl, and sprinkles it on the cash register. The register disappears in a puff of pink smoke.

Willow Oops.

Anya rushes over. The others come over as well.

Anya The cash register! What did you do with the cash register? Dear god!

Willow I'll fix it, I'll fix it! Recursat²

Another pink puff, and the register reappears, now with the receipt paper hanging out of it in long curls. Smoke rises out of it.

Willow There, all back. Good as new.

Anya Money. Did you hurt the money? *Opens the cash register and coughs as more smoke (not pink comes out) Money good? takes out some money and shakes it at Xander* She endangered the money! *Xander shrugs*

Willow Of course, that's what she cares about. *imitates Anya* "I like money better than people. People can so rarely be exchanged for goods and/or services".

Anya *horrified* Xander, she's pretending to be me!

Willow Well, can you even believe how she's acting?

Xander Okay, you know what? I'm tired of being the one in the middle. I'm not gonna let you pull me into this.

Willow I'm not.

Xander Whatever the issue is between you two, just figure it out without me.

He begins to walk out.

Anya Xander, don't go!

Xander slams the door behind him.

Willow *softly* You made him mad.

Anya *angrily* Me?!

Willow Tara, who do you think he was more mad at?

Tara Um, you know? I think, uh, maybe, maybe you guys have some stuff you need to work out, you know, just really... talk.

She leaves. Anya and Willow look at each other.

Cut to: exterior of magic shop, day.

Cut to inside. Anya sits on a stool near the shelves, holding a pencil and notepad. Willow is at the counter, where she has a large cauldron and a bunch of vials and containers laid out.

Willow Fleabane... *measures some stuff into her mortar*

Anya Fifteen cents. *writes*

Willow Salamander eyes... *puts them into the mortar*

Anya Ten bucks for twelve. Bargain. *writes*

Willow Bindweed. *puts it in*

Anya Ugh, ooh, that's a pricey one. *writes*

Willow Would you stop that? It's very distracting.

Anya Fine. Make your little ball of sunshine. I'll be quiet.

Willow Good, because this spell is very sensitive. Once I begin, any non-ritual word can disrupt it. *mashes the ingredients together with the pestle*

Anya Fine.

Willow Okay, here we go.

She pours the mixture into the cauldron. Then she closes her eyes and takes a deep breath.

Anya Did you start yet?

Willow *exhales loudly, turns to give Anya an annoyed look* Shh, no! This is it.

Again she closes her eyes and inhales.

Willow Spirits of light, I invoke thee. Let the gloom of darkness part before you.

A small circlet of yellow-orange light arises out of the cauldron and begins to spin.

Willow Let the moonlight be made pale by your presence. Spirits—

Anya Is it done?

Willow Shh!!!

The circle of light flashes brighter and grows a bit larger.

Willow Spirits of light, grant my wishes.

Anya Sorry, I thought you were done.

Willow *angry* Do you **wanna** screw this up?

Willow turns away to yell at Anya. The circle of light grows bigger and brighter, and its spinning becomes less smooth. It continues to grow and twist crazily.

Anya No. No. I'm sure you can do that all on your own.

Willow Hey Anya, whatever really has you mad, why don't you just say it, like you do every other thought that stomps through your brain?

Anya *stands up* I believe I have said it.

Willow No. You haven't. Come on. Let it out!

The circle of light suddenly drops down through the glass of the countertop and touches a large crystal that is in the display case underneath. It gives off a

²latin translation: revert/return

big flash of light and a large demon (Olaf) suddenly appears next to the counter. Willow and Anya shriek and grab each other.

Olaf stumbles a bit, gets his balance and looks around. He is about seven feet tall, with long hair and green scaly skin and a big beard covering most of his face, and two curved horns on his head. He holds a large hammer.

Anya and Willow stare in shock.

Olaf looks at himself, looks around. He turns and sees the two girls, and roars loudly. They shriek again and clutch each other.

Olaf turns and uses his hammer to smash a display case full of merchandise, then another, growling all the time. Then he smashes a statue on a pedestal. He goes to the door and stumbles outside, still roaring. Willow and Anya come forward.

Willow He's not a ball of sunshine.

Part 2

Fade in on Buffy and Tara in a classroom, surrounded by other students. Tara holds some books. A professor hands Buffy a piece of paper.

Buffy *sighs* New semester, new classes. *She and Tara begin to walk out into the hallway* Whole new vistas of knowledge to be confused and intimidated by.

Tara *laughs* I think this one's gonna be kind of fun. Greek Art's gonna touch on so many things—mythology, history, philosophy...

Buffy *whispering* The professor spit too much when he talked. It was like being at Sea World. "The first five rows will get wet".

Tara *laughs* That was just, you know, um, enthusiasm.

Buffy It seemed very much like saliva.

Tara We'll sit farther back next time.

Buffy *Good plan. stops walking, folds the paper and puts it in her bag* I need to keep this course. The only other thing that fits into my schedule is Central American Geopolitics.

Tara *grimaces* Hmm.

Buffy And no, thank you. *resumes walking* I even hear the word jungle, all I can think of is him. *Tara looks sympathetic* You know, "is that the one Riley's in?" Really don't need a daily 2:00 knife in the heart.

Tara Is it that bad?

Buffy *stops walking* Sort of. But I'm starting to get perspective on the whole situation. You know, maybe Riley's... where he's supposed to be. You know, maybe he needed... to be where he was needed.

Tara Willow says that things always happen for a reason.

Buffy But you ever notice people only say that about bad things? *Tara laughs* But not for me the furrowed brow. *resumes walking* What do you say

we go pick up Willow and indulge ourselves in a little after-school hamburger?

Tara I guess we could. She might still be at the magic shop. I was there earlier, and she and Anya kinda got in this little squabble... Xander and I sort of cleared out, he was pretty upset.

Buffy *stops walking, looks very concerned* Anya and, and Xander are in trouble?

Tara Oh! No, I-I said that all wrong. It was nothing. Willow and Anya were sort of fighting, and then Xander kind of snapped at both of them and he left.

Buffy *alarmed* He left? Xander left Anya?

Tara *frowning* Ummm... no, not "left her" left her, he just left. It was only a little thing, it—

Buffy *Little thing? tearfully* See, the thing is, the... little things get bigger, you know, and, and, and, and, if you don't catch the little thing and then, boom! You have this, this, this whole huge thing!

Tara Oh dear.

Buffy *sniffing* Not, not, not them with the little things! They can't break up!

Tara Oh, I think—

Buffy They have a beautiful love.

Tara I think they'll be fine.

Buffy bursts into tears and puts her face against Tara's shoulder, hugging her. Tara looks alarmed, pats Buffy on the back.

Buffy *muffled* They have a miraculous love!

Tara What?

Buffy *sobbing* A miraculous love!

Cut to: Giles's convertible zooming down the streets of Sunnydale. We see another car by the side of the road with its side all smashed in.

Anya There, that parked car! We're still on his trail. *We see that Anya is driving while Willow sits in the passenger seat holding a bunch of papers. The car screeches around a corner.*

Willow I don't even get how we made that guy, because, wow, advanced! *She continues looking through the papers*

Anya No one made him. He must have been trapped in that crystal, and you released him.

Willow I released him? No, this was definitely a "we" thing. Or, or a "you" thing! I-it definite feels like a you thing.

Anya Look, just find the reversal spell. And hurry! Look what he did to that lamppost!

We see a lamppost lying on the ground, broken in two.

Willow I'm trying. Put the top up, the pages are all blowy!

Anya Well, I don't know how to put the top up, I only just figured out what the left pedal does. *turns to smile at Willow* It makes us stop!

Anya slams on the brake and they slow down with a screech. Willow grabs the side of the car for balance. Anya resumes driving.

Willow You don't know how to drive? Why didn't you say you don't know how to drive?

Anya Well, I couldn't know if I could until I tried, could I?

They exchange an angry look.

Willow This is very, very bad. There, there's an ogre on the loose—

Anya Troll.

Willow What?

Anya Troll on the loose. Now hold on, I'm gonna press the right pedal harder. *smiling* I expect us to accelerate.

She presses on the gas pedal and they both lean back in their seats as the car speeds up. Willow looks very angry.

Willow *yelling over the engine noise* There's a troll on the loose, and you're gonna crash Giles' car!

Anya *agreeing* It's likely. We're going very fast. You should have listened to me and not done the spell. Giles put me in charge.

Willow Giles can be an idiot. The smart kind, but still.

Anya Xander agreed.

Willow Oh, right. Xander doesn't step out of line.

Anya *turns to look at her* Well, what do you mean by that?

Willow Nothing.

Willow looks ahead, points at something. Anya looks, twists the wheel quickly. The car screeches

around another corner, narrowly misses hitting another parked car, which has its roof bashed in. Some of the papers fly out of Willow's hands and are gone with the wind behind the car. Willow watches them go.

Anya Find that spell quickly!

Willow Whoa, that's gone.

Cut to: interior of the Bronze. Xander takes a bowl of peanuts from the counter and turns away. As he walks away he bumps into Spike, who is drinking a mug of beer.

Spike Hey, watch it. *looks at Xander* Oh, it's you.

Xander Spike, don't let me stop you from not being here.

Spike I was here first, you know.

Xander Uh-huh. Go away.

Xander walks off. Spike grins and follows him.

Spike Now why would I do that, when it's bugging you so much having me here?

Xander sits at a round table and begins shelling the peanuts. Spike watches.

Spike They have chicken wings too. Also a sort of a flower-shaped thing they make from an onion. It's brilliant.

Xander Are you talking to me hoping that I'll get so depressed that I'll impale myself on a fork right in front of you?

Spike Lovely thought. If I don't hurt you myself, the chip wouldn't zap me. I could eat you that way. Beat the onion thing all to hell.

Spike reaches over to take one of Xander's peanuts. Xander slaps his hand away.

Xander Hey! Those are mine.

Spike My, my. Someone's in a temper. *sits down opposite Xander* This all sympathetic misery borrowed from the Slayer?

Xander What? No, nothing to do with Buffy.

Spike So she's all right then. Not, uh... holding grudges.

Xander What are you talking about? What does Buffy have to do with anything? What grudges?

Spike Oh, yeah. Okay. No need to talk about her then. I'm sure she's merrily slaying some pals of mine, having a grand old time.

He eyes Xander warily as he takes another sip of his beer.

Buffy V.O. This is very bad.

Cut to: interior of magic shop. Buffy steps around the broken debris lying on the floor.

Buffy *calling Willow? Anya?*

Tara comes running from the back room.

Tara They're not back there either, they're gone. *anxious* Buffy, something's been here and Willow's gone.

Buffy Don't worry. We'll get her back, I promise. *Tara nods* Come on, this thing's probably leaving a huge trail.

Buffy grabs Tara's hand and they both run out.

Cut to: city street, night. Olaf comes round a corner with his hammer. He uses it to hit a large dumpster, which goes spinning across the street toward a bunch of passers-by. The people stare. Olaf laughs loudly.

Olaf Puny receptacle!

He growls and hits a mailbox with his hammer. It flies toward the dumpster. The people begin to move away in alarm.

Olaf Rrrah! You do well to flee, townspeople! I will pillage your lands and dwellings! *The people begin to run away* I will burn your crops and make merry sport with your more attractive daughters! Ha ha ha! Mark my words!

He pauses and sniffs the air.

Olaf Ooh! Ale! I smell delicious ale!

He walks off.

Cut to: interior of the Bronze. Spike and Xander are playing pool together.

Xander And they get in these fights, and they're both looking at me like I'm the referee. Also, sometimes I'll say something about Anya, and Willow'll get this look, this, um, "what the hell do you see in her" look.

Spike I know that look. Lot of people never really got Dru, you know.

Xander Well, she was insane. *Spike looks offended* Then it's like, well, I get all torn. Because, Willow's my best friend and I really value her opinion, but, uh, Anya's my girlfriend, you know?

Spike Hmm. What does the Slayer think of all this... friction in the ranks? *walks around the pool table to study the angles* Can't be good for morale.

Xander I don't know.

Spike *bitterly* She's a little... preoccupied, maybe. It's understandable what with all the upset, all the blaming of innocent bystanders who got caught up in the mess.

Xander What?

Spike *walks closer to Xander* I mean, did she **want**

to be made a fool of? And, what does a person have to do to make it right? *Olaf walks past, bumping Spike's shoulder* Hey, watch it, mate.

Spike turns to look up at Olaf. Both he and Xander stare.

Spike On second thought, do what you like.

Olaf sniffs the air.

Olaf Ale! Yes!

He walks over to where a guy is wheeling a dolly with two half-kegs on it.

Olaf Ah, fragrant ale!

Olaf picks up a keg with one hand, lifts it to his mouth and begins to drink.

Xander *still standing behind Spike* So, uh... think I should run and get Buffy?

Olaf finishes off the keg, sighs happily and tosses it aside. He looks around at the patrons staring at him in fear. He spots a waitress.

Olaf Barmaid! Bring me stronger ale, and some plump, succulent babies to eat.

Xander I'm gonna run and get Buffy. *Pats Spike on the shoulder* Or maybe you could fight him.

Spike Yeah, I could do that, but I'm paralyzed with not caring very much.

Olaf *pointing at Spike* You there! *walks up to Spike and Xander* Do you know where there are babies?

Spike *to Xander* What do you think, the hospital?

Xander What? Shut up! *to Olaf* Um... listen...

Olaf I find myself very hungry. And when I'm hungry I grow short of patience.

Xander Well, we can take care of the hungry, so how's about you just sit down in one of the... sturdier chairs, and we can... have a calm talk and something to eat.

Olaf Can it be babies?

Xander Well, not so much.

Olaf *disappointed* Oh.

Xander But maybe... some roast pigs, and... stags, and... much hearty grog. *grins nervously*

Spike They've got this onion thing...

Olaf You cannot appease me! Do not try! *turns away* More ale!

He grabs the second keg off the dolly. Xander and Spike edge toward the door. Just as they reach it, Anya and Willow enter. Willow carries a book.

Anya Xander! You shouldn't be here. There's a troll. *She goes over to him and they put their arms around each other*

Xander Uh, a big guy? Hammer? *Anya nods* I think I noticed him. *points*

Anya and Willow look over at where Olaf is draining the second keg.

Willow I wish Buffy was here.

The door opens again and Buffy runs in, followed by Tara.

Buffy I'm here.

Willow looks surprised.

Willow I wish I had a million dollars. *The others look at her* Just checking.

Buffy *looks at Olaf* What's going on? Where did he come from?

Spike steps forward, looking nervous.

Spike Hello, Buffy.

Buffy looks at him.

Anya *still holding on to Xander* Willow stole ingredients and released him from a purple crystal. He's a troll.

Spike looks annoyed, steps back.

Buffy to Willow You did this?

Willow Me? No, we. I mean, us. *points to Anya* Uh, her. It's very complex.

Anya Well, we can stop him. Willow, do the spell.

Willow opens her book to read.

Willow Uh, let the conjuring be—

Olaf suddenly stops drinking and looks over at them.

Olaf Stop!

They all look up at him. He growls.

Willow Nobody lets me finish!

Olaf You... told the witch to do that, Anyanka. *Anya looks alarmed* You seem determined to put an end to all my fun. Just like you always did when we were dating!

Buffy, Tara, and Willow stare at Anya.

Spike stares at Anya.

Xander frowns.

Anya Uh, um...

Xander You dated him?

Buffy You dated a troll?

Willow And we're what, surprised by this?

Anya Well, he wasn't a troll then! You know, he was just a big dumb guy, and... well, you know, he cheated on me and I made him into a troll, which by the way is... *embarrassed* how I got the... job as a vengeance demon.

Olaf roars angrily and smashes the countertop with his hammer. Patrons scream and run away.

Olaf I did not cheat! Not in my heart. It was only one wench! I, I had had a great deal of mead! Next thing I know, I'm a troll! Ohh... ohh... you did this, Anyanka. You will die for this.

Xander But, but, you seem to enjoy the, the being a troll.

Olaf *shrugs* I adjusted. And then what happened? Witches. *Willow looks offended* Filthy, dirty, disgusting witches. They trapped me. I was imprisoned in that crystal for centuries. Ohh, a curse on all witches! All must die!

Buffy to Willow Willow, again.

Willow Uh, uh, *looks at book* Let the conjuring be undone. Return the beast to native form.

Olaf *comes toward them* Witch, you must stop!

Willow *quickly* Keep it far from us and ours as long as my voice shall sound.

Olaf pauses, looks down at himself. Nothing happens. He begins to laugh. Willow flips pages frantically.

Olaf *laughs* It did not work!

Willow Okay, wait! Uh, "Let the conjuring—"

Olaf lunges forward but Buffy kicks him in the chest. As she drives him back, kicking and punching, Spike follows right behind her. Buffy ducks a punch and Spike prepares to punch Olaf himself, but gets caught by a swinging arm and goes flying aside.

Buffy seizes Olaf and shoves him down on a pool table. They both grapple for his hammer. Olaf shoves Buffy and she goes flying backward into Spike, who had just gotten up. They both fall down again. Olaf gets up from the pool table and begins smashing the pillars that hold up the mezzanine level of the Bronze. People scream and run.

Buffy is on the floor on top of Spike. She tries to get up and Spike acts like he's helping her, but actually he's hindering by clutching her around the waist. Finally she gets to her feet and rushes off. Spike watches her go with a smirk.

Olaf continues smashing pillars as people run around screaming. Xander and Anya cower in a corner. Olaf smashes another pillar and the entire upper level of the Bronze comes crashing down, bringing people and tables with it. Buffy covers her head with her hands as the debris falls on her. Some of the people manage to cling to the railings, dangling in the air, but then they lose their grips and fall to the floor below.

Part 3

Fade back in on the Bronze. A large piece of wood is pinning Buffy down and she lifts it off her as Tara helps. Spike runs up and holds the thing out of the way so Buffy can get up. She rushes over to Willow, Xander, and Anya standing nearby.

Buffy Where is he?

Willow Gone.

Buffy Xander, follow him. *Xander nods* Anya, Willow, head back to the magic shop, find a spell that will actually stop him.

The others leave. Buffy goes over to Tara who is trying to move some debris off a pair of injured people. Buffy helps clear the stuff away and they check on the victims.

We see Spike crouching next to another injured woman. She has blood on her face. Spike puts something under her head for support. Buffy sees him and approaches.

Buffy What are you doing?

Spike Making this woman more comfortable. *looks up at Buffy* I'm not sampling, I'll have you know. *looks around* Just look at all these lovely blood-covered people. I could, but not a taste for Spike, not a lick. Know you wouldn't like it.

Buffy *amazed* You want credit for not feeding on bleeding disaster victims?

Spike Well, yeah.

Buffy You're disgusting. *Walks away*

Spike looks after her in disbelief.

Spike *to himself* What's it take? *sighs, continues helping the injured woman*

Cut to: interior of the magic shop. Willow is looking at bookshelves.

Willow Hurry up! I'm taking everything on relocation spells, suspension spells, and, what the heck, spells to make him really sleepy, 'cause, slightly better.

She takes some books and puts them on the table. Anya approaches from the counter, her arms full of supplies.

Anya In case we need 'em, I'm getting more of all the things you stole.

Willow I didn't—why do you do that?

Anya What? *Goes back to the counter for more stuff*

Willow You're so rude! I mean, sure, at first, ex-demon, doesn't know the rules. Well, you been here forever. Learn the rules.

Anya *putting more stuff on table* Rules are stupid.

Willow Great, whatever. *they both sit down and*

open books I just thought you might be interested in learning to act more human. Some of us enjoy it. Oh, look for, uh, spells with dimensional portals too.

Anya I **am** a human. And there are... many humans who are stranger than me.

Willow Uh-huh, but, unless I'm really wrong about crazy Larry down at the bus stop, he's probably not gonna turn Xander into a troll.

Anya Well, now, that's a very complicated proced... *pauses* Oh. You think I'm gonna hurt Xander? I would **never** hurt Xander! *Willow looks skeptical* You really think I would do that!

Willow Anya, it's what you do. You spent what, a thousand years hurting men? You got your "thousand years of hurting men" gold watch.

Anya I was a demon then, and, and I don't even have any powers now! Is this the spell? *holds a book up*

Willow *looks* Only if you want him to double in size, and grow extra arms, which... let's not. A-and by the way, you weren't a demon when you turned Olaf into Lord of the Hammers. You managed that. *Anya continues looking at the book* Also, there's... other ways to hurt Xander.

Anya I don't do magic now. You're the one with that kind of power. In fact, D'Hoffryn offered you my old job. You're closer to being a vengeance demon than I am, maybe Xander should be afraid of you.

Willow Xander's my best friend!

Anya Oh, and you don't want anyone else to have him. I know what broke up him and Cordelia, you know. It was you! And your lips!

Willow No it was not! Well, yes it was so, but... that was a long time ago. Do you think I'd do that again?

Anya Why not?

Willow Well, hello, gay now.

Anya But you're always doing everything you can to, to point out how much I'm an outsider. You've known him since you were squalling infants together. You'll always know him better than I do. You could sweep in and, and poison his mind against me.

Willow You're insane! I am not gonna take him away and I am not gonna hurt him.

Anya Well, I'm not either!

Suddenly the door crashes inward as Olaf smashes it with his hammer. Willow and Anya jump up as he storms in, walking over the debris covering the floor.

Olaf Aha!

He walks up to them. Anya thrusts Willow behind her and they clutch each other.

Olaf I knew it. You two, performing more spells. I could be out pillaging, devouring babies, making merry with the local virgins, but instead, I had to come all the way back here to kill you.

Willow Run!

They try to run away but Olaf grabs them with one arm around each of their waists. They scream. He throws them both over the counter and they crash into the merchandise shelves behind the counter. Olaf lifts his hammer and chuckles.

Xander runs in.

Xander No, get away from them!

Olaf *turns to laugh at Xander* I will get away from them, after I kill them.

Xander You are not touching these women.

Xander runs at Olaf, who simply holds out his hammer. Xander runs into it and falls down, wincing. Olaf picks him up by the front of his shirt. Xander hits Olaf across the face. Olaf hits Xander in the face

with the hammer and Xander flies across the room, smashes into a wall. He gets up. Olaf watches him.

Olaf Ah, you wish for more? Admirable!

Xander runs forward and punches Olaf. He lifts his arm to punch again but Olaf grabs his arm with one hand, uses the other hand to hit Xander in the head with his hammer. Xander goes down. Olaf reaches down and grabs the back of Xander's jacket and slides Xander across the floor. He crashes into another display case, gets to his feet again as Olaf laughs.

Xander stumbles over to the stairs and climbs halfway up. He launches himself off the stairs at Olaf, who catches him in midair and slams him to the floor. Xander has blood on his forehead and mouth. Olaf laughs again.

Olaf You fight well, although you are a tiny man. *lifts Xander to his feet* I shall reward you. Only one of your women shall die, *shot of Anya and Willow still lying on the floor* and you shall be the one to choose.

Zoom in on Xander looking surprise.

Part 4

Fade back in on the magic shop. Willow and Anya sit up.

Willow Did he just say—

Olaf Ha ha. Choose! *gestures at them with one arm, the other arm around Xander's shoulders* Anyanka or the witch. One of your women must die.

The girls get to their feet as Xander shakes his head.

Xander No. You are one crazy troll, I... I'm not choosing between my girlfriend and my best friend. That's insane troll logic.

Anya Go Xander. I love you.

Olaf *laughs, shakes Xander by the shoulders* Good for you. You are a loyal man.

Olaf takes Xander by the wrist and breaks it. We hear the bone snap. The girls scream. Xander doubles over in pain.

Willow Xander!

Olaf Now. Choose!

Anya Olaf, no!

Xander *still bending over in pain* I'm not choosing.

Olaf Then you shall be the one who dies. *Lifts his hammer with one hand, holds Xander by the hair with the other*

Anya *rushes forward* No! Olaf looks at her Choose me! Just don't take him! Don't take Xander!

Willow moves up behind Anya and throws a handful of powder at Olaf.

Willow E conspectu abeat monstrum³. *The cash register disappears* Damn.

Buffy and Tara run in.

Anya Buffy!

Willow Tara, stay back!

Buffy rushes forward. Olaf drops Xander and turns to face her. She hits him in the stomach.

Anya Buffy, the hammer! The strength's in the hammer!

Olaf swings the hammer at Buffy. She ducks, hits him again. He hits her with the hammer and she lands on some debris. Olaf lunges toward her.

Willow begins mixing more ingredients.

Anya How can I help?

Willow Uh, distract him from Buffy, *shot of Buffy and Olaf grappling over the hammer again* uh, piss him off.

Anya I don't know how.

Willow Anya, I have faith in you. There is no one

³translation: "let the monster be gone from sight"

you cannot piss off.

Anya smiles proudly, rushes out from behind the counter.

Shot of Buffy and Olaf exchanging blows.

Anya Hey Olaf! You're as inadequate a troll as you were a boyfriend!

Olaf looks over at her with an angry grunt. Buffy lands another blow.

Anya looks back at Willow, who gives her the thumbs-up. Anya looks back at Olaf.

Anya Uh, y-you're hairy, and unattractive, and even women trolls are put off by your various odors.

Willow *muttering* Instrumentum ultionis, telum fabuloso, surge, surge, terram pro voca⁴

Olaf's hammer glows green for a moment. He lifts Buffy by the throat.

Anya Your menacing stance is merely alarming!

Olaf hits Buffy in the upper arm with his hammer and flings her aside to land against a wall.

Anya And your roar is less than full-throated!

Olaf Desist! *stomps toward Anya* My god, woman, it's been a thousand years, and yet you are as aggravating and emasculating as ever you were.

He swings the hammer at Anya. She ducks.

Willow Volae cum viribus, dominum tuum nega. Volae!⁵

Olaf's hammer glows green again and flies out of his hand as he tries to swing it at Anya. It lands on the floor and stops glowing. Olaf stares at his hands. Buffy gets up. Anya goes over to Willow.

Anya Hey, good job.

Willow You too, very irritating.

Buffy *confronting Olaf* So. Your power's in your hammer?

She rushes at him. He backhands her and she flies across the room again, landing next to Xander.

Anya *calls to Buffy* Oh, yeah! I forgot he still has all that troll strength.

Buffy gets up, helps Xander up.

Olaf You shall all die! I will dispense no mercy now! *Buffy punches him in the face, then again, then a third time. She grabs his arm and twists it up behind his back. He grunts loudly and throws her off. She lands on the floor again.*

Olaf What are you fighting for, minuscule blonde one? Your friends? *gestures to Anya comforting Xander* These two? *chuckles* They will never last. *Buffy's*

lower lip begins to tremble Anyanka is very difficult to live with, and he... *we see Willow and Anya both comforting Xander* he's ludicrous and far too breakable. Their love will never last.

Buffy looks on the verge of tears. She gives a sad little whimper. Then she jumps to her feet, flips over Olaf's head. He bends over and she flips herself across his back, spins and kicks him in the chest.

Shot of Willow, Xander, and Anya watching as Buffy drives Olaf across the room.

Willow She's got him now.

Anya nods, then turns her attention to Xander's broken wrist.

Anya Poor baby.

They all watch Buffy driving Olaf back in the other direction.

Xander You really dated him?

Anya *grimaces* Yes.

Xander But you like me better, right?

Anya *smiles* Yes! Oh, and Willow likes you too, but not in a sexy way, you know, 'cause she's gay. *Willow smiles at Xander* And she's not gonna try to break us up, so, you know, it's all okay.

They all turn to look at the fighting again.

Buffy OS Their love... *punching noise, Olaf grunts* will last... *punch, grunt forever! punch, sound of Olaf falling to the floor*

Shot of Olaf lying unconscious on the floor.

Shot of Willow looking down at him.

Willow Let the transposition be complete.

Olaf dissolves into nothing and disappears. Willow smiles hugely. Shot of Tara watching.

Buffy OS Where did you send him?

Anya OS The land of the trolls.

We see them all standing around in the magic shop.

Anya He'll like it there. Full of trolls.

Willow It's hard to be precise, though. Alternate universes don't stay put. Trying to send him to a specific place is sort of like... like... trying to hit a... puppy, by throwing a live bee at it. *They all look at her* Which is a weird image, and you should all just forget it.

Anya It's possible that he's in the land of perpetual Wednesday... or the crazy melty land... or, you know, the world without shrimp.

Tara There's a world without shrimp? *Willow looks at her* I'm allergic.

⁴translation: "'Instrument of revenge, fabled weapon, arise, arise,'"??

⁵translation: "I wish with all men, that god will deny you."

Willow He, he's probably in troll land.

Buffy I only care that he's not here, and I got this nifty souvenir.

She turns and puts Olaf's hammer on the counter-top. After a moment, the glass breaks and the hammer, plus everything else on the counter, falls into the display case below with a loud crashing noise.

Buffy Oops.

Xander The place is trashed enough anyway.

Buffy Well, see how well things worked out? *looks fondly at Anya and Xander* And look at you guys. So good and alive and together. *starts to tear up again* So together, and... good, and... alive... *sniffles, turns to grab a tissue* Oh, god... *crying* I'm... I'm just so happy for you...

She bursts into tears and buries her face in the tissue as the others stare.

Cut to: Buffy and Giles sitting at the table in the Summers dining room.

Giles I cringe to think what the place would have looked like if I'd been away for longer than three days.

Buffy Well, maybe we would have had time to clean it up. You know, if Willow used some magicks to help.

Giles Yes, 'cause nothing could possibly go wrong with that.

Joyce enters with a tray holding a teapot and several mugs.

Joyce Rupert, I still don't understand—*Giles gets up and takes the tray* oh, thank you—why the other Watchers made you go all the way to England when

they don't know anything.

She and Giles sit down on either side of Buffy.

Giles *passing out mugs* Well, they don't know it... yet. I mean, they have no record of, of Glory or anyone like her, but, uh, based on the information that I've given them, they're gonna look into it. Um, they might have something soon.

Buffy What about the key? Were they all over it?

Giles *warily* Yes. *to Joyce* You, you know all of this?

Joyce I got some of it myself, Buffy told me the rest.

Giles *pouring tea* Well, they're interested, certainly, and, uh, full of theories. *Sits back, lifting his cup* Most of them... nonsensical.

The camera pans past Giles into the hallway. We see Dawn coming down the stairs, stopping when she hears voices.

Buffy OS They don't know that it's Dawn.

Giles OS No.

Cut back to dining room.

Joyce I still can't begin to grasp this. I mean, she's my little girl, I...

Cut back to Dawn on the stairs listening.

Giles OS It is disorienting.

Buffy OS Giles, what happens if they figure it out? What would they do?

Giles OS I don't know.

Dawn frowns.

Cut back to dining room.

Joyce Oh, I can't even think about this. It's too... I'll get some more milk.

Cut back to Dawn looking upset. The camera lingers on her expression.

Executive Producer **Joss Whedon**

Checkpoint

*A Buffy the Vampire Slayer episode written by Douglas Petrie and Jane Espenson, and transcribed by **Joan the English Chick** <pisces@englishchick.com>*

Transcriber's Notes:

I do not own the characters or situations of BTVS, and I claim no credit for the content of this episode. I have merely transcribed what appeared on my screen, with help from the closed captions.

I prefer that you link to this transcript on the Psyche site <<http://www.psyche.kn-bremen.de>> rather than post it on your site, but you can post it on your site if you really want, as long as you keep my name and email address on it. Please also keep my disclaimers intact.

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I apologize in advance for my lame transcription of the fight scenes. I don't know the names of different punches and kicks. Use your imagination.

Teaser

Buffy fighting vampires in "Helpless."

Giles V.O. Previously on Buffy the Vampire Slayer...
Quinton Travers talking to Giles in "Helpless."

Travers When the Slayer turns 18, it's a time-honored rite of passage.

Giles It's an archaic exercise in cruelty.

Quinton, Giles, and Buffy in the Sunnydale High library.

Giles We're finished.

Travers Not quite. She passed, you didn't. I've recommended to the Council you be relieved of your duties as Watcher immediately. You're fired.

Giles, Wesley, and Buffy in Angel's mansion in "Graduation."

Wesley The Council's orders are to concentrate-

Buffy I don't think I'm gonna be taking any more orders. Wesley, go back to your Council and tell them, until the next Slayer comes along, I'm not working for them any more.

Buffy, Giles, and Joyce sitting around the table in "Triangle."

Buffy What about the key, were they all over it?

Giles Well, they're interested.

Buffy But they didn't guess about Dawn, right? I mean, they don't know that it's her.

Dawn listening in on the stairs.

Episode begins.

Fade in on exterior of the Summers house, night.

Buffy V.O. Here, I'll get that.

Cut to inside.

Buffy Sorry. Mom's still not a hundred percent, and I guess I haven't really been taking up the slack.

We see the living room. Tara, Anya, and Willow sit on the sofa. Xander sits in a chair. Buffy and Giles are standing. Buffy moves around trying to pick up stuff that's lying around.

Willow No, the place looks fine, Buffy.

Tara Yeah, it's just us.

Buffy picks up a sweater (Riley's) and looks sadly at it.

Xander That must have belonged to, uh... *We see that Xander's right wrist is in a cast after having been broken in "Triangle."* Um, aren't we supposed to have a meeting?

Giles Uh, yes, yes, we, we're here for a reason. *Buffy sits* I've had some rather, uh... well, I've had some news. It seems that the Council of Watchers has... found some information that may help us out.

Buffy About Glory?

Giles Presumably. We'll find that out when they... arrive. Could be very important.

Buffy Arrive? They're coming here? Now? W-why do they have to come here?

Xander Yeah, don't they have phones? *fake British accent* "Allo, Buffy, here's some stuff we know, pip pip."

Buffy Yeah! Phones. See, I'd like them on phones.

Tara Well, what's so bad about them coming here? Aren't they good guys? I mean, Watchers, that's just like other Gilesees, right?

Buffy Yeah, they're scary and horrible!

Giles Um, they, well, they can appear a bit... well, uh, hard-nosed, but, uh, well, essentially, their agenda is the same as ours, they want to save the world and kill demons.

Anya Kill the current demons, right? **Current** demons.

Buffy Giles, I don't want them to come here. I don't trust them. Make them not come here.

Giles They're probably already on their way. Our old friend Quinton Travers is... heading up the delegation.

Buffy They put me through that test, and it almost killed me. And then, when I was Faith, they almost killed me again. Honestly, I really can't handle almost being killed right now.

Anya I don't like the sound of this. They don't sound very ex-demon-compatible.

Tara Are you sure they're English? I-I thought English people were, um, gentler, then, uh, *trailing off* normal...

Willow Maybe it won't be so bad this time. I mean, Buffy, they did think you were Faith last time. Now that they know you're just you, maybe they won't care enough to kill you.

Buffy It's not just that. They're gonna screw everything up. I-it's a delicate time right now. I-I have to take care of Dawn, and—

Xander But that's not new, you've always taken care of her.

Buffy Right. Right, I, I know that, it's just, you know, there's, there's Glory, and...

We see Dawn on the stairs, listening in, wearing pajamas.

Buffy O.S. ... and I don't need the Council looking over my shoulder when I don't even know what we're dealing with.

Giles O.S. Well, that's precisely why we need to talk to them.

Joyce comes down the stairs and sees Dawn.

Joyce Dawn, honey, what are you doing up at this hour? Go back to bed.

Cut back to living room. Buffy hears Joyce and looks alarmed.

Dawn OS I was just getting a snack.

Buffy yelling over her shoulder Dawn, are you listening?

Cut to stairs.

Dawn calling to Buffy I can get a snack if I want to. Dawn turns and goes back upstairs. *Cut back to living room.*

Buffy alarmed, to Giles She was listening.

Willow Does it matter? I mean, is she really gonna set the junior high school buzzing with "ooh,

there's a delegation a-coming"?"

Buffy No, I, I guess not. You know, it's just... sometimes we... say stuff, and, and... it's all good. Giles, you were saying... something?

Giles Um, just that... if the Council knows something about Glory, her agenda or her origins, then... *sighs* then maybe it will help us get a, a, a grip on what we're dealing with. Right now I think we're, we're a bit lost.

Cut to: Glory sitting on the floor of her apartment, panting and sweaty, looking pale and in pain. The door bursts open and Dreg enters with another demon who looks like him (Jinx). They are dragging a man in postal carrier uniform.

Dreg Mistress, at last we've found one.

They throw him to the floor next to Glory.

Mailman Look, don't hurt me. I beg of you, if you just let me go, I swear I won't tell anyone.

Dreg pulls him upright.

Dreg to Jinx Help her!

Jinx goes to Glory and drags her toward the mailman.

Jinx We're here for you, great one.

Glory gets up on her knees and the demons put her hands on the mailman's head.

Mailman What—

Dreg Drink!

Mailman Oh, what is this? What the, what the hell are you things doing to me?

Glory puts her fingers on the sides of his head, and then pushes them into his head. Instead of blood, yellow light streams out as Glory pushes her hands deeper into his brain. Both Glory and the mailman scream. After a moment the light stops and they both fall to the floor.

Dreg Very good, delicious.

Glory lies on the floor panting and smiling. She no longer looks pale or sweaty. Jinx moves toward her but she stops him.

Glory No, I'm good. It's okay.

She looks at the mailman in disgust, smacks the side of his head. He sits up, then stands.

Mailman I know you're all always looking at me. I can tell. Always tell. I can see. I, my hat, where's my hat? *wanders off*

Glory groans, laughs Try not cutting things so close next time, understood?

Dreg Yes, we live to serve.

Jinx As always.

Glory Cool. *to Dreg* Take this mess out with the rest of the trash. *Dreg moves away* And you. . . *Jinx takes her hand, helps her up* have something to tell me?

Jinx Indeed, Glorificus.

Glory *smiling* Well, I'm waiting. *picks up a hand-mirror and rubs lipstick off her teeth*

Jinx We have found that the signs of the alignment are moving faster than expected.

Glory *primping in mirror* Meaning?

Jinx If you are to use the key, you must act quickly.

Glory Fine. *puts mirror down* I have been cooling

my heels in this crappy little town long enough. *lies down on bed* Sunnydale's got too many demons and not enough retail outlets. *Picks up a pair of shoes*

Jinx All you need is the key.

Glory *lying on her back* Yes, and I bet Mousy the Vampire Slayer has an idea where it is.

Jinx If I may remind your eminence... you don't have much time.

Glory *scoffs* Baby, if that girl's the only thing between me and my key? I don't need much time.

Part 1

Guest starring Clare Kramer, Charlie Weber, Cynthia LaMontagne, Oliver Muirhead, Kris Iyer, Kevin Weisman, Troy T. Blendell, Amber Benson as Tara, Harris Yulin as Quinton Travers, and Kristine Sutherland as Joyce Summers. Written by Douglas Petrie and Jane Espenson, directed by Nick Marck.

Fade in on magic shop. Giles is talking to a female customer. He is holding two books.

Giles Well, if you're serious about these matters, all right, but... you need to be very careful. Measure precisely, and, and, please don't step ahead.

Travers OS No, he's quite right.

We see Quinton Travers standing there with six other Watchers standing behind him: four men, two women. Quinton takes one of the books from Giles and looks at it.

Travers You wouldn't want to do anything dangerous. Turn the wrong person into a badger. *Smiles, hands the book back*

Giles Quinton. I didn't realize you were here. *Gives book to customer; she walks off*

Travers Well, evidently.

Giles Been a while. I see you've, uh, brought some of our... colleagues with you. Would you care to introduce us?

Travers Well, first I thought we might catch up. *The other Watchers begin to spread out through the store.*

Giles Well, certainly, certainly. Uh, well, um, this is the shop, obviously. *Begins walking toward the counter. Travers follows* Uh, i-it's been a very interesting transition into the world of retail. But I think it's gone rather well. I'll give you the grand tour if you like.

Travers No, that's all right, I think I can see what you've been up to.

Anya comes up to them behind the counter.

Giles Yes, well, I, I, uh, do limit my time here, obviously.

Watcher #1 (Nigel) comes up behind Anya, looking at the racks of magic stuff behind the counter. Anya looks at him suspiciously.

Giles Buffy and I have been training a great deal these days. Uh, there's a, a back room... *points toward the back*

Travers *sits on a chair beside the counter* Oh yes. I thought perhaps you were keeping that space for the really dangerous items that should be kept out of the public's hands. *Giles frowns* Or maybe you don't worry about that.

Giles I'm very careful.

Nigel *comes over holding a vial* Most of this stuff couldn't harm anyone. Incense, dime store trinkets... but there are some things. *Hands vial to Travers*

Giles I'm sorry, who are you?

Watcher #2 (female) is looking at the stuff on another shelf.

Watcher2 There are some very potent elements here... focusing crystals, runic artifacts, an amulet of Cauldis... Also this statue. *Picks up a statue about 2 feet tall* Its removal from Burma is a criminal offense... *Giles looks surprised. Watcher 2 carries the statue over to Travers ... and when triggered, it has the power to melt human eyeballs. She gives the statue to Travers and walks off*

Giles In that case, I severely underpriced it.

Travers *nods to Nigel* Uh, Giles, sorry, but this is just for the duration of our stay. I think you can see why. *Nigel takes the book from Giles.*

Giles What, what, wha-what is just for the duration? *Nigel stands in the middle of store and speaks loudly.*

Nigel Magic Box shoppers! We're going to have to ask you to leave. The store is, uh, closing early today.

Watcher #3 (Philip) takes an item away from a customer.

Philip Terribly sorry for the inconvenience.

Customers begin to leave. Anya looks alarmed.

Anya Hey! Giles, what are they doing? Customers! Please bring your money back.

Watchers escort customers out. Giles glares at Travers.

Giles You knew you were gonna do this before you even saw the place.

Travers I'm sorry. It's just for the duration of the Council's review.

Anya Council? You're the Council? *smiles* Welcome to our store. We're closed now. I'll be in the back. *Begins walking toward the back*

Giles What review, Quinton? Let's just stop a moment and talk about this.

Travers *to Anya* Miss, excuse me, you, uh, you work here?

Anya stops walking, turns back looking apprehensive.

Anya Yes I do. Ever since I moved here from southeastern Indiana, where I was raised by both a mother and a father.

Giles Anya, just go. You don't have to talk to him. *Anya looks relieved, leaves* She works for me. Now tell me about this review. No one said anything to me about this.

Travers Let's sit down and talk about it over here. *All the Watchers move toward the round table at the far end of the store. Watcher #4 (female) pours some tea. The others stand around.*

Giles You all stand around and look somber. *They do. Giles rolls his eyes* Good job.

Travers You used to respect us, Giles. You used to be one of us.

Giles You used to pay me. If you recall, firing me was not my idea.

Travers *Touche. sits at table* But you were on the inside once. You know what sort of resources we command.

Another Watcher puts a suitcase on the table, opens it, takes out some papers and puts them in front of Travers. Watcher #4 gives Travers a cup of tea.

Travers We've discovered information about this creature, your Glory. Some of it is clearly vital, the

rest merely extremely disturbing. And it won't be handed over until we're convinced that you and your Slayer are prepared for it. Thus the review.

Giles *leans over to put hands on table, speaks softly* I'm not having you put her through another one of your insane tests.

Travers It's not a test. It's a check of her methods. We need to know that this information is safe.

Giles You can trust her. *straightens up* Buffy's come very far recently. She's acquired a remarkable focus. *Cut to: UC Sunnydale classroom. Buffy is sitting among the students, yawning while the professor lectures.*

Professor Now, Rasputin was associated with a certain obscure religious sect. *Buffy taps her pencil on her desk. The girl next to her glares. Buffy sees her and stops tapping the pencil but continues fidgeting* They held the tenet that in order to be forgiven, one first had to sin. Rasputin embraced this doctrine and proceeded to sin impressively and repeatedly. The notion that he was in fact evil gained strength years later *Buffy fiddles with her pencil, drops it, shrugs and doesn't pick it up* when the conspirators who set out to kill him found it nearly impossible to do so.

Buffy *to herself* Nearly impossible?

Professor I'm sorry, there's a question? *The students look at Buffy.*

Professor *sighing* Miss Summers, of course. *Buffy makes a pained face, stands up as the professor gives her a disapproving look.*

Buffy I, uh, about, you know, killing him... you know, they, they poisoned him and, and they beat him and they shot him, and he didn't die.

Professor Until they rolled his body in a carpet and drowned him in a canal.

Buffy But there are reported sightings of him as late as the 1930s, aren't there?

Professor I can assure you there is near consensus in the academic community regarding the death of Rasputin.

Buffy There was also near consensus about Columbus, you know, until someone asked the Vikings what they were up to in the 1400s, and they're like, "discovering this America-shaped continent." *Professor looks annoyed* I just... I'm only saying, you know, it might be interesting, if we... came at it from, you know, a different perspective, that's all.

Professor Well, I'm sorry if you find these facts so boring, Miss Summers. Maybe you'd prefer I step aside, so that you can teach your own course. Speculation 101 perhaps? *The other students laugh* Intro to Flights of Fancy? *The students laugh more*

Buffy I only meant—

Professor What was it you were going on about last week? Mysterious sleeping patterns of the Prussian generals? *Buffy looks annoyed* Now, some of us are here to learn. Believe it or not, we're interested in finding out what actually happened. It's called studying history. You can sit down now. Unless you have something else to add, professor?

Buffy scowls, sits.

Buffy V.O. Miss Summers!

Cut to graveyard, night. Buffy is fighting a vampire. She kicks him backward.

Buffy Some of us are here to learn, professor! *She kicks, punches twice. The vamp swings, she ducks. She grabs him and spins him around, throws him against a headstone.*

Buffy Maybe you'd like to teach your own class!

Vamp Who are you talking to?

Buffy approaches and the vamp punches her in the face. She spins around from the blow, gets her bearings and turns to attack again.

Spike comes flying over the headstone and grabs the vamp from behind, knocking him to the ground. As he gets up, Spike kicks him, then stakes him. Spike grins at Buffy, who stalks forward.

Buffy Spike... why did you do that?

Spike Not for money, if that's what you're thinking. Your heartfelt gratitude's plenty. *stops grinning* I expect I'll be getting that any moment.

Buffy Gratitude. For getting in my way?

Spike Ge-getting in your way? I saved you.

Buffy I was regrouping.

Spike You were about to be regrouped into separate piles. You needed help.

Buffy I didn't need you. I never need you, Spike. *She turns and starts to walk off.*

Spike Oh, I get it. *follows* You just don't like who did the rescuin', that's all. Wishin' I was your boyfriend what's-his-face. Oh wait, he's run off.

Buffy You know what? I don't need a boyfriend, to rescue me or for any other reason.

Spike Don't need or can't keep? *She stops walking to glare at him* You keep making notches in the headboard but eventually they get up out of the bed and

run off, don't they?

Buffy *deeply annoyed* You're disgusting.

Spike Oh, rough talk. *They resume walking* Maybe that's your problem, maybe you push 'em away. Or is it the other? Maybe you cling too much. Or maybe... your beauty's fading. *They stop again* The stress of slaying, aging you prematurely. Things not as high, not as firm.

Spike grins and makes a gesture with his hand as if trying to hold up sagging breasts.

Buffy You know what, Spike? The more I get to know you, the more I wish I didn't.

Spike Or maybe you just don't hold their interest.

He walks off, leaving Buffy looking stung.

Cut to: interior hospital. Ben comes around a corner, wearing scrubs but putting on his jacket. Jinx comes out of a doorway and grabs him.

Jinx Begging permission to speak with you, sir.

He pulls Ben into an empty room.

Ben Don't touch me, you're crusty. What do you want?

Jinx Oh, not me, the magnificent Glory. She wants. She wants more information on the Slayer, she... knows you know her.

Ben The Slayer? I don't know any Slayer. Get away from me, you shouldn't be here.

Jinx Oh, I believe you do, sir. She's short, symmetrical, hair on top? Buffy something.

Ben Buffy Summers is the Slayer?

Jinx That's the one! Very clever of you, sir.

Ben The Slayer. How does Glory know this?

Jinx I do not know, I was not there. But the beautiful Glory said for you to tell us please, where her dwelling is... who her friends are...

Ben Why? So Glory can find her, do something to her? Why would I do that?

Jinx I don't know, sir, she just said to tell you to do it. For her. That was her message.

Ben Well, I've got a message for Glory too.

Cut to: interior magic shop. Giles is walking out of the back room, along with the other Watchers.

Giles We've been developing sort of a, a hybrid fighting style... let me outline her progress for you and I-I think you'll see that your review isn't strictly needed.

Buffy enters, sees the Watchers and tries to back out.

Buffy *muttering* Bad day. Bad, baaad...

Travers Miss Summers... *Buffy stops backing away* good to see you again.

Buffy enters reluctantly, closes the door behind her.

Buffy Mr. Travers.

Travers Giles has just been telling us of your training regimen. Perhaps you'll favor us with a demonstration while we're here.

Buffy Right now?

Travers No need to rush you.

Giles ruefully They're... staying a little longer than I'd anticipated.

Travers We've already laid out our project for Mr. Giles. Nigel?

The Watchers and Buffy move toward one side of the room while Giles stays leaning against the counter.

Nigel It's an exhaustive examination of your procedures and abilities. We'll observe your training, talk to your friends...

Buffy Talk to my friends?

Travers Yes, we understand you're still taking civilians out on patrols.

Buffy Oh, you've gotta be kidding me.

Travers Buffy... I can sense your resistance, and I don't blame you. But I think your Watcher hasn't reminded you lately of the resolute status of the players in our little game. The Council fights evil. The Slayer is the instrument by which we fight. The Council remains, the Slayers change. It's been that way from the beginning.

Giles scornfully Well, that's a very comforting, bloodless way of looking at it, isn't it?

Travers Giles, let me talk to Buffy, because I think she's understanding me. *to Buffy* Glory is stronger than you. She's a more powerful instrument, if you will. We can help you. We have information that

will help. Pass the review and we give it to you without reservation. Fail the review, either through incompetence, or by resisting our recommendations...

Giles angrily, moves toward them Resisting your recommendations? She fails if we don't do whatever you say! How much under your thumb do you think we are?

Travers How much do you want our help?

Giles pokes his finger angrily at Travers; the other Watchers restrain him She's not your bloody instrument and you have no right to do any of this!

Buffy Giles!

Giles shakes off the other Watchers and moves away, frustrated.

Travers I understand you think this is unfair. But there are factors which should motivate you to go along with the review. Now, I don't want to do this, but obviously we could shut this place down permanently.

Buffy You can't do that. You don't have that kind of power.

Travers Of course we do, and a great deal more. In fact, if you insist on fighting us, we'll arrange to have Mr. Giles deported within the day. Never set foot in this country again. Now perhaps you're used to idle threats and sloppy discipline, Miss Summers, but you're dealing with grownups now. *pause* Am I making myself clear?

Buffy looks angrily from Travers to Giles (who doesn't look at her) and then back. She glares at Travers. Blackout.

Part 2

Glory's apartment. Jinx enters, holding his head down to hide his face.

Glory Jinx... hey, what's the deal with your face?

Jinx lifts his head to reveal his face bruised and bloody. We see Glory standing in front of a vanity with a towel wrapped around her.

Jinx It's a message from Ben. He... isn't going to help.

Glory pouring oil into her hand Isn't go... *bemused* isn't going to help?

Jinx No.

Glory All he has to do is turn over that tiny squirming Slayer girl! *rubbing oil on her arms* I have business to do with her. If she knows where I can start

looking for my key... aah!

She grabs her head in frustration. Jinx watches. Glory calms down and begins walking toward him.

Glory Why won't he help? He knows her. He could go to her... he could talk to her... *irritated* he could seduce her and bang the key out of her!

Jinx He is quite attractive.

Glory Well, of course he's attractive! *pouty* But he drives me insane. Know what I mean?

Jinx He drives you insane?

Glory Yeah! That's it exactly! *puts her head on Jinx's chest* Oh. Sweet lumpy minion. You're the only one that understands. *thoughtfully* Probably cause I haven't sucked your brain out yet. *Jinx cringes* He

makes me so mad... if I could just... get my hands on him...

She curves her fingers into claws and gestures as if she's about to grab Jinx's head. He cringes in fear.

Glory drops her hands You know? *Walks away. Jinx sighs in relief* I'll just find her myself.

Cut to magic shop. Buffy and Giles are alone. Buffy sits at the round table; Giles paces.

Giles It's a power play, that's what it is. It's about who has the power.

Buffy I'm guessing they do? Big power outage in Buffy county?

Giles I should have set you loose on them, that's what I should have done.

Buffy Giles, that Travers guy is like sixty. I can't hit him. *looks up* Can I?

Giles I suppose not. Well, I could. I think I will.

Buffy Can they really do the stuff they threatened? Kick you out the country?

Giles In a heartbeat. *Takes off his glasses, takes out a handkerchief and begins cleaning his glasses* See, the rough stuff, they're all right out there, a bit ham-handed, but they get it done, but, uh... this stuff, the, uh, bureaucracy, the pulling of political strings, they're the best in the world. They can kill you with the stroke of a pen. Poncy sods.

There's a crunching noise as Giles's glasses break in his hands from too vigorous a cleaning. One of the lenses has popped out of the frame. Giles looks down at them.

Buffy softly Am I gonna be able to get through this review?

Giles Well, I... *comes over and sits next to her* I suppose they'll make it as difficult as they want to. The physical stuff could be a bit of a challenge. *Puts on his glasses, immediately takes them off again*

Buffy That's not what I'm worried about. It's the other stuff. Examining decisions I've made. I mean, twice now I've been within slaying distance of Glory, and twice she's kicked my ass without even tensing a muscle. And I haven't been able to figure out... what she is, or anything about her except that she wants the key, which I have, and I can't even figure out if it's okay for me to tell anyone that.

Giles Buffy, no one could have done any better than you.

Buffy But no one else is gonna be asked the questions that I can't answer. *getting agitated* They're gonna expect me to... to be like a Slayer and, and

know stuff, but I'm just me and I don't know anything, and they're gonna go away, and they're not gonna tell me how to fight Glory, and I'm not gonna be able to protect Dawn.

Giles Buffy, calm down. The scandal here is not anything you've done wrong, it's the way they're behaving. Holding what they know hostage with a gun pointed at my bleeding green card, no less. *sighs* It's humiliating.

Buffy Also smart. They picked the perfect thing. I can't lose you.

Giles softly Thank you.

Buffy sighs I guess I should be getting ready. What do you think it'll be like, I mean, how do you think they'll start?

Cut to: Anya sitting next to Xander in Xander's apartment.

Anya Anya Christina Emanuella Jenkins, twenty years old. Born on the fourth of July, and don't think there weren't jokes about that my whole life, mister, 'cause there were. "'Who's our little patriot?'" they'd say, when I was younger, and therefore smaller and shorter than I am now.

We see Philip sitting across the table from them, and Watcher #4 standing in the background.

Philip taking notes So, you spell it A-N-Y-A, yes?

Anya Yes.

Philip Fine, now we can get to the questions.

Cut to: Willow and Tara's room. Willow and Tara sit on the bed side-by-side. Nigel stands before them with a notebook.

Willow Questions, great.

Tara Well, we can answer questions.

Nigel Good. I need to know a little bit more about the Slayer, and about the both of you. Your relationship, whatever you can tell me.

Tara O-o-our relationship?

Willow We're friends.

Tara Good friends.

Willow Girlfriends, actually.

Tara Yes, we're girlfriends.

Willow We're in love. We're... lovers. *puts hand on Tara's knee* We're lesbian, gay-type lovers.

Nigel I meant your relationship with the Slayer.

Both girls look embarrassed. Willow removes her hand from Tara's knee.

Tara Um, just good friends.

Cut back to Xander/Anya interrogation.

Xander Best friends. Willow and me and Buffy. The three of us have been together from the beginning. We've always gone on patrols, and uh, done demon research with her and everything.

Philip Have you mastered any fighting disciplines over the years?

Xander No.

Philip So, you have no special skills, or powers, or knowledge that you bring to the mix. Neither of you.

Anya Just enthusiasm for killing the demons. Go deadness for the demons.

Xander I don't have any powers, but I do help.

Philip How? Be specific.

Xander Last year, uh, Willow, Giles and me combined our essences with Buffy, which isn't as weird as it sounds. *laughs nervously* We merged, and I was the heart part of a super-Buffy. Again, let me stress the not-as-weird thing.

Anya I'm told it was all very professional.

Nigel V.O. Are you saying that the Slayer needs that level of help from you often?

Cut back to Willow/Tara interrogation.

Willow No, no, she doesn't need help.

Tara She'd be fine without us. Sometimes she goes off and does stuff without even telling us.

Willow Not that she's like a, a weird loner or anything.

Tara I'm not sure we're saying this right.

Willow See, here's the thing. We, we can help because we do magicks. I'm working on this ball of sunshine thing. See, I have this theory.

Tara It's very cool.

Willow A-and if it works, easier slaying for Buffy. Not that it's hard for her now!

Nigel Interesting. What level are you at?

Tara Level?

Nigel Magical proficiency level?

Willow Oh! Uh, high, a high level. Very high. One of those... top levels.

Tara Five!

Nigel writes this down as Willow and Tara give each other anxious looks. Willow mouths, "five??" and Tara shrugs.

Nigel And you're registered as practicing witches under the names as you gave them to me?

Tara R-registered?

Willow Oh yes! Yes, of course we're—

Tara ... r-r-registered. *nodding*

Cut back to Xander/Anya interrogation.

Philip Do either of you know anything about the key?

Anya Nope, but it sounds demony to me. I don't hold with that demon nonsense. *picks up a basket of muffins and holds it toward Philip* Muffin? I cooked them myself.

Philip *gestures to indicate "no thanks"* So, Buffy sometimes protects you from the dangerous elements of her work.

Xander Yes. She's saved my life lots of times. The vampires in this town hate her.

Cut to: Spike's crypt. Spike staring at someone.

Watcher #2 OS But we understand that you help the Slayer.

We see that Spike is being interrogated by Watcher #2 while the other two nameless male Watchers stand between her and Spike. One of the men holds a cross, the other a crossbow.

Spike I pitch in when she pays me.

Watcher2 She pays you? She gives you money?

Spike Money, a little nip of blood out of some stray victim, whatever.

Watcher2 Blood?

Spike Well, if they're gonna die anyway. *considers* Come to think of it, though, that's a bit scandalous, isn't it? Personally, I'm shocked. The girl's slipping.

Watcher2 You've noticed a decline in her work?

Spike Oh, yeah. See, the poor little twig can't keep a man. Gets her all down. Few more disappointments, she'll be cryin' on my shoulder, mark my words.

Watcher2 *frowns* Is that what you want? I'd think you'd want to kill her. You've killed Slayers before.

Spike *intrigued* Heard of me, have you?

He walks a little closer. The two male Watchers shift nervously and hold up their weapons.

Watcher2 *embarrassed smile* I... wrote my thesis on you.

Spike *grins* Well, well. Isn't that neat. *stops smiling* Tell me, pet, now we're such good friends, how's the Slayer doing? Is she okay? High marks in all categories?

Travers V.O. Agility, clarity, stamina and strength—
Cut to the workout room in the back of the magic shop. Nigel is tying a blindfold around Buffy's head. Giles and the other Watchers are standing around.

Travers ... these are the qualities that the Slayer must possess to do her job.

Buffy What came after agility?

Giles If you want her to attack the dummy—

Travers No, no. Philip will attack the dummy. *We see Philip standing next to the dummy, wearing a karate robe* The Slayer's job is to protect it. Do you understand?

Buffy Protect the dummy.

Travers As if it were precious. Now, getting the best of Philip will require agility. Listening to my instructions at the same time, that will demonstrate clarity. And stamina and strength will win the long fight. Good luck.

Buffy Instructions?

Travers Yeah, I'll be telling you what to do, how to counter Philip's attack. We assume you're familiar with the Japanese names for aikido and jiu-jitsu moves.

Buffy Japanese?

Watcher2 *clicking a stopwatch* And, go!

Buffy Whoa, hold on a second. We uh, you know in America, we usually just work our way up to "go". *Philip bows toward Buffy. He's holding a short axe.*

Travers *speaks Japanese*

Buffy Huh?

Giles He wants you to bow. Take a bow.

Buffy Oh. *bows*

Philip circles around her. Buffy follows his movements. He thrusts at the dummy and Buffy blocks. Then she kicks at him and misses. She spins around and blocks his overhead punch.

Travers *Japanese*

Philip punches Buffy in the face.

Giles Punch him.

Buffy Thanks, Giles.

Giles Sorry.

Travers *Japanese*

Giles Uh... back kick, elbow—

Buffy back-kicks and Philip moves out of the way. She thrusts with her elbow and he avoids it.

Giles ... elbow... strike.

Travers How have you been training her?

Giles I've trained her to win.

Buffy looks annoyed.

Buffy You know what? I'm gonna have to do it my way, guys.

Philip swings the weapon and she ducks. He lifts it for an overhead blow and Buffy grabs the handle, kicks him in the stomach, forces him back against the training horse and elbows him in the face. He tumbles backward over the horse, losing his grip on the weapon. The momentum pulls it out of Buffy's hands and it flies backward to land in the dummy's chest, knocking the dummy backward into Nigel. He falls to the floor with the dummy on top of him.

Buffy turns around, pulling the blindfold off.

Watcher #2 kneels by Nigel and clicks the stopwatch.

Buffy Uh-oh.

The others help Philip up.

Philip I think she just broke my rib.

Travers Yes, well.

Buffy I didn't mean to. Um, you know, I, I can do better. I think I might be getting this, like, inner ear thing, and so maybe, maybe if I got a note, I, I could try again.

Travers No, that's all right, I don't think we need to see any more physical tests for a while. We can move on to the real review. Look into your strategies, plans... figure out what's going on in that head.

Buffy *unhappily* Good. Head stuff.

Travers We start at seven tonight. Give you time to, uh... *looks from Buffy to Giles* well, however you prepare.

The Watchers leave. Buffy and Giles look glum.

Cut to: Buffy entering the Summers home.

Buffy *puts down her bag, calling Mom?*

She walks toward the living room. As she rounds the corner, she comes face-to-face with Glory.

Glory Long day, sweetie?

Part 3

Fade back in on Buffy looking apprehensively at Glory as Glory checks out the living room.

Glory So... this is where the Slayer eats, sleeps, and runs her finger through the dust on a side table ... combs her hair? Oh... *picks up a photo* so cute. *Holds it up for Buffy to see, then puts it down* I can't even stand it. Personally? I need more space, but

uh, this is good for you, it's, it's so quaint, and...

As Glory is speaking with her back to Buffy, Buffy moves across the room to the fireplace and picks up a poker. When she straightens up, Glory is right behind her.

Glory Buffy... *takes the poker* If I wanted to fight, you could tell by the being dead already. *goes to sit*

in an armchair, giggles So play nice, little girl.

Buffy What do you want?

Glory The key. Why else do you think I'd come here? See, *points poker at Buffy* I think you knew where it is. And that's a good thing.

Buffy I'm glad you think so.

Glory Well, it's the only thing keeping you alive right now. Because you may be tiny queen in vampire world...

Dawn enters behind Glory. Buffy looks at Dawn in alarm, tries not to let Glory see her looking.

Glory ... but to me, you're a bug. You should get down on your knees and worship me!

Dawn walks closer. Buffy widens her eyes to signal Dawn to go away.

Glory But oh, no, you still think it's neat having Slayer strength. *Dawn mouths "What?" at Buffy* Ooh, big deal! Stronger than humans! *Dawn begins to back away* Who isn't? I could crush the life from you as easy as you'd break a nail. But I need the key. *Dawn has reached the stairs. She begins to turn away.*

Glory Kid!

Dawn stops. Buffy looks alarmed.

Glory Come here a sec.

Buffy Leave her out of this.

Glory Not asking twice.

Dawn approaches, still behind Glory and out of her line of sight.

Buffy This is between you and me.

Glory No. This is between me and my key. You just happen to be the thing in the way.

Glory lifts her hand over her head and snaps her fingers. Dawn walks into her view, folds her arms over her chest sullenly.

Glory And you are just the darlin'-est thing I ever did see in my life. What's your name, honey?

Dawn Dawn.

Glory Dawn? Did you know your sister took my key, Dawnie? And she won't give it back! I bet you know where she put it, don't you?

Buffy She doesn't know anything.

Dawn *looks at Buffy, annoyed* I know some stuff.

Glory I bet she takes your stuff all the time without asking, doesn't she? Where's my key, Dawn?

Buffy Go upstairs, Dawn.

Dawn *angrily, to Buffy* You're always talking about stuff I'm not supposed to hear. *Glory looks interested* I'm gonna figure it out, you know.

Dawn leaves.

Glory *grins* Ooh, I like her. She's sassy. *pauses, gets serious* And I'll kill her. I'll kill your mom, I'll kill your friends... and I'll make you watch when I do. *sighs* Just give me the key. You either have it or you know where to find it. *stands up* Obviously, this is a one-time-only deal. Next time we meet, something you love dies bloody. You know you can't take me. You know you can't stop me.

She drops the poker on the floor and leaves. Buffy watches her go with a grim expression.

Joyce enters.

Joyce Buffy, who was that?

Buffy Pack a bag.

Cut to Spike asleep in his crypt. A ray of sunshine falls on his face as the door opens. He screams and jumps up to find Buffy standing beside his "bed".

Spike *sarcastically* Oh, it's the Slayer. For a second there I was worried.

He starts to rub his eyes sleepily, pauses and looks over at the other end of the crypt.

Shot of Dawn and Joyce standing by the door.

Spike *surprised* So, what's with the family outing?

Buffy *quietly, walking up close to him* I need your help.

Spike Great. I need your cash.

Buffy I'm serious. *even more quietly* You have to look after them.

Spike Well, that's a boatload of manly responsibility to come flying out of nowhere. What's the matter, Slayer? You're not feeling a hundred percent?

Buffy *frowns* No.

Spike *frowns* They didn't put a chip in your head, did they?

Buffy No!

Spike Be funny if they did.

Buffy *annoyed* Spike, I need an answer. Now. In or out? *quietly* You're the only one strong enough to protect them.

Spike *looks at her for a moment* All right then. *calls to Joyce and Dawn* Ladies... *walks toward them; Buffy follows* Come on in. There's plenty of blood in the fridge.

Dawn Do you mean like, real blood?

Spike What do you think?

Dawn Mostly I think "ew".

Buffy *to Joyce* Keep Dawn here as long as you can. I'll be back soon.

Joyce Okay.

Buffy *walks over to Spike* I don't think I need to remind you, but—

Spike Yeah, yeah, "‘anything happens to ‘em I'll stake you good and proper". Sing me a new one sometime, eh? That bit's gone stale.

Buffy leaves. Spike, Dawn, and Joyce stand around looking uncomfortable.

Joyce I, I love what you've, um, neglected to do with the place.

Spike Just don't break anything. *goes to turn on the TV* And don't make a lot of noise. Passions is coming on.

Joyce *comes forward* Passions? Oh, do you think Timmy's really dead?

Spike Oh! *gestures to his armchair. He and Joyce each sit on one arm* No, no, she can just sew him back together. He's a doll, for god's sake.

Joyce Uh, what about the wedding? I mean, there's no way they're gonna go through with that.

Dawn makes an exasperated face, walks off.

Cut to magic shop, night. The Watchers are walking around, looking at books, moving stuff around. Giles sits in a chair by the table. Anya, Xander, Willow, and Tara sit on the balcony above, looking down. Their feet dangle in the air and they lean against the railing watching the Watchers.

Xander Look at them. Big tough Council members pickin' on the books.

Willow Fascists.

Tara Why doesn't Mr. Giles put them all out of here?

Xander Because if they deport him, they're not just destroying his career, they're... condemning the man to a lifetime diet of blood sausage, bangers, and mash.

Cut to below. Travers walks over to where Giles is sitting.

Travers Well, your Slayer's twenty minutes late and counting, Rupert.

Giles Buffy will be here, I assure you.

Travers *chuckles* Yes, but when?

Cut to: Buffy walking through a dark alley. She looks at her watch.

Buffy Crap.

She walks faster. Suddenly someone appears from behind a trash can and grabs her around the waist, pulling her down to the ground. They both get up. It's a person in medieval armor with chain-mail covering his face. He backhands Buffy, she spins around and flies into a pile of garbage. As she straightens up, two more knights appear. The first one has a sword, the other two have metal staves. They circle around Buffy, twirling their weapons.

Buffy Uh... guys? A-any way we could... not do this?

Overhead shot of the three knights circling her. Blackout.

Part 4

Fade back in on the same scene.

The knight with the sword swings. Buffy ducks. She spins and punches him, ducks a staff thrust, kicks the other staff, ducks again, kicks the first staffholder in the stomach. Ducks another swing, kicks the second staff guy twice. Ducks a swing from sword guy, blocks a punch, punches him in the face while holding his sword arm. Kicks him back, grabs the staff of another and pushes him away. Deflects the other staff holder. Then she does two back-flips that carry her over the two staves, grabs one staff and thrusts it into that knight's stomach, deflects a sword thrust with it, kicks the sword guy in the stomach. Jabs the staff into disarmed knight's stomach again, ducks a thrust from the other staff, kicks that knight so he goes spinning away. Buffy and the disarmed knight grapple for his staff, finally she hits him in the face with it. He goes down. She drops her staff and blocks an overhand sword thrust, punches the sword

holder and he goes down. Buffy kicks the other staff holder away, picks up the staff again and faces off with the sword holder.

Buffy knocks the sword out of the knight's hand and pushes him to the ground, jumping on top of him and holding the staff to his throat.

Buffy Okay. Let's see what you are.

She removes the chain-mail mask to reveal an ordinary-looking human man with a symbol on his forehead.

Buffy Or who you are.

Knight One soldier in a vast army.

Buffy What army?

Knight The Knights of Byzantium, an ancient order. And now your enemy.

Buffy *pushes the staff harder into his throat* You work for Glory?

Knight You think we align ourselves with the beast? You must be mad.

Buffy You're the ones tried killing me.

Knight No, we were fools, three alone. But if it takes a hundred men, we send a hundred men, and if it takes a thousand, we send a thousand.

Buffy A thousand?

Knight So long as you protect the key, the brotherhood will never stop until we destroy it and you. You are the Slayer, and we know what we must do. Now, be done with it. Kill us, and let legions follow. *Buffy shoves the staff into his throat again, then tosses it aside, gets up and picks up the sword. The knight gets to his feet, and she puts the sword to his throat. He turns his head away waiting for the kill stroke.*

Buffy Go.

The knight looks surprised, edges around her and leaves. Buffy stares at the sword.

Cut to: Buffy entering the magic shop, still holding the sword. Pan across all the Watchers standing there, the four Slayerettes still sitting on the upper level, and Travers sitting at the table with a pile of papers spread out in front of him. Giles sits on the stairs leading up to the balcony.

Travers You're late.

Buffy Yeah.

Giles *sees the sword, gets up* Was, was there an attack?

Buffy Yeah.

Travers We can begin the review at last. We'll, uh, skip the more obvious questions...

Buffy puts the sword down on his papers.

Buffy There isn't gonna be a review.

Travers Sorry?

Buffy No review. No interrogation. No questions you **know** I can't answer. No hoops, no jumps—*Nigel starts to speak* and no interruptions.

Nigel shuts up. Buffy looks around, begins to pace.

Buffy See... I've had a lot of people talking at me the last few days. Everyone just lining up to tell me how unimportant I am. And I've finally figured out why. *looks Travers in the eye* Power. I have it. They don't. This bothers them.

Buffy moves back to the table, removing her coat.

Buffy Glory... came to my home today.

Giles *alarmed* Buffy, are you—

Buffy *puts her coat on a chair* Just to talk. *resumes pacing* She told me I'm a bug, I'm a flea, she could squash me in a second. *stops, looks at Travers again* Only she didn't. She came into my home, and we

talked. We had what in her warped brain probably passes for a civilized conversation. Why? *pauses* Because she needs something from me. Because I have power over her.

Buffy looks around, hands on her hips. She walks the floor, looking from one Watcher to the next as she talks.

Buffy You guys didn't come all the way from England to determine whether or not I was good enough to be let back in. You came to beg me to let you back in. To give your jobs, your lives some semblance of meaning.

Nigel This is beyond insolence—

Buffy grabs the sword from the table and throws it across the room in a single movement. It flies point-first into the wall directly in front of Nigel's nose. He jumps back looking shocked.

Buffy *clears throat* I'm fairly certain I said no interruptions.

Xander *whispers* That was excellent!

Willow and Tara grin.

Buffy You're Watchers. Without a Slayer, you're pretty much just watchin' Masterpiece Theater. You can't stop Glory. You can't do anything with the information you have except maybe publish it in the "'Everyone Thinks We're Insane-O's Home Journal'". *Pauses, addresses Travers again* So here's how it's gonna work. You're gonna tell me everything you know. Then you're gonna go away. *resumes pacing* You'll contact me if and when you have any further information about Glory. The magic shop will remain open. Mr. Giles will stay here as my official Watcher, reinstated at full salary...

Giles *coughing* Retroactive.

Buffy ... to be paid retroactively from the month he was fired. I will continue my work with the help of my friends...

Watcher2 I, uh, I... don't want a sword thrown at me, but, but, civilians, I—we're talking about children.

Buffy *looks up at her friends on the balcony* We're talking about two very powerful witches and a thousand-year-old ex-demon.

Anya Willow's a demon?!

Philip The boy? No power there.

Buffy The boy has clocked more field time than all of you combined. He's part of the unit.

Willow *whispers to Xander* That's Riley-speak.

Xander *whispers back, with a big grin* I've clocked

field time.

Buffy Now. *addresses the Watchers* You all may be very good at your jobs. The only way we're gonna find out is if you work with me. You can all take your time thinking about that. *turns back to Travers* But I want an answer right now from Quinton, 'cause I think he's understanding me.

Travers *clears throat* Uh, your terms are acceptable.

Giles smiles hugely. The Slayerettes burst into cheers and applause, but quickly stop, looking embarrassed. Buffy looks up at them, looks at Giles. She doesn't smile, but looks satisfied. She sits across from Travers.

Buffy See? No biggie.

Travers *nods* Uh, Rupert.

Giles Quinton?

Travers When we inventoried your shop, we found a bottle of single malt scotch behind the, uh, incense holders.

Giles Well, it's, it's not, you know, during working hours.

Travers I think I could use a glass.

Giles Well, I suppose we could—*starts to move away*

Buffy *gets up* Just a minute. *Giles stops* Glory. I wanna know.

Travers Well, there's a lot to go through.

Buffy Just tell me what kind of demon I'm fighting.

Travers Well, that's the thing, you see. Glory isn't a demon.

Buffy What is she?

Travers She's a god.

Buffy *long pause, eyes widen* Oh.

Blackout.

Executive Producer **Joss Whedon**

Blood Ties

A *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* episode written by Steven S. DeKnight and transcribed by **Joan the English Chick**<pisces@englishchick.com>

Transcriber's Notes:

I do not own the characters or situations of BTVS, and I claim no credit for the content of this episode. I have merely transcribed what appeared on my screen, with help from the closed captions.

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I apologize in advance for my lame transcription of the fight scenes. I don't know the names of different punches and kicks. Use your imagination.

Teaser

Giles *VoiceOver* Previously on *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*...

Monks running in fear.

Monk talking to Buffy.

Monk We had to hide the key... made it human...

Monks chanting.

Monk ... and sent it to you.

Dawn looking sullen.

Buffy *V.O.* Dawn.

Glory talking to Dawn in "Checkpoint."

Glory Did you know your sister took my key, Dawnie? And she won't give it back! I bet you know where she put it, don't you?

Buffy She doesn't know anything.

Buffy kneeling on top of the knight (Orlando), pulling off his mask.

Buffy Okay, let's see who you are.

Orlando The Knights of Byzantium, an ancient order. And now your enemy. So long as you protect the key, the brotherhood will never stop until we destroy it and you.

Spike Look at you. All afraid I'm hot for your honey. *Spike in Buffy's darkened bedroom in "Into the Woods". Buffy asleep.*

Riley *V.O.* Because you are.

Spike Well... yeah.

Buffy in the magic shop in "Checkpoint".

Buffy Just tell me what kind of demon I'm fighting.

Quinton Travers Glory isn't a demon.

Buffy What is she?

Travers She's a god.

Episode begins

Buffy sitting in the magic shop.

Buffy Look, I know Mom wants to gather and make with the merry tomorrow night, but with everything that's going on...

Willow walks up behind Buffy.

Willow This is exactly what you need. *Sits next to Buffy. We see Tara sitting on Willow's other side* A 20th birthday party with, with, with presents, and funny hats, and, and those candles that don't blow out... *whispers to Tara* Those used to scare me.

Tara Me too.

Buffy I just don't think this is the best time to break out the party pinata. We need to stay focused if we're gonna find a way to stop Glory.

We see Xander and Anya sitting on Buffy's other side.

Xander We're going up against a god. An actual mightier-than-thou god.

Willow Well, you know what they say, the bigger they are—

Anya The faster they stomp you into nothing.

Everyone looks at her. We see Giles sitting between Buffy and Xander, looking through books and papers.

Buffy She's right. I've thrown everything I've got at her and she just shrugs it off.

Willow Then we have to find something heavier to throw.

Giles That might pose some difficulty. From what the Council's been able to discover from the book of Tarnis and, and, and other sources, Glory and two of her fellow hellgods ruled over... one of the more seriously unpleasant demon dimensions.

Tara There's more than one?

Anya Oh, there are thousands of demon dimensions. All different.

Giles All pushing on the edges of our reality, trying to find a way in.

Buffy I guess Glory found one. The question is, why?

Giles There's nothing to indicate that here. Just... vague references to... chaos and destruction. *Sound of teakettle whistling. Giles gets up to get it.*

Buffy Okay, so, we know where Glory's from. What do we know about her? You know, she's tough, yeah, but, but no bolts of lightning, no blasts of fire, shouldn't a god be able to do that kind of stuff?

Giles *pouring tea* Uh, usually, yes, but um, being in human form must be severely limiting her powers. All we have to worry about right now is she's immortal, invulnerable, and insane.

Xander A **crazy** hellgod? And the fun just keeps on leaving.

Giles From what I've been able to gather, her living in this world is... seriously affecting her mental state as well. She's only being able to keep her mind intact by, uh, extracting energy from us. Well, from, from the human brain.

Tara She, she, she's a brain-sucker? *Willow and Tara exchange a look*

Giles She, um... *leans over to read from book* "absorbs the energies that bind the human mind into a cohesive whole". Once drained, all that's left behind is, uh—

Buffy Crazy people.

Giles *pouring more tea* Which is, I'm afraid, why there's been a marked increase in the ranks of the mentally unstable here in Sunnydale.

Tara At least vampires just kill you.

Buffy *gets up* We have to find a way to stop her.

Willow Oh, well, Tara and I can work on some tactical spells.

Giles hands Buffy a cup of tea

Anya I can do some research. I know **way** more about demon dimensions than Giles does. *Giles frowns* Well, I do.

Xander This is great long-term plan-y stuff, but what about this... key thingy Glory's looking for?

Buffy and Giles both standing, sipping tea, exchanging a look.

Tara OS Yeah, I mean, shouldn't we be trying to find it before she does?

Buffy I don't think that's what we should be worrying about right now. *Giles sits*

Willow They've got a point. Whatever Glory's planning on opening with the key, I'm guessing it won't be filled with candy and flowers.

Xander So where should we start looking? Do we know where it used to be kept? Who saw it last?

Buffy We did. Giles and me. We, we know where it is.

Xander You what?

Willow You know, and you didn't tell us?

Giles There were... reasons.

Buffy Look, i-if Glory knew that you guys knew where it was, I... *sits* I-I just didn't wanna put you in that kind of danger.

Xander *annoyed* As opposed to the other kind we're always in?

Willow You should have said something.

Buffy Will, there—*pauses* You're right. *to Giles* It's time.

Giles Are you sure?

Buffy If they're gonna be risking their lives, they deserve to know.

Xander Know what?

Buffy looks at her friends. They look at her.

Buffy There's something that you need to know... about Dawn.

Cut to: graveyard, night. The knight from "Checkpoint" Orlando holding a sword.

Orlando The link must be severed. Such is the will of God.

We see two other knights standing with him, also holding swords. They all chant in unison.

Knights The key is the link. The link must be severed. Such is the will of God. The key is the link. The link must be severed. Such is the will of God.

Jinx You really think **he** is going to help you?

The knights draw their swords and turn to see Jinx, Dreg, and another demon who looks like them, each holding an axe.

Jinx I fear your faith is gravely misplaced.

The demons attack. The fight is brief; two of the demons are defeated. Only Jinx is left. He cowers and tries to back away as Orlando advances, but Jinx trips over something and falls on his butt. Orlando stands over him and lifts his sword high.

Orlando Shall we test your faith now?

He starts to stab downward. Jinx cringes. A hand appears and grabs the sword's blade.

Glory Never send a minion to do a god's work. *She backhands Orlando, who goes flying backward, losing his grip on the sword. He crawls toward it on the ground as Glory beats up the other two knights. She stabs one knight with his own sword, then uses it to kill the other as well. She drops the sword and*

walks toward where Orlando is still trying to reach his sword.

Glory Hey, nice sword. *Picks it up and points it at his face* Bet it hurts.

Wolf howl.

Part 1

Guest starring Clare Kramer, Charlie Weber, Troy T. Blendell, Amber Benson as Tara, and Kristine Sutherland as Joyce Summers. Written by Steven S. DeKnight, directed by Michael Gershman.

Fade in on Willow and Tara outside the magic shop, daylight. They are drawing symbols on the ground with colored sand. Dawn walks up.

Dawn You guys doin' a spell?

Willow Dawn, hey. Y-yeah, we're doing an early warning incantation. If anything hellgodishly powerful comes within a hundred feet of the shop, then screechy siren things will, you know, screech.

Tara This should give us a heads-up so we can hide... the, um, key.

Willow We already put one up around your house.

Dawn Cool, can I help?

Willow and Tara exchange a look.

Willow Well, I don't think Buffy would like the, uh, black arts bumpin' auras with the littlest Summers.

Dawn *nods resignedly* Yeah, whatever. *Goes into the shop*

Tara *quietly* How can she not be real?

Willow She's real, she's just... kinda... new.

Willow throws a last handful of dust down; the symbols all flash brightly and disappear.

Cut to inside magic shop. Dawn enters. Anya is dusting something while Xander sits at the table reading.

Dawn Hey. We on the case?

Xander Yeah. Right on top, perched, ready for action. *Anya looks uncomfortable* How's my sweet fancy Dawn doing?

Xander reaches over to tickle Dawn's stomach. She giggles and tries to fight him off.

Dawn *laughing* Fine. What's up with you? *Xander stops tickling* Did you get into the sugar again?

Anya *loud fake cheerful tone* You make a very pretty little girl!

Xander jumps up.

Xander *same fake tone* Anya, you wanna help me with that thing?

Anya *same fake tone, with fake smile and fake laugh* Xander needs help with his thing!

They walk off. Dawn looks annoyed.

Giles I'm not sure our regular workout is... challenging you any more. Perhaps we should make it harder.

Giles and Buffy walk in from the back room. Buffy holds a bottle of water. Giles is writing in a small book.

Buffy You always think harder is better. Maybe next time I patrol I should carry a load of bricks, use a stake made of butter.

Giles Very amusing.

They walk over to the counter, where Dawn is standing, with a notebook lying open on the counter. Giles puts his book down on the counter also.

Giles I'm sure Dawn feels that way about her schoolwork sometimes.

Buffy That true? How was school today?

Dawn Um, the usual. Big square building filled with boredom and despair.

Buffy OS Just how I remember it.

Giles closes his book, slides it off the counter and out of sight.

Buffy So, what's the homework sitch?

Dawn We have to imagine what we'll be like ten years from now and write a letter to our future self. The teacher's clearly so out of ideas. *Giles closes a drawer behind the counter* Wanna help?

Buffy Maybe later. I have some stuff I have to do first.

Giles moves his hands away from the drawer. Dawn looks over at him, then back at Buffy.

Dawn Is it about that weird girl that came to the house?

Buffy Glory. And no it's not.

Dawn Like you'd tell me anyway. Dawn's too young and Dawn's too delicate.

Buffy Right. A young delicate pain in my butt.

Dawn I just think you're freakin' out 'cause you have to fight someone prettier than you. That is the

case, right?

Buffy walks closer to her.

Buffy *softly* Glory is evil. And powerful. *normal tone* And in no way prettier than me.

Dawn I just think you're getting soft in your advanced age. She didn't look that tough to me. *Smirks*

Cut to: Glory in her apartment, talking to Orlando. His face is bloody.

Glory Okay. One more time. *circles around behind him* Just between me and you. Our itsy-bitsy little secret. *comes back to the front, grabs his face* Where... is... the key?

Orlando Even if I knew, I'd die a thousand deaths before I'd tell you.

Glory *annoyed* Well, you won't need a thousand, sweetie. *pats his cheek, turns away* I'll make the first one last. Long time.

She walks a few steps away. She's holding his sword. She turns back and shakes her head.

Glory What is it with you religious types? *gasps, smiles. Throws the sword aside and goes back to him* It's intimacy, isn't it?

She grabs his face, runs her hands down his chest.

Glory Oh! You're just scared of letting someone in! *circles around him, hugging him and rubbing his chest* Shh, shh, shh. It's okay. I know how difficult the first time can be. You don't have to be afraid. *gets back to the front, puts her face right next to his* Just relax. You may not have the info I want... but you still got something I need.

She slides her fingers into his head. Light streams out of the holes. Orlando screams.

Cut to: huge pile of brightly wrapped gifts.

Buffy V.O. Prezzies!

Pull out to reveal the Summers living room. Joyce and Dawn on one couch, Buffy on the other, on either side of the coffee-table laden with presents. Xander, Giles, Tara, Anya, and Willow stand around. Tara and Xander hold gifts. Willow wears a party hat and holds a bottle of bubble-blowing liquid.

Willow See, just what you needed. *Blows bubbles*

Buffy You are very, very wise. Now gimme, gimme, gimme! *Tara hands her a gift. Buffy begins ripping off the paper.*

Anya This is extremely suspenseful! I want the presents.

Buffy pulls out a dress.

Buffy Ohh... it's beautiful. Thank you, guys.

Tara Well, we thought you'd get lots of crossbows, other killy stuff.

Willow Yeah, so we figured, less killy, more frilly.

Anya Gotta look. *Grabs the dress from Buffy* Oh, it's just so lovely! Oh, I wish it was mine!

Everyone gives her a look.

Anya *quietly* Oh, like you weren't all thinking the same thing. *puts the dress down*

Giles I'm fairly certain I wasn't. *whispers to Xander* I've got one just like it.

Dawn *gets up* Here. Open mine. *Gives gift to Buffy*

Buffy It's not gonna explode, is it?

She opens it and removes a photo of herself and Dawn, in a frame covered with seashells.

Dawn It's when we visited Dad that summer in San Diego. *Buffy staring at it* Um, I put the shells on it myself. We picked them off the beach.

Buffy *softly* I remember.

Joyce smiles. Everyone else looks thoughtful. Dawn looks uncomfortable.

Dawn Well, geez, don't get all movie-of-the-week. I was just too cheap to buy a real present.

Buffy Thank you.

Buffy gets up and hugs Dawn. Buffy and Joyce exchange a look over Dawn's shoulder.

Cut to later. Joyce, Buffy, and Giles in the kitchen. Giles pouring a glass of wine. Buffy pouring a glass of water from a pitcher.

Joyce It still seems to me like there's a lot you don't know about this. I mean, is she dangerous?

Buffy No.

Giles Well, now, wait just a second. *Camera pans across to the doorway. We see Dawn in the dining room, looking down the hallway, listening in. I assume you're talking about her existence rather than her intentions.*

Buffy looks down the hall, sees Dawn.

Joyce Exactly.

Buffy *calls* Dawn? What are you doing in there? Party gettin' slow?

Dawn Uh, *picks up a stack of plates from dining-room table* we need plates. Cake time. *She walks off. Buffy smiles nervously.*

Cut to living room. Tara and Willow are preparing the cake. Xander and Anya stand in the doorway kissing. As Dawn walks in, Anya pushes Xander away; Willow and Tara stop what they're doing. Dawn puts plates on the table next to the cake, smiling. She stops smiling when she sees Tara's face, then

turns around to look at Xander and Anya.

Dawn Why does everybody start acting all weird when I'm around?

Xander Me? Me not weird.

Tara looks worried. Willow licks frosting off a birthday-cake candle.

Dawn I'm not an idiot. I know you're talking about me.

Xander No, no, we really weren't.

Anya *fake voice* We were talking about sex.

Buffy, Joyce, and Giles enter.

Dawn *to Joyce* They were talking about me, just like everybody is.

Xander Again, not so much. In fact, none.

Anya We were talking about sex. I mean, you know us, sometimes we like to pretend stuff—

Joyce Um...

Xander Anya!

Anya You know, like, say there's a fireman, or a shepherd—

Buffy You know what? Let's not have this exchange of images right now.

Dawn Oh. Right. Of course. Can't let Dawn hear anything. *angry* Fine. I'm just gonna go to bed. That way I won't accidentally get exposed to, like, words.

She storms out. Everyone looks unhappy.

Willow *holds up a piece of cake on a plate* Cake?

Cut to: Dawn storming into her bedroom, slamming the door. She leans against the wall and looks sullen.

Cut to: exterior of the house. Dawn climbs out her window and down the trellis, climbs from the trellis onto the back porch. The curtains are drawn; we can see the shadows of the others moving inside the house. Dawn goes down the back stairs, watching the windows, and turns around to find Spike standing right behind her. He has something under his arm and a cigarette in his mouth. Dawn gives a little yelp of surprise.

Dawn Geez! Lurk much?

Spike I wasn't lurking. I was standing about. It's a whole different vibe.

Dawn What is— *looks at the thing under his arm. Folds her arms and smirks* Are you giving Buffy a birthday present? *Spike looks at the box* Oh my god. Weird. And chocolates? Lame. And the box is all bent, and, well, you know she'd never touch anything from you anyway.

Spike *leans closer to her, speaks menacingly* Shouldn't you be tucked away in your beddy-bye? All warm and safe where nothing can eat you?

Dawn *giggles* Is that supposed to scare me?

Spike *sighs, leans back* Little tremble wouldn't hurt.

Dawn Sorry, it's just... come on. I'm badder than you.

Spike *insulted* Are not!

Dawn Am too. You're standing in the bushes hugging a bent box of chocolates, and I'm—

Spike What? Sneaking out to braid hair and watch Teletubbies with your mates?

Dawn No. *softly, looking back at the house* I'm breaking into the magic shop... *boastfully* to steal things.

Spike *frowns* Magic shop, eh? *looks over his shoulder; thoughtfully* All number of beasties between here and there. *Dawn looks a little nervous* Bet they'd really go for a little red riding hood like you. Bet that wouldn't sit too well with big sister.

Dawn *uncertain* I can take care of myself.

Spike just looks at her. She looks around, anxious.

Dawn You wanna come steal some stuff?

Spike Yeah, all right.

Dawn nods. They walk off.

Cut to: exterior magic shop, night. Dawn stands by the door holding the chocolates while Spike kneels, trying to pick the lock.

Dawn Do you know how to do that or not?

Spike Give us a sec. I usually just *gestures* burst through doors.

The door finally opens.

Spike That's right! *Stands up, gives Dawn his best smug smirk* Who's bad now?

They enter.

Spike Girl with a mission, eh? *Dawn turns on a flashlight* What's the caper? Jewels? Ancient artifacts? Or just plain hard cash liberated from the till?

Dawn A book.

Spike All this for a book?

Dawn walks confidently to the counter, puts down the chocolates and goes behind the counter.

Dawn I don't want the book. Just what's inside. I think it was Giles' notes. *Shines the flashlight around as Spike examines the stuff on the counter* He was standing here, and when I turned around it was gone.

She begins feeling under the counter. Spike takes something off the counter and puts it in his pocket.

Dawn finds the hidden drawer and pulls it open, revealing the book. She smiles in triumph.

Cut to later.

Spike Where did he learn to write so bloody small, from a fruit fly?

We see Dawn and Spike sitting on the floor, three candles lit in front of them. Dawn reading the book. Spike's cigarette is mostly ash.

Dawn Wait, here's something. Uh, "'Tarnis, 12th century. One of the founders of the monks of the order of Dagon". *Spike stands up* "'Their sole purpose appears to have been as protectors of the key"'.

Spike *scoffs* Brown-robe types are always protecting something. It's the only way they can justify giving up girls. *He looks around, spots Olaf's hammer from "Triangle" in a display case* Hey! Troll hammer.

Spike tries to pick it up but it's too heavy. It falls to the floor with a clang. He glances over to see if Dawn noticed. She has her back to him.

Spike Didn't go with my stuff anyway.

He continues looking around at the shelves, looking bored, as Dawn reads.

Dawn "'The key is not directly described in any known literature, but all research indicates an energy matrix vibrating at a dimensional frequency beyond normal human perception. Only those outside reality can see the key's true nature". *shakes head* Outside reality. What's that mean?

Spike Mm. Second-sight blokes, mostly. *Puts out his cigarette in an item on the shelf* Or even just your run-of-the-mill lunatics.

He resumes his seat beside Dawn as she begins to get

an expression of revelation.

Flash to hospital in "Listening to Fear".

Crazy Security Guard There! *points at a scared Dawn* There's no one in there.

Flash to outside magic shop in "The Real Me".

Crazy Guy I know what you are.

Back to Dawn looking thoughtful.

Spike What else does it say about this key? Is it made out of gold? Maybe we can hock it, split the take.

Dawn Um, *reads* "'The key is also susceptible to necromanced animal detection, particularly those of canine or serpent construct"'.

Flash to the snake creature slithering across the floor in "Shadow". Dawn screaming as it rears up above her. The creature's eyes flashing red.

Back to Dawn holding the book, pondering. Spike reaches over and takes the book from her.

Spike *frowns at book* "'The monks possessed the ability to transform energy, bend reality". Blah, blah, blah. *looks at Dawn* Good lord, Giles writes as dull as he talks, doesn't he? *back to book* "'They started work. But the Council... has suggested... to us that they were interrupted. Presumably by... Glory"'. *Dawn continues staring into the distance as she listens* "'They obviously did manage to accomplish the taste..." *looks closer* "'accomplish the task. They had to be certain the Slayer would protect it with her life. So they sent the key to her... in human form. In the form of a sister"'.

Zoom in on Dawn's shocked expression.

Spike frowns, looks over at her.

Spike Huh! I guess that's you, nibblet.

Shot of Dawn continuing to react.

Part 2

Exterior shot of the Summers house, night.

Cut to inside. Willow and Tara on a sofa, facing Buffy in an armchair.

Willow Not even a card, huh?

Buffy I wasn't really expecting one. No contact with civilians. There's probably a... code name for it. You know, like radio silence, it's "'greeting card silence"'.

Willow Sorry.

Buffy Maybe it's time to start a new tradition. Birthdays without boyfriends. It could be just as much fun.

Willow Preaching to the choir here, baby. *smiles at Tara*

Tara Yeah, some of my best— *sees something across the room* Oh-oh my god.

Buffy turns to look behind her, gets up.

We see Dawn standing in the doorway. A large knife in one hand, blood running down her other arm from a wound across the inner forearm.

Dawn *dazed* Is this blood?

We see Joyce and Giles across the room, turning to look.

Buffy Dawn!

Joyce Oh, baby.
Buffy and Joyce rush over to Dawn.
Buffy What did you do?!
Dawn This is blood, isn't it? It can't be me. I'm not a key. *Buffy looks shocked* I'm not a thing.
Joyce Oh, sweetie, no. Wha-what is this all about?
Dawn *grimly* What am I? *getting teary* Am I real? Am I anything?
She begins to cry. Joyce hugs her. Buffy watches grimly, also a little teary-eyed.
Cut to: Buffy seeing the others out.
Willow If you need anything—
Buffy Thanks.
Willow hugs Buffy and leaves. Giles walks up to the door.
Giles Perhaps I should stay, you know, just in case.
Buffy This is a family thing. We should deal with this.
Giles Okay.
Giles leaves. Buffy closes the door behind him.
Cut to: Dawn sitting on her bed. Joyce sits at the foot of the bed. Buffy enters.
Dawn *softly, not looking up* Why didn't you tell me? *Joyce looks at Buffy.*
Buffy We were going to. It just... *trails off. Dawn gives her an angry look*
Joyce We thought it would be better if we waited until you were older.
Dawn How old am I now?
Joyce You're fourteen, sweetheart, you know that.
Dawn No. The monks. When did... when did they... *trails off*
Buffy Six months ago.
Dawn *trying to hold back tears* I've only been alive for six months, huh?
Joyce Honey, you've been alive a lot longer than that to us.
Dawn You don't know that! You don't know anything. I'm, I'm just a key, right? Everything about me is made up.
Buffy Dawn... *sits on the bed next to Dawn* Mom and I know what we feel. I know I care about you. I know that I worry about you—
Dawn You worry about me because you have to. I'm your job. Protect the key, right?
Buffy I worry because my sister is cutting herself!
Dawn Yeah? How do you know? Maybe this is just another fake memory from my fake family.
Joyce Sweetheart—

Dawn Get out.
Buffy Dawn...
Dawn Get out, get out, get out!
Her voice rises to a shriek on the last two words. Joyce and Buffy get up to leave. Dawn lies down on the bed, curls up hugging a stuffed animal.
Cut to magic shop, day.
Buffy We need answers, Giles.
Buffy, Willow, Xander, and Giles move across the room toward the counter. Giles goes behind the counter, where Anya is already moving around looking at stuff.
Buffy We need to find out everything we can about the key. What's it for, who created it.
Xander And why Glory has a big girl-god jones for it.
Buffy This isn't about her. It's about Dawn. She deserves to know where she came from. She needs to know. Or it's just gonna eat away at her.
Giles *looking at his notebook and papers on the counter* How did she find these? How did she get in here?
Anya *turns away from the back shelves, holding an item* Ew! Who's been using the urn of Ishtar as an ashtray? *takes out a cigarette butt*
Willow looks thoughtful. Shot of Buffy as the realization hits her.
Cut to: Buffy bursting into Spike's crypt. Spike is sitting atop one of the coffins, painting his fingernails.
Spike Morning, sunshine. If you've come around for eggs or sausage, I'm fresh out.
Buffy grabs the lid of the coffin and pulls it out from under Spike so that he tumbles backward into the coffin. He sits up.
Spike Hey, careful! These are wet. *Holds up his hand*
Buffy slides the lid back onto the coffin so that it slams into Spike's chest, pinning him against the opposite side of the coffin.
Buffy How could you let her find out like that? From books and papers? You hate me that much?
Spike I was just along for the ride. Not like I knew she was mystical glowy key thing. Nobody keeps me in the bloody loop, do they?
Buffy *bangs the lid, steps back* You could have stopped her.
Spike Oh, yeah, here it comes. Something goes wrong in your life, blame Spike. News flash, blondie. *Heaves the lid up off of him, tossing it aside*

If kid sis wants to grab a midnight stroll, she'll find a way sooner or later. I just thought she'd be safer with big bad looking over her shoulder.

Buffy *glares at him silently for a moment* She shouldn't have found out like that.

Spike You didn't think you could keep the truth from her forever, did you? *angrily* Maybe if **you** had been more honest with her in the first place, you wouldn't be trying to make yourself feel better with a round of Kick The Spike.

Buffy turns and storms out, slamming the door. Spike sighs and shakes his head.

Cut to: Joyce knocking on Dawn's door, entering. Dawn still lying on her side on the bed, with her back to the door.

Joyce Honey? You're gonna be late for school.

Dawn I'm not going. Blobs of energy don't need an education.

Joyce You want me to make you some soup? *sits on the bed* I think there's some chicken and stars...

Dawn I'm not sick! *quieter* I'm not anything.

Joyce Honey, calm down, okay... *puts hand on Dawn's back*

Dawn *faces her* Don't tell me what to do. *pause* You're not my mother.

Joyce looks hurt.

Dawn lies back down for a moment, then gets up.

Dawn I changed my mind. I'd rather be at school. *Grabs her backpack and leaves*

Cut to: Exterior hospital, day.

Cut to: interior, mental ward. Ben enters carrying a tray with a bunch of cups of Jello on it.

Ben All right, fellas, today we've got blues, greens, and... *looks at tray* oh, hey, chartreuse. It's a party.

Orlando It won't stick. The birds have been pecking too hard. *laughing*

Ben looks over and sees Orlando strapped down in one of the beds.

Ben Byzantium.

Jinx Yes, they've arrived. *We see Jinx standing in the corner. He walks over to stand beside the knight's bed* Unfortunate, but not completely unexpected.

Ben How many?

Jinx Their numbers are few for the moment, but they will grow. *Ben puts down the tray* The Knights of Byzantium are like ants. First you see one, then two, then the picnic's ruined. No matter how many we kill, they'll keep coming... wave after wave. *walks over to Ben* It's time to set old ani-

mosities aside. Your fate is directly linked to her magnificently-scented Glorificus. She's been extremely forgiving of your considerable foibles up until now, but if you persist in your defiance, she'll be forced to—

Ben To what? What is she going to do? Send a six-pack of minions to bore me to death? Glory can't lay a finger on me. You know it, I know it, she knows it. So save the threats, or I'll finish the job I started on your head.

He shoves past Jinx and exits.

Cut to: Exterior of the Summers house, night.

Cut to: Dawn in her bedroom looking through her diaries. She has a bunch of them, of different sizes, shapes, covers, etc. She clutches one to her chin and looks pensive.

Cut to: Buffy and Joyce in the living room. They sit side-by-side on the sofa.

Joyce We can't just let her sit up there all alone.

Buffy She needs time. We can't force her to be all right with this.

Joyce That's your answer? Just... leave her alone and hope that everything works itself out?

Buffy No, but if I were her, I'd want a little bit of time right now. I wouldn't want my mother and my sister coming at me from all sides.

Joyce Her school called today. She was suspended. *We see Dawn on the stairway above, listening.*

Joyce OS She yelled at a teacher. The things she said, Buffy, I mean she never used language like that.

Buffy OS She probably feels like she can say or do anything right now. She's not real. We're not her family, we don't even know what she is.

Dawn looks shocked.

Cut to: Dawn storming back into her room, crying. She slams the door, looks around, and begins to trash her room, shrieking. She shoves stuff off the desk, shoves books off the shelves, tears posters off the walls. She picks up one of her diaries and flips through it, then begins to tear out pages, throws them in the wastebasket, then throws the whole book in. Extended sequence of Dawn ripping pages out of diaries, throwing the pages and the diaries into the wastebasket.

Cut back to living room. Joyce jumps up, staring at Buffy in horror.

Joyce How can you talk about Dawn as if she's a thing?

Buffy I'm not! I'm just... saying that's probably how she feels.

Joyce Well, then we have to show her that it isn't true. She needs to know that she's still a part of this family and that we love her.

Buffy It's not that simple! We're not gonna be able to fix this with a hug and a kiss and a bowl of soup! Dawn needs to know where she came from, she needs real answers.

Joyce *sits* What she needs is her sister, Buffy, not the Slayer.

Buffy The Slayer is the only thing standing between Dawn... and this god from the bitch dimension that wants to shove her in some kind of lock and give her a good twirl. Mom, I need to be out there, doing my job—

A shrill beeping noise begins. They both jump up.

Buffy Oh my god, Glory. It's Willow's spell. *Runs toward stairs*

Joyce *following* Wait. It's not Glory.

Cut to: Buffy kicking down Dawn's door, rushing in followed by Joyce. The beeping continues.

Buffy Damn it.

We see the wastebasket on fire. Buffy grabs a blanket from the bed and tosses it over the flames to put them out.

Buffy Dawn!

Joyce *looking at something across the room* Buffy.

Buffy No. No, she could have burned the house down.

Joyce Buffy... she's gone.

Buffy looks in the direction Joyce is looking. Shot of the open window. The alarm continues beeping.

Part 3

Fade in on magic shop, night.

Buffy She tore up her room... she burned all of her diaries. *Moves across the screen to sit in a chair by the table*

Xander The "Dawnmeister Chronicles"?

Pan across Xander to find Willow and Tara sitting beside the counter. Giles and Anya behind it. Giles hands Willow a cup of tea.

Willow She's been keeping those since... *pauses, looks confused* I mean...

Buffy Since she was seven. I remember too, Will. *We see Spike standing in the background behind Buffy* We have to find her. Fast. Before Glory or the knights of hack-n-slash figure out what—who she really is. Mom's gonna stay at home in case she shows up. I figure we split up and sweep the city. *stands* Anya. Will you stay here in case she shows up? Xander, Giles, you guys take the center of town. Willow, Tara, west side. Spike, you and I'll get the east side.

Everyone gets up to leave. Spike moves forward to stand beside Buffy.

Buffy *softly* Just find her... please.

Cut to: Dawn walking through a playground, night. She looks over at a swing-set.

Flash to a bright sunny day, small girl with Dawn's hair on the swing, bigger girl with Buffy's hair pushing her. (We only see them from the back.)

Young Dawn Bet you can't push me all the way around!

Young Buffy Oh yes I can!

Young Dawn No you can't!

Flash back to today, the swing-set dark and empty. Dawn looks sad, tears on her face. She turns and walks away.

Cut to: Xander and Giles walking through alleys in Sunnydale, night. Giles pokes around looking behind things, inside dumpsters, etc.

Xander There's so many things I remember. Seeing Dawn... hanging with her... listening to Buffy complain about her. Mostly that last one. How could it be that all those things never really happened?

Giles Well, it takes some getting used to. The idea of a... bright fourteen-year-old actually being living energy thousands of years old.

They continue walking, looking around.

Xander I'm guessing some kind of super-powerful in her raw form.

Giles People have killed, died for it... summoned armies to control the key.

Xander You know, uh... she kinda has a crush on me.

Giles Your point being?

Xander *stops walking* Well nothing, no, uh... just saying, powerful being... big energy gal digging the Xan-man. *Grins. Giles frowns at him* Some guys are just cooler, you know?

Giles turns and walks away, rolling his eyes. Xander follows.

Cut to: Buffy and Spike walking through the playground, night.

Buffy calls Dawn! Dawn!

Spike Yeah, that should do it.

Buffy Shut up.

Spike The nibblet scampered off to get away from you. She hears you bellowing, she's gonna pack it in the opposite direction. *they stop walking* Can't say I blame her. *looking around*

Buffy quietly, staring at the ground You were right. *Spike looks surprised* This is my fault. I should have told her.

Spike sighs Look, she probably would have skipped off anyway, even if she never found out. She's not just a blob of energy, she's also a fourteen-year-old hormone bomb. *sighs* Which one's screwing her up more right now, spin the bloody wheel. *shrugs* You'll find her, just in the nick of time, that's what you hero types do.

Buffy gives him a hopeful look.

Spike firmly You'll find her.

Buffy quietly And then what?

Cut to: Dawn walking down a street. She steps aside as an ambulance goes past, siren wailing, lights flashing. She stares after it.

Cut to: Exterior hospital, night. We see the emergency room door, ambulance parked next to it, people running inside with a patient on a gurney.

Cut to: Dawn entering the hospital. She goes down a hall, looks around to make sure no one's watching, then slips through a door.

Cut to: Dawn entering the mental ward. All the patients begin to mutter nervously as she enters.

Patient 1 It's here. It's here. It's here.

Patient 2 Can't stop.

Patient 1 It's here. It's here. *repeats over and over*

Patient 2 Make it stop. The skin's too tight.

Patient 1 lifts his head to look at Dawn Can't hear it. What's the frequency? Empty. All spilled out.

Dawn goes over to Patient 1's bed Please. Y-you see me, right? Look at me.

Patient 1 stares at her, very fearful.

Patient 2 Can't stop it!

Dawn You know what I am, don't you? You all know!

Patient 1 stares at ceiling Can't hear it, can't hear it, can't hear it *repeats over and over*

Dawn Tell me!

Patient 1 Can't hear it, can't hear it... *repeats*

Dawn What am I?

Orlando The key.

Dawn whips her head around to look at Orlando.

Orlando I found it. Thank you. Thank you. Thank you. Thank you.

Dawn rushes over to him You know what the key is? *He stares at the ceiling still repeating "Thank you"* Where did I come from? Who made me, wha-what am I?

Orlando Thank you, thank you...

Dawn Please!

Orlando suddenly jerks his head up and yells Destroyer! *Dawn jumps back* Cracked... bones... the sun bleeding into the sky! The key is the link.

Dawn shakes her head, backing away No, no.

Orlando The link must be severed. Such is the will of God. Such is the will of God. Such is the will of God. *repeats*

He continues repeating this phrase as Dawn backs away, then turns and runs away.

Orlando Such is the will of God.

Patient 1 Can't hear it.

Orlando continues repeating his phrase and Patient 1 repeats his, as the other madmen mutter also, getting louder and louder. Dawn runs to the door, pulls it open and finds Ben on the other side. He looks at her in surprise.

Cut to: hospital locker room. Dawn sits at a small table. Ben walks over carrying two cups, which he puts on the table.

Ben Two steaming cups of chocolate goodness courtesy of... whoever I swiped it from out of the cupboard. *sits* Couldn't find any marshmallows. I'll try to steal some for next time.

Dawn Don't like 'em anyway.

Ben What? Is that even possible?

Dawn Too squishy. When I was five, Buffy told me they were monkey brains, and I—*stops*

Ben Dawn, was your mom brought back in? Is that why you're here?

Dawn No. *bitterly* My mom's just fine.

Ben puzzled Is there anybody I can call? Your sister?

Dawn I don't have a sister.

Ben Oh... you two have a fight? It's okay, I know how that goes. I got a sister too. They can be a real pain sometimes. *Dawn nods* I tell you, there've been a lot of nights I wish she didn't exist either.

Dawn It's not Buffy. It's me. I'm the one that doesn't exist. *sighs*

Ben Look, I know it can feel that way sometimes, but when you're older—

Dawn No, you don't understand. It's not real. None of this. *indicating her body* They made it.

Ben Dawn—

Dawn I'm nothing! I'm just a thing the monks made so Glory couldn't find me. I'm not real.

Ben looks extremely shocked and fearful. He gets to his feet.

Ben *gets up* You're the key?

Dawn How do you know about the key?

Ben Go! Before she finds you. Don't ask me how she knows, 'cause she always knows. Just go.

Dawn Wait! Calm down, just tell me—

Ben *agitated* You don't understand, you're a kid.

Dawn gets up You stay, she'll find you. She finds you, she'll hurt you.

Dawn What's wrong with you?

Ben You're what she's been searching for. I am telling you, run. You don't know, you - *looks around nervously* Oh god. Oh god no, she's coming. *Dawn looks frightened* I can feel it, you've gotta get out. No... oh no, she's here!

He grabs Dawn by the arms. She screams.

Ben She's here!

In the middle of "She's here", Ben morphs into Glory. Dawn gasps and stares at her in shock. Glory looks confused.

Glory Hey, don't I know you?

Part 4

Fade back in on the hospital. Dawn is sitting in the chair again.

Glory OS Ugh, cotton!

We see Glory standing by the lockers, taking off Ben's hospital scrubs (her back to the camera).

Glory Could a fabric be more annoyingly pedestrian? *reaches into a locker* Now **this** is what I'm talkin' about. *Pulls out a red silk blouse and slides it over her head, smiling* Makes your skin sing.

Dawn You're-you're Ben...

Glory *fastening the blouse behind her* Uh, it's an eensy more complicated than that. Family always is, isn't it?

Dawn looks anxiously toward the door.

Glory *still with her back to Dawn* You'd never make it. I'd rip out your spine before you got half a step. And those little legs? *smiles over her shoulder at Dawn* They wouldn't be much good without one of those.

Suddenly Glory is right next to Dawn, bending over with her hands on her knees so that her face is at Dawn's level.

Glory Would they, Dawnie?

Dawn looks alarmed.

Glory Now. What I'm trying to noodle, is what in the world was the Slayer's little sis doing here with gentle Ben?

Dawn Y-you don't remember?

Glory Remember what? *brushes hair off Dawn's shoulders* You were talking to him, not me. *gasps, grabs Dawn's chin* Oh, he wasn't being naughty, was he?

A hospital guard enters.

Guard Excuse me, ma'am. This area's for hospital personnel—

Glory turns around, grabs his head and twists it, breaking his neck. He falls to the floor. Dawn gasps. Glory turns back to Dawn and leans down again.

Glory Rude! I was talking! *sighs* What do you say... *pulls Dawn to her feet* we find a nice place off the beaten *grabs Dawn by the front of her blouse, spins her around* where you and I can have a long uninterrupted chat.

Glory pushes a very scared Dawn around in front of her.

Cut to: graveyard, night. Buffy and Spike walk up and encounter Willow and Tara.

Willow We looked, but no Dawn.

Giles and Xander approach.

Buffy What about the carousel?

Tara Checked there too.

Buffy to Giles Nothing?

Xander Sorry, Buff.

Buffy Anything could have happened to her. Not just Glory.

They all look concerned.

Buffy We better check the hospital.

They all walk off together.

Cut to: hospital. Dawn and Glory are in some sort of lab, with X-ray display cases along one wall, racks full of beakers and test tubes. Glory shoves Dawn against a metal counter.

Glory *briskly* Okay. Small talk over. I'm in a bit of a crunch here, so let's cut right to the ooey gooey

center. Your sister, the Slayer, has my key. It's mine, I want it. *softer* Do you know where she squirreled it away? There's ice cream and puppydogs in it for you if you start singin'.

Dawn *nervously* I'm not sure. What does it look like?

Glory *smiles fondly, puts hands over her heart* Well... *walks a few steps away, gets nostalgic* the last time I caught a peep... it was a bright green swirly shimmer. Really brought out the blue in my eyes. *annoyed* But then those sneaky little monks pulled an abracadabra, so now it could look like anything. You see the predicament I'm in.

Dawn Maybe...

Glory Yes?

Dawn Well, maybe if you... told me more about it, I'd know if I've seen it.

Glory sighs, leans forward, puts her hands on the table on either side of Dawn. Dawn gasps nervously. Glory gazes at her for a moment.

Glory Okay.

Cut to: the others waiting in the hospital emergency room. Buffy turns away from the desk.

Buffy She wasn't brought in.

Xander Which is a happy thing, right?

Buffy I don't know, I...

A doctor goes by, leading a bunch of security guards.

Doctor ... found him on the floor in the break room. You guys gotta see him. His head's almost twisted clean off.

Buffy stares after them.

Buffy Glory.

Cut to exam room. Dawn is now leaning against a wall while Glory sits on the exam table.

Dawn So this... key thing... it's been around for a long time?

Glory Well, not as long as me, but... yeah. Just this side of forever.

Dawn *long pause, very quietly* Is it evil?

Glory Totally!

Dawn gives a little gasp of dismay.

Glory *laughs* Well, no, not really. I guess it depends on your point of view.

Dawn What's it for? I mean... if it's a key, there's gotta be a lock, right?

Glory Yes. We have a winner.

Dawn S-so what does it open?

Glory *sighs* I smell a fox in my hen house. *annoyed* Is that why you've been playing sugar and spice

with old Uncle Ben? *gets down from the table* Trying to get a peek at Glory's unmentionables?

Dawn No, I—

Glory Shh! I kinda wanna hear me talking right now. Me talking. *gets right up close to Dawn* You know what I'm starting to think? I'm thinking... that maybe you... *Dawn looking very apprehensive* don't have any idea where my key is.

Glory spins away, speaking faster.

Glory Very irritating. Irrational. Know what I mean, tiny snapdragon? Like...

She bangs her elbows down on the table, leans over and rubs her forehead, scowling as if she has a headache.

Glory ... bugs under my skin. And say, *sighs, closes her eyes* I'm feelin' a little...

Dawn What's wrong with you?

Glory Hey. *sighs, smiles* Hey! *straightens up* This doesn't have to be a complete waste of my precious time. *turns and walks back toward Dawn* I've been meaning to send the Slayer a message. And I could use a little pick-me-up. Two birds, one stone, and *claps her hands in front of Dawn's nose* Boom. *Dawn looks very scared* You have yummy dead birds.

The door bursts open and Buffy enters, followed by the others.

Buffy Get away from my sister.

Glory Hey, we were just talking about you. *Dawn runs over behind Buffy*

Buffy Conversation's over, hell-bitch.

Buffy punches Glory with a right, then a left, then ducks a punch, kicks Glory. Spike enters the room. Buffy and Glory grapple; Buffy spins her around and slams her into a display case. Glory kicks Buffy away. Shot of Dawn hiding behind a garbage can, watching the fight.

Glory punches Buffy. Spike comes up behind Glory and grabs her, pinning her arms against her sides. She struggles. Buffy punches Glory in the face while Spike holds her.

Spike I thought you said this skank was tough.

Glory breaks free, grabs Spike's arm and flips him over, throwing him against a wall. She picks him up, head-butts him as Xander moves around behind them, holding a tire iron. Glory throws Spike and he slides across the exam table, crushing a bunch of medical equipment. He falls off the other side, lands against the wall unconscious. Buffy watches looking

concerned. We can see Giles holding a crossbow.

Glory He wakes up, tell your boyfriend to watch his mouth.

Buffy gets in Glory's face, glaring.

Buffy *very firmly* He is **not** my boyfriend.

Giles tries to aim the crossbow, but Buffy is between him and Glory. Buffy begins punching Glory. We see Willow and Tara watching, both holding small leather bags and quietly chanting.

Buffy tries to kick but Glory grabs her foot and looks at it.

Glory Hey, those are really nice shoes.

Glory pushes Buffy's foot away. Buffy goes into a back-flip and kicks Glory in the face on the way down.

Buffy Giles, now!

Buffy dives out of the way and Giles fires the crossbow. The arrow bounces off Glory's stomach. She looks annoyed.

Glory Oh, please. Like that's—

Xander comes up behind her and hits her over the head with the tire iron.

Glory Hey! *grabs the tire iron and Xander* Watch the hair.

She flings Xander away; he flies back into Giles and they both crash into the x-ray display screens, which explode, showering sparks over them and Dawn in her hiding place. Dawn shrieks and covers her head.

Glory *points the tire iron at each of them* Time to start the dyin'. We hear Willow and Tara still chanting Start with the whelp!

Glory throws the tire iron like a javelin at Dawn.

Buffy Dawn!

Buffy throws herself into the tire iron's path, letting it stab her in the upper chest as she falls to the ground.

Dawn begins to crawl out toward her.

Dawn Buffy!

Buffy Get back!

Glory Nice catch. Is that the best you little crapgnats can muster? *Buffy pulls the tire iron out of herself with a grimace of pain* 'Cause I gotta tell ya, so not impressed.

Glory walks in between Tara and Willow. They each throw a handful of glittery powder over her. It flutters down on her, covering her hair and body.

Glory *angry* Look what you did to my dress, you little—

Willow *claps her hands once* Discede! *latin: "disperse" or "separate"*

Glory explodes into a cloud of dust and disappears. Willow falls to the floor.

Tara Willow! *rushes over to her*

Buffy stares, turns to Dawn.

Buffy Dawn.

Buffy pulls Dawn over and hugs her, looking back at Willow and Tara.

Buffy What did you do to her?

Willow *panting, nose bleeding* Teleportation spell. Still working out the kinks.

Buffy Where'd you send her?

Willow Don't know. That's one of the kinks.

Cut to: exterior nighttime. Several hundred feet above Sunnydale. We can see the lights of the city below. A cloud of dust appears and materializes into Glory. She looks around, looks down.

Glory Oh, sh—

Long shot of Glory as a ball of light streaking toward the ground.

Cut back to hospital. Tara crouches by Willow as Giles comes over. We see Xander getting up also.

Giles That was an incredibly... dangerous spell for an adept at your level. *He and Tara help Willow sit up*

Willow *dazed* Yep. Won't be trying that one again soon.

Shot of Spike sitting up, looking annoyed.

Buffy and Dawn sitting on the ground together.

Buffy Are you okay? Did she hurt you?

Dawn Why do you care?

Buffy Because I love you. You're my sister.

Dawn No I'm not.

Buffy Yes you are. *Lifts Dawn's arm, so we can see her arm and hand are still bloody* Look, it's blood. It's Summers blood.

Buffy presses her hand against the tire-iron wound on her shoulder, wincing a little. She clasps her bloody hand in Dawn's bloody hand.

Buffy It's just like mine. It doesn't matter where you came from, or, or how you got here. You are my sister. *pause* There's no way you could annoy me so much if you weren't.

Dawn looks at her for a moment, then hugs her tightly. They both get teary-eyed.

Dawn I was so scared.

Buffy Me too.

Shot of the others watching them.

Buffy Come on.

Buffy and Dawn stand up.

Dawn Wait. Ben. He was here, he was trying to help me. He... *stops, looks confused* I... I think he might have left before Glory came... *frowns* I can't, I can't remember.

Buffy *takes her hand again* It's okay. Don't worry about it. Next time we see him, we'll thank him.

Dawn still looking puzzled I have to get you back home though. Mom's freaking out.

Dawn *eyes widen* Oh. Is she mad about the whole fire thing?

Buffy I think you sorta have a get-out-of-jail-free card on account of big love and trauma.

Dawn Really? Okay. Good.

They start to walk out, holding hands.

Dawn You think she'd raise my allowance?

Buffy Don't push it.

Executive Producer Joss Whedon.

Crush

A *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* episode written by **David Fury** and transcribed by **Joan the English Chick** <pisces@englishchick.com>.

Transcriber's Notes:

I do not own the characters or situations of BTVS, and I claim no credit for the content of this episode. I have merely transcribed what appeared on my screen, with help from the closed captions.

I prefer that you link to this transcript on the Psyche site <<http://www.psyche.kn-bremen.de>> rather than post it on your site, but you can post it on your site if you really want, as long as you keep my name and email address on it. Please also keep my disclaimers intact.

You can use my transcripts in your fanfiction stories; you don't have to ask my permission. (However, if you use large portions of episode dialogue in your fanfic, I recommend you give credit to the person who wrote the episode.)

I apologize in advance for my lame transcription of the fight scenes. I don't know the names of different punches and kicks. Use your imagination.

Two actual bands performed in this episode, and the lyrics in this transcript are taken from their websites (Summercamp at www.summercampsite.com and Devics at www.devics.com) so if the lyrics are wrong, it's not my fault. :-)

Teaser

Giles V.O. reviously on *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*...
Spike in "Into the Woods".

Spike Look at you. All afraid I'm hot for your honey.
Dawn listening to Spike read.

Spike They had to be certain the Slayer would protect it with her life. So they sent the key to her... in the form of a sister.

Dawn in the hospital talking to Ben.

Dawn I'm not real.

Ben You're the key. Go. Before she finds you, don't—she's here!

Ben morphing into Glory.

Dawn Ben. He was here, he was trying to help me. He might have left before Glory came. I can't remember...

Episode begins

Loud rock music. Fade in on a large sign reading "Grand Opening" with a piece of paper stuck in between the words reading "RE" (as in, Grand Re-Opening). Pan across to a neon sign holding the Bronze's new logo: the word Bronze in pink in a futuristic script.

Cut to inside the Bronze, which has been extensively remodeled following its demolition by Olaf in "Triangle". The basic layout is the same but the fixtures and furniture have a new style, less gothic/industrial and more modern. It is filled with people dancing, talking, etc. We can see Willow/Tara and Xander/Anya dancing. The group Summercamp is on-stage performing their song "Play It By Ear".

Singer I'm amused by the overwhelming choices
I guess the hardest part is knowing when to stop
I'm confused and I think I'm hearing voices
Things are happening so fast
Do I save the best for last?

Closer shot of Xander and Anya dancing. Pan across them to Willow and Tara dancing. All smiling. Pan over to Buffy sitting by a low round table by herself, watching the dancers, looking pensive.

Spike OS Bleedin' crime, is what it is.

Buffy looks up as Spike sits in the chair beside her. Instead of his usual attire he wears khaki pants, a blue/gray button-down shirt open over a black t-shirt, and a shiny brown leather jacket.

Spike Jackin' up the bar price to pay for fixin' up this sinkhole. Not my fault insurance doesn't cover act of troll.

Buffy Gee, maybe it's time you found a new place to patronize.

Spike *sits back* I've half a mind to! Especially since the flowering onion got remodeled off the sodding menu. *leans forward* 'S the only thing this place had going for it.

Buffy *frowns* What are you doing?

Spike *frowns* Wha, what do you mean what am... I...

Buffy Here? At this table? Talking to me. Like we're some kind of talking buddies.

Spike Well, I saw you... sitting here alone. Thought, I don't know, you could, maybe do with

a bit of, uh, you know, company.

Buffy raises her eyebrows at him. Spike frowns.

Spike Suit yourself!

He gets up. Focus on Buffy looking back over at the dance floor.

Spike OS Although...

He sits back down as Buffy rolls her eyes.

Spike It's just, we took on that Glory chippie together, I was right there with you, fightin' the fight.

Buffy Actually, you were sleeping the sleep of the knocked unconscious.

Spike Still, points for intent. *Buffy looks doubtful* You'd think that would be enough to cut me a sliver of slack. Earn a little consideration, respect.

Xander OS Hey, uh, Evil Dead, you're in my seat.

We see Xander and Anya standing behind Spike. He turns his head to look at them, sighs.

Spike Bugger it.

He reaches for his beer bottle, knocks it over accidentally, grabs it and gets up. Buffy watches him go in some confusion as Xander and Anya sit.

Anya Xander, I think you may have hurt his feelings.

Xander And you should never hurt the feelings of a brutal killer. *ponders* You know, that's, uh, that's actually some pretty good advice.

Buffy doesn't reply. Willow and Tara come over and sit.

Xander So, who's up for some more liquid refreshments? I'm buying, for I am payday man.

Willow *opening a bottle of aspirin* I could use a water.

Xander *raises a hand dismissively* Water poses no challenge for payday man, for I have... *pauses, looks dismayed*

Shot of a small tray lying on the table, with just a few coins on it.

Xander OS Hey, where's my change?

Buffy looks at the tray, scowls, glances over at the bar. Xander looks too.

Shot of Spike at the bar, buying another beer.

Xander Spike, you diabolical fiend.

Xander gets up and walks toward Spike. Buffy looks at Tara comforting Willow.

Buffy Poor Will. Still getting those headaches?

Willow Fewer and further between, but... yep, they're still exercising their visitation rights.

Tara Honey, in case you didn't hear me the first six thousand times, no more teleportation spells.

Willow Well, it's just we have squat in the way of Glory-fighting arsenal, and... another run-in with her and my headaches and nosebleeds are gonna be the least of our problems.

Buffy You know what? This is the first R-'n'-R I've had in weeks. How about we go one night without saying the name Glory.

Everyone nods.

Tara I'm down with that. Let's just call "'she who will not be named'" another name. Let's just call her—

Buffy Ben!

Shot of Ben sitting on a sofa across the room, with another guy.

Tara OS For example.

Buffy I'll be right back.

Buffy gets up and the other three girls watch her walk over to Ben.

Buffy Ben! Hey!

Ben Buffy, hi.

Buffy I barely recognized you without your hospital scrubs.

The guy next to Ben gets up and leaves, and Buffy sits in his place.

Ben Oh, you'd be surprised the extent of my wardrobe.

Buffy Really?

Ben I actually have entire outfits that aren't blue pajamas.

Buffy *laughs* Um, my sister... uh, told me what happened at the hospital before I got there.

Ben *wary* Uh huh.

Buffy And, uh, I just wanted to say... thanks. *Ben looks confused* For looking after her?

Ben *sighs, smiles* That's okay. I'm glad Dawn's all right.

Cut to Spike and Xander by the bar.

Xander The point is, I work hard for that money.

Spike And you're saying I didn't?

Xander You stole it.

Spike And you're making it into very hard work!

Xander Listen, bleach boy, I don't have a chip in my head. I can do far more damage to you than you can ever do to me.

Spike isn't listening, as he has noticed Buffy chatting with Ben and is watching them intently.

Spike *distracted, still watching Buffy* Yeah? Like you could ever hurt me.

Cut to: train station. A porter leans against a fence reading a Spiderman comic as a train approaches, the horn blowing. It comes to a stop.

Lingering shot of the stair in the doorway of the train.

Shot of the porter straightening up, waiting for the passengers to start coming out.

Another shot of the doorway. No one appears.

The porter frowns, walks forward to the door of the train and calls inside.

Porter Sunnydale Station! Last stop this line.

Nothing. He looks around. The platform is empty.

Cut to the porter entering one of the train cars. He walks to the first row of seats, stops and looks shocked.

Shot of a male passenger lying slumped over with blood on his neck and on the pillow behind his head.

Shot of the porter looking shocked.

Shot of a female passenger also lying slumped over dead and bloody.

The porter walks farther into the train and we see more dead passengers in the seats.

Shot of another female passenger with her arm stretched out into the aisle, covered with blood from a wound on the wrist.

The porter breathes heavily. Sound of footsteps. He turns and sees something.

Porter Oh god! Oh please! Help me! Somebody please! Help me!

He runs back the way he came.

Cut to exterior shot of the train's doorway. The porter appears still screaming "Help me!" Before he can make his way down the stairs, something grabs him from behind and drags him back into the train. We hear him screaming.

Wolf howl.

Part 1

Guest starring Mercedes McNab, Charlie Weber, Amber Benson as Tara, Juliet Landau as Drusilla, and Kristine Sutherland as Joyce Summers. Written by David Fury, directed by Daniel Attias.

Open on exterior shot of the Summers home, night. Sound of a door closing.

Cut to inside. Giles, Joyce, and Dawn are sitting in the living room. Joyce and Giles have books; Dawn sits on the floor watching television.

Joyce looking toward the door Buffy?

Buffy enters.

Buffy I'm back by popular demand.

Giles Did you have a nice time?

Buffy ponders, sits You know, I think I did. Much-needed fun, apart from Willow's headaches and Spike's cameo appearance.

Dawn Spike was there?

Buffy Unfortunately.

Joyce comes forward to sit beside Buffy.

Joyce Well, I'm relieved that you're home. Because to be honest, I wasn't feeling all that safe with you gone.

Shot of Giles sipping tea, raising his eyebrows in an injured manner.

Buffy looks meaningfully from her mother to Giles and back.

Joyce quickly At first. And then I, um, remembered that, um, Rupert was here and I felt much, much safer.

Giles puts down book, gets up Yes, well, thank you for the little backpedal, but uh, I'm forced to agree that I'm... barely an adequate substitute for a Slayer in the house. *moves toward the door* Good night.

Joyce Good night.

Buffy gets up and follows Giles to the hallway where he begins putting on his coat.

Buffy So how is Dawn?

Giles She's, uh, she's coping very well. Extremely well, really, considering the extraordinary circumstances of her origin.

Buffy Then lemme ask you something. Um, we've been going easy on her the last week... letting things slide?

Giles Oh, I don't think that's at all wise.

Buffy You don't?

Giles No, the best thing you can do now is behave exactly as you always have. Any special treatment at this stage is likely to undermine Dawn's sense of normality.

Buffy You think so?

Giles Absolutely.

Buffy nods Thanks. *turns around and yells sharply* Dawn!!

Dawn jumps up from the floor.

Dawn What?!

Buffy What did I tell you about borrowing my clothing?

Dawn I didn't take your clothes.

Buffy Bull!

Dawn I never touched your stuff.

Buffy Really. Then what happened to my blue cashmere sweater?

Cut to Spike sitting in his crypt, fondling Buffy's blue cashmere sweater.

Harmony OS Spikey...

Spike quickly hides the sweater behind him and turns in his chair. We see Harmony wearing a silk negligee.

Harmony Aren't you coming to bed?

Spike I'm not tired.

Harmony Me neither.

She comes forward and slides onto Spike's lap, giving him an excellent view of her cleavage. He turns his head aside, looking annoyed.

Harmony Don't you wanna come in and... tire me out?

Spike Harm... *she kisses his ear* really not in the mood right now.

Harmony *annoyed* You're never in the mood! *kisses his ear again* We could do something different tonight.

Spike Like what, you stop yammering for two seconds?

Harmony *caressing his face* Well, we could... I don't know... maybe play a game? *Spike looks at her, thoughtful.*

Cut to: Harmony jumping out of the shadows, wearing Buffy's blue sweater and a pair of tight brown leather pants, holding a stake. She stalks dramatically around the crypt.

Harmony Oh, I'm gonna stake you! *looks around* I'm coming after you, you bad, evil vampire, *gestures with the stake* and I'm gonna slay you! *pauses and thinks for a moment* I'm sneaking up, and I'm going to stake you so much with my slaying powers that I have because I'm the chosen—

She shrieks as Spike, shirtless, lunges into the shot and grabs her around the waist, growling, pulling her to the ground. The camera doesn't follow them down but remains focused on the darkened crypt.

Harmony OS Oh, Spike!

Cut to: exterior UC Sunnydale building, day.

Willow V.O. I just don't see why he couldn't end up with Esmerelda.

Cut to inside. Tara, Buffy, and Willow are walking along the hallways.

Willow They could have the wedding right there. Beneath the very bell-tower where he labored thanklessly for all those years.

Tara No, see, it can't, it can't end like that, 'cause all of Quasimodo's actions were selfishly motivated. He had no moral compass, no understanding of right. Everything he did, he did out of love for a woman who would never be able to love him back. *They come to a vending machine and stop walking. Tara digs in her purse. Willow looks in hers as well* Also, you can tell it's not gonna have a happy ending when the main guy's all bumpy.

Willow takes some money out of her purse and hands it to Tara, who smiles and turns to the vending machine.

Willow What did you think, Buffy?

Buffy The test isn't till tomorrow, right? *shrugs* I don't have an opinion till then.

Willow But, you read it, right?

Buffy Kinda not. I rented the movie.

Tara *takes her snack out of machine* Oh, with, um, with Charles Laughton?

Buffy I don't know. Was he one of the singing gargoyles?

Willow Oh boy. *They all begin to walk off*

Buffy What, I, I'm kidding! *notices a guy reading a newspaper* You're done with this? *grabs the paper from him*

Guy Yeah, hi, uh, kind of reading that?

Buffy ignores him, taking the paper over to Willow and Tara, staring at the front page.

Shot of front page of the "Sunnydale Press" reading "METROTRAIN MURDER. Six Found Murdered on Train at Sunnydale Station."

Buffy "Six found murdered on train at Sunnydale Station".

Tara Glory?

Buffy *shakes her head* "Unconfirmed reports of severe trauma to the throats of one or more of the victims". *lowers the paper* Survey says... vampire.

Cut to: Spike climbing up some stairs, emerging in his crypt. A woman is watching him; we only see her from the back. Spike reaches the top of the stairs, sees her and gasps in surprise.

Spike Oh, it's you. *frowns* What are you doing here lurking about?

He bends over to slide a trapdoor cover over the hole in the floor that he just emerged from. We see the visitor is Dawn.

Dawn I'm not lurking. I'm looking. What are you doing?

Spike *nervous* Nothing.

Dawn So is that how you get around town in the daytime? I mean, does that lead into the sewers or something? Can you show me?

Spike No. *moves forward* Why are you— *pauses, sighs* Does Buffy know you're here? *takes out a cigarette, lights it*

Dawn Yeah, right. *turns and walks a little bit away* 'Cause nothing would make her happier than to find out I'm hanging out after school in the vampire's lair. Especially yours.

Spike *snaps off his lighter in annoyance* Go home then.

Dawn I don't feel like it right now.

Spike Well, you can't bloody well stay here.

Dawn Why not?

Spike Because, I've got things to do.

Dawn folds her arms over her chest, looking skeptical. Spike approaches her.

Spike Bad, evil things! *Dawn tries to stifle a grin* That are not for a child's eyes.

Dawn *stops smiling* I'm not a child. *goes to lean against a pillar* I'm not even human. Not originally.

Spike *sighs* Yeah, well, originally I was. I got over it. *Sits on the edge of a coffin* Doesn't seem to me it matters very much how you start out.

Dawn That's smart. I get that. *pauses* I like how you talk to me like I can understand things. Everyone else is being all... twitchy and secretive.

Spike They're just trying to keep you safe, I expect.

Dawn I feel safe with you.

Spike chokes on his cigarette smoke in horror. He begins to cough and jumps down from the casket. Dawn moves forward from the pillar in alarm.

Spike Take that back!

Dawn *quickly* I, I mean, you have that whole... superpower thing, and... you're just as tough as Buffy is, maybe tougher. *quieter* Buffy thinks so too.

Spike She does?

Dawn Well, she's always worried about what she's gonna do if you ever get that chip out of your head.

Spike Is that right? So, um... *He sits back down on the coffin and Dawn leans back against the pillar* what else does Buffy say about me?

Cut to: Buffy entering the Summers house, day, holding an armful of books.

Buffy *calls* Hey!

Joyce OS Dawn?

Buffy No, it's me.

Buffy puts her books down, moves toward the living room. Joyce emerges from the kitchen.

Joyce Is Dawn with you?

Buffy Isn't she here?

Joyce No, she didn't come home from school today. *anxious* Oh Buffy, the news said something about people murdered—

Buffy It's not Glory, it has nothing to do with Dawn, I promise. Look, she probably—I'll find her. *She leaves.*

Cut to: exterior, aerial shot of the graveyard, night.

Dawn V.O. And the lady just invited you in?

Cut to inside Spike's crypt. Spike and Dawn sit on the coffin, both cross-legged, facing each other, with a lantern lit between them. It's very dark.

Spike Well, I had hubby by the throat, didn't I? Promised her he'd live if she gave me the invite.

Dawn And did you? Let him live?

Spike What do you think?

Dawn *frowning* Huh.

Spike Too much for you?

Dawn *quickly* No! Keep going.

Spike *softly* And I kill 'em. Right quick, the whole lot. *Dawn looks fascinated* But... *grinning* There's someone missing. Supposed to be... this little girl. So I get real quiet, *looking at ceiling* and I hear this tiny noise coming from the coal bin. This little sigh. *looks at Dawn* So I listened harder, it's very, very quiet...

Dawn is hanging on every word.

Suddenly there's a loud noise of the crypt door banging open. Dawn jumps with a very startled gasp. Spike starts too, looks over her shoulder at the door.

Spike Oh... bloody hell.

Buffy comes rushing in.

Buffy Spike, I need your help, Dawn is—*Stops short when she sees Dawn* Here. *Spike gets down from the coffin*

Dawn Spike was just telling a story, a-and he was just at this really cool part—

Buffy *to Spike* What the hell is this? What is she doing here?

Dawn Just hanging out.

Buffy *raises eyebrows* Here?

Dawn Can you please let him finish the story? Then you could do the lecture?

Buffy scowls, looks over at Spike.

Buffy Yeah. Okay. Let's hear the story that Spike is telling my little sister.

Spike *nervous* Right. Yeah. *Shot of the two girls watching, Dawn interested, Buffy with her arms folded* So, uh, I knew the girl was in the coal bin. So I rip it open, very violent, haul her out of there... *looks at Buffy* and then I give her to a good family in a nice home, *Buffy rolls her eyes* where they're never ever mean to her, and didn't lock her in the coal bin.

Dawn What? That's so lame!

Spike *to Buffy* I was just about to send her home. I knew you'd be frettin'.

Buffy Dawn, get your stuff, we're getting out of here. *Spike watches them leave, frowning.*

Cut to Buffy and Dawn walking through the graveyard.

Buffy Why doesn't that register with you? Crypt plus vampire equals bad.

Dawn 'Cause it was Spike!

Buffy Hanging out with Spike is not cool, Dawn, okay? It is, it is dangerous, and... icky.

Dawn pauses, smiles bashfully.

Dawn I don't think Spike's icky.

Buffy Yeah, well, think again, sister—

Buffy sees Dawn's expression and stops. Dawn tries to hide her face. Buffy folds her arms across her

chest.

Buffy You have a crush on him.

Dawn No I don't! It's just, *giggles* he's got cool hair, and he wears cool leather coats and stuff. *stops smiling* And he doesn't treat me like an alien.

Buffy He's a killer, Dawn. You cannot have a crush on something that is... dead, and, and evil, and a vampire.

Dawn Right, that's why you were never with Angel for three years.

Buffy *quietly* Angel's different. He has a soul.

Dawn Spike has a chip. Same diff.

Buffy *turns away, gesturing angrily* I, I can't listen to this! *sighs, turns back* Spike is a monster, okay? A-and plus, you are only fourteen years old.

Dawn I like hanging out with him is all. And even if I did have a crush, he wouldn't notice in a million years. Not with you around.

Buffy What does that mean?

Dawn Spike's totally into you.

Buffy is speechless.

Dawn Oh, come on. You didn't notice? Buffy, Spike is completely in love with you.

Buffy stares at her.

Buffy Huh?

Part 2

Fade in on a piece of yellow police tape (CRIME SCENE DO NOT CROSS) stretched across the doorway of the train. A hand rips it down. Pan over to Buffy and Xander standing on the platform. Buffy has the yellow tape in her hand. Xander is holding a flashlight.

Xander So, tell me again what we're looking for?

Buffy Clues.

She goes into the train.

Xander Ooooh-kay.

He follows.

Cut to inside the train. Tape on the seats marks where the victims were found. Buffy and Xander enter, look around.

Xander Could you give me a clue about what kind of clues?

Buffy Something. Anything. *looks around* Just wanna know this was a vamp attack. If it was, how many we're talking about.

Xander shines his flashlight around.

Xander Well, Sunnydale's finest didn't... leave us

a lot of stuff to examine... who knows how many people have traipsed through here.

Buffy is thinking about something else.

Buffy Xander?

Xander What?

Buffy starts to speak, stops.

Buffy Never mind.

They each turn to look at a different part of the train car. Then Buffy turns back.

Buffy I-it's just that... Dawn... said that...

Xander Yeah?

Buffy Forget it.

Xander Buffy! *walks toward her*

Buffy She thinks that... she said that... *Xander nods, waits for it* Spike's in love with me.

Xander frowns for a second, then bursts out laughing.

Buffy I'm not joking.

Xander *still laughing* Oh, I hope not. It's funnier if it's true.

Buffy I'm serious. Xander, this is serious!

He stops laughing with an effort, puts up a hand to show willing.

Xander seriously All right. *clears throat*

After a moment he snickers and begins laughing again. Buffy pouts, sits down on a seat, right inside the tape outline of a corpse.

Buffy It's creepy.

Xander No. Not creepy. 'Cause it's not real! I mean, how upset can you really get over one of Spike's... fevered daydreams that's not gonna happen?

Buffy I guess.

Xander So, where did Dawn, how did she come to this **extremely**... entertaining conclusion?

Buffy gets up She was hanging out with Spike. I think she has a crush on him.

She walks past Xander, who turns to watch her in dismay.

Xander What?

Buffy I mean, I always knew that he had this... weird fixation with me...

Xander I'm the one she has a crush on! Me!

Buffy shakes head There's nothing here. Let's go. *turns to leave*

Xander It's always been me! Big funny Xander! Oh, what, she just suddenly decides I'm not the cool one any more? Why is that okay?

Xander follows Buffy out. The camera pans up to the cargo compartment in the ceiling of the train car. We see an antique doll lying on its side, with a red blind-fold tied around its eyes.

Cut to: Buffy entering her home, walking down the hall toward the kitchen.

Joyce OS But what they didn't get was, that it was a copy of the bill of lading...

Pan down the hallway. We see Joyce leaning on the kitchen island. As the camera moves closer we see Dawn on the other side of the island, listening and smiling.

Joyce ... so they thought that it was another order form, so now I've got two shipments of Greek amphorae on my hands!

The camera pans further and we see Spike sitting on the counter behind Dawn. All three laugh at the conclusion of Joyce's story.

Spike That's funny. And really, how many do you need, amphorae?

They all laugh more. Buffy enters, folding her arms over her chest. Joyce sees her.

Joyce giggling Oh, Buffy. Spike came by to apologize for yesterday. *puts her hands over Dawn's* Our missing child drama.

Buffy nods And he just decided to... hang out for a while?

Joyce Oh, well, I got talking about the gallery. See, there was this—

Spike Oh, don't get us all laughing again, Joyce. Anyhow, I really need to talk to your eldest.

Buffy What about?

Spike gets down from the counter and goes past Buffy into the hallway. She turns to follow him, looking suspicious.

Spike I got a bit of info you might be keen on knowin'.

Buffy Sorry, all out of cash. Why don't you hit on Giles—hit **up** Giles.

Spike I got a bead on the guy who killed those people. The ones on the train.

Buffy Do tell.

Spike jerking his head to indicate she should come with him I'll do better than that, I'll show.

Buffy doesn't budge. Spike frowns.

Spike What's the matter?

Buffy nervous Nothing... just...

Spike sighs, rolls his eyes Two vamps holed up in a warehouse downtown. Come on, what are you waiting for, grab your coat and your pointy sticks.

Buffy moves past him. He lets her pass and falls in behind her.

Cut to: Spike and Buffy sitting in a car watching a warehouse. Spike looks at Buffy. She gives him a sharp look back. He looks away. Buffy frowns at him, looking very suspicious and nervous.

Spike suddenly reaches toward her and Buffy flinches back in her seat.

Buffy Hey!

He opens the glove compartment and takes out a flask. Buffy looks relieved. Spike takes a swig and then offers her the flask.

Buffy Ew.

Spike It's not blood, it's bourbon.

Buffy slower Eeeeew.

Spike grins ruefully Suit yourself.

He shakes his head, reaches across Buffy to put the flask back, sits back and sighs. He begins to hum, tapping his fingers on the steering wheel. Buffy gives him a look, which he doesn't notice.

Spike *sings* I wanna be sedated... *stops singing, looks at Buffy* Do you like the Ramones?

Buffy So if you're not doing this for the money, why are y—

Spike Shh!

They both look out the front window. Two figures walk across the street.

Closer shot of the two male vamps going up to a door, opening it and entering the warehouse.

Spike and Buffy get out of the car.

Cut to inside warehouse. The two vamps are sitting on a sofa. One is making popcorn over a small lantern. The other is looking through a pile of CDs. Buffy and Spike enter. The vamps get up.

Vamp 1 The Slayer!

The two vamps turn and run away. The popcorn continues popping.

Spike Well, that was sad. *Buffy moves forward, looking around* I'm embarrassed for our kind.

Shot of the vamps' furniture arranged in a cozy grouping.

Spike comes forward, goes a few steps in the direction the vampires went. (continuity note: the popcorn disappears at this point)

Spike So. Should we chase after 'em, then? They couldn't have gone far.

Buffy is still staring at the furniture and stuff.

Buffy These vamps have been here for a while. They've nested.

Spike So... you're saying they're a couple of poofers?

Buffy No. I'm saying they had nothing to do with last night's murders.

Spike How do you figure?

Buffy Whoever did it only arrived in town last night. Looks like you've wasted my time.

She turns to leave.

Spike hurries after her, arrives in time to open the door for her. Buffy stops with her hand up (prepared to grab the doorknob) and turns to Spike with a frown.

Buffy What are you doing?

Spike *looks at the door* I, I was... *scoffs* I wasn't thinking.

Buffy What is this?

Spike Oh, come—*shoves the door closed* don't get your knickers twisted, I was—

Buffy What... is this? *Spike stares at her* The late-night stakeout, the bogus suspects, the flask? *Spike*

raises his eyebrows Is this a date?

Spike *loudly* A d— Please! *pretending to be amused* A date? You are completely off your bird! I mean—*quietly* Do you want it to be?

Buffy makes a little groan, with an expression of disgust. She moves past Spike back into the warehouse.

Buffy *upset* Oh my god.

Spike bites his lip, turns to watch her.

Buffy Oh... oh no. *turns back to Spike* Are you out of your mind? *(continuity note: the popcorn reappears)*

Spike It's not so unusual. *walks toward her* Two people... in the workplace... feelings develop.

Buffy No! No, no, feelings do not develop. No feelings.

Spike You can't deny it. There's something between us.

Buffy Loathing. Disgust.

Spike Heat. Desire.

Buffy Please! Spike, you're a vampire.

Spike Angel was a vampire.

Buffy Angel was good!

Spike And I can be too. I've changed, Buffy.

Buffy What, that chip in your head? That's not change. Tha-that's just... holding you back. You're like a serial killer in prison!

Spike Women marry 'em all the time!

Buffy Uhh!

Spike *realizing that's not what he meant* But I'm not... like that. Something's happening to me. I can't stop thinking about you.

Buffy Uhh. *turns away*

Spike And if that means turning my back on the whole evil thing-

Buffy *turns back* You don't know what you mean! You don't know what feelings are!

Spike *offended* I damn well do! I lie awake every night!

Buffy You sleep during the day!

Spike Yeah, but—*through his teeth* You are missing the point. This is real here. I love—

Buffy Don't!

She puts up a hand to stop him. He sighs.

Buffy Don't say it. *Spike stares at her* I'm going.

She starts to walk toward the door again.

Spike Oh, come on, we need to talk—

Buffy *turns back* We don't need to do anything! Okay, there is no we! Understand?

She turns to leave.

Spike Buffy.

She opens the door and exits. Spike watches her go. Cut to: Spike entering his crypt, moving slowly. It's dark. He walks in, makes a face and puts his hand to his face. Suddenly there's a sniffing noise. Spike looks up, looks around suspiciously.

Spike Who's there?

A voice comes from the shadows behind him. He

turns.

Voice A happy memory, pretty Spike.

Drusilla walks out from the shadows, holding a red rose.

Drusilla Look who's come to make everything right again.

Spike stares at her, astonished. She puts the rosebud against her cheek and draws it down across her face.

Part 3

Fade in on closeup of Spike.

Spike So, uh, let me get this straight. Darla got mojo'd back from the beyond... you vamped her... *camera pulls back so we can see Dru circling behind him...* and now she and you are working on turning Angel into his own bad self again.

Drusilla Mm-hmm.

Spike Sounds fun.

Drusilla It is. Like lollipops at the circus. Although... didn't care for Angelus setting us on fire. *She touches her cheek and chest where we can see still-healing burn marks.*

Spike And this has got you, what, all nostalgic now, has it?

Drusilla I want us to be a family again, my William. *She walks up close to him and puts her mouth next to his ear.*

Drusilla *whispers* Come back with me. *pulls back to look at him*

Spike To Los Angeles? *she nods* I've done the whole L.A. scene, Dru. Didn't agree with me. *walks away* Besides, I've got a sweet little setup here in Sunny-D. *gestures around* Decent digs... *sits in his armchair* not to mention all the tasty townies I can eat. *Dru rubs one finger against the other in a scolding gesture.*

Drusilla Naughty! Shh. *puts finger to her lips* You needn't make up stories. I already know why you're not coming. Poor boy. *puts hands to her head* Tin soldiers put funny little knick-knacks in your brain. Can't hunt! Can't hurt! Can't kill!

She jerks her head on each "can't" in an imitation of Spike being zapped by the chip.

Drusilla You've got a chip.

She tries to put her hands on Spike's head but he gets up from the chair and moves away.

Spike Right, so you've heard. Poor Spike's become a cautionary tale for vampires, right? "You better be

good, kiddies, or else they might wire you up someday!" *Kicks something across the room*

Drusilla I don't believe in science. All those bits and molecules no one's ever seen. I trust eyes and heart alone. *Walks over to him* And do you know what mine is singing out right now?

She takes Spike's hand and puts it over her heart. He stares at her.

Drusilla You're a killer. Born to slash... and bash... and... *gives a little gasp of pleasure* oh, bleed like beautiful poetry.

Dru breathes faster, getting excited. They turn in a circle, still with Spike's hand on her chest.

Drusilla No little tinker-toy could ever stop you from flowing.

Spike *whispers* Yeah.

Drusilla Ohh.

Spike *shakes his head, removes his hand from her* But the pain... love, you don't understand, it's... it's searing. It's, um, blinding.

She puts her hand on the top of his head and pulls it down toward her.

Drusilla All in your head. I can see it. Little bit of... plastic, spiderwebbing out nasty blue shocks. *moves her fingers across his head imitating a spider* And every one is a lie. *Spike keeps his head bent* Electricity lies, Spike. It tells you you're not a bad dog, but you are.

She runs her hand around behind his head and then across his face, takes his chin and lifts it to look at her. Spike growls. They gaze into each other's eyes.

Harmony OS What the heck is this?

Spike Oh, bloody hell.

He turns to see Harmony entering. She comes over to them.

Harmony Who is—oh, wait. I get it. Our little sex game was just the beginning. Now you've gone and picked up some cheap queen of the damned to dress up like your precious Drood-zilla.

Spike Harm.

Harmony You'd better not be thinking what I think you're thinking. 'Cause my answer is the same as always. No threesomes unless it's *gestures to Spike* boy, *gestures to the air* boy, *gestures to herself* girl. Or Charlize Theron.

Spike Harm, you moron, this **is** Drusilla.

Dru just watches with a small smile.

Harmony Oh. Well, *walks toward Dru* you've got some nerve showing up here like this. After all this time. After breaking my sweet boo-boo's heart.

Dru looks over Harmony's shoulder at Spike and mouths the word "boo-boo". Spike shrugs.

Harmony Do you have any idea how hard it's been to break down the walls he put up after you left? I mean, **serious** trust issues.

Spike Harm...

Harmony So it's no use you crawling back to him, 'cause Spikey don't play that game any more, Morticia.

Dru puts up a hand as if to block out the sight of Harmony. Harmony turns back to Spike and he grabs her by the throat.

Spike *looking at Dru* It's been fun while it lasted, Harm, *Dru smiles* but I think it'd be best now if you hit the road.

He throws Harmony across the room. She hits the wall and slides down to the floor, clutching her throat and panting.

Harmony Why? Because she's back?

Spike *still looking at Dru* No. *moves closer to Dru* Because I am.

Dru smiles. Harmony begins to get to her feet. Spike puts his arm around Dru's waist and pulls her up against him.

Drusilla And there you are, my darling, deadly boy. *She puts her hand on the back of his neck and they kiss.*

Cut to: Joyce, Buffy, and Willow sitting in the Summers living room.

Willow Well, he... he actually told you? He, he said, "I love you"?

Buffy Well, I-I didn't let him get that far, but... I could see the words coming.

Joyce Honey, did you... somehow, unintentionally, lead him on in any way? Uh, send him signals?

Buffy *ponders* Well, I... I do beat him up a lot. For Spike that's like third base.

Joyce looks upset, stands up.

Willow Buffy, um... I'm really worried.

Joyce So am I. He could become dangerous.

Buffy Not really. As long as it's still chips ahoy in Spike's head he can't hurt me, or any of us. You know, besides, this'll probably just blow over. You know? It's just some weird Spike thing. He'll have the hots for some gak demon before we know it.

Willow I don't know. Uh, these things can, can become pretty twisted.

Joyce *comes back to sit down again* Yeah, and Spike, I mean, he's...

Buffy Pretty twisted.

Joyce Yeah.

Willow Well, well, you made it clear, right? That it could never happen. That there's no possible way. Ever.

Buffy Yeah! *looks at them* I, I think so. I don't know, I, I was just so thrown.

Willow Well, Buffy, you have to talk to him again.

Buffy What? No. No, no, no, I have to avoid him again.

Willow Not until you shut him down completely. If he thinks there's even a little chance with you, there's no telling what he'll do.

Buffy looks concerned.

Cut to the Bronze. The group Devics is onstage performing their song "Key".

Singer And this time I'm staying to bury the trail that you left, you left

Pan across people dancing. Pan over to the door. Spike and Dru enter, arm in arm. Spike is once again wearing his usual attire complete with long black leather coat. He takes a glass of wine from a tray carried by a passing waitress. The waitress gives him a dirty look as Dru removes her coat.

Shot of the band doing an instrumental interlude.

Cut back to Dru putting the now-empty glass down. Spike takes her hands and they move onto the dance floor and begin to dance, very slow and sensual. The singer resumes singing.

Singer And if I was cold, well then you would stay inside me, warm me...

Dru looks up.

Shot of a couple kissing on the balcony above.

Dru turns around so that her back is to Spike. He puts his arms around her waist. She leans back against him, grins and looks up again.

Another shot of the couple still kissing.

Dru leans her head back on Spike's shoulder and draws his attention to the couple. Spike has an evil expression as he and Dru begin to move off the dance floor.

Cut to the Summers house. Joyce is in the hallway taking a coat down from a hook.

Joyce I know this is hard, honey, but I think you made the right decision.

She walks back into the living room where Buffy and Willow are standing. Joyce gives the coat to Buffy.

Joyce Better to nip this in the bud before—

Buffy The bud nips me?

Joyce Exactly.

Willow If you want, Buffy, I can go with. Back you up with some scowling.

She demonstrates her scowl as Buffy puts on her coat.

Buffy Thanks, but... I think this is something I have to do myself. Besides, you know, maybe I'm wrong. Maybe this, this whole thing's just been blown way out of proportion and... he's already gone back to wanting me dead.

Willow Here's hoping. *Grins and holds up both hands with the fingers crossed*

Buffy sighs, turns and walks toward the door. She stops and turns back to Willow.

Buffy You know what, though? There is one thing you can do for me while I'm gone.

Cut back to the Bronze. Close-up shot of the couple still kissing on the balcony. Pan across to Spike and Dru, climbing the stairs hand in hand. Dru has her vamp face on. They walk in step, slow-motion, as the music continues.

Singer I told you just like I told everyone I still have some doubts that you are the reason

Dru walks up to the couple, grabs the girl's head and twists it. We hear her neck snap. Dru pushes the dead girl back toward Spike, who catches her as the boy looks on in horror.

Singer Still this is just so hard 'cause I know that I'll be left like always

Dru walks behind the boy, turns his face aside and leans in to bite his neck.

Shot of the dead girl with her head lolling back, exposing her neck. Pan up to Spike staring at her neck. He looks over at Dru, who raises her head from the boy to look at Spike, smiling.

Singer Here I'm safe so here I stay Lift me out, lift the doubt

Spike looks conflicted. He closes his eyes, looks back at the girl, takes a few deep breaths. His vampire face appears and he bends down with a growl to bite the girl's neck.

Shot of Dru watching, then turning back to her meal.

Zoom in on Spike drinking from the dead girl.

Cut to Spike's crypt. The door opens and Buffy peeks in, looking around.

Buffy Spike?... Are you here?

She walks in, looking around.

Buffy Spike?

Nothing. She sighs. Then she looks at the floor, sees the trap-door, crouches down and moves it aside, looking down into the hole.

Cut to underground. Buffy comes down a wooden ladder and emerges into an underground cave. There's a torch burning on the wall and a pile of human skulls by the foot of the ladder. Buffy takes down the torch and looks around, finding a couple of caskets lying with their lids open. More skulls lying all around.

Buffy goes over to one wall that's covered by a sheet. She pulls it aside and reveals Spike's mannequin. The sheet drops away and reveals a whole Buffy Shrine with a collage of pictures of her—some photos, some drawings—on the wall, and more pictures on a small table, along with some stakes.

Cut to Buffy climbing back up the ladder. She looks up, startled. Spike is squatting by the trap-door waiting for her. There's blood on his mouth.

Spike See anything interesting?

Buffy continues climbing out Spike. I, uh... what... begins backing up as Spike advances on her what happened?

Drusilla OS Me.

Buffy turns to see Drusilla behind her. Dru holds out a cattle prod/taser and zaps Buffy with it. Buffy falls to the floor with a grunt. Spike grins.

Spike You remember my ex, don't you, Slayer?

He walks around Buffy toward Dru as Buffy sits up, leaning against the casket, groaning and wincing in pain. Spike puts an arm around Dru's shoulders.

Spike Come back, she did. Couldn't live without me.

Drusilla My boy's been feeding again. But I know what he really wants to eat.

Dru leans over to Buffy, who can't move. Dru tasers her again. Buffy falls over. Dru straightens up.

Drusilla Shall we tie her up? *licks her finger* Play with her a teensy bit first.

Spike *pensively, looking at Buffy* I'm through playing.

Drusilla *delighted* Oooh. I like it when you're all

dour and straight to business-like.

Spike looks at her. She gives him the taser.

Spike reaches out and tasers Dru. She gives a cry of pain and falls down.

Spike *quietly* Bloody well through playing.

Part 1

Fade in on Buffy coming back to consciousness.

Spike OS There she is.

Pull out to reveal Buffy in the underground cave, standing in a stone arch, with each hand cuffed to chains hanging from above. Her hands are chained at about shoulder-height. Spike stands directly in front of her. Buffy gasps anxiously and tugs at her bonds.

Spike Beginning to think you'd sleep the night away.

Buffy stares at him, then remembers.

Buffy Dru... Drusilla?

Spike raises his eyebrows with a slight grin. He moves aside so that Buffy can see Dru, tied to a pillar with her hands behind her back. Dru and Buffy are facing each other, about ten feet apart.

Drusilla Not nice to change the game in mid-play, Spike. You've taken my chair and the music hasn't stopped.

Spike Sorry, pet. My house, my rules.

Drusilla I think I shall be very cross with you when I'm free again.

Buffy What's going on?

Spike Simple. I'm gonna prove something. *moves up close to her* I love you.

Buffy closes her eyes and grimaces in disgust.

Buffy Oh my god.

Spike No, look at me! *grabs her chin and forces her to look at him* I... love you. *Buffy jerks her chin out of his hand* You're all I bloody think about. Dream about. You're in my gut... my throat... I'm drowning in you, Summers, I'm drowning in you.

Dru begins to laugh. Spike turns.

Spike I can do without the laugh track, Dru.

Drusilla But it's so funny. I knew... before you did. I knew you loved the Slayer. The pixies in my head whispered it to me.

Spike turns back to Buffy as Dru continues talking.

Spike You can't tell me that there isn't anything there between you and me. I know you feel something.

Buffy It's called revulsion. And whatever you think you're feeling, it's not love. You can't love without a soul.

Drusilla Oh, we can, you know. We can love quite well. If not wisely.

Spike *to Buffy* You still don't believe. Still don't think I mean it. You want proof, huh? How's this?

He stalks over to the Buffy Shrine, grabs a stake off the table, turns and puts the stake against Dru's chest. He looks over at Buffy.

Spike I'm gonna kill Drusilla for you.

Dru begins laughing again.

Buffy That doesn't prove anything... except that you're a sick miserable vampire that I should have dusted a long time ago. And, hey, already there.

Spike Don't mock this.

Buffy Go mock yourself.

Spike This is Drusilla, girl! You have the slightest idea what she means to me? It's the face of my salvation! *looks at Dru, smiles slightly* She delivered me from mediocrity. For over a century we ... cut a swath through continents. A hundred years, she never stopped surprising me.

He caresses Drusilla's cheek as she leans her face into his hand.

Spike *quietly* Never stopped taking me to new depths. I was a lucky bloke. *Dru smiles* Just to touch such a black beauty.

Shot of Buffy looking bored.

Spike continues stroking Dru's face as she smiles.

Drusilla Aw...

Suddenly Spike lifts the stake again and puts it firmly against Dru's chest. She gasps and winces.

Drusilla Ow.

Spike *turning to look at Buffy* So you see, it means something.

Buffy Not to me. Kill her, why do I care?

Spike looks surprised, takes his hand down.

Spike Here's why. *walks toward Buffy* If you don't admit... that there's something there... some tiny feeling for me... then I'll untie Dru, let her kill you instead.

Drusilla *nodding quickly* Yes, please. I like that game much more.

Spike Just... give me something... a crumb... a barest smidgen... tell me...maybe, someday, there's a chance.

Buffy looks intensely at him. He moves right up close to her.

Buffy Spike...

He looks hopeful.

Buffy The only chance you had with me was when I was unconscious.

Spike *puzzled* Oh, what... *makes a face of extreme frustration* Ohh!

He turns away, throws the stake away and gives a loud angry yell.

Spike *shouting* Gaaah! What the bleeding hell is wrong with you bloody women? What the hell does it take? Why... do you bitches torture me?

Buffy Which question do you want me to answer first?

Spike Look, I, I'm at the end of my bleeding tether. You know? I don't even know why I even bother, you know. *points at Dru* This is your fault. You're the one to blame for all this.

Drusilla Am I?

Spike *shouting* Bloody right you are! If you hadn't left me for that chaos demon, I never would have come back here! Never would have had this sodding chip in my skull! And you—to Buffy wouldn't be able to touch me, because this, *pointing to Buffy, then to himself* with you, is wrong. I know it. I'm not a complete idiot.

He stomps past Buffy, then turns back.

Spike You think I like having you in here? Destroying everything that was me, until all that's left is you, in a dead shell. *scoffs* You say you hate it, but you won't leave. You know, what I should just do, is get rid of both of you. Burn you. Cut you into little pieces *makes scissor gesture with his fingers* so there won't be any more bints to cock up things for Spi— *He suddenly stops talking and spins around, falls over as we see an arrow protruding from his back and Harmony standing behind him with a crossbow.*

Shot of Spike on the floor, looking up.

Spike Oh, great.

Harmony OS What about me, Spike?
We see her standing over him.

Harmony You forget about me again? The **actual** girlfriend?

Shot of Drusilla looking at Buffy. Shot of Buffy watching Harmony.

Harmony I gave you the best... bunch of months of my life!

She hits him over the head with the crossbow.

Drusilla That's right, little girl. Teach our naughty boy a lesson.

Spike *still on the floor* Oh, so now you're all ganging up.

Harmony I thought I could change you, Spike. I thought maybe if I gave and I gave and gave, maybe you'd come around. Maybe be a little nicer. Stop treating me like your dog. *begins reloading the crossbow* But now I see it's you. You're the dog. Who needs to be put d—

She turns away for a moment and Spike rushes her, grabs the crossbow and hits her in the face. He throws the crossbow away.

Shot of Dru looking over at Buffy. Shot of Buffy tugging at her chains.

Spike tries a kick on Harmony, which she avoids. She punches him.

Shot of Dru struggling. Shot of her hands behind her, tied with rope. Shot of Buffy struggling.

Harmony knees Spike in the groin, slaps him, but he ducks another swing, knees her in the stomach and throws her to the floor. The arrow is still sticking out of his back.

Drusilla frees herself from the ropes and runs across to Buffy, who jumps up to brace herself against the sides of the arch. Dru punches her in the stomach, then tries to swing but Buffy blocks with her still-chained hands and head-butts Dru.

Spike is on top of Harmony, pinning her down.

Harmony Ow, you're on my hair!

She reaches around him, grabs the arrow in his back, and twists. Spike gives a cry of pain.

Buffy kicks Dru, flips over, locks her legs around Dru's neck and flings Dru aside.

Harmony is standing, with the arrow in her hand. Spike is on the ground getting up. She tries to stake Spike with the arrow but he grabs her arm and they grapple.

Dru picks up a 2x4 and hits Buffy with it a few times, grinning.

Spike punches Harmony in the face and she falls down.

Dru grabs Buffy's throat and looks into her face. Spike runs over and grabs Dru, flings her aside. She falls to the floor. Spike takes out the keys and unlocks Buffy as Dru gets to her feet. Buffy and Spike stand side-by-side, both panting.

Dru stands up, holding her face, panting and looking shocked.

Drusilla Poor Spike... *shot of Spike and Buffy staring at her so lost. tearfully* Even I can't help you now.

She turns and leaves.

Spike and Buffy watch her go.

Harmony OS Oh Spikey.

Both Buffy and Spike roll their eyes and turn to see Harmony standing up.

Harmony And you can say good-bye to this *pointing at her butt* because you're not gonna see it any more ever. *thinks* Unless you run into me somewhere and it's me walking away from you.

She starts to leave, stops and turns back, putting hands on her hips.

Harmony But even then... I'll probably just... you know... back away.

She backs away and exits.

Buffy turns to Spike. He takes a deep breath and looks at her, anticipating.

Buffy punches him in the face. He goes flying backward into the Buffy Shrine, bringing the mannequin and all the pictures crashing down.

Buffy turns and walks off.

Spike sits up, covered in Buffy pictures, and sighs.

Cut to: Buffy walking quickly down the street near her home. Spike runs up behind her.

Spike Buffy! Come on now, stop.

He reaches her and begins walking by her side.

Spike You can't just walk away from this.

Buffy What part of punching you in the face do you not understand?

Spike So we had a fight. It's not our first, love, and it doesn't change anything.

Buffy *stops walking, turns to him angrily* It changes everything, Spike! I want you out. I want you out of this town, I want you off this planet! You don't come near me, my friends, or my family again ever! Understand?

She walks off. Spike shakes his head and follows.

Spike No, it's not that easy. We have something, Buffy. *Buffy is walking up the stairs to the front door of her house. Spike follows* It's not pretty, but it's real, and there's nothing either one of us can do about it.

Buffy opens the door and enters, turning to face Spike who is right on her heels.

Spike Like it or not, I'm in your life, you can't just shut me out.

He stops suddenly at the doorway as an invisible force prevents him from entering. Buffy stands right inside the door, giving him a grim look.

Spike stares in surprise, gives a tentative smile, not quite getting it yet. It begins to dawn on him that his invitation to the Summers house has been revoked.

Buffy steps back and closes the door in his face.

Executive Producer Joss Whedon.

I Was Made To Love You

A *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* episode written by **Jane Espenson** and transcribed by **Joan the English Chick** <pisces@englishchick.co>.

Transcriber's Notes:

I do not own the characters or situations of BTVS, and I claim no credit for the content of this episode. I have merely transcribed what appeared on my screen, with help from the closed captions.

I prefer that you link to this transcript on the Psyche site <<http://www.psyche.kn-bremen.de>> rather than post it on your site, but you can post it on your site if you really want, as long as you keep my name and email address on it. Please also keep my disclaimers intact.

You can use my transcripts in your fanfiction stories; you don't have to ask my permission. However, if you use large portions of episode dialogue in your fanfic, I recommend you give credit to the person who wrote the episode.

I apologize in advance for my lame transcription of the fight scenes. I don't know the names of different punches and kicks. Use your imagination.

Teaser

Giles V.O. Previously on *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*...
Monks running in fear.

Glory bursting through a warehouse door.

Buffy V.O. Tell me what kind of demon I'm fighting.

Quinton Traves V.O. Glory isn't a demon. She's a god.

Glory talking to the tied-up monk.

Glory Tell me where the key is.

Monk talking to Buffy.

Monk We had to hide the key. Made it human...

Monks chanting.

Dawn looking sullen.

Monk ... and sent it to you.

Buffy V.O. Dawn.

Riley Know you got a lot on your mind. You decide you wanna let me in on any of it, you let me know.

Riley letting a vampire bite him.

Riley V.O. Buffy's like nobody else in the world. But she doesn't love me.

Riley talking to Buffy.

Riley They want me back, Buffy.

Buffy Are you going?

Riley I don't know. If we can't work this out...

Buffy This is goodbye?

Riley in the helicopter lifting off.

Buffy yelling up at the helicopter.

Buffy Riley!

Buffy watching the helicopter fly away.

Buffy There's something that you need to know. About Dawn.

Dawn Why does everybody start acting all weird when I'm around?

Spike and Dawn in the magic shop.

Spike *reading* They had to be certain the Slayer would protect it with her life. So they sent the key to her in the form of a sister.

Dawn with blood on her arm.

Dawn Is this blood?

Buffy What did you do?

Dawn I'm not a key.

Dawn in the hospital talking to Ben.

Dawn I'm not real.

Ben You're the key. Go. Before she finds you. She's here!

Ben morphing into Glory.

Spike and Buffy in the underground cave.

Spike I love you.

Buffy The only chance you had with me was when I was unconscious.

Spike and Buffy on the street.

Buffy I want you out. I want you out of this town, I want you off this planet! You don't come near me, my friends, or my family again ever! Understand?

Spike trying to enter the Summers house but he can't.

Buffy closing the door in Spike's face.

Episode begins

Buffy in the workout room punching something.

Giles is in the background, sitting and watching.

Buffy *punches* Spike! *more punches*) Spike wants me, how obscene is that?

Giles Well, it is very strange. I can't imagine what he's thinking. *stands* Uh, not, not that you're not, uh, attractive...

Buffy *stops punching* I feel gross, you know, like, like, dirty.

She resumes punching. We see part of the thing she's punching, which looks like a punching bag.

Giles That's ridiculous, you can't be responsible for what Spike thinks or, feels.

Buffy stops punching Well, aren't I responsible? I mean, something about me had to make him feel that, right? Something that made him say, "'woof, that's the one for me!'"

She resumes punching, very violently, and finishes by kneeling the target sharply.

Giles Buffy, I think you should perhaps calm down.

Xander Me too.

We see that Buffy's target is actually Xander in a huge padded suit and fencing mask. It forces his arms to stand straight out at his sides, basically immobile. Giles and Buffy look at him with concern.

Buffy Oh! Puffy Xander, uh, I'm sorry, I got ... guess I got carried away. *removes the mask, gives it to Giles* Are you okay?

Xander I'm alive. I can tell 'cause of the pain.

Buffy Do you wanna sit down?

Xander I'm not that bendy. *points at the wall* I could lean.

Giles I'll get some ice.

Buffy helps Puffy Xander waddle over to the wall and lean against it.

Buffy Here.

Xander *loud sigh*

Buffy Comfy?

Xander Oh, yeah. This leaning? This is the stuff.

Buffy That's my secret to attracting men. You know, it's simple really, you slap 'em around a bit, you torture 'em, you make their lives a living hell—

Xander Buff. ...

Buffy ... and sure, the nice guys, they'll run away, but every now and then you'll meet a real prince of a guy like Spike who gets off on it.

Xander Buffy ... *jerks his head sideways* Stand me up.

Buffy helps him stand up straight. He loses his balance and slants toward Buffy, who puts her hands on the puffy stomach to stabilize him.

Xander The problem is not you. Don't do this to yourself, please.

Buffy It's just ... I just wanna know that there's gonna be another good one. One that I won't chase away.

Xander There will be. Promise. He's out there, he could come along any minute.

Buffy Yeah, and the minute after that I can terrify him with my alarming strength and remarkable self-involvement.

Xander What? I don't think you're like that.

Buffy Maybe I could change. You know, I could, I could work harder. I could spend less time slaying, I could laugh at his jokes, I mean, men like that, right, the, the joke-laughing-at?

Xander Or maybe you could just be Buffy, he'll see your amazing heart, and he'll fall in love with you.

Buffy looks touched.

Buffy Xander, that's ... aw!

She puts her arms around Puffy Xander and rests her head on his big puffy chest.

Xander This is the day you choose to hug me? *shakes head, sighs* Buffy?

Buffy Mm?

Xander You ever think maybe the reason you haven't found a great relationship on the Hellmouth is ... because it's a Hellmouth? Seems to me it's a pretty terrible place to try to build anything.

Buffy closes her eyes looking peaceful.

Buffy Mm.

Cut to: Sunnydale main street, night. A car comes around a corner and stops by the sidewalk. The passenger door opens and a young woman (April) gets out, closes the door. She is wearing a very short, very tight pink flowered dress. She has long straight dark hair and a perpetual smile. She leans in to talk to the driver of the car.

April Thank you for picking me up. I'm very grateful for the ride.

Driver Guy You sure you want to get out here? I mean, this place is kinda ... *looks around* what are you looking for in Sunnydale, anyway?

April *looks around with a smile* True love.

Wolf howl.

Part 1

Guest starring Clare Kramer, Charlie Weber, Shonda Farr, Adam Busch, Troy T. Blendell, Amber Benson as Tara, and Kristine Sutherland as Joyce Summers.

Written by Jane Espenson, directed by James A. Conner.

Fade in on the Summers living room, day. Joyce is

wearing a black evening gown with large flowers on it. She is spinning around. Buffy and Dawn sit on the sofa watching.

Buffy I might like it more than the others. Can you spin around again?

Joyce spins again. Buffy smiles.

Dawn Ooh, I'm not sure. Once more.

Joyce spins again, smiles at them.

Buffy Now could you go the other way?

Joyce starts to spin, stops and looks at them.

Joyce You're messing with me!

Dawn laughs.

Buffy We just wanted to see how many times we could get you to do it.

Dawn Was that five, or four and a half?

Joyce *holds out her arms* So is anyone gonna talk about my dress?

Dawn I like it.

Joyce You sure? I mean, it's not too mom-ish?

Dawn Oh. That was why I liked it. *Joyce looks disappointed*

Buffy You're both crazy. It's not mom-ish at all. *Joyce looks relieved* It's sexy. It screams, "'Randy sex kitten, buy me one drink and I'll...'" *pauses* Oh, wait, that's not really good either.

Dawn shakes her head in agreement.

Joyce Oh god. What time is it?

Buffy *checks her watch* 4:23. You have lots of time until seven. Vast acres of time in which you could plant crops. Now tell me about this Brian and what his intentions are.

Dawn Maybe he's a gigolo. Was his shirt all shiny? *she and Buffy exchange an amused look*

Joyce No! He works for a publishing house. He's a nice normal guy, okay?

Buffy I think I've heard of those.

Joyce He came to the gallery ... my first day back, when I was, you know, kinda shaky, starting over. And he asked a question about these antique cameos *sighs* and I was so lost, because ... Carol had been doing the ordering while I was sick. Well, it turned out that he didn't know anything about them either, so we had a lot to talk about.

Dawn *smiling* So what's the plan for tonight?

Joyce *smiling* Dinner and then a movie. *frowns* Or maybe it was ... a movie and then dinner. Which might be better, because ... you know, then we could talk about the movie. *Buffy nods* Or maybe a movie isn't a good idea at all, because, well, you

know, you can't talk during, and, and then, you know, what's the point of any of it? *Dawn shakes her head* Oh, and about the restaurant. Do you think ... that it should be one with candles, and romantic music, or is that pushing it? Buffy, what do you think? Should I, you know, try to make things romantic, or ... sorta let him set the pace?

Buffy Oh, no. *stands, walks across to other end of the sofa* Love Doctor Buffy is not in. I am not qualified to give dating advice. I've had exactly two boyfriends, and they both left. Really left. Left town left.

Joyce Honey, you just had some bad luck.

Dawn Well, you're going to that spring break party tonight. Maybe you'll find someone there.

Buffy Mm-hmm. Or maybe Brian has a son, and Mom and I can go on some unspeakably awkward double dates.

Joyce Oh god... *puts hands on her chest* Brian. What time is it now?

Buffy *checks watch* 4:24.

Joyce *nervous* You sure the dress is okay?

Dawn Hmm. Spin again. Real fast this time.

Joyce gives them an amused-scolding look.

Cut to: Tara and Anya walking along the UC Sunnydale campus, day.

Tara Willow's good at all that computer stuff, but me not so much. Do you really understand all that?

Anya Oh. Well, at first it was confusing. Just the idea of computers was like, "'whoa, I'm eleven hundred years old. I had trouble adjusting to the idea of Lutherans'".

Tara I go online sometimes, but... everyone's spelling is really bad, and it's... depressing.

Anya But you have to try online trading, it's great! The secret is avoiding the tech companies everyone was jumping on, and, and going with the smaller firms that supply the basic components.

Tara Uh-huh.

Anya Anyway, I took the money from working for Giles, and I tripled it.

Tara Tripled? Like, first money, then money money money?

Anya Yes. I'm thinking about buying something very expensive. Maybe an antelope.

April walks up to them with a big smile.

April Hi.

Anya and Tara look at each other, then at April.

Anya Hi.

April I'm looking for Warren. Do you know where Warren is? And if you do, could you tell me?

Tara Um, I, I don't think we know a Warren. *Anya shakes her head*

April Well, all righty, no harm in asking. Thanks! *She walks off with a smile. The others watch her go up to a guy sitting on a bench, reading the newspaper.*

April Hi, do you know Warren? I need to find him.

Bench Guy Uh, sorry.

Tara and Anya resume walking.

Tara You, you can do all this stuff with a regular computer?

Anya *smiling* I'll show you. You can also see the website I designed for the magic shop. Huge photo of me.

They walk off. In the background we see April walking along in the other direction.

Cut to: UC Sunnydale dorm. A party is going on. Music, decorations, lots of drinks, lots of people moving around, talking. We see Ben standing by the punch bowl. Pan across to Buffy and Xander dancing together.

Xander How you doing, having o' the fun?

Buffy You know, I am. Dancing with you is way better than trying to hook up with some good-looking guy.

Xander I think I liked it better when you were kicking me in my puffy groin.

Pan further to find Tara, Willow, and Anya standing together.

Anya I let them do that. Dance together. That was me.

Tara Very nice of you.

Willow A good deed.

Anya Yes. I'm expecting a big karmic reward any second now.

The song ends, Buffy and Xander stop dancing. Xander bows.

Buffy Thank you.

Xander walks off. Buffy spots Ben still standing by the punch bowl, talking to someone. The other person leaves and Ben looks around, looking uncomfortable.

Buffy walks over while Ben is looking the other way. She leans against a nearby pillar and pretends not to see him.

Ben looks around more, notices Buffy.

Ben Buffy.

Buffy *pretends to notice him* Ben! Hey. I didn't even know you were here. *walks over to him* And again with the non-medical clothing.

Ben Well, actually, these are orthopedic pants. *Buffy just looks at him* Man, that sounded so funny in my head.

Buffy laughs a little, then gives a louder fake laugh. Ben looks surprised.

Buffy It's very, very funny. It's funny in my head too.

Ben *nods* You having a good time?

Buffy Yeah, I am. I was dancing earlier, and you know, my friends are here, so... but, I mean, not that it's all about me. Are you enjoying yourself?

Ben I am now.

Buffy So, um... do you... maybe... wanna dance?

Ben *nervous* I'm not really good. You know, rhythm. *Buffy looks disappointed* Uh, sure. I'd love to. *Buffy smiles* Let me just dump this. *indicating his drink* I'll be right back.

Buffy Okay.

Ben walks off. Buffy stands by herself, looking nervous.

Cut to across the room. Xander and Anya are investigating the munchies.

Anya Look at these tiny grain patties. They're woven. That's craftsmanship. *eating Chex Mix*

Xander They aren't hand-woven, you know.

Anya Then how?

Xander Well, it's a, a machine, and it's... it sorta... it presses.

He gets distracted, looking across the room.

Shot of April entering.

Xander And there may be a mold of some sort ... who's that?

Anya looks.

April looks around the room.

April Warren?

Shot of a guy in the crowd looking up nervously.

Anya Oh, that girl. Tara and I met her.

We see the nervous boy behind Anya and Xander. As Anya speaks, he quickly slips away.

Anya She speaks with a strange evenness and selects her words a shade too precisely.

Xander Well, some of us like that kind of thing in a girl.

Anya smiles at him.

April OS Warren?

Cut to the nervous guy (Warren) moving quickly

through the crowd, going over to another girl (Katrina) who's sitting down.

Katrina Hi, did you get me a drink?

Warren We gotta go, she's gonna see me.

He grabs Katrina's hand and pulls her up.

Katrina She who? What's up, Warren?

Warren It doesn't matter. Come on.

He pulls her away.

Cut to April approaching random partygoers.

April Is Warren here?

Willow walks past April and approaches Anya and Xander.

Willow I thought you were getting the crunchies. *taking some Chex Mix*

Anya Xander got hypnotized by the strange girl. I am remaining calm, however.

Shot of April looking through the crowd.

Xander Uh-uh, no, I'm, I'm right with you. You don't know what you're talking about. *quietly* Here she comes.

April approaches them, still with her big smile.

April I heard that Warren was here. Is Warren here?

Xander Um, Warren who?

April He's ... Warren. And he's looking for me. He lost me.

She walks away. Tara approaches the other scoobies.

April goes over to some other random people.

April Is Warren here?

Tara It's that girl again. Is she still looking for Warren? *the others nod* Weird, it's been like all day.

Willow There's something strange about her. She talks funny.

Anya Some men find that appealing.

She smiles at Xander, who smiles back, although he's still occupied watching April.

Shot of April talking to still more random people.

April Have you guys seen Warren?

Cut back to the Scoobies.

Tara I just hope she finds him.

Xander Somehow I don't think a girl that looks like that's gonna be lonely for too long.

Willow Definitely not.

Willow grins and nods, then notices Tara, who frowns and folds her arms.

Willow Oh, not me, I, I was just saying, a pretty girl like that, there's always someone lurking around, looking for some action.

Tara looks mollified. Willow looks a little embarrassed.

Cut to Buffy still waiting for Ben. Spike walks up next to her. She doesn't notice him. Spike smirks, looks her up and down, and just stands there until Buffy turns and notices him.

Spike Small world. *Buffy glares* Oh dear. If looks could stake. *Buffy continues glaring* You having fun, pet? You ... trolling for your next ex? *looks around* I gotta say, you can do better.

Buffy I told you, I wa—

Spike Thought I was gonna leave town? It's a free country. Free party. *reaches for some snacks on the table, turns back to Buffy with a smirk* If you want me to leave, you can put your hands on my hot, tight little body and make me.

He eats a snack and smirks suggestively at Buffy. She looks disgusted.

Buffy Get away from me.

Spike starts to say something, stops, nods and walks away, still smirking.

Ben walks up to Buffy.

Ben Was that guy bothering you? Should I, um, offer to get inappropriately violent or something?

Buffy smiles No.

Ben smiles Good, 'cause, honestly, I don't wanna.

Shot of Spike moving into the crowd, looking over at Buffy and Ben chatting.

Buffy So, are you ready to dance?

Ben Um, first... *we see he's holding a small pink piece of paper*

Buffy What's that?

Ben Uh, yeah, my phone number. *We see Spike in the background watching* I was gonna try to subtly work it into the conversation, but it didn't pan out, and I thought I should try to give it to you before you see me dance.

He holds it out. Buffy takes it.

Ben You know, in case you wanna get coffee.

Buffy Thank you. Um, I, I just, I-I think you should know that I ... *sighs* I kind of have this bad history in which, you know, we go get coffee, and, well, it all ends with, with you leaving town, and you just got here and everything...

Ben Apparently we'd be risking a tragic chain reaction, but ... I just really like ... coffee. I think coffee might be worth it. And I would like to get to know... coffee better.

Buffy smiles.

Buffy Then I'll call you.

Cut to Spike looking annoyed, walking off. He comes upon April talking to another girl.

April Have you seen Warren?

Girl No, sorry. *walks off*

Spike And who are you, darlin'?

April I'm April.

Spike looks over at Buffy talking to Ben. Buffy looks over at Spike, quickly looks back at Ben.

April I'm looking for my fella.

Spike Maybe you just found him.

April *excited* Really? Where?

Spike grins, leans in and whispers in her ear. April

looks angry.

April Oh!

She grabs Spike by the front of his shirt and lifts him over her head.

Spike Hey! Hey! Hey!

Shot of Buffy and Ben looking over. Everyone in the area is staring at April and Spike.

April *still holding Spike over her head* That would be wrong. You are not my boyfriend!

She throws him through a window, which shatters. Everyone stares.

Shot of Buffy and Ben staring.

Part 2

Fade back in on the same scene. April and all the other partygoers watch as Spike gets up, broken glass falling all around him. He stands outside the dorm and looks in through the now glassless window.

Spike Bloody hell! You threw me through a window! *Shot of April just looking at him.*

Spike What's that about?

Shot of Buffy and Ben moving closer to the action.

April You do not make those suggestions to me. I have a boyfriend. Warren is my boyfriend.

Spike You know what? My bleeding sympathies to Warren.

Spike walks off. April turns away from the window. The onlookers move back a bit.

April No one but Warren can touch me.

She begins to walk off. Buffy intercepts her.

Buffy Excuse me. Hi. Um, uh, maybe you and I could talk. You know, 'cause, throwing Spike through a window, *pauses, grins well*, that's really good... *stops smiling* um, but, you know, generally speaking—

April Do you know my boyfriend?

Buffy Okay. I think you need to take a second and stop looking for your boyfriend.

April grabs Buffy by the upper arms and flings her backwards. She flies back several yards and lands on the floor with an expression of pain, grabbing her arm.

April OS I have to find him.

April walks over to where Buffy is sitting up, clutching her arm in pain.

April If I hurt you just now, I'm sorry. And I hope that your boyfriend will take good care of you.

April walks off as Ben, Xander, Willow, Anya, and Tara rush over to Buffy. Buffy pouts sadly as she

watches April leave.

Cut to: a student lounge in the dorm. Buffy is pacing, still holding her arm. The Scoobies are sitting in various chairs.

Buffy Ow. I don't know about you guys, but I've had it with super-strong little women who aren't me.

Tara Well, at least she didn't do too much damage.

Xander Are you kidding? Double-glazed windows ain't cheap. And the jamb needs to be completely repaired. *pauses* Oh dear god, I'm the grownup who sees the world through my job. I'm like my uncle Dave the plumber. I must be shunned.

Willow Okay.

Buffy So, what do you guys think she is? I mean, this may sound nuts, but I kinda got the impression that she was a—

Tara Robot.

Everyone nods in complete agreement.

Xander Oh yeah, robot.

Buffy Yeah, I was gonna say robot. What do you think she wants?

Tara Warren, whoever that is.

Xander It's gotta be the guy that built her.

Willow It's an unusual name. There's hardly any except... Warren Beatty and, you know, President Harding. It-it's probably not either of them.

Buffy Will, can you track down this guy with only a first name?

Willow *nods* Given enough time. I can get a list of the Sunnydale students named Warren tonight, but... then we'll have to call them or go to their dorms, so we probably can't start narrowing it down till tomorrow.

Buffy frowns.

Anya She could do a lot of damage by then.

Xander To who, Spike? See how vigorously I don't care. *Buffy smiles* She was looking for this Warren, but it didn't sound like she wanted to hurt him. She said he's her boyfriend.

Willow I agree. I'm not sure this is a code red. Hey, is there a code pink? We need more codes. *Tara smiles at her*

Buffy Okay. We'll track down Warren tomorrow. Tonight I better go rescue Giles. He's been watching Dawn while my mom's out on her date, and I have a feeling there's only so much he can take.

Tara Oh, Giles and Dawnie? I bet they ended up having a blast.

Cut to: Giles and Buffy standing in the Summers foyer, by the open door.

Giles Dear god, Buffy, there's only so much I can take. We're going to have to change the system. A fourteen-year-old's too old to be babysat, and it's not fair on her.

Buffy *nods, grins* What'd she make you do?

Giles Um, well, we listened to aggressively cheerful music sung by people chosen for their ability to dance... then we ate cookie dough and talked about boys.

Buffy *laughs* I'm sorry. I'm very very sorry, but if it makes you feel any better, my "fun time Buffy party night" involved watching a robot throw Spike through a window, *Giles looks interested* so if you wanna trade... *pauses* No... wait... I wouldn't give that memory up for anything.

Giles A robot? Sounds interesting.

Buffy We're gonna work on it in the morning. I mean, unless you wanna stay for a while, and then you and I could—

Joyce appears behind Giles, entering the house with a big smile.

Joyce Who wants to hear everything?

Buffy ... listen to my mom talk about boys.

Giles *quickly* Right, must go. See you tomorrow. Bye Joyce. *leaves*

Joyce Bye Rupert.

Joyce closes the door behind Giles, turns and gives Buffy a big smile.

Joyce Gosh, I'd forgotten how much fun dating can be.

Buffy *smiles* I don't know. I was standing right here. I didn't see Prince Charming. I didn't even see a goodnight kiss.

Joyce smiles, walks past Buffy to put her purse down.

Buffy It all looked pretty tame to me.

Joyce Well, I suppose by your standards it could seem pretty ... *pauses* Oh dear.

Buffy What?

Joyce I left my bra in his car.

Buffy looks shocked and horrified.

Buffy Mother!

Joyce I'm joking.

Buffy *sighs* Good god, that's horrible. Don't do that.

Joyce I left it in the restaurant.

Buffy puts her hands over her ears and starts running up the stairs.

Buffy No more! No more! No more!

Joyce *yelling up the stairs at her* On the dessert cart!

Buffy OS, *faintly* I can't hear you!

Cut to: exterior aerial shot of Sunnydale, night. Sound of knocking.

Cut to: April standing on the front porch of a house. The porch light comes on. A man opens the door, looking sleepy.

Sleepy Guy Yeah? What?

April *big smile* Hi! Does Warren live here?

Sleepy Guy What the hell - what are you doing, it's 3:30!

April Yes, it is! Does Warren live here?

The guy gives her an angry look, slams the door in her face.

April Okay then. Bye.

She walks down the steps, across the lawn, and over to the next house. Knocks on that door.

Cut to: magic shop, day. Buffy and the scoobies sit around the table. Giles stands next to it. Willow is using her computer (iBook).

Giles And you're certain she was a robot?

Buffy Absolutely.

Tara Well, she practically had "Genuine Molded Plastic" stamped on her ass.

Giles and Willow give her looks.

Tara Just... tryin' a little spicy talk. *Willow smiles*

Anya She was looking for someone named Warren.

Buffy Willow's already checked the Sunnydale enrollment.

Willow And got nothin'. I found one Warren, but he moved out of the country a year ago. I'm checking nearby schools.

Xander Whoever he is, he knows his stuff. That girl, well... *Buffy looks at him* that was a nice-lookin' girl.

Tara gives Xander a dubious look.

Anya It's okay for him to say that, 'cause I know that he really loves me only.

Xander leans over to take Anya's hand. Buffy watches this a little sadly.

Giles OS Is there something the rest of us could be doing?

Xander What can we do?

Tara Oh, do you have any books on robots?

Giles Oh, yes, dozens. There's an enormous amount of research we should do before—no, I'm lying. I haven't got squat, I just like to see Xander squirm.

Xander *fake laugh* Funny. Charming and funny.

Willow Hey! I think I found him. A Warren Mears. He went to Sunnysdale High with us for a semester, and then he went to the tech college over in Dutton. I've got a local address where his folks still live. *writing it down*

Tara He's probably home for spring break.

Buffy Well, I'll go talk to him. *takes the paper from Willow*

Giles No no no no no, wait, we don't know what you're walking into. *looks behind him, notices a customer standing by the counter* Uh, we have no idea what his motive is for building this thing. *stands*

Tara Um ... don't you think she's just... *makes insinuating face*

Willow Yeah ... she's just sort of a... *makes the same face*

Xander She's a sexbot. *to Giles* I mean, what guy doesn't dream about that?

Giles walks off to help the customer.

Xander *wistfully* Beautiful girl with... no other thought but to please you... willing to do anything...

He looks up. Shots of the four girls staring at him. Xander laughs nervously.

Xander Too many girls. I miss Oz. He'd get it. He wouldn't say anything, but... *clears throat* he'd get it. *Willow turns her attention back to the computer*

Anya Why would anyone do that if they could have a real live person?

Willow Maybe he couldn't. Find a real person.

Buffy Oh, come on. The guy's just a big wedge of sleaze, don't make excuses for him.

Giles finishes helping the customer and returns to sit with them.

Willow I'm not, I'm just saying, people get lonely, and maybe having someone around, even some-

one you made up ... maybe it's easier.

Shot of Buffy looking pensive.

Tara But it's so weird. I mean, everyone wants a nice normal person to share with, but this guy, if he couldn't find that, I guess it's ... kinda sad.

Shot of Buffy staring at her hands.

Cut to Buffy walking into the workout room, looking at the piece of paper with Ben's phone number on it. She sighs, picks up the phone, puts it down, picks it up again.

Cut to: Glory's apartment. We see Glory from the chest up, bare shoulders. She's sweaty and gasping, breathing rhythmically. The phone begins to ring. Glory morphs into Ben. He's panting too. He picks up the phone.

Ben *breathlessly* Hello?

Cut back to workout room.

Buffy Hey. Ben, it, it's Buffy. Is this a bad time? I know it's kinda early.

Cut back to Glory's apartment.

Ben No, I just ... I just got in is all. Night shift at the hospital. I'm glad you called.

Cut back to workout room.

Buffy Well, I found your number in my pocket, and, you know, figured I'd pick up the phone a couple of times, and then hang up, and then finally call, and see if maybe you wanted to get that cup of coffee, or...

Cut back to Glory's apartment. We still see Ben only from the shoulders up.

Ben Yeah, yes. Coffee would be great. ... Tomorrow night? Sure. Bye.

He hangs up, smiling. He puts his hands on his hips, frowns, looks down.

Long shot of Ben standing in the middle of the apartment wearing a short strapless red dress. He sighs.

Ben *annoyed* Fine.

Cut to: exterior shot of a house, day.

Cut to inside. Warren is stuffing piles of clothing into a bag. Katrina watches.

Katrina But we just got here. If you don't wanna be here, why didn't we just stay in Dutton? Or we could have gone to my sister's.

Warren *walks around the room gathering up more stuff* Katrina, I don't wanna hear about your sister's place again. Pack your stuff now.

Katrina Why the rush? It's real early. Are we even gonna say goodbye to your mom?

Warren *packing* Uh, you can call her.

Katrina Warren. Is something going on you don't want me to see?

Warren Katrina, um, if you don't wanna pack, that's fine. We can buy new stuff. Now let's just go!

He grabs the bag and Katrina's hand, and leads her to the door.

Warren opens the door to discover Buffy, standing on the step with her fist upraised to knock. She frowns in surprise.

Buffy to Warren I have to talk to you.

Katrina Who's this?

Warren to Buffy Is this about her?

Buffy Yes.

Katrina Her who? Warren, something's going on here. Strange girls...

Warren Katrina, please be quiet, okay, this is important. Wait in the kitchen.

Katrina And I'm not important? Warren, just tell her to go away.

Warren *looks at Buffy* I can't.

Katrina You're keeping secrets from me. Other girls, and who knows what else?

Warren Trina, shut up.

Katrina That's it. Forget it, Warren. I'm gone.

She walks out past Buffy and away.

Warren No, Katrina! Ahhh...

Buffy shrugs, walks inside.

Buffy My name is Buffy Summers. We were at Sunnydale High together. Do you know who I am?

Warren Yes, I know. Um, April, did she hurt someone?

Buffy Not yet. *thinks* Well, no one that matters.

Warren She's looking for me. You know, uh, she followed me here.

Buffy Okay, kind of figured that out.

Warren No, no, there's more. Uh, there's something you need to know about her.

Buffy I know.

Warren No, wait, this is important.

Buffy Believe me, I, I worked it out.

Warren No, this is something, uh, that you can't possibly know.

Buffy folds her arms and nods to him to continue.

Zoom in dramatically on Warren taking a deep breath.

Warren She's a robot.

Buffy looks at him as if expecting more.

Buffy Uh-huh.

Part 3

Fade in on the magic shop. Willow, Dawn, Tara, and Xander are walking from the back of the store toward the front.

Dawn A robot? Really? Was it Ted? 'Cause I always said there could have been more than one of him.

Willow Nope, whole new robot. This one was a girl.

Xander Buffy's busy tracking down the guy that made her, *puts hand on the doorknob* so I'll drop you off at school, and if she's not finished, then—

Spike OS Coming through! Coming through.

As Xander opens the door, Spike runs in, holding a blanket over himself. The blanket is on fire. The others jump back. We see Giles and Anya in the background. Spike drops the blanket on the floor and stomps out the fire.

Spike Fire! Fire!

The others stare at him. Giles comes forward. We see Anya in the background. We can see that Spike still has a bunch of small cuts on his face and neck from being thrown through the window.

Spike Hello, all. What's going on then?

Giles Spike, you're not welcome here.

Willow Yeah, and by the way, we're working on a

way to de-invite you from here. *Spike looks surprised* Even if it is a public place.

Xander Nah, forget it. Letting him in is good, 'cause then we get to toss him out.

Anya Ooh, can we throw him out the window like the robot did? 'Cause that was neat.

Spike Robot? That's what she was? *scoffs* Knew something wasn't right. *looks over at Dawn, who's standing behind Tara* Hey. Someone's glad to see me, aren't you, little bit?

Dawn Stay away from me.

Tara I think you better go. *steps in front of Dawn and folds her arms*

Spike Okay, now, I was afraid of this. Misrepresentations, misunderstandings, slurs and allegations. I don't know what Buffy told you, but the thing is, the Slayer and I worked together, side by side, to get rid of Dru. Who was up to no good. And I don't mind telling you—

Giles *takes off his glasses, moves closer to Spike* Spike... listen to me.

Spike It's just... I'm trying to explain. She might have said some things that sounded like I expressed

some kind of feeling—

Giles shoves Spike backward. He stumbles into a bookshelf. Giles walks slowly up to him, glaring angrily.

Giles *softly* We are not your friends. We are not your way to Buffy. *Spike stares at him* There is no way to Buffy.

Giles leans over, picks up the blanket and slams it into Spike's chest. He leans in close and looks Spike in the eye.

Giles Clear out of here. And Spike, this thing... get over it.

Spike *small smile* I don't know what you mean.

Giles Yes, you do. Move the hell on.

The others just watch.

Spike takes a deep breath as if he's going to say something. Giles gives him a steely glare. Spike puts the blanket over his head and exits.

Cut to: the coffee shop on Sunnydale's main street, day. April walks up to a group of four young men sitting at a table.

April I'm looking for my boyfriend Warren.

Coffee Guy 1 What?

April He comes from here and I need him. But... it's confusing, and I've already walked a really long way. I'm sure he's nearby.

Coffee Guy 1 Oh, Warren! You're looking for Warren?

April Yes! Do you know him? Do you know where he is?

Coffee Guy 1 Man, let me think.

April Please think.

Coffee Guy 1 Geez, this is too bad, you, you just missed him.

April *pouts* Yes? Where did he go?

Coffee Guy 1 Warren? Uh, he headed out. *points* Uh, that way. Hurry, you might catch him.

April *relieved sigh* Oh, thank you. I was getting very tired. Thank you.

She hurries off. The guys watch her go, then look at Coffee Guy 1.

Coffee Guy 2 Who's Warren?

Coffee Guy 1 Hell if I know.

They all laugh.

Cut to: exterior shot of Warren's house, day.

Buffy V.O. So you have girl troubles.

Cut to inside. Buffy sits on the sofa while Warren paces.

Buffy They're not talking to you, you're not gettin' dates... you start thinking, "'hey, this isn't fair'".

Warren Yeah, I mean, I felt like I deserved to have someone. You know, I mean, everyone deserves to have someone.

Buffy So naturally you turned to manufacturing.

Warren Kinda.

Buffy And how long did it take to build yourself that little toy?

Warren Oh, no, she's not a toy. I mean, I know what you're thinking, but she's more than that.

Buffy I'm sure she has many exciting labor-saving attachments.

Warren No, I made her to love me.

Cut to: April walking down the street, day.

Warren V.O. I mean, she cares about what I care about, and she wants to be with me. She listens to me and supports me.

Cut back to Warren's house.

Warren I didn't make a toy. I made a girlfriend.

Buffy A girlfriend. Are you saying... are you in love with her?

Warren I really thought I would be.

Cut to April walking down more streets, looking around.

Warren V.O. I mean, she's perfect. I don't know, I... I guess it was too easy. And predictable.

Cut back to Warren's house.

Warren You know, she got boring. *Buffy rolls her eyes* She was exactly what I wanted, and I didn't want her. *laughs crazily* I thought I was going crazy.

Buffy Really? You?

Warren Then something happened. *sits next to her* Katrina was in my engineering seminar, and she was really funny and cool. You know, she was always givin' me a hard time, real... unpredictable. She builds these little model monorails that run with magnets, and ... (pauses, looks at Buffy) Anyway. *shrugs* I fell in love with Katrina.

Buffy Swell. Romance and magnetic trains. But first you decided to take April out of the box...

Cut to April still walking.

Buffy V.O. ... play with her for five minutes, and then what? You got bored, decided to dump her, tell her to go away?

Cut back to the house.

Warren Kinda.

Buffy And she got mad. She didn't go, huh?

Warren Okay, I didn't really dump her, as much as I, uh, went out, and, uh, didn't come back. *Buffy stares* I left her, I... left her in my dorm room.

Buffy *angry* You left her in your dorm room?!

Warren Well, I figured I could just kinda get away until her batteries gave out. Which should have been days ago.

Buffy Did you even tell her? I mean, did you even give her a chance to fix what was wrong?

Warren I didn't need to fix anything. I mean, her batteries were supposed to run down. Really, they should be completely dead by now.

Buffy So why aren't they?

Warren I don't, I don't know. I mean, maybe... uh, she must be recharging them somehow.

Buffy Warren, this is important. Is she dangerous?

Warren She's only programmed to be in love.

Buffy Then she's dangerous. Do you have any idea how to find her?

Warren Well, she's looking for me, so my guess is she's probably pretty close.

Cut to: Katrina walking along quickly, approaching a children's playground. April intercepts her.

April Hi!

Katrina stares, then makes a disgusted noise and tries to walk around April. April moves to block her path.

April Do you know where Warren is? I need to get to Warren.

Katrina This is getting insane, how many of you are there?

April There's only me. April.

Katrina April. Fine. *angrily* Listen up, April. Warren is my boyfriend. Mine. And you others probably oughta figure that out.

April grabs Katrina by the upper arm.

Katrina Ow. Ow! Let go! *struggles but April holds on*

April Don't go. You have to stay and tell the truth.

April pulls Katrina toward her, turns her around and wraps her arms around Katrina, pinning her arms to her sides. April locks her hands together over Katrina's stomach and squeezes. Katrina gasps for air.

April You're lying. He cannot be your boyfriend. Say that he's my boyfriend.

Katrina *gasping* I can't... I can't breathe. Let go!

April You have to stop lying.

Katrina continues gasping and choking.

Cut to: a box. A pile of photos of Buffy flies into view and lands in the box. Pan up to find Spike dismantling his Buffy Shrine, throwing the pictures into the box with angry motions. He grabs the blonde wig off of the mannequin and tosses it, along with Buffy's blue cashmere sweater, into the box.

Spike Bloody right, I'll move on.

Cut to: Buffy and Warren walking along the street.

Warren *yelling* April! April, are you there? *normal voice* If the batteries are still working and she hears my voice, then ... she'll answer.

Buffy She's voice-activated?

Warren Well, I made it so that if she heard me and she didn't answer, it causes this kind of feedback.

Buffy Wait, if you call her and she doesn't answer, it hurts her? *he looks embarrassed* You're one creepy little dweeb, Warren.

Warren *yells* April!

Close shot of April's face.

April Warren!

Buffy and Warren stop walking, look shocked.

Warren April.

We see April standing there holding Katrina by the neck. Katrina's feet are not touching the ground and she appears to be unconscious.

April Where have you been? I couldn't find you, and this girl kept lying to me, and... then she went to sleep.

Buffy and Warren stare in dismay.

Part 1

Fade back in on the same scene.

Warren April, what did you do?

April *looks at Katrina, back at Warren* Please don't be angry, Warren. I'm trying very hard to make you happy.

Buffy April. I want you to put the girl down.

April Warren? What should I do?

Warren hesitates.

Buffy to Warren Talk to her!

Warren Pu-put her down!

April Okay.

Warren This is Buffy. Give Katrina to Buffy.

April lowers Katrina. Buffy and Warren carry Katrina to a nearby bench and lie her down.

April Is she broken?

Buffy feels Katrina's neck for a pulse.

Buffy She's alive.

Warren looks relieved, moves toward April.

April Warren, honey, what's going on? Why did you go away? Is it a game?

Warren No. No, this isn't a game.

April Did I do something wrong? *Buffy watches, still sitting on the bench holding Katrina's head* I waited a long time and you never came back. A long time. I made you five sweaters.

Warren That's great, you could go back and get them. So you could wait there, and—

Buffy Warren! *he looks back at her* You have to tell her. And do it right.

Warren looks nervously at April.

April What is she saying, Warren? What do you need to tell me?

Warren *stammers* April, I made a mistake.

April *laughs* You can't make mistakes.

Warren No, I did.

Cut to image of Warren from April's point of view. It's like a blue computer screen with Warren's face in a circle in the middle. Along the top left is a list labeled "Directives". The lists consists of "mk warren hpy.fld", "locate_warren.fld", and "protect warren.fld". Along the top right is another list under the heading "LOCATE WARREN" with a line connecting "locate_warren.fld" on the left to the list on the right. The right-hand list reads

favorite_places.gfd
phne #'s.gfd
scent.gfd
questions.gfd
gps tracking.gfd
clues.gfd
end of list*

At the lower left are the words "recognition module". As Warren talks, underneath the heading "recognition module" appears the word "WARREN" and then "boyfriend". The "locate warren" list disappears and is replaced by a list connected to the "mk warren hpy" directive:

kissing_01.gfd
kissing_02.gfd
lstn sympthtc.gfd
gv_hm_prsnts.gfd
sex01.gfd
sex02.gfd
sex03.gfd

sex04.gfd
praise.gfd
neckrubs.gfd
fetish_01.gfd
fetish_02.gfd
fetish_03.gfd
positions01.gfd
positions02.gfd
positions03.gfd
positions04.gfd
positions05.gfd
positions06.gfd

The list of positions continues off the bottom of the screen. Meanwhile, underneath "Warren" and "Boyfriend" appear other identifiers:

really smart
handsome
best lover
snappy dresser
good dancer

All of this appears while Warren is talking.

Warren *in computer display* I thought that I made you everything that I wanted, but it wasn't really what I wanted.

Cut to shot of April reacting.

Cut back to the display.

Warren *in computer display* I'm sorry, bu-but it's over.

Cut back to April smiling.

April But... I can be whatever you want. I love you. I'll do whatever you want. Would you like a neck-rub?

She moves forward reaching for Warren's neck. He fends her off.

Warren No, hey, no. See, I—I know that you love me, but the truth is, I can't love you. *April frowns* I mean, it's not your fault, but...

Cut back to the computer display.

Warren I don't love you.

The display goes blurry for a moment, then reappears with the "locate warren" list. A red dot appears on the image of Warren's face, and at the bottom of the screen, in red letters, the words COMBAT MODE ENABLED. The display turns green and a shrill alarm begins to sound. The image of Warren's face looks fearful.

Warren I love her!

He quickly moves out of the way and the image focuses on Buffy behind him, sitting on the bench. The alarm continues. The red dot is now centered on Buffy's chest.

Cut to April. She growls.

Buffy She growls? You made her so she growls?

Warren Well...

April grabs Buffy and flings her away. She lands on some grass, gets up as April approaches.

April goes over to a see-saw and lifts one end of it. She brings her arm down on the middle of the board so it snaps in half. Buffy looks alarmed. April swings the piece of wood at Buffy, who grabs it. They grapple. Buffy kicks April in the stomach and she stumbles back, grabbing the bench to steady herself. We see Katrina still lying on the bench and Warren in the background. Buffy swings the piece of wood but April gets out of the way and it slams down on the bench, awaking Katrina, who sits up. Buffy swings again and hits April in the stomach, tearing away her dress and exposing machinery in her stomach.

Katrina What's going on?

Warren No, no, Trina—

Shot of April's inner workings sparking.

Warren Get away.

Katrina gets up and backs away from the fight, toward Warren.

Buffy swings the wood at April again and April grabs it, pulls it out of Buffy's hands, tosses it away and punches Buffy. Buffy flies backward and lands on her back, turns it into a backflip and gets up. She ducks a punch and lands another one on April.

Katrina *clutching her throat* What is... what... that's a robot! *sound of fighting continues*

Warren *watching the fight* She wasn't just for sex.

Katrina Is that... is that your ex-girlfriend?

Warren *looks at her* I...

Katrina No, get the hell away from me!

She starts to run off. Warren runs after her.

Warren No, no, no, Trina, no, Trina, wait...

Buffy and April continue exchanging punches and head-butts. Buffy kicks April, who falls down in the sand next to a swing set. Buffy grabs the chains holding a swing up and uses them to hold her up while she kicks April in the face, then hits her with the swing itself. April grabs Buffy by the throat and lifts her off the ground as Buffy struggles and gasps for air.

April You took my man. I'm going to kill you. I'm going to... *pauses* I can't... can't crush! So... tired. *She lets go of Buffy, who coughs and gasps as April stares at her own hand.*

April *anxious* Warren? Where are you? What's happening to me?

Her hand slowly drops to her side. There's a sound like machinery powering down. Buffy stares.

Cut to: a little later. Pan across the playground to find Buffy and April sitting on the swings side by side. April is leaning against the chain as it's the only thing holding her up.

Buffy Can you cry? Sometimes I feel better when I cry. But... there might be rust issues.

April Crying is blackmail. Good girlfriends don't cry.

Buffy Oh.

April I rechecked everything. I did everything I was supposed to do. I was a good girlfriend.

Buffy I'm sure you were.

April I'm only supposed to love him. If I can't do that, what am I for? What do I exist for?

Buffy I don't know. *shakes head* It isn't fair. He wasn't fair to you.

April looks around, moving only her eyes.

April It's getting dark.

Buffy looks around too. It looks as sunny as ever.

April It's so early to be dark.

Buffy *softly* Yeah.

April What if he comes back and he can't find me in the dark?

Buffy I'm here. I'll make sure that he finds you.

April *smiles* Maybe this is a girlfriend test. If I wait here patiently this time, he'll come back.

Buffy I'm sure he will. And he'll... he'll tell you how sorry he is. *pauses* You know, he told me... how proud he was of you and... how impressed he was with how much you loved him and how you tried to help him. *April smiles happily* He didn't mean to hurt you.

April He's going to take me home, and things will be right again.

Buffy *nods* It'll be fine.

April *still smiling* When things are sad... you just have to be patient. (Her speech begins to slow) Because... because every... cloud has a silver lining. And... when life... gives you lemons... make... lemonade.

Buffy Clouds and lemonade, huh?

April Yes. And... and... *her voice gets deeper like a tape running too slow* things are... always... darkest... before...

She stops, frozen with a small smile on her face. Her eyes stay open. Buffy looks at her with a frown, then looks down pensively. The camera pulls up and out to a wide aerial shot as Buffy turns away, then turns back, still sitting on the swing next to April.

Cut to: Xander fixing the window in the dorm, wearing a toolbelt. He pushes some small chips of wood underneath the bottom of the new window.

Xander See, you construct the wood jamb and frame the glass into it, and that's what you set into the opening.

We see Buffy sitting nearby, watching.

Buffy Yeah?

Xander One of the cool things about that, you see is, uh, the jamb can be shimmed to be square, even if the opening isn't.

Buffy Shimmed? Is that even a real word? Do you have any idea what you're talking about?

Xander Yeah, I do. *smiles* Scary, isn't it? I think I've actually turned into someone you want around after a crazed robot attack.

Buffy And if you ever start your own business, you have your slogan right there. *pauses, looks thoughtful* And she wasn't crazed.

Xander *skeptical* Yeah?

Buffy She devoted everything to making this one person happy. And then it was like, with him gone, there was just... no reason for her to exist any more.

Xander Robots are the strangest people.

Buffy No... people are the strangest people. *she looks down as Xander continues working* I mean, look at me obsessing about being with someone. It's like... I don't need a guy right now. I need me. I need to get comfortable being alone with Buffy.

Xander Well, I'll say this, she's a pretty cool person to be alone with.

Buffy *smiles* Thank you.

Xander turns back to the window again. Buffy picks up the piece of paper with Ben's phone number on it, looks at it, bites her lip.

Cut to: a moment later. Pan across Xander still working on the window. Pan over to Buffy talking into a pay phone.

Buffy Hi, it's Buffy. Um, I hope this is your machine, there, there wasn't a message. Anyway, um, about

coffee. I, um... I just... I don't think this is the best time for me to be... drinking...

Cut to Glory's apartment. We see the answering machine sitting there on the table.

Buffy *on machine* ... coffee. Um, I'm sorry. And, um, bye.

Pan up to Glory, wearing a sparkly gold dress, with her arms crossed over her chest, listening.

Glory What the hell?

We see Jinx behind her.

Jinx If I may, your inconceivableness, it sounds to these humble ears like our Ben tried to make a date with the Slayer.

Glory *confused* A date with the Slayer? No. No. *shakes her head firmly* No, no, no. He is planning something, he's working against me.

Jinx shrugs.

Glory frowns, looks from him to the answering machine and back again.

Glory *pouting* She turned us down?

Cut to: Warren's house. Warren is talking on the cordless phone, moving around, packing.

Warren Trina, no, wait, listen, listen, I'm so sorry. I guess I asked- No, no, just give me a chance to explain, I... Yes! No, but she—no, no, listen, listen, I'll do anything, just, no, no, don't hang up!

He sighs, goes to hang up the phone. Turns around and gasps in shock as he sees Spike standing behind him, holding the box full of Buffy Shrine stuff.

Warren How, how'd you get in here?

Spike Your mum let me in. *walks closer* I'm placing an order.

Warren Oh, no, no, I'm not making any more girls.

Spike Sure you are. *shoves the box into Warren's hands* Here's your specs.

Shot of the box full of Buffy photos and the Buffy wig.

Warren stares at Spike.

Spike You're gonna make her real good for me. *smiles*

Cut to: Buffy entering her home.

Buffy *calling* Hey, Mom.

She turns, sees some flowers on the table beside the door.

Buffy Ooh.

She opens the card that came with the flowers. Shot of the card, which reads "'Thank you for a lovely evening. See you soon? Brian.'"

Buffy *to herself* Still a couple of guys gettin' it right.

She turns to call up the stairs, putting down her jacket.

Buffy *calls* Hey. Flower-gettin' lady. Want me to pick Dawn up from school?

In the background, on the living room sofa, we can see someone or something, but it's out of focus; the focus is on Buffy in the foreground.

Buffy frowns, looks down the hall toward the kitchen.

Buffy Mom?

She turns and looks in the living room.

Buffy What are you doing?

She walks into the living room, stops.

Shot of Joyce lying on the sofa. Her eyes are open, staring sightlessly at the ceiling. One arm hangs loosely over the edge of the sofa. She does not move or blink.

Buffy *quieter* Mom? *even quieter* Mom? *very quietly* Mommy?

Blackout.

Executive Producer Joss Whedon.

The Body

A *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* episode written by **Joss Whedon** and transcribed by **Joan the English Chick** <pisces@englishchick.com>.

Transcriber's Notes:

I do not own the characters or situations of BTVS, and I claim no credit for the content of this episode. I have merely transcribed what appeared on my screen, with help from the closed captions.

I prefer that you link to this transcript on the Psyche site <www.psyche.kn-bremen.de> rather than post it on your site, but you can post it on your site if you really want, as long as you keep my name and email address on it. Please also keep my disclaimers intact.

You can use my transcripts in your fanfiction stories; you don't have to ask my permission. (However, if you use large portions of episode dialogue in your fanfic, I recommend you give credit to the person who wrote the episode.)

I apologize in advance for my lame transcription of the fight scenes. I don't know the names of different punches and kicks. Use your imagination.

Note "Previously on Buffy" was not shown at the beginning of this episode.

Teaser

The episode opens with a rollback to the end of "I Was Made To Love You". Buffy enters her home.

Buffy calling Hey, Mom.

She turns, sees some flowers on the table beside the door.

Buffy Ooh.

She opens the card that came with the flowers. Shot of the card, which reads: "Thank you for a lovely evening. See you soon? Brian."

Buffy to herself Still a couple of guys gettin' it right. *She turns to call up the stairs, putting down her jacket.*

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She walks into the living room, stops.

Shot of Joyce lying on the sofa. Her eyes are open, staring sightlessly at the ceiling. One arm hangs loosely over the edge of the sofa. She does not move or blink.

Buffy quieter Mom? even quieter Mom? very quietly Mommy?

Wolf howl.

Part 1

Guest starring Randy Thompson, Amber Benson as Tara, and Kristine Sutherland as Joyce Summers. Written and directed by Joss Whedon.

Note *There is no background music at all in this episode.*

Open on the Summers dining room. Christmas lights are lit around the walls and candles are burning all around. On the left side of the table are Buffy, Anya, and Xander. On the right are Dawn, Willow, and Tara. Giles sits at one end, Joyce at the other end. As the scene opens, Buffy and Joyce stand up.

Joyce I think we're just about ready for pie. *She and Buffy begin clearing dishes*

Xander Then I'll be pretty much ready for barf.

Buffy Xander!

Xander No, no, to Joyce barf from the eating. 'Cause all was good, and too much goodness...

Joyce I'm taking it as a compliment.

Giles Yes, uh, everything was delicious. *stands to help clear*

Anya Yes, I'm going to barf too.

Joyce smiles wryly as she carries a pile of dirty dishes past Anya toward the kitchen.

Joyce sarcastic Everyone's so sweet.

Joyce, Giles, and Buffy exit. Xander looks to see if Joyce is angry, then turns back to the table.

Xander How you doing there, Will, are you in the vomit club too?

Willow *groaning* I had too much nog.

Tara *sympathetic* Oh, baby, want me to rub your tummy? *to the others* She likes it when I... *pauses, quietly stop explaining things.*

Dawn My nog tastes funny. I think I got one with rum in it.

Willow That's bad.

Xander Yeah, now Santa's gonna pass you right by, naughty booze hound.

Tara and Dawn giggle.

Willow Santa always passes me by. Something puts him off. Could be the big honkin' menorah.

Tara *to Dawn* Oh, did you write him a letter?

Xander What'd you ask for?

Dawn Um, guys, hello, puberty? Sorta figured out the whole no Santa thing.

Anya That's a myth.

Dawn Yeah.

Anya No, I mean, it's a myth that it's a myth. There is a Santa Claus.

Everyone looks surprised.

Xander The advantage of having a thousand-year-old girlfriend. *turns to Anya* Inside scoop.

Tara There's a Santa Claus?

Anya Mm-hmm. Been around since, like, the 1500s. He wasn't always called Santa, but you know, Christmas night, flying reindeer, coming down the chimney—all true.

Dawn *smiles hopefully* All true?

Buffy re-enters and begins clearing more dishes.

Anya Well, he doesn't traditionally bring presents so much as, you know, disemboweled children, but otherwise...

Tara The reindeer part was nice.

The camera follows Buffy as, smiling, she carries dishes into the kitchen. We see Giles doing something by the counter and Joyce taking something out of the oven.

Joyce Damn it! I hate this oven. It burnt.

She puts a pie on the kitchen island.

Buffy Oh, no, it's just blackened, you know, it's, it's Cajun pie.

Giles turns and we see he's holding a bottle of wine.

Giles *to Joyce* Shall I open another?

Joyce Oh, do you think we dare?

Buffy As long as you two stay away from the band candy, I'm cool with anything.

Joyce and Giles look embarrassed. Giles clears his throat, grabs the bottle opener and moves off, out of

the picture frame. Buffy begins examining the burnt pie.

Joyce *quietly to Buffy* You are a demon child.

Buffy I live to torment you, is that so wrong?

Joyce A daughter's duty, I suppose. *kisses Buffy on the forehead*

Buffy Look, all we have to do is just cut off a little bit of the burnt... As she begins trying to cut the pie, it falls off the island and onto the floor.

Cut back to present day. Shot of Joyce's face as she lies on the sofa, her eyes open and unseeing.

Buffy rushes over and begins shaking Joyce by the shoulders.

Buffy Mom! Mom! Mom Mom Mom—

She repeats the word many times and then shouts it in Joyce's face, getting no reaction.

Buffy gets up, panting and sniffing. The camera follows her into the kitchen where she picks up the phone and dials 911. She fidgets anxiously while it rings.

911 Operator 911 emergency.

Buffy Hello?

911 Operator Do you have...

Buffy My mom, she, she's not breathing.

911 Operator Is she conscious?

Buffy *moving back into living room* No. I-I-I can't, she, she's not breathing.

911 Operator OK, I need you to give me your address.

Buffy What?

911 Operator I'm gonna send an ambulance over.

Buffy Si-Sixteen thirty Rivelo, it-it's a house, Rivelo near Hadley.

911 Operator I'm sending a unit right away. Are you alone in the house?

Buffy Yes.

911 Operator Well, did you see what happened, did she fall?

Buffy No, no, I-I came home and she-what should I do?

911 Operator Do you know how to administer CPR?

Buffy *upset* No, I don't remember.

911 Operator Okay, it's very simple. You wanna tilt your mother's head back. Cover her mouth with yours, and breathe into her mouth.

The operator continues talking but Buffy drops the phone to her side and moves toward Joyce.

Buffy I know this. I know this. God.

She puts the phone down and takes hold of Joyce's legs, pulls Joyce down across the sofa so that she lies flat.

Buffy I can do this. Okay. Okay.

She tilts Joyce's head back, opens her mouth, pinches Joyce's nose shut and breathes into Joyce's mouth twice. Then she begins chest compressions.

Buffy One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight... *She makes a face, does two more breaths and resumes compressions.*

Buffy One, two, three... *We hear a cracking noise Oh! Oh god.*

She reaches for the phone.

Buffy I, are you there? I, I broke something.

911 Operator Hello?

Buffy It cracked.

911 Operator Is she breathing?

Buffy No.

911 Operator Paramedics should be there in a moment. You might have cracked a rib. It's not important.

Buffy *putting her hand on Joyce's* She's cold.
Beat.

911 Operator The body's cold?

Buffy No, my mom! Sh-should I make her warm?

911 Operator No... if she's not responding to CPR, the best thing is to wait for the paramedics, okay?

Buffy *angry* When will they be here?

911 Operator They're very nearby.

Buffy drops the phone to her side and looks up at the window, stands up. Bright sunshine streams in the window. It's totally quiet except the faint sound of the 911 operator's voice. Buffy brings the phone back up to her ear.

Buffy *very quietly* I have to make a call.

She presses the hang-up button.

Lingering shot of the telephone number pad.

Buffy hits a speed dial button. We hear it dialing, ringing.

Giles on phone Hello?

Buffy *softly* Giles. You have to come.

Giles on phone Buffy?

Buffy She's at the house.

She turns the phone off, turns to look over her shoulder. She walks to the front door, opens it and looks out. We hear a siren and the sound of the ambulance coming to a stop. Buffy goes back inside, leaving the door open.

Buffy walks back into the living room.

Zoom in on Joyce lying on the sofa.

Zoom in on Buffy staring at her as we hear the ambulance doors close and footsteps approaching.

Pan down Joyce's torso. She wears a knee-length skirt but it has bunched up a bit and her slip is showing.

Buffy glances anxiously toward the door, goes over and pulls Joyce's skirt down to cover the slip. She turns and goes back to the doorway separating the living room from the foyer.

Buffy She's in here.

Two male paramedics enter, carrying equipment. Buffy watches anxiously as they put their stuff down and check Joyce. The first one puts his hand on Joyce's throat.

Paramedic 1 I'm getting no pulse.

Paramedic 2 Let's lay her out.

They lift Joyce onto the floor. Paramedic 1 has a stethoscope and a flashlight.

Paramedic 2 *to Buffy* How long's she been like this?

Buffy I found her, a-a few, few minutes.

Paramedic 1 checks Joyce's eyes. Paramedic 2 attaches some wires to Joyce's chest.

Paramedic 2 Was she conscious?

Buffy No.

Paramedic 1 I'm bagging her.

Buffy What?

Paramedic 2 We're gonna intubate. Just trying to get her to breathe, all right?

Buffy nods. Paramedic 1 reaches for more equipment.

Paramedic 2 This your mother?

Buffy Yes.

Paramedic 2 She have any serious physical health problems, any history of heart disease?

Buffy No.

Pan across Paramedic 1 by Joyce's head, to Paramedic 2 by Joyce's waist, to the Ekg machine showing a flat line.

Buffy I mean, there, there was a tumor, *Paramedic 1* inserting a tube in Joyce's mouth a brain tumor, but she had an operation and she's fine now. She, she's been fine.

Shot of Joyce's face with an oxygen mask covering it. Paramedic 1 holds the mask in place while Paramedic 2 is doing chest compressions. The machine makes a rhythmic breath-like sound.

Paramedic 2 checks Joyce's wrist for a pulse, resumes chest compressions.

Suddenly Joyce begins to cough and gasp. Paramedic 1 removes the mask.

Paramedic 1 I got her! My god, we got her!

Paramedic 2 Let's get her on the truck now. I'm calling ahead.

The two paramedics stand up as Buffy rushes forward. Joyce opens her eyes and looks at her.

Paramedic 1 *faintly in background* Never brought one back this stiff.

Joyce Buffy.

Buffy I'm here.

Shot of the top of an ambulance, lights flashing, siren wailing as it rushes down the street.

Cut to Buffy and Joyce in the ambulance with the paramedics.

Paramedic 1 It's a miracle. That's what it is, a beautiful miracle.

Cut to Joyce in a hospital bed, Dawn sitting on the bed beside her, Buffy and a doctor standing next to the bed.

Doctor Good as new.

Joyce Buffy, thank god you found me in ti—

Zoom in on Buffy as Joyce says this.

Cut back to the living room as we realize this was all in Buffy's imagination. She is still standing there watching the paramedics work. Utter silence except the sound of Paramedic 2 continuing CPR.

Shot of the EKG machine still showing flatline.

Paramedic 2 stops CPR and turns to Paramedic 1.

Paramedic 2 She's cold, man.

Shot of Buffy staring wide-eyed.

Paramedic 2 Call it.

Paramedic 1 looks grim, begins to pack up his stuff.

Buffy's lower lip begins to tremble.

Paramedic 2 stands up slowly and walks toward Buffy. He appears blurry (from Buffy's perspective).

Paramedic 2 I'm sorry.

Buffy OS Wha-what do we do now?

Paramedic 2 I'm sorry, but I have to tell you that...

Buffy staring up at him wide-eyed.

Paramedic 2 OS... your mother's dead.

Buffy stares.

Paramedic 2 It looks like she did die a good while before you found her. There's... nothing you could have done.

In the background we see Paramedic 1 packing up, removing the wires from Joyce's chest.

Buffy W-what...

The camera shows Paramedic 2 from around the nose area to mid-chest; his eyes and the top of his head are off the top of the screen.

Paramedic 2 I'm guessing it must have been a aneurysm or some clotting. Some complication from surgery. She probably felt...

Buffy staring at him with tears in her eyes.

Paramedic 2 ... very little pain. I'm gonna call it in. The coroner's office will come by and take her in, and they'll determine the cause of death conclusively.

Buffy continues to stare at him. We hear the ambulance radio.

Radio Dispatch 7, we have a 206, what's your status?

Paramedic 1 We're moving.

Radio Location is Beaumont and 9th, your gig is on the street, go now.

Paramedic 1 Okay. We gotta fly.

Paramedic 2 All right. *to Buffy* I'm gonna call this right away.

All of this takes place offscreen while the camera focuses on Buffy's stunned expression. Now it switches again to the shot of the paramedic's lower face.

Paramedic 2 Now the coroner's office may take a while. In the meanwhile, I think you should sit. Have a glass of water, and try not to disturb the body.

Buffy still staring up at him.

Paramedic 2 Do you need anything, is there someone you can call?

Buffy *softly* Someone's coming.

In the background Paramedic 1 walks to the doorway carrying his stuff.

Paramedic 1 Let's go.

Paramedic 2 turns to pick up his stuff, turns back to Buffy.

Paramedic 2 I'm very sorry for your loss.

Buffy Thank you.

He exits, leaving the front door open. Buffy walks to the door, still holding the phone, and looks out.

Buffy Good luck.

Sound of the ambulance doors closing, engine starting, driving away.

Buffy turns and walks back inside, still holding the phone, still looking dazed. She looks toward Joyce.

We hear the ambulance siren starting up.

Buffy turns and walks toward the kitchen, putting down the phone on a table. She gets to the back of

the living room just before the kitchen door. Suddenly she falls to her knees and vomits on the floor. We hear the sound of wind chimes over the retching noises. Buffy is at the very bottom of the screen with the majority of the picture showing the wall, a small side table, and the open window in which the wind chimes are hanging.

Buffy stands up slowly, her back to the camera. She puts a hand on her stomach, walks through the kitchen to the back door, opens it and looks out. We hear birds singing, distant voices, ordinary city noises. Closeup on Buffy's face, sweaty and pale. She stand there for a moment, then turns back inside, leaning on the door for support. She looks at the kitchen island, goes over to it and takes a bunch of paper towels off the roll. Leaving the back door open, she goes back into the living room and puts the paper towels over the spot on the carpet where she vomited.

Lingering shot of the paper towels on the carpet as the moisture begins to seep through.

Giles OS Buffy!

Buffy turns. Giles stands in the front door, panting.

Giles What is it? Is it Glory?

Buffy stands I'm waiting. The, the coroner's coming.

Giles What? *takes a few steps inside*

Buffy looks down, thinking I have to tell Dawn. She's at school. *looks up* I'll go there.

Giles I'm not sure...

Giles looks to his left and sees Joyce for the first time.

Giles Oh god.

He rushes toward her, out of the frame.

Buffy No. No. Don't. No, it's too late...

The camera moves down the hallway (Buffy's POV) as she rushes after Giles.

Giles OS Joyce?

Buffy They're, they're coming for her, no, no, we're—

Buffy rounds the corner and finds Giles bending over Joyce, shaking her.

Giles Joyce!

Buffy desperate We're not supposed to move the body!

Giles turns to look at her. Buffy looks aghast, puts her hand to her mouth as she realizes what she said.

Giles gets up quickly, goes over to Buffy and puts his arms around her. Buffy stares in shock past Giles's shoulder at Joyce.

Shot of Joyce lying on the carpet. Her eyes are still open.

Part 2

Open on overhead shot of Joyce being zipped into a body bag. We only see the hands of whoever's doing it. They pull the zipper up over her face.

Cut to: Dawn leaning against a wall, crying.

Dawn Oh, god. I can't believe it.

Girl OS It's not that bad.

Dawn *disbelieving* How can you say it's not that bad?

Girl OS I just don't think it's that big a deal.

Sound of a toilet flushing.

Dawn Kevin Berman called me a freak in front of everybody. *shrugs* No, that's no big deal.

A door behind her opens. We see that she's standing in a bathroom. The door that opened was a toilet stall door. Another girl (Lisa) comes out of the stall and walks forward.

Lisa He didn't say you were a freak.

We see that it's actually a mirror behind Dawn; Lisa is in front of her, reflected in the mirror. Lisa goes over to the sinks, which Dawn is standing next to, and begins washing her hands.

Dawn Forget it.

Lisa He just said you were... freaky. Which, you know, freaky can be... sort of cool.

Dawn Oh yeah. Real cool. *teary* I'm a suicidal head-case.

Lisa You know it was Kirsty. She was telling people how you were into cutting yourself, and how you—

Dawn That's such a lie! I got cut. By accident. One time.

Dawn walks into the toilet stall and takes some toilet paper to wipe her face. Lisa takes some paper towels from a dispenser to dry her hands.

Dawn Now Kevin thinks I'm a—

Lisa Well, that was when you were wiggling out about your family, and of course Kirsty's gotta turn everything into a story.

Dawn comes out of the stall wiping her eyes. We see her reflected in the mirror next to Lisa.

Lisa She was telling people that you were adopted.

Dawn What a prima bee-yotch. I swear, if I could make her head explode using only the power of my

mind? That's what I'd be doing right about now.

Lisa nods. Dawn wipes her eyes more and sighs.

Dawn teary Great. Now I look like a wet rat.

Lisa Yeah, you know you can't go out there looking all cry-faced. That'll just give Kirsty more ammo.

A bell rings.

Dawn You know? My big sister could really beat the crap out of her. *Lisa nods* I mean, really really. *Blows her nose* Okay. What do you think? *Turns to face Lisa* Can I show my face?

Lisa You're good to go. We're gonna be late anyway. *They walk off.*

Cut to: the two girls coming out of the bathroom, backpacks on their shoulders. Shot of a typical school hallway full of kids.

Lisa Kirsty alert.

They pass a couple of blonde girls who smirk at them.

Kirsty sweetly Hey Dawn.

Dawn Hey.

Kirsty How you doing, you okay?

Dawn Good, thanks for asking.

Dawn and Lisa continue walking, rolling their eyes.

Dawn sotto voce Bee-yotch.

A bell rings again.

Dawn and Lisa enter a classroom. The walls are glass from the ceiling to about three feet off the ground, so we can see into the room from the hallway. It's an art classroom with rows of easels set up. Dawn stares wide-eyed. Shot of a cute boy (Kevin) at the back of the classroom.

Teacher Okay. Remember, we're not... drawing the object.

Dawn and Lisa go to the back and take easels on either side of Kevin. Dawn looks nervously at him.

Teacher We're drawing... the negative space... around the object.

We see the teacher standing beside the model, which is a 2- or 3-foot high statue of a naked woman.

The students begin to draw as the teacher's voice continues.

Kevin not looking at Dawn Hey.

Dawn trying to be cool Oh. Hey Kevin.

Teacher ... and then give me a sense of the spaces around... the space in-between.

Kevin What's goin' on?

Dawn Um, negative space. *nervous smile*

Kevin smiles Yeah, what's that all about?

Dawn scoffs Yeah.

Kevin looks at her paper That's pretty good.

Dawn smiles Thanks.

Behind Kevin, we see Lisa holding up her pad of paper, on which she has written "HE WANTS YOU!" Dawn gives her friend a scolding look, then turns back to her drawing.

Kevin So I heard you, like, had a freak-out and cut yourself.

Dawn Uh, no, not even. It was a whole... it was so not...

Kevin I've felt like that before. *Dawn looks surprised* Things get so crazed, you know, you just feel like you wanna do something... extreme.

Dawn Yeah. I just... I had a lot of intense stuff going on. *Kevin smiles, returns to his drawing* A lot of people don't understand that. Pain.

Kevin Yeah.

Dawn Then Kirsty's gotta blab it everywhere, 'cause she's—

Kevin Kirsty, man. It's like she thinks, "I'm so hot, everybody should just bow down before me". And I'm like, whatever.

Dawn smiles and laughs. Behind her we see Buffy in the hallway, looking at Dawn.

Dawn She's so superficial. Everything's always about clothes, or who likes who, and... *Buffy enters the classroom, goes over to the teacher* there's just way more important stuff going on. There's a lot of... crucial... you know... stuff.

Kevin Yeah.

Dawn Uh, this one time in history, uh, *Buffy begins walking down the aisle toward Dawn* she had this book called Annals of History, and she didn't know how to say the word "annals" *Kevin looks surprised* so she kept saying—

Buffy Dawn.

Dawn turns, still smiling. Buffy stares at her.

Dawn stops smiling.

Buffy I have to talk to you.

Dawn looks apprehensive.

Shot of a hand drawing a piece of charcoal across paper.

Shot of the teacher watching.

Dawn Um...

Buffy OS What?

Shot of Lisa looking over. Shot of the statue.

Dawn Can it wait? I'm in the middle of a class.

Buffy I know. Please come with me.

Shot of Kevin and Lisa watching.

Dawn puts down her charcoal and walks with Buffy toward the door.

Dawn I thought Mom was picking me up.

Buffy closes the classroom door behind them as they exit into the hall.

Dawn What's going on? Something's going on.

Buffy Let's go outside.

Dawn No. Tell me what's going on.

Shot of Kirsty and her friends in the hallway, looking over.

Buffy It's... bad... news.

Dawn crosses her arms anxiously over her chest.

Dawn Well, what is it? What happened?

Shot through the window of the classroom. Lisa and Kevin are watching. Lisa begins to walk forward.

Buffy It's bad. Please, can we—

Dawn loudly Where's Mom?

Buffy teary Mom... had an accident. Or, um...

Lisa walks toward the window, staring.

Buffy OS... something went... wrong from the tumor.

Closeup on Dawn's face. She has tears in her eyes.

Dawn Is she okay? Is she... but she's okay? But... it's, it's serious, but...

Buffy Dawn...

Shot from inside the classroom. We see the two of them in the hallway through the glass. Dawn slowly begins to cry as the news sinks in. She puts her hand over her mouth. We can hear her, but very faintly, as we hear it through the glass.

Dawn faintly No.

She shakes her head and backs away from Buffy.

Dawn faintly No, it's not true. No, you're a liar, she's fine!

Dawn crumples to the floor sobbing.

Shot of Kevin watching, looking away. Shot of the teacher.

The teacher and the other students move toward the glass and watch as Buffy kneels, trying to comfort Dawn.

Pan across to Dawn's half-finished sketch of the statue.

Part 3

Overhead shot of Joyce lying on a metal table. Hands wearing rubber gloves come into the picture and unbutton her blouse, then begin to cut away her camisole with a pair of scissors. Joyce's eyes are still open.

Shot of Tara's face, a window behind her.

Shot of Willow standing in her dorm room next to the closet. She wears an undershirt and is holding a blouse on a hanger, but she's staring at it without really seeing it. Willow doesn't move. In the foreground we see Tara's shoulder and the back of her head.

Shot of Anya sitting in the passenger seat of a car, looking out the window as the car moves down city streets.

Shot of Xander driving the car.

Total silence through all of this.

Overhead shot of the car pulling up beside some other cars that are parked by the sidewalk. Pan across the sidewalk and up. We see a grassy lawn with some people walking around. The camera pulls back and we see that it's shooting out through Willow's dorm room window. As we pull back, we find Tara standing by the window, looking out. She turns.

Tara I think they're here.

Cut back to Willow still frozen holding the shirt. She reacts, returning from her thoughts, looks at the shirt, turns and tosses it onto the bed. We see a pile of clothing there already.

Cut to Xander and Anya in the car.

Xander Do you wanna come up?

Anya looks around, looks at him.

Anya softly You're double-parked.

Xander opens his door Let 'em give me a ticket.

They both get out.

Cut back to the dorm room. Willow takes two more shirts out of the closet and turns to Tara.

Willow What do you think? The, the, the purple, right? 'Cause, 'cause it's somber?

Shot of Tara standing by the window.

Willow No. No, it's too depressing, i-it's like, um, a... funeral, god, I... *holds up the other shirt, which is yellow* Well, this is, this is cheerier, maybe, I-I wanna be cheery, like, like everything is normal?

Tara just watches.

Willow No, that's rude, that's, that's disrespectful. "La la la! I don't care!"

She tosses both blouses on the bed with a sigh.

Willow If I had that blue one— *turns back to the closet, then back* Jo-Joyce really liked the blue one.

She told me one time. You, you sure it's not in your room?

Tara *takes a few steps closer* I-I-I could look again.

Willow No, no, I-I, I should, I should wear the purple *picks up the purple blouse from the bed* The purple, I, I, I think the purple, it's just that it's so, I don't know, *looks at Tara* i-it doesn't mean something bad?

Tara I think it's, um ... royal. Purple means ... royalty.

Willow *tears running down her face* Well, I can't see Buffy at the morgue and be all royal! "Oh, I'm the king of everything, I'm better than you!" I have to be supportive, I, Buffy needs me to be supportive, I ...

She begins crying as Tara looks on with concern. Willow picks up another shirt.

Willow God, why do all my shirts have such stupid things on them? *tosses it back down* Why can't I just dress like a grownup? Can't I be a grownup?

Tara Shh.

Tara comes over and puts her hands on Willow's shoulders, rubbing her shoulders and neck.

Tara Shh, darling.

Willow *crying* I can't do this.

Tara kisses her on the forehead, then on the mouth. Willow returns the kiss. Then Tara leans her forehead against Willow's.

Tara We can do this.

They both nod. Tara continues rubbing Willow's shoulders.

Willow Okay. We can be there for Buffy. And Dawn. *crying* Little Dawn.

Tara We can be strong.

Willow Strong like an Amazon?

Tara Strong like an Amazon, right.

They both smile slightly.

Willow Okay. *nods, sniffles* I wish I had the blue.

Cut to: Anya and Xander climbing the stairs inside the dorm.

Anya So ... what do we do?

Xander I'm not sure. We'll, uh, talk to Giles.

Cut to: Anya and Xander coming out of the stairwell, walking down the dorm hallway. Various students are roaming around or standing in the halls talking.

Anya Xander, what will **we** do? What will **we** be expected to do?

Xander looks at her but doesn't answer. He walks up to the door of room 213. The door is slightly

ajar. Xander knocks, pushes it open and enters. We see Tara against the far wall. Willow appears from around the corner. She wears a greenish shirt with a red cardigan over it.

Xander Hey.

Xander and Willow hug while Tara and Anya stand there looking uncomfortable. They pull apart.

Xander How you doing?

Willow shrugs, shakes her head and rolls her eyes, hugging herself.

Xander I know the feeling.

Willow I'm afraid I'm gonna start to cry again.

Anya *softly* Xander cried at the apartment. It was weird.

Willow I-i-it's a, it's a thing we do.

Overhead shot of the four of them standing there. Each is in some way holding onto him- or herself (arms folded, etc.).

Anya What's going to happen?

Willow Well, I ... I guess we're gonna ... meet them at the morgue, *whispers* That's where they were ... taking ... her.

Tara Um, Giles said that he, he was gonna go with Joyce, and Buffy was gonna go to ... the school to ... tell Dawn.

Xander looks upset, closes his eyes.

Xander God.

Tara Do you know how to, how to get—

Xander Yeah. It's at the hospital, it's a wing. We do morgue time in the Scooby gang.

Willow looks anxiously at Tara.

Willow I have to change.

She removes her cardigan, tosses it aside, goes off to get another shirt.

Xander What else did Giles say?

Tara *shrugs, shakes her head* Not a lot.

Xander Are they sure this was ... natural? I mean, Glory.

Tara Uh, Giles was pretty sure that it wasn't, wasn't her.

Xander But, I mean, she said she was gonna come after Buffy's family.

Tara I don't—

Xander I mean, we should be going after her. I mean, she coulda done it, and, and, covered her tracks.

Anya looks confused. Willow reappears, now wearing a pink turtleneck.

Willow Why would she? She'd want us to know.

Xander looks upset.

Xander I'll tell you what it is. It's the frickin' doctors. I mean, they just let her out, you know? Clean bill of health. Dig a hole in your skull. Here's a band-aid. Next!

Closeup of Tara looking concerned and upset.

Willow OS Xander...

Xander They should have checked her over, they should have had her in. Well, don't we have enough monsters in this town, the doctors gotta help 'em out?

Willow Xander, I-I don't think it was ... any ... it just happened.

Xander *looks around at the three of them* Things don't happen! *frowns* I mean ... they don't **just** happen. *Shot of Tara looking concerned* Somebody... *shot of Willow* I mean, somebody's got...

Willow Okay. *puts up her fists* Let's go. Come on, you and me. Come on.

Xander stares at her, then sighs. He walks over to her, kisses her on the forehead. Tara watches sadly.

Xander You know I can't take you.

Willow Damn straight.

Xander moves back a little.

Anya Are we gonna see the body?

Willow *shocked* What?

Xander looks annoyed, turns away.

Anya Are we gonna be in the room ... with the dead body?

Willow *hugs herself, uncomfortably* I don't know. No.

Tara But I guess we should take over patrolling and all that.

Xander Yeah.

Willow Oh, yeah.

Tara For however long.

Xander You know it.

Willow looks at herself unhappily, then at Tara.

Willow I can't wear this.

She turns to change again, turns back.

Willow I, I really should have the other. Joyce liked it so.

Tara Do you think you coulda left it in the laundry room?

Willow *frowns, nods hopefully* Maybe.

Tara I'll go check. I'll, I'll just be one minute.

Xander We're cool.

Tara walks out of the room.

Anya walks around the room a bit, aimlessly, then turns back.

Anya Are they gonna cut the body open?

Willow *horrified* Oh my god! Would you just ... stop talking? Just ... shut your mouth. Please.

Anya What am I doing?

Willow How can you act like that?

Anya Am I supposed to be changing my clothes a lot? *looks from Willow to Xander* Is that the helpful thing to do?

Xander Guys...

Willow The way you behave—

Anya Nobody will tell me.

Willow Because it's not okay for you to be asking these things!

Anya *desperate* But I don't understand!

Willow and Xander look at her in surprise.

Anya *crying* I don't understand how this all happens. How we go through this. I mean, I knew her, and then she's, *sniffing* there's just a body, and I don't understand why she just can't get back in it and not be dead anymore. It's stupid. It's mortal and stupid. *still teary* And, and Xander's crying and not talking, and, and I was having fruit punch, and I thought, well, Joyce will never have any more fruit punch ever, and she'll never have eggs, or yawn or brush her hair, not ever, and no one will explain to me why.

She stops and puts her hand over her face, crying.

Willow has tears in her eyes too.

Xander goes over to Anya but she pushes him away, goes and sits down in a papasan chair by the window. Xander goes back to the doorway.

Willow *to Anya* We don't know ... how it works...

Anya wiping her face with her hands or why.

Willow goes and sits on the bed.

Xander paces back and forth in front of the open door. In the hallway behind him we see various students passing by. There's total silence.

Shot of Willow sitting on the bed.

Shot of Anya sitting in the chair. There are a bunch of pillows on the chair and one is poking her in the back. She turns around and pulls it out. It's a stuffed animal with a blue sweater wrapped around it. Right beside the chair is a clothes bureau with the drawers slightly open. Anya tucks the blue sweater into one of the drawers and sits back holding the stuffed animal.

Shot of Willow staring at the floor.

Suddenly there's a loud banging noise. Willow and Anya jump, look up.

Shot of Xander in the doorway with his left hand stretched out, obscured by the wall.

Xander Sorry, sorry, some . . . pent-up...

Willow *getting up* Xander...

Willow walks around the corner and discovers Xander's hand is buried in a hole in the wall.

Willow Where did your hand go?

Xander As I was saying, some frustration, and now, uh . . . I appear to be stuck.

Anya My god. *ducks under his arm to get to the other side* Is your hand okay?

Xander Pretty much. I, I'm really sorry.

Willow examines the hole where Xander's fist has broken through the wall.

Anya *angry* You could have hit an electrical... *gestures vaguely thing!*

Xander And once again with the sorry.

Anya crouches down to look at the hole from underneath.

Willow Did it make you feel better? *Anya looks up at Xander*

Xander For a second there.

Willow A whole second?

Xander In my defense, some crappy wallmanship.

Willow Yeah, you can hear everything next door.

Willow and Anya pull at Xander's arm trying to free it.

Xander Who did the drywall in this place?

Willow I always forget to ask.

Tara appears in the doorway.

Tara Did I miss something?

Anya Xander decided that he blames the wall.

Willow Can you . . . turn your wrist?

Xander Hold on.

He twists his arm and pulls it out of the wall. His knuckles are covered in blood. All the girls go "ooh" in concern.

Xander It's okay. *flexing his hand*

Anya looks pensively at Xander's hand.

Shot of the bloody hand as Xander flexes his fingers.

Pan up to Tara's face.

Tara It hurts.

Xander looks at her. She gives a small sympathetic smile.

Willow Here, wash it off.

Anya leads Xander over to the sink.

Anya *to Willow* Band-aids?

Willow Underneath.

Anya looks under the sink for band-aids as Xander washes his hand. In the foreground, Tara turns to Willow.

Tara I couldn't find it.

Willow *shrugs* It doesn't matter. We should get there.

Tara Yes.

Willow I, I wanna be there for Buffy.

Xander OS You're right.

Shot of Tara and Willow facing each other in the foreground. In the background, Xander with his back to the camera, as Anya tends to his hand.

Xander The avengers gotta get to the assembly. *turns to face the camera, with a towel wrapped around his hand* We'll go. We'll deal. We'll help. That's what we do. We help Buffy.

He puts the towel down and goes out. Willow and Tara follow. Anya follows behind.

Anya How are we going to help?

They all go out. Anya closes the door behind her. The camera stays on the closed door. After a moment the door opens again and Willow rushes in.

Shot of Willow's red cardigan on the table by the window where she tossed it earlier. She grabs it and leaves again. We hear the sound of the door closing again as the camera pans across the table to the window. Outside, on the street below, a police officer is putting a ticket on Xander's car.

Part 1

Open on an overhead shot of Joyce lying on the table. She is (presumably) naked with a sheet covering her up to the shoulders. She is pale and her eyes are still open. A pair of hands, wearing bloody rubber gloves, is attaching a small bandage to the side of Joyce's forehead. Then the hands remove the gloves.

Pull out to find Dr. Kriegel (same doctor from "Listening to Fear" and "Into the Woods") pulling the

sheet up to cover Joyce's face. He turns off a lamp that's hanging over her, turns away. We see that he's wearing a rubber smock over his blue hospital scrubs. He removes the smock and puts it in a hazardous-waste can as he moves out of the morgue, picking up a clipboard. He moves into an office area, puts the clipboard on a desk, picks up a white coat and puts it on as he exits the morgue, closing a door

behind him.

He walks down a dark hallway, passes an orderly pushing a cart. The hallway is full of folded-up gurneys, boxes, cartons, etc. Dr. Kriegel emerges into the hospital proper. He comes around a corner and sees a waiting room where Giles, Dawn, Buffy, and the Scoobies are gathered.

Tara hugs Dawn as Xander hugs Buffy.

Xander If there's anything we can do.

Dawn Glad you're here.

Xander hugs Giles as Willow hugs Buffy.

Willow pulls back to look Buffy in the face.

Willow Love you so much.

Buffy I know.

Dawn to Tara They're not telling us anything.

Giles is looking around when suddenly Anya hugs him. He looks surprised, then hugs her back. Over her head he notices the doctor.

Giles Doctor?

Everyone looks over at the doctor. He walks forward. Buffy, Giles, and Dawn come forward to meet him. The others stay behind in a little group.

Dr. Kriegel Okay, I've examined your mother's body.

Dawn Can we see her?

Buffy Dawn, not now.

Dr. Kriegel The on-site report seems more or less accurate. Your mother did have what looks like an aneurysm. A sudden hemorrhaging from a ruptured arterial vessel near the, uh ... where the tumor was removed.

Buffy Shouldn't we have known about that, that ... was a danger?

Dr. Kriegel Sometimes these things are detectable, and sometimes they're not.

Close shot of Buffy's face.

Dr. Kriegel OS Joyce was aware of the possibility of a rupture, and the effects. She didn't even get on the phone, so clearly this was very sudden.

Shot of Dawn staring at the floor.

Dr. Kriegel OS She, uh, may have felt a little nausea, and probably passed out as it happened.

Close shot of Buffy's face.

Dr. Kriegel OS I doubt there was much pain, and ... even if someone had been by her side...

Flash Joyce in the living room, Buffy by her side. Buffy takes Joyce's hand in concern as Joyce sits on the sofa.

Joyce My head...

Buffy Mom?

Flash Buffy, Joyce, and Paramedic 1 in the ambulance.

Flash Dawn, Joyce, Buffy, and the doctor in the hospital. (the above two flashes are the same as from earlier in the episode)

Dr. Kriegel OS ... it's doubtful that this could have been dealt with in time.

Cut back to closeup of Buffy's face.

Shot of the doctor looking sympathetic, looking over at Giles.

Giles nods Uh, thank you, Doctor.

Buffy OS Are you sure...

Closeup of Buffy's face.

Buffy ... that there wasn't a lot of pain?

Dr. Kriegel nods Absolutely.

The doctor's mouth continues to move, but what we hear is what Buffy is thinking, not what he's actually saying.

Dr. Kriegel in Buffy's thoughts I have to lie to make you feel better.

Closeup of Buffy staring at the doctor.

Giles What, uh, *clears throat* what, uh, needs to be done now?

Dr. Kriegel Well, there, uh, there'll be some forms, and some decisions you'll need to make.

Giles Uh, Buffy, why don't you let me handle those as much as I can.

Buffy Please.

Dr. Kriegel to Buffy We will need you to ... sign a couple of release forms.

Giles Yes, thank you, Doctor.

The doctor nods, starts to move away.

Giles to Buffy I'll, uh, figure out which ones you need to see.

Buffy We'll be here.

Giles goes off with the doctor as the others approach.

Xander What'd the doctor say?

Buffy Nothing. Uh, it's, you know, it's what we thought, the tumor.

Willow Why don't we sit down?

Willow takes both Buffy and Dawn by the hands and leads them to a sofa. She and Buffy sit. Tara sits on Buffy's other side. Anya, Xander, and Dawn remain standing.

Buffy Giles says he's gonna go over the paperwork.

Xander Man, if there's one day they should **not** give you homework.

Willow Dawnie, do you wanna sit?

Dawn shakes her head.

Buffy to Dawn I don't think we're gonna have to be here very long.

Dawn What about... *stops*

Buffy What about what?

Dawn Nothing. I have to pee.

Buffy Do you want someone to go with you?

Dawn *sullen* No. I still remember how to pee. *turns away*

Buffy Do you know where it is?

Dawn Yeah.

She walks off.

Buffy I think maybe she's ... mad at me or something.

Willow 'Cause you were the one that told her?

Xander How'd she take it?

Buffy Meltdown. She just wouldn't believe me. I still don't think she does.

Anya *a little too loudly* I wish that Joyce didn't die... *Everyone looks at her.*

Anya *more quietly* ... because she was nice. And now we all hurt.

Xander *embarrassed* Anya, ever the wordsmith.

Anya looks hopefully at Buffy.

Buffy to Anya Thank you.

Xander looks a little surprised.

Willow to Buffy Do you want anything? Something to eat, or ... soda?

Buffy Honestly, I ... couldn't tell.

Willow Well, I-I think you should try to eat something.

Buffy Yeah, maybe Dawn could use a snack.

Willow I'll, I'll find something. *gets up* Xander, do you have any money?

Xander We'll come with.

Willow to Buffy We'll be right quick.

Willow, Xander, and Anya go off.

Shot of Buffy and Tara sitting on the sofa next to each other. They look at each other, then away.

Buffy *softly, speaking to the floor* I'm sorry ... you have to go through all of this.

Tara You don't have to worry about me.

Buffy Everybody wants to help. *Tara looks at her* I don't even know if I'm ... here. *Tara looks away* I don't know what's going on. Never done this. *pauses* That's just an amazingly dumb thing to say. Obviously ... I've never done this before.

Beat.

Tara *softly* I have.

Buffy looks over at her.

Tara My mother died when I was seventeen.

Buffy I didn't know. I'm sorry.

Tara No, no, I didn't mean to ... *sighs* I'm only telling you this because ... I know it's not m-my place, but ... *pauses* There's things ... thoughts and reactions I had that ... I couldn't ... understand ... or even try to explain to anyone else. *Buffy looks down, pensive* Thoughts that ... made me feel like I was losing it ... or, like I was some kind of ho-horrible person. I know it's different for you ... because it's always different, but ... if you ever need...

She trails off. They sit there looking at each other. Then they both look down at the floor.

Buffy looks back up at Tara.

Buffy Was it sudden?

Tara What?

Buffy Your mother.

Tara No. *thinks* Yes. *pauses* It's always sudden.

Cut to: Dawn coming out of the bathroom. She looks around the corner into the waiting room, sees Buffy and Tara talking. Pan over to the door that leads to the morgue. A red sign on the door reads "AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY" Dawn goes over to that door.

Cut to inside the hallway. Dawn opens the door and enters. It's fairly dark. She looks behind her, begins to walk slowly down the hallway. Utter silence.

Overhead shot of Dawn walking down the hall.

Pan down the hall from Dawn's point of view. She can see through the second door to where the doctor's desk is.

Cut to inside the morgue, camera showing Dawn's face through the window in the second door.

Cut to Dawn's POV, shot of the interior of the morgue with several sheet-covered bodies lying on metal tables.

Dawn opens the door, goes inside, turns and bolts the door shut. She turns back and walks slowly past the row of bodies covered by sheets, toward the one at the end. Complete silence.

Dawn walks up to the last table, farthest from the door. She stares at the shape on the table, closes her eyes, opens them. She reaches out a hand.

Closeup on Dawn's apprehensive face.

Closeup on the sheet-covered head.

Dawn pulls her hand back without removing the sheet, takes a step back, swallows with difficulty.

Behind her, on the farthest table (closest to the door), a body suddenly sits up and removes the sheet covering it. Dawn doesn't notice this. Still complete silence.

Closer shot of the person on the table sitting up. It's a male vampire. He looks around, sees Dawn, smiles slightly and puts the sheet aside, swinging his legs over the side of the table.

Long shot of Dawn's back. The camera is at floor-level and in the foreground we see the vampire's bare leg. Dawn is in the background of the shot, still staring at the sheet-covered body.

The vampire's other leg comes into view as he walks unsteadily toward Dawn.

Closeup of Dawn turning, seeing him, beginning to draw breath for a scream.

Cut to Buffy and Tara sitting on the sofa. Pan over to Xander, Willow, and Anya returning with their arms full of soda cans, junk food, and coffee cups.

Willow We panicked.

Buffy looking nervously at all the stuff Uh-huh.

Willow Have anything you want.

Anya The sandwiches are meat.

Buffy I'm just not hungry.

Willow What about Dawnie? *comes to sit beside Buffy*

Xander looking around *Is she still in the bathroom?*

Buffy frowning I guess. *gets up* You guys wait here.

Buffy walks over to the hallway, looks at the door marked "Women," then looks across to the door marked "AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY." She goes to the second door, opens it.

Buffy walks down the dark hallway, first slowly, then faster. Distant sound of a scream.

Buffy comes to the second door, looks through the window and sees Dawn struggling as the vampire is behind her and has her by the arms. Dawn shrieks and struggles.

Buffy shoves the door but it is still locked. Buffy throws herself against it and it bursts open.

The vampire pulls Dawn up against him and bends his head to bite. Buffy runs up behind him and grabs him around the neck, grunting. Dawn yelps and continues struggling.

Buffy pulls the vampire back and he loses his grip on Dawn, who goes flying forward, crashing into the gurney. As she falls to the floor, she accidentally pulls the sheet so it falls down a bit, exposing Joyce's head. Buffy struggles with the vampire, he hits her in the stomach and she loses her grip, stumbling backward. He grabs her by the neck, growling. They struggle. Buffy tries to reach his face but can't, so she knees him in the groin. He spins her around and slams her into a table covered with medical instruments, which crash to the floor. Buffy and the vampire also fall to the floor.

Fight noises continue as the camera moves to Dawn recovering, lying on the floor. She looks up at the gurney. Shot of the corner of the gurney from Dawn's Pov; only the top of Joyce's head is visible.

Buffy is on the floor with the vampire on top of her. She punches him in the face and they roll over so she's on top. As they struggle, she reaches out and grabs a medical instrument that looks like a short saw. She puts it against the vampire's throat as he grabs her face. His hand falls aside and Buffy shoves the saw through his neck, cutting off his head. He explodes into dust and Buffy falls aside, lying on her back, the saw clattering away.

Buffy lies there for a moment, staring at the ceiling with a small frown. Then she rolls over.

Buffy Dawn?

Buffy sits up halfway, stops when she sees Dawn. The camera pulls back to find Dawn still crouching, staring up at the gurney.

Slowly, Dawn pulls herself up to a kneeling position so she can see Joyce's face. Joyce's eyes are still open. We stay on this shot with Joyce in the foreground, Dawn immediately behind her, and Buffy in the background still sitting on the floor.

Dawn not taking her eyes off Joyce *Is she cold?*

Buffy whispering *It's not her ... it's not her ... she's gone.*

Dawn frowns slightly *Where'd she go?*

Dawn lifts her hand and reaches out, very slowly.

Close shot of Joyce's head with Dawn's hand moving slowly toward her cheek.

The picture goes to black just before Dawn's fingers touch the body.

Executive Producer Joss Whedon.

Forever

A *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* episode written by **Marti Noxon** and transcribed by **Joan the English Chick** <pisces@englishchick.com>.

Transcriber's Notes:

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Teaser

Buffy in the Summers house, turning toward the living room.

Buffy What are you doing?

Giles V.O. Previously on *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*... *Buffy walking into the living room, seeing Joyce on the sofa.*

Paramedic Your mother's dead.
Buffy in the hospital.

Buffy She just wouldn't believe me.
Dawn in the school bathroom.

Dawn Oh god.

Buffy I still don't think she does.
Dawn talking to Ben.

Dawn I'm not real.

Ben You're the key. Go, before she finds you. She's here.

Ben morphing into Glory.

Episode opens on Buffy walking into a darkened room. She is surrounded by shiny coffins. She walks between them looking at each, stops next to one. There's a display of urns behind her. Buffy lifts the lid of the coffin. It's empty.

The lights come on. Buffy looks up, startled.

Giles Buffy, you're here.

Giles, Dawn, and the funeral-home director enter. Buffy drops the lid of the coffin and folds her arms.

Giles You all right?

Buffy Yeah.

Director Did you find something?

Buffy nods This one.

Dawn walks over and stares at the coffin.

Director OS It's a fine choice. It speaks of your deep feeling for the deceased.

Giles and the director turn to leave. Buffy follows but Dawn remains. The others stop and look back at Dawn.

Buffy You don't like it?

Dawn still looking at the coffin No, it's not that. It's just... what if Mom... what if she'd like something else better?

Buffy Dawn...

Dawn I mean, how do we know for sure? She's the one who has to be in it forever.

Buffy Dawn, maybe it wasn't such a good idea you coming along.

Dawn turns to look at her It's fine. It's just...

Buffy I'm serious. Y-you shouldn't have to deal with this stuff.

Director If you'd like a few more minutes to decide—

Buffy No. I, it's done, it's fine. to Dawn Okay?

Dawn nods.

Buffy Okay.

Buffy turns and walks out with the men following. Dawn remains staring at the coffin.

Part 1

Guest starring David Boreanaz, Clare Kramer, Charlie Weber, Troy T. Blendell, Amber Benson as Tara, and Joel Grey as Doc. Written and directed by Marti Noxon.

Fade in on Dawn in the Summers dining room, standing by a side table, looking at the card in a flower arrangement.

Giles OS I checked prices at different florists, and

the funeral home seems to be fairly competitive.
Dawn turns and we see the table, laid out with food. Xander sits at left eating. Giles and Buffy sit side-by-side at the end of the table, looking at paperwork.

Buffy Let's just go with that, it's easier.

Dawn *sits at the other end* What color flowers?
Willow enters with a pitcher of water, pours a glass, and sits opposite Xander.

Buffy Uh, white. *looks at Giles* They're nice.

Giles Yeah.

Buffy *to Giles* Uh, what about an announcement? People are gonna be expecting a wake after the burial unless we say something.

Giles Um, well, we could put a, a line in the program expressing your mother's preference not to have one.

Willow There's no wake?

Buffy Mom didn't like them. She said that potlucks are depressing enough as it is.

Dawn She said that? When?

Buffy Uh, right before she went in for the operation. We had a talk about what she wanted... in case. *looks down*

Dawn She never said anything to me.

Xander I'm sure she just didn't wanna upset you, Dawnster. Now you better get to work on that dinner. You barely touched it.

Buffy You really should eat something.

Dawn Why should I? You're not.

Buffy This isn't about—

The cordless phone on the table rings. Buffy sighs.

Buffy *to Giles* I'm all phoned out. Will you? Unless it's my dad.

Giles Of course.

Giles answers the phone. Buffy returns to the papers.

Giles Hello? Yes, yes they did. *Buffy looks at him* Thank you. (gets up) The, uh, funeral is at, uh, three tomorrow. Do you know the Brown Brothers mortuary?

Giles walks out of the room, still talking. Buffy and Dawn look disappointed.

Buffy Can't believe he still hasn't called.

Xander Your dad's still AWOL, huh?

Buffy The number he left for us in Spain is no good, and I've left messages everywhere. Um, how about a line that just says, 'Following the burial, there will be no wake'? Or gathering? *Shot of Willow thinking about it* 'At the request of Joyce, there will be no gathering'? Uch, that sounds lame.

Buffy puts a hand to her forehead. Willow gives her a concerned look, looks at Dawn, gets up and begins clearing the table.

Dawn What are we gonna do? After, I mean. Are we just gonna... come back here?

Buffy Uh... I, I don't know. I guess so. Um, how about 'At the request of the family, there will be no wake.'

Xander *gets up to move into the chair next to Buffy* Good, yeah, it's got, uh...

Dawn *to herself* I don't wanna be here.

Buffy Should I put it at the top, or just a small line at the bottom?

Xander and Buffy bend over the paperwork. Willow re-enters, resumes clearing.

Dawn Can I go to your place tomorrow?

Willow Tomorrow?

Dawn After everything.

Willow Um, well, maybe you and Buffy should... I-I don't mind.

Dawn *to Buffy* Can I?

Buffy *looks up from discussing with Xander* Huh?

Dawn Can I go to Willow's tomorrow after the service?

Buffy *looks at Willow, uncertainly* Um... i-if you want to. I guess so.

Dawn I'll, uh, get my sleeping bag out of the attic. *She gets up and leaves. Buffy returns to her paperwork.*

Cut to: Willow and Xander leaving the house. Xander closes the door and they start down the porch steps.

Xander You going home?

Willow I'm gonna stop by my mom's first. Been doing that a lot lately.

Xander Yeah. I actually might stop by your mom's too. *she looks at him* Well, I'm not going to **my** place. Those people are scary. *looks up* Speaking of.

We see Spike coming up the walkway holding a bunch of flowers.

Xander You have got to be kidding.

Spike *sighs* I'm not going in.

Xander And you're not leaving those.

Shot of Spike's hand holding the flowers.

Xander You actually think you're gonna score points with Buffy this way?

Spike This isn't about Buffy. *walks closer*

Xander Bull. We're all hip to your doomed obsession.

Spike They're for Joyce.

Xander Like you care about her.

Spike sighs angrily. Willow steps between them.

Willow Guys, guys, not here.

Spike Care? Joyce was the only one of the lot of you that I could stand.

Xander And she's the only one with a daughter you wanted to shag. I'm touched.

Spike I liked the lady. Understand, monkey boy? She was decent. *Xander and Willow exchange a look* She didn't put on airs. She always had a nice cuppa for me.

Willow looks sympathetic.

Spike And she never treated me like a freak.

Xander Her mistake.

Spike scoffs Think what you want.

He throws the flowers to the ground and stomps off.

Xander Un... believable.

Willow looks at Xander, bends to pick up the flowers.

Xander The guy thinks he can put on a big show and con Buffy into being his sex monkey.

Willow looking at flowers Xander... *he looks at her* He didn't leave a card.

Xander stares in the direction Spike went, looking surprised. Willow looks sad.

Cut to: a wall covered with old black-and-white pictures of people and children. Pan across the wall. It's the hallway in the upstairs of the Summers house. Through the open door, we see Buffy sitting on her bed staring at nothing. Pan across more photos. We see Dawn sitting on her bed doing the same.

Fade to: graveyard, daylight. Aerial shot of a group of people standing around the coffin. Fade to a shot of Buffy and Dawn standing together. We can see Xander and Giles behind them. Fade to a shot of the coffin.

Minister OS We commend to almighty God...

Fade to overhead shot of the group.

Minister OS... our sister, Joyce Summers...

Shot of Willow and Tara holding hands. Fade to shot of Anya and Xander.

Minister OS... and we commit her body to the ground.

Fade to overhead shot of the group. The camera moves down to head height. Buffy and Dawn are at the front of the group. Dawn wears a black dress, Buffy in black pants with a long beige coat over.

Minister OS Earth to earth... *shot of Giles... ashes to ashes... shot of Buffy and Dawn. Dawn winces. Pan across the others... and dust to dust.*

Sound of a shovel digging into earth. Dawn suddenly turns and buries her face in Buffy's shoulder. Buffy puts her arms around Dawn, still staring at the coffin.

Fade to shot of a shovel putting the first dirt on the coffin.

Minister OS The Lord bless her and keep her.

Fade to overhead shot of the group as it breaks up. One by one the others hug Buffy and Dawn.

Minister OS The Lord makes his face to shine upon her and be gracious to her.

Shot of Dawn looking upset, Willow and Tara in the background. Fade to shot of Buffy hugging Giles.

Minister OS The Lord lift up his countenance upon her...

Shot of Willow and Tara. Tara leans on Willow's shoulder.

Minister OS... and give her peace.

Fade to a shot of Buffy and Dawn standing alone at the grave, with Willow and Tara behind. Dawn turns away from Buffy and walks over to them.

Cut to a closer shot. Dawn takes Willow's arm as the three of them exchange nods. Tara moves over to Buffy, taps her gently on the shoulder.

Tara Hey, um, Dawn's kind of ready to go. Can we take her with us?

Buffy Yeah. She should probably get out of here.

Tara What about you? We can wait if you want.

Buffy I'm fine. Thank you.

Tara rejoins the others, whispers to them and they turn to leave. Dawn looks back over her shoulder at Buffy as they lead her away.

Shot of Buffy staring at the grave with a small frown on her face. The camera lingers on her as the daylight lengthens to darkness behind her.

Shot of the grave with Buffy's feet beside it. Another pair of feet appears and walks up beside her.

Angel I'm sorry.

We see Angel standing beside Buffy, both staring at the grave.

Angel I couldn't come sooner.

Buffy doesn't look at him, but she nods slightly and slips her hand into his. They stand looking at the grave, holding hands.

Cut to Willow and Tara's dorm room. Dawn lies on her sleeping bag on the floor, with Willow and Tara

crouched on either side.

Willow Oh, Dawn. I wish I could... help more.
Dawn doesn't look at her The only thing is... it'll get better. I promise.

Dawn *looks at her* You don't know that.

Tara Sure she does. We're witches. We know stuff.

Dawn What? *looks from one to the other, sits up* Life goes on, and I forget Mom? *angry* Is that what you're saying?

Willow Not forget, no! I, you... *looks to Tara for help*

Tara You make a place for her in your heart. It's sort of like she becomes a part of you. Does that make sense?

Willow *nods hopefully* Dawn... hey, we don't have to talk about this now, uh, you could just go to sleep.

Dawn No. *gets up* I don't wanna sleep.

Tara Okay, we can just... sit, or, or whatever you want.

Dawn goes over to a low table where the magical supplies are laid out.

Dawn Good. 'Cause I know... what I wanna do now.

Willow Great. *she and Tara get up* What are you up for?

Dawn You guys are witches... and you do... magic and... stuff.

Willow You want us to teach you something? Uh, like a-a glamour, or, or, I could... make a stuffed animal dance.

Dawn I wanna do a spell. I wanna bring Mom back.
Shot of Willow and Tara looking concerned.
Shot of Dawn looking determined.

Part 1

Fade in on Anya and Xander in bed. Anya is on top of Xander, both covered by sheets.

Anya *Mm. breathing heavily, lies down and puts her head on Xander's chest* That was different.

Xander *breathing heavily* Yeah. It was more... intense.

Anya *nods* It's because of Joyce.

Xander Right. *pause* Huh?

Anya Well, she got me thinking... about... how people die all the time, and... how they get born too, and how you kind of need one so you can have the other. When I think about it that way, it... makes death a little less sad, and... sex a little more exciting.

Xander Again I say, huh?

Anya Well, I just think I understand sex more now. It's not just about two bodies smooshing together. It's about life. *Xander looks a little alarmed* It's about **making** life.

Xander *alarmed* Right, when... two people are much older, and... way richer, and far less stupid.

Anya *lifts her head to look at him, laughs* Breathe. You're turning colors. I'm not ready to make life with you, but I could. **We** could. Life could come out of our love and our smooshing, and that's beautiful. *Xander looks relieved* It all makes me feel like I'm part of something bigger. Like I'm more awake somehow. *smiles* You know?

Xander Yeah, I do.

He lifts his head and they kiss.

Cut to Willow and Tara still reacting to Dawn.

Tara *steps forward* Of course you wanna bring your mother back, and... I wish we could, but it's not possible.

Dawn Why? You guys do magic for all kinds of things.

Willow We do, but...

Tara This is different. Magic can't be used to alter the natural order of things.

Dawn But all you do is mess with the natural order of things. You, you make things float, a-and disappear, and—

Tara But we don't mess with life and death. *Shot of Willow looking upset* Dawn, I know how bad you hurt.

Dawn You don't. *upset* They put her in the ground.

Tara They did, and it's awful and unfair, but this isn't the way.

Willow I'm not even sure it's possible, Dawn. I mean, I've... seen things on resurrection, but... there's books and stuff... but I guess... the spells... backfire?

Tara That's not the point.

Willow That's not the point. The, the point is it's bad... because...

Tara Because witches can't be allowed to alter the fabric of life for selfish reasons. Wiccans took an oath a long time ago to honor that.

Dawn So it's possible... to bring someone back? They wouldn't have taken an oath if they didn't know

they could do it.

Tara Maybe they could, but we can't.

Willow She's right, Dawn. It's too dangerous.

Dawn You said you wanted to help me.

Dawn makes an annoyed sound and goes to lie down on her sleeping back with her back turned. Willow kneels beside her.

Willow Dawn...

Willow touches Dawn's shoulder but she jerks away, turns over so her back is to Willow again. Willow looks over at Tara. Tara looks concerned.

Cut to: graveyard, night. Pan across trees and graves. We discover Buffy and Angel sitting on the ground under a tree, leaning against it. Buffy has her legs curled under her and leans against Angel's shoulder. They both look at the grave as they talk.

Buffy The funeral was... *sighs* it was brutal, but it's tomorrow that I'm worried about.

Angel What's tomorrow?

Buffy That's exactly what I don't know. Up until now, I... I've had a road map. Things to do every minute, having to do with Mom.

Angel Tomorrow the stuff of everyday living resumes.

Buffy And everybody expects me to know how to do it, because... *sarcastically* I'm so strong.

Angel You just need some time. I'm sure everybody understands that.

Buffy Time's not the issue. I can stick wood in vampires... but Mom was the strong one in real life. She always knew how to make things better... just what to say.

Angel Yeah... you'll find your way. I mean, not all at once, but...

Buffy *shakes her head* I don't know. I keep thinking about it... when I found her. If I had just gotten there ten minutes earlier...

Angel You said they told you it wouldn't have made a difference.

Buffy They said... "probably"... wouldn't have made a difference. The exact thing they said... was "probably". I haven't told that to anyone.

Angel Doesn't make it your fault. You couldn't have done anything different.

Buffy *annoyed sigh* I didn't even start CPR until they told me. I fell apart. That's how good I am at being a grownup.

Angel Buffy...

Buffy And it'd be okay if it was just me I had to worry about. But Dawn...

Angel Look, it's okay. I know you don't feel like it now, but you are strong, Buffy. You're gonna figure this out. And you have people to help you. You don't have to do this alone.

Buffy *looks at the sky* It's gonna be light soon.

Angel I can stay in town as long as you want me.

Buffy How's forever? Does forever work for you? *She turns her head to look at Angel, sighs and sits up to look him in the face.*

Buffy *apologetically* That's a bad idea. I'm seriously needy right now.

Angel Let me worry about the neediness. I can handle it.

They look at each other, then Buffy leans in and kisses him. They kiss softly for a moment. Then it gets a little more heated and they pull away, both breathing harder.

Buffy *looks down* I told you. *Angel sighs* You better go.

Angel *another sigh* I'm sorry.

Buffy *firmly* No. I'm so grateful that you came, Angel. I didn't think I was gonna be able to make it through the night.

Angel *looks up at the sky* Well, we still have a few more minutes until I have to go.

Buffy Good.

She puts her head on his chest and leans against him. He puts his arm around her shoulders.

Buffy Good.

They sit quietly together.

Cut to: exterior hospital, night. Ben walks out, wearing a jacket over his hospital scrubs. He turns a corner and see Jinx lurking. Jinx sees Ben and walks toward him.

Ben *angrily* Tell my sister I'm sick of running into her Jawa rejects.

Jinx She... bade me come to you. The news of your relationship with the Slayer—

Ben We don't have a relationship.

Jinx But... you attempted to court her, did you not?

Ben You're more fun when I hit you.

Jinx It's just, Glory... would like to encourage this interest of yours in the Slayer. It might lead to more information about the key.

Ben And why would I share that with the most unstable one?

Jinx Time... is running short, sir. Every moment you fight Glory, you're only fighting yourself, you see?

Ben Fine. Let the best me win. Let Glory understand this: I won't help her find the key. I would never do that to an innocent— *stops himself*

Jinx An innocent? The key? That's an interesting choice of words.

Ben No, that, that's not what I—

Jinx I understand, sir. I'm sorry to have bothered you, I'll... take my leave.

He begins to leave but Ben stops him.

Ben You understand what? When I said it's innocent, I didn't mean that the key is... it's not a person.

Jinx Of course not.

Ben You're gonna run and tell her, aren't you? Do you understand what's going to happen if she finds the key? How many people are going to die?

Jinx Please, I heard nothing.

Ben I can't let that happen.

Shot of Ben's hand taking a dagger from Jinx's belt.

Ben Don't you see?

Ben stabs Jinx with the dagger. Jinx gasps.

Ben I can't.

He pushes Jinx to the ground, looks around nervously.

Cut to: Dawn lying on the floor, covered with a blanket. We see her from the back.

Willow OS We're heading down to breakfast.

We see Willow sitting beside Dawn. Dawn turns over to look at her.

Dawn I'm not hungry.

Willow Oh. Okay. *We see Tara standing nearby, holding schoolbooks. Dawn sits up* It's just, we have class after that, and I, I didn't know if you want to go home, or...

Dawn I was gonna sleep some more. Giles said he'd pick me up whenever.

Willow Oh, okay, great. Sure, uh, hang out. *smiling* I have a, a break around lunchtime. I can come back.

Dawn *sullen* I might not be here.

Willow *still smiling* Well, I'll try my luck.

Dawn looks away.

Tara Take care, Dawn.

Willow gets up, picks up her bag, looks back at Dawn. Dawn doesn't look at her. Willow walks to

the door, pauses, framed in the shot with her bookcase behind her.

Close shot of Willow's hand hanging by her side, the bookcase in the background. She wiggles her fingers, closing them into a fist. One of the books slides out so that it sticks out from the rest.

Willow walks out of the shot, revealing Dawn behind her still sitting on the floor.

Shot of the bookcase with the one book sticking out. Sound of the door closing.

Dawn gets up and goes to the bookcase, pulls out the book, opens it. It is titled "History of Witchcraft."

Dawn *reading table of contents* 'Age of Levitation... War of the Warlocks...' *flips pages* 'Resurrection—A Controversy Born.'

She flips the pages quickly, finds the spot, reads quickly, then looks up with a thoughtful expression.

Cut to: exterior magic shop, day.

Cut to inside. Dawn is pretending to dust while really examining the merchandise. We see Anya doing something behind her. Dawn moves over to a cart full of books and dusts them while reading the spines. Anya follows, supervising. In the background we see Giles. He looks over.

Giles You don't have to do that, Dawn, just, just relax.

Anya Yes, sit down. We have some very amusing chicken feet you can play with.

Dawn That's okay.

Anya Don't you watch television? I thought all children despise effort and enjoy cartoons.

Dawn *rearranges some books* Um, I like being useful. It keeps my mind off things.

Giles *approaches* Then useful you shall be. I can always use a hand.

He comes over to the customer side of the counter. Anya and Dawn stand behind it.

Anya *anxious* But you have a hand. A paid hand. A hand that isn't the hand of illegal child labor.

Giles *rolls his eyes* Anya.

Anya *nods in understanding, turns to Dawn* But of course, it's wonderful that you find doing my job so distracting. *smiles* I am unthreatened. Proceed. *walks away*

Giles Yes, uh, carry on, Dawn.

Giles starts to move away too, but Dawn speaks up quickly to stop him.

Dawn Is there anything I should know, like, um, off-limits stuff? Willow told me that some of the books

and things are... kind of dangerous?

Giles Quite right. Um, but they're all labeled, and, and, and, uh, kept off the floor. Most of our, uh, more potent texts and potions are all up there.

He points upward. Shot of the loft, a fairly narrow section full of bookcases.

Giles If anyone asks you about anything in that area, just come and get me. *turns away*

Dawn Okay. Anything else?

Giles Oh, um, well, if you like, uh, I could teach you how to... work the cash register, you can ring up sales.

Dawn Cool.

Anya *approaching* Ring up sales? With the money? She gets to fondle the money?

Giles gives her a look. The door-opening bell sounds.

Anya *excited* Customer! *walks off* Hello, customer!

Giles *to Dawn, resigned* I'll just be a moment. *moves off*

Anya *in background* I'll help you!

Dawn *as Giles passes her* No problem.

Dawn watches to make sure both Giles and Anya are occupied. Then she puts down her feather-duster and picks up her backpack. She climbs the ladder to the loft, looks over the books, grabs one and puts it in her pack. She picks up a small vial and it clinks against the others. She winces and looks to see if anyone heard, then puts it in her pack too, begins to climb back down. Below, Giles goes through the bead curtain which separates the customer area from the office area and Dawn freezes

until he moves past. Then she continues climbing down. She reaches the bottom and turns to see Giles standing a little bit away. He didn't see her climbing down.

Giles Dawn.

Dawn Uh-huh? *quietly lets her backpack drop to the floor*

Giles Do you wanna come watch this, uh, transaction that Anya's doing? Then I'll let you try.

Dawn You got it.

She walks off, leaving the camera to linger on her backpack.

Cut to: graveyard, night. Dawn kneels by the fresh grave, opening a jar. Overhead shot of her. She scoops some dirt from the grave into the jar and caps it. She reaches over to smooth down the remaining dirt, looks around nervously, brushes her hands off. We see someone come up behind her.

Spike I hope it's just dirt you're after.

Dawn turns in surprise.

Spike If the spell calls for anything more than that, you're into zombie territory, and that's bad news.

Dawn *shakes her head anxiously* Spike, I-I wasn't...

Spike I know good and well what you're up to. That book you've got is infamous.

Dawn Please... don't tell Buffy. I just... I have to get her back. *anguished* I have to.

Spike I'm not gonna tell, little bit.

Dawn looks surprised.

Spike I'm gonna help.

Part 1

Fade in on a phonograph with a record on the turnstile. The song is "Tales of Brave Ulysses" by Cream (same song that Giles and Joyce listened to in "Band Candy").

Singer ... you touch the distant beaches with tales of brave Ulysses...

Pull out to reveal Giles standing next to the phonograph in his apartment. He has a glass in his hand.

Singer How his naked ears were tortured by the sirens sweetly singing...

Giles goes over to a chair and sits.

Singer For the sparkling waves are calling you to kiss their white-laced lips...

The song goes into a guitar riff. Giles slowly takes a sip from his glass and sits staring at nothing.

Cut to Spike and Dawn walking down the street of

downtown Sunnydale, night.

Spike I've never used this bloke's services myself, but there's talk. Word is he knows everything there is to know about resurrection spells.

Dawn looks a little nervous.

Spike Come on now, no worries.

Dawn You don't have to be all nice to me. I know why you're doing this.

Spike Do you now? Enlighten me.

Dawn *frowns, stops walking* Spike, I'm not stupid. You're, like, stalking my sister. *Spike stops, turns to look at her* You'd do anything to get in good with her.

Spike *takes a few steps closer; firmly* Buffy never hears about this, okay? *looks around* Found out what I was doing, she'd drive a redwood through my

chest.

Dawn Then, if you don't want credit, why are you helping me?

Spike *looking at the ground, quietly* I just don't like to see Summers women take it so hard on the chin, is all. *looks up, speaks angrily* And I'm dead serious. You breathe a word of this to Buffy, I'll see to it that **you** end up in the ground. Got it?

Dawn Yeah. Got it.

Cut to: Glory's apartment. Glory is walking down the stairs into the living room, followed by several sycophant demons.

Glory Where is he? He should have been back hours ago.

Demon I'm sure Jinx is on his way, your... new and improvedness. He's most loyal to—

Glory Hey! He better be loyal.

The door opens and two more demons enter, half-carrying Jinx between them. He has his arms around their shoulders but is conscious.

Glory Jinxie?

She rushes forward and takes one of Jinx's arms around her shoulders. The displaced demon goes to shut the door.

Glory Oh, no, no! Oh, mind the rug, honeys, blood's a bitch. *to Jinx* Was this the Slayer, I'll pull her wings off!

Jinx No.

They put Jinx on a sofa.

Jinx It was Ben.

Glory Ben? *turns away* Ben? Oh god, you pointless, stupid lout! Oh, I hate you, I hate you, *pulls several handfuls of hair off her head* I hate youuuuu!

Jinx The key! He told me.

Glory The key?

She turns back to him, still holding handfuls of hair.

Glory What about the key?

Jinx He indicated that it was a person, most... *searching for words*... highest... you.

Glory *smiling hopefully* The key's in human form?

Jinx I believe so... *searching for words* good one.

Glory *delighted* Ahh!

She sits on the sofa and pulls Jinx into a hug.

Glory Jinx, you robed stud, you're my man! I'm even gonna let you slide on the lame toadying on account of your dying and stuff.

Jinx looks a little surprised to hear this. He looks to Glory but she is talking to the other demons. Jinx

looks from her to the other demons to his wound as Glory talks.

Glory So, the key's all secreted away in a flesh wrapper! *gets up and paces* This narrows the search from now on in a serious way, I mean we didn't have a clue. It could have been a log, or, or a bicycle pump, or whatever, am I right?

Jinx has fallen asleep or unconscious on the sofa.

Glory Uch, get him fixed, would ya? *smiling, plops down on another sofa* I wanna hear the whole story again, without all that annoying moaning.

Cut to: an apartment. A black cat jumps over a globe in the foreground and runs offscreen as the door opens and we see Spike. He holds the door open for Dawn, who enters cautiously.

Dawn This place belongs to a magic guy? It smells like grandpa.

Spike closes the door. The camera pulls back so we can see piles of books and papers all over a table.

Spike Hey!

We see a door leading into another room, partly obscured by a curtain. Behind the curtain there's a figure standing.

Spike Anybody home?

The figure moves through the curtains. Spike and Dawn look apprehensive.

The figure emerges and turns out to be a small elderly man wearing glasses and a bathrobe. He looks surprised to see them.

Doc I know you.

Spike I don't think so, mate.

Doc No, no, you're that guy, that, that guy, hangs around down at the corner mart. *Spike looks confused* Big into dominoes, aren't you?

Spike Can't say as I am. Look, we came here because— *stops because Doc is laughing*

Doc That's crazy, isn't it? I mean, I, I, I'd swear, you were that guy. *Dawn looks nervous* I mean, your hair's a different color and you're a vampire, but uh, other than that...

Dawn *to Spike* Maybe we should just go.

Doc No. Now, just because the lights are dim doesn't mean the juice is all gone. What can I do for you?

Spike This one's mum kicked it a few days back.

Doc Ohh. I'm so sorry. *Dawn looks down*

Spike So we were wondering, what's to be done about it. Heard you were the one to ask.

Doc *concerned* Ohh... no, no, that's, uh, you don't wanna mess with that. Uh, I know some tonics, uh, make the grieving fly by—

Dawn *shakes head* I don't want any tonics.

Doc Either one of you witches? Got any experience with, uh, spells of this magnitude?

Dawn shakes her head. Spike just looks grim.

Doc Didn't think so.

Suddenly he reaches out and pulls some hair from Dawn's head. She gasps.

Dawn Ow!

Spike steps forward but doesn't do anything. Doc takes the hair over to a lamp and holds it up to the light. Dawn gives Spike an angry look, holding the side of her head.

Doc Well, your mother's a good candidate, at least. Strong DNA.

Dawn Right.

Doc turns and begins examining the stuff on his shelves. He hums the theme from Prokofiev's "Peter and the Wolf". Dawn watches.

Shot of Doc with his back turned. From underneath his bathrobe a greenish, scaly tail pokes out. Dawn sees it and her eyes widen. She turns to Spike, but he is lighting a cigarette and by the time Dawn catches his attention, Doc has turned again and the tail is hidden again.

Doc continues humming, looks at a pile of books, picks up a large one and smiles triumphantly at Dawn, holding it up. He carries the book over to a table, still humming the same tune. Dawn and Spike follow. Doc puts the book on the table and flips the pages.

Dawn I've gathered some ingredients. But the spell I found... there's things on it I don't understand.

Doc We've got the ghora demon standing between you and success, that's the translation you were missing.

Spike Ghora, I've heard of those. They local?

Doc Yeah, they like to stick close to the hellmouth. *Spike nods. Doc reads from the book* Egg of the ghora gives life. *looks up at Dawn* It's key to the spell.

Dawn Can you buy it, this... egg, or—

Doc If it was as easy as making an omelet, everyone would try it. *Dawn looks chastised* No. You have to steal the egg from the nest of the demon. *looks at Spike* And the ghora won't be happy about it.

Spike Where do we find this demon?

Doc First things first. We'll need an image of your mother. A photo, a painting.

Dawn No problem.

Doc Once you get all the ingredients together, put them in the center *makes circular gestures* of a sacred circle. With the photo of your mother. *Dawn nods* Then... *reaches for a small notebook* say this incantation... *begins to write* three times. *Spike listens closely* She won't appear, you know, poof. *Dawn listens very carefully* It'll take... a while, *smiling* but she will come to you. *tears off the page, hands it to Dawn* Got it?

Dawn Got it.

Doc Oh. Anything goes wrong, the only way to reverse the spell... is to destroy the image of your mother, understand?

Dawn I'll do it right.

Doc It's a tricky spell, girl. I can't say for sure your mother will come back exactly like she was. *shots of Dawn and Spike listening* Sometimes these... things... get a little off.

Dawn But she'll still be my mother. *frowns* Won't she?

Doc More or less.

He walks off. Dawn looks apprehensive.

Dawn *weakly* Good. *a little stronger* Good.

Dawn and Spike go to the door. Doc follows.

Spike And the ghora?

Doc Oh, right, sorry. Um, go in the sewer entrance near Tracy Street. The opening's, um, on the left. Can't miss it. Just follow that down.

Spike goes to open the door as Dawn takes out a wad of money and begins removing some bills.

Doc No, no. Keep your money. *smiles, removes his glasses*

Dawn Oh. Thank you.

Still smiling, Doc holds out his hand and they shake.

Doc You just keep in touch now. Let me know how it goes.

Dawn smiles slightly and nods.

Closeup of Doc's face. Suddenly, his eyes go all black (the whites turn black too). Dawn jerks her hand out of his in startlement. Doc pulls his own hand back as Dawn takes a step backward, apprehensive.

Dawn I-I-I will.

Spike opens the door. Dawn gives Doc one last nervous look and exits. Spike follows her out, closing the door.

Shot of Doc still smiling. As soon as the door closes, his smile drops away.

Cut to Spike and Dawn walking down a dark alley. Spike carries an axe. They come to a spot where the wall looks all slimy and rough.

Dawn It's here. Just like he said.

Spike *looking into the hole* Well, at least we know the old coot isn't completely daft. Look, you better let me snatch this egg thing on my own.

Dawn No way. I'm going.

Spike *firmly* No... you are not. I've got no idea what's down there.

Dawn You need me, Spike. Somebody's gotta get the egg while you distract the ghora. Now come on. *She turns and strides into the opening. Spike shakes his head, sighs and hefts his axe.*

Spike Well, what do you know. Bitty Buffy.

He follows Dawn into the hole.

Cut to Dawn making her way down stairs. The walls are stone, covered with vines. Spike follows close behind. We can hear the demon growling.

They reach the bottom and look up.

Shot of the demon, which looks like a huge lizardy thing sleeping on a pile of rocks. The noises are actually snores. Spike and Dawn move over to the wall and hide behind some vines.

Dawn Doesn't look so bad.

Spike *scoffs* Wait till it wakes up. That's usually when the bad starts.

Shot of the nest behind the demon's tail. There are several eggs in it, about the size and shape of foot-balls but pink with purple spots.

Dawn I can't get to the eggs unless it moves. No way.

Spike *grinning* I'll make it move. You just be ready. *He moves past her and strides toward the demon, lifting the axe.*

Spike Hey! Ghora! Heads up.

The demon wakes and sits up. It has three heads.

Spike *staring* Right then. Heads it is.

Dawn comes forward.

Spike hits one of the heads with his axe. The heads rear back and then strike at him.

Spike ??? (sorry, can't make out this line)

Dawn hurries over to the nest and tries to grab an egg but the demon's tail lashes at her. She jumps back as the demon tries to twist around and look at her.

Spike Hey, get away from her!

Spike hits the demon some more, regaining its attention. Dawn grabs an egg and runs back to the base

of the stairs.

Dawn Spike, come on!

Spike That's it.

Spike gives one last thrust and buries the axe in one of the demon's necks. He runs to rejoin Dawn.

As they start up the stairs, Dawn trips and drops the egg. It bursts open, leaking bright blue stuff.

Spike Leave it, Dawn.

Dawn I can't. Mom.

Spike It's too dangerous and I haven't got—

Dawn turns and runs back toward the nest.

Spike —a weapon!

Dawn runs to the nest, screams as the demon turns to confront her. One of the heads is inches from her face.

Spike throws stones at the demon's head. It turns to him and lashes at him with its tail, knocking him over.

Dawn grabs another egg and gets up.

One of the demon's heads bites Spike in the stomach and he screams with pain. He shoves it off and gets up as Dawn backs away quickly.

Spike No, that's it.

Spike gets up, holding his side with one hand. With the other, he grabs the axe from the demon's neck and slams it into the demon's chest. The demon screams as blue blood seeps out. Spike pulls the axe out again.

Dawn Spike!

Spike joins her at the stairs. The demon continues screaming.

Dawn Sorry!

Spike Did you get it?

Dawn holds up the egg to show him.

Spike Don't be sorry then.

He goes up the stairs, pulling her after him as the demon's noises fade away.

Cut to: exterior Summers house, night.

Dawn V.O. Osiris... giver of darkness...

Cut to Dawn's bedroom. She has a sheet on the floor with a circle of candles on it, and she kneels by it, pouring something from a vial, onto her hands. She smears it on the sheet, drawing a circle around a cauldron in the middle.

Dawn Taker of life... god of gods... accept my offering. Bone, flesh, breath...

She completes the circle.

Dawn Yours... eternally.

Closeup of a picture of Joyce, leaning against the cauldron.

Dawn V.O. Bone...

Shot of Joyce's grave, night.

Dawn V.O. Flesh, breath...

Closeup of the photo.

Dawn V.O. I beg of you...

Zoom in on Dawn's face, lit only by the candles.

Dawn ... return to me.

She takes a shaky breath.

Part 1

Fade in on Willow and Tara's dorm room. Tara sits on the bed studying. Willow lies on her stomach next to Tara, writing in her diary.

Willow What did I have for breakfast this morning? Do you remember?

Tara Hmm?

Willow I-I wanna say bagel, but I think that was yesterday. You had two eggs sunny-side-up. *grins* I remember 'cause they were wiggling at me like little boobs.

Tara *grins* Sassy eggs. *Willow continues writing* What are you writing this for?

Willow My journal.

Tara puts her book aside and lies on her stomach next to Willow. She puts her hand on Willow's non-writing hand.

Tara That's new.

Willow Yeah. I-I figured, life goes by so fast, if you don't write stuff down it just gets... lost. And I wanna remember.

Tara Down to every last bagel.

Willow *grins, looks Tara in the eye* Down to every last everything I do with you.

Willow returns to writing, the fingers of her other hand still twined with Tara's. Tara looks past Willow toward the bookcase.

Tara Huh.

Willow *stops writing* What?

Tara What happened to 'History of Witchcraft'?

Tara gets up as Willow tries to hide her guilty look.

Willow I, uh, i-it isn't there?

Willow sits up as Tara goes to the bookcase and checks out the empty space.

Tara Dawn must have taken it.

Willow *anxiously* No she didn't! Did she? *gets up and goes quickly toward Tara*

Tara This is bad, this is really bad.

Willow *anxiously* But, i-it's just a history book. I-it might answer some of her questions. I-I don't think she could do any... harm with that stuff, could she?

Tara Well, it's not a how-to guide, but it refers to specific resurrection spells and potions.

Willow But I-I didn't... I mean... hey! How'd she know that?

Tara I-I don't know, but... god, what else did she take?

Willow Nothing! I-I think. I think n... she took nothing else. But maybe she did, and we should probably look. Because who knows? I-I don't.

Tara No, no, we can't waste time on that now. We don't know what she's up to.

Willow *nodding* We have to call Buffy. Now.

Cut to Buffy entering the Summers house. The phone is ringing. Buffy tosses down her keys, pulls off her jacket as she hurries over to the phone.

Buffy Hello?

Cut to the cauldron in Dawn's room. We see that it is filled with the blue goo from the ghora egg. Pan up across the broken eggshell and the piece of paper with the spell written on it. Dawn is still kneeling, with her hands on her knees.

Dawn Bone... flesh... breath... yours eternally. Bone, flesh, breath, I beg of you, return to me.

Buffy bursts in.

Buffy Dawn.

Dawn doesn't move.

Buffy What have you done? *rushes over to Dawn* What have you done?

Dawn *standing* She's coming. She's coming home.

Dawn turns and runs out of the room. Buffy reaches down and picks up the picture of Joyce, stares at it for a moment, turns and follows Dawn.

Cut to Dawn rushing down the stairs with Buffy in close pursuit. The house is dark.

Buffy Dawn! Dawn!

Dawn reaches the bottom of the stairs and turns to face Buffy, who comes right up in her face.

Buffy You have no idea what you're messing with. Who knows what you actually raised, what's gonna come through that door!

Dawn *tearful* No, I-I know. It'll be her.

Buffy No. Now, Tara told me that these spells go bad all the time. People come back... wrong.

Dawn Not Mom. He told me her DNA—

Buffy *grabs Dawn by the upper arms* Who told you? Who helped you?

Dawn *angry* Nobody, let me go.

Buffy You have to stop it. Reverse it.

Dawn No!

Dawn wrenches free of Buffy's hold, grabs the picture of Joyce and goes into the living room. Buffy follows.

Buffy Dawn, you know this is wrong. You know you can't let this happen. Not to Mom.

Dawn *quietly* But I need her. I don't care if she...

Cut to: shot of a pair of feet walking on grass. The feet are wearing pale blue pumps, and we can see the hem of a pale blue skirt.

Dawn V.O. I'm not like you, Buffy.

Cut back to the living room.

Dawn I don't have anybody.

Buffy What?! Of course you do. You have me!

Dawn No, I don't. You won't even look at me. It's so obvious you don't want me around.

Buffy That's not true.

Dawn *harshly* Yes it is. Mom... died, and it's like you don't even care.

Buffy *shocked, with tears in her eyes* Of course I care. How can you even think that?

Dawn How can I not? You haven't even cried. You've just been running around like it's been some big chore or something. Cleaning up after Mom's mess.

Buffy slaps Dawn across the face. Dawn yelps and puts her hand to her cheek. Buffy puts her hand over her mouth in horror.

Buffy *tearful* Dawn... I've been... working. I've been busy, because I have to—

Dawn *tearful* No! You've been avoiding me.

Buffy I'm not!... I have to do these things, 'cause... *crying* 'cause when I stop, then she's really gone.

Dawn frowns in confusion.

Buffy And I'm trying. Dawn, I am, I am really trying to take care of things, but I don't even know what I'm doing. Mom always knew.

Dawn Nobody's asking you to be Mom.

Buffy Well, who's gonna be if I'm not? Huh, Dawn? Have you even thought about that? Who's gonna

make things better? *crying harder* Who's gonna take care of us?

Dawn Buffy...

Buffy I didn't mean to push you away, I didn't. I just, I couldn't let you see me.

Dawn begins to cry too.

Buffy Oh god, Dawnie...

We see the two of them from the side, facing each other. In the background, the living-room curtains are drawn. A shadow moves past the window, silhouetted against the curtains. The girls don't notice.

Buffy *still crying* I don't know what we're gonna do. I'm scared.

Dawn Buffy...

Sound of someone knocking on the front door.

Buffy whirls around, no longer crying.

Buffy *small smile* Mommy?

Zoom in on the inside of the door.

Dawn *alarmed* Buffy.

Buffy Mom.

Buffy runs toward the door. Dawn swiftly picks up the photo of Joyce.

Shot of the door from Buffy's perspective as she runs toward it.

Dawn stares at the photo for an instant, makes up her mind. She rips the photo in half.

Buffy pulls the door open.

Shot of the view out the front door. There's nothing there. Just darkened city street and the house across the street. Sound of crickets chirping.

Shot of Dawn looking sad.

Shot of Buffy looking sad.

Dawn comes forward into the foyer. Buffy turns to look at her.

Buffy *voice breaking* Dawn.

She begins to sob. Dawn comes forward and hugs her.

Dawn It's okay.

They sink to the floor, holding each other tightly and crying.

Dawn It's okay.

Executive Producer Joss Whedon.

Intervention

A *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* episode written by **Jane Espenson** and transcribed by **Joan the English Chick** <pisces@englishchick.com>.

Transcriber's Notes:

I do not own the characters or situations of BTVS, and I claim no credit for the content of this episode. I have merely transcribed what appeared on my screen, with help from the closed captions.

I prefer that you link to this transcript on the Psyche site <www.psyche.kn-bremen.de> rather than post it on your site, but you can post it on your site if you really want, as long as you keep my name and email address on it. Please also keep my disclaimers intact.

You can use my transcripts in your fanfiction stories; you don't have to ask my permission. (However, if you use large portions of episode dialogue in your fanfic, I recommend you give credit to the person who wrote the episode.)

I apologize in advance for my lame transcription of the fight scenes. I don't know the names of different punches and kicks. Use your imagination.

Teaser

Giles V.O. Previously on *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*...
Buffy talking to Glory in the Summers home.

Glory Did you know your sister took my key, Dawnie, and she won't give it back. I bet you know where she put it, don't you? Spike and Dawn in the magic shop.

Spike *reading* They had to be certain the Slayer would protect it with her life, so they sent the key to her, in the form of a sister.

Ben talking to Jinx.

Ben Let Glory understand this: I won't help her find the key. I would never do that to an innocent-

Jinx An innocent?

Ben It's not a person.

Ben stabbing Jinx.

Glory in her apartment.

Glory What about the key?

Spike kissing Buffy.

Spike sitting up in bed gasping.

Spike Oh God, no.

Spike talking to Buffy in his underground cavern.

Spike I love you.

Buffy The only chance you had with me was when I was unconscious.

April holding Spike in the air.

April You are not my boyfriend!

April throwing Spike through a window.

Buffy talking to the Scoobies.

Buffy I kinda got the impression that she was a—

Tara Robot.

Xander Oh yeah, robot.

Warren She's a robot.

April walking down the street.

Warren I made her to love me. I didn't make a toy. I made a girlfriend.

Spike talking to Warren.

Spike I'm placing an order.

Warren No, I'm not making any more girls.

Spike Sure you are. *giving Warren the box full of Buffy pictures* Here's your specs.

Buffy in her house.

Buffy Mom? What are you doing?

Joyce lying dead on the sofa.

Buffy Mommy?

Joyce's funeral.

Minister We commend to almighty God our sister, Joyce Summers.

Buffy and Dawn crying.

Buffy sitting with Angel.

Buffy It's tomorrow that I'm worried about.

Angel What's tomorrow?

Buffy That's exactly what I don't know.

Episode opens on the Summers kitchen. Buffy is washing dishes while Dawn wipes. Giles walks over with a towel.

Buffy Giles, you don't have to help. You cooked.

Giles Oh, come on, I quite like to cook. Helping you two out makes me feel useful. *wiping a dish*

Dawn Wanna clean out the garage on Saturday? You can feel indispensable.

Giles *sarcastic* Hmm, how tempting.

Buffy Dawn, if there are any plates in your room, let's have them before they get furry and we have to name them.

Dawn Hey, I was like five then.

Dawn exits.

Giles How's she doing? *Buffy gives him a look* And you?

Buffy I'm okay. Well, some minutes are harder than others.

Giles I'm so sorry. All I can say is i-it will get better.

Buffy It has to. *stops washing dishes, begins drying her hands* We're holding up though, you know, getting into a routine.

Giles Good, routine's good. In fact I was thinking that we might... return to our training schedule.

Buffy *pauses* I don't know. I was, um, thinking about ... maybe ... taking a break or something.

She puts down her towel and walks into the living room. Giles follows.

Buffy Just ease off for a while. Not get into full slay mode.

Giles But you were doing so well.

Buffy A-and you were great, helping me with everything. *They sit on the sofa* I'm just ... starting to feel ... uneasy about stuff.

Giles Stuff?

Buffy Training. Slaying. All of it. It's just ... I mean ... I can beat up the demons until the cows come home. And then I can beat up the cows ... but I'm not sure I like what it's doing to me.

Giles But you've mastered so much. I mean, your strength and resilience alone—

Buffy Yeah. Strength, resilience ... those are all words for hardness. *pause* I'm starting to feel like ... being the Slayer is turning me into stone.

Giles Turning you into stone? Buffy—

Buffy Just ... think about it. *gets up, paces* I was never there for Riley, not like I was for Angel. I was terrible to Dawn.

Giles At a time like this—

Buffy No.

Giles You're bound to feel emotionally numb.

Buffy Before that. Riley left because I was shut down. He's gone. And now my mom is gone ... and I loved her more than anything ... and ... I don't know if she knew.

Giles Oh, she knew. *gets up, puts his hand on Buffy's shoulder* Always.

Buffy I don't know. To slay, to kill ... i-it means being hard on the inside. Maybe being the perfect Slayer means being too hard to love at all. I already feel like I can hardly say the words.

Giles Buffy...

Buffy Giles ... I love you. Love... love, love, love, love, Giles, it feels strange.

Giles Well, I shouldn't wonder. *frowns, sits on the coffee table* How serious are you about this?

Buffy *walks past him, sits on sofa* Ten. I'm serious to the amount of ten.

Giles There is something ... in the Watchers' diaries ... a quest.

Buffy A quest? Like finding a grail or something?

Giles Not a grail. Maybe answers. It would take a day, perhaps two.

Buffy I'm not leaving Dawn. Not with Glory looking for her.

Dawn enters in time to hear this.

Dawn Sure you can. *sits next to Buffy* What's the deal?

Giles Some Slayers before Buffy found it helpful in ... regaining their focus, learning more about their role. There's a sacred place in the desert. It's, it's not far.

Buffy But I can't go. *to Dawn* I'm not leaving you, Dawn.

Dawn If you have to go learn ... I mean, if it'll help you out ... I think you should do it. *shot of Giles smiling* I can hang with the gang. I'll be okay.

Buffy looks at Giles, turns to Dawn and puts an arm around her.

Buffy I love you, Dawn. You know that, right?

Dawn Yeah. I love you too.

Buffy I love you ... *intensely really* love you.

Dawn *nervous grin* Gettin' weird.

Buffy Sorry. But it's important that I tell you. Weird love's better than no love.

They hug.

Cut to: Spike staring at something. We see Warren in the background.

Spike Some say it's better'n the real thing.

Warren *nervous* Better than the real thing.

Shot of a pair of feet. Pan slowly up to reveal the BuffyBot. She wears a knee-length pleated skirt of pale pink, a blouse of darker pink, and a black jacket. Her eyes are closed as she stands there.

Spike OS She looks good, but what about the rest? *Spike still staring at the bot.*

Spike A little walk, a little talk...

Warren stuffing books into a backpack. We're in Warren's parents' living room (same set from "I Was Made To Love You").

Spike ... perhaps a zippy cartwheel...

Warren Hey, she's, uh, great. You'll be real happy, I swear, she's got everything you asked for. All the extra programming, tons of real-world knowledge, the profiles you gave me about her family and friends.

Spike All the extra programming, right?

Warren Ah, the, the stuff that you wanted, the, uh, scenario responses, you know, the, uh, uh, special ... skills ... *nervous laugh* All of it. Now, you said that I could leave—

Warren tries to go past but Spike grabs his arm.

Spike Wait. I'm not sure I'm a satisfied customer.

She looks a little shiny to me, you know, uh...

Close shot of the bot's closed eyes.

Spike OS ... touch of plasticine...

The eyes pop open.

Buffybot Spike?

Longer shot of the BuffyBot smiling hugely.

Buffybot Oh, Spike!

She hurries over to Spike, puts her hands on his shoulders and kisses him on the mouth. She pulls back, still with a big smile.

Spike She'll do.

Part 1

Wolfhowl. Opening credits.

Guest starring Clare Kramer, Adam Busch, Troy T. Blendell, and Amber Benson as Tara. Written by Jane Espenson, directed by Michael Gershman.

Open on Glory lying on a sofa.

Glory *annoyed* He's getting stronger. I'm losing him, I'm losing control of him.

We see that we're in Glory's apartment. She has her legs up on one arm of the sofa. Two of her sycophant demons sit on the other end of the sofa while three more stand behind.

Jinx You're speaking of Ben, most glamorous yet tasteful one?

Glory He stabbed you in your body.

Murk Jinx is all right, your highness. And we do have the new knowledge that the key is a human being.

Glory *sits up* If time runs out on us and all we're left with is info? Then we're screwed.

Jinx Oh, surely not!

Glory *leans back* No, we're screwed!

Murk But you are a god. The sacred Glorificus!

Glory I'm a god in exile. Far from the hellfires of home and ... sharing my body with an enemy that stabs my boys in their *pokes Jinx in the stomach, he groans and winces* fleshy little stomachs.

She sits back again in frustration, ignoring Jinx. He makes a gesture to Murk that he's okay.

Glory Uhh! I'm in pain.

Jinx How can we help? We'll lay down our lives.

Glory ponders for a moment, gets up.

Glory The Slayer and the key are connected. She's going to have contact with it. Find out who's new in her life, who's ... special, who's different. Watch her.

Murk We can do that, O ... thou.

Glory I want to hear about everyone she has contact with! That girl has my key ... *the monks bow their heads* and I'm trusting you boys to get it for me. If you love me ... *they both look up* get it for me.

The monks smile happily at each other and at Glory.

Cut to: a slice of desert. There are sandy dunes with some scraggly bushes, and one tree. Heat waves shimmer in the air. Giles' convertible comes around the dune, pulls up and stops. Giles and Buffy get out. Giles goes to open the trunk. Buffy follows. She wears a long brown coat over brown pants and a brown turtleneck. Giles wears jeans, a black shirt and a brown suede jacket.

Buffy What's in the trunk?

Giles Supplies. *leans into the trunk*

Buffy Supplies? I was wondering about that. Like, food, water, maybe a compass?

Giles *straightens up holding stuff* What about a book, a gourd, and a bunch of twigs?

Buffy I don't think I'll be that hungry.

Giles They're for me. Come on, this way.

He walks off with Buffy following. Cut to them walking across the sand.

Giles You see, the location of the sacred place is a guarded secret. I can't take you there myself. *They begin to climb up a dune* I'll have to perform a ritual to ... transfer my guardianship of you, temporarily, to, to a guide. This'll do.

He stops and begins putting the stuff down.

Buffy A guide but no food or water. So it leads me to the sacred place, and then a week later it leads you to my bleached bones?

Giles Buffy, please. It takes more than a week to bleach bones.

Buffy grins. Giles kneels on the ground and begins arranging the twigs around himself.

Buffy So, how's it start?

Giles I, uh, jump out of the circle and then jump back in it, and then, um . . . *embarrassed* I shake my gourd.

Buffy I know this ritual! The ancient shamans were next called upon to do the hokey-pokey and turn themselves around.

Giles *straightens up, gives her a sour look* Go quest.

Buffy makes an amused face. Giles looks embarrassed. He sighs, rolls his eyes, jumps into the circle of twigs, jumps out, and shakes the gourd. Nothing seems to happen. He and Buffy look at each other.

Buffy And that's what it's all about.

Cut to: Spike in his crypt, dancing around in sparing mode.

Spike What you searching for, Slayer, a weak spot? Hmm?

We see that he's circling around the BuffyBot, who holds a stake in one hand. She is no longer wearing the jacket but still wears the pink skirt and sleeveless blouse.

Spike Try me, give me the best you've got.

She lunges at him with a very lame stabbing movement and he ducks out of the way.

Buffybot Ooh!

Spike grabs her from behind with one arm around her neck and the other grabbing her hand.

Buffybot Oh. . . *panting*

Spike Is that your best, Slayer?

Buffybot No.

Spike Why not?

Buffybot I, I wanna hurt you, but I can't resist the sinister attraction of your cold and muscular body.

Spike Maybe I should repay you for your gentleness. Maybe I should let you go.

Buffybot No! No, Spike. Never let me go.

Spike You know you should be afraid of me. I'm bad.

Buffybot *seductively* You are. You're very, very bad. *Suddenly she twists out of his grasp and flings him across the room. He lands on his back on the bed. The BuffyBot jumps on top of him, straddling him, and puts her stake against his chest.*

Spike Are you gonna do it that way?

Buffybot *grinning* No.

She grabs the neck of his t-shirt and rips it open as Spike grins. Then she puts the stake against his bare chest.

Buffybot This way.

Spike *raises his eyebrows* You can't do it.

Buffybot I could never do it. *drops the stake* I'm helpless against you, you fiend.

Spike shoves her off him.

Buffybot *smiling* Oh!

She rolls aside onto the floor and lands on her back.

Spike lands on top of her, pinning her wrists down.

He kisses her and she kisses him back.

Spike *whispers* Buffy. . .

He slides down her body as the camera stays on her face.

Cut to: Giles sitting on the sand in the middle of the circle of sticks. He has the book open and reads aloud in Swahili.

Cut to closer shot of his face as he continues to speak.

Cut to Buffy walking across the sand. We can hear Giles still reading aloud. The background music is a woman vocalizing.

Buffy hears a growling noise and stops, looks to her left. We see a mountain lion sitting on the sand about thirty feet away.

Buffy Hello, kitty.

The lion begins to walk and Buffy follows it. They go through a passageway made by two large outcroppings of rock. They come out on a large expanse of sandy desert dotted with small bushes or trees. Buffy goes over to a rock and sits on it, looking around.

Buffy I know this place.

Cut to: Tara closing a door. She turns away and we see there's a vial in her hand. She walks away from the door, into the room. We see Xander behind a counter: it's his apartment. He comes out from behind the counter.

Tara Okay. Warning spell's all set.

Xander So that's it? We're all protected up for the night?

They walk farther into the room. We see Anya sitting on one sofa in the background. Dawn sits on another, reading.

Tara Well, i-it's probably not as good as Willow could do. She's a natural with magic. In just the time I've known her, she's already blown right past me.

Xander So, when the whiz kid gets back from chem lab, can you have her . . . you know, bulk up the spell

a little? If you want, maybe, while Anya and I go do a quick patrol?

Anya I don't see why we have to patrol just 'cause Buffy's away. *gets up, walks over to them* I'd rather stay home and watch television.

Dawn watches Anya go past her. Shot of a pair of earrings(?) on the side table next to the sofa that Anya just vacated.

Tara OS Oh yeah, Willow wants to watch this thing on the history channel tonight, *Dawn gets up, walks over to the table* Salem Witch Trial stuff, which is only gonna get her all upset.

Anya OS Oh, I was there, it really wasn't that bad. *Dawn picks up the earrings and puts them in her pocket* See, if you were really a witch, you could do a spell to escape.

Cut to a shot of the three in the foreground and Dawn in the background.

Anya ... so really it was only bad for the falsely accused, and, well, they never have a good time.

Xander No.

Dawn turns from the table to face the others.

Dawn So, guys, if this is a real slumber party, where's the pizza?

As Dawn walks away from the table toward the others, the camera stays on the window behind her. We see one of Glory's demons looking in the window.

Cut to: Spike's crypt. Pan across the pillars and the armchair to find Spike and the Buffy Bot lying on the floor, on their sides. She lies in front with Spike behind her, his arm around her waist, both covered with a pink sheet. Spike's hair is all disarrayed and spikey.

Buffybot You're evil.

Spike And that excites you?

Buffybot It excites me, it terrifies me ... I try so hard to resist you and I can't.

Spike Yeah? *grins*

Buffybot Darn your sinister attraction.

Spike *seriously* Are you afraid of me?

Buffybot *big smile* Yes.

Spike *quietly* You know I can't bite you.

Buffybot I think you can. I think you can if I let you, and I want to let you. I want you to bite me and devour me until there's no more.

Spike *smiles* Like this?

He bites her neck lightly.

Buffybot *smiling* Oh, Spike, devour me!

Spike All right.

He pulls her over on her back and gets on top of her.

Buffybot Spike, I can't help myself. I love you.

Spike You're mine, Buffy.

Buffybot Should I start this program over?

Spike Shh! *frowns* No programs. Don't use that word. Just be Buffy.

She smiles.

Cut to: Willow and a bunch of other students coming out of a UC Sunnydale building, night.

Willow It's got last week's notes too. Just get it back to me by Thursday.

She's speaking to a male student to whom she is giving her notebook.

Willow And, uh, don't write in it or, or, uh, put a coffee mug down on it, or anything. *The student walks offscreen* And, and, just don't spill. Okay. Oh, oh, and don't fold the page corners down. Bye!

She continues walking, pauses as she approaches a pillar, continues. As she passes the pillar, one of Glory's demons comes out from behind it and follows her.

Cut to: Spike lying in his bed asleep. Pan across to the Buffy Bot standing next to the bed, putting on her jacket.

Buffybot Time to slay.

Spike Yeah... *mumbling in his sleep*

The bot picks up her stake and walks purposefully across the crypt.

Buffybot Vampires of the world, beware.

Shot of Spike still sleeping.

Part 2

Fade in on the desert, night. Giles sits on the hood of his car, drinking from a thermos. He looks up at the sky, sighs.

Fade to Buffy still sitting on the rock. She hugs her arms and shivers, lets her head drop and her eyes close.

There's a noise like an owl hooting. Buffy jerks

awake, sighs.

Cut to: the Buffy-Bot walking through the graveyard, twirling her stake. Xander and Anya come around a corner.

Buffybot Hey there!

Xander Buffy!

Buffybot Xander!

Shot of Xander from the bot's perspective. She has a display similar to that of April in "I Was Made..." Folders are labeled "Hard Drive," "Slaying," "Locate Spike," and "Make Spike Happy." Under "Make Spike Happy" are files labeled "kissing01," "kissing02," "positions01," "positions02," etc. up to "positions05" and "More." At the bottom is a readout that identifies Xander with attributes: "friend" "carpenter" "dates Anya"

Buffyybot OS And ...

The point of view shifts to Anya. Her attributes are "dates Xander" "likes money" and "ex-demon"

Buffyybot OS Anya!

Cut to shot of the Buffy Bot's face.

Buffyybot How is your money?

Anya *laughs in surprise* Fine. Thank you for asking. *smiles at Xander*

Buffyybot *smiling* Isn't it a beautiful night for killing evil things?

Xander I guess.

Anya You're back very early.

Xander Yeah, how was the whole vision-quest experience?

Buffyybot I don't understand that question. But thank you for asking.

Xander looks confused.

Buffyybot You're my friend, and a carpenter.

Xander Are you all right? You're all ...

Spike OS Hey! Wait up!

Spike comes running up.

Buffyybot *happily* Spike! *to Xander and Anya* It's Spike. And he's wearing a coat.

Spike *panting* Yes. Uh ... hello all.

The bot tries to take his hand but he pulls it away.

Spike Uh, Buffy's back early, I see. Lots of patrolling all around tonight, then, is it?

The bot takes his arm and he pretends it hurts, pulls it away.

Spike Ow! Hey. Give a fella a break there, Slayer.

She smiles and tries to walk closer to him but he moves away, going closer to Xander and Anya.

Spike Uh, I'm glad you're all here, uh, 'cause, uh, 'cause ... the place is crawling with vamps tonight. Uh, tons of 'em. I, uh, think we oughta split up.

Xander We haven't seen any vamps, are you sure there's...

They hear a noise and all look to the side. Three vamps come around a corner.

Anya You're right.

Spike Yep, guess so.

The vamps rush at them. The BuffyBot kicks one and he falls back. Spike engages the second vamp while Xander and Anya take the third. The bot fights like Buffy.

Anya circles around with her stake while Xander exchanges blows with the vamp. Spike kicks his.

Buffyybot Spike, be careful!

The bot kicks her vamp backward.

Shot of two of Glory's demons watching the action from afar.

Spike grabs his vamp by the arm and hits him in the back.

The third vamp has Xander on the ground and Anya runs behind him. Xander gets his feet on the vamp's chest and shoves him back, right at Anya, who stakes him.

The bot punches her vamp several times and he goes down. Spike is still struggling with his foe.

Buffyybot No, get away from him.

Shot of the two demons still watching.

The bot stakes her vamp. Spike has his vamp kneeling on the ground. The bot tosses her stake to Spike, who catches it and stakes the last vamp.

Anya helps Xander up. Spike and the BuffyBot come over to them.

Spike I think that was probably the big action for the night. You two can toddle on home if you want.

Xander Uh ... Buffy?

Buffyybot *smiling* Yes. Spike and I will do it alone. You guys head home.

Xander looks suspicious, but he and Anya leave anyway. Spike and the bot watch them go. The bot frowns and wiggles her shoulders. Spike comes around in front of her.

Buffyybot Hmm. I don't understand this. I-I did the slaying. I should be...

Spike *leering* Satisfied?

Buffyybot *nods, pouts* But I'm not. I-I'm all ... *wiggles her shoulders* my skin is all hot. *Spike grinning* Do I look hot to you?

Spike Always.

Buffyybot *suggestively* You better feel me to make sure.

Spike I can do that.

They kiss.

Cut to Xander and Anya walking through the dark graveyard, out the front gates. They turn and start walking down the sidewalk.

Anya *coughs* I breathed in like a quart of vampire dust. That can't be good. *putting her stake away in a coat pocket*

Xander I wish Giles told us they were back from the desert. I wish I knew what went on there.

Anya Oh, you know, Slayer-Watcher stuff. Probably some silly ritual with an enchanted prairie dog or something.

Xander *shakes head* Whatever it was, I think she's still a little spacy.

Anya *shrugs* She fought okay.

Xander Yeah. *stops walking* Hey, she never asked about Dawn.

Anya That's true.

Xander Something's wrong.

Moaning noises. Xander and Anya look back at the graveyard. Shot of something blurry, impossible to see through the leaves of bushes that separate the graveyard from the street.

Xander *softly* I hear something.

He gestures to Anya to be quiet as they move toward the bushes.

Shot of Spike and the bot still in the graveyard. Spike lies on his back with the bot straddling him and rocking up and down. Her skirt covers their hips.

Buffyybot Oh Spike. You're the big bad.

Shot of Anya and Xander watching in amazement.

Buffyybot OS You're the BIG bad!

Cut to Willow and Tara sitting on the sofa watching TV. Tara has her head on Willow's shoulder.

Willow Those darn Salem judges. With their less-satanic-than-thou attitude.

Tara Oh, honey, let's change it. The Discovery channel has koala bears.

Willow clicks the remote.

Xander and Anya burst in.

Xander Where's Dawn?

Tara She, she's in the bedroom, she fell asleep.

Xander Good.

Willow What's goin' on?

Xander Buffy's gone insane. *Anya nods*

Willow What? What'd she do?

Xander Brace yourself. You're not gonna believe it.

Tara Everyone, before we jump all over her, people do strange things when someone they love dies. When I lost my mother, I-I did some pretty dumb stuff, like lying to my family and staying out all night.

Anya Buffy's boinking Spike.

Xander nods. Willow and Tara look surprised.

Willow *pause* Oh ... well, Ta-Tara's right. Grief can be powerful, and we shouldn't judge—

Tara What are you, kidding? She's nuts!

Willow Well, it's not healthy, we're all agreeing there.

Tara What can we do?

Anya Sometimes in the movies when they go crazy they slap 'em.

Xander I'm gonna go find her and talk to her. If she's losing it, we gotta help her before she gets herself hurt.

Tara You aren't really gonna slap her, are you?

Xander No, but if I have to see her straddle Spike again, I will definitely knock myself unconscious.

He turns and leaves. Anya shrugs to herself.

Cut to: Buffy asleep on a rock. There's a fire burning nearby. She sits up.

Buffy Hello? Who's there?

On the other side of the fire, we see the First Slayer (see episode "Restless"). Buffy stares.

Cut to: Spike leaning against a pillar, smoking a cigarette. His hair is again messy. Rustling noises. Spike looks toward the door as the Buffy Bot rises from the floor in front of him. They both look over at the noise.

Buffyybot Who's that?

Spike *begins fastening his pants* Uh ... Down there. *points to the trapdoor leading down to the cavern* And, uh, no matter what, don't come out till I get you, okay?

Buffyybot *nods* Okay.

She walks over to the trapdoor and starts down.

Spike looks toward the door as it opens and Xander comes in.

Spike Oh, it's you.

Xander *closes door* I saw you ... in the cemetery with Buffy.

Spike Yeah? *with bravado* Can't see how it's any business of yours.

Xander It is my business because Buffy's my friend... and she's gone through some stuff lately that ... well, it's affected her, and you're taking advantage of her.

Spike *sighs* She's upset about her mum. *takes a drag on his cigarette* And if she turns to me for comfort, well, I'm not gonna deny it to her. I'm not a monster.

Xander Yes. You are a monster. Vampires are monsters. They make monster movies about them.

Spike *sarcastic* Well, yeah, you got me there.

Xander grabs Spike by the front of his shirt.

Xander Spike, Buffy has lost of friends, and we love her very much, and we'll do whatever it takes to protect her. Now if that means killing you, then, well, that's just a bonus.

The door opens and Jinx appears.

Jinx Gentlemen! *begins to enter, followed by more demons* I'm so sorry to intrude, but I wondered if I might beg a moment of your time.

Spike *to Xander* Friends of yours?

Jinx punches Xander in the stomach.

Spike Guess not.

Spike kicks Jinx. Xander struggles to his feet as the fight continues. Xander takes another kick to the chin and goes down again. Spike exchanges more blows until two of the demons get him by the arms. He head-butts another of them.

Jinx Tie his hands! Glory will want him restrained.

Spike *struggling* Let me go!

Jinx Careful with him. She will want the key intact.

Spike Key? Who's a key? I'm not the—

Jinx stuffs something in Spike's mouth. Spike continues struggling and muffled yelling as the demons drag him out.

Part 3

Open on Buffy at the fireside. Throughout the ensuing scene we see the First Slayer through the flames, sometimes obscuring her entirely.

Buffy I know you. You're the first Slayer.

First Slayer This is a form. I am the guide.

Buffy I have a few questions ... about being the Slayer. What about ... love? Not just boyfriend love.

First Slayer You think you're losing your ability to love.

Buffy I-I didn't say that. *sighs* Yeah.

First Slayer You're afraid that being the Slayer means losing your humanity.

Buffy Does it?

First Slayer You are full of love. You love with all of your soul. It's brighter than the fire ... blinding. That's why you pull away from it.

Buffy *surprised* I'm full of love? I'm not losing it?

First Slayer Only if you reject it. Love is pain, and the Slayer forges strength from pain. Love ... give ... forgive. Risk the pain. It is your nature. Love will bring you to your gift.

Buffy *pause* What?

Cut to the Buffy Bot climbing out of the underground cavern.

Buffybot Spike? *looks around* I waited like you said, but then I missed you. Spike?

She walks off, not noticing Xander lying on the ground behind her.

Cut to: darkness, sound of someone knocking on a door.

Willow Xander, did you—

Willow opens the door to discover the Buffy Bot.

Buffybot Spike's gone!

Willow Bu-Buffy. Uh, come in. Shh! It's late!

Willow ushers the bot in, closes the door. They walk through the darkened living room.

Willow Wait.

Willow picks up a blanket from the floor, wraps it around herself, and she and the bot go out onto a balcony.

Willow *whispers* We can talk out here.

She closes the door quietly and goes over to the bot.

Willow Did Xander find you? He-he was looking for you.

Shot of Willow from the bot's perspective. Her attributes are: "best friend" "gay (1999-present)" "witch" "good with computers"

Willow He hasn't come back. Anya sat up waiting.

Buffybot I don't know where Xander is. I haven't seen him. And when I came out of the tunnel, Spike was gone. I need to find him.

Willow *winces* Um ... Buffy, this thing with Spike, i-i-it isn't true, is it? You didn't, you know, sleep with Spike?

Buffybot No.

Willow smiles with relief.

Buffybot I had sex with Spike. *Willow winces again* I'm sorry if it bothers you. You're my best friend.

Willow I-I am. And I, I always will be, no matter what you do. I, I'm just trying to figure out why this happened, and I, I think with ... your mom and everything ... everyone was being all sympathetic, and, and making you feel weak. A-and Spike wasn't like that. So, just this one time, you just ... did something kinda ... crazy.

Buffybot *shakes head* It wasn't one time. It was lots of times. And lots of different ways. I could make sketches.

Willow *disgusted* No! Buffy, there is something seriously wrong here! I ... *the bot looks confused* Okay, yeah, you've been with a vampire before, but Angel had a soul.

Buffybot Angel's lame. His hair grows straight up, and he's bloody stupid.

Willow *confused* Okay ... look, I just wanna help you. Let me help you.

Buffybot You're my best friend.

Willow Yeah. Again, I ... really am, but...

Buffybot You're recently gay.

Willow Um...

Behind them, the apartment lights up. They turn to see through the window that Xander has returned.

Xander *inside* Guys! Guys, wake up.

Willow gives the bot one last confused look and goes inside. The bot follows.

Tara sits up from sleeping on the floor. Anya gets up from sleeping on the sofa.

Anya Oh, Xander, I was scared, are you hurt? What happened?

Xander Guys ... demony kinds of guys. Buffy.

Buffybot Yes, that's me.

Xander The guys that work for Glory, you said they're kind of like hobbits with leprosy? Well this was a whole flock of hobbits, and they just grabbed Spike. I think they're taking him to Glory.

Willow But he, he knows about Dawn. *Xander nods*

Buffybot We have to get him back. *Willow gives her a disturbed look*

Xander So how do we find him?

Everyone looks at the bot. She looks uncertain.

Buffybot I fight with weapons.

Xander Yeah. I got nothin'. Let's hit your place, we'll stock up.

Willow Uh, Tara, can you stay here a-and watch Dawn?

Tara Of course.

The others all walk off.

Cut back to Buffy in the desert.

Buffy I-I'm sorry, I, I'm just a little confused. I'm full of love, which is nice, and ... love will lead me to my gift?

First Slayer Yes.

Buffy I'm getting a gift? Or, or do you mean that, that I have a gift to give to someone else?

First Slayer Death is your gift.

Buffy Death ...

First Slayer Is your gift.

Buffy Okay, no. Death is not a gift. My mother just died. I know this. If I have to kill demons because it makes the world a better place, then I kill demons, but it's not a gift to anybody.

The First Slayer is obscured by the flames, following the contours of her body.

First Slayer Your question has been answered.

She, as well as the fire, disappears. All that's left is cold gray rocks and sand. Buffy frowns in confusion. Cut to: Glory's apartment. The door bursts open and the two main demons enter with Spike, whose hands are tied behind him. Glory gets up from the sofa where she was reading a magazine.

Glory What the hell is that, and why is his hair that color?

Murk Stunning one, we believe he is...

Murk and Jinx *unison* The key!

Spike looks annoyed. Glory smiles.

Glory Really? That's fantabulous! *comes forward, shoves Murk away* And impossible. *walks in a circle around Spike* He can't be the key, because, see, the key ... has to be pure.

She returns to Spike's front and sniffs at him.

Glory This is a vampire. *Spike looks at her in alarm* Lesson number one, vampires equal impure.

Spike *a little scared* Yeah, damn right I'm impure. I'm as impure as the driven yellow snow. Let me go.

Glory You can't even brain-suck a vampire. *pats Spike on the chest* He's completely useless.

Spike So, I'm just gonna let myself out.

He tries to escape but Murk stops him.

Jinx But, your holiness, we observed the Slayer. She protected this one above all others. *Glory looks over his shoulder at Spike* She treated him as precious.

Glory Really? Precious-ss-ss?

She pushes Jinx aside and goes over to Spike again.

Glory Let's take a peek at you, precious. *looks him up and down*

Spike Sod off.

Glory Oh... *laughs*

She punches Spike and he flies backward, crashes into the wall and slides down it. There's blood on his lip. Glory comes over and tilts his head up to look at him.

Glory He doesn't look very fancy to me. *grabs Spike by the lower lip and pulls him upright*

Spike Hey, watch the lip!

Glory But if the Slayer protects him, maybe appearances are deceiving.

She throws Spike onto her round bed. He lands on his back with his hands pinned underneath him. As he groans in pain, Glory climbs on top of him.

Glory Maybe there's something on the inside.

She takes one finger, with its long red fingernail, and thrusts it into Spike's stomach. He screams in pain. Glory leans over him.

Glory Shhh. What do you know, precious? What can I dig out of you?

Shot of Spike writhing in pain.

Cut to: Summers house, day. Xander opens the door for the Buffy Bot, who enters followed by Xander, Anya, and Willow. They walk into the living room.

Buffybot *smiling* This is my house.

Xander If we're gonna stop Spike from blabbing about Dawn, we're gonna need these.

He goes to the big weapons chest and opens it.

Anya Ooh, the big guns.

Xander takes out a weapon and gives it to Anya, takes out another one for himself.

Anya Saddling up. Shouldn't we have guns?

Buffybot Those are my weapons. Give me something big and sharp.

Willow Um, Buffy, where do we go? Where should we look for Glory?

Buffybot She's a god. She wants the key.

Xander Yeah, so we should look. . .

They all look at the bot.

Buffybot I don't know. Why are you all looking at me? *They all look confused*

Xander Okay, Buff, it's okay, you're right, you shouldn't have to know everything.

Buffybot We need to rescue Spike.

Willow Um . . . Buffy, I, I think you have more weapons upstairs. Why don't you go get those?

Anya And maybe change your clothes, you know, something more . . . *fighty.*

Buffybot I can do that. I'll be right back.

She turns with a smile and walks off.

Xander Okay, this has gone way too far. She thinks we're going to rescue Spike.

Willow What **are** we gonna do?

Xander Find him, keep him from talking, whatever it takes.

Anya What do we do with Glory?

Willow Whatever we do, we're gonna need Buffy's help.

Xander Then we're gonna have to talk to her.

Willow Intervention time again?

Xander Yeah, 'cause what we need right now is a sane Buffy.

The real Buffy enters, still wearing her brown pants and turtleneck, carrying her brown coat.

Buffy Whoa. Group hang time?

The others look surprised.

Willow Tha-that was quick.

Buffy Didn't seem like it to me. Death is my gift. *scoffs*

The others are completely bemused.

Xander Buffy, we need to talk.

Buffy *alarmed* What's wrong? Is Dawn okay?

Willow Dawn's fine.

Xander Buffy, we care about you, and we're worried about you. The way you're acting, the things you're doing—

Anya It's wrong.

Willow Wait. This shouldn't be about blame.

Buffy Blame? There's blame now?

Willow No, there's only love. And . . . some fear.

Anya Which is kind of thrown by the you having sex with Spike.

Buffy The . . . who whating how with huh?

Anya Okay, that's denial. That usually comes before anger.

Buffy *angrily* I am not having sex with Spike!

Anya Anger.

Xander No one is judging you. It's understandable. Spike is strong and mysterious and sort of compact but well-muscled.

Buffy *firmly* I am not having sex with Spike! But I'm starting to think that you might be.

Xander *scoffs* Buffy, I saw you. Anya too. *Anya nods* We saw you and Spike . . . (gestures vaguely) with the straddling.

The Buffy Bot enters, looking offended.

Buffybot Spike's mine. Who's straddling Spike?

She strides up next to Buffy, who stares at her in amazement.

Buffy Oh my god.

Xander *amazed* And so say all of us.

Buffybot Say, look at you. You look just like me! We're very pretty.

Willow Two of them!

Xander Hey, I know this! They're both Buffy!

Buffy *annoyed at him* No, she's a robot. She acts just like that girlfriend-bot that Warren guy made. You guys couldn't tell me apart from a robot?

Buffybot Oh, I don't think I'm a robot.

Anya She's very well done.

The bot smiles at her.

Xander Spike must have had her built so he could program her t—

Buffy *horrified* Oh god.

Willow Yikes. Imagine the things—

Buffy No! No, no imagining. Any of you.

Xander *raises his hand* Already got the visual.

Buffybot People. Friends of mine. You're forgetting the most important thing. Glory has Spike and she's going to harm him.

Buffy *softly* Glory has Spike?

Xander *nervous laugh* We were gonna bring that up.

Anya We were getting weapons.

Buffy Grab 'em. We're going now. I have to kill him.

Willow We don't even know where to look.

Buffy *ponders* I know where to start.

Cut to: Glory's apartment. Spike's hands are tied together over his head. He stands in the middle of the room with the demons around the edges. His shirt is torn partly off and his face is bloody.

Glory I have a riddle for you, precious. How is a vampire that won't talk ... like an apple?

She walks up to Spike, grabs his hair and pulls his head back. We see that his chest is also bloody and has at least one ugly round wound from Glory's finger. With her free hand she has a dagger which she uses to cut his chest. Spike yells in pain.

Glory Think I can do you in one long strip?

Spike *weakly* Enough. No more. I'll tell you who the sodding key is.

Part 4

Open on a shot of Sunnydale, daylight. We see the hill atop which is Glory's apartment building. Pan down to the park below.

Buffy OS Glory's key-sniffing snake was about here when I killed it. It was headed back to her.

Willow OS Do you think she lives around here?

Pan down more to discover the Scooby gang with Giles and the Buffy Bot standing around. Most of them have weapons, including the bot.

Xander It's not a lot to go on.

Closer shot of Buffy.

Buffy *shrugs* It's all we got.

Giles *staring at the bot* Quite extraordinary really.

Buffybot Thank you. But I really think we should be listening to the other Buffy, Giles. *She pronounces it with a hard G like "guy"* She's very smart and she's gonna help us save Spike.

Giles Guy-les? *turns to address the real Buffy* Spike didn't even bother to program my name properly.

Buffy Listen, skirt girl, we are not going to save him. We're going to kill him. He knows who the key is, and there's no way he's not telling Glory.

Buffybot You're right. He's evil. *smiles* But you should see him naked. I mean really.

Buffy grimaces in disgust.

Buffy Okay, guys, split up and spread out. Check the priciest-looking places first. Xander, you come with me. Willow, Anya, stick together, and Guy-les ... Giles- *Giles looks annoyed* you can watch ... it.

Giles sighs, turns back to the bot. She gives him a huge grin.

Cut to: Glory holding a glass of water to Spike's lips. He drinks it all. Blood from the wound above his eye and the wound in his lip is trickling down his cheeks making him look quite battered.

Glory Is that better? *Spike coughs* Do you think you can try to talk again now? *Spike nods* Good. Because I'm tired of these games!

She smashes the glass against Spike's face. It breaks into pieces.

Glory *turns away* "I need time, I need a drink", you're a very needy little bloodsucker, *sits on the sofa* and it's not very attractive.

Spike glares at her.

Glory So start talkin'.

Spike Yeah. Okay. The key. Here's the thing...

Shot of Spike's hands with chains wrapped around them. He twists them around trying to loosen the chains.

Spike It's that guy... on TV ... what's his name?

Glory *frowns* On the television?

Spike That show ... the prize show ... where they guess what stuff cost?

Murk The Price Is Right?

Jinx Oh, Bob Barker!

Murk We will bring you Bob Barker! We will bring you the limp and beaten body of Bob Bark—

Glory *jumps up* It is not Bob Barker, scabby morons! The key is new to this world ... *turns back to face Spike* and Bob Barker is as old as grit. *smiles* The vampire ... is lying to me.

Spike *giggles weakly* Yeah ... but it was fun. And guess what, bitch. *Shot of his hands still trying to twist free* I'm not telling you jack. You're never gonna get your sodding key, 'cause you might be strong, but in our world, you're an idiot.

Glory I am a god.

Spike The god of what, bad home perms?

Glory Shut up! *takes a few steps toward him, pats her hair* I command you, shut up!

Spike Yeah, okay, sorry, but I just had no idea that gods were such prancing lightweights. *Glory scoffs in disbelief* Mark my words, the Slayer ... is going to kick your skanky, lopsided ass *Glory checks out her ass in dismay* back to whatever place would take a *sizing her up* cheap, whorish, fashion victim ex-god like you.

Glory spins around and delivers a spinning kick to Spike's chest. His hands break free and he goes flying backward, crashing through the apartment's door and into the hallway outside. He does a back-somersault and winds up on the floor against a chair.

Spike *mutters* Good plan, Spike.

Shot of Glory surrounded by her demons as the broken chain dangles in front of her.

Glory Bring him back.

Cut to: Spike bloodied and limping, dragging himself down the hall toward the elevator. The elevator doors close before he reaches them. One of Glory's demons comes around the corner and sees him.

Demon Here!

Spike tries to catch the elevator doors before they fully close but he's too late. He lands on his knees and pries the doors open.

Spike Oh, god.

Several more demons come running around the corner.

Spike leans over and lets himself fall down the elevator shaft. He lands on top of the elevator as Jinx appears in the doorway.

Shot of the descending elevator with Spike sprawled on top of it. Jinx and another demon watch it go, then they turn away.

Spike rolls over and opens the hatch in the elevator ceiling, falls through it and lands on the floor of the

elevator.

Cut to the lobby of the building. The elevator doors open as the group of demons comes down the stairs. Spike gets slowly to his feet.

Murk You do not insult Glory by escaping.

Spike scowls at them.

The front door opens and Buffy and Xander enter, carrying crossbows.

Murk Slayer!

Spike closes his eyes in relief and falls back against the elevator wall as Xander grabs one demon by his axe. Buffy shoots the demon with her crossbow. Murk kicks the crossbow out of Buffy's hands and punches her.

Shot of Spike crumpling to the floor.

Buffy kicks Murk down, ducks a punch from another demon and punches him, kicks a third.

Xander uses the axe like a staff to hit another demon, fends him off and stabs a second demon with the axe, takes two punches from the first demon, ducks another punch and hits the demon on the chin with the axe handle.

Buffy blocks kicks from Murk, kicks him in the face, ducks a punch, throws a punch that he blocks, punches him a few times.

A demon grabs Xander around the neck from behind.

Giles and the Buffy Bot enter as Buffy continues fighting Murk.

Giles Buffy, we're here.

Giles loads his crossbow as Buffy delivers a final kick that sends Murk flying. The bot looks over to the elevator.

Buffybot Spike! Spike's in there!

Xander continues struggling with the demon who has him around the neck and is threatening him with a small dagger. Giles hits the demon with his crossbow and grabs him as Xander pulls free. Xander flies forward and lands on another demon on the floor.

The bot goes over to the elevator and looks at Spike, who sits on the floor. He's bloody and bruised all over his face and upper chest.

Xander punches the demon.

Giles continues struggling with the other demon until it throws him to the floor and puts the crossbow to his throat.

Giles Buffy!

The Buffy Bot whirls around.

The real Buffy whirls around.

The bot throws her weapon aside and grabs the demon off Giles. The demon hits her with the crossbow and she flies against the elevator control panel.

The real Buffy kicks the demon, then punches him and he goes down.

The bot sinks to the floor looking surprised as tendrils of blue light flash across her body.

Jinx and Murk run for the stairs. Buffy watches them go.

Cut to: Glory's apartment. Jinx and Murk attempt to explain to Glory what happened.

Jinx The Slayer was there.

Murk A lethal fighter.

Jinx She seemed to be everywhere at once.

Murk She had friends. With many weapons!

Jinx They may have been demons.

Glory *smiles* And where's my vampire?

The demons look at each other and stammer.

Shot of the broken door to the apartment. Sound of the demons screaming.

Cut to: shot of the Buffy Bot's back. A flap of skin is peeled back revealing her inner workings. Willow is poking at the machinery with tools. It makes sputtering noises.

Pull out to reveal Tara standing next to Willow. They're in the magic shop. The bot is bent over the table.

Tara *looks across the table* Is it weird?

We see Buffy standing on the other side of the table. Dawn sits beside her.

Buffy Oh yeah. *walks closer* At least it's not a very good copy. *sits in the chair next to the bot* I mean... *Buffy lays her head down on the table to look into the bot's face.*

Buffy ... look at it.

Willow Uh ... yeah. *looks up at Tara*

The door opens and they look up as Xander and Giles enter. Buffy gets up.

Buffy What'd you guys do with Spike? And please let the story have a dusty ending.

Xander We dumped him back in his crypt.

Giles Tried to find out if he'd ... told her anything, but he was too badly beaten to make much sense.

Anya Well, even if he told her, he'd just lie to us about it anyway, right?

Buffy Yeah, you can count on it. But I have to know. Now. If he did give us up, Dawn and I need to get

out of town. I mean, she could be on her way right now.

Dawn looks alarmed.

Giles *to Dawn* But, uh, not to worry, you know, I'm sure we'll all be perfectly safe.

Dawn *smiles* We're safe, right. And, uh, Spike built a robot Buffy to play checkers with.

Buffy frowns, looks at Tara.

Tara I-it sounded convincing when I thought it.

Willow Hey! I-I think I found somethin'.

Anya comes over and looks at the machinery.

Anya Uch! Looks very complicated in there. Personally, I'd rather look at guts.

Willow *to Buffy* I found where she's broken. Some of these wires got fried extra crispy. *smiles* It's an easy fix.

Buffy gives her an astonished look.

Willow I mean ... not that I would.

Xander God, I feel ... kind of bad for the guy. Gets all whupped and his best toy gets taken away.

Buffy Xander. Please don't be suggesting what I'd have to kill you for suggesting.

Xander No, no, travesty, completely on board, it's just ... the guy was so thrashed.

Buffy considers this.

Cut to: Spike lying in his crypt, daylight outside. His facial bruises have swelled up and his hair is still messy.

The door slams open. The Buffy Bot stands there, no longer wearing her jacket but still in the pink blouse and skirt. She walks briskly over to the coffin where Spike's lying.

Buffybot Spike! You're covered in sexy wounds.

Spike turns his head toward her. His eyes are swollen mostly shut.

Spike Yeah. *starts to sit up* I feel real sexy. *slowly pulls himself upright* Where you been?

Buffybot I fell down and got confused. Willow fixed me. She's gay.

Spike Will fixed you? I thought they'd melt you into scrap.

Buffybot They were confused too. *smiles* Do you wanna ravage me now?

Spike *weakly* Give us a minute. Got some bones need mending.

Buffybot Why did you let that Glory hurt you?

Spike She wanted to know who the key was.

Buffybot Oh, well, I can tell her, and then you'll—
turns to leave

Spike No! *coughs as she turns back* You can't ever. Glory never finds out.

Buffybot Why?

Spike *quietly* 'Cause Buffy ... the other, not so pleasant Buffy ... anything happened to Dawn, it'd destroy her. I couldn't live, her bein' in that much pain. Let Glory kill me first. Nearly bloody did.

She frowns slightly, then leans forward and kisses him softly on the lips. Spike starts to kiss her back, frowns and pulls away.

Shot of her looking at him.

Spike stares at her in amazement.

She turns to walk away.

Spike And my robot?

Buffy *turns back* The robot is gone. The robot was

gross and obscene.

Spike *lowers his head* It wasn't supposed to—

Buffy Don't. That ... thing, it ... it wasn't even real.

She turns and takes a few more steps toward the door. Spike sits with his head hanging. Buffy pauses again but doesn't turn back to him.

Buffy What you did, for me, and Dawn ... that was real.

Spike lifts his head to look at her. She turns to look at him over her shoulder.

Buffy I won't forget it.

She walks out, closing the door behind her. Spike stares after her.

Executive Producer Joss Whedon

Tough Love

A *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* episode written by **Rebecca Rand Kirshner** and transcribed by **Joan the English Chick** <pisces@englishchick.com>.

Transcriber's Notes:

I do not own the characters or situations of BTVS, and I claim no credit for the content of this episode. I have merely transcribed what appeared on my screen, with help from the closed captions.

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I apologize in advance for my lame transcription of the fight scenes. I don't know the names of different punches and kicks. Use your imagination.

Teaser

Giles V.O. Previously on *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*... *Glory smashing through the warehouse.*

Buffy V.O. Tell me what kind of demon I'm fighting.

Quentin Travers V.O. Glory isn't a demon, she's a god.

The dying monk talking to Buffy.

Monk We had to hide the key ... made it human... *Monks chanting.*

Monk ... and sent it to you.

Buffy V.O. Dawn.

Dawn in the hospital talking to Ben.

Dawn I'm not real.

Ben You're the key. Go. Before she finds you, she's here!

Ben talking to Jinx.

Jinx An innocent?

Ben It's not a person.

Ben stabbing Jinx.

Glory in her apartment.

Glory What about the key?

Spike tied up in Glory's apartment.

Spike I'll tell you who the sodding key is.

Glory The vampire is lying to me.

Spike The Slayer is going to kick your lopsided ass. *Glory kicking Spike across the room, through the door.*

Episode opens on the UC Sunnydale campus. Exterior of a building, students walking around and talking.

Cut to a classroom. Close shot of a pair of hands fiddling with a slide projector. In the background the door opens and Buffy comes in. We see students leav-

ing. The person at the slide projector is the professor. Buffy walks over to him.

Buffy Professor Lillian?

Professor Buffy.

Buffy I'm sorry that I missed the lecture today. *professor continues struggling with the slide machine* Was it good?

He gives her a look.

Buffy Um, of course it was. *He returns to fiddling* D-do you want me to try?

Professor Yes, thanks, the ... *gesturing vaguely* slide is stuck in the ... thing.

Buffy Okay. *begins pulling at the slide* Um, I just ... came by to tell you that ... I have to drop this class. Um, all my classes actually. I'm not finishing the semester. I wish it ... um ... I just, I can't be in school right now. I, I have to take care of my sister.

Professor *nods* Yes, I, I thought you might. I was very sorry to hear about your loss.

Buffy looks pensive for a moment, then reaches for her bag.

Buffy Um, I have these forms from the registrar's office that I need you to sign.

She gives him the papers.

Professor Oh ... yes.

He puts the papers on the table, puts on his glasses to read them. Buffy waits while he signs the papers and gives them back.

Buffy Thanks.

She puts them in her bag as the professor takes his glasses back off. Then she looks back up at him.

Professor Is there something else?

Buffy No. Yes. Yeah. Um ... I wanted to tell you ... how much I enjoyed this class. *resumes pulling at the slide projector* I mean, I know that I wasn't the best student, but ... I really learned a lot. Uh, and I really like poetry. *shot of her hands on the projector* I really do.

The stuck slide pops out and goes flying across the room.

Buffy *embarrassed* Oh, sorry.

Professor *smiles* I'm glad you like poetry, Buffy.

Buffy I wish I had time for it. But I just ... don't right now.

Professor Well, maybe short poems.

Buffy Yeah! Like, like those, those Japanese ones that, that, um, sound like a sneeze?

Professor Haiku?

Buffy Right. Maybe those. A-and hopefully I'll be back next semester.

Cut to Ben rushing down the hospital hallways, looking anxious.

Buffy *V.O.* When I'm more myself again.

Ben approaches two doctors who are standing there looking at a clipboard. One wears a white lab coat, the other blue scrubs. They seem to be waiting for Ben.

Doctor Benjamin. This is a pleasant surprise.

Ben I'm sorry I'm late.

Doctor You're not late.

Ben *looks at his watch* But sir—

Doctor You can't be late to a job that you don't have. *gives the clipboard to the other doctor who walks away* Interestingly enough, I've decided to give your job to someone who'll actually do it. *Ben*

sighs in annoyance Honest to God, Ben! I've been calling you for two weeks. Where the hell have you been? I didn't wanna ... I'm sorry to fire you, but I need somebody I can count on.

Ben *surprised* I haven't been here... *resigned* I haven't been here in two weeks. *hopefully* There's an explanation for this. Which ... I ... can't exactly give you. I—can I just tell you it's not my fault?

Doctor *nods* Sure. You can also tell me that the dog ate your homework, or maybe eating Twinkies made you do it, or ... maybe yeah, that there's really a wicked demonic creature living inside you that takes control of your body and forces you to do its bidding. *sighs* Take responsibility for your actions, Ben!

Ben I ... this ... *angrily* you know, forget it. Just forget it.

He turns to walk away. Fast-cut to Ben cleaning out his locker, angrily throwing clothes into a bag while talking to himself.

Ben This is so unfair. You're taking everything away from me. Everything I worked for, I earned, I care about. These are my choices, this is my life, and you're ruining it! *pauses, shakes his head* No. No. Not here. Not now, please. *puts his hands to his face* I'm Ben. I'm Ben. I'm Ben.

He continues to repeat this phrase while turning to bang his hand against the side of the locker. Focus on his hand as it shrinks and becomes Glory's hand. Pan over to Glory standing where Ben was. She looks around with a small smile.

Glory I'm hungry.

Part I

Wolfhowl. Opening credits.

Guest starring Clare Kramer, Charlie Weber, Troy T. Blendell, Anne Betancourt, Leland Crooke, and Amber Benson as Tara. Written by Rebecca Rand Kirshner, directed by David Grossman.

Open on Glory taking a bubble bath. Beside the bathtub three of her demons are kneeling, with blindfolds over their eyes. One holds a tray with a wine glass on it, another holds a large box of chocolate.

Glory *happy sigh* We got this part right, that's for sure. Lot of sucky things in this dimension—bubble baths? Not one of 'em. *blows some bubbles* Know what I mean?

Jinx I am in thunderous agreement, oh glittering, glistening Glorificus.

Glory I wasn't talking to you.

Slook Uh, begging your pardon, and begging in general, but ... were you talking to me?

Glory Eww. Yeah, right. Like any of you have ever bathed, anyway.

Slook Oh, but we do, your scrumptiousness. We bathe in your splendiforous radiance, your aromatic—

Glory How about you shut up and listen to me, you disgusting little fools? *all three bow their heads* Okay. Now, I asked for the key, and you brought me a vampire. A pulseless, impure, follicly-fried vam-

pire. Loofah!

Sloolik produces a large loofah and gives it to her. She begins scrubbing her leg.

Glory So, what I think we have here is a failure for you to do your frickin' jobs, pardon my French. *shoves the loofah back into Sloolik's hand* Mimosa.

Murk holds out the tray and Glory takes the glass.

Glory Mmm ... *sips, smiles* Vitamins. *briskly* So I think you better rack your little minion brains, and tell me everything that you saw when you were spying on Buffy and her wacky pals. Everything. Mm. Then I'll figure out who the key is.

Buffy V.O. You lied to me?

Cut to head-shot of Dawn sitting in a chair.

Dawn Didn't ... lie ... e-exactly.

Buffy OS Really.

Cut to head-shot of Buffy sitting next to her.

Buffy What about all the times I asked you how school was and you said "fine"?

Dawn Well, it was! *softly* You didn't ask if I was in it when it was fine.

We see a woman sitting behind a desk with a nameplate saying "Principal Stevens". Buffy and Dawn sit in chairs on the other side of the desk. Buffy sighs.

Buffy I-I don't know what to say. I-I'm sure you're aware that the past few months, you know, have been kind of hard for Dawn. Not that I'm saying that's an excuse.

Principal I understand. Your mother was a lovely woman and we'll all miss her very much. I know how difficult it must be.

Buffy It is. Especially for Dawn. She—she's just a kid.

Principal Well ... I think we both know that Dawn is a lot more than "just a kid".

Dawn looks alarmed, looks over at Buffy, who returns the look.

Principal *leans forward* She's a talented young girl ... with a sharp mind ... *to Dawn* when she puts the effort in.

Dawn looks away in relief.

Buffy Look. I realize that there's been some ball-dropping, but I'm sure this will all—

Principal Dawn, why don't you wait outside for a few minutes?

Dawn looks very scared. She looks over at Buffy, who gives her a nod. Dawn gets up and leaves. Buffy watches her go with a sigh.

The principal gives Buffy a stern look. Buffy faces her head-on.

Cut to: interior magic shop, day. Xander and Willow sit at the table, he's reading a comic book and she's reading something else. In the background there's an older couple walking around browsing. The camera pans around to reveal Anya on the other side of the table, standing, watching the customers.

Shot of the customers examining the merchandise.

Shot of Anya watching them, partly hidden behind a display case.

Xander Honey.

Anya whirls around to face him.

Xander Old saying. "A watched customer never buys".

Anya They would if they were patriotic.

Xander and Willow both put down their reading material, look at Anya, then look at each other.

Xander *to Willow* Okay, I'm goin' in. *to Anya* Patriotic?

Anya Yes. I've recently come to realize there's more to me than just being human. *proudly* I'm also an American.

Giles appears, holding a cup of tea.

Giles Yes, I suppose you are, in a manner of speaking. You were born here—your mortal self.

He walks past her.

Anya Well, that's right, foreigner. *Giles gives her a look* So I've been reading a lot about the good ol' us of A *she says "us" not "U.S."*, embracing the extraordinarily precious ideology that's helped to shape and define it.

Willow Democracy?

Anya Capitalism. The free market depends on the profitable exchange of goods for currency. *Xander and Willow exchange an amused look* It's a system of symbiotic beauty apparently lost on these old people. *turns to look back at the customers* Look at 'em. Perusing the shelves. Undressing the merchandise with their eyeballs *turns back to the others* all ogle, no cash. It's not just annoying, it's unAmerican.

Giles comes over to her and peers past her at the customers.

Giles Appalling. Almost as if they no longer think money can buy happiness.

He walks off.

Anya Totally unAmerican. Oh, and you know what else is unAmerican? French people.

Willow You don't say.

Anya From what I hear, they don't tip. Now, French old people? That's **really** the bottom of the barrel, you know?

Xander Ahn, how's about we try being a bit less prejudiced, and a bit more inclusive? Not us, *indicates himself and Willow, then points to Anya* just you.

Anya Fine. I'm gonna make those fogeys buy things.

She turns and walks toward the customers. The door opens and Buffy enters, followed by Dawn. Buffy gives Anya a little wave as they head down the stairs toward the table.

Xander Hey, what's up? It's Dawn Giovanni and the Buffster.

Dawn *sullen* Hi.

Buffy Hey everybody.

Giles I trust everything went well at the university?

Buffy Yep, I'm, uh, all dropped out. *she and Dawn sit at the table*

Xander Good on you. Welcome to the real world. Lot of fun to be had on the outside. *looks at Willow* You'll see.

Buffy Well, it's just for now. I mean, I'm thinking that I'm probably gonna go back next semester.

Xander And that's cool too. Whatever you choose, you've got my support. Just think of me as ... *nervous laugh* as your ... *frowns; Buffy looks curiously at him* You know, I'm searching for supportive things, and I'm comin' up all bras, so... *Buffy smiles* something slightly more manly, think of me as that. *Shot of Dawn not smiling.*

Xander *quietly* Seriously. Whatever you need.

Buffy Thank you. Actually, I need to talk to Giles alone for a minute. *Giles looks up from his tea and newspaper*

Xander OS Cool, that's cool.

Buffy *stands* Uh, Dawn, why don't you get started on your homework? Uh, if you need help, *turns to Willow* Will, could you? *Willow nods* Okay.

Buffy and Giles walk out as Dawn opens her school-bag.

Cut to the workout room. Buffy sits on the sofa in the background with her chin in her hand as Giles toys with the punching bag in the foreground.

Buffy I just don't know what I'm gonna do. I mean, she's messing up ... I'm messing up ... it's a mess.

Giles You're just going to have to put your foot down with her.

Buffy I try. It's just ... my foot's not used to being put down. *turns to Giles* I want you to do it. *Giles sighs* You can be the foot-putting-downer.

Giles No, Buffy, I don't think I can.

Buffy Please? Pretty please? *desperately* I mean, your foot is way bigger than mine! And you're so much more a grownup than me. Dawn needs an authority figure. A strong guiding hand. She'll listen to you.

Giles *scoffs* Just like you always have.

Buffy I listen!

Giles gives her a look.

Buffy *pouts* I do.

Giles *removes his glasses, sits next to her* Well, then perk up your ears. I may be a grownup, but you're her family. Her only real family now. She needs you to do this.

Buffy *nervous* Right. She needs me. *Giles looks sympathetic* Me, the ... grownup. *more confidently* The authority figure. The, the strong guiding hand and, and stompy foot that is me.

Giles That's the spirit.

Buffy *small smile* Okay. *nods* I can do this. *gets up*

Giles *gets up* I know you can.

They walk a few steps toward the door, then Buffy whirls around to face Giles.

Buffy Please?

Giles No.

He takes her shoulders, turns her around. She takes a deep breath.

Buffy Okay. *Giles nods* Here we go.

Pause. Then she begins to walk again. Giles follows, still with hands on her shoulders.

Buffy *reciting* Early to bed, early to rise, balanced breakfast, hospital corners. It's a new beginning. *Cut to the main room as Buffy and Giles emerge.*

Buffy Discipline. Authority. Order.

We hear giggling.

Buffy looks into the main room and discovers Xander, Anya, and Willow lying on the floor head-to-toe forming a triangle. Dawn stands in the middle. All are giggling. Dawn sees Buffy and stops laughing.

Buffy *storms forward* What is this? I thought I told you to do your homework!

The others gets up from the floor.

Dawn I was.

Buffy *folds her arms* Please don't lie to me.

Dawn I'm not.

Giles, Xander, and Anya move away into the shop.

Willow We were acting out a geometry problem, 'cause I read this really neat article that said kids learn math better if you, you stimulate their, uh, visual learning pattern. You know, using the right side of the brain instead of just the left?

Buffy still looks stern and unamused.

Willow OS Stuff like that.

Buffy Uh-huh.

Willow So we made a triangle with our bodies, and that's when I called Xander obtuse, and he got really grumpy *smiling*; *Dawn giggles* and then Dawn said we were "acute" triangle, and, well, hilarity ensued.

Buffy Right. Well, you know what I think? I think maybe Dawn should do her homework at home.

Both Willow and Dawn stop smiling, look disappointed.

Dawn B-but it was working. I was really learning.

Buffy Please get your stuff.

Dawn scowls, looks at Willow.

Dawn Fine. Don't listen to me. *goes to get her stuff*

Willow *walking over to Buffy* Please don't be grouchy with her. Who among us can resist the allure of really funny math puns?

Buffy It's really important that Dawn finishes her schoolwork right now.

Shot of Dawn listening to them from the table.

Willow OS Yeah, I know, but...

Dawn turns back to her stuff as Willow glances at her.

Willow We were having good clean educational fun, and then all of a sudden it was all gloom and doom and the outlawing of human triangles.

Buffy *firmly* It's **really** important that Dawn finishes her schoolwork right now.

Willow I know it is, and I'm a big fan of school. You

know me! I'm like, *sings* "Go school! It's your birthday!" Or something to that effect.

Buffy Look, Willow, I know that you mean well, but you just don't understand, and there's no way that you could.

Willow I do so understand, it... you're stressed out.

Buffy I'm more than stressed out. I'm freaked out.

Willow Yeah, well, maybe you need a break to defreak. Hey, you could go to the World's Culture fair if you want to, with me and Tara.

Buffy *quietly* I don't think so.

Willow Come on. You can bring Dawn. It'll be fun. Good, educational-type fun in a discipline-y sort of way.

Buffy I can't do it, Will. Don't worry. It's not like I don't have a life. I do. I have Dawn's life.

Buffy walks over to the table where Dawn stands, holding her stuff. Buffy picks up her bag without breaking her stride.

Buffy Ready?

Dawn looks sullen, turns and falls into step behind Buffy. She casts a look over her shoulder at Willow as they leave.

Cut to: close shot of Glory in her apartment.

Glory So it's her. Under our noses all this time. I like the detail work those monks did. *smiling* Quirks, foibles, passions... it's all so cute, so... human. You know?

We see that she's sitting on the sofa with the three monks standing before her. They all nod and smile.

Glory Pretty convincing really. *ponders* But not convincing enough.

She slowly stands up and looks each demon in the eye.

Glory You all know your assignments. *smiles widely* I think it's time to collect the key.

She whirls around and begins to walk out. The monks follow her in single-file. Blackout.

Part 2

Open on Willow and Tara's dorm room. Tara is looking in the closet for clothing while Willow sits on the bed putting on her shoes.

Willow It wasn't anything really. Buffy was just a little crabby at Dawn about her schoolwork.

Tara Well, it's understandable. *puts something on the bed, turns back to close the closet door*

Willow Yeah, sure it is. I'd totally be blowing off

classes if I were in Dawnie's shoes.

Tara *smiles* Sweetie, you wouldn't blow off a class if your head was on fire. *goes over to the sink* And, I meant Buffy.

Willow *putting on earrings* Buffy what?

Tara Understandable about the crabby. She has to look after Dawn now.

Willow *putting on a jacket* Yeah, but not in a Miss

Minchin's Select Seminary For Girls way. I mean, she's just gonna make Dawnie more rebellious.

Tara I had to deal with my brother's problems after ... I mean, you can't really know what it's like to—

Willow Yeah, I know that.

Tara makes a noise of displeasure, frowns, sits on the bed next to Willow.

Tara I, I didn't mean to—

Willow No, I just ... I ... I know I can't know what you went through. *Tara frowns* But I just ... *fake laugh* It's no big.

Tara I made you mad.

Willow No. No.

Tara All I meant was—

Willow No, it's okay. This whole Buffy thing, let's just forget it.

Tara No, please. I mean, I mean, tell me if I said something wrong, otherwise I know I'll say it again. Probably often and in public.

Willow No, I was snippy gal. It's just ... I know I can't ... on some level ... *sighs* it's like my opinion isn't worth anything because I haven't been through ... *sighs* I didn't lose my mom, so I don't know.

Tara Well ... I-I'm not the expert. I mean, I've only lost the one.

Willow gives a sympathetic smile. Tara looks anxious.

Tara uncertainly Do ... I act like ... the big knowledge woman?

Wide shot of the two of them sitting on the bed, facing each other, with at least a foot separating them.

Willow weakly No.

Tara Is that no spelled Y-E-S?

Willow S-O-R-T of. *Tara frowns* I mean, I just feel like the-the junior partner. You've been doing everything longer than me. You've been out longer ... you've been practicing witchcraft way longer.

Tara Oh, but you're way beyond me there! In just a few—I mean ... it frightens me how powerful you're getting.

Willow frowns That's a weird word.

Tara nervous smile "Getting"?

Willow It frightens you? I frighten you?

Tara jumps up from the bed That is **so** not what I meant. I meant i-impresses—impressive.

Willow Well, I took Psych 101. I mean, I took it from an evil government scientist who was skewered by her Frankenstein-like creation before the final, but I know what a Freudian slip is.

Tara looks upset.

Willow D-don't you trust me?

Tara With my life.

Willow That's not what I mean.

Tara Can't we just go to the fair?

Willow I don't feel real multicultural right now. *stands up* Wh ... what is it about me that you don't trust?

Tara It's not that. I worry, sometimes. You're, you're changing so much, so fast. I don't know where you're heading.

Willow Where I'm heading?

Tara I'm saying everything wrong.

Willow No, I think you're being pretty clear. This isn't about the witchcraft. It's about the other changes in my life.

Tara I trust you. I just ... *looks down* I don't know where I'm gonna fit in ... in your life when...

Willow When ... I change back? Yeah, this is a college thing, just a, a little experimentation before I get over the thrill and head back to boys' town.

Pause.

Willow You think that?

Tara Should I?

Willow I'm really sorry that I didn't establish my lesbo street cred before I got into this relationship. You're the only woman I've ever fallen in love with, so ... how on earth could you ever take me seriously?

She walks toward the door.

Tara Willow, please!

Willow Have fun at the fair.

Willow storms out. Tara stands there looking upset.

Cut to: exterior Summers house, day. A couple of Glory's demons walk up the front porch, over to the side window, kneel down and look in the window. Inside we see the living room. Dawn is sitting at the table while Buffy stands.

The camera moves in through the window. Buffy is folding dish towels on the table while Dawn is doing homework.

Buffy Okay, so, I-I think the next step is to make a chart. A schedule. *Dawn gives her an angry look* I'll write down all the things you're supposed to do, and when you have to do them, and then I'll leave a box next to it, which you can mark with an X when you've accomplished the task.

Dawn stares at her with a sullen expression.

Buffy What? You want gold stars? *rolls her eyes*
Okay. You can have gold stars.

Dawn I don't want gold stars. *scoffs* I don't want any of this.

She puts down her pencil and crosses her arms. Buffy pauses in her towel-folding.

Buffy I'm just trying to give you a normal life.

Dawn *sarcastic* Well, good luck.

Dawn returns to her schoolwork. Buffy stands and stares at her. Dawn pauses, looks up warily.

Dawn What? *rolls eyes, sits back* What am I doing wrong now?

Buffy This is for real, Dawn.

Dawn No, it's not. I'm not real, so why would my exciting graph of chores be real? Who cares if a key gets an education anyway? *slams her textbook shut, folds her arms again*

Buffy It's a chart. Not a graph. And you are real.

Dawn Yeah? Those monks put grades K through eight in my head. Can't we just wait and see if they drop nine in there too?

Buffy slams her hand down on the table, making Dawn jump and wince.

Buffy Damn it, Dawn. This is serious.

Dawn Why? Why should I care about any of this?

Buffy Because they'll take you away!

Beat. Long shot of the two of them facing off across the table. Dawn unfolds her arms and looks scared.

Dawn Take me away? What do you mean?

Buffy *softly* They'll take you away from me. That's what your principal told me when you weren't in the room. If I can't make you go to school, then I won't be found fit to be your legal guardian.

She resumes folding towels. Dawn absorbs this for a moment.

Dawn Where would I go?

Buffy *softly* I don't know. Dad maybe ... or foster care ... I, I didn't really want to ask.

Dawn *pause, scoffs* You could've told me that.

Buffy I just did.

Buffy continues folding as Dawn sits there.

Fade to a park, day. Balloons and paper lanterns are hanging from trees. People are walking around, some in costume, some holding carnival prizes. A group of cheerleaders waving pompoms. A group of Chinese men dancing with a large paper dragon. Flags of many nations hang from a wire above. Soft sad music over faint crowd noises.

Shot of Tara sitting alone on a park bench, at the far right of it, looking sad.

Cut to: magic shop. Giles walks over to the counter carrying two cups of tea, goes behind the counter where Anya is doing paperwork, gives her a mug. Pan across to a corner where Willow sits on the floor, beside a bookcase, amongst a pile of cushions, looking sad. Sad music continues.

Cut back to Tara on the bench. She looks idly off to her left.

Shot of Tara's right hand lying on the bench. Another hand appears and slips into Tara's. The fingers entwine together.

Tara smiles, looks down at the entwined hands, then looks up at the face and stops smiling. The sad music stops.

Glory Is this seat taken?

Tara gasps in fear.

Cut back to magic shop. Willow walks around the corner toward the counter. Giles is opening a box.

Giles I hope this isn't a return. Everyone wants petrified hamsters and they're never happy with them. Willow leans on the counter still looking sad. Giles notices her expression.

Giles You all right?

Willow Yeah.

Giles Ah yes, because your good mood is both obvious and contagious.

Willow I had a fight with Tara. It was awful.

Giles Oh, I'm sorry. *takes the box and walks toward the shelves behind the counter*

Willow OS Me too.

Giles You two don't quarrel much, do you?

Willow Never. Until today.

Giles Well, now it's over.

Willow *very upset* Over? How can it be over? I just found her!

Giles The quarrel is over.

Willow *quieter* Oh. Yeah.

Giles Uh, you'll feel better when you've made your apologies and you'll know that you can fight without the world ending. *walks toward the rear door* I know it all seems bleak now, but as they say, this too...

Giles opens the door to discover one of Glory's demons, Slook, who was listening at the door. Slook falls into the room.

Giles ... shall pass.

Willow and Anya both stare.

Cut to: Giles holding the demon by the ear, dragging him into the shop and throwing him into a chair. Willow and Anya rush over.

Anya Wow!

Giles Now, what do we have here?

Anya Oh, he's one of those things that work for Glory!

Giles Yes. How helpful.

Sloolik I do indeed work for the god. Let me go if you do not wish to incur her anger.

Giles Well, she's not here. What a marvelous opportunity for you and me to talk.

Sloolik I will not betray Glorificus. I will never talk, no matter what heinous torture—

Giles Actually, you're talking quite a lot, just not about the right things. Tell us why you're here.

Sloolik No words shall pass my lips that will bring peril to Glorificus.

Giles doesn't take his eyes off the demon, but points with his hand.

Giles Girls, get the twine that's on the counter, let's tie him up.

Willow and Anya turn away. We hear some sort of rustling noise and Sloolik begins to sob. The girls turn back in amazement.

Sloolik No, no! I'll tell you! Anything! Please! Whatever you want! Just, I'll, anything!

The girls walk back over.

Anya What happened?

Giles He changed his mind.

Sloolik I'm ... I'm supposed to watch. We're watching the Slayer's people ... while Glory fetches the key.

Everyone looks alarmed.

Willow Glory knows who the key is?

Giles Oh god. *removes his glasses*

Anya We've got to call Buffy.

Sloolik Too late. Too late. Glorificus will find the witch, and there's nothing you can do to stop her.

Anya Witch? What do you mean?

Willow *horried* Tara!

Willow turns to run out.

Sloolik She's the new one among you. It wasn't hard to figure out. The glorious one will have found her by now.

Giles *yells* Willow, wait! I'll go with—

Willow No! Call Buffy a-and go look in Tara's room, I'm gonna check the fair.

She runs out.

Cut back to the fair. Glory is still sitting beside Tara and holding her hand as Tara looks at her with fear.

Glory Oh, this is nice. Just hangin' out, just us girls. You like that sort of thing, don't you?

Shot of their entwined hands. Glory squeezes and we hear bones crackings. Tara winces in pain.

Tara Aah. . .

Glory Don't ... make a sound.

Tara gasps and whimpers as Glory looks around at the other fair attendees. The people walk around not seeming to notice anything.

Glory Nah. They won't help you. I'd kill them. You know that.

Tara looks around desperately. Shot of three bicycle cops riding away. Overhead shot of the fair.

Glory There's no one here that can stop me.

Tara continues gasping and panting.

Glory I'll kill her *shot of a random woman* and ... and them *shot of a random couple* I'll kill him, and her and her, *laughs* and it'll all be your fault.

Shot of their hands. Glory's nails dig in and Tara's blood begins to drip out between their fingers.

Tara continues whimpering softly in pain and breathing erratically.

Glory Kinda funny, isn't it? All these people here and ... no one who can do a thing. Not a person who can help you.

Tara whimpers and turns her head to look at Glory.

Glory But that's people for ya. They're pretty worthless. *watches some people go by* But keys, on the other hand ... keys are worth a very lot.

Glory smiles and brings their clenched hands up to lick off some of the blood. Then she makes a disgusted face and spits.

Glory You lying little tramp! You're not the key, you're nothing! Just another worthless human being!

Tara I didn't—

Glory I hate being lied to. It makes me feel so betrayed. *considers* Hey! *turns back to Tara* You wanna make it all better?

Tara looks at her with fear.

Glory If you tell me who the key really is ... I'll let you go.

Tara looks alarmed. Glory gives her hand another squeeze and she whimpers again as we hear more bones crack.

Glory Think about it. You think your hand hurts? Imagine what you'd feel with my fingers wiggling

in your brain. *Tara looks very scared* It doesn't kill you. What it does ... is make you feel like you're in a noisy little dark room ... *Glory frowns and fidgets uncomfortably* naked and ashamed ... and there are things in the dark that need to hurt you because you're bad ... little pinching things that go in your ears ... *Tara begins to cry* and crawl on the inside of your skull. And you know ... that if the noise and the crawling would stop ... that you could remember how to get out.
Glory contemplates this as Tara continues to cry quietly.

Then Glory turns to look at Tara again.

Glory But you never, ever will.

Glory squeezes her hand again and Tara gives another cry of pain.

Glory Who ... is ... the key?

Tara forces herself to stop crying and look Glory in the eye, saying nothing.

Glory Fine. Let's get crazy.

Glory caresses the side of Tara's face with her other hand. Tara whimpers and tries to pull her face away. Blackout.

Part 3

Open on an overhead shot of the fair.

Willow OS Tara!

We see Willow running through the crowds.

Willow Tara!

Shot of Tara and Glory on the bench. Willow runs toward them.

Willow By force of heart and mindful power, by waning time and waxing hour ...

Glory puts her hand on Tara's head. People keep walking past and blocking them from view so it's difficult to tell what's happening.

Willow I echo Diana, um, when I decree ... uh, what is it, what is it?

Shot of Glory with both her hands on Tara's temples.

Willow No! No!

The light begins to stream out as Glory's fingers enter Tara's head. Both Tara and Glory cry out.

Willow reaches the edge of the path but is blocked by the Chinese dragon people and has to stop.

Willow That she I love must now be free!

Shot of Tara with Glory's fingers still in her head and the light streaming out as Tara makes a pained face. People continue walking past and blocking her from view. Shot of Willow straining to see around the people.

Willow Tara!

The crowd clears momentarily and we see Tara sitting alone on the bench with her head lolling to one side.

Willow No!!

Willow runs over and sits on the bench, grabs Tara by the shoulders. Tara doesn't react or look at her.

Willow Tara, Tara, are you okay?

Tara It's dirty. It's all dirty. And all over me!

She begins brushing at her stomach as if to brush off dirt.

Tara Dirty. Dirty. I'm bad. Bad. *whimpering*

Willow crying Tara. Oh, I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry.

Willow pulls Tara's head down onto her shoulder and rocks her gently.

Overhead shot of them on the bench. People continue to walk by all around them.

Cut to: interior hospital. Giles is looking at some X-rays of a hand that are posted on the wall. He removes his glasses and wipes his eyes as he turns and the camera pans across to reveal Anya and Xander, then Tara sitting on the edge of an exam table wearing a hospital gown. She looks straight ahead with a glazed expression. Her hand is bandaged. We see Willow sitting beside her.

Willow Can she go home now?

We see the same doctor who fired Ben earlier.

Doctor Unfortunately, no. Hospital policy dictates we keep her for the night.

Willow But does she have to? I-I can take care of her at home.

Tara It's poisoned. *to Willow, matter-of-factly* Why don't I tell you that? It, it has to be checked, though. *Willow looks sad. Tara looks confused.*

Doctor She your sister?

Tara I-i-it has to be verified, of course. Anyone can tell you that. Of course. *looking from one person to the next* Of course, of course.

Willow *staring at Tara* She's my everything.

Doctor Well, you can get her released first thing in the morning. But she's gotta spend one night in the psych ward. Just for observation. We'll keep an eye on her, do a couple basic tests, then you can take her home. Does that sound fair? *Willow nods uncertainly* Well, sit tight then, and I'll send a nurse by in a few minutes to pick up Tara.

The doctor leaves as Anya and Xander give Willow concerned looks. Willow stands and brushes hair back from Tara's face.

Xander Man, words cannot express how much I hate this place.

Giles It's dreadful.

Anya It's like communism.

Buffy enters.

Buffy Hey. Will, I'm so sorry.

She hugs Willow, looking over her shoulder at Tara.

Shot of Tara staring vaguely at nothing.

Buffy and Willow pull apart. Willow has tears in her eyes. She looks at Tara who gives her a huge smile.

Tara They kill mice.

Shot of Willow with tears on her cheeks.

Buffy Tara.

Buffy hugs Tara, who doesn't react. Buffy pulls back slowly and looks at Willow.

Buffy I'm sorry it took me so long, but Dawn's safe with Spike, so I-I can stay as long as you need.

Willow puts her hand over Tara's non-bandaged hand.

Willow to Buffy I'm so scared.

Buffy puts her hand on Willow's cheek.

Spike V.O. Nothin' to be worried about, kid.

Cut to Spike leading Dawn through his underground cavern. Spike moves a little slowly and with a slight limp. Dawn holds a flashlight.

Spike No one's gonna hurt you.

Dawn Oh yeah? Same no one who did that to you?

Spike What, these? It's just a few bruises.

We see that Spike is still looking very bruised and battered from his encounter with Glory in "Intervention."

Spike Nothin' to write home about.

He stops and turns back to see Dawn's nervous expression.

Spike Hey, chin up, platelet. Don't get scared. Maybe Glory doesn't wanna kill you, maybe it's something—

Dawn Worse?

Spike doesn't respond, walks a little more. Dawn sits down on a rock. Spike turns to watch her as she sits there looking scared, facing away from him. He slowly walks toward her.

Spike Hey.

He puts out a hand to touch her hair, but pulls it back quickly as she turns back toward him.

Dawn You wanna know what I'm scared of, Spike? ... Me. *tearfully* Right now, Glory thinks Tara's the key. But I'm the key, Spike. I am. And anything that happens to Tara ... is 'cause of me. Your bruises, your limp ... that's all me too. I'm like a lightning rod for pain and hurt. *crying* And everyone around me suffers and dies. I ... must be something so horrible ... to cause so much pain ... and evil.

Spike *firmly* Rot.

Dawn *teary* What do you know?

Spike I'm a vampire. I know somethin' about evil. You're not evil.

Dawn Maybe ... I'm not evil. But I don't think I can be good. *looks up at Spike with a hopeful expression*

Spike *considers* Well, I'm not good, and I'm okay.

Cut to Tara in a wheelchair. A nurse is trying to settle her into the chair. Tara pushes at the nurse's hands trying to stop her.

Tara *upset* Don't! Please don't with that treachery! *She calms down slightly as the nurse goes around behind the wheelchair and begins to wheel her out. Tara looks up at Willow.*

Tara I told the cat. And now I beg my mother sitting all alone.

Willow Bye, Tara. I'll see you tomorrow. I love you. *Tara whimpers as the nurse wheels her out. We see her good hand reaching back toward Willow.*

Willow watches her go, tries to run after her but Xander steps into her path.

Xander Willow. No. It's just for one night. *We see Buffy in the background leaning against the wall*

Willow Yeah, I-I know, but ... it's a whole night. I don't think I can sleep without her.

Anya You can sleep with me.

Everyone looks at Anya.

Anya Well, now that came out a lot more lesbian than it sounded in my head.

Buffy *comes forward* Will, you just have to rest. Okay? Right now there's nothing you can do.

Willow *ponders* Yes there is. *walks out the door*

Buffy No. No way.

Buffy chases Willow out into the hallway and stops her.

Buffy You cannot even think about taking on Glory.

Willow You saw what she did to Tara. I can't let her get away with it.

Buffy No. You **have** to let her get away with it. Even I'm no match for her, you know that.

Willow But maybe I am.

She turns to go but Buffy grabs her arm.

Buffy You're not. And I won't let you go.

Willow This is not your choice. It's mine.

Buffy This is not the time.

Willow When, Buffy? When is? When **you** feel like it? When it's someone **you** love as much as I love Tara? When it's Dawn, is that it?

Buffy When we have a chance. We'll fight her, when we have a chance. You wouldn't last five minutes with her, Willow. She's a god.

Willow *shakes her head sadly* Fine. I'll wait.

Buffy It's the only way.

Willow *skeptical* Yeah.

Willow starts to walk away.

Buffy Can I do anything?

Willow *not turning back* Just let me be alone.

Buffy watches her go with a concerned expression.

Cut to: interior magic shop. Willow bursts in at a run. She runs straight to the stairs that lead up to the loft where the more dangerous stuff is kept. She goes up the stairs, takes a small black leather bag from the top of a bookshelf, kneels, and begins pulling stuff off the shelves. She opens a drawer and takes out a jeweled dagger, puts it in the bag. She pulls books and vials off the shelves and puts them in the bag. She shoves books off the shelves every which way, finally pulls out one very large old book and puts it on the floor in front of her.

Shot of the book cover reading "Darkest Magick". The book has a metal lock holding it shut.

Willow grabs a small axe from the shelf and hits the lock with it. The lock breaks and the book's pages flip open. The pages continue to flip past as if blown by a wind.

Blackout.

Part 1

Open on Glory's apartment. Glory is coming down the stairs followed by her three minions. She walks a little unsteadily.

Glory You know, I think I'm a little buzzed from eating that witch! What a mind she has. Mmm, nummy treat.

Jinx Is your grace not the slightest bit concerned about—

Glory What, about the Slayer? Don't be stupid. I know I'm closing in. The key's as good as mine. *the demons all smile* Girl like Buffy's got just so many friends. All I gotta do it rip through 'em one by one until I finally...

She stops as the walls begin to shake and rattle. Knick-knacks on the walls fall over and smash to pieces. Glory and the demons look around in confusion. The lights darken.

Glory Did anybody order an apocalypse?

The door suddenly flies open, revealing Willow floating several inches above the floor. Her hair is blown back by an unseen wind.

Willow Kali, Hera, Kronos, Tonic...

She floats into the room toward Glory as the minions flee.

Willow Air like nectar, thick as onyx...

We see that her eyes are completely black.

Willow Cassiel by your second star...

Glory Uhh. It's the lover. *walks forward* That's so cute.

Willow Hold mine victim as in tar.

The air around Glory shimmers and she suddenly cannot move forward. She looks at Willow in surprise.

Willow I... owe... you... pain!

Blue lightning flashes out of Willow's hands toward Glory. Glory screams and clutches her shoulders.

Cut to: Buffy and Dawn sitting together in Spike's cavern. Spike stands a little ways off.

Dawn It's all my fault.

Buffy No. *brushes Dawn's hair back* Sweetheart, it is **not** your fault.

Dawn *teary* How's Willow?

Buffy *continues stroking Dawn's hair* She was looking to go all payback-y on Glory for a minute. But I cooled her down a little. Actually a lot.

Spike So she's not gonna do anything rash then.

Buffy No. I explained that there was no point.

Spike *walks a little closer* Mm-hmm.

Buffy What?

Spike You—so you're saying that a... powerful and mightily pissed-off witch... was plannin' on going and spillin' herself a few pints of god blood until you, what, "explained"?

Buffy frowns, looks at Dawn and back at Spike.

Buffy You think she'd... no. I told Willow it would be like suicide.

Spike I'd do it.

Buffy stares at him.

Spike looks down at the ground Right person. Person I loved. looks at Buffy I'd do it.

Buffy continues to stare at him as if not getting it.

Dawn Think, Buffy. If Glory had done that to me.

Buffy glances at Spike, jumps up and races out.

Cut back to Glory's apartment.

Willow Shatter.

The mirrors in the room all shatter and the glass flies toward Glory, slicing her dress into shreds but not harming her.

Glory Is that it? Is that the best you can do? You think I care about all this, the apartment, the clothes?

She pulls off the shreds of her dress, revealing a black negligee underneath. She backhands Willow, who flies backward and topples over a sofa, landing on the floor.

Glory Now, sucking on your girlfriend's mind?

Willow lifts her head. Her eyes are still all black.

Glory That was something to treasure.

Willow gets to her feet, wearing a very angry expression. There's a small trickle of blood coming out of her mouth and down her chin.

Shot of the black bag on the floor. It slides across the floor toward Willow, who turns to look at it. The bag opens of its own accord.

Glory amused What's this? Bag of tricks?

A bunch of daggers fly up out of the bag.

Willow Bag of knives.

The daggers fly toward Glory, who bats them all aside. One buries itself in the wall.

Willow Spirit of serpents now appear.

Glory picks up a coffee-table and throws it at Willow, knocking her down again. Willow braces herself up on her hands and looks back at Glory.

Willow Hissing, writhing, striking near.

A snake appears out of the carpet Glory's standing on and winds itself around her leg.

Shot of Willow still on the floor, panting and watching.

Glory shakes her foot and the snake disappears in a puff of smoke. Glory walks forward.

Glory Now this is getting weak.

She grabs Willow by the throat and pulls her to a sitting position.

Glory And so are you, honey. Aren't ya?

Willow spits in her face. Glory looks startled.

Glory grabs Willow's arm and drags her across the floor to where one of the daggers is lying. Glory

scoops it up and continues dragging Willow.

Willow No!

Glory pulls Willow up and shoves her against the wall, holding her by the throat.

Glory Know what they used to do to witches, lover? brings up her other hand with the dagger Crucify 'em.

Glory pulls her arm back to stab with the knife, but Buffy appears and grabs Glory's wrist.

Buffy They used to bow down to gods.

Glory smiles in delight. Buffy kicks her in the stomach and she lets go of Willow, who falls to the floor.

Buffy twists Glory's arm aside, punches her.

Buffy Things change.

Buffy cartwheels across the floor to kick Glory in the face, punches her a few times, kicks her again, spins around to punch but Glory blocks. Buffy does a flip and kicks Glory in the face, comes back upright and throws another couple of punches which Glory evades. Glory pins Buffy's arm behind her back and throws her over a sofa.

Glory That witch barely slowed me down.

Glory glares at Buffy. Buffy kicks the sofa, which flies forward and pins Glory against the wall.

Buffy runs over to Willow, helps her up.

Glory shoves the sofa aside and stalks toward them. Buffy begins to lead Willow out.

Willow over her shoulder Thicken.

The air around Glory thickens, rendering her immobile. Buffy and Willow run out.

Glory shouting This isn't over, you hear me? It isn't over!

She watches them go with an annoyed sigh.

Cut to: exterior dorm building, day.

Cut to inside Tara's room. Willow, Tara, Dawn, and Buffy sit on the bed. Tara's hand is still bandaged and she still stares blankly in front of her. Willow has one hand on Tara's knee. Buffy has a paper bag. She takes something out of it.

Buffy Chicken salad?

Willow Right here.

Buffy hands Willow the sandwich and continues taking wrapped sandwiches from the bag.

Buffy Eggplant, that's me ... salami with ... looks at the sandwich ew, peanut butter? Dawn. gives it to Dawn

Dawn Yeah, like eggplant is normal. It's what, half egg, half plant? 'Cause that's just unnatural.

Buffy continues unpacking sandwiches along with plastic bags full of grapes.

Willow What's Tara got?

Dawn Oh. *holds out a sandwich* I ... got her tuna. Does she like...?

Willow draws Tara's attention to the sandwich. Buffy stops unpacking to look at them.

Dawn gently Tara?

Dawn unwraps the sandwich to show Tara. Tara anxiously looks to Willow, then back at the sandwich.

Tara Plastic and their six sisters. Six sick sisters. anxiously Willow?

Willow It's okay. Let's just start slow today. Um, Buffy, could I have that?

Buffy hands her a cup of applesauce and a plastic spoon. Willow opens it.

Willow Here you go.

Willow spoons some applesauce into Tara's mouth. Tara eats it uncertainly.

Willow That's my girl.

Buffy looks on with a sad expression as Willow continues feeding Tara.

Dawn Can I help?

Willow nods, gives Dawn the cup and spoon. Tara gives Willow an anxious look but accepts the food from Dawn. Willow looks over at Buffy.

Buffy What are you gonna need?

Willow I don't know. They gave me a lot of stuff to ... keep her calm.

They both look at Tara, still being fed by Dawn.

Willow quietly They said I might have to restrain her at night. But ... sometimes she's fine. She looks at me, and ... she's fine.

Tara makes an unhappy face.

Buffy I'm sorry I couldn't—

Willow It's okay. I can do this. I'm gonna take care of her. Even if she never...

Dawn looks up at this.

Willow softly She's my girl.

Buffy looks sympathetically at Willow, looks at Dawn and plays with a lock of Dawn's hair.

Buffy I understand.

Willow nods I know you do.

They give each other small smiles.

Willow to Tara Hear that, baby? *Tara looks at her* You're my always.

Willow kisses Tara on the forehead. Tara smiles.

Suddenly the entire outside wall smashes to pieces, exposing them to the outside. Dawn and Buffy jump up in alarm. Sunlight streams in.

Glory appears in the window, which is now just a broken frame with shards of glass hanging in it.

Glory I told you this wasn't over.

Tara No. The place is cracking! It's cracking! Crack-ing, no, no, no!

Dawn looks anxiously at Tara as Willow tries to calm her.

Dawn No, Tara, it's okay.

Tara gasping, staring at Dawn Oh, look at that, look at that. The light!

Buffy is staring at Glory but turns to look at Tara at this.

Tara Oh, it's so pure! Such pure green energy!

Dawn gasps and looks over at Glory in fear.

Glory begins to smile.

Tara Oh, it's so beautiful.

Glory's smile widens.

Dawn looks fearfully at Buffy.

Buffy turns to glare at Glory.

Blackout.

Executive Producer Joss Whedon.

Spiral

A *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* episode written by **Steven S. DeKnight** and transcribed by **Joan the English Chick** <pisces@englishchick.com> .

Transcriber's Notes:

I do not own the characters or situations of BTVS, and I claim no credit for the content of this episode. I have merely transcribed what appeared on my screen, with help from the closed captions.

I prefer that you link to this transcript on the Psyche site <www.psyche.kn-bremen.de> rather than post it on your site, but you can post it on your site if you really want, as long as you keep my name and email address on it. Please also keep my disclaimers intact.

You can use my transcripts in your fanfiction stories; you don't have to ask my permission. (However, if you use large portions of episode dialogue in your fanfic, I recommend you give credit to the person who wrote the episode.)

I apologize in advance for my lame transcription of the fight scenes. I don't know the names of different punches and kicks. Use your imagination.

Teaser

Giles V.O. Previously on *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*...

Monks running in fear.

The dying monk talking to Buffy.

Monk We had to hide the key ... made it human...

Monks chanting.

Monk ... and sent it to you.

Buffy V.O. Dawn.

Glory smashing through the warehouse.

Buffy V.O. Tell me what kind of demon I'm fighting.

Quentin Travers V.O. Glory isn't a demon, she's a god.

Glory Did you know your sister took my key, Dawnie, and she won't give it back. I bet you know where she put it, don't you?

Spike and Dawn in the magic shop.

Spike *reading* They had to be certain the Slayer would protect it with her life, so they sent the key to her, in the form of a sister.

Ben You're the key. Go. Before she finds you, she's here!

Ben morphing into Glory.

Spike talking to Buffy in his underground cavern.

Spike I love you.

Buffy The only chance you had with me was when I was unconscious.

Buffy kneeling atop Orlando in "Checkpoint".

Buffy Let's see what you are.

Buffy removing Orlando's mask.

Buffy Or who you are.

Orlando One soldier in a vast army.

The knights chanting in a circle.

Knights The key is the link. The link must be severed.

Glory talking to a tied-up Orlando.

Glory Where ... is ... the key?

Orlando I'd die a thousand deaths before I'd tell you.

Glory putting her fingers into Orlando's brain.

Willow running through crowds of people.

Willow No!

Glory putting her fingers into Tara's brain.

Willow Tara! No!

Tara sitting on the bench. Willow running over to her.

Willow Tara, I'm so sorry.

Buffy What are you gonna need?

Willow They gave me a lot of stuff to keep her calm.

Willow kissing Tara on the forehead.

Glory breaking down the wall. Dawn and Buffy jumping up.

Glory I told you this wasn't over.

Tara *gasping, staring at Dawn* Oh, look at that, look at that. Such pure green energy!

Glory smiling.

Episode opens where "Tough Love" left off. Buffy and Dawn stand staring at Glory. Willow kneels on the bed next to Tara who is still staring up at Dawn.

Buffy whirls, grabs Dawn by the hand and runs straight through the door into the dorm hallway. They crash to the floor amid broken pieces of door.

Glory laughs and starts after them. Willow holds up a hand. Glory suddenly can't move. She makes an angry face.

Buffy and Dawn get up, run down the hall.

Willow wraps her other arm around Tara, continues holding up her right hand while speaking some Latin.

Glory goes flying backward, off the side of the building into some bushes.

Willow and Tara get up and run out.

Glory comes crashing through the wall into the building. People scream and run away. Glory walks forward, looks around, sees the door Buffy and Dawn just exited.

Glory turns into a blur as she moves forward at superhuman speed.

Glory lands on her back on top of a parked car, smashing its roof in. She starts to sit up, then stops with a jerk.

Glory goes across a paved pathway, heading toward the street.

Dawn Buffy!

Buffy We have to keep moving!

Dawn I can't!

Glory, still a super-fast blur, moves across the lawn toward them.

Buffy, still carrying Dawn, comes out onto the sidewalk and suddenly Glory is in front of them. Buffy puts Dawn down and they both stare fearfully at Glory.

Glory I really hate it when people touch my things. Buffy and Dawn just stand there looking scared.

Glory Last words, slay-runt?

Buffy Just one. Truck.

Glory looks to her right, too late, as a huge semi smashes into her.

Buffy and Dawn run off in the other direction.

Glory lands on her back on top of a parked car, smashing its roof in. She starts to sit up, then stops with a jerk.

Glory No! Not now, you idiot! Let go—

She morphs into Ben.

Ben —of my body!

Ben rolls off the car onto the ground, looks around. He's wearing Glory's dress.

Ben Oh, god.

Ben Oh.

Anya You threw it at her?

Dawn Well, no. She more kind of waited for it to hit Glory. Uh, but then Buffy ran really fast and we got away. Shot of Willow and Tara on the sofa. Tara still stares blankly at Dawn.

Buffy I don't know how we got away. That truck couldn't have slowed her down for more than a second.

Giles Well, how isn't important, all that matters is that the two of you are safe.

Buffy scoffs, turns to look at him.

Buffy Safe? angrily We've barely been able to manage not getting seriously dead every time we've crossed paths with Glory. Now that she knows that Dawn is the key?

Giles and Dawn look chastised.

Giles There must be something in the Book of Tarnis that we've missed, something we can use against Glory.

Buffy turns to look out the window again.

Anya Piano!

Part 1

Wolfhowl. Opening credits.

Guest starring Clare Kramer, Charlie Weber, Wade Andrew Williams, Karim Prince, and Amber Benson as Tara. Written by Steven S. DeKnight, directed by James A. Contner.

Open on Xander's apartment. Dawn stands in the middle of the room telling the story.

Dawn A-and then whoosh! All of a sudden Glory's standing right there in front of us, *we see Giles standing listening, and Buffy peering out through the closed window blinds* all skanky and blonde and thinkin' she's all that *shot of Xander and Anya sitting, listening* just 'cause some bumpy heads kiss her stinky feet . . . *pauses, very quietly* She does have nice feet. *louder* A-and she's comin' right at us, and-*shot of the whole room. Willow and Tara sitting on the sofa* Buffy's just standing there not even blinking, like "'Bring it on'", and then, wham! *smacks one fist into the other hand* Hell-bitch in orbit.

Xander Go, Buff!

Giles I knew you'd best Glory eventually, I mean all our years of training—

Buffy still staring out the window A truck hit her.

Xander Because that's what we used to kill that big demon that one time!

Buffy turns to look at them with a confused frown.

Xander No wait, that-that was a rocket launcher. *turns to Anya* Ahn, what are you talking about?

Anya We should drop a piano on her. Well, it always works for that creepy cartoon rabbit when he's running from that nice man with the speech impediment.

Giles *rolls his eyes* Yes, or perhaps we could paint a convincing tunnel on the side of a mountain. Let's just keep thinking, everyone. *to Buffy* Perhaps we should reassemble at the magic shop, see if there's anything—

Buffy We can't fight her.

Giles *surprised* W-well not yet, no, but—

Buffy No, not ever. She's too strong, Giles. We're not gonna win this with, with stakes, or spells, or pulling out some uranium power core. She's a god and she's coming for us. So let's just not be here when she starts knocking.

Anya Run away?

Buffy looks at her.

Anya Finally, a sensible plan.

Xander That's not what she meant. *to Buffy* Is it?

Buffy Well, we can't stay here! She'll just kill us off one by one until there's no one left standing between her and Dawn.

Giles Buffy, we all understand the severity of the situation, but there must be another way.

Buffy *harshly* No. We stay, we die. Show of hands for that option.

Everyone is silent.

Buffy All right. Nobody goes home, nobody tells anybody we're leaving. Just pack up whatever supplies we need and that's it, we're gone.

Dawn *quietly* Cool. Don't have to study for that geometry test.

Xander *quietly* What about wheels? I don't think everybody's gonna fit in the Xandermobile.

Buffy Just get your stuff together. I'll handle the rest.

She turns to look out the window again.

Cut to: Glory's apartment. Ben comes down the stairs to the main room, wearing regular clothes, followed by a minion, Gronx. Gronx holds Glory's dress and speaks with a female voice (although she looks just like the others).

Gronx This is, this is terrible. I'll never be able to mend this.

Ben Not really my color anyway. *sits on the arm of a sofa*

Gronx Oh, yes. Inappropriate humor. *fake laugh* Most amusing. Don't suppose you know what led to this sartorial tragedy.

Ben That's not how it works, you know that.

Gronx Yes, of course. I just thought maybe after her magnificent incandescence was returned to this ... manly and ... *looking Ben up and down* painfully handsome assemblage ... you might have noticed something interesting? A key in human form, perhaps? Lounging about unattended?

Ben If I did, do you really think I would tell you?

Gronx Why do you insist on fighting the inevitable? No one can stand against her blindingly scrumptious luminescence.

Ben Glory. Her name is Glory, and she's your god, you little scab, not mine.

Gronx With all due respect and-and fear of sharp objects, you exist, sir, only because of her divine greatness.

Ben You mean her divine failure, don't you?

Gronx squints angrily at him. Ben gets up to pace.

Ben I didn't ask for any of this. I just want to be normal.

Gronx We play the hand we're dealt.

Ben Nothing's mine, is it? This life, this body, it's all infected. The only thing I ever cared about she's taken away from me. You know why I wanted to be a doctor?

Gronx Flattering drawstring pants?

Ben To be close to people. To witness their lives and their deaths, to be there alongside them, a part of everyday humanity. *sighs* Maybe it's the drugs. *walks past*

Gronx Drugs, sir? *follows him*

Ben Find the right combination, keep her buried where she belongs.

Gronx Impossible! Her magnificence can never be fully contained! She is a perfect, all-encompassing light, one you should feel honored to be bathed in.

Ben Oh, yeah, I'm thrilled. Especially with the part where she gets her key back and I cease to exist.

Gronx True, this oh-so-appealing form will of necessity be shrugged off.

Ben Not if I get the key first. *turns to leave but Gronx stops him*

Gronx And if you did ... what then? Could you do it? *Ben looks annoyed* Take a human life with your own hands? *comfortingly* Oblivion is such a small inconvenience in the service of a deity. Accept your fate. I mean, you said it yourself. This life was never really yours anyway, was it?

Ben It doesn't matter how I came by it. It's mine. And I plan on keeping it.

Cut to: city street, day. Willow and Tara sit on a bench while Giles, Anya, and Xander stand. They all have bags of stuff and are watching the cars go by.

Anya Anybody else feel that?

Willow What?

Anya Cold draft of paralyzing fear.

Giles We just need to stay calm.

Willow *skeptical* Calm, right.

Xander Hey, we gotta be like Sergeant Rock. Cool and collected in the face of overwhelming odds.

Anya *Overwhelming?* *turns to him* How much more than whelming would that be exactly?

Giles Look, everything will be all right, we just need to stay here calmly. As soon as Buffy arrives—

A large Winnebago (RV, motor home) drives up and screeches to a halt in front of them. The windows are all covered with aluminum foil. The door swings open.

Giles —we'll feel oddly worse.

They all pick up their stuff and climb into the Winnebago.

Cut to inside. Looking from the driver's seat back, on the left there's a small kitchen area with sink; on the right, a booth with a table. Farther back there's a door leading into a back bedroom.

Willow and Anya look with interest at the driver's area as they and Tara move to sit around the table. We see Buffy sitting at the table already, studying maps.

Giles and Xander enter. Giles looks at the driver's area too, does a double-take.

We see Spike sitting in the driver's seat, wearing a large pair of black goggles.

Giles *grimly* What's he doing here?

Spike Just out for a jaunt. Thought I'd swing by and say howdy.

Giles Out.

Buffy *looks up from the table* He's here because we need him.

Xander The hell we do.

Buffy If Glory finds us, he's the only one besides me that has any chance of protecting Dawn.

Xander Buffy, come on—

Buffy *jumps up angrily* Look, this isn't a discussion! He stays. Get over it.

She takes one of the maps and storms into the back room, slamming the door. Dawn watches anxiously. Spike grins hugely. Giles glares at him.

Spike Buckle up, kids. Daddy's puttin' the hammer down.

Spike puts the RV in gear and begins driving. Everyone clutches the walls and each other for balance.

Shot of the RV rolling down the street. The front windshield is completely covered with foil except one small rectangle that has been cut out in front of the driver's seat.

Cut to: interior hospital. A nurse hands a clipboard and pen to a guy wearing a baseball cap.

Nurse Sign here.

Shot of the paper on the clipboard. The guy signs: first name Dante, last name illegible.

We see two other guys standing behind him, also wearing baseball caps.

Nurse Okay, that should do it.

Dante nods, turns to the other men. They start to walk off. The taller man is Orlando. He stares blankly ahead of him.

Dante *to the other man* See. Did I not tell you how easy it would be for us to—

Nurse Hey!

The men stop walking as in the background the nurse comes out from behind her counter. Dante and the other man exchange a look. The second man begins to pull a dagger out of his jacket. The nurse comes over to them.

Nurse *pointing at Dante's hand* My pen.

Dante hands her the pen with a slight smile. She takes it and goes back to her desk. The other man puts away his dagger as he and Dante lead Orlando away.

Cut to a forest. Dante, Orlando, and the other man move carefully down a slight rise. Orlando looks around at the sunny sky and the trees with wonder.

Orlando The trees are singing water.

Dante ignores him, stops walking, looks around. Rustling noise from some bushes. They look over as a man emerges from the bushes, wearing battle armor. He has the mark of the Knights of Byzantium on his

forehead and several long scars running down the side of his face.

Gregor You have him.

Dante Yes, General.

Dante and the other man remove their baseball caps, revealing the marks on their foreheads. General Gregor comes forward.

Dante Our brother has returned to the fold.

Gregor Welcome home, Orlando. *puts his hand on Orlando's shoulder* I swear by my sword your sacrifice ... will not go unavenged.

Orlando seems fascinated by the medal or amulet hanging around the general's neck. He reaches out to touch it.

Orlando Shiny.

Gregor Yes, I suppose it is.

Orlando Pretty little girl, she's shiny too.

Gregor to Dante Watch him, make sure he's comfortable.

Orlando So shiny. Pretty little shiny key.

Gregor The key? You've seen it?

Orlando Pretty ... little shiny girl.

Gregor and Dante stare at Orlando.

Gregor The monks, they've made it human.

Dante We know the Slayer's protecting the key. If what Orlando says is true...

Gregor turns back to the bushes. We see a large number of knights standing in formation. One knight stands closer, guarding.

Gregor Prepare to advance!

Knight Yes sir.

Gregor turns back We end this now.

He stalks off with the knights following. The camera rises so we can see them emerging from the trees. Some are on foot, some on horseback. Hard to tell exactly how many there are, but there are a lot. Black-out.

Part 2

Open on the Winnebago driving down residential streets. The hole in the foil is larger than before. It screeches around a corner.

Cut to inside. Giles is driving. Dawn, Willow, Tara, Anya, and Xander sit around the table. Spike sits on the floor beside Dawn, looking irritated. Willow is studying a book.

Anya Shouldn't somebody be asking, "Are we there yet?"

Willow looks up from her book briefly, then returns to it.

Anya to Xander Isn't that what small entertaining children do?

Xander doesn't reply. He looks ill.

Dawn That kinda only works if you know where you're going.

Anya nods, ponders. Xander groans softly.

Anya calls to Giles Do we know where we're going yet?

Spike We'd already be somewhere if Captain Slowpoke would give up the wheel. *Giles looks annoyed* Hey! Gramps! Bloody step on it!

Giles Step on what? I've driven tricycles with more power.

Everyone looks up as the vehicle jostles and bumps.

Xander groans Is anybody else queasy?

Anya rubs his arm sympathetically He doesn't travel well. He's like fine shrimp.

Spike to Dawn I shoulda nicked that Porsche I had my eye on. There's just enough room for me, you, and big sis.

Xander gives Spike a queasy glare.

Spike What?

Xander Would you give it a rest, or...

Spike Or what, you're gonna toss your cookies on my shoes?

Xander Or you can be undead man walking. See how fast you can hitch a ride with a flaming gulps thumb.

Spike Fine. *quietly* Shrimp.

Xander gags, gets up and stumbles to the front, falls into the passenger seat beside Giles.

Xander That guy is bloodsuckin' the last nerve right outta me.

Giles Well, Buffy has a point. In a confrontation, Spike may prove...

Giles looks back as Spike gets up off the floor and takes the seat Xander just vacated.

Giles ... useful.

Xander still queasy I don't know if Buffy's thinkin' too clear on that one, or anything else right now. *gulps* I've never seen her so...

Giles She's ... been through more than her fair share of late. She just needs a chance to catch her breath, regroup. She'll be all right.

Xander Yeah. She'll ... *gulps* Yeah.

Shot of the RV going down the road. It seems to have left the city and is now on a highway.

Cut to back inside. Willow continues studying her book. Dawn peers over her shoulder.

Dawn Any luck?

Willow Uh, if you define luck as the absence of success, plenty. *shot of Anya and Spike listening* There's a couple barrier spells, but... *we see Tara next to Willow, staring past her at Dawn* they only work on a fixed locus. Haven't found anything that'll work while we're still moving.

Tara So pretty, can I have one?

Tara tries to reach past Willow to touch Dawn. Willow gently pushes Tara's arm back.

Willow to Tara Come on. *pushes Tara back into her seat*

Dawn Anyone hungry?

Anya Ooh! Snacks! The secret to any successful migration.

Anya reaches into her backpack and pulls out a frying pan, reaches in again.

Anya Who's up for some tasty fried meat products? *She holds up a can of SPAM. No one looks interested. Tara reaches over to the window and opens the blinds. Sunlight streams in, hitting Spike's hand.*

Spike Hey! Aah!

Spike jumps away from the table as Willow pulls Tara back from the window.

Willow Tara, no! What did I tell you?

Tara whines loudly in protest. Spike cradles his smoking hand.

Willow Shh.

Tara continues whimpering. Willow pulls Tara's head to her chest to comfort her, looks over at Spike.

Willow I'm sorry. She, she didn't mean to.

Spike nods understanding.

Willow She doesn't know what she's doing. *Tara continues whimpering*

Dawn We know.

Spike No biggie. Look, the skin's already stopped smoking. You go ahead and play ... peek-a-boo with Mister Sunshine all you like. It keeps the ride from getting boring.

Tara upset All the light is gone. *crying*

Willow No, shh, baby. The light's still outside, okay? *Dawn watches with concern. Willow continues trying to comfort Tara.*

Tara All dark. All dark.

Cut to the psych ward at Sunnydale Hospital. All the patients, strapped down in their beds, are also saying "All dark". They repeat this over and over. Then one of them says "Soon" and they all start saying "Soon, soon".

Cut to a section of floor with candles set out and symbols written on the floor in red dirt. A pair of hands throw runestones onto the symbols. The camera pulls out and we see we're in Glory's apartment. Gronx and Murk sit on the floor casting the runes.

Gronx It's coming. The signs are in alignment, and soon victory will be in our grasp. *they smile* All we need do is seize the moment ... and squeeze until it bleeds.

They both smile happily.

Cut to the RV driving through the desert on what looks like a dirt road. Mountains in the background.

Cut to inside. Buffy sits in the back room, leaning against the wall. The door opens and Dawn peeks in.

Dawn Hey. I think Anya's gonna try to cook. Wanna come watch the tears and recriminations?

Buffy small smile Maybe later.

Dawn starts to retreat, pauses, leans back in and gathers her nerve.

Dawn Thanks.

Buffy looks up For what?

Dawn You know. Pretty much everything.

Buffy sarcastic Yeah. I'm doin' a great job.

Dawn firmly You are.

Buffy scoffs I'm the Slayer. The chosen one. All mythic and defender-y. Evil nasties are supposed to flee from me. Not the other way around.

Dawn You're not fleeing. You're ... moving at a brisk pace.

Buffy Quaintly referred to in some cultures as the big scaredy runaway.

Dawn comes fully inside, closes the door and walks over to sit beside Buffy.

Dawn It's the most amazing thing anyone's ever done for me.

Buffy looks over at her with a pained expression, then away.

Buffy voice breaking It just keeps coming. Glory ... Riley ... Tara ... Mom.

Dawn pause I know. But there's a bright side.

Buffy There is?

Dawn At least things can't get any crazier. Right?

Suddenly they both jump as an arrow shoots through the window and lands in the wall a little ways from Buffy's head. Dawn stares at it in horror. Buffy gives her an almost amused look.

Buffy You know this is your fault for saying that.

Dawn doesn't seem to see the humor.

Buffy pulls down a corner of the Venetian blinds to peek outside.

Knight Come on now!

We see a bunch of knights riding horses up alongside the Winnebago, swinging their weapons.

Knight Bring up the rear! Let's go!

Buffy and Dawn stare for a moment, then Buffy turns away from the window and sighs.

The RV drives on. The knights are about a hundred feet back but closing fast.

Buffy and Dawn rush into the main cabin.

Buffy Giles!

Giles I see them.

Spike See who?

Shot of the side mirror with the knights reflected in it.

Several knights ride up alongside the RV on either side. One has a crossbow and shoots another arrow into the side.

Spike jumps aside as the arrow appears in the wall beside him.

Xander Arrows!

Spike Bloody hell!

Xander They're throwing arrows!

Tara peeks out the window.

The knights continue to ride up alongside the vehicle. They shoot more arrows.

Buffy Dawn, get down under the table.

Buffy pushes Dawn to the floor. Anya also ducks under the table.

Tara peeking out Horsies!

The knights shoot more arrows. Willow pulls Tara away just as an arrow appears in the wall beside her.

Willow Tara!

Willow and Tara duck under the table. Arrows appear in the wall beside Giles.

Giles Weapons?

Buffy tosses a bag to Spike.

Spike Hello! You're driving one!

Willow Don't hit the horsies!

Buffy Oh, we won't!

Buffy moves up next to Giles.

Buffy Aim for the horsies.

Shot of the horsemen reflected in Giles' mirror.

Giles turns the wheel trying to hit them, but the horses move out of the way. Giles swings the wheel again to get back on the road. Shot of Spike looking grim.

Long shot of the RV being pursued by the horsemen.

Cut closer as one of the men rides up alongside the back of the RV, grabs onto the ladder on its side and climbs on, letting his horse gallop away. He climbs up onto the roof.

Cut inside. Xander sits by the table.

Xander Did we shake 'em?

The knight's sword stabs through the ceiling inches from Xander's head, making him jump. Giles and Buffy look up.

Shot of the knight pulling his sword free.

Buffy moves back toward the rear. Spike continues looking in the bag of weapons.

The knight stabs down again.

Buffy Stay low!

The knight stabs again.

Buffy Watch out for the—

The sword point comes in directly at Buffy's head. Spike reaches up with both hands and grabs the sword, stops it from stabbing Buffy in the head. She ducks.

The knight tries to pull his sword free but can't. Spike continues holding onto it with both hands.

Spike Now might be a good time for something heroic.

The knight continues trying to free his sword.

Buffy looks around.

Buffy Xander! Hatch!

Buffy climbs up on the table and opens the hatch in the roof. Xander boosts her up and through it. She emerges behind the knight. We see the other horsemen still riding alongside.

The knight sees Buffy, pulls his sword free. We hear Spike yelling in pain.

The knight thrusts at Buffy. She ducks, backs away from his second swing, wheels and kicks his legs out from under him. He goes down and Buffy gets on top of him, blocks another swing, punches him. He drops the sword.

Cut to inside. Spike sits at the table beside Dawn. His hands are bloody and he has some rags. He tries to use his teeth to rip them up.

Cut to above. Buffy punches the knight in the face a few times, then he blocks and punches her. They

grapple, he kicks her in the head and she falls over the side, holding onto the railing along the top of the RV. She hangs there as a knight rides alongside holding a mace.

Cut to inside. Spike holds his bloody hands on the table as Dawn rips up the rags. Tara and Willow emerge from under the table. Giles continues driving. They all look up as we hear the sounds of fighting on the roof.

Cut to outside. The knight crouches above Buffy to hit her, but she kicks upward and he falls back. Buffy vaults back up onto the roof. They both stand and face off.

Another knight rides alongside and throws a grappling hook onto the railing. He begins climbing up the side.

Buffy punches the first knight, whirls around and kicks him. He falls off the side with a scream.

The second knight reaches the roof as another grappling hook catches on the railing.

Cut to inside. Dawn ties the rags around Spike's hands.

Dawn Keep the pressure on.

Spike I always do, sweet bit.

A knight busts through the window and they both shriek and jump aside. The knight tries to grab Dawn. Spike yells in pain from the sunlight.

Giles looks back. Shot from outside of the side of the van with the knight hanging on it, his upper half inside the window. Sounds of Spike and Dawn and the knight yelling.

Cut back inside. Tara and Willow cower as Anya appears and begins hitting the knight in the head with her frying pan. He loses his grip and falls to the ground below.

Anya Not a piano, but hey.

Giles glances back, continues driving.

Cut to the roof. Two soldiers now face Buffy, one with an axe, the other with a mace. She punches the one with the axe, kicks the other one, kicks the first one, ducks to take a mace blow on her back, punches the mace-wielder, does a back-flip and kicks them both in the faces.

Cut to inside. Willow and Anya sit on either side of

Tara trying to comfort her as she looks anxious.

Cut to above. Buffy picks up the first knight's sword from where he dropped it, twirls it around. The mace chain wraps around the sword blade and she uses it to pull the knight closer. Behind him the knight with the axe tries to attack but Buffy kicks him away. She spins the mace-holder around, knees him in the stomach and throws him off the side of the RV, taking the mace and the sword with him.

Buffy ducks an axe swing, kicks the knight in the chest, grabs his axe hand and hits him with her other hand. He gets hold of her from behind as another knight climbs up the ladder. Buffy hits the axe hand. The knight yells and lets go of the axe, which Buffy grabs. She swings it at him and he ducks, then she kicks him and he falls over the side.

Buffy throws the axe and it slams into the chest of the knight on the ladder. He screams and falls backward off the RV.

Cut to inside. It seems quiet. Spike is on the floor with Dawn crouching over him, Willow and Anya and Tara on the other side of the table, all listening. Giles peers out at his mirror.

Shot of the back end of the RV with the road retreating away, clear of all knights.

Giles lets out a sigh of relief. Xander does the same although he still looks queasy. Giles glances back.

Giles Everyone all right?

Everyone seems to be all right.

Giles smiles slightly as he turns back to the road.

Only to see another knight on horseback coming straight at him, holding a spear.

Giles looks horrified and tries to twist the wheel.

The knight throws the spear. It flies through the window and into Giles' side, impaling him. He gasps and is thrown forward onto the steering wheel. Everyone shrieks and gasps as the RV jostles, out of control.

Shot of Buffy still on the roof, struggling to keep her balance. She leaps off the roof, lands on the ground and rolls.

She sits up in time to see the RV go careening off the road, fall over onto its side, and come to a stop in a huge cloud of dust.

Part 3

Open on the Winnebago still lying on its side with dust drifting slowly around it. It's on a dirt road in the desert, just a few trees and telephone poles on either side. In the background we can see the gang walking along. Spike has a blanket covering his head. Buffy and Xander support Giles with his arms over their shoulders.

Xander V.O. We gotta find shelter.

Spike V.O. Yeah, right bloody quick. I'm burning up out here.

Cut to: overhead shot of an abandoned gas station with a rusting old truck in front of it. The gang walks up to the building.

Cut to the entrance. Spike goes first, kicking the door open and hurrying inside. The others follow.

Buffy Careful.

Dawn coughs from the dust, watches with concern as the others bring Giles in. Anya closes the door behind them. Inside, it looks like an empty room with little or no furniture. The windows are boarded up but incompletely, so stripes of light enter the room. There's a long sort of counter halfway in.

Buffy Spike.

Spike and Xander help Buffy bring Giles over to the counter. Giles groans in pain. The lower left side of his stomach is covered in blood.

Xander Careful. Up.

Buffy Okay, Will?

Willow I'm on it.

Giles groans more as Xander and Spike lift him onto the counter. Spike also groans in pain from his wounded hands.

Willow Oh, careful!

Spike finishes helping Giles onto the counter and hurries out of the sunlight. Willow and Tara come up next to Giles. Willow puts a bag under Giles's head. He is sweaty and panting.

Buffy goes over to Dawn.

Buffy Are you sure you're okay?

Dawn Yeah. B-but Spike's hurt.

Buffy turns to Spike, grabs his wrist to look at his injured hands.

Spike Ow! Easy with the delicates.

Buffy to Dawn They'll heal.

Xander and Anya exchange a look as they put down their stuff.

Spike Florence bloody Nightingale to the rescue.

Buffy goes to the window and looks through the boards. Shot of the view outside

Buffy no one in sight.

Anya Um, you have another plan, right? *Buffy turns from the window to look at her* One that doesn't involve pointy knives and a Winnebago?

Buffy We-we-we'll rest here for a minute, but then we have to keep moving.

Xander Where?

Buffy desperately I don't know! *puts her hands to her face* We just, we, we, we can't, can't stay here. I-it's too close to the wreck, we're too easy to find.

Willow Buffy!

Buffy runs over to where Willow is standing over Giles.

Buffy Will, how is he?

Willow has her hands on Giles's wound. Shot of Giles's face, still sweaty with blood coming out of his mouth.

Buffy Will?

Willow I-I think I slowed the bleeding, but...

Giles continues breathing shallowly, his eyes closed.

Buffy Okay. Okay, just-just give me a minute.

Buffy turns away trying to think.

Suddenly a flaming arrow shoots through a boarded-up window and embeds in the wall opposite. Everyone turns.

Buffy Dawn, get down!

Another fiery arrow breaks through some glass that's left in a window.

Xander pulls the first arrow out of the window and stomps out the fire on the ground.

Buffy pushes Dawn behind the counter. Dawn sits on the floor, protected on three sides.

More fiery arrows come shooting through the windows.

Willow pushes a whimpering Tara down to a crouch. Xander peeks out the hole made by one arrow.

Shot of the outside. A bunch of knights are setting up, mostly hiding behind the abandoned truck and gas pumps with their bows and arrows. There are a few garbage barrels with fires lit in them.

Xander OS We got company.

More arrows shoot through the windows. Xander turns back inside.

Xander And they brought a crusade.

Cut to outside. The knights continue firing their arrows. The general rides up on horseback.

Cut to inside. Everyone's crouching down. Buffy runs toward the wall.

Buffy Willow!

We see Willow crouching beside the counter, with one hand stretched up to keep pressure on Giles's wound while her other hand is flipping the pages of a magic book. Tara huddles next to her whimpering and covering her head.

Willow I'm working on it!

Buffy and Spike together shove a large coffee machine in front of the door and tip it over on its side.

Cut to outside. The general sits on his horse watching the action.

Knights Go! Go! Go! Let's move! Come on, move it!
We see multiple knights attacking the boarded-up windows of the building with various weapons, trying to break in.

Cut to inside. A knight's axe breaks through the wall right next to Dawn's head. She screams.

The knight continues hacking and then reaches an arm in. Dawn screams again.

Dawn Buffy!

Buffy runs over to help, but a knight comes through the door beside the counter. He punches Buffy and she falls aside.

Xander and Anya hide behind something (looks like an old heater).

Spike lunges at the knight, punches him, then screams in pain and clutches his head. The knight lifts his weapon to strike Spike but Buffy intervenes, kicks him and then punches him. He punches her back.

The boards on the windows rattle as more knights pound on them and the glass shatters. Spike covers his head as glass falls on him.

Buffy kicks the knight again and he stumbles back, turns and thrusts his weapon at her but she blocks it, kicks him, then twists around and flips him over her shoulder. He falls unconscious on the floor.

Xander runs out from his hiding place and grabs the unconscious knight, begins dragging him away.

The other knights continue beating on the walls and windows, knocking out the glass with their weapons.

Knight It's clear! ?

Dawn stands up cautiously from behind the counter and is confronted by the bleeding Giles. She looks at his wound in dismay.

The general enters. Buffy turns to look at him. He points his sword.

Gregor The key.

Dawn looks frightened.

Buffy picks up the knight's weapon from the ground and throws it at Gregor, hitting him in the hand, making him drop his sword. He lunges at Buffy and she hits him, making him reel aside into a pillar. He hits it face-first and falls down unconscious.

Willow Enemies, fly and fall.

We see Willow sitting on the floor beside the counter, with her legs crossed holding the book. Her eyes are all black again as they were in "Tough Love".

Willow Circling arms, raise a wall.

She raises her arms and a circle of light emits from them, expanding outward.

Cut to outside. The sphere comes through the walls and all the knights are forced backward, flying through the air. They land several feet away from the building as the bubble holds.

Dante hits the barrier with his sword. It shimmers but he can't get through.

Dante angry growl They have the general. Clerics!

Two elderly men in long black robes come forward. They walk up to the barrier and hold up their hands to it. One begins to chant while the other turns back to Dante.

Cleric Energy barrier. A most powerful one.

Dante Can it be breached?

Cleric The witch's magic pales to the might of our god. The infidels' wall ... shall tumble before us.

Cut to inside. Willow and Tara get to their feet as Buffy comes to check Giles's wound.

Buffy Will? How long will it hold?

Willow uncertain Half a day maybe.

Buffy and Dawn watch as Willow goes to the window and peeks out.

Shot of the view through the window. We can see the two clerics chanting while the knights wait behind them.

Willow Or till Heckle and Jeckle punch a hole through it.

Buffy and Dawn look nervous.

Spike walks forward, looking down at the ground.

Spike So. What's the story with these role-playing rejects?

Shot of Gregor lying unconscious on the floor.

Buffy OS Let's find out.

Cut to Gregor tied to a pillar in a rear room of the building. Buffy stands in front of him with her arms folded.

Shot of Dawn by the door watching.

Shot of Spike off to the side.

Spike You sure Scarface here can habla the English?

Buffy He understands me. *to Gregor* Don't you?

Gregor You were warned we would return, Slayer.

Buffy Took you long enough. What are you supposed to be, some kind of chief?

Gregor *sneers* General.

Buffy General. *takes a step forward* In charge of what, getting captured?

Gregor You do not frighten me, child. *looks at Dawn* The instrument of chaos must be destroyed.

Buffy steps forward to him and puts her hands firmly on either side of his face.

Buffy *angrily* Look at her that way again, and she will be the last thing you ever see.

She lets go and steps back.

Gregor As I've been told, you protect the key of the beast.

Shot of Xander watching.

Buffy It's not that simple.

Gregor Yes. The key has been transformed, given ... breath, life. Yet, this makes no difference. The key is the link. The link must be severed. *Shot of Dawn looking scared* Such is the will of god.

Buffy *upset* She doesn't remember anything about being this key you're all looking for. The only thing that she remembers is growing up with a mother, and a sister that love her. What kind of god would demand her life for something that she has no control over?

Shot of Gregor looking unmoved.

Buffy We are not your enemy. *Shot of Spike watching* Tell your men to stand down.

Gregor *looks at Dawn* No.

Buffy It is not her fault! She's human now! *Shot of Dawn*

Gregor The key is too dangerous ... to be allowed to exist. No matter what form it has been pressed into.

Buffy I will not let anyone tell me—

Buffy breaks off as we hear a wailing from the next room and Willow saying "Shh, shh." Xander turns to look through the door.

Buffy, Dawn, Spike, and Xander go into the other room where Anya is watching helplessly as Willow tries to calm Tara.

Willow Shh, shh, shh.

Buffy What happened?

Anya I-I don't know, she just went nuts.

Tara whimpers frantically and struggles to get free from Willow who is holding her still. Tara finally breaks free.

Tara Time! Time, time!

She runs over to the boarded-up windows and claws at them. Willow runs after her and tries to pull her away. Tara breaks free and runs to another part of the wall, whimpering in agitation. The others watch helplessly.

Willow grabs Tara around the torso, pinning her arms to her sides as Tara continues whimpering.

Willow Tara! *to Buffy* We have to do something! *shot of Dawn and Spike watching with concern* She, she can't stay this way. Buffy!

Tara Time... time... time...

Cut to the hospital psych ward. All the patients are muttering "Time, time" as well, and struggling against their bonds. One of them is the man who accosted Dawn on the street in "The Real Me".

Patients Time. Time.

The nurse comes in.

Nurse No, it's not time for your meds, just lie back— *The guy from "The Real Me" rips free of his restraints and the nurse rushes over to try to force him back into bed.*

Nurse *yelling over her shoulder* Doctor! Doctor McCarthy!

Another patient hits her over the head and she falls down unconscious. The other patients begin to break free and get up out of bed. They all walk off toward the door, muttering "Time" over and over again.

Cut to outside the gas station. Orlando is among the knights in the encampment. He walks forward, staring at the building.

Orlando It's time. It's time.

Dante No, no, shh. There's nothing to fear, my brother.

Orlando looks unhappy. Behind Dante we can see the clerics still standing by the barrier chanting.

Dante The beast may have taken your mind, but I swear to you, she will never know the taste of your heart.

Dante pulls Orlando sharply toward him. Orlando groans and grabs Dante's shoulders but then slumps to the ground. Dante looks sadly down at him. We see a bloody dagger in his hand.

Dante Clerics! *The clerics turn* I want the witch's barrier down. **Now!**

The clerics exchange a look, return to their chanting. Cut to: closeup of Buffy's face.

Buffy I'm sorry.

We see she's standing beside Giles, holding his hand with both of hers. Giles is conscious.

Giles For what?

Buffy We should have stayed. If we had, none of this would have happened.

Giles Don't. *painfully* What you did ... w-was necessary ... what I've always admired.

Buffy *small smile* Running away?

Giles Being able to place ... your heart ... above all else.

He breathes shakily while Buffy watches with concern.

Giles I'm so proud of you. You've come so far. You're everything a Watcher ... everything I could have hoped for.

Buffy has tears in her eyes. She sniffles.

Giles makes a pained face, closes his eyes. Buffy looks anxiously at their entwined hands, then at Giles's stomach. He continues breathing shallowly, seems to have fallen asleep. Buffy gently removes his hand from hers.

In the background we see Willow standing over a sleeping or resting Tara, stroking her hair.

Buffy turns away from Giles with a resolute expression.

Buffy Willow.

Willow looks up at her.

Buffy Open a door.

Willow looks uncertainly from Buffy to the wall and back.

Cut to outside. A hole appears in the barrier as Buffy comes out of the building followed by Xander. Dante and a few other knights come forward. They stop at the edge of the barrier and Dante holds up a hand to stop the knights.

Dante Speak.

Buffy One of my friends was hurt when you attacked us.

Dante And ten of my men are dead. Honorable men. *draws his sword* Shall we balance the scale?

Buffy Will you let someone come and help him or not?

Dante Give quarter to an agent of the beast? What madness would move me to such action?

Buffy I'm done asking.

Buffy starts forward but Xander intervenes, stopping her, as the knights were preparing for Buffy's attack.

Xander Whoa, whoa, hey! Uh ... this is war, isn't it? And if there's one thing I've learned from Sergeant Rock, it is in war ... there are rules.

Dante looks stern.

Xander Or at least there should be, if you're as honorable as you think you are. *Buffy looks to see if Dante is convinced* Plus, we do have your general forehead guy.

Dante considers this.

Cut to: Willow, Spike, and Buffy standing beside a pay phone in the building. The phone is dark.

Willow Discharge and bring life.

The pay phone sizzles and suddenly lights up. Buffy picks up the receiver, turns and nods to Willow, who looks relieved. Buffy begins to dial.

Spike *to Willow* Handier than a Swiss knife. Look, the door to my crypt's got this nasty squeak, maybe you could...

Willow rolls her eyes, turns and walks away. Pan to Buffy on the phone.

Buffy Hey, uh, i-it's Buffy. I need to ask you a really big favor.

Cut to: exterior shot, night. A car drives up to the gas station where the army of knights stands around watching. Ben is at the wheel. He stops the car and looks fearfully out the window at the knights, who all hold weapons and glare at him. Ben takes a deep breath, picks up his black bag from the seat, and gets out of the car.

Cut to inside. Ben stands next to Giles tending to his wound, wearing surgical gloves. Buffy stands beside him with the others in the background.

Ben You, uh, forgot to mention the costume party outside.

Buffy Sorry. *shot of Willow sitting over a sleeping Tara* I-I didn't know who else to call.

Ben No, it's okay. I mean, yeah, not ... how I pictured seeing you again, but, uh ... I'll take what I can get.

Shot of Spike looking annoyed, rolling his eyes.

Buffy Thank you ... for coming.

Ben My pleasure.

Ben looks past Buffy. Shot of Dawn standing a few feet away, with Xander in the background.

Ben continues looking at Dawn.

Part 4

Open on Giles's face, asleep or unconscious. Ben's hands enter the shot and put the discarded surgical gloves down next to Giles. Pan down to Giles's stomach. The bloody sweater is pulled up revealing a bandage wrapped around his abdomen.

Cut to a longer shot as Ben pulls a blanket up over Giles's stomach and packs away his stethoscope while Buffy stands watching.

Ben All right, I think I got him stabilized, but there's a lot of damage. We need to get him out of here.

Buffy Well, I think the guys with the pointy swords kinda have other ideas.

Ben Don't they always.

Shot of Spike in the background making a disgusted face, mimicking Ben silently, then turning away.

Buffy Look, I know this must seem extra "Outer Limits" to you.

Ben This? Naah. I've seen things you wouldn't believe.

Shot of Dawn watching with Xander in the background.

Ben OS You know, emergency room, full moon on a Saturday night.

Xander goes into the other room and pulls the door shut behind him.

Cut back to Buffy and Ben.

Buffy Look, if this gets too weird, just tell me. I'll understand.

Ben Don't worry about me. I won't leave until I've worn out my welcome.

He smiles. Buffy smiles back, then looks with concern at Giles.

Shot of Giles breathing shallowly and unevenly. Pan down to his blanket-covered stomach.

Shot of Giles's hand lying beside his body. Buffy's hand enters the shot and takes hold of Giles's.

Cut to Spike's bloody, bandaged hands as he tries to light a cigarette. He fumbles with the lighter.

We see that we're in the back room. It's dark. Xander stands watching the tied-up general as the sound of Spike trying to light his lighter continues.

Spike whispering Ow.

Spike shakes his hand in pain and annoyance.

Xander walks over. Spike gives him a wary look.

Xander takes the lighter. Spike sighs.

Spike Thanks.

Xander flicks the lighter on and holds it up to Spike's cigarette, lighting it. Then Xander closes the lighter, puts it in his pocket as Spike takes a drag.

Xander You know, those things'll kill you.

Spike gives him a look.

Xander Oh. Right.

They stand side by side, leaning against the wall, as Spike smokes.

Xander I mention today how much I don't like you?

Spike nods You mighta let it slip in ... *looks at Xander once or twice.*

Xander smiles slightly, looks down at Spike's hands.

Xander How're your feelers?

Spike sighs, *looks around* Nothing compared to the little bits we're gonna get chopped into when the Renaissance Faire kicks the door in. *points to the door; they both look over at it* And here we bloody sit.

Xander It's not like we got much of a choice.

Spike gestures impatiently Could make a break for it! Use General Armor-All as a shield *shot of the general* get to the doc's car, and-

Xander Great plan. And while all the hacking and slashing's going on, what are you gonna be doing, huh? Throwing migraines at 'em?

Spike Look, we stay here, we all die! At least this way, some of us might get—

Buffy OS No.

The guys turn to see Buffy standing in the doorway.

Buffy We're all gonna make it. I'm not losing anyone.

Spike sighs and shakes his head but says nothing.

Buffy Check the supplies. See if anyone's hungry.

Xander looks at Spike, then they both walk out. Focus on Buffy as they walk past her. She stares at the floor looking pensive.

Gregor chuckles and Buffy closes her eyes briefly, then looks angrily at him.

Gregor Dissention in the ranks. Seldom a harbinger of glad tidings.

Buffy scowls, walks over to him and backhands him across the face.

Buffy Shut up.

Gregor turns his head and spits blood. Buffy turns her back to him.

Gregor Poor frightened girl. *she turns back* You've no idea what you've gotten yourself into.

Buffy crosses arms over her chest Why don't you tell me?

Gregor Would it make a difference?

Pause.

Gregor What do you know of the beast?

Buffy Strong. Fast. Hellgod.

Gregor From a dimension of unspeakable torment.

Buffy A demon dimension. I know. She ruled with two other hellgods, right?

Gregor Along with the beast they were a triumvirate of suffering and despair. Ruling with equal vengeance. But the beast's power grew beyond even what they could conceive. As did her lust for pain and misery. They looked upon her, what she had become ... and trembled.

Buffy *nervously* A god afraid?

Gregor Such was her power. They feared she would attempt to seize their dimension for herself, and decided to strike first. A great battle erupted. In the end, they stood victorious over the beast ... barely. She was cast out. Banished to this lower plane of existence, forced to live and eventually die trapped within the body of a mortal ... a newborn male, created as her prison. That is the beast's ... only weakness.

Buffy Kill the man ... and the god dies.

Gregor Unfortunately, the identity of the human vessel has never been discovered.

Buffy *puzzled* I don't understand. Now, I've seen Glory. Not a whole lot going on in the hairy chest department.

Gregor You have seen a glimpse of the true beast. Her power was too great to be completely contained. She's found a way to escape her mortal prison ... for brief periods, before her energies are exhausted and she's forced back ... into her living cell of meat and bone.

Dawn OS What about me?

Buffy turns to see Dawn standing in the doorway.

Dawn What about the key?

Buffy Dawn.

Dawn I want to know.

Gregor The key ... is almost as old as the beast itself. Where it came from, how it was created ... the deepest of mysteries. All that is certain is that its power is absolute. Countless generations of my people have sacrificed their lives in search of it, to destroy it before its wrath could be unleashed.

Dawn But the monks found it first.

Gregor Yes, and hid it with their magicks.

Buffy Why didn't they just destroy it? If the key is as dangerous as-

Gregor Because they were fools. They thought they could harness its power for the forces of light. They

failed, and paid with their blood.

Dawn What do I do? What was I created for?

Gregor You were created ... to open the gates that separate dimensions. The beast will use your power ... to return home and seize control of the hell she was banished from.

Buffy laughs. The general looks at her in surprise.

Buffy That's it? That's Glory's master plan ... to go home?

Gregor You misunderstand. Once the key is activated, it won't just open the gates to the beast's dimension. It's going to open all the gates. The walls separating realities will crumble. *shot of Buffy no longer smiling. Shot of Dawn* Dimensions will bleed into each other. Order will be overthrown and the universe will tumble into chaos ... all dark ... forever.

Buffy looks dismayed.

Gregor *staring at Dawn* That ... is what you were created for.

Dawn stares at him, then looks down.

Cut to: Buffy emerging from the back room into another room.

Buffy Dawn.

We see Dawn sitting on a table nearby. She has her back to Buffy.

Dawn *not turning* You think it's true ... what he said?

Buffy walks forward with a sigh, sits next to Dawn. They look at each other.

Buffy I don't know.

Dawn Destroyer of the universe. *pause* I guess cutting school doesn't seem so bad now, huh?

Buffy It's not you. You know that.

Dawn But it's in me ... isn't it? It's inside me.

They look at each other for a moment, then Dawn looks away.

Dawn What are we gonna do?

Buffy frowns slightly, then puts her arms around Dawn's shoulders and pulls Dawn close, resting Dawn's head on her cheek.

Buffy I won't let anything happen to you. I promise. *They sit there quietly. Buffy sighs.*

Cut to the back room. Willow is trying to feed Tara while Gregor, still tied up, watches.

Tara *upset* Wriggling!

Willow Come on, Tara, you have to eat something.

Tara turns her head aside and whimpers. Anya walks up.

Anya Want me to try?

Willow I don't know. I'm gettin' used to pickin' fruit out of my hair.

Pan over to the general. Nearby we see Ben standing over a small sink doing something with gauze.

Gregor *whispers* You!

Ben stops what he's doing but doesn't look at Gregor.

Gregor You are not a part of this, are you?

Ben *still not looking at him* Just a friend of the family.

Gregor Would you die for them?

Ben turns to look at him.

Gregor Because that is what your future holds if you align yourself with the Slayer and her misguided people.

Ben *walks a little closer, angrily* It's my life, and I'll do what I please with it.

Gregor It's not just your life. Unimaginable legions will perish, including everyone here. *whispers* You can stop this. You can save all their lives by ending one. The little girl. The key. Destroy it, and the will of the beast will be broken, she will fade, a distant memory ... (shot of Ben listening, looking uncertain) and all of this madness will end.

Ben just glares at him.

Cut to Dawn standing over Giles, watching him as he continues to sleep, breathing raggedly. Ben walks up and Dawn gasps in surprise.

Ben Sorry.

Ben puts his hand on Giles's wrist and takes his pulse.

Dawn Is ... is he gonna be okay? *shot of Xander watching*

Ben He was hurt pretty bad, Dawn. *releases Giles's wrist*

Dawn It's because of me. It's all my fault.

Ben No it isn't.

Ben goes past Dawn to get his bag.

Dawn You don't know what's happening.

Ben I don't have to. *takes a syringe from the bag, begins filling it* I just know that sometimes terrible things happen to good people. It shouldn't, but ... it does.

He pulls down the plunger, filling the syringe with liquid. Dawn continues watching Giles. Ben flicks the needle to make sure it's flowing.

Ben It's nobody's fault.

He turns back, holding the needle up.

Shot of Dawn with her back to Ben.

Ben moves slowly closer to her.

Ben It's just the way life is.

He walks past Dawn and puts the needle to Giles's arm. Dawn sees it and gasps.

Shot of the needle injecting into Giles. Dawn frowns in distaste.

Dawn Is that gonna help?

Ben doesn't answer. He turns away.

Dawn Ben?

The syringe falls to the ground.

Ben has his back to Dawn, puts a hand shakily to his forehead. Dawn stares at him looking very scared.

Cut to Ben running into the main room.

Ben You have to let me out.

Dawn follows him in. The others begin to gather.

Dawn Ben?

Ben You don't understand, I gotta get out, open a door now!

Buffy and Spike run up next to Dawn.

Buffy What happened?

Dawn I-I don't know, he just freaked out.

Ben *frantically* Let me out!

Buffy Okay, W-Will, open a door.

Willow turns away from Tara to see what's going on.

Ben No! Ha!

Ben puts his hands to his head and suddenly morphs into Glory, who turns the movement into a stretch. She slowly brings her arms down and looks around.

Buffy and Dawn stare in horror. Buffy pushes Dawn behind her.

Glory looks around in surprise.

Shot of Willow looking scared, reaching for Tara.

Glory begins to smile.

Shot of Xander and Anya watching.

Glory Well, what do you know. Little Ben finally did something right.

Gregor The beast.

Glory Hey, it's Gregor.

She grabs a hubcap that's hanging nearby and throws it like a Frisbee. It flies into the general's chest. Everyone stares. Gregor falls forward against his bonds, dead.

Glory Now it's not.

Spike rushes at Glory with a yell, Xander right behind him. Glory hits Spike and he crashes backward into Xander. They both fall against the wall.

Tara looks upset as Willow lowers her head and closes her eyes.

Buffy rushes at Glory as the guys try to get up. Glory hits Buffy and she crashes into Willow, both of them hitting the wall and then falling to the floor.

Glory turns to look at Dawn, gives a little laugh. Dawn looks frightened.

Glory runs forward and grabs Dawn. Anya grabs Dawn from the other side but Glory pulls her free and begins running out.

Dawn Buffy!

Buffy painfully tries to get up as Glory, dragging Dawn by the hand, crashes out the door.

Cut to outside. Glory and Dawn burst out, run forward and into the barrier, which stops them. We can hear the knights shouting.

Glory Yeah, right!

Glory swings her free arm at the barrier and breaks a hole in it. She runs through it, pulling Dawn with her. We hear the knights yelling battle cries.

The hole begins to close as Buffy emerges from the building. She runs into the barrier just as it finishes closing. She can't get past it.

Buffy Dawn!!

Sound of knights yelling and swords clashing. Buffy turns and runs back inside, moving with a slight limp.

Cut to inside. Buffy enters.

Buffy Willow!

Willow lifts her head. Her eyes are black again.

Buffy Get it down, now!

Willow Hear, hear my plea.

Buffy runs back out again.

Willow Circling arm protecting me.

Cut to outside. Buffy comes running out as the barrier disappears. Buffy limps forward and looks around.

All the knights are lying dead on the ground.

Buffy walks forward slowly, looking around at the corpses in horror.

Spike, Xander, Willow, Tara, and Anya burst out, slow down when they see the scene.

Willow We have to— stops

Buffy walks slowly forward, looking around.

Pan across the men lying dead. We see Dante among them, still alive.

Dante The beast.

Spike and Xander staring around.

Tara whimpers and hides her face in Willow's shoulder.

Spike points The car. Get the keys.

Spike and Xander run off. Buffy continues staring.

Willow, Tara, and Anya start forward.

Willow Buffy! Buffy, we have to find Dawn. We, we can't let Glory—

Buffy abruptly sits down on the ground.

Willow Buffy? Buffy!

Tears run down Buffy's face. Willow and Tara walk over to her.

Willow Buffy, you have to get up! We need you!

Buffy just sits, the tears flowing, staring in front of her.

Willow OS Buffy, please! *echoing* Buffy...
Blackout.

Executive Producer Joss Whedon.

The Weight Of The World

A *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* episode written by **Douglas Petrie** and transcribed by **Joan the English Chick** <pisces@englishchick.com>.

Transcriber's Notes:

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Teaser

Giles V.O. Previously on *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*...

Glory talking to her minions.

Glory So it's her. Under our noses all this time.

Slook the minion in the magic shop.

Slook Glorificus will find the witch.

Anya Witch?

Willow Tara.

Glory and Tara on the park bench.

Glory You're not the key, you're nothing!

Willow No!

Willow trying to get to Tara through crowds of people.

Glory putting her fingers in Tara's brain.

Willow Tara!

Buffy, Willow, and Tara in the hospital.

Buffy I'm so sorry.

Buffy hugging Willow.

Tara smiling They kill mice.

Ben in Glory's apartment.

Ben Not if I get the key first.

Gronx Could you do it? Take a human life with your own hands?

Glory breaking down the wall to the dorm room.

Glory I told you this wasn't over.

Tara staring at Dawn Such pure green energy!

Glory The key!

Buffy Just pack up whatever supplies we need and that's it, we're gone.

Knights on horseback chasing the Winnebago.

Buffy Giles!

Giles I see them.

The knight's spear impaling Giles.

The Winnebago crashing.

Giles in the gas station.

Willow Buffy!

Buffy How is he? Will?

Ben I think I got him stabilized, but there's a lot of damage. We need to get him out of here.

Flaming arrows shooting into the gas station.

The knights gathered outside the gas station.

Xander We got company!

Gregor pointing his sword at Dawn.

Gregor The key.

Buffy hitting Gregor.

Gregor Once the key is activated, the walls separating reality will crumble. Dimensions will bleed into each other.

Buffy talking to Dawn.

Buffy I won't let anything happen to you.

Ben in the gas station.

Ben Let me out!

Buffy Will, open a door!

Ben No!

Ben morphing into Glory. Glory grabbing Dawn.

Dawn Buffy!

Buffy Dawn!

Willow Buffy, you have to get up! Buffy, please! Buffy!

Buffy sitting on the ground crying.

Episode opens on a minion in Glory's bathroom, gathering up bottles of cosmetics. He hurries into another room where we see other minions gathering up stuff and packing. Murk walks among them.

Murk Quickly, quickly! Already we're behind schedule! Someone's bound for a beheading.

Murk goes into a large walk-in closet where Gronx is taking stuff from the shelves and putting it in boxes.

Murk Let's make sure it's not me.

Gronx Why do we remain when our moment of triumph lies so close at hand?

Murk *quietly* The glorious one, having acquired much in this world, doesn't exactly travel light.

They peek around a corner and we see the main room of Glory's apartment. Glory stands on top of a stool wearing an ornate gown, with tailor minions at her feet working on the gown.

Glory Hey! Minions, I can hear you. God-like ears don't miss much, you know what I'm sayin'? *glares at them* Come here.

Murk and Gronx hurry out toward her.

Gronx 'Twas he who blasphemed, your magnificence.

Murk Spurred on by treacherous urging! *Gronx hits him*

Glory Guys! I'm not gonna kill you. *frowns in puzzlement* Not in the mood. What do you think that's about?

Gronx In mercy does your power lie?

Glory No, brainless, in torture, death and chaos does my power lie. *frowning* So tell me, why am I not popping your head like a zit right now?

The minions have no idea.

Glory Maybe I'm just hungry.

Murk Yes, we shall fetch a, a lovely—

Glory No, I'm not hungry.

She drops the robe to the floor, revealing a simple black dress underneath. She steps impatiently down from the stool. The tailors continue to work on the robe.

Glory Uhh! Just a little tight in the skin is all. I've been waiting an eternity—well, 25 human years—and it all comes down to tonight.

Gronx The portal shall open.

Murk And the great Glorificus shall return.

Glory To the hell I came from. Where I'm gonna rain down more super-sized portions of slaughter, mayhem and bloodshed than any of you scabs can even dream about. *pacing, sits down on a sofa* So how come I ain't happy? *shot of the minions looking confused* Got everything I ever wanted ... still, something's off.

She twirls her wrist a few times as if it's stiff.

Glory I don't know. What do you think?

She looks off to her left. Pan across to Dawn sitting on another sofa, bound and gagged, whimpering with fear.

Cut to the gas station. Willow and Xander stand staring at something. In the background Tara is peeking out the boarded-up windows, and we see Anya standing beside Giles, who still lies on the counter but now appears to be conscious again. Sound of the door opening. Spike enters. His hands are still bandaged.

Spike Better part of a century spent in delinquency just paid off. *nods toward the door* Hotwired Ben's auto. Who's for gettin' the hell out of here?

Xander All in favor, let's do it. *to Giles* You good to go?

Giles Oh, don't worry about me. How's Buffy?

Xander The same. *turns back to staring where Willow is staring* Still.

Willow It's been almost a half an hour.

Spike *stares that way too* The Slayer's gonna be all right, won't she?

Beat.

Xander You should try it again, Will.

Willow All right, but ... I'm not even sure she's, you know ... really in there.

Xander Try.

Willow sighs, steps forward and kneels on the ground. Focus on her face (Buffy POV).

Willow Can you hear me? Buffy!

We finally see what they're all looking at. Buffy sits there with her hands folded in her lap. She stares straight ahead and doesn't seem to hear or see anything.

Back to focus on Willow's face.

Willow Buffy!

Zoom in on Buffy's unresponsive face.

Willow OS Buffy?

Wolf howl.

Part 1

Opening credits.

Guest starring Clare Kramer, Charlie Weber, Dean Butler, Lily Knight, Bob Morrisey, Amber Benson as Tara, special guest star Joel Grey, and Kristine Sutherland as Joyce Summers. Written by Douglas Petrie, directed by David Solomon.

Open on Buffy still unresponsive, staring at nothing.

Spike OS Buffy!

The gang continues staring at Buffy.

Spike She can't just be brain-dead. *paces around behind Xander* I mean ... she's still Buffy, Willow stands up somewhere in there, right?

Xander Spike, come on, we're not gonna get Dawn back by sittin' around here.

Spike You're not gonna get Dawn back any way you slice it, Harris, it's for Buffy to decide.

Xander Good, panic. That oughta help.

Willow We should move her. U-unless we shouldn't. Should we?

Anya Couldn't that make it worse? I think I read that somewhere.

Xander I am so large with not knowing.

Giles It's impossible to know for sure. Losing Dawn, after all that Buffy's been through ... I think it's pushed her too far into some sort of catatonia.

Spike You don't need a diploma to see that. *moves forward* Snap her out of it.

Spike grabs Buffy by the shoulders and shakes her.

Spike Buffy!

Close shot on Spike's face (Buffy POV).

Spike Oi, rise and shine, love!

The others look skeptical.

Anya Spike...

Spike Come on, people. Girl's endowed with Slayer strength. It's hardly the time to get dainty. Buffy! *shakes her harder*

Xander We tried that!

Spike slaps Buffy across the face, hard. No reaction.

Spike Ow! *grabs his head in pain*

Anya We didn't try that.

Xander pulls Spike away.

Xander Are you insane? We could be dealing with neurological damage here. You want to kill her?

Spike We have to do something. I can't just sit here watching. You waste time with kid gloves. I'm willing to wager, when all is said and done, Buffy likes it rough.

Xander punches Spike in the face. They grapple.

Willow turns to them with a stern expression.

Willow Separate.

An unseen force pushes Spike and Xander apart.

They both stare at Willow in surprise. She gives them a determined glare.

Anya and Giles stare too.

Willow *glaring at them* Buffy's out. Glory has Dawn. Sometime real soon, she's gonna use Dawn to tear down the barrier between every dimension there is. So if you two wanna fight, do it after the world ends, okay?

Spike glares at Xander. Xander goes over to Anya and Giles, leans against the counter.

Willow *very quietly and with authority* All right. First we head back to Sunnydale. Xander'll take Giles to a hospital. Anya's looking after Tara. And Spike, you find Glory. Check her apartment, see if she's still there. Try anything stupid, like payback, and I will get Very Cranky. *looks around at them* Everyone clear?

Anya cautiously raises her hand.

Willow Anya.

Anya Um ... w-what will you do?

Willow I'll help Buffy.

Anya Okay then.

Tara The world is spinning.

Willow looks concerned, goes over to Tara as Xander and Anya begin helping Giles down.

Tara Straight to a new day! Big day. Big, big day.

Willow Shh, shh. *Tara whimpers*

Spike moves forward.

Spike Uh ... Will?

Willow looks at him.

Spike Now, uh, don't turn me into a horned toad for asking, but ... what if we come across Ben? *shot of the others listening*

Willow I-I don't think a doctor's what Buffy needs right now.

Spike Well, yeah, especially not one who also happens to be Glory. *Everyone looks confused*

Giles What do you mean?

Spike You know. Ben is Glory.

Willow *frowns* You mean ... Ben's with Glory?

Xander "With" in what sense?

Anya They're working together?

Spike No. No. Ben is Glory. Glory's Ben. They're one and the same...

Beat. Everyone looks completely confused (except Tara who still looks blank).

Anya When did all this happen?

Spike Not one hour ago! Right here, before your very eyes! Ben came, he turned into Glory, snatched the kid, and pfft! Vanished, remember?

They continue to stare at him.

Spike *uncertainly* You do remember... ? *squints at them* Is everyone here very stoned?

They continue to look confused.

Spike *getting annoyed* Ben! Glory! He's a doctor, she's the beast. Two entirely separate entities sharing one body. Like a bloody sitcom. Surely you remember.

Xander So you're saying ... Ben and Glory...

Anya Have a connection.

Giles Yes, obviously, but what kind?

Spike *laughs sarcastically* Oh, I get it. That's very crafty. *nods* Glory's worked the kind of mojo where anyone who sees her little presto-change-o instantly forgets. And yours truly, being somewhat other than human ... stands immune.

Willow *frowning* So ... Ben and Glory ... are-are the same person?

Xander *slowly, like a revelation* Glory can turn into Ben, and Ben turns back into Glory.

Anya And anyone who sees it instantly forgets.

Spike *sighs in relief* Kewpie doll for the lady.

He puts one finger on his nose and points the other hand at Anya.

Giles Excellent. *looks around at them* Now. Do we suspect there may be some kind of connection between Ben and Glory?

Xander and Anya look enquiringly at Spike.

Spike sighs loudly.

Cut to: a man wielding a blowtorch, wearing a welding mask. He turns off the blowtorch and lifts the mask. It's the crazy guy who accosted Dawn in "The Real Me". We hear rhythmic machinery noises. The guy looks around, then falls to his knees as Glory enters, followed by Dawn and some minions. Glory is again wearing the robe and has Dawn by the arm. We see that we're in some sort of warehouse.

Crazy Guy The key. The key.

As Glory walks through the warehouse we see other crazy people doing various things with machinery. They all drop their tasks and kneel on the floor as Glory and Dawn go by. The machinery noises slow and then stop.

Crazies The key. The key. The key.

Glory, Dawn, and the minions go to a door in the back.

Cut to Murk opening the door, peeking in, then nodding and gesturing behind him. He enters, followed by Dawn and Glory and two other minions. We're in what looks like a construction office. Glory pushes Dawn into a chair and turns away, putting a hand to her head. She sits on something as Murk and Gronx hover near her. The third minion stays near Dawn. He's larger than the others and wears more ornate robes. The machinery noises resume.

Glory Unbelievable how annoying those groupies can be.

Murk Uh, they merely sense that tonight at last, the dimensional portal shall open.

We see that the third minion is putting some kind of paste on Dawn's forehead, while chanting in a foreign language. Dawn looks very scared.

Gronx OS Ushering in the long and bloody reign of the great...

Glory looks over, sees the priest minion chanting over Dawn.

Glory What's he doing?

Priest I must anoint the key.

Glory Really don't. Go.

Priest But—

Glory Out! Get out, get out!

Murk hurries forward and ushers the priest out. Dawn continues to look frightened. In the background we can see a window through which the crazy people are visible, going back and forth as they do whatever they're doing with the machinery.

Glory You know ... you recapture your godhood and unleash Armageddon... *picks up a rag from a table, uses it to rub the stuff off Dawn's forehead* all of a sudden everybody wants to be a part of the inner circle.

Glory wets the cloth with her tongue and rubs at Dawn's forehead some more. Dawn scrunches up her face in disgust. Glory straightens up, tosses the cloth aside, sighs.

Glory You okay?

Dawn *weakly* I wanna go home.

Glory Sweetie ... ohh...

Glory takes another chair, pulls it over in front of Dawn, and sits on the back of the chair with her feet on the chair's seat.

Glory You're about to.

Dawn looks up hopefully.

Glory Not that fake suburban nightmare the monks cooked up for you. I mean your real home. *Dawn begins to cry* As the key! You fit the lock. Well, it's like a lock. Hey! *pats Dawn's knee* You want a pizza?

Dawn *softly* No.

Glory Pillow? *looks around* I don't know if this thing gets cable. Doubtful.

Dawn *crying* Please. Stop.

Glory You nervous?

Dawn *crying* Yes.

Glory *smiles, gets down to sit on the chair seat* I know how you feel. It is your last night.

Dawn's eyes widen in horror.

Glory As, you know ... a human. *picks up Dawn's hand by the wrist and shakes it around* This body ... it's just a rental, Dawnie. Being human? It's like a costume for girls like you and me. Being something else, **that's** what we are.

Dawn firmly Don't.

Glory smiling What?

Dawn Don't call me Dawnie.

Glory gives a surprised laugh, lets go of Dawn's hands and sits back.

Glory Huh. Wow. You know, that actually hurt my feelings.

Dawn whispers I'm sorry.

Glory lifts a hand Not the point.

Glory gets up and walks past Dawn, who continues to look very scared.

Glory I'm just thinking, here I am trying to make you feel better, when comforting others ... not part of my life. *frowns* And I'm doing it, so I can stop ... feeling so ... *pats her chest um ...*

Angle on Dawn in the foreground with Glory in the background, her back turned. Glory snaps her fingers at Dawn.

Glory Help me out.

Dawn nervous Guilty?

Glory Guilty. *laughs* That's it! *laughs some more, then stops* But I'm not supposed to feel guilty. I'm not supposed to feel anything. I'm, I'm ... I'm a god. I'm above it. I'm ... *looks over at Dawn* You.

Dawn looks frightened. Glory strides back over to her.

Glory You did this to me, didn't you? Some sort of spell, you've been hanging with the wicca, you could've- *pauses* But no. It's not magic. It's something else. *puts her hand to her head, then looks angrily at Dawn* Still, it is you doing this.

Dawn shakes her head I ... I'm not doing anything. I swear.

Glory We'll see.

Glory opens the door to reveal the minions waiting outside.

Glory glaring at Dawn Anoint this thing now!

The priest minion comes in, followed by Murk and Gronk. Dawn still looks scared.

Glory Know what they're all chanting for out there, Dawnie? Blood. 'Cause we found out your blood is the key to the key! *The priest begins marking Dawn's forehead again* All I gotta do is bleed you dry, the portal opens up, and I can go home! *priest con-*

tinues chanting and marking Dawn's forehead So knock yourself out, girlfriend. Make me feel bad as you can.

Glory moves forward and gets in Dawn's face.

Glory softly 'Cause tomorrow ... you bleed, little girl.

Cut to: exterior of Xander's apartment building, night.

Anya V.O. You sure you know what you're doing?

Cut to inside. Willow is taking candles out of a small leather bag and putting them on the table.

Willow I think so. *pause* I don't know. It's ... not exactly well-explored territory, but ... I gotta try.

Anya A spell like this could be really dangerous for Buffy. And you.

Tara Time ... oh, time is coming.

Willow goes over to Tara, who is sitting cross-legged on a chair beside another table.

Willow Shh. It's okay. I'm here.

Tara whimpers softly. Anya comes over.

Willow You'll look after her while I'm...

Anya Sure. What do I do?

Willow Mostly ... just ... be here for her. *Anya nods* And, and there's some pills in my knapsack. Half of one every two hours keeps her ... pretty mellow.

Anya Y-you think you'll be gone more than two hours?

Willow shrugs Wish me luck.

Anya Okay.

Anya reaches over to give Willow a punch on the arm.

Anya with forced enthusiasm Good luck!

Willow Thanks. *turns to Tara, turns Tara's face to look at her* Okay. Be good now, sweetie. I-I'll be back as soon as I can, okay? We're good?

Tara stares at Willow while she talks, but doesn't reply. Willow kisses her on the forehead, smiles at her, then turns away. Tara whines softly and holds out her hand toward Willow.

Willow gathers up the stuff from the table and walks toward a closed door.

Anya softly Good luck.

Willow opens the door, goes through it, closes it.

Cut to the bedroom. It's dark. Willow closes the door behind her, puts a candle on the small table beside the bed, and lights the candle. She goes around the bed to the other side. We can see a poster on the wall that says, "There's MONEY in arc welding!" with a picture of a person arc-welding. Willow puts

two more candles on another small table and lights them. As she turns away, we see Buffy sitting in a chair against the wall, still catatonic.

Willow sits on the corner of the bed, facing Buffy.

Shot of Buffy's unseeing face.

Shot of Willow looking at Buffy.

Flash to Willow in a clean, brightly-lit room. She blinks in confusion, looks around.

Pan across a couple of rooms full of flowers, knick-knacks, furniture, etc. It's all done in bright cheerful colors and very tasteful.

Willow walks slowly forward, looking around. She comes into another room with a fireplace. On the wall we see a picture of a woman with a baby. On a

side table are more pictures, and a statue of a man, woman, and child. Willow turns away.

Pan across shelves with more sculptures, records, etc. Behind Willow we can see a sofa. Then a voice comes from behind her.

Voice Hi, Willow.

Willow turns to reveal a little girl, about six years old, with blonde hair in two pigtails. She is holding a doll and sitting at a child-sized round table with some toys on it.

Willow smiles.

Willow Hello, Buffy.

Close shot of Young Buffy gazing at Willow.

Blackout.

Part 2

Open on a shot of a door. A foot appears and kicks the door open.

Cut out to reveal Spike in the doorway. It's the entrance to Glory's apartment. Spike turns on the light and looks around. The apartment appears empty.

Spike walks in slowly, putting a cigarette in his mouth, lighting it, looking around. His hands are no longer bandaged. On the floor remains a circle of twigs and symbols from Gronx and Murk's rune-casting. Spike continues walking around, pauses, looking off to the left.

Spike walks toward an arched doorway underneath the stairs. He goes slowly through it, finds a door, opens it cautiously.

He walks slowly through the door, reaches up to turn on the light which is just a bare bulb hanging from the ceiling. Underneath the bulb we can see a small sink.

We see a small, dark room with just a bed (unmade) and a small table that holds a lamp and some books.

Pan across to some blue clothing hanging against the wall. Zoom in on Ben's hospital ID tag (with photo) attached to one blue shirt.

Spike stares at the room with a small frown.

Young Buffy V.O. What are you doing here?

Cut to Young Buffy looking up at Willow.

Willow Actually, I'm, uh...

Shot of Willow and Buffy sitting in Xander's dark bedroom.

Willow ... looking for you.

Cut back to Young Buffy.

Young Buffy Do you like dolls? *stroking her doll's hair*

Willow Buffy ... what are you doing here?

Young Buffy I like it here.

Willow But ... *kneels by her* You know we need you. You have to come out.

Young Buffy Why?

Willow To be with your friends.

Young Buffy It's a big day for me.

She looks over at the door. Sound of the front door opening.

Woman OS Hello!

Young Buffy *big smile* Mommy, Daddy!

Young Buffy gets up and runs toward the door, handing her doll to Willow. Willow stands up to watch.

Young Buffy You're back! You're back!

We see Joyce and Buffy's father (Hank) entering. Joyce carries a bundled-up baby.

Joyce Hello, Buffy.

Hank *leans over with hands on his knees* How's my girl?

Young Buffy smiles at him.

Joyce Are you ready to meet your new baby sister?

Shot of Willow watching.

Young Buffy looks upset, frowns, backs away and folds her arms across her chest.

Hank Oh, come on now, Buffy. She's nothing to be afraid of.

Young Buffy Who's afraid?

Joyce Don't you want to be the big sister?

Young Buffy No, I want to be the baby.

Hank Buffy.

Young Buffy You're gonna pay more attention to her and forget all about me!

Joyce Ohh...

Joyce kneels down beside Young Buffy. Shot of the baby in her arms. The baby makes baby noises.

Young Buffy turns to address Willow.

Young Buffy Doesn't she look funny? Like a wrinkly old grandpa.

Young Buffy turns back to Joyce. Joyce gently puts the baby in Young Buffy's arms.

Joyce Like this ... okay, support the head ... there you go! We're calling her Dawn.

Willow softly Dawn.

Young Buffy smiling I ... I could be the one to look after her sometimes ... if you need a helper. *Joyce smiling at the baby* Mom? Can I take care of her?

Joyce smiling, stroking *Young Buffy's hair* Yes, Buffy, you can take care of her.

As Willow watches this scene, she hears something and turns to look.

We see (adult) Buffy #1 wearing a sleeveless blouse and pale skirt, with her hair loose, carrying a book. She walks over to a bookshelf, puts the book on it with other books, pauses for a moment, turns and walks away.

Willow watches in some confusion as Buffy #1 walks past her. Willow glances over toward where Young Buffy was.

Cut to Willow standing by an open fire, night. She looks around in confusion.

Willow Ohh... kay.

Cut to: Giles sitting on a hospital bed, putting on his jacket. His left arm is stiff by his side and he can only get his jacket onto the right arm. He gets up, putting his right hand to the place on his stomach where he was speared, and walks forward.

Giles Uh, can you, uh...

Xander appears and helps Giles put the jacket on as they walk out into the hallway.

Xander There. How you doing?

Giles It only hurts while I answer pointless questions. Where's Buffy?

Xander Willow's on it. Or ... in it. She's workin' some spell, trying to reach Buffy psychically.

Giles Uh, she's gone into Buffy's mind?

Xander nods Pretty tricky stuff.

Giles It's extraordinarily advanced. Um, I was thinking we should check on Glory's victims while ... we're here.

As they continue to walk, we see the view in front of them. Around a corner we can see Spike looking at a medical cart. He takes a bag of blood from the cart

and puts it in his pocket as he approaches Xander and Giles.

Xander Oh, the mental ward? I already been. The vegetable section's closed. Nobody there. It's like they all just got up and walked away.

Xander and Giles reach Spike and they all stop walking. Xander looks pointedly at Spike's purloined bloodbag but says nothing.

Spike Checked out Glory's flat. Looks like the great one has scampered.

Giles Gone to, uh, perform her ritual with Dawn and leaving us entirely clueless.

Spike Not entirely. *they look at him* I know this bloke. Well, not so much a bloke so much as a demon. But still, bookish. All tuned in to the nastier corners of this our magic world. *looks around, takes out a cigarette* It's a bit of a last resort really, but still, we might persuade him to suss out Glory's game plan.

Spike lights his cigarette as we see a "No Smoking" sign prominently displayed on the wall right behind him.

Spike Sound worthy?

Giles sighs and shrugs.

Spike nods Off we go then. Meet back at the shop. *Spike turns to go. Xander pats Giles on the arm and then falls into step with Spike.*

Spike Found Ben's room at Glory's. Didn't learn much.

Xander Wait, wait, wait. Ben? At Glory's? *Spike rolls his eyes* You're saying all this time he's been subletting from her?

Spike This ... is gonna be worth it.

Spike bitch-slaps Xander upside the head.

Shot of the two of them from the rear as they both grab their heads in pain.

Spike/Xander Ow!!

Cut to the front again. They both stumble, use each other to regain their balance, and continue walking.

Spike Last time. From the top.

They walk off together.

Cut to: Glory leaning her arm against the wall of the warehouse, pinching her nose with her fingers. She sighs.

Glory I'm hating this, Murk.

Gronx And this would be what exactly, your holi-ness?

Glory Memories. I'm starting to remember the things Ben did. People he spoke with, stuff he

wore... *the minions look alarmed* Hmm! *calling to Dawn* Kid!

The minions part to reveal Dawn still sitting in the chair with the priest minion next to her. Glory walks toward her.

Glory I came ... he came to see you, didn't he?

Dawn Ben?

Glory Yeah, Ben. You called him to the desert when you were hiding from me. And he came. And then he was me, you remember?

Dawn *nervously* Yes.

Glory *whirls to face the minions* See? She's not supposed to remember that! Nobody should! *rubs her chest anxiously* The cloak between Ben and me is fading! I almost helped her! He ... *turns back toward Dawn* I wanted to. *groans* I can't do this!

She walks past Dawn and grabs the priest minion by the front of his robe.

Glory Get him out of me.

Priest What?

Glory *crying* Ben! The human meat-sack who's infecting me. *turns to lean against the wall* Do your mojo, make an incision, or removal, or whatever you've gotta do. *sniffles* Help me! *pacing* I'm ... I'm thinking Ben's thoughts, and ... and I'm feeling his feelings! And ... uh! I ...

She morphs into Ben.

Ben ... can't kill the girl.

Morphs back into Glory.

Glory Damn it.

She collapses to the floor. Supporting herself on her arms, she looks up at the priest.

Glory Help me!

Priest Th-this I cannot do. You risk terrible magicks in opening the portal. Nothing comes without a price. This ... is yours.

Glory *gets up with a scowl* Gods don't pay.

She goes to Dawn, grabs Dawn by the throat and pulls her to her feet. Dawn gasps.

Glory We do this **now**!

Cut to Willow still standing by the fireside. She looks to her right. Shot of Buffy sitting on a rock (from episode "Intervention"). Willow looks to her left. Shot of the First Slayer on the other side of the fire opposite Buffy.

Willow Hey ... I know you. You're, you're the first original Slayer who tried killing us all in our dreams. *The First Slayer gazes at Buffy.*

Willow *shrugs* How've you been?

First Slayer Death is your gift.

Willow looks over at Buffy.

Buffy Death is my gift?

Willow Wait, death is her what?

First Slayer Death is your gift.

Willow turns her head to look at Buffy again. As she does so, flash-cut back to the previous scene.

Buffy #1 again walks past Willow, over to the bookcase, puts the book on the bookcase, pauses.

Willow watches in confusion.

Closer shot of Buffy #1 standing by the bookcase, staring at it but not really seeing it, lost in thought.

Willow watches this with a small frown. Then she turns to her right and we see the back of adult Buffy #2. This Buffy wears jeans and a black tank top, has her hair pulled back into a ponytail, and is walking away from Willow down a hallway. At the end of the hall we see a door that is slightly ajar with sunlight coming from behind it.

Willow begins to follow Buffy #2.

Willow Where are you going?

Cut to the warehouse. Dawn is still gasping and choking as Glory holds her by the throat. The three minions gather around.

Murk Glorificus, wait! Kill the key now and all will be lost!

Gronx We'll be stuck on this mortal plane forever!

Glory All right, you're right. *releases Dawn* It's cool. Dawn staggers back, clutching her throat I'm just a little emotional right now... (small laugh) which, if you're into irony, funny.

Shot of Dawn grabbing a pillar for support, gasping.

Glory OS Leave. We need a little girl time.

The minions begin bowing and Glory makes an impatient gesture.

Glory Goodbye!

They hurry out. Dawn glares angrily at Glory. Glory puts her hands to her face, then rubs the sides of her neck.

Glory How do they do it?

Dawn *hoarsely* Do what?

Glory People! *walking toward Dawn* How do they function here like this in the world with all this bile running through them? Every day it's whooo wiggles her hand at Dawn You have no control. They're not even animals, they're just these meat-baggy slaves to, to hormones and pheromones and their, and their feelings. Hate 'em!

Dawn stops rubbing her neck, stares at Glory. Glory goes behind a drafting table and leans her arms against it.

Glory I mean really. Is this what the poets go on about, this? *thumps her chest, shakes her head, sighs* Call me crazy, but as hard-core drugs go, human emotion is just useless! People are puppets! Everyone getting jerked around by what they're feelin'. Am I wrong? *looks at Dawn* Really, I want to know.

Shot of Dawn leaning against the pillar, looking at the floor.

Glory Gonna bleed you either way.

Dawn *opens her eyes, looks at Glory* Depends on the person.

Glory So you're saying some people like this.

Dawn *defensively* Some.

Glory Funny. 'Cause I look around at this world you're so eager to be a part of ... and all I see is six billion lunatics looking for the fastest ride out. *smiles* Who's not crazy? Look around. Everyone's drinking, smoking, shooting up ... shooting each other, or just plain screwing their brains out 'cause they don't want 'em anymore. *looks at Dawn* I'm crazy? Honey, I'm the original one-eyed chicklet in the kingdom of the blind. *sighs* 'Cause at least I admit the world makes me nuts.

Glory comes out from behind the drafter's table, walks toward Dawn.

Glory Name one person who can take it here. That's all I'm asking. *in Dawn's face* Name one.

Dawn *firmly* Buffy.

Cut to Buffy sitting unresponsive in the chair in Xander's bedroom.

Cut to Willow sitting on Xander's bed staring at Buffy.

Willow V.O. I can't keep following you around like this, Buffy. We have to go.

Cut to the dream-hallway. Willow is still following Buffy #2 down the hallway. Adult Buffy pushes through the door and continues walking.

Willow You have to talk to...

Willow enters the room, sees something on the floor.

Willow ... me.

Willow walks slowly into the room as we see what she's looking at. It is Joyce's graveyard plot complete

with a mound of fresh dirt, sprinkled with fallen leaves, and a fringe of grass. The headstone reads "Joyce Summers 1958-2001".

Buffy #2 stands staring at the grave with her arms folded. Willow walks up next to her, also looking at the grave.

Overhead shot of the two of them and the grave. The room appears to be Joyce's bedroom; the grave is where the bed should be, and the entire room is carpeted in grass. The other furniture (bedside table, chair, etc.) is as it should be.

Willow I'm sorry.

Buffy #2 *shakes her head, doesn't look at Willow* Don't be. Death is my gift.

Willow Yeah, I keep hearing that, but... *Buffy #2 begins to walk off; Willow follows* I'm not exactly sure what it means.

Buffy #2 *over her shoulder* It's really not that complicated.

They go through a door into Dawn's bedroom. Dawn is lying on the bed.

Willow Not for you maybe.

Buffy sits on the bed beside Dawn, looks at her, then up at Willow.

Buffy #2 It's what I do.

Shot of Dawn lying on the bed. She breathes slowly and seems to be crying.

Buffy #2 I mean, come on, you've known me ... for how long? It's what I'm here for. It's all I am.

Buffy turns to look at Dawn again. Then she picks up a pillow from beside Dawn and puts it over Dawn's face. Dawn begins to struggle, with muffled noises of protest.

Willow Buffy, stop! No!

Buffy looks very calm as she holds the pillow in place. Dawn's arms and legs wave in the air ineffectively.

Willow God, no!

Buffy #2 *turns to Willow, still holding the pillow down* What? Dawn's struggling slows I keep telling you, Will. I-I figured it out. Death is my gift.

Dawn stops struggling. Her arms and legs fall limply onto the bed.

Willow stares in horror.

Blackout.

Part 3

Open on the warehouse. Glory (still wearing the black dress and ceremonial gown) walks forward shaking her head.

Glory Oh, Ben. This is really not a good time.
She morphs into Ben, who continues walking forward.

Ben Dawn. Has Glory hurt you?

Dawn Uh ... no. Not yet.

Ben turns away, looking shaky. He sits carefully on the chair.

Dawn But I have to get out of here. *nervously* Ben? You okay?

She walks toward him. Ben is staring at his hands, which are trembling. In the background we can still see the occasional person walking by outside.

Ben Where is it?

Dawn W-where's what?

Ben *staring at his hands* All the blood. I can feel it ... still warm and ... wet. Glory. Oh, god. *Dawn looks anxious* She slaughtered hundreds of men. But I can feel them ... breaking.

Dawn Ben, something is happening to both you and Glory.

Ben I'm remembering her, aren't I? The things she's done ... things she's going to do.

Dawn I know. She told me. I think ... whatever the magic is that keeps you guys apart, it's starting to break down. *he continues looking upset* Ben, Glory could come back any minute.

Ben *not seeming to hear her* How could she do this?

Dawn I don't know. But we have to get out of her and, and find Buffy—

Ben No! *turns to her* I mean, I have a job. I have a life! And Glory? She never once thinks about me in all this!

Dawn stares at him. Sound of a knock on the door. They both look anxiously at it.

Dawn Help me.

Ben How?

Dawn I—

Priest OS Highness!

Ben gets up.

Dawn Please.

Priest OS Is everything all right?

Ben strides over to the door, opens it.

Priest You're not—

Ben grabs the priest and pulls him inside, head-butts him. The priest staggers back against the wall

and falls down. Ben punches him and he falls unconscious.

Ben *to Dawn* I'll take you as far as I can, ditch you before she comes back.

He and Dawn run out the door.

Willow V.O. Okay ... now this is weird.

Cut back to the old Summers home. Willow stands looking down at Young Buffy, who is again sitting at her table holding her doll.

Young Buffy Hi, Willow. What are you doing here?

Willow Actually, I'm, uh ... looking for you. Here. Again.

Young Buffy *strokes her doll's hair* Do you like dolls?

Willow No ... *kneels* and I think we already *deja'd* this vu.

Young Buffy *giggles* You talk funny.

Willow Yes ... as you'll tell me again when we're older and in chem class. *frowns* Buffy ... what are we doing here?

Young Buffy Don't you like it here?

Willow We don't have time.

Sound of the door opening. Young Buffy smiles, gets up, gives her doll to Willow.

Young Buffy Mommy, Daddy!

Hank OS We're home!

Willow stands to watch.

Young Buffy OS You're back, you're back!

Joyce and Hank enter with baby Dawn again.

Joyce *smiling* Hi, Buffy.

Shot of Willow watching.

Cut to Joyce kneeling while Young Buffy holds the baby.

Joyce We're calling her Dawn.

Willow turns her head and again sees Adult Buffy #1 putting the book on the bookshelf.

Shot of Willow still holding Young Buffy's doll. Sound of the baby making baby noises. Willow turns back toward the front door.

Angle on Young Buffy holding the baby, with Joyce kneeling and Hank standing with his hands on his knees.

Young Buffy I could be the one to look after her sometimes.

Willow watches with a small smile.

Cut to: a fire burning in a fireplace. Pan across a desk covered with books, papers, and an old manual typewriter. Doc (see episode "Forever") sits at the desk holding a mug, flipping pages of a book. Sound of knocking on the door. He doesn't get up.

Doc It's always open!

The door opens, Spike and Xander enter.

Doc OS What can I do for you boys? Want some co-coa?

They walk over to him. He continues looking at the book.

Spike No. We need information. We need—

Xander *suddenly* Ben's Glory!

Doc *looks up* Who's what?

Spike *surprised* Look at this. Special Ed remembers.

Xander Yeah. I do. Ben's Glory and Glory's Ben. It's like this... *gestures around his head* fog's lifting.

Spike *nodding* Wonderful. But not why we're here. *turns back to Doc* Hell-god type. *Doc returns to his book* Name of Glory—

Xander A.K.A. Ben.

Spike —has gone missing. She's brewing up some major-league bad, and she's nicked the Slayer's kid sister in the bargain.

Doc *looking at him, nodding* Hmm. That girl you brought here. Sweet little thing. How'd things work out with her mom? Changed her mind, didn't she?

Spike Yeah. You got any idea where Glory would take her?

Doc *closes his book, thoughtfully* Glory ... Glory. Oh! *gets up, carrying the book* You don't mean Glorificus. *walks closer to them* Gosh. What do you wanna get mixed up with her for? That's a sure way to get yourselves killed. I hear she's awfully unpleasant. *turns away, goes toward a side table* When it comes to hellgods, my best advice ... is get out of the way ... and stay there. *puts the book down*

Spike Love to. Can't.

Doc Well, uh, other than that ... *turns to a chest of drawers, closes a drawer* I'd like to help ... but I-I'm a small-town guy.

Shot of Xander listening.

Doc This Glorificus, if it is her ... whoo, she's big city.

Spike She's got Dawn.

Doc Right. *thinks* Well, I may know a fella ... you know, who knows a fella in... *thinks* in China. He might—

Spike How the hell are we supposed to get to China? Teleport?

Doc I guess.

Shot of Spike looking suspicious. He looks downward.

Close angle on Doc from about mid-chest to mid-thigh. His hands are clasped in front of him. Behind him on the table we see something that looks like a wooden box.

Doc You know, if you're in that much of a hurry.

Cut to Doc's face.

Doc Wish you luck.

Spike You're lying.

Xander looks at Spike in surprise. Doc removes his glasses.

Spike And what's more ... I believe you're standing right in front of the very thing we need.

Another shot of the box half-hidden behind Doc's body.

Doc smiles and suddenly leaps to his left. Suddenly he's behind Spike, who turns in surprise as Doc grabs a sword that's leaning against the wall. He puts the sword tip to Spike's throat.

Doc *whispers* Idiot.

Doc lunges forward but Spike smacks the sword blade aside and falls to the floor, knocking over a pile of books onto himself.

Doc opens his mouth and a super-long tongue comes out, smacks Xander in the chest and slams him back against a wall, then retreats.

The tongue coils back into Doc's mouth.

Xander falls to the floor with a grunt.

Doc walks over to where Spike is lying on the floor stunned.

Doc You think only underworld bottom-feeders worship the beast?

Doc kicks Spike in the face, then turns, grabs the box off the table and throws it into the fire. He turns away from the fireplace, walks back toward Spike.

Doc Her day is coming, boys! *grabs Spike by the front of his shirt* And when she returns, then you're gonna see something.

Xander jumps up and knees Doc in the chest, knocking him away from Spike. Xander falls on top of Doc. As they grapple, Spike hurries over to the fire and pulls the box out.

Spike Ow!

Xander and Doc continue grappling. Xander reaches out and grabs the sword, gets up on his knees and plunges the sword downward. Blue blood spurts up at him.

Shot of Spike kneeling by the fireplace, panting and looking over at Xander.

Xander gets up, wipes blue blood from his face, looks at Spike.

Spike gets up holding the box in both arms, walks over to Xander. The box is smoking slightly but appears undamaged.

Xander What do we got?

Spike *looking down at Doc* Something worth dying for.

Xander opens the door and they leave. Pan over to Doc lying there with the sword sticking out of his chest, blue blood staining his shirt.

Suddenly Doc's eyes pop open.

Cut to Buffy and Willow facing each other in the dark bedroom.

Willow V.O. Buffy, will you just stop a second and listen to me?

Cut to the dream-hallway. Buffy #2 is walking down the hallway with Willow following.

Willow Buffy!

Willow hurries around in front of Buffy, stops her with a hand on her arm.

Willow You have to stop doing this.

Buffy #2 Doing what?

Willow Killing Dawn.

Buffy #2 Why?

Willow Because this never happened. You never killed your sister.

Buffy #2 Will, I did this.

Willow In your imagination! None of this is real! Y-you're stuck in some kind of loop!

Buffy #2 I don't know what you're talking about. 'Scuse me.

She resumes walking. Willow follows.

Willow Buffy, why are you doing this?

Buffy pushes through the door.

Cut to Dawn and Ben walking down the main street of Sunnydale. Ben still wears the ceremonial robe and has Dawn by the wrist. Dawn looks nervously over her shoulder.

Dawn I think they see us.

Ben Just stay close to me. Don't look back.

Suddenly he pushes Dawn into an alley. They press up against a brick wall.

Ben Shh! Stay very still.

Ben goes to peer around the corner. When he turns back, Dawn hits him over the head with a large pile of chain. He goes down. Dawn drops the chain next to him.

Dawn I'm sorry.

Dawn steps over him and starts off.

Glory OS Sorry?!

Dawn looks horrified, turns back.

Glory stands up holding the chain.

Glory That actually hurt, you prepubescent puke.

Dawn looks very scared.

Blackout.

Part 2

Open on the alley.

Glory Okay, first thought, just totally spontaneous, unfiltered, off the top of my head . . . ow!

She shakes the chain in Dawn's face, then tosses it aside.

Glory You hit Ben in his soft human head, and I remember the pain.

Glory pins one of Dawn's arms behind her and forces her farther into the alley. Dawn grunts in pain. Glory lets go.

Glory You probably think I won't waste any precious blood of yours till tonight. You're right. But I know a thousand ways to hurt you that won't spill a drop.

Glory shoves Dawn in the chest. Dawn stumbles backward with a yelp. She backs up toward some stairs leading up to a door. Dawn ends up sitting on a stair clutching the metal hand-rail. Glory advances on her.

Glory You know all those pesky feelings Ben's been having like guilt, empathy? I'm gonna take 'em and mash 'em back down where they belong, okay? Now . . . *strokes the side of Dawn's face* let's have big-girl fun. *grabs Dawn's chin* Just you and. . .

Suddenly Glory lets go of Dawn and speaks in a different tone.

Glory Leave her alone.

She rolls her eyes and turns away, morphs into Ben.

Ben I said, leave her alone.

Morph. (Note) from this point on the morphing happens so fast I won't note it each time. Just assume that they change each time there's a change in speaker.

Glory No, no. Little late in the game to start growing a backbone, Benjamin. *Dawn watches fearfully* Now be good and stay quiet. No you don't! Get over yourself, Ben! This is the way things are! I'm strong,

you're weak. *laughs* This is reality. Stop trying to infect me with your... *whirls around*

Ben Do you ever stop talking? I don't know which is worse, waking up in a dress not knowing where I've been, or having to hear all your self-involved ranting!

Glory Animal.

Ben Wrong, Glory. I'm no animal. This is humanity you're feeling. Welcome to the world.

In the background, Dawn slowly gets up and starts edging away. Ben turns to her.

Glory No, no, no!

Glory grabs Dawn and throws her across the alley. Dawn slams into a dumpster and falls to the ground.

Glory Stick around, chica.

Ben I won't let you hurt her, Glory.

Glory Ooh, shut your hole, you sanctimonious little meatworm. *advances on the frightened Dawn* I'm going home no matter what you do.

Glory looks to the side, reaches down to grab something, morphs into Ben as she picks it up. It's an empty beer bottle. Ben slams it against the side of the dumpster, breaking it. He holds the broken edge up to Dawn's face. Dawn cringes away in terror.

Ben You really think I'll just let that happen?

Glory Benjamin, what are you doing?

Ben You need her blood? When I'm through there won't be enough left to fill a bottle cap. Then you, hellbitch, have nowhere left—

Glory —to go. Huh!

Glory pulls Dawn away from the dumpster, throws her across the alley, then throws the bottle against the wall. We hear it shatter. Dawn crouches on the ground staring at Glory in fear.

Glory You can't hurt her and you know it, Ben. *sits down on a pile of bricks* I know it 'cause I feel what you're feeling. Scared. Shh! Shh! It's okay! You don't wanna die. Who would? I don't.

Ben You can't, you're immortal.

Glory Nobody has to die here, Ben. Just let me bleed the girl and go home. Everything will work out fine.

Ben Do you really believe with all I know that you can trick me?

Glory Stop ... and think, baby. We bleed the kid, return me to my seat of power, I become a god again...

Ben And I disappear.

Glory Ooh, unless somebody up there likes you. Give up the girl ... I could like you a lot.

Dawn watches this wide-eyed.

Ben I won't make a deal with you, Glory.

Glory *angry* When exactly did you get stupid? I'm offering immortality here.

Ben I believe you. That's not the problem. You make me immortal, then what? *walks over to Dawn, grabs her arm and pulls her to her feet* I'd have to kill her to do it and I won't be able to live with that, not even for a day, forget about eternity! *He whirls Dawn around in a circle and morphs in mid-whirl.*

Glory Baby, baby, baby Ben. *lets go of Dawn who falls to the ground again* Why do you worry so much? When you're immortal, all this crap you've been carrying around inside ... *leans against the wall* the guilt, the anger, the crazy-making pain ... *smiles* Ooh, it all just melts away like ice cream. Trust me. When all this is over I can set you up real nice. I'm making it easy. It's you ... or the girl.

She slides down the wall and morphs halfway down.

Ben *panting* I can't accept that.

Glory Accept it. *chuckles* I'm a god, stupid.

She morphs into Ben again. He stares at Dawn, who stares back fearfully.

Ben gets up, goes over to Dawn, holds out his hand.

Ben I'm sorry.

Dawn sighs in relief, lifts her hand to take his. Ben grabs her wrist instead.

Dawn No!

Ben pulls her to her feet and leads her out of the alley.

Ben Don't make this harder than it already is.

Overhead shot of them from the back. They come out onto the street.

Ben I'm sorry, I got no choice. It's you or me.

Three minions appear and walk up to them.

Cut to: Joyce's bedroom/grave. Lingering shot of the headstone.

Cut to Willow and Buffy #2 staring at it. Buffy turns to go.

Willow No. Buffy! Leave Dawn alone, what is this?

Buffy #2 *opening the door* My gift. This is what I do.

Willow I'm not talking about this, I'm talking about...

Willow follows Buffy through the door, but instead of Dawn's bedroom, they come out into the magic shop.

Buffy #1 walks over to the bookshelves again. In the

foreground we can see the back of Buffy #2's head. Buffy #1 puts the book on the shelf.

Willow ... this.

Willow and Buffy #2 watch as Buffy #1 puts the book on the shelf.

Shot of Buffy #1 looking pensive. Shot of her hand putting the book on the shelf.

Willow Right here, it happened. I know it's something small, but... *shot of Buffy #1 putting the book on the shelf again* it's something. What?

Buffy #2 *staring at Buffy #1* Don't go there, Will.

Willow I'm not! You're the one who keeps dragging me back here! A-and you wouldn't be doing that if you weren't trying to show me something.

Buffy #2 *looks at her* Do I?

Willow Buffy, come on. I-it's your brain. Just tell me.

They both look back over at the bookshelf. Shot of Buffy #1 putting the book on the shelf yet again.

Willow What happened here?

Shot of Buffy #2 watching.

Buffy #1 *not turning* This was when I quit, Will.

Shot of Willow standing beside Buffy #2, both staring at Buffy #1.

Willow You did?

Buffy #2 Just for a second.

Shot of Willow and Buffy sitting in the darkened bedroom.

Buffy V.O. I remember.

Cut back to the magic shop.

Buffy #1 *facing Willow* I was in the magic shop.

Buffy #2 I put a book back for Giles.

Buffy #1 Nothing special about it. And then it hit me.

Willow What hit you?

Buffy #2 I can't beat Glory.

Buffy #1 Glory's going to win.

Willow *turns to Buffy #2* You can't know that.

Buffy #2 *turns to Willow* I didn't just know it.

Buffy #1 *staring at nothing* I felt it. Glory will beat me.

Buffy #2 *looks away* And in that second of knowing it, Will...

Buffy #1 I wanted it to happen.

Willow Why?

Buffy #1 I wanted it over. This is ... all of this ... it's too much for me.

Buffy #2 *staring at nothing* I just wanted it over.

Buffy #1 If Glory wins ... then Dawn dies.

Buffy #2 And I would grieve. People would feel sorry for me. *looks at Willow* But it would be over. *looks away* And I imagined what a relief it would be.

Willow looks over at the bookcase. Buffy #1 yet again puts the book on the shelf.

Buffy #2 I killed Dawn.

Willow frowns, looks at Buffy #2.

Willow Is that what you think?

Shot of the "real" Buffy sitting blankly in the bedroom.

Buffy V.O. My thinking it made it happen.

Cut back to the magic shop.

Buffy #1 Some part of me wanted it. And in the moment Glory took Dawn...

Buffy #2 I know I could have done something better. But I didn't. I was off by some fraction of a second.

Buffy #1 And this is why...

Buffy #2 ... I killed my sister.

Willow frowns, looks from one Buffy to the other.

Buffy #1 puts the book on the shelf again.

Willow I think Spike was right back at the gas station. *loudly* Snap out of it!

Buffy #2 looks at Willow in surprise. Buffy #1 whirls away from the bookcase.

Buffy #1 What?

Buffy #2 What?

Willow All this ... it has a name. It's called guilt. *the two Buffys exchange a look* It's a feeling, and it's important. (to Buffy #2) But it's not more than that, Buffy. *glances at Buffy #1* Buffys.

The Buffys both look pensive.

Willow You've carried the weight of the world on your shoulders since high school. And I, I know you didn't ask for this, but ... you do it every day. And so, you wanted out for one second. So what?

Buffy #2 *pensive* I got Dawn killed.

Willow Hello! Your sister, not dead yet! But she will be if you stay locked inside here and never come back to us.

Buffy #2 *looking at Buffy #1* But what if I can't?

Willow Then I guess you're right. And you did kill your sister.

Willow turns and starts walking toward the magic shop entrance. Buffy #2 turns to her in alarm.

Buffy #2 Wait!

Shot of Willow and Buffy sitting in the bedroom.

Buffy V.O. Where are you going?

Cut back to magic shop. Willow turns back.

Willow Where you're needed. Are you coming?

Shot of Buffy #2 staring at Willow. Behind Buffy #2, Buffy #1 walks up to the bookcase and puts the book on the shelf. Pauses.

Closer shot of Buffy #1 as she turns toward the others.

Cut to the real Buffy in the chair in the bedroom.

Suddenly with a start she comes to, sits up straighter, looks around, breathing heavily. Longer shot of her and Willow sitting there. Willow stares at Buffy.

Buffy turns to face Willow again. Suddenly she bursts into tears.

Willow gets up off the bed and kneels beside Buffy's chair, puts her arms around Buffy and holds her as she cries.

Cut to the real magic shop. Giles stands in the back making tea. Sound of the door opening. Giles looks through the bookcase toward the door.

Giles Buffy? *aside* She's back.

We see Spike and Xander sitting at the table beside Giles.

Xander You're okay?

Buffy Yeah. I'm okay.

Buffy enters, comes toward the table. Behind her we see Willow leading Tara in, and Anya closing the door behind them.

Buffy Hear you found the ritual text.

Giles Uh, something like that, yes.

Xander Did you know that ... Ben is Glory?

Buffy So I'm told. What do we know?

Giles Um ... well, uh ... *Willow, Anya, and Tara sit around the table ...* according to these scrolls, uh,

it's possible for Glory to be stopped.

Giles pauses. Buffy gives him a raised-eyebrow look to say, "go on".

Giles I-I'm afraid it's, um ... well, Buffy, I've read these things very carefully and there's not much ... margin for error. You understand what I'm saying?

Buffy Might help if you actually said it.

Giles gives a small smile, nods, puts his mug on the table and sits, removes his glasses.

Giles Um ... Glory ... plans to open a ... dimensional portal ... by way of a ritual bloodletting.

Buffy Dawn's blood.

Giles Yes. *pause* Once the blood is shed at a certain time and place ... the fabric which separates all realities will ... be ripped apart.

Shot of Willow listening while holding Tara's hand; Tara staring vaguely at the ceiling, and Spike staring at the table.

Giles Dimensions will ... pour into one another, uh, with no barriers to stop them. *shot of Xander and Anya listening* Reality as we know it will be destroyed, and ... chaos will reign on earth.

Buffy So how do we stop it?

Giles The portal will only close once the blood is stopped ... and the only way for that to happen is, um ...

Zoom in on Giles's face as he first avoids Buffy's eyes, finally looks up at her.

Giles Buffy, the only way is to kill Dawn.

Buffy reacts with dismay.

Blackout.

Executive Producer Joss Whedon.

The Gift

A *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* episode written by Joss Whedon and transcribed by **Joan the English Chick** <pisces@englishchick.com>.

Transcriber's Notes:

I do not own the characters or situations of BTVS, and I claim no credit for the content of this episode. I have merely transcribed what appeared on my screen, with help from the closed captions.

I prefer that you link to this transcript on the Psyche site <www.psyche.kn-bremen.de> rather than post it on your site, but you can post it on your site if you really want, as long as you keep my name and email address on it. Please also keep my disclaimers intact.

You can use my transcripts in your fanfiction stories; you don't have to ask my permission. (However, if you use large portions of episode dialogue in your fanfic, I recommend you give credit to the person who wrote the episode.)

I apologize in advance for my lame transcription of the fight scenes. I don't know the names of different punches and kicks. Use your imagination.

Teaser

Giles V.O. Previously on *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*... *Giles in the Sunnydale High library in "Welcome to the Hellmouth".*

Giles You are the Slayer. Into each generation a Slayer is born.

A series of scenes from "Welcome to the Hellmouth"...

Buffy Why don't we start with 'Hi, I'm Buffy.'

Xander Xander.

Cordelia Cordelia.

Shot of Willow at the water fountain.

Buffy V.O. Willow, right?

Giles Mister Giles.

Angel Angel.

Giles thumping the book "VAMPYR" onto the library counter.

A quick series of scenes from the first season: the Master with the Anointed One; Buffy and Angel kissing; Angel vamping out, Buffy screaming; the possessed ventriloquist dummy; Buffy punching someone; Buffy dying; Buffy killing the Master, etc. . .

Moves into a series of scenes from the second season. They go by faster and faster. I can't possibly detail every one, but they include all the major demons and recurring characters: Spike, Ethan, Drusilla, Kendra, Ted, etc. We see Xander kissing Cordelia, Willow kissing Oz, Angel killing Jenny Calendar, Willow in the hospital doing the spell to restore Angel's soul, Buffy killing Angel.

Continues to a series of scenes from third season. Includes Mr. Trick, Xander and Willow kissing, Giles and Joyce kissing, Spike, Gwendolyn Post, Amy turning into a rat, Faith and the Mayor, Wesley, Vampire

Willow, Angel feeding on Buffy, the climactic battle with the Mayor, the high school blowing up, Angel walking away.

Moving even faster, a series of scenes from fourth season. Buffy going to college. The Initiative. Kathy, Vamp Harmony, Oz, the Gentlemen, Anya dressed as a bunny, Giles in Mexican costume, Spike getting zapped, Willow and Tara doing a spell in "Hush," Giles as a demon, Adam, the Initiative, Faith waking up, Faith in Buffy's body, the destruction of the Initiative, Buffy/Xander/Willow/Giles doing their unification spell, the First Slayer, etc.

And finally a series of scenes from fifth season that go by very fast. Buffy and Dawn, Joyce, Spike, Glory, Riley, the helicopter taking Riley away, Ben morphing into Glory, the April-Bot, Joyce dying, Willow and Tara kissing, Glory taking Tara's brain, the return of the First Slayer, the Buffy-Bot, Willow zapping Glory, Glory tearing down the dorm wall, the fight between the Winnebago and the knights on horseback. You should realize that all of the above flashes by much too fast to really see. The scenes from first season probably last for about ten frames each and by the time it gets to fifth season, they flash by two frames at a time.

So the sense of increasing speed and urgency carries us into an alleyway as the "previously" scenes meld into the episode. The camera moves down the alley as from the POV of someone running. Fast, urgent music.

We go around a corner and see the person who's running. It's a teenage boy. He rounds the corner and

stops, seeing that he's in a dead end. Slowly, fearfully, he turns.

Shot of the corner he just came around.

The kid moves very slowly back toward the corner, very scared.

Suddenly someone steps around the corner. It's a large male vampire. The kid starts, takes a step back. The vampire strides forward with a small smile.

Vamp Gave me a pretty good run there. Bet the blood's just pumpin'.

The boy backs away, frightened.

Vamp *advancing* Bet it's hot.

Kid *voice breaking* Don't hurt me.

Vamp Don't hurt you? *laughs*

Suddenly one of the doors along the alley opens and Buffy's head pops out.

Buffy *innocently* Hey, what's going on?

The vamp turns his head to glare at her.

Kid Help me! Call the police!

Vamp Get outta here, girl. *turns back to the kid*

Buffy *emerging from the doorway* You guys havin' a fight? 'Cause, you know, fighting's not cool.

The vampire turns to glare at her again.

Kid Get out of here!

Vamp No. *turns fully toward Buffy* No, she wants to stay. I don't mind a little appetizer.

Buffy *small frown, walks forward* Have you ever heard the expression, 'biting off more than you can chew'?

The vamp frowns, shakes his head.

Buffy Okay. Um... how about the expression, 'vampire slayer'?

Vamp What the hell you talkin' about?

Buffy Wow. Never heard that one. Okay. How about, 'Oh god, my leg, my leg'?

The vampire growls and lunges at her. She ducks his grab, punches him in the face and kicks his leg. His knee buckles and he falls to the ground.

Vamp Oh god! My leg! Uhh...

Buffy See? Now we're communicating.

The vamp surges up, grabs Buffy and throws her against the wall. He grabs her again but she pushes his arms away, punches him in the face, knees him, then goes around behind him and kicks him into the wall. He lands against a dumpster, turns and backhands Buffy, who stumbles forward toward the boy. The boy leaps out of the way. The vamp punches Buffy again, picks her up and slams her down on top of another dumpster.

Shot of the kid cowering in the corner.

Buffy kicks the vamp, cartwheels off the dumpster and kicks him again, then again, and then yet again. On the final kick he lands on his back among a pile of wooden boxes. They all shatter.

One of the shards of wood flies toward Buffy and she catches it. As the vampire lunges up out of the boxes, she stakes him with the piece of wood. The boy watches in shock.

The vamp turns to dust. Buffy drops the makeshift stake and stares at the pile of dust as the boy continues to cower in the background.

Buffy Wow. Been a long while since I met one who didn't know me.

She turns to go, pauses and looks at the kid.

Buffy You should get home.

She begins walking back toward the door she came out of.

Kid H-how'd you do that?

Angle on Buffy's back as she walks toward the door. She doesn't turn or stop as she replies.

Buffy It's what I do.

Kid But you're... you're just a girl.

Buffy pauses in the doorway.

Buffy That's what I keep saying.

She walks through the door.

Wolf howl.

Part 1

Opening credits.

Guest starring Clare Kramer, Charlie Weber, Amber Benson as Tara, and Joel Grey as Doc. Written and directed by Joss Whedon.

Open on Buffy coming in the back door of the magic shop, walking down the hall and into the main room. We see Xander sitting at the round table with Giles beside him looking at books, and Spike sitting behind them on the ladder leading up to the loft,

smoking a cigarette.

Xander Something goin' on out back?

Buffy *walks over to table* Vampire.

Xander Oh.

Buffy *sighs* Anything?

Angle on Giles sitting at the table with a few books open in front of him.

Giles Nothing you want to hear. The ritual is, uh...

Buffy Explain it again.

Giles There's nothing new to—

Buffy Go through it again.

Everyone looks nervously at Buffy. We see Willow sitting at the table on Xander's other side. Giles slowly removes his glasses.

Shot of Anya standing to the side.

Giles The key was... living energy. It needed to be channeled, poured into a specific place at a specific time. The energy... would flow into that spot, the walls between the dimensions break down. It stops, the energy's used up, the walls come back up. Glory uses that time to get back into her own dimension, not caring that all manner of hell will be unleashed on earth in the meantime.

Buffy looks grim.

Anya Um, but only for a little while, right? The walls come back up, uh, n-no more hell?

Willow That's only if the energy is stopped. And now the key is human... *looks over her shoulder at Buffy* ... is Dawn.

Giles *reads from book* "The blood flows, the gates will open. The gates will close when it flows no more". *removes his glasses* When Dawn is dead.

Pause.

Tara I have places to be!

Everyone looks over at Tara, who is curled up in a chair to the side. She falls silent again and they return to their conversation.

Xander Why blood? Why Dawn's blood? I mean, why couldn't it be like a, a lymph ritual?

Spike 'Cause it's always got to be blood.

Xander We're not actually discussing dinner right now.

Spike Blood is life, lackbrain. Why do you think we eat it? It's what keeps you going. Makes you warm. Makes you hard. Makes you other than dead. *quietly* Course it's her blood.

Buffy Pretty simple math here. We stop Glory before she can start the ritual. We still have a couple of hours, right?

Giles If my calculations are right. But Buffy—

Buffy I don't wanna hear it. *turns away*

Giles I understand that—

Buffy *whirls back* No! No, you don't understand. We are not talking about this.

Giles *jumps up from the table, yells* Yes, we bloody well are!

Beat. Everyone looks shocked by Giles' outburst.

Giles *quieter* If Glory begins the ritual... if we can't stop her...

Buffy Come on. Say it. We're bloody well talking about this. Tell me to kill my sister.

Giles *whispers* She's not your sister.

Buffy *pause* No. She's not. She's more than that. She's me. The monks made her out of me. I hold her... and I feel closer to her than... *looks down, sighs* It's not just the memories they built. It's physical. Dawn... is a part of me. The only part that I— *stops*

Willow We'll solve this. We will. Don't have another coma, okay?

Buffy gives a small smile.

Giles *quietly* If the ritual starts, then every living creature in this and every other dimension imaginable will suffer unbearable torment and death... *looks up at Buffy* including Dawn.

Buffy Then the last thing she'll see is me protecting her.

Giles *quietly* You'll fail. You'll die. We all will. *turns away from the table*

Buffy I'm sorry.

Shot of the others looking at her as Giles walks slowly away.

Buffy I love you all... but I'm sorry.

She turns away too. Giles turns back to look at her. Beat.

Anya *loudly* Okay. *raises her hand* All in favor of stopping Glory **before** the ritual. Suggestions, ideas? *snapping her fingers* Time's a-wastin'.

Spike Uh... when you say you love us all...

Xander/Giles *unison* Shut up.

Anya Willow. I bet you've got some dark spell a-brewin'. Uh, make her a, a, a toad? Little hoppy toad, we can hit her with a hammer?

Tara *giggling* Hoppy toad.

Xander What about Ben? He can be killed, right? I mean, I know he's an innocent, but, you know, not like Dawn innocent. We could kill a... regular guy.

Pause while everyone considers this and Xander realizes what he's said.

Xander *softly, in self-disgust* God.

Giles It's doubtful he'll surface again this close to the ritual. We can expect it's Glory we're dealing with.

Willow We don't have to kill her. Uh, we just have to stop her from doing the ritual. I mean, there's only the one time that she can do it, right?

Spike Yeah. We get her on the ropes, we just gotta keep her occupied till it's too late.

Anya Okay. But I'm still not hearing enough ideas. She's a god. Let's think outside the box.

Spike Why don't **you** go think outside the bleeding box.

Giles Yes, Anya, apart from your incredibly un-infectious enthusiasm, have you anything else to contribu—

Anya The Dagon sphere!

Giles Sorry?

Anya When Buffy first met Glory, she found that magical... *gestures* glowy sphere that was meant to repel Glory. We've got it in the basement. *everyone looks surprised* It might drive her away or hurt her. Ooh!

Anya hurries over to a display case, gestures like a game-show hostess.

Anya And Olaf the troll god's enchanted hammer.

We see the hammer (episode "Triangle") on a shelf.

Anya You wanna fight a god, use the weapon of a god.

Buffy walks over to check out the hammer.

Spike Uh, nah, that thing's too heavy to— *Buffy picks it up easily* Yeah. Good.

Buffy I like this. *to Anya* Thanks.

Anya Here to help. Wanna live.

Xander Smart chicks are soooo hot. *looking fondly at Anya*

Willow You couldn't have figured that out in tenth grade?

Willow and Xander exchange a smile.

Giles Well, we have some ideas, if we could actually get Glory on the run, but, um...

Buffy But, we still have no idea how to find her.

Tara Big day. Oh, it calls me! I have to be there!

Everyone looks at Tara, then at Buffy. Buffy looks thoughtful.

Tara Big day!

Cut to: Ben entering the back room at the warehouse. He still wears the ceremonial robe and is holding a pile of clothing. A few minions are in the background.

Shot of Dawn sitting on the floor with her knees up to her chest, eyes closed. Ben walks over to her.

Ben They, uh... said you have to put this on... for the ceremony.

Dawn What if I don't?

Ben Come on, just—

Dawn What if I don't like the color?

Ben Look, I... I wish there was another way.

Dawn And I wish you'd fall on your head and drown in your own barf, so... *shrugs* I guess we're both disappointed.

Ben I think... it'll be quick.

Minion Actually, sir, the bleeding is quite a slow process to give the portal time to—

Ben *annoyed* Thank you... for the information. *to Dawn* I'll do what I can to—

Dawn Change.

Ben What?

Dawn Change. Be her. I don't wanna look at you.

Ben *shakes head* Dawn, I don't think you wanna—

Dawn Be Glory. Be Glory. *yelling* Glory! Glory! Glory!

Ben Will you just stop— *morphs into Glory*

Glory —shouting already?

Dawn scowls.

Glory Huh.

Glory shakes out the garment she's holding. It's a medieval-style dress. She examines it, then turns to Dawn.

Glory So, what's the hubbub, bub? *sits in a chair* What do you got against old Benjy?

Dawn He's a monster. At least you're up-front about it.

Glory *picking at the hem of the dress* Don't be so hard on the boy. He just wants to live. Most guys would do the same. Besides, he's probably the reason your sis and her little cartoon pals are still alive. That little nagging pinch of humanity that makes me go for the hurt instead of the kill. *looks at Dawn* Lowering myself to trade blows with the Slayer when I should have just put my fist through her heart.

Glory stands up and holds up the dress to look at it.

Glory It's gotta be Ben.

Dawn Or maybe you just can't take her.

Glory tosses the dress to Dawn, who takes hold of one end. Glory is still holding the other end and she suddenly yanks on it, pulling Dawn to her feet. They face off.

Glory Hmm, funny thing. You've been here for a few hours now, and I haven't seen big sis galloping in to save you. She probably knows what a terrible mistake that'd be.

Dawn She's not afraid of you.

Glory Oh no, sweetie baby. I'm talking about the ritual. 'Cause you know I bleed you, the portals open, but once you die they close. The faster you die, the better for your sorry species.

Glory puts her hand on the side of Dawn's face. Dawn looks scared.

Glory I'm bettin' Buffy knows that. Since she's not really your sister, I'm guessin' she isn't gonna show. And if she does...

Dawn winces in pain as Glory's fingers tighten on her head.

Glory ... it might not be to save you.

Glory shoves Dawn aside. She falls to the floor on top of a grating. Glory smirks at her.

Angle on Dawn's face, shooting up from below as her face is pressed against the grating.

Dawn whispers Buffy.

Cut to Buffy in the workout room, punching the punching-bag. She alternates hands and hits it with a steady rhythm. The camera pulls out and reveals Giles entering, walking toward her.

Giles You sure you're not going to tire yourself out?

Buffy stops punching I'm sure.

She resumes punching. Close shot on Buffy's face with Giles out of focus in the background.

Giles We're... still working on ideas. *Buffy stops punching* Time's short, but, uh, best leave it to the last moment. *Buffy stretching her arms* If we go in too early and she takes us out, no chance of getting her to miss her window.

Buffy Then we wait.

Buffy gives one last punch that breaks the punching bag off its chain. It falls to the floor. Buffy stares at it, gives her arm a shake.

Giles I imagine you hate me right now.

Same angle on Buffy with Giles in the background, her back to him. She sighs but doesn't answer. Giles takes a few steps closer.

Giles I love Dawn.

Buffy I know.

Giles But I've sworn to protect this sorry world, and sometimes that means saying and doing... what other people can't. What they shouldn't have to.

Buffy turns to face him.

Buffy You try and hurt her, and you know I'll stop you.

Giles I know.

Overhead shot of the two of them. Buffy walks slowly over to the sofa in the corner and sits. Giles paces

slowly over to the sofa as well.

Buffy This is how many apocalypses for us now?

Giles Oh, uh, well... *sits, takes off his glasses* six, at least. *sits back slowly* Feels like a hundred.

Buffy I've always stopped them. Always won.

Giles Yes.

Buffy I sacrificed Angel to save the world.

Cut to close angle on Buffy's face.

Buffy I loved him so much. But I knew... what was right. I don't have that any more. I don't understand. I don't know how to live in this world if these are the choices. If everything just gets stripped away. I don't see the point. I just wish that... *tearfully* I just wish my mom was here.

She gets up, walks a few paces away, turns to face Giles.

Buffy The spirit guide told me... that death is my gift. Guess that means a Slayer really is just a killer after all.

Giles I think you're wrong about that.

Buffy It doesn't matter. If Dawn dies, I'm done with it. I'm quitting.

She walks out, leaving Giles sitting on the sofa alone.

Cut to the warehouse. Dawn is now wearing the ritual dress. She has her other clothing folded in a neat pile and carries it over to the chair, lays the clothing down on the chair, kneels beside the chair.

Shot of Glory off to the side, writing something. A minion goes to her and whispers.

Dawn kneels by the chair and arranges her sneakers neatly in front of the chair. She looks up when Glory begins to speak.

Glory Okay, campers, it's almost stab time. *smiling* You two, get her.

Two minions move toward Dawn, who looks scared and backs away.

Dawn No. No! Aah! screams Buffy!

She continues to scream as the minions grab her arms and drag her away. Glory watches them go with a smile.

Glory See you in a few.

Cut to outside. The minions drag Dawn into the courtyard area where the crazy people are still working. Sparks fly from someone's welding. Dawn looks up apprehensively.

Shot of a huge metal tower, basically build out of scaffolding. It stretches into the air above the warehouse. At the top, a narrow walkway protrudes out into the air. We see the tower first from Dawn's

perspective, on the ground looking up; and then a longer shot from the side.
Dawn continues to stare up at the tower as the min-

ions lead her to some stairs at the base of the tower and they begin to climb.

Part 2

Open on Giles in the magic shop, walking over to a door and opening it. It leads down some stairs into the basement, which is cluttered as any basement tends to be.

Giles calling Any luck? Have you found the Dagon sphere?

Pan down to the basement. Anya emerges from behind the stairs, wearing a bra, quickly putting on her blouse.

Anya calling Um, I'm sure it's here, just be a minute!
Xander emerges as well, fastening his pants.

Xander calling Yeah, we're on it! Let's look over here, where we didn't look yet.

Xander and Anya continue fastening their clothing. The angle is such that Giles can't see them.

Giles OS Time is a factor.

Anya Yes. Yes. Not to worry.

Sound of the door closing. Anya picks up a clipboard and examines it.

Xander So, are you more, uh... relaxed?

Anya looking through boxes No.

Xander No? I mean, it sounded like you, uh... *paces past her* arrived.

Anya distracted No. *tunes back in to the conversation* Yes. Um, I had the pleasure moment, and the blissful calm that comes right after it. But that only lasted a couple of seconds, and now I'm terrified again.

Xander Well, you don't have to be.

Anya moves toward another pile of stuff. Xander turns and pulls down a drop-cloth, revealing the Buffy Bot.

Xander Gah!

He leaps back, making Anya jump as well.

Anya What?

They both stare at the bot. It sits there with eyes open, unmoving.

Xander Spike's sex-bot. Why didn't they just melt it down into scrap?

Anya moves away as Xander continues staring at the bot.

Anya Maybe Willow wanted it.

Xander turns to her I don't think Willow feels that way about, about Buffy. I mean, I know she's gone

through a lot of changes, but—

Anya To study it.

Xander Right. Robotics. *embarrassed* Science.

Xander moves to another pile of stuff and they both continue looking, separately.

Anya Pervert.

Xander Other pervert.

Anya And don't frighten me like tha-aah!

She shrieks as she sees something in another box. Xander comes over to look.

Anya God, who, who would put something like that there? Is this supposed to be some sort of sick joke? *She picks it up. It's a small toy bunny.*

Anya I mean, things aren't bad enough! *pause* This is an omen.

Xander Hey, hey, shh. *rubs her shoulders*

Anya No, no, it's an omen. It's a higher power, trying to tell me through bunnies that we're all gonna die. Oh god.

Xander No it's not.

Anya puts the bunny back in the box as Xander puts his arms around her waist from behind.

Xander It's okay.

Anya No, you see, usually when there's an apocalypse, I skedaddle. But now I love you so much that instead I have inappropriately timed sex and try to think of ways to fight a god... and worry terribly that something might happen to you. And also worry that something'll happen to me. And then I have guilt that I'm not more worried about everyone else, but I just don't have enough! I'm just on total overload, and I honestly don't think that I could be more nervous than I am right now.

Xander Care to wager on that?

Xander lifts his hand into the shot. He holds a small box, open to reveal the ring inside.

Anya stares at it. Xander lets her go and she turns to face him, still looking at the ring.

Xander Anya... you wanna marry me?

Anya stares at him a moment, then slaps him across the face.

Xander Can I take that as a "maybe"?

Anya You're proposing to me!q

Xander Yes...

Anya You're proposing to me 'cause we're gonna die! And you think it's romantic and sexy and, and you know you're not gonna have to go through with it 'cause the world's gonna end!

Xander I'm proposing to you, Anya, because it's not.

Anya You can't know that.

Xander I believe it. I think we're gonna get through this. I think I'm gonna live a long... and silly life, and I'm not interested in doing that without you around.

Anya softly Oh. Okay.

Xander wide-eyed Okay?

Anya Yes. *small smile* I mean, yes.

They both smile happily and look down at the ring. Xander begins removing the ring from the box as Anya holds up her hands. Then she stops him.

Anya No.

Xander No?

Anya After. Give it to me when the world doesn't end.

Xander smiles slightly. Anya puts her arms around his neck and they kiss.

Cut to the main magic shop room. Willow sits at the table reading books while Tara naps behind her. Buffy walks up.

Buffy Will, what do you got for me?

Willow Some ideas. *Buffy goes to sit on the stairs leading up to the loft* Well, notions. Or, theories based on wild speculation. Did I mention I'm not good under pressure?

Buffy I need you, Will. You're my big gun.

Willow alarmed I'm your—no, I-I was never a gun. Someone else should be the gun. I, I could be a, a cudgel. Or, or a pointy stick.

Buffy You're the strongest person here. You know that, right?

Willow frowns Well... no.

Buffy Will, you're the only person that's ever hurt Glory. At all. You're my best shot at getting her on the ropes, so don't get a jelly belly on me now.

Willow Well... I, I... do sort of have this one idea. But, last few days, I've mostly been looking into ways to help Tara. I-I know that shouldn't be my priority...

Buffy leans over and puts her hand on Willow's knee.

Buffy Of course it should.

Willow smiles gratefully. Buffy leans back.

Willow Well, I've been charting their essences. Mapping out. I think... if I can get close enough, I may be able to reverse what Glory did. Like, take back what she took from Tara. It might weaken Glory, or... make her less coherent. Or it might make all our heads explode.

Giles OS Buffy.

Buffy looks up. Across the room we see Giles, Xander, and Anya gathered around something.

Willow I'll try to work it.

Buffy gets up and walks away, putting her hand briefly on Willow's shoulder as she passes.

Willow gets up and goes to crouch beside Tara's chair.

Willow Don't worry, love. It won't be long.

Tara slaps her hard across the face.

Tara angrily Bitch! I'm supposed to work on the factors!

Willow just looks at her sadly. The anger passes and Tara becomes anxious.

Tara I'm, I'm not... I'm not...

Tara puts her hand gently on Willow's cheek and begins to cry. Willow looks at her with tears in her eyes as well.

Willow I'm gonna bring you back.

Cut over to the others gathered together. Giles is holding the Dagon sphere.

Buffy No. No, no, that's good. That could be pivotal. *to Anya and Xander* Thank you guys.

Giles Well, um, you're gonna need some—

Buffy Way ahead of you. We have time?

Giles Yes, if you hurry.

Buffy Okay. I'll grab some weapons too. *we see Spike appearing behind Giles*

Xander I'm looking for something in a broadsword.

Spike Don't be swingin' that thing near me. *Buffy takes the sphere from Giles, examines it*

Xander Hey, I happen to be—

Spike A glorified bricklayer?

Xander looks around at the others I'm also a swell bowler.

Anya Has his own shoes.

Spike The gods themselves do tremble.

Buffy Spike, shut your mouth, come with me.

Buffy hands the sphere to Giles and strides out. Spike looks surprised, follows her.

Cut to Buffy entering the Summers house with Spike behind her. It's dark outside.

Buffy The weapons are in the chest by the TV, I'll grab the stuff upstairs.

She moves toward the stairs, not realizing that Spike has stopped at the door.

Spike Uh, Buffy...

She turns back to him. Spike lifts his hand in a little wave. Buffy frowns, still not getting it.

Spike If you wanna just hand them over the threshold, I'll...

Buffy Come in, Spike.

Spike looks surprised and pleased. He takes a slow step over the threshold, smiles.

Spike Hmm. Presto. No barrier.

They look at each other for a moment, then Spike breaks away, walks into the living room.

Spike Um, won't bother with the small stuff. Couple of good axes should hold off Glory's mates while you take on the lady herself. *opens the chest, begins taking stuff out*

Buffy We're not all gonna make it. You know that.

Spike Yeah.

He takes a few weapons from the chest and walks back toward Buffy.

Spike Hey. Always knew I'd go down fightin'.

Buffy I'm counting on you... to protect her.

Spike Till the end of the world. Even if that happens to be tonight.

Buffy I'll be a minute.

Spike Yeah.

Buffy turns to go up the stairs. Spike watches her go.

Spike I know you'll never love me.

Buffy pauses halfway up the stairs, turns back to look at Spike.

Spike I know that I'm a monster. But you treat me like a man. And that's...

Buffy gazes silently at him.

Spike Get your stuff, I'll be here.

She turns and continues up the stairs.

Cut to the top of the tower. The minions are tying Dawn to the tower with rope. She stands there looking scared. The wind blows her hair around.

Angle downward from Dawn's POV. We see her bare feet on the edge of the platform, and far below we can see the crazy people moving around.

The minions finish tying Dawn up and turn to leave. One of them looks back.

Minion She will come to you soon.

The camera pulls slowly back on Dawn standing at the end of the platform with the city lights behind and below her.

Cut to the magic shop. Pan quickly across Xander and Anya looking at each other, Tara looking at stuff in a display case. Willow appears from the back as Buffy and Spike enter, carrying weapons. They walk over to the office area.

Buffy We on schedule?

Spike goes to put the weapons down on the desk beside Giles, who is also holding an axe.

Giles Yes, it's time.

Pan back over to Buffy.

Buffy Will?

Willow nods, goes over to Tara who is still staring at the merchandise.

Willow Tara, baby? Is there somewhere you should be?

Tara looks over at Buffy, doesn't look at Willow.

Tara They held me down.

Willow No one's holding you. It's the big day, right? *Both Willow and Tara look at Buffy. Shot of Buffy looking concerned.*

Willow Do you wanna go?

Tara looks anxiously from Buffy to Willow and back again. She turns and begins to walk toward Buffy and the door. She passes Spike and Giles in the background, Spike packing up weapons as Giles unsheathes a sword.

Tara *points to Giles* You're a killer. *Giles and Spike look at her in surprise* This is all set down.

Tara continues walking out. Giles puts his axe in Spike's bag.

Willow, following Tara, draws alongside Buffy as Tara heads for the door.

Buffy *quietly* Stay close but don't crowd her. We'll follow in a minute.

Willow starts out again, stops when Buffy begins to address the others.

Buffy Everybody knows their jobs. Remember, the ritual starts, we all die. And I'll kill anyone who comes near Dawn.

Buffy turns and walks off. Willow turns to the open door and leaves.

Angle on Giles and Spike. Giles is clutching his side where he was speared in "Spiral." Spike glances at Giles, then back in the direction Buffy went.

Spike Well, not exactly the St. Crispin's Day speech, was it?

Giles We few...

Giles goes past Spike as Spike gathers up the bag of weapons.

Giles ... we happy few.

Spike We band of bugged.

They exit.

Cut to: exterior city street, night. Tara walks along the sidewalk, picking at the cast on her hand. The camera pulls out to reveal Willow walking a few paces behind, with the others following farther behind that.

Tara comes around a corner, pauses to gaze upward for a moment, then continues. The others follow, now all in a group. Spike carries a crossbow, Anya a baseball bat. Spike also has the bag of weapons on her back. They all stop walking and look up.

Shot from below of the tower rising up into the air above them.

They all stare at it.

Xander Shpadoinkle.

Anya What is that?

Giles The portal must open up there.

Buffy Will, you're up.

Close angle on Willow's face.

Giles Need anything?

Willow Could use a little courage.

Spike's hand comes into the shot, holding a small flask in front of Willow's face.

Willow The real kind.

Spike looks over at her. She looks at him.

Willow But thanks.

Spike nods, puts the flask away.

Shot of the tower. People are walking toward it as sparks (from welding) come from the yard below.

Cut to the warehouse. The crazy people are still doing various things with machinery and metal. Pan over to the entrance as Tara enters, finally pulling the cast off her hand and tossing it aside. She walks

in muttering to herself, goes over to a pile of bricks and picks one up.

A hand grabs Tara's shoulder from behind and spins her around.

Glory You. What are you doing here?

Willow appears beside Glory.

Willow She's with me.

Willow grabs both Glory's and Tara's heads. They all scream as blue lightning begins to flicker around them. Bright blue light appears to stream from Glory's head to Tara's.

Suddenly a blast of power separates them. All three go flying in different directions. Willow crashes into a pile of wood.

Glory lands on her back on the concrete, sits up as several minions run over.

Glory What the frickin' hell did that bitch do to me? *The minions look at each other, then at Glory.*

Minion *anxiously* You look fine. Truly.

Glory *clutching her head* She made a little... she made a hole. Uh, I need a brain to eat.

Minion Oh, take mine, oh groove-tastic one! *bows*

Glory I said a brain, you worthless dirt!

She puts a hand to her forehead and begins to walk, distractedly, as the minions follow her with concern.

Glory Big day. I got places to be, big day. Need a brain.

She looks at something directly in front of her, scoffs.

Glory Suppose I could always use yours.

Buffy OS Okay then.

Buffy stands there with her hands clasped behind her back. The camera zooms in on her.

Buffy Come and get it.

Blackout.

Part 3

Open on Glory still staring at Buffy. Glory starts to smile, then looks away and moves her arms as if in pain.

Buffy *innocently* You don't seem very well.

Glory Your little witch bitch... gave me kind of a headache there. *removes her ceremonial robe, revealing the simple black dress underneath* But if you think this is gonna last more than eight seconds-

Buffy I noticed you're talking, whereas in your position, I would attack me.

The minions have taken Glory's robe as she continues to stand there looking weakened.

Minion Oh, most sweaty-naughty-feelings-causing one, should we...

Glory Go guard the girl. This is a... this is a, a...

Minion Diversionary tactic?

Glory Go guard!

The minions scurry away. They pull a bunch of crazies away from their work and gather them around the base of the stairs leading up to the tower.

Cut back to Glory still standing there unsteadily.

Buffy It's strange, you're not as blurry with speed as usual either.

Glory The witch...

Buffy It's not her.

Buffy produces the Dagon sphere from behind her.

Buffy Might be this.

Glory looks alarmed.

Buffy I heard it's supposed to repel you. So my guess is... you probably shouldn't touch it, either.

Buffy tosses the sphere at Glory, who catches it instinctively. The sphere lights up and seems to warp the air around it when it touches Glory's hand. She makes a pained face, drops her hand to her side.

Close shot on Glory's hand holding the sphere. She slowly crushes the sphere and the light goes out as it crumbles.

Glory You're gonna wish you—

Buffy punches her in the face. Glory stumbles back and Buffy kicks her, then punches her again, and again, and again.

The minions and crazies gathered around the stairs mutter and look around nervously as the fight continues.

Minion 1 Stand fast! Kill anyone who dares approach! This will be our day of glory!

Minion 2 Well punned.

Minion 1 Well, it just called out to me.

Suddenly an arrow appears in his chest and he falls back.

We see Spike holding his crossbow, having just shot the minion. Anya and Giles are beside him. They rush forward and begin fighting the minions, while Spike stays behind.

Giles blocks a minion's staff while Anya beats on another one with her bat.

Spike gives a loud battle cry and jumps on two minions at once, bearing them to the ground.

Giles slices at a minion with his sword.

A minion has Spike around the waist as another one approaches. Spike fights them both.

Cut to a wide overhead shot of the fighting. Off to the side we see Buffy hitting and kicking Glory.

Cut to above. Dawn looks down and her eyes widen as she spots Buffy.

Cut to below. Buffy flips Glory over and slams her down on a pile of bricks, tries to punch her but Glory rolls aside and Buffy ends up punching the bricks. Buffy tries to punch again and Glory grabs her arms, throws her across the room.

Willow sits up among broken pieces of wood, looks at Buffy fighting Glory, looks over to her left.

Willow Tara!

Willow half-walks, half-crawls over to where Tara lies unconscious in a pile of debris.

Willow Tara?

Tara's eyes open. She looks at Willow.

Willow Tara?

Tara W... Willow?

Willow smiles hopefully Tara?

Tara tearfully Willow... I got so lost.

Willow smiling I found you.

Willow kisses Tara all over her face, then hugs her. They both smile happily.

Willow I will always find you.

Long shot of the two of them embracing.

Cut back to Glory. She stands up straight.

Glory You know what?

Buffy punches, but Glory grabs her fist.

Glory I'm feeling a little better. And now? I'm a little bored.

Buffy Oh, I'm sorry. Cause you're about—

Glory kicks her in the face. "Buffy"'s head goes flying off, leaving her body standing. We can see the wires exposed in the neck.

The body falls over as Glory stares in bewilderment. When it hits the floor, sparks fly out of the neck.

Glory staring Hey, wow, the Slayer's a robot. looks around Did everybody else know the Slayer was a robot?

Glory smiles in triumph as the real Buffy appears behind her.

Buffy Glory?

Glory stops smiling, turns. Buffy hits her with Olaf's hammer. Glory flies across the room, crashes into a wall.

Buffy You're not the brightest god in the heavens, are you?

Dawn Buffy! I'm up here!

Buffy looks up as Dawn screams at the top of her lungs. Shot of the tower from Buffy's POV. We can't really make out Dawn at the end of the platform.

Dawn Buffy!

Buffy runs toward the tower, leaps over a pile of bricks and onto the stairs. A minion confronts her but she punches him and throws him over the side. Glory picks herself up, looks over and sees Buffy running up the stairs.

Glory Oh no you don't!

Dawn screams Buffy! I'm up here!

Cut to midway up the stairs. There's one last level after which the stairs end and the only way up is via

ladders. Buffy is ascending onto this level as Glory appears in front of her and hits her. Buffy hits Glory with the hammer, then Glory kicks her into the scaffolding. They exchange a few more blows and Buffy loses her grip on the hammer, which goes flying. It gets caught in some chain that's hanging off the tower. Glory grabs another piece of chain and uses it to swing around the side, knocking Buffy aside as Buffy tries to reach the hammer. Buffy falls aside, gets up, takes another kick from Glory and swings around the scaffolding, kicks Glory, ducks a punch and goes around Glory, kicks her from behind.

Dawn *looking down Buffy!*

Buffy tries to continue climbing but Glory hits her in the leg, making Buffy gasp in pain. They exchange some more blows, then Buffy resumes climbing up the outer scaffolding. Glory goes around beside her and climbs up as well, kicks Buffy as she's scaling up a pipe. Buffy slides back down to the previous level. Buffy runs up a ramp, kicks Glory in the face, runs down the ramp again and manages to free the hammer. She swings it at Glory and hits her a couple of times, also hits a ladder which falls aside.

Glory hits Buffy in the face and she loses her balance. As she falls backward, she grabs Glory and they both fall off the tower.

They both hit the concrete below, a few feet away from each other. The hammer lands nearby.

Shot of Spike still fighting two minions at once.

Buffy gets to her feet. Glory does too. Buffy grabs Glory by the shoulders and pushes her away. Glory winds up a few dozen feet away, beside a wall.

Glory *You lost your hammer, sweet cheeks. What are you gonna hit me with now?*

Buffy looks at the wall.

Glory turns to the wall also, just as a huge wrecking-ball crashes through the wall and into Glory. It crashes through a second wall, deposits Glory on the other side, and swings back.

Buffy *Whatever's handy.*

Buffy turns and runs off.

Cut to Xander driving the machine that controls the wrecking ball. He shuts down the engine and sits back looking satisfied.

Xander *The glorified bricklayer picks up a spare.*

Cut to the hammer lying on the ground. Buffy grabs it as she runs past.

Cut to Spike, Anya, and Giles taking refuge behind something.

Anya *Has anyone noticed we're going backwards?*

Spike straightens up to peek over the top of the machine. A brick hits him in the forehead. He ducks down again, looking annoyed.

Spike *It's crossed my mind.*

Shot of the group of crazies standing between them and the stairs, glaring at them. There are also a few minions.

Giles *panting* *As long as... Buffy can keep Glory down... long enough, it doesn't matter. looking up at the tower* *There's only a few minutes left to start the ritual.*

Cut to Buffy hitting Glory with the hammer. Glory doesn't seem able to fight back, just stands there reeling each time Buffy hits her.

Cut to Dawn looking down at the fight. Suddenly she looks up and gasps.

We see Doc standing at the other end of the platform, inside the tower.

Dawn *You. You can help me. Untie me. Please. Help me, she's coming.*

Doc *walks forward* *Well, it seems she's running a bit late, is the thing. And, uh, if her Splendidness Dawn looks upset can't be here in time to bleed you...*

Dawn looks scared and anxious as she realizes he's not on her side.

Doc *whispers* *Hey! winks* *Kid. Wanna see a trick?*

Dawn looks fearfully at him.

Suddenly he produces a large shiny knife, holds it up in front of his face. Dawn gasps and cringes. Linger shot of Doc holding the knife up with a small smile.

Blackout.

Part 4

Open on a shot up at the top of the tower. Pan down to below.

Xander leaps over a fence and comes to join the others. Spike, Anya, and Giles are all still crouched behind their shelter, looking up at the tower.

Xander *How we doing?*

Anya *So far it's a tie.*

Giles *We haven't got up to Dawn, but then neither has anyone else.*

Spike *still gazing up* *Someone's up there.*

Shot of the underside of the platform from their POV. It's hard to tell how many people are there.

Xander Okay, we gotta charge or something.

Anya We tried that.

Zoom in on Spike's face.

Willow V.O. Spike. Can you hear me?

Spike frowns Yeah, loud and clear.

Cut to Willow at the other side of the warehouse, with Tara behind her. Her lips don't move as she communicates telepathically to Spike.

Willow V.O. Is there someone up there with Dawn?

Spike Yeah, can't tell who.

Xander Are you talking to us?

Willow V.O. Get up there. Go now.

Spike peers out uncertainly. The crazies and minions are still in battle stance.

Spike Yeah, but—

Willow V.O. Go!

Spike gets up and charges out as the others stare at him in surprise.

Willow puts her hand behind her without looking back. Tara puts her own hand in Willow's.

The entire crowd of minions and crazies suddenly parts into two halves like the Red Sea. They all yell in surprise—an unseen force is shoving them aside as Spike runs through. He reaches the stairs and leaps up them without slowing.

Spike gets to the last level, runs up the ramp and begins climbing the ladder.

Cut to the top. Doc produces a pocket-watch and looks at it as Dawn watches him fearfully.

Doc Well. What do you know? *Spike appears behind him* It's just about that time.

Dawn Spike!

Doc whirls around as Spike strides slowly forward.

Spike Doesn't a fella stay dead when you kill him?

Doc Look who's talking.

Spike Come on, Doc. Let's you and me have a go.

Doc I... *tapping his knife against his hand* do have a prior appointment.

Spike This won't take long.

Doc No, I-I don't imagine it will.

Spike lunges forward. Doc sidesteps, grabs Spike around the neck, and thrusts his knife into Spike's back. Spike gasps. Dawn gasps.

Cut to below. Buffy continues hitting Glory with the hammer. Glory has blood running out of her nose. She gives Buffy an anguished look.

Glory You're just a mortal. You couldn't understand my pain.

Buffy Then I'll just have to settle for causing it.

She hits Glory with the hammer again. Glory reels to the side, recovers and turns back.

Glory You can't kill me.

Buffy No... *hefts the hammer* but my arm's not even tired yet.

She hits Glory again.

Cut to the bloody knife falling onto the floor of the platform. Pan up Spike's body as he is now standing between Dawn and Doc.

Spike You don't come near the girl, Doc.

Doc I don't smell a soul anywhere on you. Why do you even care?

Spike I made a promise to a lady.

Doc Oh?

Doc's long tongue appears from his mouth, shooting out at Spike, who ducks aside. Doc drops to his knees and pulls Spike's legs out from under him. Spike falls to the floor. Dawn watches anxiously as they grapple. They get to their feet, Doc holding on to Spike, pinning his arms behind him.

Doc Then I'll send the lady your regrets.

Spike gives Dawn an agonized look.

Spike whispers No.

Doc pushes Spike over the edge.

Dawn screams Aah! No!

Spike falls to the ground below, lands amid a pile of bricks and makes a pained face.

Cut to Glory falling to her knees. She looks up at Buffy, gasping, on the verge of tears.

Glory Stop it.

Buffy You're a god.

Buffy hits Glory again. She falls on her back on the floor.

Buffy Make it stop.

Buffy goes over to Glory, kneels beside her and hits her several more times. We don't see Glory during this, just Buffy as she slams the hammer down over and over.

Now we see Glory, lying there with blood covering half her face. She morphs into Ben. Buffy stops hitting.

Ben I'm sorry.

Buffy Tell her it's over. She missed her shot. *Ben watches her, not moving* She goes. She ever, **ever** comes near me and mine again...

Ben We won't. I swear.

Buffy drops the hammer and hurries away.

Ben lies there, gives a pained cough and smiles painfully but still doesn't move.

Ben I guess we're stuck with each other, huh baby?
He breathes painfully. Giles comes over and kneels beside him.

Giles Can you move?

Ben Need a... a minute. She could've killed me.

Giles No she couldn't. Never. And sooner or later Glory will re-emerge, and... make Buffy pay for that mercy. And the world with her. Buffy even knows that... *reaches into his pocket, takes out his glasses and still she couldn't take a human life.*

Shot of Ben listening.

Giles She's a hero, you see. *Giles puts his glasses on*
She's not like us.

Ben Us?

Giles suddenly reaches down and puts his hand over Ben's nose and mouth, holding them shut. Ben struggles weakly as Giles keeps him still. Giles keeps his calm expression throughout.

Shot of the top of the tower. Sound of Dawn screaming.

Cut to close shot of Dawn's stomach in the ceremonial dress. The knife cuts a thin slash through the material and the skin. Dawn cries out and sobs in pain.

Doc Shallow cuts... *Dawn crying shallow cuts...*
He makes another cut and Dawn cries out again.

Doc Let the blood... flow...

Shot of Dawn's bare feet on the edge of the platform. Blood drips over her toes.

Doc ... free.

Buffy OS Dawn.

Dawn gasping in pain Buffy!

Doc whirls around as Buffy strides forward.

Doc This should be interesting.

Buffy doesn't even pause, just walks right past Doc, giving him a push as she goes. He falls over the edge. We can hear him faintly screaming as Buffy goes to Dawn, who continues crying.

Buffy Here.

Dawn Buffy, it hurts.

Another shot of Dawn's bloody feet.

Buffy OS I got it. Come here. You're gonna be okay.
A few drops of Dawn's blood drip over the edge. In midair they meet something, and a small circle of light appears, quickly growing.

Buffy leads Dawn limping across the platform to the tower entrance. Dawn stops, turns to Buffy.

Buffy Go!

Dawn Buffy, it's started.

Buffy turns. They can both see the light of the portal. Shot of the portal growing ever larger.

Shot of Sunnydale's main street as a huge bolt of lightning opens an enormous hole in the middle of the street. People scream and run away.

Shot of the portal crackling and sending out lightning.

Shot of a large building being hit by lightning and burning to a shell in instants.

Shot of weird demon creatures in the walls of the building, screaming in pain.

Long shot of the tower with the portal hovering beside it. Lightning continues to crackle out of it.

Cut to below. Giles stares upward. The ground shakes. The crazies and minions fall to the ground.

Shot of Xander and Anya holding each other and staring up. Shot of Willow and Tara holding each other and staring up, turning to look in each other's eyes.

Shot of Spike still recovering from his fall. He rolls aside as a crack appears in the ground he's lying on.

Cut to Anya and Xander looking up.

Anya Xander!

Anya pushes Xander aside as a bolt of lightning goes by and a pile of bricks falls on Anya's head.

Xander Anya!

Shot of Anya lying unmoving among the bricks.

Shot of the portal continuing to do its destruction.

Cut to above. Buffy turns back to Dawn as Dawn continues staring at the portal.

Dawn tearful I'm sorry.

Buffy It doesn't matter.

Dawn tries to run past Buffy but Buffy grabs her.

Buffy What are you doing?

Dawn I have to jump. The energy.

Buffy It'll kill you.

Dawn softly I know. *Buffy staring at her* Buffy, I know about the ritual. I have to stop it.

Buffy No.

The tower shakes underneath them, making them both stumble.

Dawn I have to. Look at what's happening.

More lightning crackles, even larger than before. Buffy looks up. A huge dragon flies out of the portal and buzzes the tower, flying away as they watch.

Dawn Buffy, you have to let me go. Blood starts it, and until the blood stops flowing, it'll never stop.

Buffy stares at Dawn in anguish.

Dawn *tearfully* You know you have to let me. It has to have the blood.

Buffy gets a realization look on her face.

Flash to Spike earlier in the episode.

Spike Cause it's always got to be blood.

Flash to Buffy and Dawn in the hospital at the end of "Blood Ties". Buffy putting her hand to her wound, then pressing it against Dawn's bloody hand.

Buffy V.O. It's Summers blood. It's just like mine.

Flash to Buffy earlier in this episode.

Buffy She's me. The monks made her out of me.

Flash to Buffy beside the fire in "Intervention".

First Slayer Death is your gift.

Buffy Death. . .

Flash back to the present. Close shot on Buffy's face.

First Slayer V.O. . . . is your gift.

Buffy frowns. Turns around slowly.

Shot of the platform extending into the air. In the distance, holes seem to be opening in the sky. The sky is growing lighter as the sun tries to rise.

Buffy looks peaceful. She turns back to Dawn, who stares wide-eyed.

Dawn Buffy. . . no!

Buffy Dawnie, I have to.

Dawn No!

Buffy Listen to me. Please, there's not a lot of time, listen.

The camera pulls out on the two of them. Buffy holds Dawn by the upper arms and continues talking to her, although we don't hear the words. Dawn begins to cry. Lightning continues to crackle behind them.

Cut back to close shot of Buffy. She strokes the side of Dawn's face, then kisses her on the cheek. Dawn continues to cry.

Buffy turns. In slow-motion, she runs down the platform as Dawn stays there crying.

Buffy swan-dives off the end of the platform and into the portal.

Dawn watches, sobbing.

Buffy falls into the portal and hangs there motionless, making expressions of pain.

Long shot from below of the portal writhing and spitting.

Shot of Buffy's face inside the portal.

Begin a lengthy voiceover of Buffy's final words to Dawn.

Buffy V.O. Dawn, listen to me. Listen.

Shot of Dawn still crying on the platform.

Buffy V.O. I love you. I will **always** love you.

Shot of Buffy in the portal.

Buffy V.O. But this is the work that I have to do.

Long shot of the portal as it shrinks to nothingness and disappears. The sun begins to rise.

Cut to below. Willow and Tara, holding each other up, walk forward. Behind them we can see Giles coming forward too, and Xander holding Anya in his arms. They all walk forward, staring at something we can't see.

Buffy V.O. Tell Giles. . . tell Giles I figured it out. And, and I'm okay.

The camera pulls back and we see they're all looking at Buffy's lifeless body lying amid the debris. In the background we see Spike trying to come forward, falling to the ground as the sunlight hits him.

Cut to closer shot of Spike, his face bloodied.

Cut to closer shot of Willow and Tara as Willow begins to cry.

Buffy V.O. And give my love to my friends.

Shot of Xander and Anya looking sadly at Buffy. Anya lowers her head to Xander's shoulder.

Buffy V.O. You have to take care of them now.

Shot of Giles looking sad.

Buffy V.O. You have to take care of each other.

Giles begins to cry. Cut to Spike with his hands over his face, sobbing.

Buffy V.O. You have to be strong.

Cut to Dawn coming slowly down the stairs, holding her sides, spotting the others.

Buffy V.O. Dawn, the hardest thing in this world. . . is to live in it.

Dawn begins to cry again.

Cut to Buffy giving her speech to Dawn a few minutes ago.

Buffy Be brave. Live.

Cut back to Dawn on the stairs.

Buffy V.O. For me.

Cut to: graveyard, day. It's sunny and pretty with lots of trees and grass. Zoom in slowly on a headstone. A small bunch of flowers lies on the grass in front of it. The headstone reads:

Buffy ANNE SUMMERS

1981-2001

Beloved SISTER

Devoted FRIEND
She SAVED THE WORLD
A LOT

Blackout.

Executive Producer **Joss Whedon.**

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