

# Angel

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## Teaser

(NOTE: THE RE-CAP FOR THIS EPISODE will re-introduce the Master, the Child who rose in episode 5, and Angel and Buffy's relationship.)

INT. MASTER'S LAIR - DARK

DARLA makes her way through the tunnel, stepping down into the church.

The child, COLLIN, sits tossing pebbles in the pool of blood. The Master watches him, his back to Darla. Sensing her, he speaks.

MASTER

Zackery didn't return from the hunt  
last night.

DARLA

The Slayer.

The Master barely controls himself, his hands clenching. His voice still calm.

MASTER

Zackery was strong, and he was  
careful. And still the Slayer  
takes him, as she's taken so many  
of my family. It wears thin.

(to child)

Collin, what would you do about it?

COLLIN

I'd annihilate her.

MASTER

Out of the mouths of babes . . .

DARLA

Let me do it, Master, let me kill  
her for you.

MASTER

You have a personal interest in  
this . . .

DARLA

I never get to have any fun.

MASTER

I will send the Three.

Darla reacts: apparently this is some big guns.

DARLA  
The Three.

CUT TO:

EXT. - STREET - NIGHT

ANGLE: THREE YOUNG THUGS

Three BAD-ASS GANG-TYPES hang out on a deserted corner. You wouldn't want to meet any of them on a dark street -- or a sunny one. They see something o.s.

THREE OTHERS - STRIDING DOWN THE STREET TOWARDS THEM

THE THREE YOUNG THUGS

Straighten up, ready for trouble.

THE THREE OTHERS

Never slowing, break into enough light to see their faces. They're vampires (dressed alike in a kind of medieval uniform) -- the gang-types are bad-asses, these guys are stone killers and did I mention, they're vampires.

THE THREE YOUNG THUGS

Hold their ground for about two seconds, then break and run, getting the hell off the street.

THE THREE VAMPIRE WARRIORS

Stride past, heading down the street. They own the street.

INT. BRONZE - NIGHT

We HEAR a GIRL SCREAM! We hear someone say:

SOMEONE (O.S.)  
Cockroach!

We SEE a bunch of kids near the bar trying to STOMP on something on the floor. WE PAN to a banner: FUMIGATION PARTY - FIND A COCKROACH, GET A FREE DRINK. We PAN back as the kids approach the bar -- one of them drops a dead bug on it and smiles at the bartender as we MOVE TO:

BUFFY AND WILLOW

Sitting on the couches nearby. Buffy stirs her drink idly, lost in thought.

WILLOW  
Hard to believe it's the fumigation  
party already . . .

BUFFY  
Hmm?

WILLOW

It's an annual tradition, the closing of the Bronze for a few days to nuke the cockroaches.

BUFFY

Oh.

WILLOW

It's a lot of fun. What's it like where you are?

BUFFY

I'm sorry. I was just . . . thinking about . . . things. And stuff.

WILLOW

Things and stuff. So we're talking about a guy.

BUFFY

Not exactly. For us to have a conversation about a guy there would have to be a guy for us to have a conversation about. Was that a sentence?

WILLOW

You lack a guy?

BUFFY

I do. Which is fine, most of the time, but . . .

WILLOW

What about Angel?

BUFFY

Angel. Yeah, I can see him in a relationship. "Hi honey, you're in grave danger, see you next month."

WILLOW

He doesn't stay around much, it's true.

BUFFY

He disappears! Every time. Tells me there's trouble then poof. Gone. But when he's around . . . It's like the lights dim everywhere else. You know how that happens with some guys?

WILLOW

Oh yeah.

And Willow gazes off at

THE DANCE FLOOR - WHERE XANDER

is working out, dancing next to a RATHER PRETTY GIRL. Xander smiles at the girl. She nods (rather than smiles) back. He dances closer to her, shows her his best moves, then sees THE RATHER LARGE GUY who is, in fact, dancing with the girl.

Without skipping a beat, he dances out of their lives and off the floor nearly colliding with:

CORDELIA

Please keep your extreme oafishness  
off my two hundred dollar shoes.

XANDER

Sorry. I was just --

CORDELIA

Getting off the floor before Annie  
Vega's boyfriend squashes you like  
a bug?

XANDER

Oh, you saw that. Well, thanks for  
being so understanding and -- I  
don't know what everyone's talking  
about, that outfit doesn't make you  
look like a hooker.

Xander smiles, moves off.

ANGLE - BUFFY AND WILLOW

Xander moves up.

XANDER

Boy that Cordelia's a regular  
breath of vile air -- what are you  
vixens up to?

WILLOW

Just sitting here watching our  
barren lives pass us by. Oh look,  
a cockroach.

She STOMPS on something OUT OF FRAME. Xander looks from Willow to Buffy who's lost in thought.

XANDER

Whoah, stop this crazy whirlygig of  
fun. I'm dizzy.

BUFFY

All right, now I'm infecting those  
near and dear to me. I'll see you  
guys tomorrow.

Buffy gets up.

WILLOW

Don't go . . .

XANDER  
Yeah, it's early! We could, um, dance.

BUFFY  
Raincheck. Night.

She goes. Willow holds her shoe (sole down so we don't see the cockroach) up in front of Xander.

WILLOW  
Want a free drink?

ANGLE - NEAR THE EXIT

As Buffy heads out, we TILT UP to the Balcony. He's hidden at first, but he steps through some FOLKS to watch Buffy leave. It's ANGEL.

ANGLE - BUFFY AT THE DOOR

Almost as if she can sense him, she turns, looks up.

HER POV - THE BALCONY

No Angel. Just party animals. Buffy exits.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Buffy walks alone. It's creepy. A dim SOUND BEHIND HER alerts her senses. She slows, looks back.

HER POV - EMPTY STREET

Buffy walks on. Again she hears a SOUND. She walks some more, stops, doesn't turn around.

BUFFY  
It's late, I'm tired, I don't want  
to play games. Show yourself.

SOMETHING DROPS INTO FRAME behind her. She turns. It's BAD-ASS VAMP  
NUMBER ONE (of the Three.)

BUFFY  
You really should talk to your  
orthodontist about a refund.

Buffy whips a stake out of her jacket. Moves in on the vampire. Raises it high to strike. Her wrist is grabbed from behind by ANOTHER HAND. A POWERFUL HAND. The OTHER TWO VAMPS are behind her.

The one with his hand on her wrist twists it painfully until she drops the stake.

BUFFY  
Hey, ow, okay, I'm letting go. I  
don't want to fight all three of you . . .

She suddenly kicks one of them between the legs.

BUFFY  
. . . unless I have to.

She elbows another as the BIGGEST AND MEANEST one slams her in the back -- she stumbles into the first two who grab her, hold her fast.

BLACK OUT.

END OF TEASER

## Act One

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Buffy in peril, as before. The meanest vamp, fangs bared, inches toward her neck when he's grabbed by the neck --

VOICE  
Good dogs don't bite.

The meanest vamp turns, sees Angel -- who smashes him in the face.

This distracts the other two -- Buffy wrenches her arms free, grabs them by the hair and smashes their heads together.

Angel and the mean vamp trade kicks and punches. Angel's fast and deadly. He ducks a punch and blocks a kick by catching the meanest vamp's boot and hurling him back into

A WROUGHT IRON FENCE

Meanwhile, Buffy hits vamp 2, elbows vamp 3. Vamp 2 sweep-kicks her off her feet. She goes down.

Angel closes in on the meanest vamp -- but vamp 3 hits him from behind. He turns to battle vamp 3.

Buffy, on her back, kicks vamp 2, leaps to her feet, sees the meanest vamp RIP A POINTED IRON spike right off the wrought iron fence and come at Angel from behind.

BUFFY  
Look out!

Angel spins, sees the spike, jumps back -- not quite fast enough -- he's slashed in his ribs.

Buffy bolts to them as the mean vamp slashes again -- and gets Buffy's foot in his face, knocking him down.

BUFFY  
Run!

They do, rounding a corner as the vamps struggle to their feet and give chase.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREETS - NIGHT

Buffy and Angel run down the street. He's holding his wounded side.

EXT. BUFFY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Buffy and Angel run to the front door. The vamps are very close. Buffy opens the door, herds Angel inside.

BUFFY  
Get in! Come on!

She is shutting the door as the meanest vampire leaps onto the porch, grabbing for her. She slams the door on his hand -- it withdraws -- and she shuts it. Looks out the window, worried.

ANGEL  
It's all right. A vampire can't  
come in unless it's invited.

BUFFY  
I heard that, but I never put it to  
the test before.

She looks out and sees:

ANGLE: ON THE PORCH

The Vamps back into the darkness, but they don't leave.

Buffy turns from the window to Angel, concerned about his wound.

BUFFY  
I'll get some bandages, take your jacket and shirt off.

She exits into:

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

She gets the first aid kit. Angel follows her in, slipping out of his shirt. She takes a moment to register the fact of Angel naked from the waist up.

BUFFY  
Nice tattoo.

He has a WINGED LION tattoo behind his left shoulder. She moves to him, bandages him under:

BUFFY  
I was lucky you came along. How did  
you happen to come along anyway?

ANGEL  
I live nearby. I was just out walking.

BUFFY  
So you weren't following me? I had

this feeling you were . . .

ANGEL  
Why would I do that?

BUFFY  
You tell me, you're the Mystery Guy  
who appears out of nowhere -- I'm  
not saying I'm not happy about it  
tonight -- but if you are hanging  
around me I'd like to know why.

She finishes the bandage, straightens up, quite close to him.

ANGEL  
Maybe I like you.

BUFFY  
"Maybe"?

They hear the SOUND of the front door opening.

INT. BUFFY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Buffy bolts to the front door as JOYCE unlocks it, enters. Buffy scans the darkness for vampires, pulls her mom in.

JOYCE  
Honey, what are you . . . ?

BUFFY  
There's a lot of weird people out  
at night, I just feel better with  
you safe and sound inside.  
(closes and locks door)  
You must be beat.

JOYCE  
I am. I hate inventory, we're just  
a little gallery but you have no  
idea how much paper work --

BUFFY  
Why don't you go upstairs, get in  
bed, I'll make you some hot tea --

JOYCE  
That's sweet. What did you do?

BUFFY  
What do you mean? I didn't do  
anything -- I'm concerned about  
your needs, can't a daughter --

JOYCE  
Hi.

Buffy follows Joyce's gaze to Angel (shirt and jacket on) who has entered from the

kitchen.

BUFFY

Oh. Mom, this is Angel, Angel this is my mom. I just happened to . . . run into him on my way home.

ANGEL

Hello, nice to meet you.

JOYCE

What do you do, Angel?

Angel hesitates, Buffy dives right in:

BUFFY

He's a student. First year community college. Angel's been helping me with my history. You know I've been toiling there.

JOYCE

It's a little late for tutoring. I'm going to bed and, Buffy?

BUFFY

I'll say goodnight and do the same.

JOYCE

Nice to meet you.

She heads upstairs. Off Buffy's innocent expression.

INT. BUFFY'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Moments later. Buffy holds the door open, talks (a little loudly) to NO ONE on the doorstep.

BUFFY

Good night, we'll hook up soon and do the study thing.

She shuts the door. Angel is inside, behind Buffy. She motions him to follow her upstairs. Up they go.

Buffy and Angel slip in, she checks the hall, shuts the door. They speak quietly.

ANGEL

Look, I don't want to get you in any more trouble.

BUFFY

And I don't want to get you dead -- they could still be out there. So, one bed, two of us -- that doesn't work -- you're wounded, you take  
ANGEL  
I'll take the floor.  
(she gives him a look)

Believe me, I've had worse.

BUFFY

Why don't you see if the Fang Gang  
is loitering and keep your back  
turned while I change.

He smiles, moves to the window, dutifully turns his back. She changes into her night wear under:

ANGEL

I don't see them . . .

BUFFY

You know, I'm the Chosen One.  
It's my job to fight guys like that.  
What's your excuse?

ANGEL

Somebody has to.

BUFFY

Well, what does your family think  
of your career choice?

ANGEL

They're dead.

She stops, turns. She's dressed in a t-shirt and p.j. pants.

BUFFY

Was it vampires?

ANGEL

(turns also)

It was.

BUFFY

I'm sorry.

ANGEL

It was a long while ago.

BUFFY

So this is a vengeance gig for you?

Beat.

ANGEL

You even look pretty when you go to  
sleep?

BUFFY

(accepts the dodge)

Well, when I wake up it's a whole  
different story. Sleep tight.

She hands him a pillow, gets into bed. He takes off his jacket, lies down by the bed.

They lie there in the moonlight for a beat.

BUFFY  
Angel?

ANGEL  
Hmmm?

BUFFY  
Do you snore?

ANGEL  
I don't know, it's been a long time  
since anyone was in a position to  
let me know.

She smiles: good. Off the two of them.

EXT. SUNNYDALE HIGH - DAY - ESTABLISHING

XANDER (O.S.)  
He spent the night?

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Giles (text in hand) paces, concerned as Willow, Buffy and Xander (who can not believe what he's just heard) talk.

XANDER  
In your room? In your bed?!

BUFFY  
Not in my bed, by my bed.

WILLOW  
That is so romantic.

XANDER  
That is the moral decline that's  
eating our country out of house (off their looks)  
You know what I mean.

WILLOW  
Wow. Did you, uh, I mean did he,  
uh . . .

BUFFY  
Perfect gentleman.

XANDER  
Oh come on, Buffy, wake up and  
smell the seduction, it's the  
oldest trick in the book.

BUFFY  
Saving my life, getting slashed in

the ribs?

XANDER

Duh. Guys'll do anything to impress a girl. I once drank an entire gallon of Gatorade without taking  
WILLOW  
It was pretty impressive. Although later on there was an ick factor --

GILES

-- Could I just steer this riveting conversation back to the events that took place earlier in the evening? You left the Bronze and were set upon by three unusually virile vampires . . .

Giles shows her ENGRAVING in text: three WARRIOR VAMPS.

GILES

Did they look like this?

BUFFY

Yeah, what's with the uniforms?

GILES

You encountered the Three -- warrior vampires, very proud and strong.

WILLOW

How is it you always know this stuff? You always know what's going on -- I never know what's going on.

GILES

(points to pile of books)  
Yes, well, you weren't here from midnight to six researching it.

WILLOW

No, I was sleeping.

GILES

(to Buffy)

You're really starting to hurt the Master, he wouldn't send the Three for just anyone.

(to Buffy)

We must step up our training with weapons . . .

XANDER

Buff, you better stay at my place until these Samurai-guys are history.

(she tries to speak)

Don't worry about Angel. Willow can run over to your house and tell

him to get out of town fast.

GILES

Buffy and Angel aren't in immediate jeopardy. Eventually the Master will send others but the Three, having failed, will now offer up their own lives as penance.

XANDER

And what if he doesn't take their lives?

GILES

Oh right, I forgot, the Master's such a kind and forgiving sort of chap.

INT. MASTER'S LAIR

The Three kneel before the Master. Darla and Collin watch as the Meanest Vamp offers the Master a long and sharp impaling spear. The Meanest Vamp looks up, the other two keep their faces down (and thus out of prosthetics.)

MEANEST VAMP

We failed in our duty, our lives belong to you now.

The Master puts aside the spear, moves to Collin.

MASTER

Pay attention, child, with power comes responsibility. True, they did fail, but also true: we who walk at night share a common bond.

The taking of a life -- I'm not speaking about humans of course -- is a serious matter.

The Mean Vamp can't help but look up for a moment, bright hope suddenly alive in his eyes.

COLLIN

So you would spare them?

MASTER

(glances at Darla, then:)

I am weary and their deaths would bring me little joy.

The Master moves off with Collin.

ANGLE: DARLA

SHOVES the spear through the mean vamp from behind. Glee in her eyes.

MASTER

Of course, sometimes a little is

enough.

EXT. SUNNYDALE HIGH - DAY - ESTABLISHING

INT. HALL OUTSIDE LIBRARY - DAY

Sign on library doors: CLOSED FOR FILING - PLEASE COME BACK TOMORROW. In one of the little porthole windows, we see Giles' face just before he lowers a cover blotting out both windows.

Giles locks the doors. He is in his shirtsleeves (rolled up), no jacket or tie.

BUFFY'S VOICE  
Cool, a crossbow.

Giles moves to Buffy (who wears a sweatshirt and tight dark pants.) She is pouring over a large chest o' weapons (nunchuks, swords, bow and arrows, etc.) She pulls out a deadly looking metal crossbow and several STEEL-TIPPED ARROWS.

BUFFY  
(re: arrows)  
And look at these babies, goodbye  
stakes, hello flying fatality.  
(looks around)  
What can I shoot?

GILES  
(takes crossbow from her)  
Nothing. The crossbow comes after  
you prove your proficiency with the  
jousting poles which, incidentally,  
training.

He tosses her a big jousting pole.

BUFFY  
Giles, twentieth century, I'm not  
gonna be fighting Fryer Tuck.

GILES  
You never know whom -- or what --  
you may be fighting. And these  
traditions have been handed down  
through the ages, show me good,  
steady progress with the jousting  
and in due time we'll discuss  
the crossbow.  
(dons padded headgear)  
Now put on your pads.

BUFFY  
I'm not gonna need pads for you.

GILES  
(accepting her challenge)  
We'll see about that. En garde.

And Giles leaps into a pretty impressive jousting position. Buffy twirls her pole a

couple of times then engages Giles.

They block and parry several times and then she wipes the floor with him, hitting him high, low and in the middle a bunch of times and knocking him flat on his ass.  
GILES - on the floor, breathing hard; takes off head gear.

GILES

Good. Let's move on to the crossbow.

EXT. BUFFY'S HOUSE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

INT. BUFFY'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Buffy and Joyce eat dinner (grilled chicken breast, veggies, bread).

JOYCE

I have to call the exterminator, I heard mice or something upstairs today . . .

BUFFY

I bet they'll go away in a day or so -- are those new curtains?

Joyce turns to look. Buffy empties most of her chicken, etc. into a large plastic baggie in her lap. Joyce turns back.

JOYCE

Aunt Lolly made those when you were five.

BUFFY

What am I thinking? I know what I'm thinking, more protein. Your chicken rocks, Mom.

Buffy gets up, serves herself some more.

JOYCE

We have an appetite tonight. So tell me about this young man Angel. When are you going to see him again?

BUFFY

(small glance upwards)  
Soon . . .

JOYCE

He's doing more than helping you with your history, isn't he?  
(nothing from Buffy)  
I mean you've got Willow for that, plus I saw the way you looked at each other. We've talked about taking these things slowly. You know how a glacier moves a few feet every year? That kind of slowly.

BUFFY

Okay, so slower than you and Dad  
took it.

JOYCE

Touche'. Do you want to hear the  
lecture or do you know it by heart?

BUFFY

You were young, you were in love,  
what you weren't was through with  
college, focused on a career  
and . . . no help from the audience,  
please, in possession of your own  
identity.

JOYCE

That pretty much covers it.  
(notes Buffy's plate)  
You cleaned your plate again?

INT. BUFFY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Buffy slips in, closes the door behind her. Steps into the room, looking for:

BUFFY

(softly)  
Angel?

He appears out of the dark, startling her.

BUFFY

Don't do that. Brought you some  
dinner.

(holds up baggie)

It's a little plateless, what'd you  
do all day, anyway?

ANGEL

I read a little . . .

(indicates bookcase)

. . . and just thought about a lot of  
things. Buffy, I --

BUFFY

-- my diary? You read my diary?

She marches to the bookcase, holds up a diary that was lying open.

ANGEL

I --

BUFFY

(gesturing with diary)

-- That is not okay, a diary is a  
person's most private place and you  
don't even know what I was writing  
about, "Hunk" can mean a lot of  
things, bad things, and where it

says your eyes are "penetrating" I  
meant to write "bulgy".

Angel smiles.

ANGEL  
Buffy --

BUFFY  
And for your information "A" does  
not stand for Angel, it stands  
for . . . Achmed, a charming foreign  
exchange student and so that whole  
fantasy part has nothing to do with --

ANGEL  
Your mother moved your diary when  
she came in to straighten up, I  
watched her from the closet. I  
didn't read it, I swear.

BUFFY  
(oh good)  
Oh.  
(oh god)  
Ohhhhh.

ANGEL  
I did a lot of thinking today, I  
can't really be around you . . .

She nods, absorbing this.

ANGEL  
Because when I am . . .

BUFFY  
Hey, no big. Water over the bridge --

ANGEL  
. . . all I can think about is how  
badly I want to kiss you --

BUFFY  
-- it's under the bridge, over  
the dam, kiss me?

ANGEL  
I'm older than you and this  
can't ever . . .  
(opens window)  
. . . I better go.

BUFFY  
. . . how much older?

He hesitates. They look in each other's eyes.

ANGEL

I really should . . .

BUFFY  
Go, you said.

He reaches for her, she moves to him. He takes her in his arms and they kiss, tender, tentative. Then it grows more passionate. And then he's suddenly and a little violently trying to pull himself free.

Angel moves back and we see that he is a VAMPIRE. It's sudden, shocking and Buffy lets out a mortal SCREAM. Angel dives out the window.

EXT. BUFFY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Angel rolls off roof, hits the ground, and runs away.

INT. BUFFY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Joyce comes running into the room.

JOYCE  
Buffy, what happened?

BUFFY  
Nothing . . . I saw a shadow.

Off Buffy,

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

## Act Two

EXT. SUNNYDALE HIGH - DAY

KIDS arriving in the morning. A noticeably shaken Buffy walks with Xander, Willow, Giles.

WILLOW  
Angel's a vampire?

BUFFY  
I can't believe this is  
happening . . . one minute we're  
kissing, the next minute . . .  
(to Giles)  
. . . can a vampire ever been a good  
person? Couldn't it happen?

GILES  
A vampire isn't a person at all.  
It may have the movements, the  
memories, even the personality of  
the person it takes over, but it is  
a demon at the core. There's no  
halfway.

WILLOW  
So that's a no, huh?

BUFFY  
Well then what was he doing? Why was he . . . good to me? Was it all some part of the Master's plan? It doesn't make **sense**.

She sits on one of the benches in front of school. Xander sits next to her.

XANDER  
All right, you have a problem and it's not a small one. Let's just take a breath and look at this calmly and objectively.

Buffy looks at him -- he's making sense.

XANDER  
Angel's a vampire, you're a Slayer -- it's obvious what you have to do.

Buffy looks to Giles.

GILES  
It is the Slayer's duty.

None of them notice Cordelia approaching in b.g.

XANDER  
I know you have feelings but it's not like you're in love with him or anything, right?

Buffy's expression tells us she just might be. Xander loses his cool.

XANDER  
You're in love with a vampire?! Are you out of your mind?

Cordelia is standing right next to him. Her eyes go wide and she gasps. They look up, realize she's staring right at him.

XANDER  
Not vampire, I mean . . .  
(to Buffy)  
How can you love an umpire?  
Everybody hates them!

CORDELIA  
(to someone O.S.)  
Where did you get that dress?!

They follow her gaze past Xander to ANOTHER GIRL in the exact same outfit as Cordelia. Cordelia fingers her own dress.

CORDELIA

This is a one of a kind Todd  
Oldham. Do you have any idea  
how much it cost?

Cordelia marches to the girl, grabs at the back of her dress, trying to read the label.

CORDELIA  
It's a knock-off, isn't it?

The girl backs away from Cordelia and they disappear into the morning throng as:

CORDELIA  
It's a cheesy knock-off. This is  
what happens when you sign these  
Free Trade Agreements . . .

ANGLE - Buffy, Willow, Xander and Giles.

BUFFY  
And we think we have problems.

A BELL rings.

WILLOW  
Oh boy, time for geometry.  
(off Xander and Buffy's looks)  
It's fun if you make it fun.

They move off.

INT. SCHOOL HALL - DAY

The last of several KIDS enter rooms and the hall is quiet. Except . . . for Xander at a drinking fountain. Drinking up a storm. A nearby CLASS DOOR opens, Willow exits.

WILLOW  
Geometry's starting.

XANDER  
Yup.

WILLOW  
But you're out here drinking.

XANDER  
Again I say, yup.

WILLOW  
Something's bothering you. Buffy.

XANDER  
Buffy? Why would Buffy be  
bothering me?

WILLOW  
Cause you kinda got a thing there  
and she kinda has a thing . . .

elsewhere.

XANDER

It's just . . . this guy Angel, the research is in, he's a vampire -- still she likes him better than me.

WILLOW

She doesn't like him 'cause he's a vampire, I know she's not down with that part.

XANDER

Love sucks. Ever since I was in grammar school it's the same old dance . . . you dig someone, they dig someone else. And then that someone else digs someone else.

WILLOW

That's the dance.

XANDER

I mean, I'm right for her. I'm the guy. I know it. She's so stupid! She's not stupid. But . . . it's too much. We're such good buds, I'm **this** close to her, and she doesn't have a clue how I feel. And wouldn't care if she did. It's killing me.

He exits into class. She stands alone a moment.

WILLOW

Gee, what's that like?

EXT. APT. BUILDING - DAY - ESTABLISHING - (STOCK?)

INT. BASEMENT APARTMENT - DAY

Simple but coolly furnished, almost no natural light. A couple of very high windows with shades that open onto the SIDEWALK outside. The front door is unlocked and Angel enters. It's dark in here but he instantly senses someone.

ANGEL

Who's here?

DARLA (O.S.)

A friend.

Darla (who is never in vampire make-up unless indicated) emerges out of the shadows.

DARLA

Hi. It's been a while.

ANGEL

A lifetime.

DARLA  
Or two, but who's counting.

ANGEL  
What's with the Catholic-School  
Girl look. Last time I saw you it  
was Kimonos.

DARLA  
And last time I saw you it wasn't  
high school girls. Don't cha' like?  
(twirls her plaid skirt)  
Remember Budapest, turn of the  
century, you were such a bad boy  
during that earthquake.

ANGEL  
You did some damage yourself.

DARLA  
Is there anything better than a  
natural disaster: the panic, the  
people lost in the streets, like  
picking fruit off the vine.

She moves around the apartment.

DARLA  
Nice. You're living above ground,  
like one of them. You and your new  
friend are attacking us, like one  
of them. But guess what, precious,  
you're not once of them . . .

She grabs a pull-string on a shade, snaps it open. A BEAM of SUNLIGHT hits Angel who shouts in pain and jumps back.

DARLA  
. . . are you?

ANGEL  
No, but I'm not exactly one of you,  
either.

She moves to him, close.

DARLA  
Is that what you tell yourself  
these days? You and I both know the  
things you hunger for, the things  
you need. Hey, nothing to be  
ashamed of, it's who we are, it's  
what makes Eternal life  
worth living.  
(caresses his chest)  
You can only suppress your real  
nature for so long . . . I can feel it

brewing inside you. I hope I'm  
around when it explodes.

ANGEL  
Maybe you don't want to be.

DARLA  
I'm not afraid of you. I'll bet  
she is, though.

She heads for the door.

DARLA  
Or maybe I'm underestimating her.  
Talk to her. Tell her about the  
curse. Maybe she'll come around.  
And if she still doesn't trust  
you . . . you know where I'll be.

She goes. Hold Angel.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Xander, Willow and Buffy sit at the table.

GILES (O.S.)  
Here's something at last!

Xander jumps about a foot out of his chair as Giles suddenly appears out of the stacks.

XANDER  
Can you please warn us before you  
do that?

Giles holds some aged DIARIES.

GILES  
Nothing about Angel in the texts,  
but then it occurred to me it's  
been ages since I read the diaries  
of the Watchers who came before me.

WILLOW  
(to Buffy)  
That must have been so embarrassing  
when you thought he'd read your  
diary but then he hadn't but then  
it turned out he felt the same  
way that --  
(to Giles)  
-- I'm listening.

GILES  
(re: one diary)  
There's mention over two hundred  
years ago in Ireland of Angelus,  
the one with the angelic face.

BUFFY  
They got that right.

Xander snorts. Willow looks at him.

XANDER  
I'm not saying anything, I have  
nothing to say.

GILES  
Does your Angel -- this Angel --  
have a tattoo behind his right  
shoulder?

BUFFY  
(nods)  
A bird or something.

XANDER  
Now I'm saying something. You saw  
him naked?

WILLOW  
So Angel's been around for a while.

GILES  
Not that long for a vampire, two  
hundred and forty years or so.

BUFFY  
(small laugh)  
Two hundred and forty. Well, he  
did say he was older.

GILES  
(re: another diary)  
Angelus leaves Ireland, wreaks  
havoc in Europe for several  
decades. Then, about eighty years  
ago, a most curious thing  
happens . . .  
(re: third diary)  
. . . he comes to America where he  
shuns other vampires and lives  
alone. There's no record of him  
hunting here . . .

WILLOW  
So he is a good vampire. I mean  
on a scale of one to ten, ten being  
someone who's out there killing and  
maiming every night and one being  
someone who's . . . not . . .

GILES  
There's no record but . . . vampires  
hunt and kill, it's what they do.

XANDER

Fish gotta swim, birds gotta fly.

BUFFY

He could have fed on me, he didn't.

XANDER

Question, the hundred years or so before he came to our shores, what was he like then?

GILES

Like all of them, a vicious, violent animal.

Off Buffy.

INT. MASTER'S LAIR

Darla is before the Master, importuning.

DARLA

Don't think I'm not grateful, you letting me kill the Three . . .

MASTER

How can my children learn if I do everything for them?

DARLA

But you've got to let me take care of the Slayer.

MASTER

Oh, you're giving me orders now.

DARLA

Okay, let's just do nothing while she takes us out one by one.

MASTER

Do I sense a plan, Darla? Share.

DARLA

Angel kills her and comes back to the fold.

MASTER

Angel. He was the most vicious creature I ever met. I miss him.

DARLA

So do I.

MASTER

Why would he kill her if he feels for her?

DARLA

To keep her from killing him.

Master smiles, he likes the plan. Turns to Collin:

MASTER

You see how we all work together  
for the common good? That's how a  
family is supposed to function.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Buffy and Willow are studying. Or rather Willow is studying and Buffy is thinking  
about Angel.

WILLOW

Okay, so Reconstruction began,  
when? Buffy?

BUFFY

Huh? Reconstruction? It began after  
the, ah, construction which was  
shoddy and so they had to  
reconstruct --

WILLOW

After the destruction of the Civil War.

BUFFY

Right. The Civil War, during which  
Angel was already like a hundred  
and change.

WILLOW

Are we going to talk about boys  
or are we going to help you  
pass history?  
(beat, shuts text)  
Sometimes I have this fantasy that  
Xander is going to just grab me and  
kiss me, right on the lips.

BUFFY

You want Xander to . . . you got to  
speak up, girl.

WILLOW

No, no, no. No speaking up. That  
way leads to madness and sweaty  
palms.

ANGLE - ONE OF THE DOORS IN BACK

It leads to more books. Darla appears, unnoticed, cracks the door to listen.

WILLOW

Okay, here's something I gotta know:  
when Angel kissed you, I mean before  
he turned into . . . how was it?

BUFFY  
Unbelievable.

Beat.

WILLOW  
Wow. And it is kind of novel how  
he'll stay young and handsome  
forever -- although you'll still  
get wrinkly and die -- oooo, and  
what about the children -- I'll be  
quiet now.

BUFFY  
No, speak up. I've got to get over  
him so I can . . .

WILLOW  
So you can . . .?

Willow mimes "staking" someone and makes a stabbing noise.

BUFFY  
Like Xander said, I'm a Slayer,  
he's a vampire.  
(beat)  
Oh god, I can't. He's never done  
anything to hurt me. I gotta stop  
thinking about this.  
(opens text)  
Give me another half hour, maybe  
something will sink in. Then I'm  
going home for some major moping.

ANGLE - DOOR IN BACK - Darla quietly removes a couple of books and leaves as:

WILLOW  
The era of congressional  
Reconstruction, usually called  
Radical Reconstruction, lasted ten  
years . . .

INT. BUFFY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Joyce works at the table, pouring over paperwork. Hears a NOISE, looks up.  
Nothing.

JOYCE  
Buffy?

No answer. Joyce starts working again and there is another NOISE -- outside,  
perhaps. Joyce stand, a little spooked. She goes to the back door, peers out the  
window. Nothing.

CLOSE ON: JOYCE

She turns, brow furrowed. Looks toward the hall. As she moves away from the  
window we see Darla is right outside the window behind her in full grinning vampire

mode. A moment more and Darla moves silently and quickly from the window.

INT. DINING ROOM/FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Joyce enters, still looking around tentatively. The doorbell RINGS and Joyce jumps, startled.

Joyce goes to the door, looks through peephole, opens it. Darla, looking friendly and innocent (and unvamped), school books in hand, is on the front porch.

JOYCE  
Hello . . .?

DARLA  
Hi. I'm Darla, a friend of Buffy's?

JOYCE  
Oh, nice to meet you.

DARLA  
She didn't mention anything about me coming over for a study date?

JOYCE  
No. I thought she was studying with Willow at the library.

DARLA  
Oh, she is, Willow's the Civil War expert, but then I was supposed to help her with the War of Independence. My family kind of goes back to those days.

JOYCE  
I know she's supposed to be home soon. Would you like to come in and wait?

DARLA  
That's very nice of you to invite me into your home.

Her phrasing sounds a little odd, but not a big deal to Joyce.

JOYCE  
. . . you're welcome.  
(Darla enters; re: paperwork)  
I've been wrestling the I.R.S. all night -- would you like something to eat?

DARLA  
(studying Joyce's neck)JOYCE  
Let's see what we have.

Darla follows her:

INT. BUFFY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Joyce rummages in cupboards, the fridge.

JOYCE  
Do you feel like something little  
or something big?

DARLA  
Something big.

ANGLE - SHOOTING OVER JOYCE TO DARLA

We see that Darla is now a vampire!

EXT. BUFFY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Angel walks up, moves to the front door, reaches for doorbell, thinks better of it, moves away.

That's when he hears the big SCREAM coming from the back of the house. He bolts to the back.

INT. BUFFY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Angel bursts in. Darla has her teeth in Joyce's neck. Joyce is weak and out of it, not cognizant of much.

ANGEL  
Let her go.

Darla leans her head back, laughs, holding Joyce around the waist like a limp doll.

DARLA  
I only took a little, there's  
plenty more. Aren'tcha hungry for  
something warm after all this time?

Angel hesitates, starting to breathe a little harder.

DARLA  
Come on, Angel . . .

Angel, breathing harder still, shakes his head "no".

DARLA  
Just say yes.

She heaves Joyce into Angel's arms. Angel MORPHS into a vampire.

DARLA  
Welcome home.

She fades back, leaving the two of them together. Angel doesn't even see her go, he is staring at the pinpricks of blood on Joyce's neck.

Darla slips out the door.

Angel shuts his eyes, trying to control himself. Opens them. Moves his head down toward Joyce's neck --

BUFFY (O.S.)  
Hi mom . . .

Buffy appears from the hall entry.

BUFFY  
. . . I'm home.

She freezes, seeing Angel in vamp mode poised over her unconscious mother. Her eyes dart to the small but distinctive wound in her mother's neck, then to Angel's terrifying face. Off Buffy:

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

## Act Three

EXT. BUFFY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The house sits silent in the cool night.

ANGEL COMES CRASHING through the front window and lands in a heap on the lawn. He gets up, looks back.

BUFFY  
(quiet hatred)  
You're not welcome here. Come near  
us and I'll kill you.

He looks at her a beat -- then moves off into the night. Buffy watches for a second from the broken window, turns and runs:

INT. BUFFY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Buffy races to her mother on the kitchen floor.

BUFFY  
Mom, mom can you hear me?

Joyce groans, she's alive. Buffy grabs the phone, punches in 911.

BUFFY  
(into phone)  
I need an ambulance, sixteen-thirty  
Revello Drive. My mother . . . cut  
herself, she's lost a lot of  
blood . . . please hurry --

The back door opens and Willow and Xander enter.

XANDER

Hey, Buffy, we -- Oh my god.

WILLOW  
What happened?

BUFFY  
Angel.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING (STOCK?)

INT. HOSPITAL - HALL - NIGHT

Giles moves down the hall fast, wheels into:

INT. HOSPITAL - JOYCE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Joyce is in bed, resting, a small bandage on her neck. Buffy is next to her. Willow and Xander stand nearby.

BUFFY  
Do you remember anything, mom?

JOYCE  
Just . . . your friend came over, I  
was going to make a snack . . .

Buffy turns, glares at Giles, Willow and Xander.

BUFFY  
My friend . . .

JOYCE  
I guess I slipped and cut my neck  
on . . . the doctor said it looked  
like a barbeque fork, we don't  
have a barbeque fork . . .  
(re: Giles)  
Are you another doctor?

BUFFY  
Mom, this is Mr. Giles.

JOYCE  
The librarian from your school?  
What's he . . .?

GILES  
I just came to pay my respects,  
wish you a speedy recovery.

JOYCE  
(a tad woozy)  
Boy, the teachers really do care  
in this town . . .

BUFFY

Mom, get some rest now.

Buffy gives Joyce a kiss on the cheek. Turns to go.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALL OUTSIDE JOYCE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Buffy, Giles, Willow and Xander exit into hall.

BUFFY

The doctor says she's going to be okay. They gave her some iron, her blood count's a little . . .

Buffy takes a moment to control her feelings.

GILES

A little low, it presents like a mild anemia . . . you're lucky you got to her as soon as you did.

BUFFY

Lucky and oh-so-stupid.

XANDER

Buff, this isn't your fault.

BUFFY

Oh no? I invited him into my home. And even after I knew who he was -- what he was -- I didn't do anything about it. Because I had feelings, because I cared about him.

WILLOW

If you care about somebody . . .  
(glance at Xander)  
. . . you care about them. You can't change that just by --

BUFFY

Killing them? Maybe not, but it's a start.

A beat. No one's going to argue with this.

XANDER

We'll keep an eye on your mom.

BUFFY

Thanks. The Three found me near the Bronze and so did he. He lives nearby . . .  
(starts to go, Giles stops her)

GILES

This is no ordinary vampire -- if there is such a thing -- he knows you, he's faced the Three, I think it's going to take more than

simple stake.

BUFFY  
So do I.

CUT TO:

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

ANGLE: THE CROSSBOW

Buffy pulls the crossbow and several steel arrows out of Giles' weapons chest. Feels the point of an arrow -- sharp. Locks an arrow onto crossbow -- KA-CHING -- it's a killing tool.

CUT TO:

INT. ANGEL'S APT. - CONTINUOUS

Darla is working Angel, circling him as he sits brooding in a chair.

DARLA  
She's out hunting you right now.  
She wants to kill you.

ANGEL  
Leave me alone.

DARLA  
What did you think? Did you think  
she'd understand? That she would  
look at your face -- your true face  
-- and give you a kiss?

She says kiss close enough to be kissing him herself. They lock eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Buffy comes out of the office loaded for bear, crossbow in hand and four shafts stuck in her belt.

She looks around for something to test it on. She stands near the check-out desk, sights on the back wall. Next to one of the doors in back is a poster of a senior boy (an anti smoking ad or some such.)

Buffy aims, pulls the trigger -- VOOM! the arrow flies -- and hits him in the heart with deadly force. Buffy, satisfied, slings the crossbow over her shoulder and heads out.

CUT TO:

INT. ANGEL'S APT. - CONTINUOUS

Darla is still at him, and it seems to be working.

DARLA

For a hundred years you've not had  
a moment's peace 'cause you will  
not accept who you are. That's all  
you have to do. Accept it. Don't  
let her hunt you down, don't  
whimper and mewl like a mangy  
human. Kill. Feed. **Live.**

He rises and SLAMS her against the wall, holding her wrists. An animal behind his eyes.

ANGEL  
All **right.**

DARLA  
What do you want?

ANGEL  
I want it finished.

DARLA  
That's good.  
(re: his hands on her)  
You're hurting me. That's good,  
too . . .

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - HALL - NIGHT

A NURSE moves past. Giles leans against the wall, thinking. Xander stands next to him in a bit of a daze, staring at Giles' coat for a long moment.

GILES  
What?

XANDER  
Why do they call it tweed?

Willow emerges from Joyce's room.

WILLOW  
(to Giles)  
Buffy's mom is asking for you.

Giles disappears into Joyce's room.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS - NIGHT

Buffy hunts. She rounds a corner, sees someone moving along the street, keeping to the shadows. She follows.

EXT. BRONZE - NIGHT

Deserted. Big sign next to the door -- CLOSED FOR FUMIGATION, OPENING BASH THIS SATURDAY! Buffy moves past, crossbow held down and somewhat out of sight

in her hand.

She HEARS the sound of GLASS BREAKING above her. Looks up. Then moves along the side of the Bronze until she comes to a metal ladder attached to the sheet metal wall. She starts up the ladder.

CUT TO:

INT. JOYCE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Giles is next to Joyce who is still a little groggy.

JOYCE

She talks about you all the time . . .  
it's important to have teachers who  
make an impression . . .

GILES

She makes quite an impression  
herself.

JOYCE

I know she's having trouble with  
history. Is it too difficult for  
her or is she not applying herself?

GILES

She lives very much in the now and  
of course history is very much  
about "the then", but there's no  
reason . . .

JOYCE

She's studying with Willow, she's  
studying with Darla, she is  
trying . . .

GILES

Darla. I don't believe I know . . .

JOYCE

Her friend, the one who came over  
tonight.

GILES

Darla came to your house tonight,  
she was the friend you mentioned  
earlier?

JOYCE

Poor thing, I probably frightened  
her half to death when I fainted.  
Someone should make sure she's all  
right.

GILES

Yes, someone should, right away.  
(heads for door)

I'll do it.

And he's out of the room.

JOYCE  
That school is amazing.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Giles moves out of Joyce's room, fast, to Willow and Xander.

GILES  
We've got a problem.

CUT TO:

INT. BRONZE - NIGHT

It's empty. CAMERA DRIFTS UP to the balcony. Buffy lets herself in through the broken window.

She prowls the balcony, crossbow in hand. Doesn't find him.

She heads downstairs.

WIDER ANGLE - from the stage side -- Buffy is small in frame as she creeps downstairs, crossbow ready. Something LARGE enters frame in f.g.

ANGEL - watches her move away from him, towards the bar.

BUFFY - sensing him, spins around, aiming towards the stage.

He's not there.

She continues her prowl. Moves toward the bar. Hears the floor boards squeak from the direction of the dance floor. She aims the crossbow into the darkness, looking for him.

BUFFY  
I know you're there . . .

She aims the bow this way and that, trying to find him.

BUFFY  
And I finally know what you are.

ANGEL'S VOICE  
Do you . . .

She zeros in on the right side of the stage. But suddenly his voice comes from the left.

ANGEL'S VOICE  
I'm just an animal, right?

BUFFY  
You're not an animal. Animals I

like.

She quickly shifts her weapon to the left. Angel steps out of the darkness on her right -- and much closer than she (or we) was expecting. We see he is now a VAMPIRE.

ANGEL  
Let's get it done.

He charges her. EXTREMELY FAST. It takes her a second to adjust, but she does, bringing the crossbow up, sighting and FIRING! Angel hits the pool table and vaults straight up to the balcony as --

The arrow shoots across the club, missing him. We HEAR it THWANG into a far wall.

Buffy loads another arrow, creeps around the pool table, aiming up into the dark hole. She sights one side of the hole, then another -- then he drops down behind her from the stairs.

She spins. Too late. He knocks the bow out of her arms. She punches. He blocks. He punches, she gets hit. She lands a kick and punches him in the ribs where he was wounded. He HOWLS in pain and rage, leaps for her. Just misses as she:

Ducks and dives to the ground, scrambling for the crossbow, gets her hands on it.

He's coming at her from behind. She spins, aims the crossbow. He stops. She's got a good, clean shot. Off the two of them,

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

## Act Four

INT. BRONZE - NIGHT

Buffy and Angel face off as before.

HER FINGER begins to tighten on the crossbow's trigger.

ANGLE - shooting over the steel-tipped arrow and crossbow into Buffy's face. She's gonna kill him.

ANGLE - (C.G.I.) Angel's vampire face. It morphs into his regular face.

ANGLE - Buffy. Seeing him this way, she hesitates.

ANGEL  
Come on. Don't go soft on me now.

Buffy tightens her finger on the trigger even more, then swings the crossbow wide and fires. An arrow sinks into the wall behind (and wide of) Angel.

She gets to her feet. They're both angry, breathing hard.

ANGEL  
(re: shot)

A little wide . . .

BUFFY

Why? Why didn't you just attack me when you had the chance? Was it just a joke? To make me feel for you and then . . . I've killed a lot of vampires. I've never hated one before.

ANGEL

Feels good, doesn't it? Feels simple.

BUFFY

You play me like a fool. Come into my home. And then you attack my family . . .

ANGEL

Why not? I killed mine.

He starts closing in on her. She backs up ever so slightly.

ANGEL

I killed their friends, and their friends' children. For a hundred years I offered an ugly death to everyone I met. And I did it with a song in my heart.

BUFFY

A hundred years.

ANGEL

And then I made an error of judgment. Fed on a girl about your age. Beautiful. Dumb as a post, but a favorite among her clan.

BUFFY

Her clan?

ANGEL

The Romani --  
(off her look)  
-- Gypsies. It was just before the turn of the century. The elders conjured the perfect punishment for me. They restored my soul.

BUFFY

What, they were all out of boils and blinding torment?

ANGEL

When you become a vampire, the demon takes your body. But it doesn't get the soul. That's gone.

No conscience, no remorse . . . it's  
an easy way to live. You have no  
idea what it's like to have done  
the things I've done, and to care.  
I haven't fed on a living human  
being since that day.

BUFFY

So you start with my mom? Am I  
supposed to feel honored?

ANGEL

I didn't bite her.

BUFFY

Then why didn't you say  
something --

ANGEL

But I wanted to. I can walk like a  
man but I'm not one. I wanted to  
kill you tonight.

Buffy considers this, then, never taking her eyes off him, sets the crossbow down.

BUFFY

Then go ahead.

He looks at her. Then he just shakes his head.

BUFFY

Not as easy as it looks.

Angel almost smiles. Then:

DARLA (O.S.)

Sure it is.

Darla (in vamp make-up) appears from the back stage door. Strolls towards them,  
her hands girlishly clasped behind her back.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS - NIGHT

Xander, Willow and Giles cross the railroad tracks near the Bronze.

WILLOW

We're near the Bronze, what now?

GILES

Keep looking for her.

XANDER

Okay, here's a question. Say we  
find her. Say she's fighting Angel  
or some of his friends. What the

heck are we going to do about it?

GILES

We have to stop her before it's too late.

XANDER

You couldn't just give her a cell phone for Christmas, could you.

CUT TO:

INT. BRONZE - NIGHT

Darla, hands still behind her back, strolling towards them.

DARLA

Do you know what the saddest thing in the world is?

BUFFY

Bad hair on top of that outfit? To love someone who used to love you.

Buffy looks down at THE CROSSBOW on the floor. Edges towards it.

BUFFY

So you guys were . . . involved.

DARLA

For several generations.

BUFFY

Well you're going to pile up a few ex's when you've been around since Columbus. You are older than him, right? One gal to another, you look a little worn around the eyes.

Darla bares her fangs in a smile.

DARLA

I made him. And I brought him that Gypsy girl . . . there was a time when we shared everything.

(to Angel)

Wasn't there, Angelus.

Buffy gets her foot on the crossbow.

DARLA

(to Angel)

You had a chance to come home, to rule with me in the Master's court for a thousand years. You gave all that up because of her, you love someone who hates us.

Buffy looks over at Angel. He loves her?

DARLA

You're sick and you'll always be  
sick and you'll always remember  
what it was like to watch her die.

(to Buffy)

You don't think I came alone do  
you?

BUFFY

I know I didn't.

Buffy stomps on the crossbow, sends it flying up into her hands.

DARLA

Scary.

And Darla unclasps her hands, revealing the two Smith and Wesson .357 revolvers  
she's been holding behind her back.

DARLA

(re: guns)

Scarier.

Darla casually fires!

Buffy DIVES under the pool table. Angel (Buffy's arrow still in hand) takes a bullet  
and slams into the wall and slides to the floor.

BUFFY

Angel!

DARLA

Don't worry, bullets can't kill  
vampires --

(re: Angel, writhing on the floor)

-- they can hurt like hell,  
but --

Darla fires at the pool table. The bullet takes out a chunk of it just above Buffy's  
head.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET BY BRONZE - NIGHT

Willow, Xander and Giles have just stopped in their tracks.

XANDER

Did you just hear --

They HEAR two GUNSHOTS.

They take off.

CUT TO:

INT. BRONZE - NIGHT

Buffy hides behind the pool table. Angel, wounded, lies on the floor fifteen feet away. Darla closes in, guns in hand.

DARLA  
So many body parts, so few  
bullets . . . let's begin with the  
kneecaps, no fun dancing  
without them . . .

She fires! Buffy pops up and gets off a crossbow shot of her own.

The arrow THWUMPS into Darla's solar plexus. She regards it a moment, looks up, smiling.

DARLA  
Close. But no heart.

She pulls the arrow out and drops it on the floor.

ANGLE - THE WINDOW UPSTAIRS - Giles, Willow, Xander crawl in. Peer down at the carnage below. Darla is pulling the arrow out, guns in hand.

XANDER  
We need to distract her.

ANGLE: Buffy holds the crossbow, sees she is out of arrows.

ANGLE - GILES, WILLOW AND XANDER

XANDER Fast.

WILLOW  
(shouts)  
Buffy, it wasn't Angel who attacked  
your mom, it was Darla!

Darla turns, fires in their direction. They duck.

XANDER  
Good, enough distraction!

BUFFY - rises and PULLS the pool table, yanking Darla off her feet. Darla lands on her back as Buffy PUSHES the table with all her might -- the table flies back toward the stage. Buffy turns and runs to the counter --

ANGLE: DARLA

on her back on the table, firing continuously as it skids back --

ANGLE: BUFFY

The glass case shattering from the gunfire as Buffy flies over and behind it.

Giles spies a LIGHT MIXING BOARD near him. Giles scrambles to the light board, starts pounding and punching buttons like crazy. Spotlights go on, off and then a

STROBE.

XANDER  
I don't think we can save her with  
Disco Fever . . .  
(entranced by:)  
Oooo, strobes . . .

ANGEL - wounded, gets to his knees, tries to stand.

Darla looks around her, momentarily thrown, then advances again on Buffy, her movements oddly jerky in the strobe's constant flash.

Darla fires -- advancing on Buffy who crouches behind the bar.

DARLA  
Come on, Buffy . . . Take it like a man.

Grinning, Darla fires again -- in the strobe light we see Angel, steel-tipped arrow in hand, rise behind her. Angel plunges the arrow into Darla's back.

ANGLE: THE LIGHT MIXING BOARD

Giles bangs on the console. The strobe stops. All that's left in the room is moonlight and silence.

Darla staggers, drops the guns. She turns to see:

DARLA  
Angel . . .

Grabs onto him for a moment, then begins to slip. Hold the two of them until Darla falls, turns to dust. Angel looks down at the remains of his old lover, saying nothing.

ANGLE: BUFFY

Rises from behind the counter, looking at Angel. There is a long moment between them, then Angel steps back into total darkness. And is gone.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MASTER'S LAIR

We see an old collection box being SMASHED. It is the Master, wielding the killing spear in a fury. He sweeps it around, knocking over a big candelabra (the candles all lit unless it's a production problem in which case they're not). Finally, with a roar, he sinks the spear into the earth -- then almost hangs on it, exhausted with grief.

MASTER  
Darla . . .

The boy approaches him, as calm as the Master is emotional.

COLLIN  
Forget her.

MASTER  
(turns on him)

How dare you! She was my favorite!  
For four hundred years --

COLLIN  
She was weak. We don't need  
her. **I** will bring you the  
Slayer.

MASTER  
(the anger gone)  
But to lose her to Angel . . . He was  
to have sat on my right come the  
day . . . and now . . .

COLLIN  
They're all against you. But soon  
you'll rise and when you do . . .

He reaches up, gently takes the Master's hand.

COLLIN  
We'll kill them all.

The Master smiles, comforted.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUFFY'S HOUSE - DAY - ESTABLISHING

EXT. BUFFY'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

Buffy dishes up a plate of healthy vegetables (including broccoli and beets) and carries it to Joyce (who looks fully recovered) at the table.

BUFFY  
Here Mom, you gotta eat this. It's  
what the doctor said, to build up  
your iron. How are you feeling?

JOYCE  
I'm thinking I should say not so  
good so you'll continue to wait on  
me hand and foot but I cannot tell  
a lie: I feel fine.

BUFFY  
Good. I was so worried about you, I  
mean it actually made me feel sick.  
If anything happened to you . . .

Buffy looks at her mom who puts her hand on Buffy's.

JOYCE  
Now you know how I feel about you  
every minute of every day.

BUFFY  
(beat)  
I guess I do. Ouch, and now I am so

sorry for about a kazillion things  
I've put you through.

Joyce smiles, they hug.

BUFFY  
Now eat your vegetables.

JOYCE  
I did!

BUFFY  
Mom . . .

JOYCE  
I had two big bites.

CUT TO:

INT. BRONZE - NIGHT

It's crowded again, music and people milling about.

ANGLE - NEAR FRONT DOOR

Buffy (wearing cross), Xander and Willow enter.

XANDER  
Ah, the post-fumigation party.

BUFFY  
What's the difference between this  
and the pre-fumigation party?

XANDER  
Much heartier cockroaches.

Buffy is looking around -- for someone in particular, as Willow notices.

WILLOW  
No word from Angel?

BUFFY  
No. I don't think he'll be around.  
It's weird, though. In a way I  
feel like he's still watching me.

WILLOW  
Well, in a way, he is. In the way  
of that he's right over there.

Buffy and Xander turn, with very different expressions. Buffy heads for Angel.  
Xander sits with Willow, deliberately turning his back.

XANDER  
I don't need to watch because I'm  
not threatened. I'm gonna look

**this** way.

ANGLE - ANGEL AND BUFFY

ANGEL

I just wanted to make sure you're  
okay, and your mother . . .

BUFFY

We're both good. You?

ANGEL

If I can go a little while without  
getting shot or stabbed I'll be all  
right.

Beat.

ANGEL

Look . . . this can't . . .

BUFFY

I know, ever be anything. For one  
thing you're like two hundred and  
twenty-four years older than I am.

ANGEL

(nods, then:)

I just gotta . . . I gotta walk away  
from this.

BUFFY

I know. Me, too.

But neither one goes.

BUFFY

One of us has to go here.

ANGEL

I know.

Still neither leaves. Then he shakes his head like he's going to go but instead he  
bends to kiss her. And her arms go around his neck. And oh do they kiss.

ANGLE - XANDER AND WILLOW

XANDER

What's going on?

WILLOW

Nothing.

XANDER

Well, as long as they're not  
kissing . . .

ANGLE - BUFFY AND ANGEL

Finally they break. She looks up at him, the cross he gave her glinting at her throat.

BUFFY  
Are you okay?

ANGEL  
It's just . . .

BUFFY  
Painful, I know . . . I'll see you  
around.

She turns and walks away. He watches her go, pain playing on his features.

PAN DOWN TO HIS CHEST

Where we now see the smoking IMPRINT OF THE CROSS she was wearing -- burned into his chest. He takes a deep breath and goes.

BLACK OUT.

END OF SHOW