

# Some Assembly Required

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## Teaser

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT CLOSE ON: A HEADSTONE

The engraved rock tells us that STEPHAN KORSHAK died within the last couple of days and now rests below.

Then, a YO-YO DROPS DOWN INTO FRAME in front of the death stone, spins, then reels BACK UP AND OUT OF FRAME.

A beat, then the YO-YO RETURNS. This time, WE GO BACK UP WITH IT to BUFFY, atop the tombstone, keeping a bored vigil with the stringed toy in one hand and a stake in the other.

BEHIND HER, ANGEL approaches through the cemetery, UNNOTICED.

BUFFY

(to the grave below)

Come on, Stephan, rise and shine.

Some of us have a ton of trig  
homework waiting.

ANGEL

Hey--

Caught off guard, Buffy SPINS, startled.

BUFFY

Ack!

ANGEL

Is this a bad time?

BUFFY

(steps off the stone)

Are you crazy? You don't just sneak  
up on people in a graveyard. You make  
noise when you walk. You...  
stomp, or... yodel.

ANGEL

I heard you were on the hunt.

BUFFY

Supposed to be. But lazybones here  
doesn't wanna come out and play.

ANGEL



When you first wake up, it's a little  
disorienting. He'll show.

BUFFY  
It's weird to think of you going  
through that.

ANGEL  
It's weird to go through. You're  
here alone?

BUFFY  
Yeah, why?

ANGEL  
I just thought you'd have somebody  
with you... Xander or someone.

BUFFY  
Xander?

ANGEL  
Or someone.

BUFFY  
No, no Xander. Why, are you jealous?

ANGEL  
Of Xander? Please. He's just a kid.

BUFFY  
Is it 'cause I danced with him?

ANGEL  
"Danced with" is a pretty loose term.  
"Mated with" might be a little closer --

BUFFY  
Oh, you're shocking! One little  
dance and you know I just did it to  
make you crazy which by the way  
behold my success!

ANGEL  
I am not jealous!

Neither of them notice as they argue that Stephan starts crawling out of his grave,  
looking at them with ravenous glee.

BUFFY  
Oh, you're not jealous. What,  
vampires don't get jealous?

ANGEL  
See? Whenever we fight, you always  
bring up the vampire thing.

BUFFY



I didn't come here to fight.

Stephan leaps on her, knocking her to the ground. She throws him off.

BUFFY (cont'd)  
Oh, right. I did.  
(looks around,  
getting up)  
Where's my stake?  
(to Angel)  
What'd you do with my stake?

ANGEL  
(looking around)  
I didn't touch your stake...

ANGLE: STEPHAN

He grabs a shovel. Grins.

Angel charges him and he WHACKS him in the head. Angel flies back, lands hard as Buffy moves in --

-- Stephan swings at her but she gets inside it, raises her arm and the shovel -- CRACK - splinters in half as it hits her forearm. With the other arm she wrenches the half he's holding out of his grasp and SHOVES it into his heart.

He turns to DUST.

Angel rises, rubbing his head.

BUFFY  
And what do you mean, "He's just a kid."  
Does that mean I'm just a kid too?

Angel starts to answer, then just shakes his head.

ANGEL  
Look, obviously I made a mistake  
coming here tonight...

Angel turns and starts away, going around the tree. Buffy quickly starts after him, working to catch up.

BUFFY  
Oh, no you don't. You can't just  
turn and walk away. It takes more  
than that to get rid of me...

And suddenly, BUFFY DROPS OUT OF FRAME.

ANGLE: LOOKING DOWN INTO AN OPEN GRAVE

Buffy lays in an open, silk-upholstered coffin at the bottom of the six foot hole.

ANGEL (O.S.)  
You okay?



Buffy looks up at Angel, who crouches at the edge of the grave above, looking down. She sits up slowly, stiffly.

BUFFY  
I wish people wouldn't leave open  
graves laying around like this.

She rises from the box, looking to Angel for a hand up and out. But he's standing again, scanning the cemetery.

ANGEL  
So another vampire has risen tonight.

ANGLE ON: BUFFY STIL IN THE HOLE

At eye level with the ground around the open grave.

BUFFY  
(soberly)  
I don't think so.  
(creeped)  
Whoever was buried here didn't rise  
from this grave...

RACK FOCUS:

To two shallow depressions in the grass. We don't need to know what they are -- Buffy does. She jumps out of the grave.

BUFFY'S POV - AT GROUND LEVEL

Tracking fast through the grass (and the depressions) to a WHITE, FORMAL WOMAN'S SHOE, left behind. A hand enters frame, picks up the shoe, takes us to Buffy:

BUFFY (cont'd)  
...she was dragged from it.

BLACK OUT.

END OF TEASER

## Act One

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Buffy and XANDER enter. GILES, his back toward them, doesn't notice their entrance. He's busy TALKING TO AN EMPTY CHAIR.

GILES  
So, what I'm proposing... and I don't  
mean to appear indecorous... is a  
social engagement... a date, if you  
will. If you're amenable...  
(then, edgy)  
Idiot!

BUFFY



Boy. I guess we just never realized  
how much you liked that chair.

GILES  
(turns, frustrated)  
Oh, I, uh, I was just working on--

BUFFY  
Your pick-up lines?

GILES  
(busted)  
In a manner of speaking, yes.

BUFFY  
Then, if you don't mind a little Gene  
and Roger, I would leave off the  
"idiot" part. Being called an idiot  
tends to take a person out of the  
dating mood.

XANDER  
Actually, it kind of turns me on.

BUFFY  
(to Xander)  
I fear you.  
(to Giles)  
I'd also avoid words like "amenable"  
and "indecorous." Speak English, not  
whatever they speak in...

GILES  
England?

BUFFY  
Yeah. Just say, "Hey, I got a thing,  
you're maybe feeling a thing, and  
there could be a thing."

GILES  
Well, thank you, Cyrano.

BUFFY  
I'm not finished. Then you say, "How  
do you feel about Mexican?"

GILES  
About Mexicans?

BUFFY  
Mexican! Food. You take her for  
food. For which you then pay.

GILES  
Right.

XANDER  
(to Giles, re: chair)



So, this "chair" woman? We are talking Ms. Calendar, right?

GILES  
What makes you think that?

XANDER  
Simple deduction: Ms. Calendar is reasonably dollsome, especially for someone in your age bracket; she already knows you're a school librarian, so you don't have to worry about how to break that embarrassing news to her...

BUFFY  
And she's the only woman we've ever actually seen speaking to you.  
Add it all up, it spells "duh."

XANDER  
Now, is it time for us to talk about the facts of life?

GILES  
I am suddenly deciding that this is none of your business.

XANDER  
'Cause that whole stork thing is a smokescreen...

Giles pointedly changes the subject.

GILES  
So, how did things go last night?  
Did Mr. Korshack show up on schedule?

BUFFY  
More or less. Angel and I took care of him.

XANDER  
(snorts)  
Angel.

BUFFY  
There's something else, though.  
I found an empty grave.

GILES  
Another vampire?

BUFFY  
No, no. It was dug up, and the body was taken out.

GILES  
(into it)  
Grave robbing. Well, that's new.



Interesting.

BUFFY

I know that you meant to say "gross  
and disturbing".

GILES

(sheepish)

Yes of course. Terrible thing. Must  
put a stop to it.  
(feebley adds)  
Dammit.

XANDER

So why does someone rob graves?

GILES

I'll collate some theories. Might  
help to know who the body belonged to.

BUFFY

Meredith Todd. Ring a bell?

Xander shakes his head.

BUFFY (cont'd)

She died very recently. And she was  
our age.

XANDER

Drawing a blank.

GILES

Well, perhaps Willow can fire up the  
machine  
(points at computer)  
and track Meredith down.

INT. SCHOOL LOUNGE - DAY

A table is set up beneath a banner: "SCIENCE FAIR SIGN-UP." WILLOW is writing on one of the clipboards. She looks up to see:

ANGLE: A CAMERA

Going off in her face. ERIC is an annoying, aggressive science nerd who right now is taking pictures of every pretty girl who passes by.

He turns the lens on a passing senior, looking her up and down.

ERIC

Look at those legs...

WILLOW

No thank you.

CHRIS



Eric, knock it off.

Willow glances over at CHRIS EPPS, who picks up the clipboard next to her. He's shy and brainy, but he has a quiet authority.

Chris glances up to see Willow watching him write. She reacts.

WILLOW

Hey, Chris. I was just wondering  
what you're going to do this year.

CHRIS

(smiles awkwardly)  
Why?

WILLOW

Well, every year, you win and I place  
second. I just thought I'd see what  
I'm up against.

CHRIS

You know what the key is? If Dr.  
Clark doesn't understand your  
experiment, he gives it higher marks  
so it looks like he understands your  
experiment.

(reads Willow's  
clipboard)

"Effects of Subviolet Light Spectrum  
Deprivation on the Development of Fruit Flies."

(smiles, friendly)  
That should do the trick.

CORDELIA steps up beside Willow, picks up a clipboard, starts writing. She is not radiating sunshine.

CORDELIA

Okay, I'm doing this under protest.  
It is not fair that they're making  
participation in the Science Fair  
mandatory this year. I don't think  
anyone should have to do anything  
educational at school if they don't  
want to.

WILLOW

(reading from  
Cordelia's entry)

"The Tomato: Fruit or Vegetable?"

CORDELIA

I want something I can finish in a  
weekend, okay?

Just then, Eric appears and begins aggressively snapping photos of Cordelia.

CORDELIA (cont'd)

What do you think you're doing?!  
Stop it! We're under fluorescent



lights, for god's sake!

Cordelia turns away

ERIC

Come on. The camera loves you.

CORDELIA

I thought yearbook nerds didn't come  
out of hibernation till the spring.

ERIC

It's for my private collection.

CHRIS

Eric, will you quit it?

Buffy enters. Eric snaps her picture.

BUFFY

Coming through.

(then, to Willow)

Hey, Willow, sorry to interrupt,  
but.. it's the Bat Signal.

WILLOW

Sure, okay.

(smiles to Chris)

See you, Chris. Thanks for the tip.

Chris smiles at Willow as she leaves with Buffy. Cordelia lingers, but when she sees Eric's leer, she quickly follows. Eric watches her go, with a malevolent grin.

ERIC

Cordelia is so fine. You know, she'd  
be just perfect for us...

CHRIS

(sternly)

Don't be an idiot.

(turns away)

She's alive.

Chris crosses off, leaving Eric to continue watching Cordelia walk away. Eric's creepy smile returns.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Willow settles in at the computer. Buffy et al. hover.

WILLOW

This shouldn't take long. I'm  
probably the only girl in school who  
has the Coroner's Office bookmarked  
as a "favorite place."

Willow starts her web search as Cordelia enters.

CORDELIA



Hi. Sorry to interrupt your little  
undead play group, but I need to ask  
Willow if she'll help me with my  
Science Fair project.

WILLOW  
(not looking up)  
It's a fruit.

CORDELIA  
I would ask Chris for help, but...  
(a little emotional)  
it would bring back too many  
memories of Daryl.

WILLOW  
I found it...

The gang gathers around Willow at the computer screen, ignoring Cordelia.

WILLOW (cont'd)  
According to this, Meredith Todd died  
in a car accident last week.

CORDELIA  
Of course, I've learned to deal with  
my pain...

BUFFY  
And how was her neck?

WILLOW  
Fine... except for being broken.

CORDELIA  
Hello? Can we deal with my pain  
please?

XANDER  
There there.

Xander, without looking at Cordelia and without feeling, pats her shoulder.

WILLOW  
It says Meredith and two other girls  
in the car were killed instantly.  
They were all on the pep squad at  
Fondren High, on the way to a game.

BUFFY  
You know what this means...

XANDER  
That Fondren might actually beat  
Sunnydale in the cross-town body  
count competition this year?

BUFFY  
It means she wasn't killed by



vampires. So somebody did dig up her corpse.

CORDELIA

Eeuw. Why is it that every conversation you people have has the word "corpse" in it?

XANDER

So, okay, we got us a body snatcher.  
What does that mean?

GILES

Here's what I've come up with: demons who eat the flesh of the dead to absorb their souls.  
Or it could be a voodoo practitioner--

WILLOW

You mean, making a zombie?

GILES

More likely, zombies. For most traditional purposes, a voodoo priest would need more than one.

BUFFY

So we should see if the other girls from this accident are AWOL, too. Might help figure out what this creep has in mind if we know whether he's dealing in volume.

XANDER

So we dig up some graves tonight?

WILLOW

Oh boy, a field trip!  
(to Buffy)

Are you gonna call Angel?

BUFFY

I don't think so.

XANDER

Yeah, why bother him?

BUFFY

We've been sort of... never mind. As far as Angel knows, I'm taking the night off. Okay?

XANDER

So, we're all set, then. Say nine-ish, B.Y.O. shovel.

WILLOW

I'll pack some food. Who likes those



little powdered donuts?

Xander raises his hand.

WILLOW (cont'd)  
Cordelia?

CORDELIA

Darn, I have Cheerleader practice  
tonight. Boy, I wish I'd known you  
were gonna be digging up dead people  
sooner; I would have cancelled.

XANDER

All right. But if you do run into  
the army of zombies, could you page  
us before they eat your flesh?

Trying not to be affected by that idea, Cordelia exits.

GILES  
Xander, Zombies don't eat the flesh  
of the living.

XANDER

I know, but did you see her face?

ANGLE ON: THE LIBRARY'S COMPUTER SCREEN

With an article and NEWS PHOTO OF THE THREE DEAD GIRLS, all smiles in their pep squad outfits. The caption below, identifies them as Meredith Todd, Jane Atkins and CATHY RYAN.

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: A HEADSTONE

With the name CATHY RYAN, her birth and death dates: she was 17.

WIDER ANGLE: CEMETERY - NIGHT

Buffy with her back to a tombstone next to Willow. Before them, Xander and Giles wield shovels, already pretty deep into the ground, and way grimed from the effort. As they talk, Willow munches a little powdered donut.

BUFFY  
He was getting all jealous and he  
wouldn't even admit it.

WILLOW  
Jealous of what?

BUFFY  
Of Xander.

WILLOW



'Cause you did that sexy dance with him?

BUFFY  
(sheepishly)  
Am I ever gonna live that down?

WILLOW  
(blithely)  
Nope.

BUFFY  
Anyway, Angel's being totally irrational.

WILLOW  
Love makes you do the wacky.

BUFFY  
That's the truth.

XANDER  
(sticks his head out)  
You know, this might go faster if you  
fems picked up a shovel, too.

BUFFY  
Sorry, but I'm an old-fashioned girl.  
I was raised to believe the men dig  
up the corpses and the women have  
the babies.  
(to Willow)  
Speaking of the wacky, what was  
Cordelia's whole riff about painful  
memories? Who's Daryl?

WILLOW  
Daryl Epps. Chris's older brother.  
He was a big football star. All-State  
two years ago. A running... someone  
that runs and catches.

BUFFY  
Was he a studly?

WILLOW  
Big time. All the girls were crazy  
for him.

BUFFY  
And he broke Cordy's heart? Thus  
possibly proving its existence...

WILLOW  
He died. Rock climbing, or  
something. He fell.

BUFFY  
Oh, man. That's lousy. Poor Chris.

WILLOW



(nodding)  
He really looked up to his brother.  
It was tough. Ever since then he's  
been... real quiet. Kind of in his  
own world. And I hear his mother  
doesn't even leave the house anymore.

THUNK.

GILES  
I think we're there.

Buffy and Willow peer over the edge of the open grave as Giles and Xander quickly clear the top of the coffin.

WILLOW  
By the way, are we hoping to find a  
body, or no body?

XANDER  
Call me an optimist, but I'm hoping  
to find a fortune in gold dubloons.

BUFFY  
Well, "body" could mean flesh eating  
demon or corpse-mutilating pagan  
ritual. "No body" points more toward  
the army of zombies thing. Take your  
pick.

Everyone looks on in anticipation as Giles and Xander each wait for the other to do the honors.

GILES  
Go ahead.

XANDER  
You're closer.

BUFFY  
Pathetic much?

Buffy agilely drops down, takes a deep breath and reaches for the latch that will open the top half of the hinged coffin lid.

BLACK, INSIDE THE COFFIN.

As the lid is opened and WE LOOK up at our quartet, who look back at us.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Cordelia and TWO OTHER CHEERLEADERS in full uniform talk as they cross the school student parking lot after practice.

CORDELIA  
Guys, if we don't have it down by  
tomorrow then no one will be led by



our cheers. Practice.

The other cheerleaders get in their car and drive off, leaving Cordelia to cross to her car several yards away.

She feels like someone's watching. She stops, scans the lot.

CORDELIA (cont'd)  
Hello?

No answer. She digs her keys from her purse as she quickens her pace to her car. She looks around again. No one.

She puts the key in the lock, then hears a WHOOSH sound.

CORDELIA (cont'd)  
Xander Harris, if this is your idea of a joke...

Another SOUND. Closer.

Cordelia juggles her keychain, fumbles it to the ground. The keys glance off her shoe and skitter under the car. p sees- she car, the beneath looks as But keys. her retrieve to try crouches now, wig maximum at>FEET, two, standing right on the other side of her car.

Cordelia freaks, leaves her keys and takes off running, away from the car, toward the nearest school building.

We see the FORM of SOMEONE coming around the car after her.

EXT. SCHOOL/AROUND THE CORNER - NIGHT

An alleyway formed by the wall of a separate building and the main school building. It's deserted, save for a couple of FOOTBALL BLOCKING SLEDS and orange DRIVER'S ED. CONES stored there beside a GARBAGE DUMPSTER.

A SHADOW, Cordelia's pursuer, drifts slowly past the objects, pausing for only a moment before moving along.

Then, all is quiet.

CLOSER ON: THE DUMPSTER

As Cordelia slowly, tentatively sticks her head up and looks left, then right into the eyes of--

ANGEL

Cordelia screams, falls back. Angel smiles.

ANGEL  
Cordelia. This is the last place I  
expected you to hang out.

CORDELIA  
(recovering, slowly)  
Oh, god... oh, god, it's you.

Why were you following me?

ANGEL

I wasn't sure it was you at first.  
I'm looking for Buffy.

CORDELIA

Buffy? Well, she's -- big shock --  
at the graveyard.

ANGEL

She said she'd be home.

CORDELIA

Oh, she lied. Isn't she a rascal?

Angel reacts, affected by this, betrayed.

CORDELIA (cont'd)

But, luck is on your side, it just so  
happens my night's free...

Cordelia holds out her hand. Angel, somewhat reluctantly, takes it, to help her climb out. The back of her dress gets stuck on something.

CORDELIA (cont'd)

Hold on, my dress is caught...

She reaches behind her, pulls something loose.

CORDELIA (cont'd)

There, that's...

Cordelia sees what she just pulled loose behind her: a human hand, severed a ways below the wrist. Cordelia holds it at the wrist. Cordelia screams.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

## Act Two

INT. LIBRARY - (SAME) NIGHT

WE HEAR VOICES approaching from the hallway. The doors open as Buffy, Willow, Xander and Giles return from the cemetery.

XANDER

So, both coffins empty, that makes  
three girls signed up for the army of  
zombies.

WILLOW

Is it an army if you just have three?

BUFFY



Well, Zombie drill team then --

ANGEL'S VOICE (O.S.)  
You're back...

Angel steps from the shadows, Cordelia clinging to him with a hermetic seal, her head buried in his chest. Buffy reacts.

BUFFY  
Angel...?

She stops, standing right by Xander, a fact not lost on Angel.

ANGEL  
(greeting him)  
Xander.

XANDER  
(equally enthused)  
Angel.

ANGEL  
(to Buffy)  
I thought you were taking the night off.

BUFFY  
I was... going to. But, at the last  
minute- -

ANGEL  
Cordelia told me the truth.

XANDER  
That's gotta be a first.

BUFFY  
We were investigating... somebody's  
been stealing the bodies of dead  
girls.

ANGEL  
I know. We found some of them.

BUFFY  
You mean like two of the three?

ANGEL  
I mean, like some of them. Like  
parts.

CORDELIA  
(finally looking up)  
It was horrible. Angel saved me from  
an arm.

Another look between Angel and Buffy.

CORDELIA (cont'd)  
God, there were parts everywhere.



Why do these terrible things always  
happen to me?

XANDER  
(coughing the word in  
to his fist)  
Karma!

WILLOW  
Well, so much for the zombie theory.

GILES  
So much for all our theories.

BUFFY  
I don't get it. Why dig up three  
bodies, just to chop them up and  
throw them away again?

ANGEL  
What I saw didn't add up to three  
whole girls. I think they kept some  
parts.

BUFFY  
Could this get yuckier?

WILLOW  
They probably kept the other parts to  
eat.

BUFFY  
Question answered.

GILES  
But why dispose of the remains here  
at the school?

BUFFY  
Maybe whoever did it had other  
business in the neighborhood. Like,  
say... classes.

ANGEL  
This was no hatchet job. Whoever  
made those incisions really knew what  
they were doing.

GILES  
Yes, what student here would be that  
well-versed in physiology?

WILLOW  
I can think of maybe five or six guys  
in the science club.

BUFFY  
Why don't you get their locker



numbers, and we'll check 'em out.

CORDELIA  
(pitifully)

No, I want to go home now. I have to  
bathe and burn my clothes.

XANDER  
Everybody wave bye-bye.

CORDELIA  
I don't want to go alone. I'm still  
fragile.  
(to Angel)  
Can you take me?

ANGEL  
I...

Angel turns toward Buffy. She looks away. Cordelia quickly wraps an arm around Angel.

CORDELIA  
Great! I'll drive.

With a look back, Angel is dragged from the library by Cordelia.

XANDER  
How about that? I always pegged him as a  
"one woman" vampire.

WILLOW  
Xander!

Willow nudges Xander, gestures toward Buffy.

But Buffy is staring at the library door. She hasn't heard a word said since the doors closed behind Angel.

INT. CHRIS'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CHRIS'S MOM, in a loose floral house dress, sits in a worn arm chair. A cigarette, burning a quarter inch into the filter, hangs from her lips. Her empty gaze is fixed on a television set OFF CAMERA. The house is unkempt, dark and depressing.

Chris enters from downstairs, carefully shutting the cellar door behind him. On the door we see a sign that says: NO TRESPASSING - KEEP OUT! (Typical of a teenager, it's cluttered with other signs as well, and stickers and whatnot.)

CHRIS  
I'm going out, mom.

Chris's Mom doesn't react, doesn't even acknowledge him.

CHRIS (cont'd)  
I'll be back later, okay? Mom...?

Still nothing but cigarette smoke from Chris's Mom. After a beat, Chris finally goes,



leaving his Mom in her smoking world.

ANGLE: THE TV

We see a home vid of a football game -- a victorious Daryl Epps running up to the camera, smiling.

INT. HALL - NIGHT

Willow and Xander are opening lockers using info from copies of a computer print-out. Giles sort of hovers behind them.

GILES  
(officious)

I hope you understand that as a school official, I can not condone this unauthorized search.

BUFFY

Okay, your butt's covered. You want to grab a locker?

GILES  
Yes of course.

Giles takes a sheet from Buffy and crosses to a locker. Buffy crosses to Eric's, saying:

BUFFY

Okay, Eric, let's see what's on your mind.

Willow opens a locker. It's full of magazines.

WILLOW

Nothing but back issues of "Scientific American."  
(lights up)  
Ooh, I haven't read this one.

GILES

Nothing remarkable here...

XANDER (O.S.)  
Guys...

Giles and Willow cross to Xander.

XANDER

Your friend, Chris Epps' locker.

He opens the door wider, revealing a stack of books inside.

WILLOW

"Gray's Anatomy", "Mortician's Desk Reference", "Robicheaux's Guide to Muscles and Tendons".



MOVE DOWN THE BOOKS' SPINES, with titles like Gray's Anatomy, Mortician's Desk Reference, Robicheaux's Guide to Muscles and Tendons, etc.

Giles reaches in, pulls out a folded section of the local newspaper, open to the story and NEWS PHOTO OF THE THREE DEAD PEP SQUAD GIRLS we saw on Willow's computer screen before.

GILES

Fair to say, Chris is involved.

XANDER

He's into corpses, all right, but we  
still don't know why.

BUFFY

Yes we do.

She is staring at Eric's locker. Taped inside that locker door--

#### THE PICTURE OF A WOMAN

Actually, it's a COLLAGE, with various facial features and body parts torn from different MODELS in magazine ads and pasted together to form a grotesque image of an "ideal" woman.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LAB (OLD SCIENCE BUILDING) - NIGHT

ANGLE: BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF AN OPERATING TABLE

There is a body clearly defined under the sheet on this table, (framed to match the size and angle of the locker collage).

Walking around the table is Chris. He lifts part of the sheet, hooks an electrode to a foot.

ANGLE: ERIC

Emerges from a small darkroom off the lab, a few still-dripping photos in his hands. He is singing to himself:

ERIC

(sings)

I GUESS, YOU'D SAY, WHAT CAN MAKE ME

FEEL THIS WAY. MY GIRL...

(to Chris)

How's my baby?

CHRIS

She's not your baby.

ERIC

She's not gonna be anyone's baby if  
we don't finish her soon.

CHRIS



I'm working on it.

ERIC  
So am I, friend. So am I.

As he says this he hangs the photos on a line with some others. They are all photos of Sunnydale girls, including Buffy, Willow and Cordelia.

He goes back into the dark room, passing the body and for the first time we see up close:

HER LEG

Which has clearly been sewn together.

CUT TO:

A DREAM GIRL

That is, a fantastic looking SENIOR GIRL as she walks across--

EXT. QUAD - THE NEXT MORNING

A TRIO of GEEKISH GUYS worshipfully watch her every step.

ANGLE ON: XANDER AND WILLOW

As they sit together on the front steps of the school. Buffy joins them, watching the geek trio watching the dream girl.

XANDER  
Any sign of our suspects?

BUFFY  
Not yet.

She sits, still looking at the people around her.

BUFFY (cont'd)  
I don't get it, why would anyone want  
to make a girl?

XANDER  
You mean, when there's so many  
pre-made ones just lying around?  
(shrugs)  
The things we do for love...

BUFFY  
Love has nothing to do with this.

XANDER  
Maybe not, but I'll tell you this:  
People don't fall in love with  
what's right in front of them. People  
want the dream. What they can't have.  
The more unattainable,



the more attractive.

Buffy reacts. This notion strikes a chord -- actually with all three of them.

WILLOW

And for Eric the unattainable would  
include everyone. That's alive.

BUFFY

Eric's sick enough to do something  
like this, but what's up with Chris?  
He seems like a human person.

WILLOW

I don't know. The thing with his  
brother was really hard on him;  
He talked a lot about death. Maybe he  
just wants to get one up on it.

BUFFY

(hesitantly)

But, it's not... doable, is it? I  
mean, making someone from scraps?  
Actually making them live?

WILLOW

If it is, my science project's  
definitely coming in second this year.

Giles emerges from the school. He scans the ARRIVING CROWD, not noticing Buffy and company.

XANDER

And speaking of love...

WILLOW

We were talking about the reanimation  
of dead tissue.

XANDER

Do I deconstruct your segues? Yeesh.

BUFFY

Hey, Giles

GILES

Oh. Yes. Hello.

BUFFY

Still no sign of our mad doctors.

GILES

What? Oh. Corpses. Evil. Very  
good.

Buffy turns, sees what Giles sees. MS. CALENDAR is coming.

BUFFY

Okay, Giles, just remember. "I'm



feeling a thing, you're feeling a thing." But personalize it.

GILES  
(nervously)  
Personalize it?

BUFFY  
She's a techno-pagan, right? Ask her  
to bless your laptop or something.  
(to the others)  
Come on, guys.

She nudges the other two and they take off. Giles turns as the trio disappears into the school.

GILES  
No! Don't leave me! Oh, dear.

And Ms. Calendar is there, passing Giles on her way inside.

MS. CALENDAR  
Good morning, Rupert.

GILES  
(nods, nervously)  
Ms. Calendar.

MS. CALENDAR  
(stops, turns back)  
Please, call me Jennie. "Ms."  
Calendar is my father.

GILES  
Jenny, then.

They head:

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR - DAY

GILES  
You know, uh, Jenny, I don't mean to  
appear indecorous... no, not  
indecorous...

MS. CALENDAR  
(smiles expectantly)  
Yeah...?

GILES  
Oh, dear... I, uh... that is...

MS. CALENDAR  
(a beat, then)  
Rupert, look, I have to get inside to  
set up the computer lab...

GILES



Well, what I am proposing is...

The SCHOOL BELL RINGS, and PEOPLE start moving inside.

MS. CALENDAR  
Sorry, but I really have to go.

Giles nods and Ms. Calendar turns and crosses to the door.

GILES  
(to himself)  
Idiot...

Giles is startled as Ms. Calendar reappears beside him.

MS. CALENDAR  
Listen, if it's important, why don't  
you just tell me at the game?

GILES  
You're going to the football game?

MS. CALENDAR  
You seem surprised.

GILES  
I guess I just assumed you spent your  
evenings downloading incantations...  
casting bones.

MS. CALENDAR  
On game night? Are you nuts? I  
assume you're going, too.

GILES  
Oh, uh, of course.

MS. CALENDAR  
So, why don't we just go together?  
I could pick you up after school, we  
could get something to eat on the  
way, if you like. How do you feel  
about Mexican?

Giles can manage no better than a twitchy nod.

MS. CALENDAR (cont'd)  
And whatever it is you want to tell me,  
you can tell me then. Okay?

GILES  
Okay... tonight, then.

Ms. Calendar smiles, then drifts inside. Giles lingers a beat, before a self-satisfied smile crosses his face.

GILES (cont'd)



That went well. I think.

INT. SCIENCE CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON

Xander is playing with a visible head as Willow pores over volumes.

WILLOW

I still don't get how Chris could do  
it. Arresting the cell deterioration  
is one thing, but...

Xander makes the head talk.

XANDER

Hello... I want to get ahead!

WILLOW

Maybe an electrical current combined  
with an adrenaline boost...

XANDER

(as the head)

For the love of God, somebody scratch  
my nose!

Buffy enters, all business.

BUFFY

Well, it's official. Chris and Eric  
didn't come to school today.

XANDER

That's not a coincidence.

WILLOW

Maybe they finished their project.

BUFFY

God, what if it worked, what if that  
poor girl is walking around...

XANDER

Uh, poor girls, technically.

BUFFY

What could she be thinking?

WILLOW

And what are they... going to do with  
her?

GILES

I don't think we have to worry about  
that just yet.

All turn as he enters.

GILES (cont'd)



I contacted the police this morning  
about the remains. They've just  
finished sorting through them.  
Apparently, there were three heads in  
the dumpster.

BUFFY  
And they only had three girls.

WILLOW  
So they don't have the whole, uh,  
package.

XANDER  
Heads must be no good. Hrnmmm, they  
seemed attractive enough to me...  
(off their looks,  
with some pride)  
obviously I'm not as sick as Chris  
and Eric.

GILES  
Based on what the police put  
together, they're one step away from  
completing their masterpiece.

WILLOW  
One step...

As the four of them contemplate this, the camera ARMS DOWN, the visible head  
filling the frame.

ANGLE: THE DOOR TO CHRIS'S BASEMENT

We track slowly in at the sign that says: NO TRESPASSING - KEEP OUT! (A.D.'s  
beware, Chris' mom may be in the shot.)

ERIC (V.O.)  
We're running out of time!

INT. STORAGE ROOM/BASEMENT - DAY

Chris and Eric are in a dark, cramped, cluttered room filled with dust-covered pieces  
of furniture, boxes, etc. The room is lit only by a single bare light bulb and a shaft of  
light angling down from a small clerestory window above.

ERIC  
If we wait too long, the onset of  
atrophy in the limbs will be  
irreversible.

CHRIS  
We can turn up the current. That'll  
buy us a day at least.

ERIC  
We'll lose the entire body if we  
don't attach the head soon!



CHRIS  
We have time!

ERIC  
We don't! The crash with the girls  
was lucky. But we can't keep waiting  
for another lucky accident to just  
drop a head in our laps. You know  
what we have to do! Hell, it's just  
one lousy girl!

CHRIS  
I won't do it... I can't  
(softer, cracking)  
I can't... kill anyone.

Chris turns toward a DARK, SHADOWY RECESS of the storage room behind them.

CHRIS (cont'd)  
(to the shadows)  
Please understand. I can't do that.  
Please don't make me.

VOICE FROM THE SHADOWS  
(low, eerie)  
But, you gave me your word... you  
promised me, little brother...

THE VOICE slowly steps forward from the shadows.

This big, hulking THING has ONE GREEN EYE AND ONE BROWN EYE. His face - all of him that we can see - has been stitched together. The guy's a walking jig-saw puzzle.

Meet DARYL EPPS.

DARYL (cont'd)  
...that I wouldn't be alone.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

## Act Three

INT. STORAGE ROOM/BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Daryl paces around the cluttered room like a caged animal. Chris leans against a wall, a bit intimidated. Eric watches Daryl with the pride of a parent watching his offspring.

ERIC  
The body is perfect. And if we  
harvest a head tonight, she'll be  
ready by sunrise.

Daryl goes to Chris, crouches down to his brother's eye level.



DARYL

When you brought me back, you  
promised you'd take care of me. I  
need this, Chris. I need someone.

CHRIS

Please don't ask me to do this.  
Don't ask me to take a life.

ERIC

I tried to tell him, if you take a  
life to make a new life, the whole  
thing's a wash. No harm, no foul.

CHRIS

Maybe you could... you could go out,  
let people know --

DARYL

No! Can't see me.

His fury is sudden -- and suddenly gone. He approaches his brother.

DARYL (cont'd)

Chris, you've always been smarter  
than me. You were the brains.  
You're the only one who can do this  
for me.

Chris stares at him, uncertain. Daryl begins an old chant, one that sounds odd and forlorn down here:

DARYL (cont'd)

Third and long, seconds to go,  
where do you throw, where do you throw...

CHRIS

(quietly)

Number five, Daryl's gonna drive.

DARYL

Help me, brother.

Chris nods silent acquiescence.

DARYL (cont'd)

Thank you.

Daryl gently kisses the top of Chris's head, then turns to Eric.

DARYL (cont'd)

Show me!

Eric takes his girl pix from his backpack, fans them out on a chest of drawers as Daryl starts leafing through them. As Eric smiles a malignant smile back toward the still bowed Chris, Daryl selects one of the photos and hands it to Eric.

DARYL (cont'd)



This one.

ERIC  
(smiles at photo)  
A man of taste.

Eric uses scissors to begin cutting the chosen photo of Cordelia.

OMITTED

ERIC (O.S.)  
(sings)  
TALKIN' 'BOUT MY GIRL.

INT. LIBRARY - (THAT) AFTERNOON - DAY

Willow is at the computer. Buffy paces, impatient.

WILLOW  
Well, I've checked the obits.  
Nothing that would make for a likely  
candidate.

XANDER  
They're kinda picky for guys who had  
three heads to begin with.

WILLOW  
Formaldahyde.

XANDER  
Come again?

GILES  
Yes of course. It accelerates neural  
decay in the brain cells.

WILLOW  
A couple days and they're useless.  
They're gonna need something really  
fresh.

BUFFY  
(quietly alarmed)  
How fresh?

WILLOW  
As fresh as possible...  
(gets it)  
Buffy, you don't think they'd...

BUFFY  
I think anyone who cuts dead girls  
into pieces does not get the benefit  
of any doubt. Let's end this thing.

GILES  
Seconded.



BUFFY  
(to Xander and Willow)  
You two head to Eric's. I'll try  
Chris's. We can meet back here.

GILES  
I'm supposed to be at the, uh, the  
big game, I believe it's called.

BUFFY  
You go ahead. We can handle this.

GILES  
Well, I really should --

BUFFY  
Okay, we'll meet up there. Report  
back.

GILES  
All right.

The kids start to leave.

WILLOW  
Buffy, don't be too hard on Chris.  
I mean, he's not a vampire...

BUFFY  
No. He's just a ghoul.

CUT TO:

INT. CHRIS'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

As CHRIS'S MOM, with housedress and ever-present cigarette, stands inside the door. She is looking at:

BUFFY (O.S.)  
I'm a friend of Chris's. Is he home?

Without a word, she turns, waddles away. Buffy steps inside and tentatively looks about her.

Buffy sees a small, musty room where Chris's mom has already settled back into her well-worn armchair two feet in front of the television screen, Buffy all but forgotten.

The walls of the room are papered with photos of Daryl in his football uniform, articles about Daryl's triumphs clipped from the sports page, Daryl's framed letter sweaters, etc.

Buffy looks around, takes it all in: Daryl Epps was a good-looking kid who apparently had a full and active life.

And this room is his SHRINE.

BUFFY



(a beat, then)  
So... is Chris home?

CHRIS'S MOM  
(points to TV screen)  
Westbury game. November 17, 95.  
Daryl rushed 185 yards that night -  
four TDs. He was MVP and made All  
City that season--

Buffy looks at the TV. An amateur videotape of a high school football game plays on screen. A stack of videotapes labeled with dates and names of opponents sits atop the set.

BUFFY  
(a bit wigged)  
Yea, that was a great one... but is  
Chris home?

CHRIS'S MOM  
I don't know... is today a school day?  
(leans toward  
screen/intense)  
Watch - watch this move. Daryl takes  
the kick off, sheds one - two - three  
defenders! He breaks into the open  
field for a 95 yard touch down.  
(matter-of-fact)  
He would have been nineteen next  
week, you know.

Buffy looks down at Chris's Mom, who has never taken her eyes off the television screen or taken the cigarette from her lips. After a beat, Buffy starts to back out of the room.

(NOTE: HEATING GRATE OMITTED)

Buffy looks about her, going to head further into the house when she sees the sign:

NO TRESPASSING - KEEP OUT!

One last look to make sure Mom is oblivious, and she opens the door.

INT. BASEMENT/DARYL'S LAIR - SAME TIME - DAY

Dark, deserted looking. Buffy comes down the steps slowly. She scans the room, spots Eric's GIRL PHOTOS atop the chest of drawers. She picks them up, starts looking through them. One of the photos has the head cut off. Then she sees:

A MEDICAL DRAWING

Chris's work: it's of a woman's body, with muscles, joints , all kinds of equations and science type stuff (English major much?) scribbled all over it. And pasted over the head is the photo of CORDELIA.

BEHIND HER, (right behind her if possible) Daryl emerges from the blackness. Buffy doesn't see him, intent upon the drawing:

BUFFY



(under her breath)  
Cordelia...

Daryl is about to grab her when he HEARS a CREAKING FLOORBOARD upstairs. Footsteps approaching. Daryl backs into the blackness from whence he came. Buffy looks up towards the cellar door then leaps, spins off an overhead water pipe and zips out an open clerestory window.

Hold the darkness, finding for a moment Daryl's tortured face in it.

INT. CHEERLEADING PREP ROOM AT THE STADIUM - NIGHT

The two cheerleaders we saw the night before in the parking lot with Cordelia are dressed and ready. Cordelia is doing last minute touch-ups at one of the make-up mirrors.

FIRST CHEERLEADER  
Cordelia, you coming?

CORDELIA  
I'll be right out.

The cheerleaders exit, leaving Cordelia alone. She looks in the mirror, then glances down to her make-up tray. When she looks back up into the mirror again, she sees--

CHRIS

--standing slumped back by the lockers behind her. She jumps, then recognizes him.

CORDELIA (cont'd)  
Oh, Chris! Hi. God, you scared me.  
(concerned)  
What are you doing in here?

Chris winces, turns his head as if to avoid seeing something.

CORDELIA (cont'd)  
Is something wrong...?

THE CLOTH SACK that SLAMS down over Cordelia's head seems to come out of nowhere.

INT. HALL BY PREP ROOM - SAME TIME - NIGHT

The two cheerleaders head towards double doors, through which we can hear the cheering of a good-sized crowd.

Buffy runs up to them.

BUFFY  
(with urgency)  
Joy, Lisa, where's Cordelia?

FIRST CHEERLEADER  
(haughty)  
Cordelia's got a game to think about.



She doesn't need losers like you --

Buffy slaps a hand against the wall on either side of the first cheerleader's head, pinning the wide-eyed girl.

BUFFY  
(sweetly)  
I'm sorry... where, did you say?

INT. CHEERLEADING PREP ROOM - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

The door collapses as Buffy charges into the room. Eric looks up from tying up the struggling Cordelia on the floor.

Buffy leaps, heel kicks Eric off her, against a wall. In no mood to fight, he beats a quick retreat out a back door.

Buffy turns back, quickly removes the cloth sack hood from a nearly hysterical Cordelia.

BUFFY  
It's okay, you're okay. He's gone.

CORDELIA  
Oh, my god, Buffy...!

BUFFY  
He's gone. What happened?

CORDELIA  
I don't know. I was just about to go to the field when Chris came in, and then somebody just jumped me.

Buffy quickly looks around the room. No sign of anyone here.

BUFFY  
Well, it's okay now. You're fine.  
Just relax, take your time...

Cordelia rises, works to compose herself. It looks like this could take awhile. But the sound of the--

MARCHING BAND

--playing the SUNNYDALE FIGHT SONG out on the field drifts into the room, instantly perking Cordelia.

CORDELIA  
Oh, my god! That's the fight song.  
It's time for the cheerleader pyramid at mid-field. I have to go.

BUFFY  
You sure you're okay to go out there?

CORDELIA  
(sense of duty)

You don't understand, I have to go.  
I'm the apex.

A re-energized Cordelia grabs her pompoms and springs out of the room, leaving Buffy alone. After a beat--

BUFFY  
(calls out)  
I know what you're trying to do,  
Chris... you and Eric...

A beat. Nothing.

BUFFY (cont'd)  
I know about the bodies from the  
cemetery. But you haven't hurt anyone  
yet, you can still do the right  
thing...

Finally, Chris steps from behind the row of lockers.

Buffy sees him. He looks so small at the moment. So tortured. He doesn't make eye contact with Buffy.

BUFFY (cont'd)  
Listen, I don't know what it's like  
to lose someone close to you like  
your brother, but I know what you're  
trying to do is wrong.

CHRIS  
I have to do it for him... He needs  
someone...

BUFFY  
Who, Eric? He needs industrial  
strength therapy.

CHRIS  
He always looked out for me... stood  
up for me... he's all alone...  
everybody loved him and now he's all  
alone...

BUFFY  
Who are you --

She stops.

BUFFY (cont'd)  
Oh my God.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT/DARYL'S LAIR - SHORT TIME LATER - NIGHT

CRASH!

A raging Daryl is trashing the place, smashing heavy objects into other heavy



objects as Eric stands back, staying out of harm's way.

DARYL  
(raging)

He promised me! Promised!  
(smash)  
I wouldn't have to be alone!

ERIC

(tentatively)

It's not too late...

A seething Daryl turns on Eric, lifts him by the collar and massively slams him against the wall, holding him there.

ERIC (cont'd)

(a glimpse of fear)

Nothing's changed. We can still do v this. You and me.

Daryl breathes heavily as he doesn't loosen his grip on Eric. It's touch and go whether Eric will survive.

ERIC (cont'd)

Your brother's not the only one who  
can create life... what do you say...?

Then, the fear in Eric's eyes slowly turns in something darker... a creepy enthusiasm. Daryl lets him go.

ERIC (cont'd)

Let's go scare you up a date.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

## Act Four

INT. BASEMENT/DARYL'S LAIR - SAME TIME - NIGHT

The basement is totally trashed now. Buffy bolts down the stairs, followed by Chris.

BUFFY  
Daryl...? Daryl!

Buffy slowly checks through the wreckage, lifting smashed furniture as Chris, in borderline shock, shadows her.

BUFFY (cont'd)  
Okay, he's not here. Where else could  
he be?

CHRIS

But he would never go out... Unless...

BUFFY

He's gonna pick up where you left off.



CUT TO:

CLOSE ON: CORDELIA

Leading cheers on the sideline at the football field.

EXT. STADIUM BLEACHERS - SAME TIME - NIGHT

With Giles and Ms. Calendar amongst the fans.

MS. CALENDAR

I don't know what it is about  
football that does it for me. It  
lacks the grace of basketball and the  
poetry of baseball. At its best,  
it's unadorned aggression. It's just  
such a rugged contest...

GILES

(amused)

Rugged? American football?

MS. CALENDAR

What's funny about that?

GILES

Well, I do find it odd that a nation  
that prides itself on its virility  
feels compelled to strap on forty  
pounds of protective gear just to  
play rugby.

MS. CALENDAR

(surprised)

Is this your normal strategy for a  
first date: dissing my country's  
national pastime?

GILES

(a beat, then)

Did you say... "date"?

MS. CALENDAR

(smiles)

You noticed that, huh?

But before the silly, schoolboy grin has a chance to spread all the way across Giles'  
face--

WILLOW (O.S.)

Hi, Ms. Calendar. Hey, Giles.

Hey, look. Willow and Xander have joined us!

MS. CALENDAR

Hi, guys. What's up?

WILLOW



Buffy get back yet?

GILES

No.

(hinting)

But perhaps you should circulate down  
nearer the field to find her.

WILLOW

Eric's was a bust. Nothing there.

XANDER

(looks around)

Yeah, nothing but a lot of computer  
equipment and a pornography  
collection so prodigious it even  
scared me.

And, to Giles' chagrin, Xander and Willow settle in for the duration. It's become a date with children.

XANDER (cont'd)  
So... what's the score?

#### STRANGE NEW ANGLE ON: THE FOOTBALL FIELD - NIGHT

At ground level. The SOUNDS of the CROWD, the BANDS, the REFEREES' WHISTLES and the GRUNTING and TACKLING of the PLAYERS are strangely muted here as we look out beyond the CHEERLEADERS and BENCHWARMERS to the excitement of the game just beyond. We are--

#### UNDER THE BLEACHERS OF THE FOOTBALL STADIUM - NIGHT

In the dark and shadowy web of metal crossbeams that stripe the cavity below the thousands of SPECTATORS.

Daryl watches the High School football game through the slotted openings and legs of the paying FANS above.

He's mesmerized by the *deja vu* sights and sounds of the stadium. This used to be his world. He drinks in every sensory image.

There's a Phantom of the Opera quality to his reaction.

#### REVERSE ANGLE: ON THE CHEERLEADERS - NIGHT

As they face the bleachers, urging the home team on.

At the end of the cheer, Cordelia crosses to a cooler near the edge of the bleachers and draws a paper cup of water.

Daryl GRABS her, jerking her into the dark below the stands.

Her SCREAM is absorbed by the CHEER of the stadium full of people as the Razorbacks score a touchdown on the field.

#### EXT. BY THE STANDS - MINUTES LATER - NIGHT



Buffy and Chris move quickly toward the far end, where the Sunnydale Cheerleaders are finishing a post-touchdown cheer.

But as they draw near, it becomes apparent that Cordelia is not among the leaping and cheering squad.

BUFFY  
I don't see her. Do you?

CUT TO:

INT. LAB (OLD SCIENCE BUILDING) - NIGHT

The gutted room with boarded up windows still bears the carbon streaks from the fire a year earlier.

The sheet-draped Body is now joined by a second table. Cordelia (blindfolded) is thrown on it by Daryl. Eric straps her in immediately.

CORDELIA  
Please... what's going on... take off  
the blindfold, I won't scream, I  
promise...

DARYL (O.S.)  
She's beautiful...

Eric turns to see Daryl, his back to Cordelia, lifting the sheet to check out the inanimate, piecemeal body.

ERIC  
No! It's bad luck for the groom to  
see the bride before the wedding.

Eric hastily crosses to Daryl.

CORDELIA  
Please... just take off the  
blindfold, I promise I won't --

DARYL  
Cordelia...

Daryl removes the blindfold. Cordelia takes one look at him and screams bloody murder.

ERIC  
You can scream all you want - we're  
in an abandoned building...  
(scream continues; he  
picks up a blunt  
object)  
okay, that's enough.

Daryl just looks at Cordelia with his sad, mangled eyes.

DARYL  
You were always good to me. Always  
noticed me, but I ignored you. I'm



sorry. I'm glad that I got this second chance to tell you that.

CORDELIA  
(stunned)  
D-Daryl...?

DARYL  
I was thoughtless, I know that now.  
But I've changed, I've learned to appreciate how much it meant that you wanted to be with me.

ERIC  
We're ready.

CORDELIA  
Ready? Ready for what?!

ERIC  
You're going to feel a little pinch, maybe a little discomfort around the neck area. But when you wake up, you'll have the body of a seventeen year old. In fact...

Eric lifts the sheet so that Cordelia can see the Body on the adjacent table. (We're angled so we can't however.)

ERIC (cont'd)  
...you'll have the body of several.

EXT. STADIUM BLEACHERS - SAME TIME - NIGHT

Buffy runs right behind the cheerleaders to Cordelia's place. She spots the two POMPOMS lying on the ground several feet away at the edge of the bleachers...

BUFFY  
He was here. Chris, where did he take her?

CHRIS  
To the rest of the body. To the lab.

BUFFY  
Where is that?

CHRIS  
I promised him...

BUFFY  
He'll kill Cordelia.  
(desperate)  
You can't just give and take lives like that. It's not your job.

Chris looks up at Buffy. This hits home.

CHRIS



Please try not to hurt him. He's in  
the old science building. Everything  
is set up there.

BUFFY  
Okay, find Willow and Xander and Mr.  
Giles. Tell them what's going on.

Buffy heads off. Chris watches her for a beat, worried about his brother, then moves off.

INT. LAB (OLD SCIENCE BUILDING) - NIGHT

Eric finishes pouring gas from a five gallon drum into the generator. He turns on the generator. All around the room, jerry- rigged machines hum to life. Eric holds a surgical saw over a bunsen burner.

CORDELIA  
Daryl, please... you don't have to  
do this.

DARYL  
I have to. So we can be together.

CORDELIA  
(frantic now)  
We can be together anyway. I'll be  
with you. I promise.

He leans in to Cordelia. She can't help looking away.

DARYL  
Is that right? You see anything you  
like?

He turns away, to the unfinished girl.

DARYL (cont'd)  
When you're finished, you won't go  
out. You won't go away. We'll hide  
together.

Tears start to flow down Cordelia's face.

CORDELIA  
Please...

Eric pulls the shiny surgical saw out of the flame, steps forward.

ERIC  
Sterile enough for government work...

He lowers the blade towards Cordelia's neck. Cordelia SCREAMS.

Just as the door CRASHES open and Buffy steps inside.

CORDELIA  
Buffy! Help me!



As Buffy looks down at Cordelia, Eric heaves the surgical saw across at her. Buffy neatly catches it by the handle in midair.

Eric, ever the coward, flees into a corner, ducking. Buffy ignores him, turns to Daryl

BUFFY  
Daryl, listen, I know who you are.  
Your brother sent me to stop this.

DARYL  
He wouldn't do that. He loves me.

CORDELIA  
Buffy, they're crazy!

BUFFY  
It's okay, Cordelia, I'm getting you  
out of here.

DARYL  
No, I'm not finished with her.

Daryl picks up another blade from the surgical tray, starts toward Cordelia. Buffy runs, somersaults over the table with the Body, kicking Daryl back and away from Cordelia.

He's up again in an instant. He punches Buffy hard - she goes back into the gurney, sends it rolling across the room.

It hits the gas can and generator -- the can topples, spilling gas.

CORDELIA  
Buffy!

DARYL  
I won't live alone!

At that moment, Eric makes a break for the door. Daryl grabs him by the scruff of the neck.

DARYL (cont'd)  
You have to help me!

ERIC  
Let go!

Furious, Daryl hurls Eric into the wall by the door, knocking him unconscious.

Buffy starts toward Cordelia again, but Daryl lunges at her.

She catches him with a roundhouse kick that sends him reeling. He plows into a table, knocking the bunsen burner to the ground.

ANGLE: THE POOL OF GAS

As the bunsen burner flame ignites it, setting a fire in the middle of the room.

XANDER

Buffy!

Xander runs in, susses the sitch.

BUFFY  
Get Cordelia!

He goes to the gurney, skirting around the flames. He starts to untie Cordelia --

Daryl grabs a huge bottle of chemicals and hurls it at Buffy. She ducks but the chemicals hit the wall and burst into flame, creating a wall of fire, cutting Xander and Cordelia off from the door.

Buffy rains blows on Daryl

ANGLE: THE DOOR

The rest of the group arrive. They react to the carnage and flames. No way can they get to Xander and Cordelia on the gurney. Willow and Giles pull the unconscious Eric out of the room.

Xander looks around, thinking. He grabs the gurney, gives it a massive shove--

CORDELIA  
No!

--then dives on top of Cordelia as the table rolls back through the wall of flames (saving her life) and to the door with Giles and the others.

MS. CALENDAR  
Buffy, get out!

But Daryl strikes again, knocking her against a wall. He picks up a student desk, to bash Buffy's head with, when--

CHRIS  
Daryl! Don't!

Daryl looks across at his brother standing in the doorway. Looks down at Buffy, some remaining human instinct preventing him from unloading the desk.

Then he looks across through the fire to see the flames whirling up around the sheet-covered Body. He freaks.

DARYL  
No! She's mine!

Daryl barrels into the fire, which quickly engulfs him as he falls onto the sheet-covered Body to shield it from the flames.

DARYL (cont'd)  
Mine!

CHRIS  
Daryl!

Chris bolts toward his brother, but Buffy grabs him, wraps him up, holds him back.



ANGLE ON: THE FLAMES

As the photo chemicals fuel the conflagration to greater intensity. Daryl is draped over the Body, motionless now as the fire engulfs them.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SCHOOL GROUNDS - LATER - NIGHT

We see most of the combatants, bathed in fire trucks' flashing lights. The fire seems to be over by now.

ANGLE: CHRIS AND BUFFY

Are staring at the old science building together. After a time...

CHRIS

The first time he woke up, after...  
he said I shouldn't have brought him  
back. I was just trying to look out  
for him. Like he would have done for  
me.

Buffy decides against saying anything. Just puts her hand on his shoulder.

Angel approaches, goes up to Buffy, concerned.

ANGEL

I saw the fire, figured you'd be  
here. Is everyone okay?

BUFFY

Yeah. We're okay.

ANGLE ON GILES AND MS. CALENDAR:

GILES

I am sorry about all this.

MS. CALENDAR

That's okay. Although a good rule of  
thumb for a first date is don't do  
anything so exciting that it will be  
hard to top on the second date.

GILES

(ruefully)

Believe it or not, since I've moved  
here to live on top of the Hellmouth,  
the events of this evening actually  
qualify as a slow night.  
(stops)

Did you say, "second date"?

MS. CALENDAR

Ah, you noticed that too?

ANGLE ON: XANDER AND WILLOW



As they watch Buffy and Angel, Giles and Ms. Calendar together.

XANDER

Well, I guess that makes it official.  
Everyone's paired off. Vampires can  
get dates. Hell, even the school  
librarian is seeing more action than  
me.

(shakes his head)

You ever feel like the world is a  
giant game of musical chairs, and the  
music has stopped and you're the only  
one who doesn't have a chair?

Cordelia steps up behind the two, summons her nerve.

WILLOW

All the time.

CORDELIA

Xander, I, uh, just wanted to say  
thanks for saving my life in there.  
It was... really brave and heroic and  
all. And if there's ever anything I  
can do to repay you...

XANDER

Do you mind? We're talking here.

Cordelia reacts, turns and crossing off.

XANDER (cont'd)

(to Willow)

So, where were we?

WILLOW

Wondering why we never seem to have  
dates.

XANDER

Oh, yeah. So, why do you think that  
is?

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

Buffy and Angel walk along together.

BUFFY

The whole thing was creepy. But at  
the same time... I mean, he did do it  
all for his brother...

ANGEL

Sounds like he took it a little over  
the edge.

BUFFY

Love makes you do the wacky...



ANGEL  
The what?

BUFFY  
Crazy stuff.

ANGEL  
Oh. Crazy like a 241 year old being  
jealous of a high school junior?

BUFFY  
(charmed)  
Are you fessing up?

ANGEL  
I thought about it. Maybe he bothers  
me a little.

Buffy turns, close to Angel.

BUFFY  
I don't love Xander.

ANGEL  
But he's in your life. He gets to be  
there when I can't. Take your  
classes, eat your meals, hear your  
jokes and complaints. He gets to see  
you in the sunlight.

BUFFY  
I don't look all that great in direct  
light...

He half-smiles at that, looks out into the sky a moment.

ANGEL  
It'll be morning soon. I should  
probably...  
(motions: go)

BUFFY  
...yeah. I've got things to...

She looks up at him for a beat. A little despair coursing through both of them.

BUFFY (cont'd)  
I could walk you home...

He holds out his hand. She takes it. They walk off.

The camera holds them a while, until a headstone comes into the foreground and we focus on that, the camera finally settling. The headstone reads:

DARYL EPPS

1978 - 1996



REST IN PEACE

BLACK OUT.

END OF SHOW

