

# School Hard

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## Teaser

EXT. SUNNYDALE HIGH- DAY - ESTABLISHING

MR. SNYDER (V.O.)  
A lot of educators tell students:

INT. SNYDER'S OFFICE - DAY

MR. SNYDER  
...think of your principal as your "pal".  
I say think of me as your judge, jury  
and executioner.

SHEILA MARTINI (17, sexy, slovenly and somewhat dangerous) faces SNYDER across his desk.

MR. SNYDER (cont'd)  
Tell me, who do you think is the most  
troublesome student in this school?

Sheila studies Snyder, pops her gum, and jerks her head to the right, indicating BUFFY whom we now discover sitting next to her. Snyder smiles.

SNYDER (cont'd)  
Well, it is quite a match between  
you two.

Snyder opens two THICK FILES on his desk.

MR. SNYDER (cont'd)  
On the one hand, Buffy hasn't stabbed a  
horticulture teacher with a trowel, yet.

SHEILA  
I never stabbed anyone with a trowel!

Sheila stabs the file in front of Snyder with her finger, he involuntarily edges back.

SHEILA (cont'd)  
It was pruning shears. It should say  
pruning shears.

MR. SNYDER  
(to Buffy)  
On the other hand, Sheila's never  
burned down a school building.

BUFFY

That was never proved... the fire  
marshal said it could have been...  
mice...

MR. SNYDER  
Mice?

BUFFY  
Mice that were smoking?

MR. SNYDER  
(looking at file)  
And the two of you seem to be tied in  
the class-cutting and fight-starting  
events. You're really neck and neck  
here. It's very exciting.

SHEILA  
What does the winner get?

MR. SNYDER  
Expelled.

This registers with Buffy. Less so with Sheila.

MR. SNYDER (cont'd)  
This Thursday is parent teacher night. Your parents -  
(to Buffy)  
assuming you have any - will meet your teachers -  
(to Sheila)  
assuming you have any **left**. I have  
decided to put you two in charge of this  
event. You have three days to prepare  
the refreshments, make the banners,  
and transform the school lounge into  
a habitable place for adults. This will  
incur my goodwill, and may even  
affect what I tell your parents when I  
meet them. Are we clear?

BUFFY  
We're clear.  
(to Sheila)  
Don't you feel clear?  
(to Snyder)  
We're very clear.

MR. SNYDER  
Good. Because you mess up this time,  
and your parents will be coming to  
clean out your lockers.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY - AFTER SCHOOL

Buffy walks with Sheila as Xander and Willow approach.

BUFFY  
It really shouldn't be that hard.  
We'll work on banners tomorrow at

lunch and we can figure out refreshments then.

SHEILA  
Yeah, sure, whatever.

She calls out to an older, slovenly, tattooed guy.

SHEILA (cont'd)  
Hey, Meatpie! Wait up!

And she's off, Xander and Willow watching her go.

XANDER  
Heard Snyder's got you guys making party favors.

BUFFY  
Yeah, his two worst students.  
(watching Sheila)  
When my Mom looks at me, that what she sees. A Sheila.

XANDER  
Sheila's definitely intense. That guy with her? That's the one she CAN bring home to her mother.

WILLOW  
She smoked when we were in fifth grade. Once I was lookout for her.

XANDER  
You're bad to the bone.

WILLOW  
I'm a rebel.

BUFFY  
It's just not fair. I'm the Slayer, which requires a certain amount of fighting and cutting. What's Sheila's excuse?

XANDER  
Homework. She won't do it. And most of the teachers respect that now. You'll probably want to keep her away from sharp implements while you're working.

BUFFY  
Do you think any of the other Slayers ever had to go to high school?

XANDER  
Hey, it's no biggie. You'll put on a nice little affair. The parents'll love it. As long as nothing really bad comes along between now and then, you'll

be fine.

Both girls turn, appalled.

BUFFY

Are you nuts? What'd you say that for?  
Now something bad is gonna happen!

XANDER

What do you mean? Nothing is gonna  
happen!

WILLOW

Not until some dummy says "As long  
as nothing bad happens..."

BUFFY

That's like the ultimate jinx!

WILLOW

What were you thinking? Or were you  
even thinking?

XANDER

(defensively)

Well, you don't know. Maybe this time  
is different.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROADSIDE - NIGHT

We see a sign proclaiming WELCOME TO SUNNYDALE. See it for a good few seconds  
before the black caddy roars out from behind camera, smashing the sign flat.

The caddy screeches to a halt. The door opens.

We see his foot first, stepping out in a shitkicker steel-toed boot. As he walks in  
front of the car the camera ARMS UP, revealing his punkish outfit, his long coat. As  
he puts a cigarette to his lips we reach his face. He looks young, his eyes sparkling  
with anarchy. He smiles as he lights the cigarette. And, oh yeah. He's a vampire.

This is SPIKE.

He looks down at the sign sticking partially under his wheel. Looks at the row of  
houses in the near distance.

SPIKE

Home sweet home.

BLACK OUT.

END OF TEASER

## Act One

INT. THE FACTORY - NIGHT

The ANOINTED ONE holds court from his throne-like chair with several vampires. Two in particular do the talking: a big ugly one and a skinny, intense one. Nobody looks too happy.

BIG UGLY

The Master is dead. Someone has to take his place.

LEAN BOY

As long as the Slayer is alive, whoever takes his place will be sharing his grave!

BIG UGLY

Then let the soul who kills her wear his mantle.

ANOINTED ONE

Can you do it?

BIG UGLY

Yes. This weekend, the Night of Saint Vigeous, our power shall be at it's peak! When I kill her, it'll be the greatest event since the crucifixion. And I should know. I was there.

SPIKE

You were there? Oh please.

He strolls in, eyeing everyone with amusement. He gets in Big Ugly's face.

SPIKE (cont'd)

If every vampire who said he was at the crucifixion was actually there, it would have been like Woodstock!

BIG UGLY

I ought to rip your throat out.

Spike wrinkles his nose.

SPIKE

Would it kill ya', little mouthwash every couple hundred years?

Spike moves on, purposefully turning his back on Big Ugly, looking at the others, glancing at a METAL CAGE, some meat hooks and old chains hanging from pulleys in the ceiling.

SPIKE (cont'd)

I was actually at Woodstock. That was a weird gig. Fed off a flower person and spent six hours watching my hands move.

Big Ugly comes at him from behind. Spike rips a chain from the pulley whips it

around Big Ugly's neck and yanks, bridling Big Ugly, chaining his face against the iron bars of the cage. This all happens REAL FAST. And Spike isn't even out of breath.

SPIKE (cont'd)  
So, who do you kill for fun around here?

ANOINTED ONE  
Who are you?

SPIKE  
Spike. You're that anointed guy. I read about you. And you got Slayer problems. You know what I find works real good with Slayers? Killing them.

ANOINTED ONE  
Can you?

SPIKE  
A lot faster than fatboy here.  
(to Big Ugly, who chokes and grunts)  
Doncha' think?  
(more gagging: to the Anointed)  
He agrees. Where was I? Oh yeah, I did a couple Slayers in my time. Don't like to brag. Oh, who am I kidding, I love to brag. There was one Slayer, during the Boxer Rebellion -

DRUSILLA wanders in as he speaks, looking at everything with the quiet wonder of a child. Spike sees her and his whole face changes. Literally, as he resumes his human visage.

SPIKE (cont'd)  
Drusilla!

He lets go of Big Ugly, goes to her. His manner becomes surprisingly gentle and solicitous with her.

SPIKE (cont'd)  
You shouldn't be walking around.  
You're weak.

DRUSILLA  
Look at all the people. Are these nice people?

SPIKE  
We're getting along.

She goes over to the Anointed One.

DRUSILLA  
This one has power. I could feel it from outside.

SPIKE

Yeah, he's a big noise in these parts. Anointed, and all that.

DRUSILLA  
(to the Anointed One)  
Do you like daisies? I plant them but they always die. Everything I put in the ground withers and dies. Spike, I'm cold.

He whips off his coat and lays it around her shoulders, holding her as he does.

SPIKE  
I got you.

DRUSILLA  
I'm a princess...

SPIKE  
That's what you are.

She runs her finger along his cheek. We see that her fingernail has drawn blood. It trickles down Spike's face. He doesn't flinch, and Drusilla gently licks it off.

He turns to the others.

SPIKE (cont'd)  
Me and Dru, we're moving in. Anyone wanna test who's got the biggest wrinklies around here, step on up.  
(to the Anointed One)  
I'll do your Slayer for you. You keep your flunkies from trying anything behind my back. Deal?

The Anointed One nods. Drusilla suddenly grabs Spike's arm.

DRUSILLA  
I can't see her. The Slayer. I can't see. It's dark where she is... Kill her! Spike! Kill her for me!

SPIKE  
It's done, baby.

DRUSILLA  
(calm, but shaking)  
Kill her for princess?

SPIKE  
I'll chop her into pieces.

DRUSILLA  
You are my sweet.

SPIKE  
(to the Anointed One)  
So, how about this Slayer. Is she tough?

INT. BUFFY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

BUFFY  
Ow!

She's dressed for bed, brushing tangles out of her hair in front of the vanity. JOYCE appears in the doorway.

JOYCE  
What's wrong?

BUFFY  
I spent half my allowance on that  
new cream rinse and it's neither  
creamy nor rinsey.

JOYCE  
Life is hard, dear.

BUFFY  
Don't I know it. Look at these split ends!

JOYCE  
I got the mail.

BUFFY  
Oh good.

JOYCE  
Which included a reminder notice  
about parent teacher night Thursday.

BUFFY  
Oh less good.

JOYCE  
Which your were planning on telling  
me about...?

BUFFY  
For the last two weeks. I've been  
working up my nerve.

JOYCE  
Uh huh. So what do you think your  
teachers will tell me about you?

BUFFY  
Well... I... think they'd all agree I  
always bring a pen to class, ready to  
absorb the knowledge.

JOYCE  
And this absorption rate, how is it  
reflected in your homework and test scores?

BUFFY  
What can you really tell about a



person from a test score?

JOYCE

Whether or not she's ever going out  
with her friends again.

BUFFY

Oh that.

JOYCE

What about your principal?

BUFFY

He put me in charge of the banners  
and refreshments for the whole  
evening. If that's not a sign of  
respect I don't know what is.

JOYCE

I look forward to meeting him.

BUFFY

Won't that be something.

JOYCE

Look, sweetheart, life is more than  
grades and test scores and not getting  
kicked out of school.

BUFFY

You are so right.

JOYCE

But we moved once because of you  
getting in trouble. And I had to start  
a new business - not to mention a new  
life - in a whole new town.

BUFFY

And you don't want to do that again.

JOYCE

What I don't want is to be  
disappointed in you again.

Beat.

BUFFY

Mom, believe me, that's the last thing  
I want, too. I'm trying, I've just got a  
lot of... pressure right now.

JOYCE

Wait till you have a job.

She gives Buffy a little kiss on the head.

JOYCE (cont'd)

Sleep tight.

Joyce goes. Buffy tries one more tangle, tugs open a drawer to drop the brush in, sees the vampire stake in the drawer.

BUFFY  
I have a job.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY - ESTABLISHING

INT. SCHOOL LOUNGE - DAY

Morning. Buffy has a big banner laid out over a long table. Willow is helping her paint "WELCOME PARENTS" on it. Xander is painting "PARENT TEACHER NIGHT" on another banner next to them.

WILLOW  
Sheila's a no show?  
(Buffy nods)  
She goes to this really rank bar, the  
Fish Tank, sometimes they have raids  
and... other things that could make  
you tardy.

BUFFY  
Can you help me cram some French  
tonight? I don't want Mr. DeJean  
telling my mother I'm an...  
(big French accent)  
...imbecile!

WILLOW  
I thought we were going to the Bronze  
tonight. 'Cause of how you thought  
Angel might show.

XANDER  
If he does he'll meet some other nice  
girl. Studying comes first.

BUFFY  
We're going to the Bronze. I can study  
and party and do parent teacher night  
and make my mother proud as long  
as I don't have to...  
(sees Giles and Jenny coming; deflates)  
...fight vampires.

GILES and JENNY CALENDAR join the group, in mid-discussion.

GILES  
There's nothing in the Chronicles  
about an extraneous lunar cycle.

JENNY  
The Order never accurately calculated  
the Mesopotamian calendar! Rupert,  
you have to read something that was

published AFTER 1066.

XANDER  
What's the up, guys?

BUFFY  
I don't suppose this is something  
about happy squirrels?

GILES  
Vampires.

BUFFY  
That was my next guess.

GILES  
Ms. Calendar has been researching -  
surfing on her computer. According to  
her calendar, this Saturday is the  
Night of Saint Vigeous.

BUFFY  
Lemme guess. He didn't make balloon  
animals.

GILES  
He led a crusade. Of vampires. They  
swept through Edessa, Harran, and  
points east.

JENNY  
They didn't leave much behind.

XANDER  
So Saturday's kind of a big doo for  
bloodsuckers.

JENNY  
It's a Holy Night of Attack. They'll  
come in numbers.

BUFFY  
If I survive parent teacher night  
tomorrow...  
(nods at banner)  
...I'll see what I can do about  
Saturday.

GILES  
You're being a tad flip, don't you  
think? This is serious.

BUFFY  
And being kicked out of school is  
laffs aplenty?

GILES  
You know what happens when you let

your life interfere with your slaying.

BUFFY

Yes, I found that out the last time I had a date, back in the Restoration era.

GILES

You just need to keep the two things separate.

BUFFY

Yes, well, if my slaying doesn't get me expelled, I promise my banner making won't get me killed. Just let me get through the week.

GILES

Saturday will require a great deal of preparation.

WILLOW

Well, we'll help.

XANDER

Yeah! I can whittle stakes!

WILLOW

And I can research stuff.

XANDER

(to Willow)

While I'm whittling, I plan to whistle a jaunty tune.

GILES

Your help will be appreciated. But when it comes to battle, Buffy must be prepared to fight alone. You are, after all, a slay-

He sees Snyder approaching, quickly adjusts:

GILES

slay...ve. Slave. You're all slaves to the... television. You young people nowadays. Goodbye.

Giles and Jenny take off. Snyder turns to Xander and Willow.

MR. SNYDER

You wouldn't be helping Buffy in Sheila's place would you?

XANDER

(brush behind back)

No.

WILLOW

We're hindering.

MR. SNYDER

She ditched. Mmm-mmmm, I feel an  
expulsion coming on.

BUFFY

She's been helping for hours. She's  
just out getting more paint...

Buffy follows Snyder's gaze to the door as SHEILA stumbles through in last night's party dress, dark glasses: Marilyn Monroe after a hard night Kennedying. Buffy rushes to Sheila, guides her to Xander's banner, under:

BUFFY (cont'd)

No more teal in the art room? I know  
you wanted it to be perfect, but let's  
just keep going with the green.

She plops (Xander's) brush in Sheila's hand.

MR. SNYDER

Just make sure everything is perfect  
on Thursday.

He goes off.

SHEILA

Thanks for covering. Guy's a serious rodent.

BUFFY

No problem.

SHEILA

Did you really burn down school  
property one time?

BUFFY

Well, not actually ONE time...

SHEILA

Cool.

BUFFY

But I didn't feel good about it or  
anything. I mean, I don't condone...  
So. We're gonna Bronze it tonight,  
if you wanted to come.

SHEILA

I can't go there. You threaten one  
bartender with a broken bottle and  
they like ban you for life.  
(snorts)

BUFFY

Ahhh.

INT. BRONZE - NIGHT

Buffy and Willow at a table. Buffy thinks hard, composing a sentence. Willow's got a French book.

BUFFY

<La vache doit me touche de la jeudi>  
(off Willow's furrowing brow)  
Is that wrong? Should I use the plural?

WILLOW

No, but... you just said that "the cow  
should touch me from Thursday".

BUFFY

Well, maybe that's what I was feeling.

WILLOW

And you said it wrong.

BUFFY

Oh. Je stink.

WILLOW

You're just not focused. It's Angel  
missage.

BUFFY

Well he didn't say for sure, it was  
a maybe see you there kind of deal.

Xander comes off the dance floor.

XANDER

Guys! I'm all alone out there!  
Somebody has to dance with me.

WILLOW

Well, we are studying...

XANDER

Come on, one dance! You've been  
studying for nearly twelve minutes!

BUFFY

No wonder my brain is fried.

They get up, hitting the floor as a fairly rocking song begins. The three of them dance together, Buffy occasionally repeating French phrases to herself.

In the b.g. we see a LONE FIGURE in the dark watching Buffy. Is it Angel.

The figure steps out of the shadows. It's not Angel, it's Spike. He circles through the dancers, moving closer and closer, staying out of Buffy's line of sight, never taking his eyes off her. A hunter stalking his prey.

Spike circles. Buffy is oblivious to the danger. He's closer and closer... and suddenly

gone.

AT THE BAR - SPIKE

Joins Big Ugly (without a vamp face on.)

SPIKE  
Go get something to eat.

Big Ugly nods, obediently moves off. Spike looks back at

BUFFY

On the floor. We discover Spike behind them, speaking to some other folk, but so Buffy will hear:

SPIKE  
Where's a phone. I need to call the  
police. There's some big guy out  
back trying to bite someone.

Buffy reacts and is gone in a flash.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND BRONZE - NIGHT

A HELPLESS GIRL backs away from Big Ugly ( who now has his vamp face on.) He gets his huge hand around her dainty neck, closes in for a kill as -

BUFFY'S TWO HANDS

Locked together, slam down on his wrist, breaking his hold.

BIG UGLY  
Slayer.

BUFFY  
Slay-ee.

And Buffy spin kicks him in the head. He takes it well, grabs her and hurls her against a wall. He charges, she ducks, pivots under his arm and away. He moves after her but we DRIFT RIGHT and discover Spike, calmly watching the melee from the shadows.

BUFFY AND BIG UGLY

Trade punches. Willow and Xander race out the back door.

BUFFY  
(re: girl)  
Get her out of here!

Buffy ducks a punch, kicks. Willow grabs the girl.

BUFFY (cont'd)  
And...  
(punch)  
...a stake...  
(duck)

...would be nice.  
(kick)

Xander races back inside on the heels of Willow and the freaked girl.

SPIKE

Watches her every move, enjoying himself immensely.

INT. BRONZE - NIGHT

Xander races to the table. Opens Buffy's purse, claws through lipstick, make-up, hair brush, a tampon!

XANDER  
Ahhh!

He drops it like a hot tampon, finally finds a stake, runs.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND BRONZE - NIGHT - BUFFY

Big Ugly swings and connects. Buffy goes down. He looms over her.

BIG UGLY  
I don't need to wait for Saint  
Vigorous. You're mine!

He comes at her, but she knocks him back.

Xander races out the back door, hurls the stake at Buffy who catches it sharply on the spin in mid-air. Willow peeks out from behind Xander.

BIG UGLY (cont'd)  
Spike, give me a hand.

Xander and Willow look around the dark alley: who's he talking to?

SPIKE - UNSEEN IN THE SHADOWS

Just watches, makes no move to help.

BUFFY SINKS THE STAKE

Goodbye Big Ugly. Spike applauds slowly, steps out of the darkness. Right next to Willow and Xander who both jump.

SPIKE  
Nice work, baby.

BUFFY  
Who are you?

SPIKE  
You'll find out on Saturday.

BUFFY  
What happens on Saturday?



SPIKE  
I kill you.

He smiles, slides back into the shadows and is gone. Xander and Willow are wiggled.  
So is Buffy.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

## Act Two

EXT. SUNNYDALE HIGH - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

GILES (O.S.)  
Spike...

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Vamp books and diaries on the table. The gang is assembled: Buffy, Giles, Willow, Xander and Jenny who is dragging a staggering amount of weaponry out of the book cage as:

GILES  
...that's what the other vampire  
called him?  
(Buffy nods)  
Sounds a little unorthodox.

BUFFY  
Maybe he's reform.

GILES  
(thumbing through diaries)  
He may have gone by a different  
name in times past...

JENNY  
Whoever he is, we'll need all the  
help we can get come this Saturday.

Xander eyes THE ATTACK OF SAINT VIGEOUS engravings in a huge old tome.  
(Medieval vamp crusade mayhem.)

XANDER  
This Night of Saint Vigeous deal, if  
they're gonna attack in force  
shouldn't we be thinkin': vacation?

WILLOW  
We can't run, that would be wrong.  
Could we hide? I mean if that Spike  
Guy is leading the attack...  
(shudders loudly)  
...sorry, was that audible?

GILES  
I'm sure he's no worse than any other

creature you've faced -

ANGEL (O.S.)  
He's worse.

Angel is suddenly standing inside the doorway. Xander jumps.

BUFFY  
Angel.

GILES  
You know him?

Instead of answering that directly, Angel says to Buffy:

ANGEL  
Once he starts something he doesn't  
stop, until everything in his path is  
dead. Stay away.

A beat as this sinks in:

XANDER  
So he's thorough, goal oriented...  
okay, someone else lighten the mood.

BUFFY  
We were at the Bronze before. I  
thought you said you might show.

ANGEL  
You said you weren't sure if you  
were going.

BUFFY  
I was being cool. You been dating for  
what, two hundred years, you don't  
know what a girl means when she says  
maybe she'll show? Work with me here.

Angel gives her a small smile. The nice moment is broken by:

WILLOW  
Wow, two centuries of dating. If you  
only had two a year that'd still be like  
four hundred dates with four hundred  
different -  
(suddenly interested in weapons)  
-- why do they call it a mace?

GILES  
Yes, well we've slightly more urgent  
things to discuss.

BUFFY  
(turning away from Angel)  
Like keeping my mom away from  
Principal Snyder tomorrow night.

JENNY  
And not dying Saturday.

GILES  
Angel, do you know if this Spike  
fellow has any other names?

Giles looks up from the diaries. Angel is gone. They all look around.

XANDER  
That's it, I'm puttin' a collar with  
a little bell on that guy.

Off Buffy,

EXT. THE FISH TANK - NIGHT

A rank dive. Just horrible, mind-numbling industrial music pounds within. Next to the sign: Fish Tank, a door opens and Sheila emerges with TWO LOW-LIFES. They're older than her and hoping to get some.

ANGLE - ALLEY NEXT TO THE FISH TANK

Sheila trips down the alley with the low-lifes. Both guys wear tank tops and are covered in tattoos.

SHEILA  
All right, which one is Dwayne and  
which one is Dell - don't tell me,  
Dell's the one with the tattoo!

Sheila laughs at her joke as they move on.

ANOTHER ANGLE - TWO SHOT, SHEILA AND DELL

SHEILA  
You guys weren't lying about havin'  
a Cadillac, were ya'? Cause I'm crazy  
about a cad. Just the feel of the leather  
makes me wanna...

Sheila looks around. Dwayne is gone.

SHEILA (cont'd)  
What happened to your friend?

CLOSE ON SHEILA

SHEILA  
Hey, illustrated man, over here.

And as the CAMERA circles her we discover Dell is gone now, too, and she is alone.

SHEILA (cont'd)  
What's going on?

She looks up and down the alley, getting spooked.

SHEILA (cont'd)  
Where are you guys?

She moves further down the alley. We creep after her.

SHEILA (cont'd)  
Not funny...

Sheila moves on. More than a little freaked now. She looks behind her. Nothing. Looks the other way. Nothing. Then, Spike, out of nowhere, is just standing right in front of her. She SCREAMS.

SHEILA (cont'd)  
Who are you?

SPIKE  
Who do you want me to be?

She's half-scared, half-mesmerized by his presence.

SHEILA  
Did you see...?

SPIKE  
Those two losers who thought they  
were good enough for you?

She half-smiles.

SHEILA  
What happened to 'em?

SPIKE  
They got sleepy.

SHEILA  
Huh?

SPIKE  
And you got something a whole lot better.

He holds her gaze, hypnotic. Then he turns and walks on.

SHEILA  
Hey, wait up. What's your name?

She goes after him. And we PAN DOWN to the dark floor of the alley. Where two bodies lie. Dwayne and Dell. Way dead.

INT. THE FACTORY - NIGHT

Spooky. Lit by torches. Spike and Drusilla are noticeably absent.

Vampires are chanting, whipping themselves and each other. The Anointed One sits in the shadows. Standing near him and speaking for him is:

LEAN BOY  
Saint Vigeous, you who murdered so

many, we beseech you, cleans us of our  
weaknesses: mercy, compassion and pity.

OTHERS

We will bathe in their blood.

The Anointed One, like a little Godfather, motions to Lean Boy who leans down close to him.

ANOINTED ONE

Where is he?

LEAN BOY

Spike? He, uh, said he doesn't go  
for religion.

ANOINTED ONE

He should be here.

LEAN BOY

He's with the woman. He's always  
with the woman.

The Anointed One looks displeased. CAMERA TRACKS PAST the ceremony, into the darker recesses of the factory.

LEAN BOY (cont'd)

(to vamps)

Lambs to the slaughter!

OTHERS

Bathe in their blood!

We discover a narrow passageway, stairs leading down.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SPIKE AND DRUSILLA'S ROOM - NIGHT

The stairs lead down into their little dungeonesque suite, their furniture now moved in. The medieval feel of the room is sharply contrasted by an old black and white TV, showing nothing but snow. Lined up on an old trunk by the wall are five Victorian dolls, gags of old linen tied around their mouths, their eyes wide and innocent.

Drusilla takes one of the dolls and turns it toward the wall.

DRUSILLA

Miss Edith speaks out of turn. She's  
a bad example and will have no  
cakes today.

Spike comes up behind her, slides his arms around her.

SPIKE

Darling, are you gonna eat something?

DRUSILLA

I'm not hungry. I miss Prague.

SPIKE

You nearly died in Prague, Baby.  
That idiot mob... this is the place  
for us. The Hellmouth'll restore  
you. Put color in your cheeks.  
Metaphorically speaking.

SPIKE (cont'd)

And in a few weeks time...

DRUSILLA

The stars will align, and smile down  
on me.

SPIKE

And then, God, this town will burn.

DRUSILLA

A pretty fire.

SPIKE

But baby, none of that's gonna happen  
unless you EAT.

And on that word, the camera WHIP-PANS to the corner of the room, where sits  
Sheila, trussed, gagged and absolutely terrified. No longer the bad girl.

The noise of CHANTING drifts down from upstairs. Spike and Drusilla look up as  
they settle on the bed.

DRUSILLA

They're preparing.

SPIKE

St. Vigeous is coming up. Should be a  
party. And I need a party. Man, I'm  
restless. Can't wait to ice that Slayer.

DRUSILLA

You should go up with them and  
cleanse...

SPIKE

Dru...

DRUSILLA

The boy doesn't trust you. They  
follow him. I sometimes think that  
my hair will fall out.

SPIKE

Never happen. Alright, I'll go get  
chanty with the fellahs. But you  
have to do me one favor.

He grabs Sheila and hands her to Drusilla. The two lovers exchange a smile, then

Spike heads upstairs.

Drusilla looks at Sheila, then past her, to the dolls.

DRUSILLA

See, Miss Edith, if you'd been good,  
you could watch with the rest.

CLOSE ON: DRUSILLA

Now has Vampire face on. It is pale, horrible, and eerily beautiful.

She buries dripping fangs in Sheila's neck.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY - ESTABLISHING

A hand painted banner across the entry: PARENT TEACHER NIGHT

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Hectic. Cordelia and Xander are sharpening stakes, Jenny and Willow sight arrows, tightening screws on the crossbow and other weapons. Camera moves past them to find Buffy in equally frantic preparation: chopping carrots. She's laying out an impressive platter of crudités. She has a nice I'm-a-model-student dress on.

WILLOW

Do you think Sheila will show?

BUFFY

I doubt it. She doesn't seem to care  
about getting kicked out - about  
anything. I sort of envy that.

WILLOW

I don't think she's very happy.

Giles crosses in, book in hand.

GILES

(re: diaries)

For three nights the unholy ones  
scourge themselves into a fury,  
culminating in a savage attack on  
the Night of Saint Vigeous.

XANDER

Anyone still remember when Saturday  
night meant date night?

CORDELIA

You sure don't.

BUFFY

(glances at clock)

The parents start arriving in an hour.  
Okay, banners are in place, the lounge  
is comfy, what am I forgetting...?

WILLOW  
Punch?

BUFFY  
Punch! I need punch.

XANDER  
The important thing in punch is the  
ratio of Vodka to Schnapps.  
(off looks)  
That was obviously far too  
sophisticated a joke for this crowd.

Cordelia drops a stake, exhausted.

CORDELIA  
My fingers are cramping, how long  
have I been doing this?

XANDER  
Three minutes.

CORDELIA  
So can I go now? She's not gonna need  
that many stakes, I mean if this Spike  
guy's as mean as you all said, it should  
be over pretty fast.  
(to Buffy, off their looks)  
We're still rooting for you Saturday. I'd  
be there myself but I've got a leg wax.

Buffy is up and on her way out.

BUFFY  
You guys hold the fort. I'm punch bound.

She goes out. There is a beat, then both Xander and Cordelia reach for some of the  
food Buffy has prepared.

Buffy's back in the door in a flash.

BUFFY (cont'd)  
No!

And gone again.

INT. SCHOOL LOUNGE - NIGHT

CLOSE - A HUMONGOUS PUNCH BOWL

The lounge looks clean. Extra chairs lined up. Pretty, freshly painted banners hung.  
Refreshments laid out. Willow joins Buffy as she stirs the punch up.

WILLOW  
What kind of punch did you make?

BUFFY



Lemonade.

Willow takes a cup, pleased.

BUFFY (cont'd)  
I made it fresh and everything.

WILLOW  
How much sugar did you use?

BUFFY  
(worried)  
Sugar?

And as she says it, Willow sips. The catastrophic face she makes indicates a total lack of sugar.

WILLOW  
(hardly able to speak)  
It's very good...

She puts the cup down, still face making.

BUFFY  
Now if we can just keep my mother  
and Snyder from crossing paths for  
the next three hours...

WILLOW  
(sees Joyce arriving)  
Hi Mrs. Summers.

JOYCE  
Hi Willow.  
(to Buffy)  
Hi honey. Did you do all this?

BUFFY  
I did. How 'bout some lemonade -

Behind Joyce, Buffy sees Snyder (wearing a name tag) heading down the hall towards them.

BUFFY (cont'd)  
-- after Willow shows you the library.  
(steering them away from Snyder)  
I have to stay here and hostess.

WILLOW  
Yeah, the library - no, because  
Giles and everyone...

BUFFY  
(steering them down another hall)  
...are locked inside studying.  
French class it is.

Willow disappears with Joyce as Snyder walks up.

MR. SNYDER  
Was that your mother?

BUFFY  
Oh hi. Yeah, I wanted to introduce  
you. She wouldn't have said too much,  
she doesn't speak a word of English.

Snyder gives her a look, moves off to greet some parents, Buffy looks up at

THE CLOCK ON THE WALL

It reads: 6:14

DISSOLVE TO:

THE CLOCK ON THE WALL

It now reads 8:45. Parents and teachers (with name tags) mingle. Buffy stands near the refreshments keeping a wary eye out for her mother and Snyder. Cordelia walks up, fuming.

CORDELIA  
Giles has us locked in that library  
working on your weapons. Even  
slaves get minimum wage.

Cordelia stares at Buffy's skin.

BUFFY  
What?

CORDELIA  
You're starting to look pretty slagged.  
What are you, just skipping foundation  
entirely now?

BUFFY  
Cordelia, I have at least three lives to  
contend with and none of them really  
mesh. It's like oil and water and... a  
third unmeshable thing.

CORDELIA  
Yeah. And I can see the oil.  
(re: Willow and Joyce approaching)  
Is that your mom? Now that's a woman  
who knows how to moisturize. Did it  
like skip a generation?

JOYCE  
Well I believe I've seen every  
classroom on campus. And in each  
one your teachers had miraculously  
just stepped out.

Buffy shoots Willow a discreet thumbs up, sees Snyder heading their way.

BUFFY

But you didn't see the boiler room.  
And that's really interesting because  
of the boiler being right there in the  
room and all -

Joyce ignores Buffy's efforts and offers her hand to Snyder.

JOYCE  
Hello. I'm Joyce Summers, Buffy's mother.

MR. SNYDER  
Principal Snyder. I'm afraid we need  
to talk. My office is down here.

Buffy deflates as they walk away.

BUFFY  
He didn't look very happy.

CORDELIA  
When they're done talking...

BUFFY  
What?

CORDELIA  
My guess? Tenth high school reunion?  
You'll still be grounded.

WILLOW  
Cordelia... have some punch.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Jenny sees Giles, studying a diary, looking concerned and intrigued.

GILES  
Well, there you are...

JENNY  
There who is?

GILES  
(re: diaries)  
Our new friend Spike. "Known as  
William the Bloody, earned his nickname  
by torturing his victims with railroad  
spikes..." Ahh, but here's some good  
news, he's barely two hundred, not even  
as old as Angel... oh...

His face darkens again.

XANDER  
That's a bad look, right?

GILES  
I think your suggestion of running  
away this Saturday may have been a

good one. Spike has fought two Slayers  
in the last century. And killed them both.

INT. SCHOOL LOUNGE - A BIT LATER

With the exception of FIVE PEOPLE (two PARENTS, two TEACHERS, one STUDENT)  
everyone else is gone. Willow tries to console Buffy.

Snyder and Joyce return. Buffy doesn't have to ask: Joyce looks at Buffy like she  
wishes she were never born.

JOYCE  
In the car. Now.

Snyder gives Buffy a "gotcha" look, starts flicking off hall lights. Buffy hangs her  
head, moves off with her mom. Snyder, by the platform in front of the big picture  
window, flicks off that light as (possible slow mo) the huge window shatters and  
Spike crashes through it. Dressed for killing. Flanked by Lean Boy and FIVE other  
vampires.

Pandemonium erupts, Snyder and others scream and run. Only Buffy stands still as  
Spike locks eyes with her way across the room.

SPIKE  
What can I say? I couldn't wait.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

## Act Three

INT. SCHOOL LOUNGE - NIGHT

As before: chaos. Snyder, the two parents, two teachers and one student run for  
their lives.

SPIKE

Makes a beeline for Buffy. She grabs a chair, swings it in a 360 and lets fly. It hits  
him SOLID in the head, knocking him back.

BUFFY  
Run!

Buffy grabs Joyce, drags her toward an exit. Sees Vamp 1 blocking it. Pivots back  
toward the hall.

BUFFY (cont'd)  
They've got the exits, this way!  
Everybody, this way!

Buffy hustles her mother, Snyder, Parent 1, the two teachers and the student down  
the NORTH HALL towards the library.

SPIKE BOUNDS UP, HIS HAND SHOOTS OUT

Grabs Parent 2 by the neck. Looking for the Slayer.

SPIKE

No one gets out! Especially the girl!

CORDELIA AND WILLOW

Run for their lives in the opposite direction Buffy went, towards the SOUTH EXIT where Vampire # 2 leaps out, gets a hold of Cordelia who screams. Willow grabs the heavy bust of Flutie, clocks him with it, they cut left, down the SOUTH HALL. Lean Boy sees them, gives chase. Meanwhile:

INT. NORTH HALL - NIGHT - BUFFY, JOYCE, SNYDER

And the others race towards the library. Giles, Xander and Jenny fly out of the library doors, see them coming. Buffy shouts to Giles:

BUFFY

It's Spike and a small army! Look out!

Vampire 3 rounds the corner.

Buffy spots Vampires # 4 and 5 closing from the hall that leads back toward the lounge. She hustles her charges into the SCIENCE CLASSROOM.

BUFFY (cont'd)

In here! Go, go!

Giles, Jenny and Xander hightail it back into the library, as Vamp 3 pounds on the door.

INT. SCIENCE CLASSROOM - NIGHT

The one with the big metal slats covering the high windows. The best fortress Buffy could find on short notice. She hustles everyone in, being none too gentle with Snyder, locks the door just as Snyder gets there.

BUFFY

Barricade -

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT - GILES

GILES

-- the door!

Giles, Xander and Jenny do just that.

INT. SCIENCE CLASSROOM - NIGHT

Joyce and the others slide desks and cabinets in front of the door as Buffy vaults across the room and locks the door at the opposite end of the room. That's when the lights go out.

MR. SNYDER

Oh my god!

INT. LIBRARY - SAME TIME

Lights go out here, too. (Note: from here on out only emergency lights and Gersh-light.)

SPIKE IN THE LOUNGE

His hand still firmly around poor Parent 1's neck. Lean Boy runs up:

LEAN BOY  
We cut the power, nobody got out.

SPIKE  
And the Slayer?

LEAN BOY  
She either went that way...

Lean Boy points down the North Hall. We see Vamps 3 and 4 trying to break down the door to the classroom.

LEAN BOY (cont'd)  
(points to South Hall)  
...or that way. I saw two others -

SPIKE  
(tightens death grip on parent's neck)  
You don't know?

Spike sighs, turns to the terrified parent.

SPIKE (cont'd)  
I'm a veal kinda guy, you're too old  
to eat...

He eases up on the guy's neck. The Parent starts to breath again. Until Spike snaps his neck and he drops out of frame.

SPIKE (cont'd)  
...but not to kill.  
(to Lean Boy)  
I feel better.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Giles clicks the hook switch on the phone. Dead.

GILES  
They cut the phones.  
(to Xander)  
There's an old boarded cellar behind  
the stacks. You can get out that way.  
Find Angel. He knows about Spike,  
we need him.

XANDER

I'm not going anywhere until I know  
Buffy and Willow are all right.

GILES  
No one's going to be all right if we  
don't get some help.

Off Xander, realizing the truth of that,

INT. SCIENCE CLASSROOM - NIGHT

Buffy stands next to her mom, thinking hard about her next move. Snyder is losing his hit. The two teachers, the parent and the student are freaked. O.S. we hear VAMPIRES hurl their shoulders into the doors.

PARENT  
Who are these people, what do they  
want?

JOYCE  
I didn't get much of a look but, is there  
something wrong with their faces?

MR. SNYDER  
Yes!  
(Buffy looks over)  
P.C.P. It's a gang on P.C.P.! We've  
got to get out of here.

Snyder climbs up on a chair, claws at the metal slats on the windows. Buffy moves to him. Speaks softly but firmly.

BUFFY  
You can't go outside. They'll kill you.

MR. SNYDER  
YOU DON'T TELL ME, I TELL YOU!

Buffy pulls him off the chair. Gets in his face. Never loses her cool:

BUFFY  
They will kill everyone in this room.  
Nobody goes out. Nobody comes in.  
Until I say so. Do you read me?

It's clear to everyone in the room that she knows what she's talking about. Snyder is not about to admit it.

MR. SNYDER  
Who do you think you are?

BUFFY  
I'm the one who knows how to stop them.

Buffy turns to go. Joyce grabs her.

JOYCE  
Buffy are you crazy? I know  
you've been...

(re: Snyder)  
...accused of fighting and other  
things but those guys are serious...  
you can't go out there.

BUFFY  
I know. That's why I'm going up there.

Buffy points up, puts a foot on a chair and jumps.

ANGLE - THE CEILING TILE

Buffy moves it aside, climbs into the cramped space above. She looks back down.

BUFFY (cont'd)  
Don't worry, Mom.

And she's gone. Off Joyce,

CUT TO:

INT. SOUTH HALL - NIGHT

The hall where Cordelia and Willow ran. Spike strolls down the hall, humming a merry tune. Lean Boy searches in the b.g.

SPIKE  
Slayer... here kitty, kitty...

WHAM! Spike kicks down a door.

SPIKE (cont'd)  
I find one of your friends first, I'm  
gonna suck 'em dry...

DISTANT ANGLE

Spike is full in the frame.

SPIKE  
...and use their bones to bash your  
head in.

WHAM! Another door kicked open. CAMERA PANS off Spike to a door marked  
UTILITY CLOSET. CAMERA PUSHES IN:

INT. UTILITY CLOSET - NIGHT

Willow and Cordelia huddle inside. Plenty scared. They hear:

SPIKE (O.S.)  
Are you getting' a word picture here?

CORDELIA  
Oh god, oh god, oh god -

Willow clamps her hand over Cordelia's mouth.



INT. SOUTH HALL - NIGHT

Spike's about to kick in the Utility Closet when:

LEAN BOY  
Spike!

Spike lowers his foot.

LEAN BOY - AT THE FAR END OF THE HALL

As Spike arrives. Skinny points up to a VENT REGISTER near the ceiling.

LEAN BOY  
Listen.

Faint SOUND of someone crawling. Spike smiles.

SPIKE  
Someone's in the ceiling.

INT. CRAWLSPACE - NIGHT

Buffy crawls through the claustrophobic space. She HEARS something behind her. Tries to look. Too tight to see for sure if anything's coming up behind her. She moves on. We creep with her for a few tense beats.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Giles pockets several stakes, hefts a stabbing axe as he heads to the doors (with cabinets piled high in front of them) peers through a piece of the little round window. Starts to pull a cabinet back.

JENNY  
What are you doing? There's at least  
three vampires in that hall and god  
knows how many others in the building.

GILES  
I'm the Watcher, I'm responsible for  
her, I have to go.

Jenny puts her hand on his arm.

JENNY  
Be careful.

Giles looks at her hand for a beat, emotions churning, then grabs the cabinet.

GILES  
Push them back the minute I'm -

CRASH! The ceiling tile above his head gives way - a body falls through. Giles raises his axe. Stops.

GILES (cont'd)  
Buffy!

It's Buffy, already on her feet. Dusty and dirty. But fine.

GILES (cont'd)  
You're all right.

JENNY  
How are the others?

Buffy is already loading her book bag with a throwing ax, stakes, etc.

BUFFY  
Snyder, my mom, and four others are  
locked in the science room across the  
hall. Cordelia and Willow ran the other  
way, I don't know if they're... where's  
Xander?

GILES  
He got out through the stacks. He's  
getting Angel.

BUFFY  
Good. After I take out the vamps in  
the hall you two can get my mom  
and the others out that way, too.

Buffy grabs the pack, kicks a chair under the hole in the ceiling.

GILES  
I should go with you and fight.

BUFFY  
Giles, my mother is in that classroom.  
If I don't make it, I know you'll make  
sure she does.

GILES  
Bloody well right I will. What's  
your plan?

BUFFY  
They split up to hold us here. So I  
can take 'em one on one. Set 'em up,  
knock 'em down.

They share a look, and Buffy's up on the chair and back in the ceiling vent.

GILES  
Watch your back...

INT. SCIENCE CLASSROOM - NIGHT

Snyder paces, growing more feverish by the moment. The others look pretty  
freaked. Vamps (O.S.) still POUNDING on doors. Joyce tries to calm Snyder.

JOYCE  
Why don't you sit down...

He looks at her with wild eyes.

MR. SNYDER  
This is my school. What I say goes.  
And I say this isn't happening.

JOYCE  
Well then I guess the danger is over.

PARENT  
I'm not waiting for them to break  
down the doors. I'm getting out.

JOYCE  
Don't be an idiot!

MR. SNYDER  
I'm beginning to see a certain mother-  
daughter resemblance.

JOYCE  
Oh yeah.

He climbs up on a chair, starts pulling like crazy at the metal bands that cover the high windows.

JOYCE (cont'd)  
No! You heard what Buffy said -

MR. SNYDER  
She's a student, what does she know?

And Snyder climbs up next to the parent, starts helping him yank on the metal.

INT. NORTH HALL - NIGHT

Vamp 5 (at door closest to library) hurls his shoulder one more time, stands there breathing hard. On the wall behind him is a fire ax in a glass box. Suddenly Spike is next to him.

VAMP 5  
Doors are solid.

Spike gently puts a hand on 5's head.

SPIKE  
Use your head...

Spike slams 5's head into the glass, breaking it. Drops the fire ax into 5's hand, moves back down the hall towards the lounge telling 3 in route:

SPIKE (cont'd)  
You. Come with me.

Vamp 5 raises the ax and CHOPS INTO THE DOOR!

INT. SCIENCE CLASSROOM - NIGHT

Joyce and the others react to the new assault. Parent and Snyder have one metal band peeled off and now they get a second one. Just enough room to crawl out of the high window.

MR. SNYDER  
I did it!

Snyder tries to get out. Parent pushes him aside - every man for himself - and lunges through first. He's a big guy, trying to squeeze himself through the little opening.

And the ax is still chopping at the door.

And suddenly the parent gets a big boost - from outside! We don't see it, but something gets him and starts pulling.

PARENT  
He's got me! Help! Help!

And WHOOSH! he's gone. Right out the window. His HORRIBLE SCREAMS quickly fade to silence. Snyder jumps down, backing away as Joyce climbs up, pounds the metal back in place.

INT. LOUNGE - NIGHT - TRACKING SHOT

Looking up as the ceiling moves past us. Then we see a duct register. This is SPIKE'S POV. ANGLE DOWN down to Spike looking up at the vent, listening. Vamp 3 stands nearby, listening, too.

INT. CRAWLSPACE - NIGHT

Buffy crawls along. Cautious. Her pack o' weapons making a little scraping NOISE.

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

The dead body of the Parent lies on the ground. Angel and Xander run past it. Xander looks down, freaked. Angel looks ahead, grim and determined.

XANDER  
You know about this Spike guy so, uh,  
you got a plan?

Angel grabs him and drags him out of frame.

XANDER (cont'd)  
Good plan.

INT. UTILITY CLOSET - NIGHT

Willow and Cordelia huddle in the corner. Cordelia whispers:

CORDELIA  
I think he's gone.

She starts to reach for the door knob.

WILLOW

He could come back.

Cordelia drops her hand. Fast.

CORDELIA  
What are we gonna do?

WILLOW  
Pray.

INT. SCHOOL LOUNG - NIGHT

Spike pulls two long metal support bars out of the rubble of the broken window. Tosses one to Vamp 3. Walks around the lounge never taking his eyes off the ceiling. Suddenly he thrusts the metal spear up right through the ceiling. Hunting Buffy. Takes a few steps. Stabs again. Vamp 3 gets the idea. Does likewise.

INT. CRAWLSPACE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Buffy is moving cautiously forward when a rod comes shooting up right in front of her. A moment, and she slowly crawls backwards.

INT. LIBRARY HALL - NIGHT

Vamp 5 chops away. He's seeing holes in the door now. And the terrified faces of Joyce and Snyder within. A couple of more chops and it'll all be over.

VAMP 5  
(calls to vamp 4)  
Guard that door. I'm almost in.

VAMP 4 - AROUND THE CORNER AND DOWN THE HALL - nods, he heard.

VAMP 5 - raising the ax, hears something. Looks left. Looks right. Nothing there. Starts to bring the ax down into the door when the ceiling bursts above him and Buffy stakes him quicker and quieter than you can say WHOOSH! Buffy moves to the door, her mom sees her through one of the ax holes.

JOYCE  
Buffy! Are you okay?

BUFFY  
(sotto voice)  
I'm fine, Mom.

JOYCE  
Buffy, get out of here! We'll be  
okay.

BUFFY  
Just hang on for one more minute,  
till I tell you to open the door.

Buffy peers around the corner, looks down the hall. Vamp 4 is dutifully standing guard at the other door.

Buffy steps back from the corner. Selects a sharp stake for his demise. Senses

someone behind her. Spins. It's Sheila, who's just come in from the outside door.

BUFFY (cont'd)  
Sheila! Where've you --?

SHEILA  
Sorry I'm late. There's some pretty  
weird guys outside...

BUFFY  
They're trying to kill us.

SHEILA  
(picks up fire ax)  
This should be fun.

Buffy smiles: she's got an ally. She turns away to look and Sheila stares at her with deadly contempt.

INT. SCHOOL LOUNGE - NIGHT

Spike and 3 stab the ceiling. The door bursts open. Angel enters, Xander in tow.  
Spike recognizes:

SPIKE  
Angelus. I'll be damned.

We see that Angel has VAMP FACE on. Xander sees it too, and jumps. Spike drops his bar. Spike and Angel (never letting go of Xander) hug. Then:

ANGEL  
I taught you to always guard your  
perimeter.  
(re: door he entered)  
You should have someone out there.

SPIKE  
I did. I'm surrounded by idiots.  
What's new with you?

ANGEL  
Everything.

SPIKE  
Come up against this Slayer yet?

ANGEL  
She's cute. Not too bright, though.  
Gave the puppy dog, I'm-all-tortured  
act. Keeps her off my back when I  
feed.

SPIKE  
People still fall for that Anne Rice  
routine? What a world.

Xander looks from Angel to Spike.

XANDER

I knew you were a lying... undead  
liar guy.

Angel silences him by grabbing his hair and his shoulder and baring Xander's neck for Spike.

ANGEL  
Want a bite before we kill her?

Off Xander, about to lose his mind,

INT. NORTH HALL - NIGHT

Buffy and Sheila.

BUFFY  
Stay behind me.

Buffy sneaks around the corner. Sheila dutifully close behind, ax at the ready. Buffy sees:

VAMP 4 - his back to them. Buffy raises her stake to hurl, taking careful aim.

ANGLE - BEHIND SHEILA AND BUFFY

We now see Sheila raise her ax high over her own shoulder. Aiming it at the back of Buffy's head. As we COME AROUND we see that Sheila has a new face on. A vampire face.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

## Act Four

INT. NORTH HALL - NIGHT

As before. Buffy about to hurl her stake. Sheila about to cleave Buffy's head.

CAMERA ROARS PAST THEM towards the little porthole window to the library as Giles's face appears.

GILES  
Buffy! Look out -

Sheila chops down. Buffy spins, grabs the ax handle under the blade stopping it inches from her pretty head.

VAMP 4 - sees her now, runs full tilt for her from behind.

Buffy pivots the ax head into Sheila's jaw. She goes down. Buffy spins, swinging the ax. Vamp 4 ducks. The fire ax slices over his head, imbeds in the wall. He comes back up. Looking cocky. Until he looks down. Stake's already in his heart. We cut away before he's even dust.

Buffy turns to Sheila who growls and backs away, pure animal now. She runs

outside.

BUFFY  
Mom! Now!

Joyce unlocks and opens the axed door as Giles and Jenny open the library doors. Buffy ushers Joyce, Snyder and the others into Giles' care.

BUFFY (cont'd)  
Get them out.

JOYCE  
You're coming, too.

BUFFY  
In a minute. Go!

Snyder doesn't need any coaching. He bumps a woman teacher out of his way, makes a beeline for the library. The others follow, Giles and Jenny helping them to safety.

GILES  
Right through the back...

Joyce hangs back, watching as Buffy heads down the hall toward the lounge.

INT. LOUNGE - NIGHT

Lean Boy and Vamp 2 enter from the South hall, move next to Vamp 3, watch as Spike's eyes move from Xander's neck to Angel's face. Angel holds Xander in a vice-like grip.

SPIKE  
Haven't seen you in the killing fields  
for an age.

ANGEL  
I'm not much for company.

SPIKE  
No, you never were. So why are you  
so scared of this Slayer?

ANGEL  
Scared?

SPIKE  
Time was, you'd've taken her out in a  
heartbeat. Now look at you. This  
tortured thing is an act, right? You're  
not housebroken?

ANGEL  
I saw her kill the Master. Hey, you  
think you can take her alone, be my guest.  
(re: Xander)  
I'll just feed and run.

SPIKE



Don't be silly. We're old friends. We'll  
do it together. Let's drink to it.

Spike nods at Xander's neck, smiles. Xander tries to break free. Angel holds him steady. Spike holds Angel's gaze, bends to Xander's neck.

XANDER  
No!

At the last moment, Spike looks down, Xander closes his eyes, and Spike sucker punches Angel in the face.

SPIKE  
You think you can fool me? You were  
my sire, man... you were my Yoda!

ANGEL  
Things change.

SPIKE  
Not us! Not demons. Man, I can't  
believe this - you Uncle Tom!

Spike and Angel circle each other.

SPIKE (cont'd)  
(to vamps)  
This isn't a spectator sport!

They all attack Angel and Xander. Angel shoves Xander toward the exit. They just make it out the door.

Vamp 2, 3 and Lean Boy chase after them. Spike picks up the rod again, ready to give chase, but-

SPIKE

Stops. Very still. CIRCLE AROUND HIM as the door behind slowly opens. Buffy enters, twenty feet behind him, throwing ax in hand.

SPIKE (cont'd)  
(without turning)  
Fe fi fo fum. I smell the blood of  
a nice ripe girl.

Now he turns.

BUFFY  
Do we really need weapons for this?

SPIKE  
I just like 'em. Make me feel all  
manly.

A beat, then he drops his. And she hers.

SPIKE (cont'd)  
The last Slayer I killed, she begged

for her life. I don't see you as the  
begging kind.

BUFFY

You shouldn't have come here.

SPIKE

Yeah, I messed up your doilies and  
stuff. But I just got so bored! Tell you  
what. As a personal favor from me to  
you. I'll make it quick. It won't hurt a bit.

BUFFY

Wrong. It's gonna hurt a lot.

A moment's hesitation crosses his face, and he HURLS HIMSELF at her. Fast.

And now the punches fly, fast and furious. Think Gross Pointe Blanke. Two pros  
giving it all they've got.

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

Xander and Angel fight Vamps 2, 3 and Lean Boy. They are holding their own, as  
Angel knocks 2 into 3, and Xander holds off Lean Boy with a trash can lid.

INT. LOUNGE - NIGHT

Buffy and Spike are going full tilt. They're both getting winded, Spike is starting to  
give just a little better than he's getting.

Spike closes in with a vicious combination of punches and kicks. She pretends like  
the last one hurts more than it did. He goes for the big k.o. She perks up and  
moves out of the way causing Spike's hand to go right through the wall. Buffy locks  
her hands and hammers him on the back of the neck.

SPIKE

Now that hurt.

Spike rips his hand out of the wall - bringing a broken two by four stud with it.

SPIKE (cont'd)

Not as much as this will.

Wallops Buffy with the stud. Buffy goes down. Winded, nowhere to turn. She looks  
up at Spike, standing over her victorious.

He raises the stud over his head. He's going to bash her brains in. As he's about to  
do just that -

SPIKE IS HIT IN THE FACE

By Joyce! Wielding the blunt edge of the fire ax. Spike flies back - hits the ground  
hard. Totally blindsided. Joyce is deep in a mother's rage.

JOYCE

You get the hell away from my daughter!

Spike (in the dark so Joyce can't see his face too well) glances out the broken

window:

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

Angel knocks Lean Boy on his ass, saving Xander. Vamp 2 is already on the ground. 3 turns and runs. As does Lean Boy. Retreat time.

BACK TO SCENE

Buffy is now on her feet. Ready for blood. Standing next to her mother whose hands grip the ax: Thelma and Louise on crack. Spike knows it's time to run and fight another day.

SPIKE  
(bitterly)  
Women.

And he leaps out the window and disappears into the night.

BUFFY TURNS TO HER MOTHER

They're both breathing hard. Physically and emotionally drained.

BUFFY  
Mom... you...

JOYCE  
No one... lays a finger... on  
my little girl.

And Joyce drops the ax. And Buffy falls into her arms.

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

Cop cars, COPS, flashing bubble lights, CORONER'S WAGON.

Giles and Jenny walk out, passing

The CHIEF OF POLICE, who moves to Snyder.

MR SNYDER  
Hello Bob.

CHIEF  
It's over. They all got away.

Chief glances at the others, lowers his voice.

CHIEF (cont'd)  
We got a body outside, another one on  
the south lawn. Looks like he was  
pulled right out the window.

MR. SNYDER  
I told him not to go out that window.

CHIEF  
I'm going to have to say something

to the media.

MR. SNYDER  
So?

CHIEF  
So... usual story, gang-related,  
P.C.P.?

MR. SNYDER  
What did you have in mind, the truth?

Snyder locks eyes with the Chief. They know a lot more than they're letting on.

CHIEF  
Right. Gang related. PCP.

XANDER AND ANGEL (NOT IN VAMP FACE)

Round a different corner of the building.

XANDER  
So when you were giving him my neck  
to chew on, how come you didn't clock  
him before he clocked you?

ANGEL  
I told you, I couldn't make the first move.  
I had to see if he was buying it or not.

XANDER  
And if he bit me, then what?

ANGEL  
(can't resist)  
We would have known he bought it.

Angel moves off. Xander stares off after him with renewed loathing.

XANDER  
And what was that about you bein'  
Spike's sire? What's a sire?  
(rubs his aching neck)  
God, I could sleep for a month.

BUFFY AND JOYCE

Walk to their car together.

BUFFY  
So, uh... what did you and principal  
Snyder talk about anyway?

JOYCE  
Principal Snyder told me you were a  
troublemaker. And I could care less.  
(turns to her)  
I have a daughter who can take care  
of herself. Who's brave and resourceful

and thinks of others when there's a crisis. No matter who you hang out with or what dumb teenage stuff you think you have to do, I'm gonna sleep better knowing all that.

Needless to say, a moment passes between them. They start toward the car again.

BUFFY  
About how long till this wears off  
and you start ragging me again?

JOYCE  
At LEAST a week and a half.

BUFFY  
That is so cool...

Off them,

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT - LATER

The last cop car pulls away. All is silent and still.

INT. SOUTH HALL - NIGHT

CAMERA creeps down the completely deserted hall. And stops before the door marked UTILITY CLOSET.

INT. UTILITY CLOSET - NIGHT

Willow and Cordelia are still here, forgotten in all the turmoil. Cordelia's praying hard, whispering:

CORDELIA  
...and if you get me out of this I  
swear I'll never be mean to anyone  
ever again... you know, unless they  
really deserve it...

PUSH IN on poor Willow, for whom death by Spike is beginning to seem like a wondrous alternative.

CORDELIA (cont'd)  
...or unless it's that time of the  
month in which case I don't see  
how you or anyone else can hold  
me responsible...

WILLOW  
Ask for some aspirin.

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

CORDELIA (O.S.)

...and send us some aspi - hey!

EXT FACTORY - NIGHT JUST TURNING TO DAY

INT. FACTORY - DAWN

The first warm glow of sunrise is peaking through the huge windows. Vamps 2 and 3 dutifully shut out the dreaded light by closing huge shutters.

Spike moves across the floor looking a lot worse for wear. Drusilla is waiting for him.

DRUSILLA  
Did she hurt you?

Is that just a little pleasure at that question?

SPIKE  
I was close, baby, but...

DRUSILLA  
Come here.

She strokes his head.

SPIKE  
A Slayer with family and friends.  
That sure as hell wasn't in the brochure.

DRUSILLA  
You'll kill her. And then we'll have  
a nice party.

Spike is distracted, looking over at:

ANGLE: THE ANOINTED ONE

Is standing with Lean Boy and a few others, looking glum.

SPIKE  
Yeah, a party.

DRUSILLA  
With streamers, and songs.

SPIKE  
How's the Annoying One?

DRUSILLA  
He doesn't want to play.

SPIKE  
Figures. Suppose I better go make nice.

He crosses to them, looks down at the Anointed One. Everyone stares at him expectantly. Begrudgingly, he goes down on one knee.

ANOINTED ONE

You failed.

SPIKE

Yeah, I, uh... I offer penance...

LEAN BOY

Penance? You should lay down your life! Our numbers are depleted. The Feast of St. Vigeous has been ruined by your impatience.

ANOINTED ONE

Should I forgive you?

SPIKE

It was... rash... and if I had to do it all over again... ah who am I kidding? I'd do it exactly the same, only I'd do THIS first.

Spike grabs the Anointed One. Hard. Sweeps him into the cage, slamming the door shut.

Lean Boy makes a move. Spike doesn't even look back as he viciously backhands him away.

Everyone else is too shocked and scared to speak. Drusilla gives it half a beat, then smiles, jamming on Spike's balls.

Spike slings a meat hook to the top of the cage, grabs a pulley chain and starts raising the cage.

SPIKE (cont'd)

From now on we're gonna have a little less ritual and a little more fun around here.

The cage rises in the air... toward a great big old PATCH OF SUNLIGHT shining in through the top shutters. Shutters the vamps haven't got around to yet.

THE ANOINTED ONE

Looks from the impending sun back down at Spike. As the cage enters the sunlight and the Anointed One cries out -

SPIKE GIVES A LAST FINAL TUG ON THE CHAIN

And ties it off. We HEAR the end of the Anointed's cry and then a sizzling sound not unlike Mongolian bar b cue.

CRANE UP WIDE

Spike takes Drusilla's hand and they head down to their dungeon suite...

SPIKE

Let's see what's on TV.

Lean Boy and the other vamps staring in disbelief after them...

And the cage, gently swaying to and fro in the hard shaft of sun, no sound coming from within, no sign of a body, just a gentle waft of smoke curling up into the golden light of a brand new day.

BLACK OUT.

THE END