

# Becoming, Part Two

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## Teaser

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT (SECONDS AFTER RECAP)

A SECOND COP joins the first, also draws his weapon.

SECOND COP  
Back away from the girl! Put your hands up and  
back away slowly!

BUFFY  
But, I didn't --

SECOND COP  
Do it now!

She does, as the first cop moves to Kendra, checks her vitals.

FIRST COP  
This one's dead.

SECOND COP  
What about up there?

ANGLE: XANDER

is visible lying on the balcony.

BUFFY  
Xander!

She starts for him, breaking away from second cop, but First Cop grabs her, throws her back.

FIRST COP  
Get her out of here!

BUFFY  
(re: Xander)  
See if he's okay!

Second Cop takes her and roughly pushes her through the doors to

INT. HALL - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

As they come out we see Snyder arriving with two OTHER COPS.

SECOND COP  
You'd do well to keep your mouth shut, missy.

BUFFY  
I didn't do anything!

SNYDER  
Why do I find that so very hard to believe?

SECOND COP  
(to the other cops)  
In there.  
(as they go inside,)  
You know this girl?

# Act One

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

It is fairly busy as Buffy walks in, keeping her head down. She has on an overcoat and hat, nothing too obvious. She searches around a bit, looking from room to room.

A hand reaches out and grabs her.

She spins to see:

BUFFY  
Xander!

She hugs him, tightly. Lets go and looks at him.

BUFFY  
I didn't know if you were okay. The cops -

XANDER  
Yeah, I heard them chase you out.  
I was just coming out of it.

Shows a cast on his wrist.

XANDER  
Souvenir.

BUFFY  
Well, what about the others?  
Are they --

He grabs her in another embrace as two cops walk by. Lets go as they leave.

BUFFY  
Okay, that was about equal parts  
protecting me and copping a feel, right?

He doesn't smile. Dread suffuses her.

BUFFY  
What is it?

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - A FEW MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

Willow lies unconscious in bed, hooked up to machines. Buffy approaches, distraught -- Xander behind her.

XANDER  
The doctor said it was. . . head trauma. . .  
she could wake up any time, but the  
longer it takes. . . the less likely it is.

BUFFY  
I shouldn't have let her try to do the curse.

Angel must have known.

Buffy doesn't speak. She runs her hand along Willow's forehead. After a moment she looks around her.

BUFFY  
Where are her folks?

XANDER  
With relatives, in Phoenix. I called them.  
They're getting a plane back.

BUFFY  
Does Oz know?

XANDER  
Man, I didn't even think. I'll call him.

Cordelia enters, tentatively. Xander spots her.

XANDER  
Hey!

He crosses to her with a big relieved hug and kiss.

BUFFY  
You're not hurt?

CORDELIA  
I ran. I think I made it through three  
counties before I realized noone was  
chasing me. Not real brave.

BUFFY  
It was the right thing to do.

XANDER  
Did Giles keep up with you?

She looks at the two of them.

CORDELIA  
I didn't see Giles.

BUFFY  
(to Xander)  
You mean he's not here?

XANDER  
No.

Off Buffy's inevitable conclusion.

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

Giles is on the floor, just beginning to come to. He looks around, trying to focus.

Angel is lying on his stomach, face near Giles', smiling.

ANGEL  
Hi, Rupert.

Giles rears back into a sitting position, looking about him. He is still very groggy.

Spike is sitting behind Angel. Two VAMPS flank Giles, a bit behind him.

Angel stands, as Giles attempts to.

ANGEL  
I wasn't sure you were gonna wake up.  
You had me worried.

GILES  
What do you want?

ANGEL  
I want to torture you. I used to love it,  
and it's been a long time. I mean, the  
last time I tortured someone they didn't  
even **have** chainsaws.

The two vamps move a step closer to Giles as he finally gets to his feet, eyes widening in fear. He looks to the side and his gaze locks on something at the other end of the room.

ANGLE: THE STATUE OF ACATHLA

Stands alone, several feet away.

ANGEL  
(turns to look)  
Oh, yeah, Acathla. He's an even  
harder guy to wake up than you are.  
I performed the ritual, said all the  
right phrases, blood on my hand. . .  
Got nothing. Big donut hole for my  
troubles. I figure you know the ritual;  
you're pretty up on these things, you could  
probably tell me what I'm doing wrong.  
But honestly, I sort of hope you don't. . .  
(turning back to Giles)  
. . . 'cause I **really** wanna torture you.

Giles looks right at Angel, scared. Then he suddenly SLAMS his elbow into one of the vamps faces, knocking him back. The other vamp comes at him and Giles hurls him into Angel, takes off for the door.

He makes it as far as the door and Drusilla steps in through it, grabbing Giles by the throat. Easily walking him back as he chokes.

She hands him back to the two vamps. Angel comes up to him, smiling as ever.

ANGEL  
Okay. Where do we start? Ooh. Fingers.

INT. BUFFY'S FOYER - NIGHT

Joyce is there, talking to a police officer, DETECTIVE STEIN. Another comes down from upstairs holding a picture of Buffy.

JOYCE

There's been some terrible mistake.

DETECTIVE STEIN

And you have no idea where your daughter is?

JOYCE

No, I --

Detective Stein takes the picture, looks at it.

DETECTIVE STEIN

Do you always let your daughter stay out this late?

JOYCE

No. She goes out; I can't always  
keep track, but. . .

(remembering)

She said she was going to her friend  
Willow's house. Maybe she slept over.

DETECTIVE STEIN

Is that Willow Rosenberg?

JOYCE

Yes. . .

DETECTIVE STEIN

(to the other)

Second victim.

JOYCE

What. . . ?

DETECTIVE STEIN

Does your daughter have a history  
of violence, Ms Summers?

JOYCE

Well. . . she's had some fights, but. . .

DETECTIVE STEIN

You call us, okay? If she decides to stop by.  
It'd be best if she just comes in.

They let themselves out.

INT. GILES' APARTMENT - NIGHT

The door is slightly ajar as Buffy enters, calling out:

BUFFY

Giles? Giles!

Whistler comes in from the bathroom.

WHISTLER  
I don't think he's here.

Buffy stops, eyeing him suspiciously.

BUFFY  
Who are you?

WHISTLER  
Whistler.

BUFFY  
What are you doing here?

WHISTLER  
Waiting for you.

BUFFY  
Why?

WHISTLER  
'Cause I need a date for the prom.  
My mother says I may attend,  
but no fondling.

Buffy pushes him against the wall. Her gesture is casual, but he hits pretty hard.

BUFFY  
(incredibly calm)  
I have lost friends tonight, and I  
may lose more. If you have  
information worth hearing then  
I am grateful for it. If you want  
to make jokes then I will pull out  
your ribcage and wear it as a hat.

WHISTLER  
Hello to the imagery. Very nice.

He moves away from her, straightening his outfit.

WHISTLER  
You know, it wasn't supposed to  
go down like this. Nobody saw  
you coming. I figured this for  
Angel's big day, but I thought  
he was here to **stop** Acathla, not  
bring him forth. But you two made  
with the smoochies and now he's a creep again.

She hates to hear that. It takes her down a peg.

BUFFY  
We didn't know. . .

WHISTLER  
Hey, not here to judge. Body like yours -

I'd pretty much give up my soul for a shot at that, too. But it took Angel off the roster. Which puts you on the spots in a big way. What are you gonna do? What are you prepared to do?

BUFFY  
Whatever I have to.

WHISTLER  
Or maybe I should ask, what are you prepared to give up?

She stares at him.

BUFFY  
You don't have anything useful to tell me, do you? What are you, some immortal demon sent down to even the score between good and evil?

WHISTLER  
Wow. Good guess.

BUFFY  
Why don't you try getting off your immortal ass and **fighting** evil once in a while? 'Cause I'm tired of doing this by myself.

WHISTLER  
(serious)  
In the end, you're always by yourself. You're all you got -- That's the point.

BUFFY  
Spare me.

She walks out. He follows a bit, telling her:

WHISTLER  
The sword isn't enough. You gotta be ready.  
(she's gone)  
You gotta know how to use it!

He stops, unsatisfied with the conversation.

WHISTLER  
Man, this is gonna be close. . .

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Buffy crosses a street, moving quickly and keeping to herself. Suddenly she is nailed by a pair of headlights which go on accompanied by the flashing of police lights.

Before Buffy can react the cop is out of his car, gun drawn. He steps up, never taking his eyes off her.



BEAT COP  
Hold it! Right there.  
Hands above your head. Do it!

He starts moving forward -- then hears something, spins -- and is knocked so hard he flips over onto the hood of the squad car, unconscious.

Buffy stares into the glare of the headlights as a figure steps out.

SPIKE  
Hello, love.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

## Act Two

EXT. STREET - NIGHT (SECONDS LATER)

Buffy lunges at Spike, starts pummeling him. He takes a couple of hits then knocks her back with one. As she gets up again, whipping out a stake:

SPIKE  
**Will you hold on for a second?**

She doesn't look like she's gonna. He backs off a couple of paces, putting up his hands.

SPIKE  
Hey! White flag here! I quit!

BUFFY  
Let me clear this up for you.  
We're mortal enemies.  
We don't get "time-outs."

SPIKE  
You wanna go around, pet, I'll have  
a gay old time of it. You wanna  
stop Angel, well, then, we gotta  
play it a bit differently.

BUFFY  
What are you talking about?

SPIKE  
I'm talking about your ex, love.  
I'm talking about putting him in  
the bloody ground.

A beat.

BUFFY  
This has got to be the lamest trick  
you guys have ever thought up.

SPIKE  
He's got your watcher. Right now  
he's probably torturing him.

That stops her.

BUFFY  
What do you want?

SPIKE  
I told you. I wanna stop Angel.  
(smiles)  
I wanna save the world.

BUFFY  
Okay. You do remember that  
you're a vampire, right?

SPIKE  
We like to talk big, vampires do.  
"I'm gonna destroy the world," --  
just tough guy talk, strutting around  
with your friends over a pint of blood.

As he speaks, he sits on the hood of the car. Pulls a cig and a lighter from the  
unconscious cop's breast pocket, and lights himself a smoke.

SPIKE  
Truth is, I like this world. You got  
dog racing, Manchester United,  
"Love Boat," and you got people.  
Billions of people walking around  
like Happy Meals with legs. It's all  
right here. But then someone comes  
along with a vision. With a real passion  
for destruction. Angel could pull it off.  
Goodbye Piccadilly, farewell Leicester  
bloody Square, you see what I'm saying?

BUFFY  
Uh, sort of?

SPIKE  
Why don't you put that stake down?

BUFFY  
'Cause of the whole 'not believing you'  
issue. You might not be down with Angel  
but why would you ever come to me?

He doesn't really want to answer that, but he knows he has to. He grinds out his cig  
on the car.

SPIKE  
I want Dru back. I want it like it was,  
before he came back.  
(disgusted)  
The way she acts around him. . .

BUFFY  
Oh, you're pathetic!

Instinctively, he punches her in the face. She punches him equally hard then continues talking as if neither of them had moved.

BUFFY  
I've got friends in the hospital -  
people have died --

SPIKE  
I wasn't in on that raiding party --

BUFFY  
(not stopping)  
-- and I may lose more of them,  
the whole world could be sucked  
into Hell and you need my help  
'cause your girlfriend's a big ho?  
Let me take this opportunity to **not care**.

SPIKE  
I can't fight them both alone  
and neither can you!

She punches him again. But it seems to be her final outburst. She comes down a bit, glaring at him.

BUFFY  
You're a killer.

SPIKE  
And I'm all you got.

A beat, and she puts her stake away.

BUFFY  
All right. Talk.

The cop on the hood of the car groans. Spike turns to him.

SPIKE  
Let me just kill this guy --

Buffy clears her throat. Spike turns back.

SPIKE  
Oh. Right.

BUFFY  
Come on. Let's get inside.

They take off for her house.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Willow still lies unconscious. Xander sits by her bed, Cordelia in a chair nearby. She gets up, crosses to him.

CORDELIA  
She's gonna be okay.

XANDER  
Yeah. . .

CORDELIA  
Do you want some coffee?

XANDER  
I don't want to leave, she might --

CORDELIA  
I'll get it.

XANDER  
Thanks --

She goes. Xander turns back to Willow, holds her hand.

XANDER  
Come on, Will. . .  
(He takes a moment, continues)  
Look, you don't have a choice here.  
You gotta wake up. I need you, Will.  
How am I gonna pass trig? Who am I  
gonna call every night to talk about  
what we did all day? You're my best  
friend, you've always. . .

He leans in close.

XANDER  
I love you.

ANGLE: HER HAND

squeezes his.

He looks at it, at her, as her head moves slightly. Eyes flutter. He leans in, with feverish hope --

XANDER  
Willow?

WILLOW  
Oz?

Xander takes a hit for a moment, then forgets about himself. She's awake.

WILLOW  
Oz. . . . ?

OZ (O.S.)

I'm here.

He is just entering the room. Xander stands, makes way for Oz to come to the bed.

XANDER  
She's just waking up. . .

OZ  
(to Willow)  
Hey, baby. . .

WILLOW  
Hi. . .  
(Sees Xander)  
Hi Xander. . .

XANDER  
Hi.  
(to Oz)  
I'm gonna get a doctor.

He goes.

OZ  
(to Willow)  
How do you feel?

WILLOW  
(very weakly)  
My head feels big. Is it big?

OZ  
No, it's head-sized.

He kisses her on her headsized head.

WILLOW  
Is everybody else okay?

INT. MANSION SIDE ROOM - NIGHT

A small, bare room. Giles is tied to a chair, his jacket and tie off and his sleeves rolled up. Blood has run down his forehead and out of his nose (a tasteful amount) and one of his hands is bloody and crooked from creative finger breaking.

Angel paces in front of him, having fun.

ANGEL  
Rupert, buddy, I'm here to tell you I'm impressed.  
How're you holding up?

GILES  
Never. . . better. . .

ANGEL  
Glad to hear it.

He squats down in front of Giles. We see only to their shoulders as Angel reaches

out.

ANGEL  
Now. Tell me when it hurts.

It's not clear what he does, but Giles goes white with pain.

EXT. BUFFY'S FRONT LAWN - NIGHT

Buffy and Spike make their way toward the house. Joyce pulls up in her car.

JOYCE  
Buffy!

BUFFY  
Mom. . .

Joyce jumps out, good 'n' frantic.

JOYCE  
Buffy where have you been?  
Are you okay? The police were here.  
Are you okay? I went looking for you.

BUFFY  
Mom, let's go inside --

JOYCE  
Who is this man?  
(to Spike)  
Who are you?  
(to Buffy)  
Are you okay?

BUFFY  
MOM.

Joyce stops.

BUFFY  
I'm okay. I was. . . busy. . .  
doing something. And this is  
Spike, and he was doing it too.

JOYCE  
Doing what? Buffy, terrible things  
have happened. What were you doing?

SPIKE  
What, your mum doesn't know?

Buffy glares at him.

JOYCE  
Know what?

BUFFY

That, uh, that, uh, I'm in a rock band.

She gets similar looks from both Joyce and Spike.

BUFFY  
Yes, a rock band, with Spike here. . . .

SPIKE  
(helping)  
Right, she plays the. . . triangle --

BUFFY  
-- drums --

SPIKE  
Drums, yeah, she's hell on  
the old skins, you know.

JOYCE  
And what do you do?

SPIKE  
Well, I sing.

BUFFY  
Why don't we go inside  
now and talk about it.

Buffy and Spike start inside. Joyce takes a moment, then starts to follow.

JOYCE  
Well, I'm not sure how  
I feel about this. . .

Buffy is almost at the porch --

BUFFY  
(to Spike)  
You think she's buying it?

-- when a VAMPIRE leaps from the bushes. It's one of Angel's henchmen, and he  
blows past the two of them --

-- right into Joyce. She gets a good look at his face and she yelps with fear. He  
roars.

Buffy grabs him before he can untangle himself from Joyce. She hurls him toward  
Spike, who decks him solidly, knocks him back to Buffy who kicks him, whips out a  
stake and dusts him.

Joyce is completely wide eyed.

Spike goes up to Buffy, casually looking at the spot where the vampire was.

SPIKE  
One of Angel's boys.

BUFFY

Must have been watching me.  
Or you.

SPIKE  
He won't get the chance to tattle on us now.

JOYCE  
Buffy. . . what's going on?

Buffy goes to her mom, takes a deep breath.

BUFFY  
Mom. . . I'm a vampire slayer.

Off Joyce's reaction --

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

## Act Three

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Willow on the phone with Buffy.

WILLOW  
I'm okay, Buffy, really. I mean,  
I don't feel good, but I'm awake  
and I know my name and who's  
president and how many fingers  
so they don't think my brain got  
mushed at all.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BUFFY'S KITCHEN/HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Buffy is alone in the kitchen.

BUFFY  
Thank God. . . I'm sorry I can't be there.

WILLOW  
I know. I'm sorry I didn't  
get to cure Angel.

BUFFY  
Don't be. I just think it wasn't  
meant to happen. I know I'm  
never gonna get Angel back  
the way he was and, you know,  
it makes it easier.

WILLOW  
I guess. . . Any luck finding Giles?

BUFFY



Yes. I got a lucky break.

WILLOW  
What?

BUFFY  
You wouldn't believe me if I told you.

INT. BUFFY'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Joyce sits in the living room with Spike. They both are silent and uncomfortable, like it's Sunday and he's come a' courtin'. Joyce has a glass of bourbon in her hands, which shakes only slightly.

INT. BUFFY'S KITCHEN/HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

(still INTERCUT with the hospital room, as Xander takes the phone)

BUFFY  
Xander! Angel and the others  
are holed up outside town.  
You know that funky looking  
mansion you showed me one time?

XANDER  
On Crawford street. Sure. That makes  
sense. What's the drill?

BUFFY  
I'm gonna hit the place come daybreak.  
I just need to get something first.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM/BUFFY'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

XANDER  
You'll need backup.

BUFFY  
No. You stay there. I'm covered.

XANDER  
Do you --

He pitches his voice low so the others won't hear --

XANDER  
-- do you think Giles is still alive?

BUFFY  
I think so. I just wish he was  
here to tell me what to do.

INT. BUFFY'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Another awkward beat. Joyce is pretty much just shell-shocked into politeness. After a bit:

JOYCE

Um, have we met?

SPIKE

You hit me with an axe one time.  
(imitating her)  
"Get the Hell away from my daughter!". . .

JOYCE

Oh. So. . . do you live here in town?

Before Spike can even reply to this inane comment, Buffy enters. He and Joyce rise.

JOYCE

Is Willow all right?

BUFFY

She's fine.  
(to Spike)  
Talk to me. What's the deal?

SPIKE

Simple. I help you kill Angel,  
you let me and Dru skip town.

JOYCE

Angel? Your boyfriend?

BUFFY

Forget about Drusilla. She doesn't walk.

SPIKE

There's no deal without Dru!

BUFFY

She killed Kendra.

SPIKE

(genuinely proud)  
Dru bagged a slayer? She didn't  
tell me! Good for her!  
(off Buffy's look)  
Well, not from your perspective,  
I suppose. . .

BUFFY

I can't believe I invited you in my house.

JOYCE

(to Buffy)  
So you didn't kill that girl?

BUFFY

Of course not!

JOYCE

Did she explode like those men outside?

BUFFY

She was a slayer, Mom.

JOYCE  
Like what you are?

SPIKE  
(to Buffy)  
Look, this deal works one way only.  
Full stop. Me and Dru for Angel.

JOYCE  
Honey, are you sure you're a slayer?

SPIKE  
I'll take her out of the country.  
You'll never hear from us again,  
I bloody well hope.

BUFFY  
All right. Get back to the mansion.  
Make sure Giles is all right.

JOYCE  
I mean, have you tried **not** being a slayer?

BUFFY  
Mom. . .  
(to Spike)  
Be ready to back me up when I make my move.

SPIKE  
Right.

BUFFY  
If Giles dies, **she** dies.

He glares at her, then exits.

JOYCE  
It's 'cause you didn't have a strong  
father figure, isn't it? Isn't it?

BUFFY  
It's just fate, Mom. I'm the Slayer.  
Accept it.

JOYCE  
We should call the police.

BUFFY  
We're not calling the police.

JOYCE  
Well, now that we know that you're innocent. . .

BUFFY  
What, did you think I was guilty?  
Feeling the love in **this** room, jeez.

JOYCE  
I didn't think that. . .  
I just, now we have proof.

BUFFY  
We have my word, Mom. Not proof.

Joyce crosses into --

INT. BUFFY'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

-- Buffy following.

JOYCE  
I'm sure they'll understand --

BUFFY  
You get them involved,  
you'll get them killed.

JOYCE  
You wouldn't hurt them, honey.

BUFFY  
Mom, I'm a slayer, not a postal worker.  
The cops just can't handle demons.  
I have to do it.

JOYCE  
Do what?

BUFFY  
I'm gonna need Kendra's sword.

JOYCE  
Sword? Buffy, what's happening?

BUFFY  
(impatiently)  
Just have another drink, okay?

JOYCE  
Don't you talk to me like that!

She hurls her glass to the floor, shattering it.

JOYCE  
You can't just drop something like  
this on me and pretend it's nothing!

BUFFY  
I'm sorry, I don't have time --

JOYCE  
No! I'm tired of "I don't have time"  
and "You wouldn't understand." I am  
your mother and you are going to make

time to explain yourself.

Buffy is a little cowed, though she still carries her impatient undertone.

BUFFY

I told you. I'm a vampire slayer.

JOYCE

Well, I don't accept that!

BUFFY

Open your eyes, Mom! What do you think has been going on for the last two years? The fights, the weird occurrences - how many times have you washed blood out of my clothes, you still haven't figured it out?

JOYCE

Well, it stops now.

BUFFY

It doesn't stop! Do you think I chose to be like this? Do you know how lonely it is? How dangerous? I would love to be upstairs watching TV or gossiping about boys or god, even studying. But I have to save the world. Again.

JOYCE

No. This is insane. You need help.

BUFFY

I'm not crazy, Mom! What I need is for you to chill. I'll be back.

JOYCE

I'm not letting you out of this house.

BUFFY

You can't stop me.

She tries to leave and Joyce grabs her arm -- Buffy flings her hand off -- Joyce tries to grab her again and Buffy pushes her hard against the wall. Goes to the door.

JOYCE

You walk out of this house,  
don't even think about coming back.

A beat. Buffy leaves.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

A NURSE is just leaving, the kids waiting for her to go so they can talk freely.

CORDELIA

So Buffy's going for the big showdown, huh?  
I wish we could help. You know, without dying. . .

XANDER

I don't see how.

WILLOW  
I want to try again.

OZ  
Try what?

WILLOW  
The curse. We never got to finish it.  
Maybe we **can** restore Angel's soul.

XANDER  
I don't like it. You're talking about messing with  
powerful magic, and you're weak.

WILLOW  
I'm okay.

XANDER  
You don't look okay. Does she?

CORDELIA  
Listen to him. The hair is **so** flat,  
and, do you even **use** base?

XANDER  
Try to stay on topic here, honey.

CORDELIA  
What?

WILLOW  
There's no use arguing with me.  
Do you see my resolve face? You've  
seen it before and you know what it means.  
(to Cordy)  
Just help me cast the spell and you  
can give me a complete makeover.

CORDELIA  
You're not just saying that?

WILLOW  
We can help Buffy -- if we turn  
Angel back soon enough, we can  
stop him from ever awakening Acathla.

OZ  
I pretty much missed out on some stuff,  
didn't I? 'Cause this is all making the  
kind of sense that's not.

WILLOW  
Go with Cordy to the library and  
get my things. She'll fill you in.

OZ

Sure. I'll drive.

He and Cordy exit.

WILLOW

Xander, you go to Buffy. Tell her  
what we're doing. Maybe she can stall.

XANDER

But --

WILLOW

Resolve face.

He's beat.

XANDER

Be careful.

He exits.

INT. MANSION SIDE ROOM - DAYBREAK

Not that we can tell in this dark room. Giles is still tied to the chair, looking even worse. Angel leans over from behind him.

ANGEL

You know I can stop the pain.  
You've been very brave, but  
it's over. You've given enough  
now let me make it stop.

GILES

Please. . .

ANGEL

Tell me what I need to know.

Giles looks at him, a broken man.

GILES

To be worthy. . . you must perform  
the ritual. . . in a tutu.

Angel stares at him in mounting fury. Giles musters what he can of a smile.

GILES

Pillock.

Angel stands up abruptly.

ANGEL

All right, that's it. Someone  
get the chain saw.

SPIKE

Now now. . .

He rolls in, eyeing Angel.

SPIKE  
Don't let's lose our temper.

ANGEL  
Keep out of it, Sit 'n' Spin.

SPIKE  
You cut him up, you'll never  
get your answers.

ANGEL  
(suspiciously)  
Exactly when did you become  
so level-headed?

SPIKE  
Right about the time you became  
so pig-headed. You have your way  
with him, you'll never get to destroy  
the world. And I don't fancy spending  
the next month trying to get librarian  
out of the carpet. There are other ways.

ANGEL  
Enlighten me.

SPIKE  
(calls out)  
Drusilla. . . sweetheart. . .

She enters the room, all smiles.

SPIKE  
Do you want to play a game?

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Buffy pushes away the police tape, enters the library. It's as she left it, sans people.  
She crosses over to Kendra's bag, picking it up off the floor.

She puts it on the table, opens it.

SNYDER  
You do know this is a  
crime scene, don't you?

He is standing in the doorway, smiling smugly.

SNYDER  
But then, you're a criminal,  
so that pretty much works out.

BUFFY  
You know I didn't do it.  
The police will figure it out.



SNYDER

In case you didn't notice, the  
police in Sunnydale are deeply  
stupid. It doesn't matter anyway.  
Whatever they find, you've proved  
too much of a liability for this school.

He steps up, breathing in the fresh air of a great morning.

SNYDER

These are the moments you  
want to savor. You wish time  
would stop so you can live  
them over and over again.  
You're expelled.

Buffy lifts the sword out of the bag, looking at it. Snyder stops wanting to live this  
over and over.

Buffy starts toward him.

BUFFY

You never ever got a single  
date when you were in  
high school, did you?

SNYDER

(it's true)  
Your point being. . .

She passes him without comment, exits. After a moment, he pulls out his cell  
phone, speed-dials.

SNYDER

It's Snyder. Tell the Mayor  
I have good news.

INT. MANSION SIDE ROOM - NIGHT

Giles and Drusilla are alone. He is barely conscious. She finishes cleaning the blood  
off his face. Smiles at him.

DRUSILLA

Is that better? My poor boy. . .

She runs her hand through his hair, closes her eyes.

DRUSILLA

Let's see what's inside.

She clutches his head. After a bit, something runs through her body.

DRUSILLA

Of course. . .

She lifts his chin up so he can look her straight in the eyes.

DRUSILLA

Look at me. . . be in me. . .

She puts her hand over his eyes, shutting them.

DRUSILLA  
See with your heart.

ANGLE: GILES' POV

As the hand is removed from his eyes, we see that it is JENNY CALENDAR that he sees.

GILES  
Jenny. . .

JENNY  
Rupert.

GILES  
Oh, God, Jenny, I thought I'd lost you. . .

JENNY  
Shhh. . . I'll never leave you.

She holds him a moment. Moves then to untie him.

GILES  
We have to get out of here. . .

JENNY  
Slowly. You're weak. . .

He is freed, and puts his hand to her face.

GILES  
It can't be you. . .

JENNY  
Did you tell Angel? About the ritual?

GILES  
No. . . but we have to get him away from Acathla.

JENNY  
Why? Is he close to figuring it out?

GILES  
Later. . .

He tries to rise but can't.

JENNY  
Rest. Tell me what to do. . .

There seems to be hesitation in his eyes. She comes in close to him, passion rising in her. Touching him.

JENNY

It's all right. . . We'll be together. . . finally. . .  
we'll have everything we never got to have. . .  
Never got to feel. . . just tell me what to do.

GILES

Get Angel away from. . . Acathla. . .

JENNY

Angel himself? He's the key. . .

GILES

His blood. He must not. . .

JENNY

Shhh. . .

She stops his mouth with a kiss.

We're close on Giles kissing her - pull back and around to see it's Drusilla he's kissing, and that Spike and Angel are at the doorway. They turn to each other, Angel gleeful.

ANGEL

The blood. Of course. The Blood  
on my hands must be my own.  
I am the key that will open the  
door. My blood. My life.  
(suddenly matter of fact)  
Okay, kill him.

SPIKE

What if he's lying?

ANGEL

Yeah, good point. All right, don't  
kill him. You know, I like having  
you watch my back, kind of like old times. . .

As he speaks, they look over at the other two (now out of the frame).

SPIKE

Uh, Drusilla. . .

ANGEL

Honey. . .

ANGLE: DRUSILLA

Is still hungrily making out with Giles

SPIKE

We are finished here, ducks. . .

She pulls away from Giles, looking about her with sheepish pleasure.

DRUSILLA

Sorry. . . I was in the moment.

Giles stares at them, his expression draining as he realizes what's happened.

INT. GILES' APARTMENT - JUST BEFORE MORNING

Buffy re-enters. The door is still open and Whistler is going through Giles' fridge.

BUFFY  
What did you mean,  
"the sword isn't enough"?

WHISTLER  
You know, raiding an Englishman's  
fridge is like dating a nun. You're  
never gonna get the good stuff.

BUFFY  
Tell me how to use it.

He pulls out a bottle of Woodpecker cider, opens it. Comes into the living room as he replies.

WHISTLER  
Angel's the key. His blood will  
open the door to Hell. Acathla  
opens his big mouth, creates the  
vortex, then only Angel's blood'll  
close it. One blow. Send 'em both  
back to hell. But I strongly suggest  
you get there before that happens.  
The faster you kill Angel, the easier  
it'll be for you.

BUFFY  
Don't worry about me.

WHISTLER  
It's all on the line here, kid.

BUFFY  
I can deal.  
(looks at the sword, at him)  
I got nothing left to lose.

She exits. He watches her go, genuine sadness suffusing his gaze.

WHISTLER  
Wrong, kid. You got one more thing.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

## Act Four

EXT. OUTSIDE THE MANSION - MORNING

Yes, it's sunrise. Sue me.

Buffy makes her way down a green and tangled hill. She is stopped by a noise, finds Xander coming from a slightly different direction.

BUFFY  
Xander!

XANDER  
Calvary's here. Cavalry's a  
frightened guy with a rock,  
but it's here.

He shows her his lame rock. She gives him a stake.

XANDER  
This is better.

He loses the rock.

BUFFY  
You're not here to fight. You get  
Giles out of there and run like Hell,  
understood? I can't protect you.  
I'm gonna be too busy killing.

Buffy unwraps the sword for herself, dropping the blanket.

XANDER  
That's a new look for you.

BUFFY  
It's a present for Angel. This ends it,  
Xander. I'm ready.

Xander looks down, trying to decide what to do.

XANDER  
Willow. . . she said to tell you. . .

BUFFY  
Tell me what?

He waits, decides.

XANDER  
. . . kick his ass.

BUFFY  
I'm gonna do a lot more than that.

They head off for the mansion.

INT. MANSION - MORNING

Sunlight is just beginning to peek in at the very tops of the window cracks. Angel stands in the same place he was for the ceremony last time. Dru and Spike behind him. Acathla still stands in front of the fireplace, the two vamps flanking him.

ANGEL

(in Latin)  
Acatlā. Mundatus sum. Pro te necavi. Sanguinem meum  
pro te effundam, quo me dignum esse demonstrem.  
(Acatlā. I have been cleansed. I have killed for you.  
I will bleed for you and prove myself worthy.)

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - MORNING

The door is shut. Cordelia has her herbs again, is not as put off by them -- she's all business. Willow is sitting up, has the orb in front of her. Oz has the book Giles was reading from.

WILLOW  
Are we ready?

CORDELIA  
Stinky herbs are go.

OZ  
Did I mention that I didn't take Latin?

WILLOW  
You don't have to understand it.  
You just have to say it. I hope.

OZ  
Right.  
(Reads slowly, in Latin)  
Quod perditum est, invenietur.  
(What was lost, shall be found.)

WILLOW  
Not dead, nor not of the living. . .

INT. MANSION - MORNING

Drusilla steps up to Angel, hands him a knife. Spike sits a bit behind, watching with a cold eye.

Angel smiles at Dru, takes the knife and cuts his palm with it. Dru ripples with a little sensual trill at Angel's pain.

ANGEL  
(in English)  
Now, Acatlā, you **will** be free.  
And so will we all.

He takes a step forward -- and Buffy BURSTS IN through the doors from the garden.

The vamp nearest her makes a move, and she beheads him so quickly and tastefully the others barely have time to gape.

Buffy look at Angel, sword at the ready.

BUFFY  
Hello, lover.

ANGEL

I don't have time for you.

BUFFY

You don't have a lot of time **left**.

ANGEL

Coming on kind of strong,  
don't you think? You're  
playing some deep odds here -  
do you really think you  
can take us all on?

BUFFY

No, I don't.

Spike rises behind Angel, hoisting a nasty looking iron poker. He SLAMS it into the back of Angel's head. Angel goes flying face first onto the ground as Spike moves forward, hits him again.

ANGLE: DRUSILLA

looks at Spike aghast.

Buffy makes for Angel -- and is hit from behind by Vamp Two. Her sword goes flying out of her hand and she stops to spar with the vamp.

ANGLE: SPIKE

is still wailing on Angel --

SPIKE

Painful, isn't it?

-- when Dru tackles him from the side and they both go flying.

ANGLE: XANDER

during the melee, he sneaks in from the garden, moving quietly around the perimeter of the hall towards Giles' room.

ANGLE: BUFFY

spars with the vamp.

ANGLE: SPIKE AND DRU

come up facing each other. She's righteously pissed.

SPIKE

I don't want to hurt you, baby. . .

She grabs his throat and slams him against the wall. Instinctively, he knocks her arm away and decks her as hard as he can.

SPIKE

Doesn't mean I won't. . .

INT. MANSION SIDE ROOM - CONTINUOUS - MORNING

Xander comes in, finds Giles tied to the chair, goes to him.

XANDER  
Giles. Giles!

GILES  
Xander?

XANDER  
Can you walk?

GILES  
You're not real. . .

XANDER  
I am too real! Let's go!

GILES  
It's a trick! They get inside my head,  
make me see what I want.

XANDER  
Then why would they make you see **me**?

Beat.

GILES  
Right. Let's go.

They start out.

INT. MANSION - CONTINUOUS - MORNING

Xander helps Giles toward the exit. They make it out to the garden and are gone.

ANGLE: DRUSILLA

throws Spike to the ground, hissing with anger.

ANGLE: ANGEL

pulls himself painfully up and stumbles toward Acathla.

ANGLE: BUFFY

Pulls out a stake and kills the vamp.

She turns to look for Angel, sees:

ANGLE: ANGEL

reaches the statue.

Buffy dives for her sword, grabs it and heads for Angel.



Angel grabs the sword handle.

As before, light fills the room, stopping Buffy in her tracks as Angel is momentarily transported with electric bliss.

He pulls the sword free.

ANGLE: DRUSILLA

stops to look, gleeful.

DRUSILLA  
Oooh, here it comes. . .

Spike rises up behind her and gets her in a chokehold.

ANGLE BUFFY AND ANGEL

As they square off, swords at the ready. Like Dru said: here it comes.

ANGEL  
You almost made it, Buf.

BUFFY  
It's not over yet.

ANGEL  
My boy Acatla's about to wake up.  
You're going to Hell.

BUFFY  
Save me a seat.

And she comes at him, fast, hard, and it's **swordfight time**. Their blades are a blur of metal as they work at each other, driving back, forward, circling each other. . .

Angel draws first blood, on Buffy's arm.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS - MORNING

Willow continues the ritual.

WILLOW  
Gods, bind him, cast his heart  
from the demon. . . realm. . .  
return his. . .

She is breathing heavily, the words coming slowly, with difficulty. Perspiration beads her face.

WILLOW  
I call on. . . I. . .

OZ  
Willow?

CORDELIA

Are you okay?

ANGLE: BIRDS EYE VIEW OF WILLOW

As her head snaps back, leaving her staring almost directly in camera, her whole body tensing --

-- and her head snaps back down, she starts to shake and she begins speaking the rest of the ritual rapidly, powerfully, and in **Rumanian**.

WILLOW

Te implor Doamne, nu ignora accasta rugaminte! Lasa orbita  
sa fie vasul care-I va transporta sufletul la el!  
(I call on you, Gods, do not ignore this supplication! Let the  
orb be the vessel to carry his soul to him!)

OZ

(to Cordy)

Is this a good thing?

CORDELIA

(to Willow, not knowing what to say)  
Hey! Speak English!

WILLOW

Este scris, aceasta putere este dreptul poporuil meu  
de a conduce. . .  
(It is written, this power is my people's right to wield. . . )

ANGLE: THE ORB

Begins to glow.

EXT. THE GARDEN - CONTINUOUS - MORNING

For a moment it's quiet. The sun is high enough to hit half of the staircase, the rest is still dark.

Buffy comes tumbling out, Angel behind her. He's definitely winning. He knocks the sword from her grasp, kicks her into a corner.

INT. MANSION - CONTINUOUS - MORNING

ANGLE: ACATHLA

The camera moves in at him as he begins to shake slightly, and we hear a humming sound.

ANGLE: SPIKE AND DRU

Dru is sinking into unconsciousness, Spike never loosening his grip on her neck. As she fades, he kisses her cheek.

SPIKE

I wish there was another way. . .

He picks her up and starts for the exit near the doors to the garden. Pauses long

enough to see:

ANGLE: THE GARDEN

As Angel approaches Buffy, sword in hand.

SPIKE  
God, he's going to kill her. . .

After a moment of intense worry, he shrugs, takes off.

Angel approaches Buffy. She tries to move from the corner, but he moves with her. She's boxed in.

He plays the sword near her face, loving this.

ANGEL  
That's everything, huh? No weapons, no friends.  
No hope. Take all that away and what's left?

Buffy stares at him, his words hitting home. She looks exhausted, and terribly sad. She shuts her eyes.

He lunges, shooting his arm out, the sword straight at her face.

Without opening her eyes she slams her palms together over the blade, stopping it an inch from her face.

She opens her eyes.

BUFFY  
Me.

She jerks the sword back, knocking the hilt onto his face, kicking him solidly in the chest.

EXT. MANSION GARAGE - CONTINUOUS - MORNING

As Spike's car bursts out through the garage door, takes off down the road. The windows have all been blacked out except for enough space to see out of.

INT. SPIKE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS - MORNING

Dru is still passed out, sitting in the passenger seat. Spike drives with glum determination.

INT. MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Angel flies in, lands hard -- gets up again and she is on him, sword in hand, pounding at him, driving him back until they are right in front of Acathla.

She knocks his sword out of his hand -- cutting him on the hand. He stands before her, spent, beaten.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS - MORNING

Willow is still rapt, calling out:

WILLOW  
Asa sa fie! Acum!  
(Let it be so! Now!)

ANGLE: THE ORB

Glow and disappears, just as it did before.

INT. MANSION - CONTINUOUS - MORNING

Angel drops to his knees. Buffy swings her sword back, ready to cut off his head.

Suddenly he cries out in pain, and she sees:

CLOSE ON: HIS EYES

They glow for a moment.

He collapses on the floor. Buffy hesitates.

ANGEL  
Oh. . .

He looks up.

ANGEL  
Buffy?

He pulls himself up. She takes a step back, uncertain.

ANGEL  
Buffy, what's going on?  
I don't remember. . . where are we?

Her voice is very little when she speaks.

BUFFY  
Angel?

ANGEL  
(sees her cuts)  
You're hurt!

He goes to her, takes her arm. Her sword arm hangs at her side, limp. He folds her into his arms.

ANGEL  
God, I feel like I haven't seen you in months. . .  
Buffy, everything's so muddled. . .

ANGLE: BUFFY'S FACE

As he holds her. At first afraid, confused, but at the warmth of his touch, the overwhelming rush of his return, her eyes close and with her free arm she grips him to her.

ANGEL

Oh, Buffy. . .

She opens her eyes, longing and hope in them. Then they see it.

CLOSE ON ACATHLA

The demon opens his mouth. Wide. We hear a low rumble, growing louder as the vortex (not unlike that Sliders thing) begins to emanate from his mouth.

She grips Angel tighter, despair gutting her.

ANGLE: BUFFY AND ANGEL

Are framed in front of the growing vortex.

ANGEL  
What's happening, Buffy?

BUFFY  
Shhhhh. . . it doesn't matter.

She pulls away to look at him. Kisses him passionately.

BUFFY  
I love you.

ANGEL  
I love you. . .

BUFFY  
Close your eyes.

Serenely compliant, he closes them. She kisses him softly.

She steps back and **thrusts the sword through his chest**, directly into the chest of the demon.

There is an unearthly roar.

Angel's eyes open wide -- he looks down at himself impaled, at Buffy uncomprehendingly.

Buffy can't speak -- she tries not to cry as she takes another step back.

Angel reaches out to her -- and the vortex closes over him, sucks him into Hell. And is gone.

ANGLE: ACATHLA

His mouth closed once more.

ANGLE: BUFFY

Alone.

INCREDIBLY POIGNANT SARAH MCLACHLAN SONG BEGINS OVER:

EXT. BUFFY'S HOUSE - MORNING

Buffy walks slowly up to it, stops on the sidewalk. Looks at the house for a while.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALL - MORNING

Joyce comes upstairs in her dressing gown. She sees the door to Buffy's room open, starts in.

JOYCE  
Buffy?

INT. BUFFY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS - MORNING

Joyce enters. The window is open, the curtains blowing in the breeze. Some of the drawers have been left open, clothes hanging out.

There is a note on the bed.

Joyce goes to it, picks it up. She reads it, and her eyes fill with tears.

EXT. FRONT OF SCHOOL - MORNING

Giles and Xander greet Oz, Cordelia and Willow. Oz pushes Willow in a wheelchair. Giles doesn't exactly look his best, either.

GILES  
(to Willow)  
Are you sure you should be out of bed?

WILLOW  
Look who's talking. . .

CORDELIA  
Any word?

XANDER  
You guys didn't see her either.

WILLOW  
No.

OZ  
But we know the world didn't end.  
'Cause, check it out.

GILES  
We went back to the mansion.  
It's empty, and Acatla is dormant.

WILLOW  
I think the spell worked. I felt something  
go through me, it was powerful. Kind of scary.

CORDELIA  
Plus the orb did that cool glow thing.

XANDER

Maybe it wasn't in time. If he did  
pull the sword out, and she had to  
kill him, maybe he was already  
dead when it happened.

OZ

Then she'd want to be alone, I guess.

WILLOW

Or maybe Angel was saved and they  
just want to be alone together.

GILES

Perhaps.

CORDELIA

Well, she's bound to show up sooner  
or later. We still have school.

WILLOW

Yeah. She'll be here in a while.

ANGLE: BUFFY

is watching them from the far end of the big lawn triangle. She is dressed very  
plainly, for hard travelling. Has a bag over her shoulder.

As she sees them head inside, she starts walking in the other direction.

DISSOLVE TO:

ANGLE: THE EDGE OF TOWN, PASSING BY (INT. BUS - DAY)

Houses, fewer and fewer, as they whip by the window.

ANGLE: BUFFY

Seated on a bus, looking out the window as the light plays on her face.

EXT. EDGE OF TOWN - DAY

The bus races past camera and recedes in the distance, as the camera arms down,  
finally settling on a sign by the side of the road.

NOW LEAVING SUNNYDALE

COME BACK SOON

BLACK OUT.

END OF SHOW