

Revelations

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Teaser

INT. BRONZE - NIGHT

DINGOES ATE MY BABY finish playing a ballad. Applause. The BAND MEMBERS all take their best rock-star bows. All but OZ. He just unstraps his guitar, drops offstage, passes a gaggle of wide-eyed GROUPIES and joins WILLOW at her table.

Willow, stuck between XANDER and CORDELIA, looks mighty happy to see him.

WILLOW

Oz! Hey. Have a seat. Except, we
don't have any seats.

True. The place is packed. No chairs.

CORDELIA

Can I just say, I liked this place before
it got popular?

XANDER

You can, you have, and you will in
our future, I'm sure.

OZ

No problem, I'll just scrunch.

Oz scoots in, pressing Willow to Xander. (Yikes!!) Willow pulls back; Xander mushes up close against Cordelia.

CORDELIA

Xander - why are you giving me a
lap dance?

XANDER

What, I just like you.

WILLOW

(too fast)

And that's very beautiful. I think it's
great when two people like two people
and want to be close to them instead
of anyone else.

XANDER

Hear, hear.

OZ

Yeah, well put. Um, can I snag a sip?



WILLOW

Sure.

XANDER

You got it.

Willow and Xander both reach for Willow's soda - and their hands TOUCH. Instant SPAZ-OUT. Willow knocks over the glass. Xander whips his hand back so fast - CRASH! - it knocks over a passing WAITRESS'S tray.

Mock applause from the room.

XANDER

(to crowd)

Thank you, we're here through Saturday,
enjoy the veal.

CORDELIA

Why are you guys so hyper?

WILLOW

Hey, speaking of people and things
they do that are not like usual, anyone
notice Buffy acting sort of different?

XANDER

Let's see... killing Zombies, torching
sewer monsters, freeing the enslaved
populace of a parallel dimension...
nope. She's pretty much the same
old Buffster.

WILLOW

I just mean, she's off by herself a lot
more. And she's kind of distracted.

CORDELIA

Think maybe she's got a new honey?

WILLOW

A boyfriend? Why wouldn't she tell us?

CORDELIA

Excuse me. When your last steady
kills half the class, and then your
rebound guy sends you a dump-o-gram?
It makes a girl shy.

XANDER

But we're the best of Buffy's bestest
buds. She'd tell us.

BUFFY (O.S.)
Tell you what?

They all look up to see BUFFY standing there. Looking on expectantly. Small pause.
Willow fills the gap:

WILLOW

About your new boyfriend. Who we
made up. Unless we didn't.

BUFFY



This was a topic of discussion?

OZ
Raised, never discussed.

CORDELIA
So? Are you with somebody or not?

All eyes turn to Buffy. Buffy smiles to herself.

BUFFY
Well, I wouldn't use the word "dating,"
but I am... going out with somebody.
Tonight.

WILLOW
(excited)
Really? Who?

FAITH strides up to the table. Grunts hello to the group.

FAITH
Yo, what's up.
(to Buffy)
Time to motorvate.

Buffy puts her arm around Faith.

BUFFY
Really, we're just good friends.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Buffy and Faith are in mid-fight, as they both get TACKLED by TWO big, nasty-leather VAMPIRES.

ANGLE ON: Giles, standing on the sidelines, watching anxiously. We see what he sees: two separate and distinct fighting styles in action.

Buffy uses her attacker's momentum against him, rolls, comes up on top. Faith just shoves her vamp off her. The two slayer/vampire opponents square off.

Buffy lets her vamp make the first move. He lunges. She ducks under him and comes up with a well-practiced combination of roundhouse kicks. Draws her stake...

Faith takes the fight to her guy, barraging him with a series of crude, hard shots to the head. Draws her stake...

Giles watches as the two slayers stake the two vamps at the exact same moment. DOUBLE DUST. Buffy turns to Giles.

BUFFY
Synchronized slaying.

FAITH
New Olympic category.

BUFFY



What do you think?

MRS. POST (O.S.)
Sloppy.

Huh? Buffy, Faith and Giles turn to see MRS. GWENDOLYN POST emerge from the darkness. Mrs. Post is a prim, tidy, and not unattractive Englishwoman in her mid-thirties. She clicks off her stopwatch and briskly critiques:

MRS. POST
(to Faith)
You telegraph punches,
(to Buffy)
leave blind sides open and, for a
school night slaying, you both take
entirely too much time. Which one
of you is Faith?

FAITH
Depends. Who the hell are you?

MRS. POST
Gwendolyn Post. Mrs. Your new
watcher.

Off their reactions:

BLACK OUT

END OF TEASER

Act One

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Emergency meeting in the library. Giles looks on anxiously as Mrs. Post rummages through his prized book collection, less than impressed. Buffy and Faith sit together.

FAITH
I'm telling you, I don't need a new
watcher! No offense, lady, I just have
this problem with authority figures.
They end up kinda dead.

MRS. POST
Duly noted, and fortunately, it's not
up to you.
(to Giles)
Mr. Giles - where do you keep the
rest of your books?

GILES
I'm sorry, the... rest?

MRS. POST
Yes, the actual library.
(beat)



Oh. I see.

GILES

I assure you, Mrs. Post, this is the
finest occult reference collection...

MRS. POST

...this side of the Atlantic, I'm sure.
Do you have Hume's Paranormal
Encyclopedia?
(Giles doesn't)
The Labyrinth maps of Malta?
(nope)
I suppose you have Sir Robert
Kane's Twilight Compendium?

GILES

Yes, I, I do have that.

MRS. POST

(condescendingly
disdainful)

Yes, of course you do. I've been sent
by the council for a very important
reason. Faith needs a watcher. I am
to act in that capacity, and report back.

FAITH

Excuse me, Mary Poppins, you're
not listening...

GILES

Now, Faith, if the council feels you
need closer observations, well of
course we'll all cooperate -

MRS. POST

(to Giles)

The council wishes me to report
on the entire situation here.
Including you.

BUFFY

Ooh, academic probation's not so
funny today, is it Giles?

MRS. POST

The fact is, there is talk in the council
that you've become a bit too... American.

GILES

Me?

BUFFY

Him?

MRS. POST

Operations here seem somewhat
haphazard. Sloppy. Faith. Sit



up straight and pay attention.

Faith, surprised, does exactly as she's told. Giles urgently motions for Buffy to do the same, but she just throws him a look.

MRS. POST

A demon named Lagos is coming here, to the Hellmouth. Mr. Giles, an illustration of Lagos, if you please.

Giles scrambles through his materials, looking...

MRS. POST

Perhaps later. Lagos seeks the Glove of Myhnegan. No record of this glove's full power exists. We do know it is highly dangerous, and cannot fall in the hands of a demon. Lagos must be stopped.

GILES

What do you propose?

MRS. POST

(witheringly)

If it's not too radical a suggestion, I thought we might kill him. I suggest two slayers at full strength for a coordinated hunt. We believe the glove to be buried in a tomb somewhere, so Lagos will be headed for the cemetery.

GILES

Well, there is more than one in Sunnydale.

MRS. POST

I see. How many?

GILES

Twelve. Within city limits.

MRS. POST

Ah. Well, we shall have to take them one at a time. Anything in your books that might pinpoint the exact location of the tomb would be useful but then, we cannot ask for miracles. We'll begin tomorrow at sunset. Faith! With me, please.

She exits, Faith trailing along.

GILES

Well. That was bracing.

BUFFY

She's an interesting lady. Can we



kill her?

GILES

I think the council would tend to frown
on that. Well. What do you say to
some training?

INT. MANSION - SUNSET (DAY TWO)

Buffy is practicing Tai Chi together with Angel. Angel's showing her how to move. She imitates his motions, mirroring him. Both lightly sweating. Together they flow like water.

He touches her arm, positioning her. He lets his hand slide down her arm, and she slips her fingers between his. He gently pulls her toward him. Whispers.

ANGEL

Buffy.

BUFFY

Angel...

Getting closer. Bare arms wrap around wet torsos. Buffy and Angel are now body to body, face to face. Their lips closing in on each other.

Buffy pulls back. Angel lets her. Moment over. Buffy busies herself packing a Slayer-Night bag of weapons, talking to distract herself.

BUFFY

I gotta go. Big night for us slayer-types.
People to see, demons to kill, you know
the drill. Better hurry before somebody
figures out what we're doing.

Buffy hauls the bag over her shoulder, starts to head out, but Angel stops her in her tracks with:

ANGEL

What are we doing?

Buffy puts the bag down.

BUFFY

Training. And almost kissing. I'm
sorry. It's just... old habit. Bad habit.
Habit to be broken.

ANGEL

It's hard.

BUFFY

It's not that hard. Cold turkey. That's
the key to quitting.

They look into each other's eyes for a long moment.

BUFFY



Do you think they have a patch for this?

ANGEL
You have to go.

BUFFY
I really do.

Buffy picks up her bag, heads for the door.

BUFFY
I'm gonna vent a little hormonal angst
by going out there and killing a
Lagos, whatever that is.

The name catches Angel's attention.

ANGEL
Lagos?

BUFFY
Yeah, he's some kind of Demon looking
for an all-powerful thingimibob and
I've got to stop him before unholy
havoc's unleashed and it's another
Tuesday night in Sunnydale.

She reaches the door. Stops. Can see Angel's thinking. Tries to read his expression, but can't.

ANGEL
Be careful.

Beat. Buffy approaches Angel, to kiss him goodbye. Stops herself. Not happy. Just leaves.

Angel stands there a moment, then crosses the Mansion, grabs his coat and throws it on as he too heads out the door.

GILES (V.O.)
This is intolerable.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Giles reviews some books Willow and Xander have outlined for him. Tosses them aside.

GILES
There's not a word here about Lagos
or the Glove. We don't have time
for this near-missing. Find all you
can about the demon: His strengths,
weaknesses, place of origin, and
most importantly, how he plans to
use that glove.

XANDER
Hey, you're not the Watcher of me.



GILES
Then go home. But if you choose to
stay, work.

Giles turns and leaves them behind the stacks.

WILLOW
Ugh. It's late, I'm tired... what does
he want from us, anyway?

XANDER
The number of a qualified surgeon who
can remove the British flag up his butt.

WILLOW
My eyes are so blurry, everything
looks like a Fred Astaire movie.

Willow rubs her eyes. Xander stops studying. Watches. Can't help it; he gently replaces Willow's fingertips with his own, gently massaging her closed eyes.

WILLOW
Mmm.

Willow lets herself enjoy the sensation, then manages:

WILLOW
Stop.

Xander withdraws his hands. Willow opens her eyes.

XANDER
Right. Stop means no and no means
no, so, stop.

They both go back to studying. Beat. Willow lunges forward and kisses Xander full on the lips. Beat. He kisses her back. It gets passionate fast. The heat's still rising when - CLAP! A book falls into frame before them. Willow and Xander leap three feet apart. We see their P.O.V.:

Giles is standing directly before them. They freeze. Long beat. Did he see them? Or not? No way of telling...

GILES
Willow. Xander. You may stop your...
studying, I have what I need.

XANDER
(changing subject)
W-What've you got?

GILES
A likely location of the Glove of
Myhnegan. Housed here, in the Von
Hauptman family crypt.

XANDER
The big one in the Restfield cemetery.



I know it well.

WILLOW

That's great, Giles. How'd you find it?

GILES

(icy)

I looked.

XANDER

Where's Buffy at?

GILES

I'm not sure.

XANDER

Well I could stake out this crypt, give
her a heads up if she shows...

GILES

Yes, by all means go.

Xander shares an embarrassed glance with Willow, slides by Giles without making eye contact, and runs out the library.

WILLOW

I can keep studying. I think we're right
on the verge of a real Lagos breakthrough.

GILES

No, I think we're done.

Giles leaves the stacks, looking at his book. Off Willow's unhappy look:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Buffy and Faith are headed to the next cemetery, in mid conversation.

FAITH

Ronnie. Deadbeat. Steve. Klepto.
Kenny. DRUMMER. Eventually I
had to face up to my destiny as a loser
magnet. Now it's strictly get some
and get gone. You can't trust guys.

BUFFY

You can trust some guys. Really.
I've read about them.

FAITH

So. What about you?

BUFFY

Like, me and boys me? Not much to
tell, these days.

FAITH

Yeah, but you've gotta have stories.
I mean, I had my share of losers, but



you boinked the undead. So? What was it like?

BUFFY
Life with Angel's complicated. Was.
It's... a little hard to talk about.

FAITH
Try.

BUFFY
All the Angel issues, they're still kind of with me, so... you know?

Faith's hurt by the slight shrug-off, but hides it.

FAITH
Sure, whatever. You know what?
We're 0 for 6 tonight. Let's blow this off.

BUFFY
I am kind of beat... but Shady Hill is pretty close.

FAITH
I'll swing through it, it's on my way anyway.

BUFFY
Alone? I don't want -

FAITH
I got Miss Priss on my back now, I don't need another baby sitter. I'll holler if I'm having any fun.

BUFFY
Okay...

FAITH
Later.

Faith takes off. After a moment, Buffy goes in a different direction.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Faith goes crunching through the graveyard alone, kicking leaves. She stops. Hears the sound of a massive stone scraping against massive stone. Hollow and empty. Then all of a sudden - WHAM!

The lid of a stone tomb comes flying into frame, landing at Faith's feet.

She looks up.

Faith's P.O.V.: The DEMON LAGOS is here. He's a seven foot Wall of a creature. Decked out in ancient battle gear, complete with a BATTLE AXE strapped across his back. He's ripping through a tomb, searching for something like a dog digging for a



bone. Scatters the tomb's contents over his shoulder.

Faith grins.

FAITH
Son of a bitch... My lucky night.

Faith attacks Lagos with a flying kick that would cripple a human. Lagos barely feels it. He turns, a little confused. Definitely not in trouble. Faith slugs him three times hard with a left-right-hook combination. The punches could knock out a heavyweight. Lagos barely feels them.

Lagos SWATS Faith backhand. She goes flying. Smacks the back of her head hard on a tombstone. That hurt. Faith leaps to her feet, rushes Lagos - and he greets her with a massive fist to the gut, lifting her off her feet. One more blow and Faith goes down.

Faith looks up, unable to catch her breath. But Lagos isn't after her - he's forgotten her already. He finishes ransacking the tomb. Empties it. Bellows in frustration. Lumbering off through the graveyard, still looking for the Glove off Myhnegan.

Faith gets to her feet. Painfully stands upright. Spits, watching Lagos get away.

EXT. GRAVEYARD (ANOTHER LOCATION) - NIGHT

Xander crosses the graveyard alone, stealing nervous glances over his shoulder as he goes. It's no fun being out here.

XANDER
Hey Giles - here's a nifty idea. Why don't I alleviate my guilt by going out and getting myself really, really killed?

He sees the tomb. Heads for it, when he notices the door is open.

Xander scoots back out of the way, out of sight, hidden behind a tree trunk. Sounds come from inside the tomb. Xander cautiously peers around the corner - and FREEZES.

XANDER SEES ANGEL. Alive. Holy shit.

Angel comes out of the tomb, carrying a filthy bundle. Xander can't breathe. Closes his eyes tight. Angel, unaware he's being watched, heads off to the Mansion.

Xander waits to make sure Angel's out of sight. He takes three deep breaths, pulls himself together, and FOLLOWS.

We track with Xander as, crossing the graveyard, he reaches into his jacket and pulls out a STAKE.

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

Xander sneaks to the window, looks inside. We see what he sees:

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

Xander's P.O.V., through the dirty glass, we can see Buffy and Angel, wrapped in



one another's arms, KISSING with full and tender passion.

BLACK OUT

END OF ACT ONE

Act Two

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

Big fat CLOSE-UP of Buffy and Angel KISSING. Really enjoying themselves, both knowing they shouldn't. pulling every bit of sensual pleasure they can out of each other. Finally, slowly, they pull apart. Look each other deep in the eyes.

BUFFY
Oh, God...

ANGEL
Buffy...

BUFFY
What am I doing? What are YOU doing?

ANGEL
I don't know...

BUFFY
Shame on you! Oh, God. I... I don't even know why I came back here.

ANGEL
It's good you did.

Angel reaches out to Buffy. She flinches. Then realizes he's reaching for her hand. A little confused, she gives it to him. He leads her across the Mansion floor, to the bundle he stole from the tomb.

ANGEL
I think I have what you're looking for.

BUFFY
Great. Just, wherever this was giftwrapped? Remind me not to shop there.

Angel unwraps the bundle, raising up a small cloud of dust. The dust settles, revealing THE GLOVE OF MYHNEGON: a huge, four-fingered, chain-mail and spiked glove.

ANGEL
The Glove of Myhnegon.

BUFFY
The world's ugliest fashion accessory.

Buffy reaches out to touch the glove. Angel sharply pulls her back away.



ANGEL

Don't. Once it's put on, the glove can
never be removed.

BUFFY

So, no touching. Kind of like us.

Angel removes his hand from Buffy's arm.

BUFFY

Sorry. Cheap shot, I know.
(sighs)

But at least the glove's safe. You hold
onto it, I'll tell Giles in the morning.
(a yearning beat)
At least **he'll** be happy.

INT. GILES' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Giles' eyes are as wide as a twelve year-old boy reading Playboy. He's looking at volume III of Tobin's Spirit Guide. He places the book for Mrs. Post to see, spreading the pages.

GILES

There! The wood engraving, see?
The Glove of Myhnegan.

Mrs. Post, keeping her distance, looks down on the picture.

MRS. POST

Yes, engraved by Father Theodore
of Wolsham, based I believe on
very sketchy and unreliable folk
legends. The pictures are fun to
look at, Mr. Giles, but one ought
to read the nice words as well.

GILES

Ah, yes... Well.
(at a loss)
Some tea, perhaps?

Mrs. Post smiles at his discomfort and nods. Giles goes to the kitchen cupboard.

MRS. POST

I know you must find me tiresome -
but it's insidious, really. A person
slips up on the little things...

Giles has returned with tea makings - including a BOX OF TEA BAGS. Mrs. Post takes it from the tray - looks at Giles pointedly.

MRS. POST

And soon everything's gone to hell
in a handbasket.

She puts the box of tea bags back on the tray. Reaches into her own handbag and unearths a tin of LOOSE TEA. Speaks as she fixes a tea ball.



MRS. POST
For example, Buffy, your slayer -

GILES
(offended)
Is nowhere near either hell or
a handbasket, thank you.

MRS. POST
Not yet. But the signs are daunting.
Finding the Glove of Myhnegon is
of the utmost urgency. Yet - Buffy's
attitude toward it is most casual. And
your ability to influence her seems - negligible.
(then)
I can see why the council of watchers
is concerned.

GILES
(fuming now)
Mrs. Post. I assure you - Buffy is both
dedicated and industrious. And I am
in complete control of my slayer -

Boom! Xander bursts in the door, breathless. He blurts out:

XANDER
Giles. We have a big problem.
It's Buffy.

Awkward Beat. Giles whisks Xander aside, motions for him to lower his voice.
Xander whispers intensely.

Giles' face grows grimmer by the sentence.

Mrs. Post, not looking over, sips her tea.

MRS. POST
Would you like some assistance?

GILES
(smiles through gritted teeth)
Thank you, that won't be necessary.

OMITTED

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Buffy moves into the library, all smiles. Stops dead when she sees Giles, Xander,
Willow, Cordelia & Oz - waiting for her, their expressions grave.

BUFFY
Hey, enough with the tragedy masks.
Lagos is outta luck - I found the magic
mitten thingy!

Nothing. They just look at her.

GILES



You'd better have a seat, Buffy.

Now Buffy's getting scared. What's the big? She sits.

BUFFY
What? Is somebody hurt?

XANDER
(cool)
Not yet. But it's only a matter of time.

GILES
We know Angel is alive, Buffy. Xander
saw you with him.

Buffy closes her eyes. Busted.

GILES
It appears that you've been hiding him.
And that you lied to us -

WILLOW
(cutting him off)
Nobody's here to blame you, Buffy.
We all do things we're not proud of -
but this is serious. You need help.

BUFFY
It's... It's not what you think.

XANDER
Hope not - because I think you're
harboring a vicious killer -

WILLOW
(to Xander/hard)
Hey. This isn't about attacking Buffy.
Remember - "I" statements only?
"I feel angry." "I feel worried..."

CORDELIA
Fine. Here's one. I feel worried -
about me! Last time around, Angel
barely laid a hand on Buffy - he
was way more interested in
killing her friends -

BUFFY
But he's better now. Willow cured
him and - somehow - he came back.

XANDER
Better for how long, Buffy? Have
you even thought about that?

BUFFY
What is this? Demons Anonymous?
I mean, I don't need an intervention



here -

GILES

Don't you? To hide this - to take into
your own hands...

BUFFY

I was going to tell you! But I didn't
know why he was back or anything.
I wanted to wait -

XANDER

For what? For Angel to go psycho
again the next time you give him a
happy?

BUFFY

I'm not going to - We're not together
like that!

OZ

But you were kissing him.

Buffy's nailed by this factoid - but she can't deal. There's silence before she says to Xander, with forced calm:

BUFFY

You were spying on me? What gives
you the right?

CORDELIA

What gives you the right to suck face
with your demon lover again?

BUFFY

It - it was an accident!

XANDER

What? You tripped and fell on his lips?

BUFFY

It was wrong. It can't happen again.
But I - I'd never put you guys in danger.
If I thought Angel was going to hurt anyone -

XANDER

You'd stop him. Like you did last time
with Ms. Calendar.

This hits Buffy hard. She's at a loss.

WILLOW

Buffy - when it comes to Angel -
you can't see straight. That's why
we're all going to help you face this.

BUFFY

But - he's good again. I swear. He
even found the Glove of Myhnegan



for us. It's at the mansion.

Xander stands - he's had enough.

XANDER

Right. Good plan. Leave tons of
firepower with the scary guy.
(to Buffy/pointed)
And leave us to clean up the mess.

Xander moves toward the weapons cabinet. Buffy grabs him hard by the arm. Stops him.

BUFFY

You'd love an excuse to hurt him,
wouldn't you?

Xander yanks his arm away. Backs off from her, appalled.

XANDER

I don't need an "excuse." I think
"lots of dead people" actually constitutes
a **reason**.

BUFFY

Right, this is all nobility, you're not
jealous or anything -

CORDELIA

Hello? Miss not-over-yourself-yet?

BUFFY

Don't start with me -

WILLOW

Giles, no one's doing the "I" statements!

GILES

(standing)

That's enough! Everybody. Buffy's
heard our concerns. And her actions,
while ill-advised, were understandable...
and the question of Angel... It can't
be solved while tempers run this hot.

A beat. Everybody stares at their shoes.

GILES

Our priority right now is retrieving the
Glove of Myhnegon from the mansion
and finding a way to destroy it. Now -
all of you - back to your classes.

They all file out. Giles heads into his office, Buffy following.

INT. GILES' OFFICE - DAY

BUFFY

Thanks for the bail. I know this is a



lot to absorb, but Angel did find the glove. That's good, right? Angel did a good...

Giles turns, his face a hardened mask.

GILES
Be quiet.

The words are a cold slap in the face.

GILES
I won't remind you that the fate of the world often rests with the Slayer.
What would be the point? Nor shall I remind you that you have jeopardized the lives of everyone you know by housing a known murderer. But sadly I must remind you that Angel tortured me.
For hours. For pleasure. You should have told me he was alive. You didn't. You have no respect for me, or the job I perform.

Lecture over.

BUFFY
Giles...

Giles waits. Buffy has nothing to say. She walks out, gutted.

INT. FAITH'S MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Faith sits in front of the TV, carving stakes. There's a knock at the door. Faith BOLTS from her chair - assumes a battle stance, fresh stake at the ready.

FAITH
It's open.

Mrs. Post enters. Sees Faith - doesn't bat an eye.

MRS. POST
A word of advice? Vampires rarely knock. Especially in daylight.

She moves inside - takes the place in.

MRS. POST
So... this is your home.

FAITH
Yeah. The decorator just left. Cost me a pretty penny - but a motif like this don't come cheap.

MRS. POST
Faith. Do you know who the Spartans were?



FAITH
Wild stab. Buncha guys from Spart?

MRS. POST
They were the fiercest warriors known
to ancient Greece. And they lived in
quarters very much like these. You
know why?

Faith doesn't answer. But she's listening.

MRS. POST
Because a true fighter needs nothing else.

Mrs. Post picks up one of Faith's home-made stakes, examines it with tacit approval.

MRS. POST
I'm going to be very hard on you,
Faith. I will not brook insolence, or
laziness. I won't allow blunders like
last night's attack. You will probably
hate me a great deal of the time.

FAITH
Ya think?

MRS. POST
But I will make you a better slayer,
and that will keep you alive. You
have to trust that I'm right. God
only knows what Mr. Giles has
been filling your head with.

FAITH
Giles is okay.

MRS. POST
His methods are unfathomable to
me. I find him entirely confounding...
(catches herself in reverie)
But that's not important. Let him
have his games and secret meetings -

FAITH
What meeting?

MRS. POST
I don't know. Something between
Buffy and her friends.

FAITH
I guess that doesn't include me.

MRS. POST
And why does he let her socialize
so much, it hardly seems... No
matter. Do you feel like doing



some training?

FAITH
Training, as in punching and kicking
and stabbing?

MRS. POST
That's the idea.

FAITH
I'm your girl.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

The nicest sound in the world - the end of school BELL. Students pour out of classes, liberated for the day. Willow walks to her locker, flips the combination, opens. She stuffs a seemingly never-ended supply of books (both school books and rare occult texts) into her bookbag.

Buffy approaches, tentative.

BUFFY
Hey.

WILLOW
Hey!

BUFFY
So, on a scale of one to a million, how
much are you hating me right now?

WILLOW
Zero. Negative digits. Not even peeved.

BUFFY
Okay. Mother Theresa? Could you
stop possessing the body of Willow
now. I need to talk to Willow.

WILLOW
It's me. I just think, you were scared,
you kept a secret. That's okay. Secrets
aren't bad. They're normal. Better
than normal. Secrets are good! Must
be a reason we keep them, right?

BUFFY
(a little confused)
I guess...

WILLOW
So, you going to the Bronze tonight?
Or are you slipping away for a
not-so-secret rendezvous with Angel?

BUFFY
None of the above. I want to kill this
Lagos guy. Peace offering to Giles.



WILLOW

Well, Angel has the glove now, right?

BUFFY

Yeah. But Lagos doesn't know that.
Sooner or later he's bound to turn up
at that crypt looking for it.

WILLOW

And instead he finds Buffy in a bad mood.

BUFFY

We are the great strategists of our day.

INT. BRONZE - NIGHT

Crack! A rack of pool balls scatter. Xander's shooting.

FAITH

You look pissed.

Xander looks up to see Faith, holding a pool cue.

XANDER

Rough day.

FAITH

Tell me about it.

XANDER

Rather just shoot.

FAITH

Don't think I don't know what you and
your pals were talking about behind my
back today.

XANDER

Yeah? And what was that?

FAITH

More about this glove deal than
you're saying.

XANDER

The Glove of Myhnegan? Right.
How'd you like a hit of some real news:
(beat)
Angel's still alive.

Faith FREEZES. Her eyes turn to deadly slits. She grips her pool cue white-knuckle tight. Listens. Xander punctuates his sentences with crisp shots.

FAITH

The vampire.

XANDER

Back in town. Saw him myself. Toting



the famous and popular glove.

FAITH

Angel. Guy like that, with that kind of
glove... could kill a whole mess of people.

XANDER

Said the same thing to Buffy myself.
Weird how she didn't seem to care.

FAITH

Buffy knew he was alive. I can't
believe her.

XANDER

She says he's clean.

FAITH

And I say we can't afford to find out.
I say I deal with this problem right now.
I say I slay.

Xander cracks off one last shot.

XANDER

Can I come?

INT. GILES' OFFICE - NIGHT

Giles arranges his books before him, nervously readying his little occult presentation. Mrs. Post enters. Her late night look is not as severe. Glasses off and hair down - she's softer. But her manner is hardly coy. She's still in charge.

MRS. POST

You wanted to see me,
Mr. Giles?

GILES

Yes. I'm sorry about asking you here
at this hour.

MRS. POST

Please. A good watcher is awake and
alert at all hours.

GILES

(sensing tiredness)

Would you like some tea?

MRS. POST

(dropping the stiff act)

God, yes, please. I'm completely
fagged out.

As he starts to prepare some tea -

MRS. POST

I spent the afternoon training with
Faith. She doesn't lack for energy.



GILES
She's your first slayer, I take it?

MRS. POST
If you're questioning my qualifications -

GILES
(softly)
I'm not. I have complete respect
for your methods, in my own,
American way.

She smiles a bit, taking the dig.

GILES
I also have the glove.
(off her look)
It's not on me, but I believe it's safe
for now. There's a mansion on
Crawford Street, a... friend of
Buffy's is keeping it there.

Mrs. Post takes this in, stunned. This is big.

MRS. POST
We have to get to it. Immediately.
Hide it before someone else finds it.

GILES
Or better still. Destroy it.

With this, Giles turns an illustrated Latin text toward Post so she can read it.

MRS. POST
Destroy it?

Pleased, Giles continues - responds to her surprise.

GILES
I know. I didn't realize it could
be done either. It requires transforming
fire into Living Flame and burning
the glove... It's complex, but I believe
I have all the necessary materials. We
can drive over there now and be done
with it.

MRS. POST
(overwhelmed)
I must say, Mr. Giles - good show.

Giles takes this in - a small but real victory. He starts collecting his things when:
WHAM! Mrs. Post brings a heavy statue CRASHING DOWN on his head.

Giles takes the blow and somehow remains standing - a look of terrible confusion on
his face.

GILES' POV



As Mrs. Post rears back, lifting the statue again -

MRS. POST
Good show indeed.

And the statue comes CRASHING DOWN towards him.

BLACK OUT

END OF ACT TWO

Act Three

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Buffy and Willow hang out on the tomb steps, waiting for Lagos. Buffy paces. Willow, sitting, looks around nervously.

WILLOW

Um, not to downplay my own slaying abilities, which in some circles are considered formidable, but... shouldn't Faith be here?

BUFFY

(shrugs)

Tried calling, no one home. But if you're feeling any Demon-o-phobia, please. Splitting's totally an option. You're not the one in trouble with Giles.

WILLOW

(not true)

That's true.

BUFFY

How long you think he can stay mad, anyway?

WILLOW

The emotional Marathon Man?

Willow shrugs, "who knows." Buffy nods.

BUFFY

Guess I can't really blame him. But you know - it's weird. Now that my secret is out with Angel, I feel... better.

WILLOW

Well sure you do. You've just had this big burden lifted. Keeping secrets is a lot of work.

(beat)

One could hypothetically imagine.

BUFFY



You have no idea.

WILLOW

None whatsoever! But, can I ask you something? When you were with Angel, and nobody knew about it, did that make things feel, you know... sexier, somehow?

BUFFY

Like, the forbidden fruit's sweeter kind of deal? Not really. Too much pressure. After awhile, it even makes the fun parts... not so fun.

WILLOW

Huh.

BUFFY

What makes you think all the secret stuff is sexy, anyway?

WILLOW

No reason. Just wondering. Gotta keep asking the big ol' questions when you're blessed with this girl's thirst for knowledge and okay I admit it there's something I have to tell you.

BUFFY

What?

Buffy watches Willow struggle with herself.

WILLOW

Okay. This'll make me feel better, right?
(big breath)
I've always thought of myself as a good person. Floss, do my homework, never cheat. But lately, and please don't judge me, but... I just want you to be the first to know that, that... there's a demon behind you.

Not what Buffy expected. She spins just in time to see big, pissed-off LAGOS - RUSHING HER, arms spread like an NFL linebacker, appetite for destruction.

Buffy nimbly leap-frogs over Lagos's rush. Turns to Willow.

BUFFY

We'll pick up in a minute.

Buffy stands between Lagos and the tomb entrance, ready to rock. Lagos lumbers forward. Buffy tries taking him on, Faith-style. Slugs him hard. Again. Again. He just keeps coming. Swings. Buffy barely ducks under his punch in time - it SHATTERS a stone crucifix.

BUFFY

Okay. A plan "B" would be nice.



Lagos throws a roundhouse right. He's strong but slow. Buffy ducks under his huge swinging fist, takes advantage of her speed, gets around behind Lagos and rips the ancient battle axe off his back.

BUFFY
Now we're talking.

Lagos throws another punch. Buffy ducks under it and comes up swinging... with the axe. No one's more surprised than Lagos when Buffy CUTS HIS HEAD OFF.

ANGLE ON: Lagos's head and body fall to the ground, not especially near each other.

Beat. Willow joins Buffy.

BUFFY
So what were you going to tell me?

WILLOW
Oh, I, um, opened my S.A.T. test booklet five minutes early. Doesn't seem that important now, does it?

Buffy smiles.

BUFFY
My lips are sealed. Come on.

She slings the axe over her shoulder.

BUFFY
Let's go bring Giles some happiness.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Boom! The library doors slam open. Xander and Faith stride in, stepping in synch.

XANDER
Good old Sunnydale Library. Comes fully equipped with reference books, file cards...

He pushes open the cage doors. Camera tracks in with him, revealing the ARMORY.

XANDER
...and weapons.

FAITH
Beauty.

XANDER
I call crossbow.

FAITH
You got it.

Xander, a little excited despite himself, pulls the crossbow off the wall, checks its sightlines. Faith takes a couple of stakes and a mean looking scimitar.



XANDER
All right. Ready to go?

FAITH
That I am.

They head out together when we hear a MOAN come from within the library. Xander stops.

XANDER
Wait.

FAITH
What?

We hear the moan again, louder. Xander runs around the counter, looks down to see:

XANDER
Oh my God. Giles!

ANGLE ON: Giles, on the floor, badly wounded. Xander pulls a phone by its cord to him while cradling Giles' head.

XANDER
Giles - can you hear me? What happened?

FAITH
Gee, let me guess.

XANDER
(dialing 911)
Hold it - stop - think a minute.

FAITH
Yeah, I'm thinking. Thinking Buffy's
ex-meat did this.

XANDER
This isn't Angel's style.

FAITH
The guy's a demon! How much more
proof do you need?

XANDER
Bite marks would be nice...
(into phone)
I have a medical emergency.
Sunnydale High.

FAITH
Screw this waiting crap.

XANDER
Faith - we don't help, Giles could die!

FAITH
Yeah - and he's gonna have a whole



lot of company, unless I do something permanent.

Faith storms out of the library.

XANDER
Wait!

FAITH
For what? You to grow a pair? You handle the baby-sit. I'm going to kill Angel.

Boom - she's out the doors, loaded with weapons. Xander wants to stop her, but has to stay with Giles.

XANDER
Damn it!

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

Angel, alone in the Mansion, stands before a BLACK IRON CHALICE the height of a floorlamp. It is placed in the center of the room (midway between the double doors and the fireplace). A small fire burns within the bowl. His back to the fireplace, Angel performs the process Giles described: turning ordinary fire to Living Flame. Holding up a handful of gritty, purple-ish powder over the fire, he sprinkles it over the flames.

ANGEL
(in Latin)
Exorere, Flamma Vitae. Prodi ex loco tuo elementorum, in hunc mundum vivorum.

ANGEL
(English Translation)
Arise, Flame of Life. Come forth from your place of the elements, into this world of the living.

The third time he chants this - WHOOSH! - The fire becomes LIVING FLAME. Colored fire rises, bathing the walls in eerie light.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Buffy and Willow enter the library, Buffy saying:

BUFFY
Giles HAS to be psyched that we showed up stuffy old Mrs. Post -

Buffy freezes.

BUFFY
Oh, God.

We see what she sees: Giles, lying barely conscious on a stretcher, surrounded by a team of paramedics. One checks his pulse, another bandages his head while the



team leader barks orders into her walkie-talkie.

PARAMEDIC
Sunnydale Medical we've got a
Caucasian male, mid-forties,
blunt object head trauma. Prep
E.R., we're bringing him in.
(to group)
Lifting.

The paramedics lift the stretcher's metal support stand. It locks into place. They wheel him out. Buffy's in the way.

BUFFY
What happened?

PARAMEDIC
No time for this.

GILES
Wait!

Giles stops the stretcher's momentum by grabbing Buffy's arm with his last remaining strength. Fighting to stay conscious, he tells her:

GILES
The Glove... of Myhnegon.
Must destroy...

PARAMEDIC
(to Buffy)
You want him to live? Get out
of the way.

GILES
(to Buffy)
Use... Living Flame.

PARAMEDIC
Move!

Buffy does. The paramedics wheel Giles out the library doors. Gone. Buffy whisks on Xander.

BUFFY
What happened?

XANDER
Your boyfriend's not as "cured"
as you thought.

BUFFY
What makes you think Angel did this?

XANDER
We saw what you saw.

BUFFY
So you just assume...



XANDER
I didn't. Faith did.

This sinks in with Buffy and Willow.

BUFFY
What did you tell her?

XANDER
Only what everyone knows. She's a
big girl. Came to her own conclusions.

Buffy sees the crossbow in Xander's hands. Gets it.

BUFFY
How much of a head start's she got?

XANDER
Ten minutes.

BUFFY
Why's she doing this?

XANDER
Because she's a Vampire Slayer.

Buffy glares at Xander in disbelief. Xander stares right back, not flinching, not giving an inch.

BUFFY
She's not killing Angel.
(to Willow)
Check Giles' research, find a way to
destroy the glove. I'm going to stop Faith.

Buffy turns and does not run, but strides purposefully out.

Xander turns to Willow.

WILLOW
Shut up and help me.

She rips open a book and shoves it into his arms.

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

The Living Flame roars in its chalice bowl, fat flames high, fully ready.

Angel turns back toward the (unlit) fireplace when Mrs. Post steps out of the shadows.

ANGEL
What do you want?

MRS. POST
Gwen Post. Mr. Giles sent me.

ANGEL



What for?

MRS. POST
To help you destroy the glove. Is that
the Living Flame?

ANGEL
Yes.

He doesn't trust her, and she senses it.

MRS. POST
Look, I'm sorry to be abrupt but
Lagos is on his way here now.
If you're doing the ritual incorrectly
it will only make the glove more
powerful.

ANGEL
All right. I dug up some Cadlinroot,
get ready to throw it in.

She crosses to the flame, where there is some roots, some dirt and great big spade,
how convenient.

MRS. POST
Good. Where's the glove?

ANGEL
In the trunk.

He turns toward it. The trunk is by the fireplace.

As he turns, Mrs. Post takes the shovel. With no expression or hesitation she
CRACKS Angel across the back of the head. Angel goes down.

MRS. POST
That's what I love about this town.
Everyone is so helpful.

BLACK OUT

END OF ACT THREE

Act Four

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

Mrs. Post crosses to the trunk. It's padlocked.

MRS. POST
Oh, bugger.

She grabs the spade and smashes the lock once, twice.

The lock splinters off. Mrs. Post is about to drop the spade when behind her, Angel



rises into frame, full VAMP FACE on.

ANGEL
That hurt.

She turns, some eight feet from him.

MRS. POST
It was supposed to kill you. If you'd been human, it would have. But...

She cracks the shovel over her knee. Insta-stake.

MRS. POST
I believe this is your poison.

He comes at her - she tries to stab him but he knocks the stake from her grasp, throws her toward the fire. She lands next to it and tries to get up and run toward the double doors but he's on her, grabs her - she punches him and he returns in vicious kind, knocking her nearly out.

He's about to hit her again when the doors fly open and **Faith hurtles out**, tackling him as Mrs. Post crumples unconscious against the wall.

Faith comes up, sees Mrs. Post. Genuine concern washes over her face.

FAITH
Mrs. Post...?

Mrs. Post groans, indicating life and then Angel rises. Faith faces him, furious.

FAITH
I can't believe how much I'm gonna kill you.

ANGEL
You're not getting that glove.

FAITH
Wanna bet?

What we have here is a failure to communicate. Then we have violence.

Faith attacks Angel, who's still groggy from Mrs. Post's shovel-shot. He's weak by vampire standards, but still a vampire - he throws a strong right. Faith blocks it; lands a better one. She kicks his ass across the room, toward the couch. Follows him there and really pummels him. One last crack and he's on the table, too weak to move.

She raises her stake high for the kill. Brings it whistling down - when a HAND shoots out, grabs her wrist - stops her.

FAITH
What...?

Faith looks up to see - the hand belongs to BUFFY.



INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

We catch Willow and Xander in the middle of a frantic, late night occult chemistry experiment. Xander reads Latin (badly and phonetically) from one of Giles' books as Willow "guesstimates" the correct amounts of herbs, roots and powders to create Living Flame.

XANDER
(in Latin)

"...deinde addends dimidium
laterem unguilarum bisulcarum
contusarum..."

XANDER

(English translation)

"...adding then half the ingot
of ground, cloven hooves..."

(stops)

And that's all she wrote.
Think we got it?

Willow inspects the resulting mixture.

WILLOW

It's either the catalyst for Living
Flame, or just some really smelly
sand. We have to test it.

XANDER

Let me double-check...

Xander turns page. Stops. Goes silent.

WILLOW

What.

XANDER

I know what the glove does.

Xander shows Willow what he's found. (We don't see it, but they sure do).

WILLOW

There's no time to test this.

They pack up their stuff and scramble out fast.

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

Buffy stands between Angel and Faith. Angel, crippled from Faith's attack, lies bent over and helpless. Buffy gets in defensive position. Faith's wild-eyed. Adrenaline's pumping through.

FAITH

Never stop a slayer when the blood is up.

BUFFY

Can't let you do it, Faith.

FAITH



You're confused, Twinkie. Let me
clear you up:
(pointing)
Vampire. Slayer. Dead vampire.

BUFFY
Faith, there's a lot you don't understand.

MRS. POST
Faith...

They look over. Mrs. Post is still too weak to get up, but she calls to Faith. Buffy looks confusedly at Mrs. Post and Angel - what's going on?

MRS. POST
She doesn't... know... She's blinded
by love...

BUFFY
Faith, no...

But Buffy is sounding a little unsure herself.

MRS. POST
Faith... trust me...

A look passes between Faith and Mrs. Post. Buffy steps up to Faith -

BUFFY
We can figure this out -

CRACK! Before Buffy can finish, Faith whirls and punches Buffy with a left hook that nearly takes her head off. Buffy snaps back and the two slayers square off.

And they start.

Slayer vs. slayer. No weapons, categorically no holds barred. It's fast, brutal and balletic.

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

The two girls explode through the glass doors, sending shards everywhere. They are on their feet in a moment and the fight continues, neither girl making much headway.

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

Willow and Xander run into the Mansion (from the double doors), breathless. They see Mrs. Post, rush to help her.

MRS. POST
The glove...

XANDER
We'll get it.

MRS. POST
(to Xander)



Help Faith...

A crash turns his attention to the garden. He rushes out to see, Willow helping Mrs. Post up.

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

The slayer fight's in full force. Xander rushes out.

XANDER
What are you - stop! Guys, listen!

He steps in the middle - and Faith backhands him into a wall. Buffy decks her hard for that one.

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

Willow opens the trunk, Mrs. Post digging in and producing the glove.

MRS. POST
Finally!

She swings the glove and homeruns Willow into the corner (not far from the sofa).

Mrs. Post, standing before the Mansion fireplace, looks up to the sky and PUTS ON THE GLOVE OF MYHNEGON.

The Glove of Myhnegon, activated by living contact, COMES TO LIFE. Click click click click click! The ancient spikes around the cuff all DIG INTO the flesh of Mrs. Post's forearm, ringing around the arm, attaching itself permanently.

MRS. POST
(in Gaelic)
Tar chugam a chumhacht Myhnegon!

MRS. POST
(English translation)
Come to me, power of Myhnegon!

EXT. MANSION GARDEN / INT. MANSION (INTERCUT) - NIGHT

Faith and Buffy are suddenly stopped by THUNDER that sounds all around them. They stop, look into the house and see Mrs. Post holding the glove in front of her gleefully. Faith takes a step to the door, betrayal etched on her face.

FAITH
What's going on?

MRS. POST
Faith, a word of advice. You're an idiot.

She lifts her hand up like a gun.

MRS. POST
(in Gaelic)
Tar frim!

MRS. POST



(English translation)
Come through me!

BOOM! The Mansion skylight SHATTERS as a burst of LIGHTNING comes crashing through, sending a shower of glass shards exploding downward.

The lightning STREAKS straight towards Mrs. Post's glove. An ENERGY BEAM SHOOTS FORWARD from Mrs. Post's hand, streaking across the Mansion, straight toward Faith. Buffy slams into her, the two diving for safety as the energy beam hits the tree behind them, which explodes into flame. (i.e. there is a fire ball and then a lot of burning branches - no parts coming off).

Willow stands and Mrs. Post turns to her.

MRS. POST
(in Gaelic)
Tar frim!

MRS. POST
(English translation)
Come through me!

Lightning, energy - and this time Angel makes the save, rising and pushing Willow out of the way. The beam explodes a piece of wall - and singes Angel, catching an arm and part of his back with flame as he hits the ground.

Willow grabs a tapestry off the Mansion wall and WRAPS it around Angel's prone body - dousing the flame.

ANGLE: Buffy and Faith

BUFFY
Can you draw her fire?

FAITH
That I can.

She's all cold fury now.

BUFFY
Then do it.

Buffy looks around for a good sized shard of glass.

Faith dashes into the living room. Mrs. Post spins -

MRS. POST
(in Gaelic)
Tar frim!

MRS. POST
(English translation)
Come through me!

-- and fires. Faith flips up the coffee table before her, blocking the flame. Crouches behind it.

MRS. POST



There's nothing you can do to
me now. I have the Glove, and
with the glove comes the power!

BUFFY
I'm getting that.

She has a very large, triangular shard of glass in her hand. With dazzling alacrity, she hurls it.

MRS. POST
(in Gaelic)
Tar frim!

MRS. POST
(English translation)
Come through me!

The shard spins through the air.

The shard spins through Mrs. Post's shoulder.

The shard smashes against the far wall.

The gloved arm, severed, drops harmlessly to the floor.

Mrs. Post screams - and the lightning STRIKES HER. She SCREAMS as her body is engulfed in swirling, wrap-around blue streaks of unnatural electricity. Her screams build as the frenzy of electricity grows, multiplies, out of control, until...

Mrs. Post BURSTS INTO FLAME. Total immolation. Nothing left but smoke - she is gone.

The deafening sounds within the Mansion are replaced with silence.

ANGLE ON: The glove, now dis-attached from living flesh - Click click click click click! - slowly separates itself, spike by spike, from Mrs. Post's severed arm.

WIDER ANGLE ON: the group. Coming together, all tired, hurt, confused, wary... all silent.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SCHOOL LOUNGE - DAY

Cordy and Xander are with Oz and Willow.

CORDELIA
So there's no more glove thingy?

XANDER
A little Living Flame, a little mesquite...
gone for good.

OZ
Sounds like we missed a lot of fun.

XANDER



Then we're telling it wrong.

WILLOW

What do you think Buffy and Angel
are gonna do?

XANDER

Boy do I don't know.

WILLOW

He saved me from a horrible flamey
death. That sort of makes me like
him again.

XANDER

Well, as long as he and Buffy don't
get pelvic, we'll be okay. I guess.

Buffy approaches.

BUFFY

What are you guys talking about?

OZ

Oddly enough, your boyfriend. Again.

BUFFY

He's not my boyfriend. Really and
truly. He's... I don't know.

She turns to Xander.

BUFFY

Are we okay?

XANDER

Yeah. Seeing you kissing him, after
everything that happened... leaned
me toward the postal. But I trust you.

CORDELIA

I don't. Just for the record.

Giles approaches now as well.

BUFFY

Let me guess. Gwendolyn Post,
not a watcher.

GILES

She was kicked out by the council
two years ago for misuses of dark
power. They swear there was a
memo...

BUFFY

I'd better go. Little more damage
control.



She takes off, the others watching her.

WILLOW
The whole Angel thing is so weird.

GILES
Yes, well, we'll have to let that one unfold, won't we?

CORDELIA
Okay but when there's a big massacre who gets the I-told-you-so?

XANDER
You get the I-told-you-so.

CORDELIA
Just so we're clear...

INT. FAITH'S MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Faith's watching daytime TV by herself, sitting on a ratty sofa, feet propped up on some stolen plastic milk cartons. She's flicking channels. Calls out:

FAITH
Come in.

Buffy tentatively comes in. Faith's eyes never leave the TV.

BUFFY
Place looks nice.

FAITH
Yeah, real Spartan.

Pause.

BUFFY
How are you doing?

FAITH
Five by five.

BUFFY
I'm interpreting that as good...

Faith offers nothing. Buffy approaches the sofa hesitantly.

BUFFY
Mrs. Post, or whoever she was, she fooled us all. Even Giles.

FAITH
Yeah, well, you can't trust people.
I shoulda learned that by now.

BUFFY
This may sound funny coming from



someone who just spent a lot of time
kicking your face, but you can trust **me**.

FAITH
Is that right?

BUFFY
I know I've kept secrets, but I didn't
have a choice. I'm on your side.

FAITH
I'm on my side. And that's enough.

BUFFY
Not always.

FAITH
So, is that it?

BUFFY
I guess...

FAITH
I'll see you, then.

BUFFY
Yeah.

She starts slowly for the door, unsatisfied. Faith looks equally unhappy, stops her with:

FAITH
Buffy?

BUFFY
(stops)
Yes?

But Faith can't do it. A beat.

FAITH
Nothing.

Another moment, then Buffy leaves.

EXT. MOTEL - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Buffy closes the door behind her, thinking. A moment more and she exits frame.

INT. FAITH'S MOTEL ROOM - DAY

ANGLE: FAITH

Still sitting on her bed. Alone.

BLACK OUT



END OF SHOW

