

Bad Girls

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Teaser

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

We see a shot of the ground. It's grassy. Peaceful. Quiet. Then all of a sudden - WHAM! Two slayers (Buffy and Faith) get slammed down into it, hard. Vampires clutch their necks, baring down. Faith makes conversation.

FAITH

So, what, you're telling me never?

BUFFY

Faith, really. Now is not the time.

FAITH

I'm curious. Never ever?

Buffy and Faith each FLIP their attackers off them, start kicking ass. Only Faith won't shut up.

FAITH

Come on, really? All this time and not even once?

BUFFY

How many times can I say it? I have never...

Buffy PUNCHES the vamp...

BUFFY

Done it...

KICKS the vamp...

BUFFY

With Xander!

And STAKES the vamp. DUST. (CGI)

BUFFY

He's just a friend.

FAITH

So?

Faith STAKES her vamp too. More dust. (off camera, no CGI)

FAITH

What are friends for? I'm sorry.
It's just, all that sweating nightly,
side-by-side action, and you never
put in for a little after hours...
(grunts)

BUFFY

Thanks for the poetry, and no. I
love Xander, I just don't... *love*
Xander. Besides, I think it ruins
friendships to do stuff like that.

FAITH

You think too much.

Buffy stops cold. Faith stops, too.

BUFFY

There's one left.

FAITH

How do you know?

BUFFY

I think too much.

Buffy is looking at the ground (she stands on dirty road, not grass). There is a cacophony of tracks and footprints in the dirt. She mentally adds them up, one set leading her gaze to a tomb nearby.

A shadow moves subtly behind it.

Someone's hiding. The slayers go silent. Buffy points. Faith goes right. Buffy goes left.

BUFFY

(quietly)

On three...

Buffy silently counts off on her fingers: One, Two... but that's as far as she gets. Faith LEAPS straight over the top of the tomb, stakes in hand.

BUFFY

(to herself)

Three.

FAITH

Yaaahh!!!

Impossibly fast, a third VAMPIRE flashes up from behind the headstone, grabs Faith, and using her momentum SLAMS her into the ground face-first.

The vamp turns to Buffy. Unsheathes a jewel-encrusted SWORD and DAGGER. Holds them in dueling position.

Buffy pulls a stake. FLASH! In one fast swipe, the vamp slices her stake clean in half. Buffy drops the useless wooden nub and kicks the vamp in the nuts. He howls in rage as Buffy kicks away both sword and dagger. He rushes Buffy, and SLAMS her up against a headstone. They struggle. His fangs approach her neck when

suddenly - POOF! He's dusted. Dust clears, revealing Faith behind him. Faith grins, twirling her stake like a gunfighter.

FAITH
Nicely diverted, B.!

She holds up her hand for a high-five. Buffy just looks at her like she's crazy.

BUFFY
That wasn't diverting! That was
fighting for my life, Miss Attention
Span.

Buffy storms away, pissed. Faith follows.

FAITH
Hey, this isn't a Tupperware party,
it's a little harder to plan.

BUFFY
"The count of three" is not a plan.
It's Sesame Street.

FAITH
Hey, they're toast and we're here so
it couldn't have been too bad. Who
were those guys, anyway?

BUFFY
No idea. They sure didn't look local.
Grab the weapons, would you?
Maybe Giles can...

But the sword and dagger are gone. Buffy and Faith look to each other...

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

BAM! The sword and the dagger slam down onto the Mayor's desk so hard, pens and pencils jump. Mr. Trick did the slamming.

The Mayor sits behind the desk, reading the paper. Allan, the Deputy Mayor, stands nervously to one side.

MR. TRICK
Check these out.

The Mayor laughs quietly as he folds the paper.

MAYOR
I just love the Family Circus. That
P.J.'s getting to be quite a handful.

He looks at the blades as he wipes the newsprint off his fingers with a moist towelette.

MAYOR
Well. Haven't seen anything like
this in... well, in a good long while.
Where is the owner of these fine

implements?

MR. TRICK

The common term is "slain". But
I've been seeing this breed around.
We expecting any trouble?

The Mayor stares at Trick, thinking.

MAYOR

Do you like Family Circus?

MR. TRICK

(dead serious)
I like Marmaduke.

MAYOR

(shudders)
Oh! He's always on the furniture.
Unsanitary.

MR. TRICK

Nobody's tellin' Marmaduke what
to do. My kind of dog.

DEPUTY MAYOR

I like to read "Cathy".

The other two look at him like he is a bug. He stammers:

DEPUTY MAYOR

So, what about these swords?
What should we do about that?

MAYOR

Let's just keep an eye out. We've
got the dedication coming up in a
few days - we certainly can't have
anything interfering with that.

DEPUTY MAYOR

Well, maybe we should postpone
the... dedication...

The Mayor loses all expression.

MR. TRICK

I'm thinking the honorable Mayor
hates that idea.

MAYOR

The dedication is the final step before
my ascension. I have waited longer
than you can imagine for this. After
the hundred days, I'll be on a higher
plane. And I'll have no more need for...

He doesn't say what, but he is staring right at Allan.

MAYOR

... Well, let's just say I won't be concerned with the little things.
Mr. Trick, watch these people.
Anything you find out about them...
well, let's try to see that that information reaches the slayers.

He picks up the short sword, looks at it.

MAYOR

With any luck, they'll kill each other.
And then everyone's a winner.
Everyone, of course, being me.

BLACK OUT

END OF TEASER

Act One

INT. LOUNGE - DAY

Buffy, Willow, Xander and Oz, lounging in the school lounge. All look on as Willow looks through an endless pile of thick manila envelopes. College catalogues. Xander reads over her shoulder.

XANDER

Harvard, Yale, Wesleyan...

BUFFY

Wow, Willow. Looks like early admission came early this year.

OZ

Hence the name.

XANDER

M.I.T., Barnard, some German Polytechnical Institute whose name I can't pronounce... Is anyone else intimidated? Because I'm just expecting paper-thin slips with the words "no way" written on them in crayon.

OZ

They're typing those now.

WILLOW

I'm so overwhelmed. I got in! To colleges. Real live colleges! And now they're wooing me. They're pitching woo!

BUFFY

The wooing stage is always fun.

WILLOW

But weird, too. Rejection I can handle
from my long years of training in the
field. But this...

XANDER

I feel your pain, Will. Like, right
now? I'm torn between the fast-
growing industries of appliance
repair and motel management.
Of course, I'm still waiting to hear
from The Corndog Emporium, so...

He crosses his fingers: "Here's hoping."

BUFFY

Embrace it, Will. This is a great time.
There's nothing standing between you
and a whole new world.

OZ

Except - if I could suggest? Graduate.
Getting left back? Not the thrill ride
you'd expect.

A HAND folds back the folder Xander is reading. He looks up. The hand belongs to
Cordelia.

CORDELIA

That's so cute, planning life as a loser.
Most people just turn out that way,
but you're really taking charge.

XANDER

The comedy stylings of Miss Cordelia
Chase, everybody. Who incidentally
won't be needing a higher education
when she can just market her own
very successful line of Hooker Wear.

CORDELIA

Well Xander, I could dress more like
you but, oh. My father has a job.

XANDER

I won't waste the perfect comeback
on you now, but don't think I don't
have it. Oh yes, its time will come.

Cordelia's gone. Xander turns back to the group.

XANDER

So. Life beyond high school. Anyone.
For the love of God, please, chime in.

BUFFY

I hear it's nice. And, a place I'll never
go if I don't pass Mrs. Taggart's chem.

test tomorrow.

WILLOW

I can help. Chemistry's easy. It's just like witchcraft, only there's not as much newt. What do you say? Study jam at my house? Tonight?

BUFFY

I'm there.

The BELL RINGS. They all get up to leave.

BUFFY

I gotta check in with Giles, report on last night's patrol.

WILLOW

Oh, that's right. He said he needed to talk to you.

BUFFY

What about? Is he all right?

WILLOW

Well, he's looked better...

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Giles HAS looked better - he's uncomfortable, bored and a teeny bit hostile. He is, however, trying to be polite about it.

The reason for his attitude is speaking to him. Incessantly. He is WESLEY WYNDAM-PRYCE, watcher. Young, not bad looking but a bit full of himself. Thinks he's Sean Connery when he's pretty much George Lazenby.

WESLEY

Of course, training procedures have been updated quite a bit since your day. Much greater emphasis on field work.

GILES

Really.

WESLEY

Oh yes. It's not all books and theory nowadays. I have in fact faced two vampires - under controlled circumstances, of course.

GILES

Well, you're in no danger of finding any here.

WESLEY

Vampires?

GILES

Controlled circumstances. Hello,
Buffy.

She has entered, looks over the new watcher with suspicion. He brightens to see her, shaking her hand.

WESLEY
Well, hello!

BUFFY
New watcher.

GILES
New watcher.

WESLEY
Wesley Wyndam-Pryce. It's very
nice to meet you.

BUFFY
(to Giles)
Is he evil?

WESLEY
Evil?

BUFFY
The last one was evil.

WESLEY
Oh, yes, Gwendolyn Post, we all
heard. A sad example of the
seductive power of dark knowledge.
Mr. Giles has checked my credentials
rather thoroughly and phoned the
council but I'm glad to see you're on
the ball as well, a good slayer is a
cautious slayer.

He smiles at her.

BUFFY
(to Giles)
Is he evil?

GILES
Not in the strictest sense.

WESLEY
(a hint of peeve)
Well, I'm glad that's cleared up.
And as I'm sure none of us is anxious
to waste time on pleasantries, why
don't you tell me everything about
last night's patrol.

BUFFY
Vampires.

WESLEY
Yes?

BUFFY
Killed 'em.

WESLEY
Anything else you can tell me?

A gently remonstrative look from Giles makes Buffy grudgingly continue.

BUFFY
One of them had swords. I don't think
he was with the other two.

WESLEY
Swords? One long, one short?

BUFFY
(nodding)
Both pointy. With jewels and stuff.

GILES
That sounds familiar.

WESLEY
It should.

He is rifling through some of his own books. Hands one open to Giles.

GILES
El Eliminati. Fift -

WESLEY
Fifteenth century duelist cult. Deadly
in their day, their numbers dwindled
in later centuries, due to an increase
in antivampire activity and a lot of
pointless dueling. They eventually
became the acolytes of a demon
called Balthazar, who brought them
to the new world. Specifically, here.

GILES
You seem to know them well.

WESLEY
I didn't get this job because of my looks.

BUFFY
I really really believe that.

WESLEY
I've researched this town's history.
Extensively.

GILES
So why haven't we seen them before

this?

WESLEY

They were driven out a hundred years ago. Balthazar was, happily, killed. I'm not sure by whom.

BUFFY

And they're back 'cause...

WESLEY

Balthazar had an amulet, purported to give him strength. When he was killed, it was taken by a wealthy landowner - I don't want to bore you with the details...

BUFFY

Little bit late...

WESLEY

...Named Gleaves. It's buried with him and I believe the few remaining Eliminati are probably looking for it. For sentimental value.

GILES

So you don't think the amulet poses a threat of some kind?

WESLEY

Not at all. None the less, we may as well keep it from them. Buffy, you will go to the Gleaves family crypt tonight and fetch the amulet.

BUFFY

I will?

WESLEY

Are you not used to being given orders?

BUFFY

Giles always says please when he sends me on a mission. And afterwards, he gives me a cookie.

WESLEY

I don't feel like we're getting off on quite the right foot -

Faith enters as he speaks. Assesses the situation.

WESLEY

Ah! This is perhaps Faith?

Faith looks at him.

FAITH

New watcher.

GILES/BUFFY
New watcher.

FAITH
Screw that.

She turns on her heel and exits.

BUFFY
Now, why didn't I say that?

GILES
Buffy, do you think you could -

BUFFY
I'll see if I can get her back.
(to Wesley)
Don't say anything incredibly
interesting while I'm gone.

She exits. Wesley watches, trying not to be thrown.

WESLEY
They'll get used to me.

Giles sighs very quietly, takes off his glasses to clean them. Notices Wesley has taken his off and is cleaning them. Giles slips his back on.

EXT. FOUNTAIN QUAD - DAY

Buffy catches up with Faith, who's storming off campus.

BUFFY
Faith, wait.

Buffy catches up to her.

BUFFY
I know this new guy's a dork, but...
(long pause)
...I have nothing to follow that, he's
just a dork.

FAITH
You actually gonna take orders from him?

Buffy shrugs.

BUFFY
That's the job. What else can we do?

FAITH
Whatever we want! We're slayers,
girlfriend. The Chosen Two. Why
should we let him take all the fun

out of it?

BUFFY

That'd be tragic, taking the fun out
of slaying and stabbing and
beheading...

FAITH

Oh, like you don't dig it.

BUFFY

I don't.

FAITH

Liar. I've seen you. Tell me staking
a vamp doesn't get you a little bit juiced.
Say it.

Faith stops, faces Buffy, folds her arms and waits. Buffy smiles, hesitates, looks away...

FAITH

Aah! Can't fool me. The look in your
eyes right after a kill? Just get hungry
for more.

BUFFY

You are way off base.

FAITH

Tell me that if you don't get in a good
slaying, after a while you start itching
for some vamp to show up so you can
give him a good...

She makes a stabbing motion and grunts.

BUFFY

Again with the grunting. I'm not
comfortable with that.

FAITH

Hey, slaying's what we were built
for. If you're not enjoying it, you're
doing something wrong.

She starts to go.

BUFFY

Uh, what about our assignment?

FAITH

Tell you what. You do the
homework, and I'll copy yours.

And she goes, leaving a pensive Buffy.

Faith saunters off campus, free. Buffy looks back at the school. Then back at Faith.

On her face, we

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CRYPT - NIGHT

Establishing. Buffy enters the Gleaves Family Crypt.

INT. CRYPT - NIGHT

Buffy enters, flashlight in hand, moving forward. She finds a grave. With some effort, she shoves the heavy stone covering aside, looks inside. NASTY CORPSE. No amulet.

BUFFY
Strike one...

She turns to the second grave. Shoves the cover aside. Inside, she sees the rotting corpse of a DEAD MONK. Wearing an ancient, ornate AMULET.

BUFFY
Game over.

She reaches into the tomb to remove the amulet. And suddenly the tomb is filled with light. Buffy turns to see:

A torch comes into the crypt. Held by a vampire. Followed by another. Then another. Then another. They keep coming. Six torches in all. The vampires swagger in as a pack.

Buffy flips herself over the casket, stuffs herself into the first tomb, next to the ROTTING CORPSE.

She waits, trying to be silent.

The vamps enter. The head vamp, VINCENT, pulls the amulet off the corpse. They exit as a group.

Buffy listens. Nothing. She exhales a sigh of relief. Stands up, and the second she does - CLAP! - a hand GRABS her shoulder.

BUFFY
Aah!

It's Faith.

BUFFY
Faith!

FAITH
What are you doing, hiding in there?

BUFFY
Looking for an amulet. Wasn't really counting on the special guest stars. Six against one - hence the hiding.

FAITH

Six against two now. Come on.

Faith runs out of the crypt. Buffy follows.

EXT. CRYPT - NIGHT

The vamps are getting away. We just see the last of them rabbiting down a manhole. Gone. Faith charges after them. Buffy pulls her back.

BUFFY
Wait. Stop. Think.

FAITH
No. No. No.

BUFFY
It's a manhole. Tight space, no
escape - and six against two - not
unlike three against one.

FAITH
And there might be more. Come on.

BUFFY
You're just going in? That's your
plan?

Faith stops, turns, looks at Buffy like she's crazy.

FAITH
Who said I had a plan? I don't know
how many's down there but I wanna
find out and I'll know when I land
and if you don't come in after me...

Faith LEAPS, finishing with a big smile:

FAITH
I might die!!

Gone. Buffy hesitates...

Shit. She can't believe this. No choice. Buffy runs, jumps, and DISAPPEARS down the hole, engulfed in TOTAL BLACKNESS.

BLACK OUT

END OF ACT ONE

Act Two

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Giles paces as Wesley goes over the watcher diaries, flipping pages.

WESLEY
These are all the diaries, then?

Yours included?

GILES

That's everything. Knock yourself
out... please...

WESLEY

(looking)

Ah yes. Here's your first entry.

(reads)

"Slayer is willful and insolent." That
would be our girl, wouldn't it?

GILES

You have to get to know her.

WESLEY

(reading further)

"... her abuse of the English
Language is such that I understand
only every other sentence..."
This is going to make fascinating
reading.

GILES

(looking at his watch)

Where is she?

WESLEY

Not to fret. My mission scenario
has her back in a minute or so.
Shouldn't be any trouble.

He pops a licorice in his mouth as we CUT TO:

INT. SEWER - NIGHT

CRACK! Buffy comes staggering back into frame, having just been good and
punched there by an unseen vampire. She turns to face TWO OTHERS. Lightning-
fast, she backhands the first, one-tows the other and backs up right into...

Faith. Surrounded by vampires, fighting for her life - and grinning.

The two of them are right in the middle of one big mother of a FIGHT. Six vamps.
Two slayers. And the only exit is a small round opening, twelve feet overhead.

BUFFY

We're surrounded!

FAITH

(laughing)

You noticed that too?

The vamps ATTACK at once. WAR CRIES echo sharply through the tunnels. Buffy
and Faith go total video game on them. Kicking. Punching. Staking. Anything but
stopping.

One slams Faith against the slimy sewer wall. Buffy HURLS a stake. It flips end over

end, catches him in the back, and we hear him get DUSTED.

But now Buffy's empty handed. Two vamps rush her, one left, one right, and grab her arms. Their leader, VINCENT, a tall one, unsheathes a sword and dagger. He has the amulet tucked into his belt. He takes a fighting stance.

VINCENT
Let's settle this honorably.

Buffy KICKS the sword out of his hand. Brings the two thugs holding her CRASHING together. Vincent LUNGES with the dagger. Buffy holds the dagger off, but it takes both hands. Vincent takes his free hand, grabs Buffy by the back of the head.

VINCENT
Well, then, we'll just settle it.

Splash! Vincent shoves Buffy's head under the brackish water, face first.

FAITH
Buffy! Son of a bitch, I'll...

But Faith can't even finish her sentence. She gets socked in the stomach by a big brute of a vamp. Another jumps her from behind. She fights them, two-against-one, watching as Buffy stays down.

Vincent smiles, holding Buffy's head under water. She struggles. Then weakens. Then stops.

FAITH
BUFFY!!!

Vincent holds her down just a little bit longer, just to make sure. The remaining vamps surround Faith. She's next. Vincent relaxes his grip, stands, is about to turn when...

Buffy WHIPS HER HEAD UP. Alive. Newly baptized. Eyes blazing a glint we've never seen before lighting her eyes. She's crazy. Grins.

She uppercuts Vincent, catching him clean under the jaw and lifting him a good two feet off the ground.

BUFFY
I hate it when they drown me.

Buffy grabs his sword from under the water. Lunges.

Faith grins at Buffy's transformation. She uses the distraction to kneecap one of the vamps holding her with a crisp sidekick. He goes down. She flips one who rushes her from behind. Clears an entrance. Palm-thrusts an onrushing vamp, sending nose cartilage straight into his brain.

Buffy's Errol Flynn. She fences Vincent, kills an oncoming vamp without breaking stride, keeps thrusting forward...

Faith checks that the entrance is clear.

FAITH

B. - gotta go!

BUFFY
We came for the amulet...

She SWIPES her blade in a long, swinging arc - slicing the amulet's chain from around Vincent's belt. It drops to the ground. She scoops it up the second it lands.

BUFFY
...We're not leaving without it.

She clocks a vamp who's sneaking up behind her (without looking) with the blade handle. He's out.

Vincent and what's left of his men - RUN. A ragged, defeated gang, splashing away in defeat. Buffy, breathless, turns to Faith.

FAITH
Tell me you don't get off on this.

Buffy stands tall, pockets the amulet, too cool.

BUFFY
Didn't suck.

INT. LIBRARY- DAY

Wesley, tut-tutting to himself quietly, cleans a small bit of muck off the amulet as he examines it up close.

WESLEY
Well. Looks authentic enough.
Of course, there are tests to be
made before actual verification...

BUFFY
How about verifying that your "nearly
extinct" cult was out in magnum
force last night? Faith and I got into
a serious party situation.

GILES
Are you all right?

BUFFY
I had to lather, rinse, and repeat about
five million times to get the sewer
out of my hair, but otherwise, I'm
of the good.

WESLEY
Perhaps there were a few more of
them than we'd anticipated, but
I'd expect you to be ready for
anything. Remember the three
key words for any slayer:

Taps his book for emphasis.

WESLEY
Preparation. Preparation.
Preparation.

BUFFY
That's one word three times.

The bell RINGS.

BUFFY
Oh my God. I have a chem. test. It's
so sad that I'm happy about that.
Giles. We gotta talk.

WESLEY
Buffy, I must ask you to remember
that I am your watcher. From now
on, anything you have to say about
slaying, you say to me. The only
thing you need to discuss with Mr.
Giles is... overdue book fees.
Understood?

Buffy turns to Giles.

BUFFY
We'll talk.

GILES
Of course.

BUFFY
About the overdue book fees.

GILES
Should have returned them on time.

She goes. Wesley frowns at Giles.

WESLEY
You're not helping.

GILES
I know. I feel just sick about it.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

MRS. TAGGART, chemistry teacher, hands out test booklets. Buffy talks with Xander and Willow.

BUFFY
It was intense. It was like I just let
go, you know, and I became this force.
I just didn't care any more.

WILLOW
Yeah, I know what that's like -

BUFFY

I don't think you can. It's kind of a slayer thing; I don't even think I'm explaining it well.

XANDER

You're explaining it a **lot**, though...

MRS. TAGGART

All right. You have one period to fill out your test booklets, periodic charts are included in the back, and you're on the honor system, so remember... no talking.

Angle on: Buffy, sitting between Willow and Xander, talking a mile a minute.

BUFFY

Well, the thing was, Faith knew I didn't want to go down there -

MRS. TAGGART

Ahem. Ms. Summers?

Buffy sits straight, makes a contrite "zip" across her lips.

MRS. TAGGART

You have one hour.

Mrs. Taggart hands out the last of the tests. Leaves. And the second the door closes, Buffy launches right back in:

BUFFY

Okay, so the best part -

WILLOW

Buffy? Test. You know, the one you didn't come over to study for?

BUFFY

Right. Got it. Sorry.

(to Xander)

...so, we're in the sewers, right, and Faith has three of them on her...

XANDER

Hey. Whoa, can we resume Buffy's ode to Faith later? Like when I'm not actively multiple-choicing?

BUFFY

How come your eye always twitches when I talk about Faith?

XANDER

What? No it doesn't.

BUFFY

"Faith."

Xander covers his eye.

XANDER
Cut it out, we got a test to take, I'm
highly caffeinated and trying
to concentrate.
(unconvincing)
Some of us care about school, you
know.

Xander goes back to his test. Willow's immersed. Everyone in class sits hunched over their test booklets, except Buffy. Way bored. Then, tap tap tap! Buffy sees Faith - her nose pressed up against the glass of the classroom window.

FAITH
Hey girlfriend. Bad time?

She holds up her test booklet. Faith nods, breathes steam onto the window. Finger-draws a heart. Then a stake through it. Looks at Buffy, wiggles her eyebrows...

WILLOW
She can't.
(to Buffy)
You can't. Can you?

Buffy climbs out the classroom window. Kids laugh and point, but go back to their tests.

WILLOW
Buffy! This is fifteen percent
of the final grade, and that's...

Buffy's gone. Willow turns to Xander.

WILLOW
...apparently meaningless.

EXT. PALM COURT - DAY

Faith and Buffy stride off campus.

BUFFY
What's up.

FAITH
Vampires.

BUFFY
Uh, Faith? Unless there's a total
eclipse in the next five minutes - it's
daylight.

FAITH
Good for us. Bad for them. I found
a nest.

BUFFY
(grinning)

That has potential...

They walk off together, picking up momentum.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - DAY

Dark. We see the silhouettes of several sleeping figures on the grounds. Pan across some half-constructed catacombs, made of mattresses and garbage. The windows are blacked out with spray paint.

It's almost peaceful. But...

CRASH! Two figures come smashing through the window. Buffy and Faith. They land, roll, and come up on their feet. Sunlight POURS in through the broken window behind them.

Vampires scream. Scramble out of the sunlight's path before bits and pieces of them burst into flame. Big chaos. Buffy and Faith each pull stakes.

FAITH

Rise and shine, people.

BUFFY

This is your wake up call.

We DOLLY IN on the two girls, smiling in the moment before all hell breaks loose, but before it does we

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BRONZE - NIGHT

Continuous - Buffy and Faith DANCE wildly. Strobe lights flare. Both slayers look a little beat-up. It only makes them sexier. They gyrate with abandon.

They own the Bronze.

Their dancing picks up a beat as two hunky CUTE GUYS join in. And these guys are good.

They can almost keep up with the slayers.

Buffy and Faith heat it up for their dance partners, the luckiest boys in Sunnydale.

Angle on: ANGEL. In the crowd, watching. Bummed. He turns to leave, but stops when he hears:

BUFFY

Angel!

And WHOMP! Buffy comes flying into frame, jumping on Angel and wrapping herself around him.

BUFFY

Not leaving, are you?

ANGEL

Saw you making friends.

BUFFY
Them? Boys. I like you.

He lets her down. She stands. Very close.

BUFFY
What's the matter?
(playing)
You're not afraid of little me, are you?

ANGEL
We better sit down.

He leads her to a table. They sit. Buffy tries to match his seriousness, but she can't help the playful smile that floats about her lips. He's just so CUTE!

BUFFY
Okay. I can sense this is a business trip. What's the what?

ANGEL
Balthazar.

BUFFY
Dead demon.

ANGEL
Not as dead as you'd think. Word on the street puts him in the packing warehouse on Devereau. He's looking for -

BUFFY
-- his amulet. Yeah. It's supposed to restore his strength.

ANGEL
From what I'm hearing, that's not something we'd like to see happen.

BUFFY
Well, we've got the amulet.

ANGEL
I know, I spoke to Giles. But he said you gave it to -

WESLEY
There you are!

He bustles to them.

BUFFY
Wow, speak of the really annoying person.

WESLEY

Well, you're certainly giving me a
run for my money.
(pulling her aside)
I think we should establish that when
you go out slaying, you leave me a
number where I can -

ANGEL
Where's the amulet?

WESLEY
Who are you?

BUFFY
He's a friend. Do you have it?

WESLEY
It's somewhere very safe.

Buffy reaches into his inside pocket and pulls it out.

WESLEY
How did you -

BUFFY
It pooches your jacket.

She hands it to Angel.

WESLEY
Now hold on a minute.

ANGEL
Walking around with this thing
is like wearing a target.

BUFFY
(to Angel)
You'll put it somewhere safe that's
actually safe?

ANGEL
(rising)
I'll do it now.

BUFFY
(also rising)
I'm gonna do a little recon on
Balthazar.

WESLEY
Okay, people? Balthazar is dead.
Am I the only one who remembers
that?

Buffy kisses Angel a hard goodbye.

ANGEL

Be careful.

BUFFY
You know me...

ANGEL
I mean it.

They split up. He goes out the front, Buffy heads for the dance floor. Wesley looks about, hapless.

WESLEY
What's going on...?

Angle on: The dance floor. Faith is dancing with the two cute guys simultaneously. No one's complaining. Buffy passes by, pulling Faith out towards the back with her.

FAITH
(to boys)
Call me!

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Establishing. A warehouse in the commercial district. We hear a horrible, low, burbling VOICE:

BALHAZAR
Let me tell you what I see.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

We see a TANK. And inside the tank sits BALHAZAR, a horrible, five hundred pound DEMON. Pale, pasty-white skin. Scales. A vampire ladles water onto his enormous expanse of a back, keeping him wet.

BALHAZAR
I see fear. And remorse. And the pitiful look of faces which cry out for mercy. What I don't see is what I want to see and THAT'S MY AMULET!

The room shakes. A vampire steps forward.

VAMPIRE
Lord Balthazar. We found it. We had it. But, the slayers...

BALHAZAR
Already I'm bored.

Balthazar reaches out a big meaty hand and the vampire is sucked toward it by a mystical force, the hand closes around his head and crushes it. The body falls, a lifeless heap, on the ground.

BALHAZAR
Vincent. Come here.

Vincent, the vampire from the tunnels, steps forward.

BALTHAZAR
Closer. Closer.

Balthazar rests a heavy hand on Vincent's head. Whispers.

BALTHAZAR
Let me tell you what I want to see.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Buffy and Faith spy through a broken window, watching Balthazar and his minions, lit by the ring of torches.

BUFFY
Okay. We got ten, maybe twelve
bad guys and one big demon in
desperate need of a stairmaster.

FAITH
I say we take 'em all, hard and
fast, now.

BUFFY
Okay. But - we need a little more
firepower than...
(hands empty)
...none. We should get to the library.

FAITH
Well, I guess Jacuzzi boy isn't
going anywhere, I just wish we -

She is scanning the neighborhood. Stops.

FAITH
Oh. That's too good.

Buffy follows her gaze to:

A SPORTING GOODS STORE across the street. Buffy smiles and...

EXT. SPORTING GOODS STORE - NIGHT

CRASH! Faith kicks the door in.

INT. SPORTING GOODS STORE - NIGHT

Strides in through the broken frame. Buffy comes in after, looks around. They pass rows of soccer balls and camping equipment. Go straight to the knives, bows and arrows, clubs.

FAITH
Score.

Faith smashes a glass case, pulls out a bow, notches an arrow.

BUFFY
Think they're insured?

FAITH
Strangely - not my priority.

Buffy tries prying open a locked case filled with KNIVES. Faith comes over to her.

FAITH
B. When are you gonna get this?
A slayer's life is simple. Want?

She SMASHES the case.

FAITH
Take.

Reaches in, hands Buffy a knife from inside.

FAITH
Have.

Buffy sees another case, containing a pneumatic CROSSBOW. Tentatively SMASHES the case. Takes. A weird little smile on her face.

BUFFY
Want, take, have. I'm getting it.

Faith is going for more stuff - she's building up a head of steam TRASHING the place, when we hear - BANG! - a GUNSHOT. Both girls turn to see a tough-looking COP. Pointing a gun right at them. His (silent) partner behind, gun also drawn.

COP (O.S.)
Drop your weapons and get down on
the ground! NOW!

Busted.

BLACK OUT

END OF ACT TWO

Act Three

INT. SPORTING GOODS STORE - NIGHT

Right where we left off - on a GUN. Pointing at the slayers.

COP
I said drop the weapons or I fire.

Buffy drops her crossbow. Faith hesitates a moment, sizing up the situation, then lays her bow on the ground.

COP
Now spread 'em!

FAITH
You wish.

COP
Hands in the air where I can see
'em. Slow. Good.
(to the other cop)
Cuff 'em.

The other cop begins cuffing the girls.

FAITH
I like him.

She gives him a big, sexy wink.

FAITH
He's butch.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Buffy and Faith sit cuffed in the backseat of the police car. Buffy looks miserable.

COP
That's some artillery you two are
putting together. You with one of
them girl gangs?

FAITH
Yeah, we're the Slayers.
(to Buffy)
You wanna get out of here?

We see Buffy and Faith in the cop's rearview mirror, hands behind their backs. Buffy nods.

Faith slides down, brings her legs up against the seat in front of her. She looks at Buffy, who hesitates.

FAITH
Can't save the world in jail.

Buffy slides down as well. Together they KICK. Hard. Both feet. The mesh metal barrier comes crashing up against the back of the cops' heads.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The police car swerves wildly, back and forth, accelerates, and CAREENS - SMASH! into a parked car.

ANGLE ON: HANDS

As the girls, back to back, unlock each other's cuffs. They are standing by the wrecked car. Their cuffs fall away. Buffy turns to the cops, looking concerned.

BUFFY
We should call an ambulance.

FAITH
Five people already have, the racket
we made. And they're fine.

The cop moans.

COP
Unnggh...

FAITH
Let's get out of here.

Faith starts to run. Buffy stares horrified at the wounded cop, who stirs back to consciousness.

Buffy and Faith run off into the night.

INT. BUFFY'S KITCHEN - DAY

The next morning. Too bright, and way too sunny. Buffy comes in the back door with the morning paper. She dumps it on the breakfast table, ripping through the paper, searching...

JOYCE
Admit it.

Buffy flinches, startled, double-checking headlines.

JOYCE
Some days you just want to wake
up and say, to hell with the diet.
You wanna make waffles? Big
Saturday brunch?

BUFFY
I'm not really that hungry.

JOYCE
What did you and Faith do last night?

BUFFY
Nothing. I mean, it's not important.

JOYCE
Don't worry, I won't meddle in your
slaying. Just so long as you're being
careful...

BUFFY
I am.

She closes the paper. Nothing.

JOYCE
You sure about those waffles?

BUFFY
No thanks, but I could help make

them if you want them...

JOYCE

No, they only don't have calories
if I make them for you.
(off her look)
Mom logic. Are you done with the
paper?

Buffy hands it over. Joyce opens it as Buffy looks on, still uncomfortable.

JOYCE

Let's see what's happening in
Sunnydale.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

FLASH! The Mayor stands out in a group of BOY SCOUTS, having their picture taken for the local paper. He thanks the boys and the photographer, the Deputy Mayor ushering them out as he speaks.

MAYOR

Thank you, fellas. Thanks a heap.
Have fun on the camping trip.
Don't forget to roast a wiener for
me, now! Bye bye!

The door closes. The Mayor smiles at Allan. He draws the curtains, plunging the room into utter darkness.

MAYOR

You can come out now.

Mr. Trick emerges from the darkness.

MAYOR

Backbone of America, those little
guys. Seeing the hope and courage
on their bright little faces - I swear,
I could just eat 'em up.

He heads for the cabinet.

MAYOR

So, any news about the Eliminati?

He opens the cabinet double-doors - and Vincent LUNGES OUT.

VINCENT

Yaaaahhhh!!!!

Vincent grabs the Mayor by the throat. Together they go crashing across the room and SMASH into the Mayor's desk set, knocking over a lamp and two chairs. Without hesitation, Vincent draws his sword. Prepares to thrust.

VINCENT

In the name of Lord Balthazar, die!

And a fist comes out of nowhere and PUNCHES Vincent square in the face. One

shot. Knocks him out cold. Trick stands there, rubbing his knuckles. Grabs the sword. Spins it with a flourish and brings the blade tip right under Vincent's jawline. The Mayor stands, straightens his tie.

MAYOR

Thank you, Mr. Trick. That was very thoughtful of you.

MR. TRICK

Why do they always got to be sword fighting? It's called an uzi, ya chump. Woulda saved your ass right about now.

MAYOR

Curious how he could have gotten all the way into my liquor cabinet. Allan, don't we have security guards working in this building?

DEPUTY MAYOR

Sir... I... I had no idea...

MAYOR

No need to swoon, Allan, but let's try to keep things secure.
(re: Vincent)
Lock him up.

MR. TRICK

He wakes up, he's just gonna try and kill you again.

MAYOR

Yes. Yes, I expect he will.

And off Trick's confused expression, we CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Balthazar speaks to his cowed minions.

BALTHAZAR

Vincent made a noble effort. Man to man, as befits a true warrior. He had courage. He had honor. And I have **JACK** TO SHOW FOR IT!

He tries to calm himself, but he is seething.

BALTHAZAR

It has been a hundred years since my enemy crippled me. Now ultimate power is within his grasp and I will not see it happen. This town is MINE to destroy. My amulet will give me strength, strength to kill him, to kill all my enemies, to burn this world to

a cinder! Forget about honor! Forget
about everything but getting my amulet!
Bring the watchers to me. Find the
Slayers and kill them. Kill everything
that gets in your way! GO!!!

INT. BUFFY'S BEDROOM - DUSK

Buffy, in her room, enjoys the scent of a small black bag of herbs which Willow dangles before her.

BUFFY
Mmm...

WILLOW
You like it?

BUFFY
Smells nice. What is it?

WILLOW
Just a little something we witches
like to call a "protection spell."

BUFFY
Good deal. Protection.
(sniffs again)
I'm surprised, spell stuff is usually
a lot more...

WILLOW
Stinky? That's why I added the aloe.
Give me time, and I could be the first
Wicca to do all my conjuring in a pine-
fresh scent. So what's the plan?

Blank stare from Buffy.

WILLOW
For tonight's slayage. We're going,
aren't we?

BUFFY
Uh... yeah.

WILLOW
Great!

BUFFY
But, there's a "but" here, and it's...
but you shouldn't. Come. Tonight.
Is that cool?

A beat. Willow thinks this out.

WILLOW
Sure. Makes sense. You'll be facing
big, hairy danger...

BUFFY
Biggest. And, yes, hairy. Think
danger with a beard.

WILLOW
You're risking your life.

BUFFY
Right, and why risk yours?

WILLOW
Because I'm your friend.

BUFFY
I know, Will, and that's exactly
why I don't want you coming.
It's too dangerous.

WILLOW
But, I've done this sort of thing
before. Like a million times. I
can totally handle myself and
besides...
(holds up bag)
Minty fresh protection. So?

Willow looks hopeful. Buffy's looking for what to say.

Faith enters without knocking.

FAITH
Ready? Gotta motor. Hey Willow.

WILLOW
Hi.

BUFFY
Uh, look, I really should... but
later, we'll hang. Okay?

WILLOW
Okay. You go ahead, I'll just get
my stuff.

Buffy wants to stay and say more, but Faith's jumpy. Willow gestures, "go." They
go. The door closes. Willow looks at her little magic bag.

WILLOW
Stupid.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Buffy and Faith walk, loaded for bear.

FAITH
You're quiet tonight.

BUFFY

I just wanna get this done.

FAITH

Yeah, I'm dying to test out the long bow. I think it's gonna be my new thing.

BUFFY

I can't believe you went back for that stuff.

FAITH

Hey, how do you feel about getting some ribs? You know, after we're done?

Buffy turns to Faith - and a vampire drops down on her.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Wesley and Giles are getting along splendidly.

WESLEY

I didn't say you had emotional problems! I said you had AN emotional problem. It's very different.

GILES

My attachment to the Slayer is not a problem. In point of fact it's very useful -

WESLEY

The way you've handled this assignment is something of an embarrassment to the council -

GILES

If you want to criticize my methods, fine. But you can keep your snide remarks to yourself and while you're at it, stop criticizing my methods!

Wesley stands, speaking softly.

WESLEY

The fact is, you are no longer qualified to act as watcher. It's not your fault, you've done well, but it's time for somebody else to take the field.

Giles is looking beyond Wesley.

GILES

Well... no time like the present...

Wesley turns to see what Giles is looking at. And sees it's four vampires. All holding

swords and daggers, ready to kill.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

THWOCK! Buffy's fighting two vamps at once while Faith struggles to notch an arrow.

FAITH
Screw it.

She drops the bow and simply jams the arrow into the chest of the nearest vampire. DUST.

Buffy dusts hers as well.

FAITH
I think we got more coming...

The two girls move quickly down the alley, turn a corner -

A stray vamp LUNGES from the corner. Faith spins him, Buffy stakes him. Dusted. (CGI).

BUFFY
We may never even make it to the
warehouse.

FAITH
They keep coming one at a time, we
got a shot.

BUFFY
Keep moving.

They walk down the alley - and a hand reaches out and grasps Buffy's shoulder. She grabs her assailant and throws him against the wall by Faith.

BUFFY
That was too easy...

She stops. Eyes wide.

BUFFY
Faith, WAIT!

Too late. Faith STAKES the guy, right in the chest. She steps aside. Light from a street lamp illuminates the assailant's face. It's NOT A VAMPIRE.

It's the Deputy Mayor.

Bleeding. He looks in terror at the girls. Blood runs over his hand, out the corner of his mouth.

Buffy rushes to him as he starts to collapse - she holds him and lowers him gently down -

BUFFY

Don't move -

FAITH
I didn't know... I didn't know...

The stake drops from Faith's hand.

BUFFY
We have to call 911.
(to him)
Don't move, it's okay.

She puts her hand over the wound, trying to stem the blood.

BUFFY
I need a rag... something to...

But Faith hasn't moved. In the distance, police sirens can be heard approaching.

The Deputy Mayor grabs Buffy's arm. His breathing becomes a rattle.

He dies.

Buffy reaches down, checks the guy's pulse. Pulls her hand back slowly. Looks at Faith, fear in her eyes. Long pause. Faith says nothing and the sound of sirens keeps growing louder...

BLACK OUT

END OF ACT THREE

Act Four

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Exactly where we left off. Two freaked slayers, one dead body, police sirens growing louder.

Buffy and Faith look at each other. Then, without a word, Faith GRABS Buffy's hand. Pulls her up and into a dead run.

EXT. ANOTHER ALLEY - NIGHT

Buffy runs alongside Faith. They reach a T - one side fenced, one partially blocked by garbage. They look - which way? Faith opts for the fence.

FAITH
Come on!

BUFFY
Wait, we should go back -

But Faith is over the fence and running like hell. Buffy hears a car screeching by at the end of the alley they came in - and she moves as well, frantically heading for the more garbagy route. She gets past the pile of cans and bags - and someone is on her.

BUFFY
Angel!

ANGEL
Buffy. I've been looking for you.

She is breathing hard - looks at him pleadingly, but can't speak.

ANGEL
Your hand!

He takes it. She looks down to see it is covered in blood. She pulls it away.

BUFFY
I'm okay...

ANGEL
I've just been to the warehouse, I was
waiting for you. They've got Giles.

She stares at him, the horror growing.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

A cop car passes by. Beat. We see Faith slink back into the alley. Alone. Slowly, she approaches the body. Stands over it, looking down. Reaches out to touch it, but can't. She pulls her hand back.

FAITH
God.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Giles and Wesley stand together near the tank. Both men have their hands tied behind their backs. The four vampires are close by.

Wesley is in deep and reverent terror. Giles is merely assessing the situation.

WESLEY
Oh god, Oh God...

GILES
Doesn't look too promising, does it?

WESLEY
(freaking)
Stay calm, Mr Giles, we have to stay
calm.

GILES
Well, thank God you're here. I was
planning to panic.

WESLEY
What is that thing?

GILES
That would be your demon. You

know, the dead one.

WESLEY
There's no need to get snippy.

BALTHAZAR
Bring them closer.

The two men are shoved up by the tank.

BALTHAZAR
You know what I want.

GILES
If it's someone to scrub those hard to
reach areas, I'd like to request that
you kill me.

A vampire slugs him across the face. Giles takes it, smiles at the fellow.

GILES
You don't want to be doing that again.

WESLEY
Are you out of your mind? This is
hardly the time for games!

GILES
Why not? We're about to be tortured
to death.

BALTHAZAR
He's not wrong about that.

WESLEY
Now hold on! We can deal with this
rationally. We have something you
want. You have something we want.

BALTHAZAR
Ah, a trade... intriguing. No. Wait.
Boring. Pull off his kneecaps.

WESLEY
NOO!! The slayer gave it to
someone! A tall man! A friend of
hers! I'll tell you everything!

GILES
Shut your gob, you ninny! You'll
get us both killed!

WESLEY
But... I like to have... my kneecaps...

BALTHAZAR
You will tell us everything.

WESLEY

Yes... sir...

BALTHAZAR
What is this friend's name?

WESLEY
(terrified realization)
Ooh. Didn't actually catch it.

GILES
(to Balthazar)
Tell you what. Let Captain
Courageous go and I'll tell you
what you want to know. How's
that deal?

BALTHAZAR
There is one deal! You will die
slowly or you will die quickly!
The man who has my amulet -
what is his name?

ANGEL
His name is Angel.

And before the vamps know what's happening, Angel LEAPS at them, vamp face on.

The vamp next to Giles draws his sword, brings it whistling down in a deadly arc.
Wesley shrieks out a big ol' girly scream.

WESLEY
Aaaahhh!!!

Buffy kicks the vamp out of the picture, his sword dropping to the ground. Buffy
grabs it and Giles spins cooperatively, she slices him free of his bonds and hands
him the blade. She turns and takes on the very next vamp, hand to hand.

BALTHAZAR
Unacceptable! Unacceptable!

Not that anyone is listening. Giles frees Wesley, pushing him into a more or less
secluded corner of the warehouse (so we can separate his action from the rest).

One vamp engages Giles, sword to sword. The Watcher holds his own - he doesn't
score a kill, but he pushes the vamp back and out of his arena.

A vamp grabs Wesley from behind, holding his neck in a vise-grip.

WESLEY
Uh... Mr. Giles?

Giles doesn't hesitate. He swings the sword in a straight arc, aiming right for
Wesley's head. Wesley's eyes go wide. Giles yells:

GILES
DOWN!

Wesley tucks his head down just before the sword makes contact, revealing the

vamp's head, behind him, in its place.

Giles CUTS THE VAMP'S HEAD OFF. DUST. Wesley, covered head and shoulders in dust, trembles. Looks up at Giles like he's some kind of madman.

Giles smiles grimly and hands him a sword.

GILES
Welcome to the field.

ANGLE: BUFFY fights like a trapped animal, literally in a corner. Angel gets backed up fighting the two vamps. Balthazar sticks his hand out and Angel is sucked back into his grasp. Balthazar GRABS HIS HEAD. He's about to crush it.

Buffy roundhouse kicks her vamp and LEAPS.

Balthazar applies pressure. Angel grimaces as he braces himself against the tank's edge, head turning.

Buffy grabs onto a rickety overhead light fixture. SNAP! Her weight brings the electric lights crashing down. She rolls out of the way as the fixture comes down, right into Balthazar's tank, ELECTROCUTING HIM.

BALTHAZAR
Yaarrrgghhh!!!

With a hideous ROAR, Balthazar dies. Electric sparks shoot out of the tank. He flails. Splashes. It's horrible. Buffy can barely watch.

The two vamps left alive bolt.

The light show is over. Buffy, Angel, Giles and Wesley approach the demon's tank. A big white hand flops over the side, lifeless.

GILES
You killed him.

BUFFY
(quiet)
Yeah. Hooray for me.

Buffy turns to go when the puffy white hand SHOOTS OUT and GRABS HER. Buffy pulls herself from the demon's grip, way beyond wigged.

BALTHAZAR
Slayer...

The demon is not quite dead. But almost. He speaks in a ragged whisper, the life almost out of him.

BALTHAZAR
You think you've won?

Smoke pours from his mouth as he speaks.

BALTHAZAR
When he rises... you'll wish I had

killed you all.

Balthazar dies, a mysterious smile on his hideous face. Buffy stares at him, turmoil raging inside her.

And we hear a low, moaning CHANT start up in Latin, CUT TO:

INT. CITY HALL ROTUNDA - NIGHT

The rotunda. Candles everywhere. A pentacle is arranged on the floor in sand. The Mayor sits in the center. He chants in Latin.

MAYOR

(Latin)

Potestatem matris nostrae in
tenebris invoco... maledictum
filium tuum ab omni periculo
custodias nunc et in saecula!

MAYOR

(English)

I call upon the forces of our mother
in darkness, protect your unholy son
from harm... now... and forever!

And a small EARTHQUAKE shakes the building to its very foundation. Trick eyes the ceiling to see if it's going to cave in. But just as quickly as it started, it is past. Calm.

The Mayor stands like nothing happened.

MAYOR

I don't understand why Allan
would miss this. He's usually so
punctual.

MR. TRICK

So? Did it work?

MAYOR

Let's find out. Open the cage.

Angle on: A CAGE. Sitting in the rotunda entrance, looking totally out of place. Inside, looking hungry and feral, Vincent crouches. Hasn't been fed in days. Trick puts his hand on the handle.

MR. TRICK

You sure?

MAYOR

Hold on.

He hands Vincent his sword.

MAYOR

Okay! Now we're ready.

The Mayor gestures. He stands before the cage, straight up, defenseless. Trick opens the cage. Vincent doesn't hesitate. He comes roaring out and RIPS his sword

STRAIGHT THROUGH THE MAYOR.

Beat. Trick watches in amazement as the Mayor HEALS INSTANTLY. The split down his center comes together. Becomes a thin red line. Then the line, too, disappears. Good as new.

The Mayor smiles. Nods, "not bad." Mr. Trick stakes Vincent from behind. Vincent dusts (CGI).

MAYOR
Well...

He reaches into his coat pocket, takes out a pad and pencil. A "To Do" list.

Angle on: The List. Among "Greet Scouts" "Plumber Union reschedule" "Call Temp Agency" the Mayor checks the box next to "become invincible."

MAYOR
This officially commences the hundred days. Nothing can harm me until the ascension. Gosh, I'm feeling chipper. Who's for a root beer?

He smiles and walks out of the rotunda, a new man.

INT. FAITH'S MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Faith washes her clothes in the sink. The water's still a little red. She pours in more detergent. There's a knock on the door.

Faith freezes. Freaked until she hears:

BUFFY (O.S.)
Faith, it's me.

Wiping her hands, Faith opens the door. Barely looking Buffy in the eye, she goes back to the scrubbing.

BUFFY
Hey.

FAITH
Hey.

BUFFY
Are you... how are you doing?

It's clear Buffy isn't doing great. Faith looks at her, giving away nothing.

FAITH
Five by five. You know me.

BUFFY
Yeah. I know you think you can handle this. And you're used to being on your own. You got your tough loner act down pretty well.

FAITH
Thanks.

She yanks the sink plug and turns the faucets on full.

BUFFY
And maybe its not an act. But right now, we need each other. We need to talk about what we're going to do.

FAITH
I was doing my job.

BUFFY
Being a slayer is not the same as being a killer.

Faith says nothing. Wrings out her shirt.

BUFFY
You can't shut me out on this, Faith. Sooner or later, we both have to deal.

FAITH
Wrong.

BUFFY
I can help you.

FAITH
I don't need it.

BUFFY
Yeah? Who's wrong now?
You can shut off all the emotions you want, but there's still the fact that sooner or later, they have to find a body.

That gets Faith's attention. She faces Buffy.

FAITH
Okay. This is the last time we're having this conversation, and we're not even having it now, you understand me? There is no body. I took it, weighted it, and dumped it in a river. The body does not exist.

Buffy absorbs this.

BUFFY
But getting rid of the evidence isn't making the problem go away.

FAITH
It is to me.

BUFFY

Faith. You don't get it. You killed a man.

FAITH
No. You don't get it.
(in her face)
I. Don't. Care.

We hold on Buffy's face a long time as the reality fully sinks in. Faith doesn't care.

BLACK OUT

THE END