

Lovers Walk

(October 9, 1998)

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Teaser

EXT. SCHOOL FRONT STEPS - DAY

Xander and Willow are sitting on the front steps, reading their SAT scores. Willow is entirely distraught.

WILLOW

This is a nightmare. This is...
my world is spinning.

XANDER

Will, it's not that bad. Really.

WILLOW

Seven-forty verbal? That's.. I'm
pathetic. Illiterate! I'm Cletus
the slack-jawed yokel.

XANDER

That's right. And the fact that your
seven forty verbal closely resembles
my combined scores in no way
compromises your position as the
village idiot.

WILLOW

I just... where did I go wrong?

He puts a hand on her shoulder, comfortingly, as Cordelia and Oz walk up from behind them.

XANDER

(softly)

You did amazing, Willow. As usual.

CORDELIA

You guys get your scores?

How fast can a man remove his hand from a shoulder?

XANDER

Cordelia! Willow is very sad. From
her academic failure and how did you do?

She hands Xander her scores. He reads them, frowning.

XANDER

This is not good.

CORDELIA
What's not good?

XANDER
I'm just worried it may hurt my
standing as campus stud when people
find out I'm dating a BRAIN.

CORDELIA
Please. I have some experience in
covering these things up.

Oz is looking at Willow's.

OZ
Yeah, I can see why you'd be upset.
(off their looks)
That was my sarcastic voice.

XANDER
Sounds a lot like your regular voice.

OZ
I've been told that. But I'm
thinking we should celebrate. Do something.

CORDELIA
Like, the four of us?

XANDER
Double date... Could have potential...

Buffy approaches, looking pretty shell shocked herself.

WILLOW
Buffy! Hey, did you get your SAT scores?

She nods.

XANDER
And from the look on your face, I
suspect that we'll be manning the
drive-thru side by side.

BUFFY
These scores -- what do they really mean?

Buffy hands her results to Willow. She reads them, goes wide-eyed.

WILLOW
Fourteen-thirty combined?!
Buffy, you kicked ass!

Everyone gasps at her potty mouth.

WILLOW
Okay, so academic achievement gets me

a little excited.

XANDER
Buff, that's amazing!

CORDELIA
Let me see that.

She looks at the scores, frowning. She's been licked.

OZ
Scores like that, you can apply
pretty much anywhere you want.

WILLOW
This could, like, change your whole future.

BUFFY
That thought had occurred to me...

XANDER
Then why the long face?

BUFFY
I don't know. I guess... My future.
Never really thought about it.
Wasn't sure I was gonna have one.

CORDELIA
I think it's great. Now you can
leave and never come back.
(off looks)
I mean in a positive way! Get out of
Sunnydale, that's a good thing! I
mean, what kind of moron would ever
want to come back here?

EXT. PLAYGROUND - NIGHT

A shot-by-shot recreation of Spike's arrival in "School Hard." There's that "Welcome to Sunnydale" sign. And here comes SPIKE'S CAR, crashing into it as it screeches to a stop.

Growling rock cue as the door opens. Except instead of one boot, an entire Spike falls bodily out of the car. A clatter of empties, bottles and cans, accompanies him. Our boy's bombed.

SPIKE
Home sweet... home...

A moment of looking blearily around, then his head drops back and hits pavement.

BLACK OUT.

END OF TEASER

Act One

INT. FACTORY - NIGHT

Spike wanders through the burnt-out factory, toting a bottle of mescal (as he often will). He is drunk, forlorn. Hums MY WAY -- and begins to sing, mangling the lyrics.

SPIKE
(sings)
Mistakes... I've made a few... I ate
it up... and spit it out... and did
it my way...

He looks around.

SPIKE
Home...

He wends his way out of frame.

INT. DRUSILLA'S ROOM - NIGHT

The room has been largely burnt-out, but most furniture, props and structure remain intact, if singed.

Spike stumbles down the stairs and through the archway into the room. He calls out:

SPIKE
Drusilla... I'm home...

Laughs a bit -- and then starts crying.

He reaches Dru's rows of dollies. Puts down the bottle and picks up one of the burnt, tortured dolls. Touches its face.

SPIKE
Why'd you do it, baby? Why'd you
leave me? We were happy here...

He tries to keep from sobbing -- then growls, furious, and MORPHS to vampface. He throws the doll to the floor. He grabs a floor length candelabrum and starts smashing the doll for all he's worth.

SPIKE
You stupid, worthless bitch!
Look what you've done to me!

He stops, breathing hard. Throws the candelabra in a corner. Starts laughing. Then stops.

SPIKE
All right. Enough moping.
Who can I kill?

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Xander and Cordelia at her locker.

XANDER

Come on, it'll be fun.

CORDELIA

I don't know. I thought we were gonna do something, you know, classy.

XANDER

What's classier than bowling?

CORDELIA

Apart from everything ever? Let's see...

XANDER

Oz and Willow are down. You're the swing vote. I guarantee fun.

He notices something in her locker: Pictures of the two of them, taped to the door.

XANDER

Hey. Those are from the pier.

CORDELIA

Yeah, I just got them developed.

XANDER

There's pictures. Of me. On your locker.

CORDELIA

So?

Cordelia slams her locker, tries to act defensive but loses it in her heartfelt explanation.

CORDELIA

I put them there because I want to see your face between classes, get it? So thinking of us together makes me... I don't know... HAPPY, okay? Is that such a big deal?

Xander takes her hands, calming her down.

XANDER

For ME, big deal. Never knew I was locker door material.

Mutual goo-goo eyes.

CORDELIA

Well... just barely. Besides, I look really cute in those pictures.

ANGLE: OZ AND WILLOW

As they approach, walking up hand-in-hand.

WILLOW

Hey, guys!

OZ

What's the verdict? Do we bowl?

Xander looks at Cordelia.

CORDELIA

We bowl.

WILLOW

A double bowling date!

I'm on Oz's team.

Xander links arms with Cordy as they start to leave.

XANDER

Yeah, well, prepare to be crushed.

(to Cordy)

Maybe we should practice...

Willow opens her locker, so near, so very near to where Cordy's was. Oz pulls something from his pocket as Willow puts in books, talks.

WILLOW

They haven't got a prayer. I'm really good -- or I was when we had those inflatable things in the gutters... what's this?

OZ

Gift.

WILLOW

What's the occasion?

OZ

Pretty much you are.

He hands her something wrapped in newspaper. She opens it to find a PEZ DISPENSER with a cute green witch head.

WILLOW

It's a little witch Pez!

OZ

Kind of a theme present. Do you like it?

Willow is BLOWN AWAY by this.

WILLOW

I like. I MORE than like... This... Oz, this might be the nicest... We need to find a Pez WEREWOLF. Then Pez witch can have a boyfriend!

OZ

Hmm. Never seen a werewolf Pez. Might have to settle for a wacky

cartoon dog.

WILLOW
(starting to well up)
This is so thoughtful...

OZ
Well, I think about you.

WILLOW
And I don't have anything to give you.

OZ
Yes you do.

He kisses her, sweetly, on the lips, and leaves. She looks at her Pez, elation turning to worry.

INT. LIBRARY - AFTERNOON (DAY)

Giles has Buffy's scores in hand. She is eyeing the large array of bags and camping gear he has on the table.

GILES
Buffy. This is remarkable.

BUFFY
So is this... Where IS this
retreat thing -- the Yukon?

GILES
It's quite nearby. The clearing at
the top of Breaker's Woods. Site of
some fascinating Druidic rituals.

BUFFY
Okay, but it's just a few days,
right? You're not gonna settle there
and grow crops or anything.

GILES
What? My gear? I'm only bringing
the basic necessities.

BUFFY
Giles, you pack like me.

He hands her her scores back.

GILES
Here. I suspect your mother will
want to put this on your refrigerator.

BUFFY
Oh yeah. She saw these scores, her
head spun around and exploded.

GILES
(wearily)

I've been on this Hellmouth for too long. That was metaphorical, yes?

BUFFY

Yes. She was happy. Started up with all kinds of crazy talk about me going to college, maybe going somewhere... else...

He knits his brow.

BUFFY

I know, I told her you'd have a goat, I mean, responsibilities and all, I know the drill --

GILES

She may be right.

BUFFY

Yeah, I figured you'd --
(stops)

Whookay. Be kind, rewind. May be right?

GILES

With scores like these, you could get a first rate education. Buffy, I'm not going to ask you to ignore your calling, but you do need to look to your future. And with Faith here, it may be that you could move on, at least for a time.

She's not sure how she feels about that.

BUFFY

Wow.

GILES

We'll discuss it when I get back. While I'm gone I'll expect you to keep up on your training. And don't do anything rash.

BUFFY

Anything rash meaning...?

GILES

(a little uncomfortable)
Are you planning to see Angel?

BUFFY

(gets his meaning)
Well, yeah, but Giles, there's not gonna be any rash. Anywhere. We're friends, and that's all either of us wants. Nothing's gonna happen.

EXT. PALM QUAD - DAY

Xander and Willow are alone. She has worked herself up into something of a lather.

WILLOW
Something's gonna happen.

XANDER
Like what?

WILLOW
It's a mistake. It's a terrible,
fatal mistake. I see that now.

XANDER
It's bowling.

WILLOW
It's bad bowling. It's a double date
with all of us and they're gonna know!

XANDER
How are they gonna know?

WILLOW
It's a very intimate situation, it's
all sexy with the smoke and the
sweating and the shoe rental --

XANDER
You're turned on by rented shoes?

WILLOW
(looking down)
That's not the issue.

XANDER
Okay, well, let me ask you this: what
are they gonna know? That we're
friends, old old friends and maybe we
had one or two indiscretions but
that's all past, we're just very good
friends that like to hang out and can
I kiss your earlobe?

WILLOW
No! Well, okay. No!

Holds up the Pez like a talisman.

WILLOW
Pez!

Xander and Willow stare at each other. Heat building. He puts his hand around her neck.

XANDER
Bowling may be a bit too much
to handle. Man.

(lets go)
I wish I wasn't so attracted to you.
I wish we could just make it stop.

WILLOW
Any suggestions?

Neither has one.

INT. BUFFY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Buffy eats microwaved something. JOYCE presents her with brochure after brochure.

JOYCE
Carnegie Mellon has a wonderful
design curriculum. And Brown
University's history program is...
You like history, right?

BUFFY
Couldn't we do this another time?
This whole day, everyone's like,
"Congratulations. Go away."

JOYCE
That's not it. It's just -- You
should be at a good old-fashioned
college, with keg parties and boys.
Not here, with Hellmouths and vampires.

BUFFY
Not really seeing a huge distinction there...

JOYCE
You're always talking about how you
wish you could lead a more normal
life. Well, this is your chance.

BUFFY
It's not that simple, Mom. I have responsibilities.

JOYCE
I know, I know. But I spoke with
Mr. Giles, and he said --

BUFFY
That Faith could be Miss Sunnydale in
the Slayer pageant. I know.

JOYCE
It's time to think about the future,
Buffy. About your whole life. I
mean honestly, is there anything
keeping you here?

CLOSE ON Buffy, suddenly uneasy as she thinks of EXACTLY who's keeping her there:

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: ANGEL. The reason. He sits on the floor in front of the fire, reading.
(Reading NAUSEA in the original French, oh Propmaster.)

After a bit, he closes the book and heads for bed (The drapes away from the garden doors).

ANGLE: through the boarded up doors (trashed in ep 7). We see him disappear through the drapes. This is the POV of:

EXT. GARDEN - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

SPIKE, who stands bottle in hand and drunk to the point of slurred speech, watching Angel disappear.

SPIKE
Yeah, you... you think I'm afraid of
you? We were happy, you brainwashed
her... I can just --

Takes a big ol' swig --

SPIKE
Yeah. I'll show you who's...
cool guy. You're going down.

Spike drops to the ground, passed out. Hold the shot to show that he's not moving, and not getting up any time soon.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GARDEN - NEXT MORNING (DAY)

Spike is still passed out. Dawn creeps up bit by bit, and when sunlight hits Spike's arm, his hand starts to smoke -- he stirs, uncomfortable, then opens his eyes as his hand BURSTS INTO FLAME.

SPIKE
Ack! Blahng!

He quickly douses it in the fountain, takes off up the stairs, coat thrown over his head.

EXT. OUTSIDE GARDEN WALL - CONTINUOUS - DAY

His car's parked here and he runs for it, opens the door.

INT. SPIKE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

As Spike dives into the darkened area, slamming the door behind him and blowing on his hand. The interior is a mess of booze bottles. He grabs a half-full one and pours whiskey on his hand, and the rest of it down his throat.

SPIKE
This is just too much.

INT. MAGIC SHOP - DAY

Someone is leaving as the CLERK closes the register.

CLERK
I know you'll enjoy that.

She is cheerful, new-agey. She hears someone in the back, heads back there and sees Spike in the darkened area going through books.

CLERK
Oh! Did you come in through the back?

SPIKE
Yeah. I need a curse.

CLERK
A what?

SPIKE
A curse! Something nasty -- boils.
I wanna give him boils. All over his
face, dripping pustules, let's really
go for the gusto here.

CLERK
I'm hearing a lot of negative energy
and I'll bet --

SPIKE
Leprosy! A spell that makes his
parts fall off, that sounds proper.

DING-A-LING!

ANGLE: THE STORE ENTRANCE

As Willow enters.

CLERK
We don't, uh, carry leprosy.
Would you excuse me a moment?

She moves to the front of the store to greet Willow. From where she is, Willow cannot see Spike.

CLERK
Blessed be. Anything in particular
I can help you find?

Willow reads from a list.

WILLOW
Yeah. It's all on here. Let's see,
skink root, essence of rose thorn, a
couple canary feathers...

CLERK

Ah-hah. A lust spell. I'll need to
see some I.D.

Willow looks horrified, embarrassed.

CLERK
(laughing)
Just kidding, just kidding. Love
spell. Want that old lover to come
back to you. You sure you know what
you're doing, hon?

WILLOW
No! I mean... yes. I mean, I know how
to do a love spell... but this is for
an ANTI-love spell. Kind of a
delusting. I guess, the supplies are
basically the same, huh?

CLERK
Basically. Though raven feathers tend
to breed more discontent than the canary.

WILLOW
Oh. Okay.

CLERK
Let me just grab some of these things...

ANGLE: SPIKE

Hiding in back with a clear view of the front counter. He watches with interest.

The clerk places a few items in a bag, rings up the price.

CLERK
Fifteen eighty three for the lot.
Oh! The raven feathers. Well, I'll
throw them in for free.

WILLOW
Thank you.

Willow gives her a twenty.

CLERK
Now, an anti-attraction spell is just
as difficult as a love spell. You be careful.

WILLOW
I will.

The clerk hands Willow her change. As Willow heads out of the store:

CLERK
Blessed be!

WILLOW

Blessed... yeah. You too.

Willow is out the door. The clerk moves to the back of the store.

CLERK
So, did you find a spell book?

SPIKE
Forget the book.

She turns behind the bookshelf and Spike is in full vampface.

Before the clerk can react, Spike is on her neck, feeding ferociously. After a beat he comes up, maw dripping blood, and looks toward the front door.

SPIKE
I just got a better idea.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

Act Two

EXT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY (STOCK)

To establish.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON an office golf game -- one that returns the ball -- as a ball rolls just wide of it.

WIDER ANGLE on the Mayor, working on his short game as the Deputy Mayor stands by him.

MAYOR
Look at that. Every time, cuts to
the left. And it's not the carpet.
It's me.

He retrieves the ball as he continues.

MAYOR
I swear, I would sell my soul for a
decent short game.
(chuckles)
Of course, it's a little late for
that... Don't suppose I could offer
YOUR soul? Really help me on the green...

Allan has no reply.

MAYOR
I'm just funnin'. So, we have a
Spike problem, do we?

DEPUTY MAYOR
He's been spotted back in town. And
there was an incident at a magic
shop -- in broad daylight. The
police had a hell of a time covering it up.

MAYOR
(fondly)
Well, yes, he got up to all sorts of
shenanigans last year. Had a world
of fun just trying to guess what he'd
do next! Funny guy.

DEPUTY MAYOR
I remember.

MAYOR
But I guess we're past that, now.
This year is too important to let a
loose cannon rock the boat.

DEPUTY MAYOR
Should I have Mr. Trick send a...
committee to deal with this?

MAYOR
Loose cannon. Rock the boat.
Now is that a mixed metaphor?

DEPUTY MAYOR
Uh, I don't know...

MAYOR
Boats did have cannons. And a loose
one would cause it to rock...
Honestly, I don't know where my mind
goes sometimes. Why don't you take
care of this Spike problem. A
committee, like you said.

DEPUTY MAYOR
It's good as done.

MAYOR
That's swell. Fore!

He putts again.

INT. MANSION - AFTERNOON (DAY)

Angel and Buffy sit on the couch. She has a bunch of pamphlets -- he looks one
over.

ANGEL
College.

BUFFY
Higher education.

Kind of an intense proposition.

ANGEL
Where do you want to go?

BUFFY
Oh, I don't even know. Mom's just so pumped, she grabbed all of these. She can't stop talking about it -- I had a really hard time coming up with an alibi to get over here.

ANGEL
(realizes)
She doesn't know about me.

BUFFY
Big no. She's having enough trouble dealing with the Slayer issue; I don't think she's ready to process the information about us being... friends again.

He nods, understanding, though not thrilled.

BUFFY
I think the whole college jones is kind of her reacting to the Slayer thing.

ANGEL
She wants you to get out.

BUFFY
Somewhere a little less hellmouthy. And she has a point... but there's reasons to stay, too.

ANGEL
What are they?

She looks at him -- he has to ask?

BUFFY
Well, uh, you know, Slayer duties, and... what do you think I should do?

ANGEL
As a friend... I think you should leave. This is a good opportunity.

She's quietly disappointed.

BUFFY
Yeah. Well, 'cause there really isn't any great reason to stay, I guess.

She stands.

BUFFY

Thanks for the advice. Another
perspective to weigh in there.
I better get back.

ANGEL
It's early.

BUFFY
Yeah, but Mom... she starts worrying
a lot earlier these days. I'll stop by soon.

She takes off, leaving the brochures on the table. Angel watches her go,
dissatisfied.

INT. CHEMISTRY LAB - NIGHT

Willow has been preparing the darkened area to do the de-lusting spell: Candles,
burning herbs, a large beaker filled with potion on a bunsen burner, etc. She reads
to herself from a spell book. Xander enters and she scrambles to hide the book
behind her back.

XANDER
Whoah. It smells like church in here.
No, wait... EVIL church.

WILLOW
It's just chemistry stuff.
An experiment.

XANDER
So you said when you called.
Why do I have to be here?

WILLOW
It'll help you with the exam.
You're WAY behind.

XANDER
But that's what you love about me,
right? Academically dangerous.

WILLOW
Here. Hold this.

Willow hands him a raven feather.

XANDER
Feather. And who will I be tickling?

WILLOW
Shush.
(to herself)
Okay... bring mixture to a boil...

Willow turns on the bunsen burner under the beaker. Then needs to peek in her
spell book. Tries to hide it from Xander.

XANDER
I assume all this won't make us late

for our evening of bowling magic?

WILLOW

(mild panic)

Magic? There's no magic! I mean...
bowling. Yeah. Cordelia and Oz are
going to meet us here later.

XANDER

Can't we turn on the lights?

(then)

Is that a spell book?

WILLOW

No, no, no. CHEMISTRY book.

XANDER

Wait a minute... we HAVE deja-vu...
This is love spell stuff! Are you
doing a love spell?

WILLOW

No! Of course not! This is a purely scientific...
(the gig is up)
De-lusting spell. For us. I thought
it would go easier if you didn't know.

XANDER

Are you nuts? In case you've
forgotten, I tend to have bad luck
with these sorts of spells.

WILLOW

(guiltily)

You SAID you wished these feelings
could just go away.

XANDER

I wish lots of things. I told you I
wished I was a fireman in sixth grade,
but you never followed through on THAT!

WILLOW

I can't do this anymore Xander! This
whole "us" thing is just... BLEAGHH!

XANDER

Fine! No more kissing. I'm with you.

WILLOW

It's not just the kissing. It's the
groping and the squeezing and the
panting, and EVERYTHING that feels
really good... until I think about Oz
and then it feels really bad.

(holds up PEZ)

He gave me PEZ, Xander! Even YOU
never gave me Pez!

XANDER
Exactly. You've got Oz and Pez, I've
got Cordy... and well, I've got
Cordy. So do we really need to resort
to the BLACK ARTS to keep our
hormones in check?

WILLOW
At this moment? I'm thinking no.

XANDER
Where's the lights?

He makes for the switch. It's by the corner that leads to the door. It's entirely possible that if you stood by the light switch somebody could step out right behind you in a surprising way.

Xander turns on the lights, turns back to say:

XANDER
We gotta clean this up before they
get here and start asking questions.

Spike steps out right behind him.

Willow sees, calls out:

WILLOW
Xander!

He starts to turn and Spike grabs him from behind.

SPIKE
I need to borrow the little girl.
You don't mind, do you?

By way of reply, Xander swings his legs up and plants his feet against the wall, pushes himself and Spike backwards. They go flying into some desks for a messy fall.

Willow grabs the nearest weapon -- a microscope (or something cooler) and makes for Spike.

Spike comes up and punches Xander, who's still on the ground. He then rises and catches Willow's bludgeoning object in mid swing.

SPIKE
(tipsiness showing)
Are you threatening me? Not nice.
We're all gonna be very best friends.

Xander rises behind him, fury etched on his face -- and Spike swings the microscope behind him, etches that on Xander's face instead.

SMASH TO BLACK.

INT. DRUSILLA'S ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON a bunch of spell stuff lifted from the magic shop (along with what Willow had) as it is dumped out of a box on the bed.

Willow sits on the edge of the bed, wide eyed and terrified. Xander lies on it, still unconscious, sporting a nasty head wound.

Spike dumps out the rest of the stuff, throws the box away.

SPIKE

A spell. For me. You're gonna
do a spell for me.

WILLOW

Um, what... kind of spell...?

SPIKE

(really bellows)

A love spell! Are you brain dead?

He abruptly turns and crosses to a chest, grabs a half-finished bottle of mescal. Swigs mightily.

SPIKE

I'm gonna get what's mine. What's
MINE. Teach her to walk out on me...
what are you staring at?

WILLOW

Nothing.

SPIKE

You can do it, right? Make Dru love
me again? Make her crawl?

WILLOW

I... I can try...

He grabs her by the back of the head, brings her close.

SPIKE

What are you talking to me about
trying? You'll do it!

WILLOW

Yes! I'll do it!

He smashes the bottle on a bedpost, holds the jagged end inches from Willow's face.

SPIKE

You lie to me, I'll shove this
through your face! Do you want that?
All the way through to your brain!

She is practically crying with terror, weakly mewling:

WILLOW

No... please... no...

He stops, drops the bottle, his own eyes welling up. The anger deflating as abruptly as it came. After a moment:

SPIKE

She wouldn't even kill me.

Willow is still rigid, waiting for the worst, but Spike is clearly spent. He spills the odd tear as he continues.

SPIKE

She just left. She didn't even care enough to cut off my head, or light me on fire. Was that so much to ask? Some little sign that she cared?

He sits by her, heavy with reverie.

SPIKE

It was that truce with Buffy that did it. Dru said I'd gone soft; wasn't demon enough for the likes of her. I said it didn't mean anything, I was thinking of her the whole time; she didn't care. We got to Brazil and she was just different, just... I gave her everything... jewels, beautiful dresses -- with beautiful girls in them, nothing made her happy. And she would flirt... I caught her on a park bench making out with a Chaos Demon -- have you ever seen a Chaos Demon? They're all slime and antlers, they're disgusting; she only did it to hurt me... I said I wasn't putting up with it anymore, she said fine, I said, yeah, I've got an unlife, you know... and she said... she said we could still be friends! Oh-God, I'm so unhappy!

He bursts into serious tears, buries his head in Willow's shoulder. She is entirely nonplussed.

WILLOW

There there...

SPIKE

(into her neck)

Friends! How could she be so cruel?

He holds onto her, letting the sobs subside -- and they do, his grasp becoming a little tighter, more sensual, his face in her neck advancing to nuzzlage. She begins to look increasingly alarmed.

SPIKE

Mmmmm... your neck, that smell...

He lifts his face -- and it's gone vampy.

SPIKE
I haven't had a woman in weeks --

Willow springs up.

WILLOW
Whoah! No! Hold it!

SPIKE
Well, unless you count that shopkeeper...

WILLOW
Now hold on! I'll do your spell,
and, and, I'll get you Drusilla back
but there's no bottles in the face
and there's no "having"! Of any
kind! With me. All right?

He stands, growling -- and a second later his face morphs (greenscreen) back to human.

SPIKE
All right. Get started.

She starts rummaging through the stuff.

WILLOW
I'm not a real witch, you know. I'm
not... sure it'll work right away.

SPIKE
Well, if at first you don't succeed,
(re: Xander)
I kill him and you try again.

WILLOW
This... isn't enough.

SPIKE
What?

WILLOW
There's other ingredients. And I
need a book, a spell book. This isn't it.

SPIKE
You've got one, though? At home?

WILLOW
Not at home... I left it somewhere...

Spike gets in her face.

SPIKE
Where?

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Buffy is jumping rope. The library doors slam open. Buffy spins to see Cordelia and Oz enter, visibly worried.

CORDELIA

Oh, thank god. You ARE here.

BUFFY

Not all of us have dates tonight.

OZ

Something's up.

INT. CHEMISTRY LAB - NIGHT

Buffy, Cordelia and Oz walk amidst the scene of Xander and Willow's abduction. A big mess. Spell junk spilled all over.

CORDELIA

We were supposed to meet them here.
I don't know what could have happened...

Buffy picks up a candle. Runs her finger through a gooey puddle of potion on the counter.

BUFFY

What is all this stuff? Cause I'm
thinking WEIRD science.

CORDELIA

Was Willow messing with her magic
tricks again? Maybe they disappeared.
Maybe she turned Xander into
something ishy!

BUFFY

Whatever happened, there was a fight.

OZ

There's no blood.

BUFFY

Either they ran, or they were taken, or...

CORDELIA

You're having too many "Or"s! Pick one!

BUFFY

I'm not sure. I need you guys to
find Giles. I'll look around --
maybe they didn't go far.

CORDELIA

Where is Giles?

BUFFY

He's at some retreat up near the

clearing in Breaker's woods.

OZ

I know the spot. But it's like a 45-minute drive.

BUFFY

So motor.

They split off in opposite directions as they exit the room.

INT. LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Buffy enters and grabs the crossbow out of the cabinet. Her intense focus is broken when the PHONE RINGS in Giles' office. Startled. Could that be him?

Buffy moves to the counter and grabs up the receiver.

BUFFY

Giles?

JOYCE (V.O.)

Hi, Buffy. Still working out?

BUFFY

Mom. No, I'm...

JOYCE (V.O.)

I was hoping we could schedule a college talk later tonight.

INT. BUFFY'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

CLOSE ON Joyce, glancing at some college brochures in her hand.

JOYCE

I admit I overreacted before. You don't HAVE to go all the way across the country. I picked up some brochures on some NEARBY schools, okay?

SPIKE STEPS INTO FRAME directly behind Joyce. BOO!

INT. LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

BUFFY

That's great, mom, but now's not really...

And her face goes white when she hears the voice on the other end of the line:

SPIKE (V.O.)

Hello, Joyce.

A moment, and Buffy drops the phone, sprinting out of frame.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

Act Three

INT. BUFFY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

CLOSE ON a kettle as it is carried to a mug which sits next to a box of cocoa mix. Joyce pours as Spike continues to talk, his voice thick with emotion:

SPIKE

So I happen to walk by, and she's making out with a Chaos Demon! And I said, you know, I don't have to put up with this, and she said, fine, and I said, fine, do whatever you want! I thought we'd make up, you know...

JOYCE

Well, she sounds very unreasonable.

SPIKE

She is! She's out of her mind! That's what I miss most about her...

JOYCE

Well, Spike, sometimes, even when two people seem right for each other, their lives just take different paths. When Buffy's father and I started having trouble --

SPIKE

But this is different! Our love was eternal! Literally! You got any of those little marshmallows?

JOYCE

Let me look.

EXT. BUFFY'S HOUSE (BACK DOOR) - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Angel walks up slowly to the house, carrying the brochures Buffy left behind at the mansion.

ANGEL'S POV as he sees the back door open and walks up to it. Looks in at Spike and Joyce.

INT. BUFFY'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

ANGLE: THE BACK DOOR

Where Angel registers only a split second of disbelief before he reacts, growling and flying through the door, except OOPS, he can't, and he smacks into the invisible barrier with all the force of a really talented mime.

Joyce screams, jumps back into a corner. Spike rises, more calmly, and joins her at her left side.

ANGEL

Spike.

JOYCE
Oh my god. Get away from here!

SPIKE
Yeah, you're not invited!

JOYCE
(to Spike)
He's crazy. He'll kill us!

SPIKE
Not while I breathe!
Well, actually I don't...

ANGEL
Joyce, listen to me!

JOYCE
You get away from this house!
I'll stake you myself.

Spike is visibly amused. Taunts Angel by pointing at Joyce's neck behind her back. Joyce's frightened eyes never leave Angel.

SPIKE
You're a very bad man.

ANGEL
Joyce, you can't trust him.
Invite me in!

As Spike feigns biting motions in the direction of Joyce's neck:

ANGEL
You touch her and I'll cut your head off.

SPIKE
Yah? You and what army?

BUFFY
That would be me.

Spike spins and she's right behind him, roundhouses him right off his feet. He lands in a corner, looks up in fury.

Buffy stands over him, looking imposing.

BUFFY
(eyes on Spike)
Angel. Why don't you come on in.

Angel steps in. Joyce --

JOYCE
Oh. No.

-- flitters to the other side of the room.

Spike stands, eyeing them both.

BUFFY
You shouldn't have come back.

SPIKE
I do what I please.

JOYCE
Okay, I'm confused again...

Spike makes a move toward Buffy -- Angel slams him back into the wall. Buffy grabs a wooden spoon --

SPIKE
Willow!

Buffy stops.

BUFFY
You took Willow.

SPIKE
You do me now, and you'll never
find the little witch.

JOYCE
Willow's a witch?

BUFFY
(to Spike)
And Xander?

SPIKE
Him too.

JOYCE
Xander's a witch?

ANGEL
Where are they?

SPIKE
Doesn't work like that, peaches, and
when did you become all soul-having
again? I thought you outgrew that.
(to Buffy)
Your friend's gonna work a little
magic for me. She does my spell,
I let them both go.

BUFFY
You're not famous for keeping promises.

SPIKE
You and your great poof here want to
tag along, fine. But get in my way,

and you kill your friends.

INT. OZ' VAN - NIGHT

(occasional exterior shots of the van throughout this scene, if possible.) Oz drives, Cordy holds a map.

CORDELIA

What if they were kidnapped by
Colombian DRUG LORDS? They could be
cutting off Xander's ear right now...
Or other parts!

Oz ignores her, intent on the road.

More and more, Oz starts sniffing the air. Doesn't even realize he's doing it. Sniffs more and more intensely, inching his head out the window.

CORDELIA

Oz? You missed the turn.

Oz slows the van to a halt, sniffing harder and harder.

CORDELIA

Hello?

OZ

It's Willow. She's nearby

CORDELIA

What, you can smell her?
She doesn't even wear perfume.

He sniffs again, throws the van into reverse.

OZ

She's afraid...

CORDELIA

Oh my god. This is a residual
werewolf thing, isn't it? I think
that's very disturbing.

OZ

I really agree...

EXT. OZ' VAN - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

As it finishes backing up and turns left, guns down a side street.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE MAGIC SHOP - NIGHT

Spike, Angel and Buffy head for the shop.

SPIKE

Just need a few supplies, then I'll
take you -- ohhhh...

Spike groans and clutches his head.

BUFFY
What's wrong, not that I care?

SPIKE
My head. I think I'm sobering up.
It's horrible. Ugh. I wish I was dead.

BUFFY
(pulling out a stake)
Well, if you close your eyes
and wish real hard...

SPIKE
Back off!

ANGEL
Buffy we still need him to find the others.

BUFFY
(sulkily)
"Need him." He's probably just got
'em locked up in the factory.

Spike blanches, but covers:

SPIKE
How thick do you think I am?

BUFFY
All right. Let's just get this done.

As they turn the corner to the shop, Spike stops, staring at a bench.

SPIKE
Oh, God.

ANGEL
What?

SPIKE
(welling up)
We killed a homeless man on this
bench. Me and Dru. Good times...
(laughs affectionately)
He begged for mercy, and that just
made her bite harder...

He stops. The other two aren't laughing.

BUFFY
I guess you had to be there.

INT. MAGIC SHOP - NIGHT

As the door is forced open by Buffy. It swings in, Buffy ripping police tape off the

door frame as she enters. Holding it up to Spike:

BUFFY
Your work?

SPIKE
(ignoring her)
Here's the list.

Buffy drops the tape, looks at the list.

BUFFY
"Essence of violet" -- Angel?

ANGEL
Right.

He starts hunting --

BUFFY
"Cloves, set of runic tablets" -- and
Spike, you can find the rats eyes.

Now they all look about.

SPIKE
I used to bring her rats...
With the morning paper...

BUFFY
Oh, good, more moping. That's really
gonna win her back, Spike.

SPIKE
The spell's gonna get her back.

ANGEL
Lot of trouble for someone who
doesn't even care about you.

SPIKE
Shut your gob.

ANGEL
She's just kind of fickle...

Spike leaps at him, punches him twice before --

SPIKE
Shut up!

Buffy grabs him, pulls him off. He's still in a fury.

SPIKE
What do you know? It's your fault,
the both of you! She belongs with me.
(maudlin again)

I'm nothing without her.

BUFFY

That one I'm gonna back up.
(goes back to looking around)
It's just pathetic. You're not even
a loser anymore. You're a shell of a loser.

SPIKE

Yeah, and you're one to talk.

BUFFY

Meaning what?

SPIKE

Last time I looked in on you, you two
were fighting to the death. Now
you're back to making googly eyes at
each other like nothing happened.
Makes me want to heave.

BUFFY

Excuse me! There's no eye googling here.

SPIKE

Oh, sure, you're just friends.

ANGEL

That's right.

SPIKE

You're not friends. You'll never be
friends. You'll be in love till it
kills you both. You'll fight, you'll
shag, you'll hate each other till it
makes you quiver, but you'll never be
friends. Real love isn't brains,
children, it's blood, it's blood
screaming inside you to work its
will. I may be love's bitch, but at
least I'm man enough to admit it.

There is silence. Buffy and Angel are comeback deficient. They resolutely do not
look at one another. Spike holds up a jar.

SPIKE

Eye of rat.

INT. DRUSILLA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Xander stirs, moaning.

ANGLE: WILLOW

Putting her shoulder to the door, and getting a sore shoulder for her troubles. She
pauses, hears Xander, and runs down to him.

WILLOW

Xander!

He tries to sit up. She helps him.

WILLOW
Are you okay?

XANDER
Dizzy. Kinda nauseous, too. Do I
remember having a fight with Spike?

WILLOW
You do.

He feels his head -- there is blood dried on it.

XANDER
I won, right? I kicked his ass.

WILLOW
You were real brave...

He bends over, head down. Holds onto her hand, tight.

WILLOW
Do you need to barf?

XANDER
No... I'm okay.
(looks around)
Where are we?

WILLOW
The factory. We're locked in the basement.

XANDER
The factory where Spike lived? Burnt
out place in the middle of nothing...
So we're pretty much into a "scream
all you want" scenario.

WILLOW
Pretty much.

XANDER
Why didn't he just kill us?

WILLOW
He wants me to do a love spell.

XANDER
What?

WILLOW
Drusilla broke up with him.

XANDER
Gee, and we'd all hoped those crazy

kids were gonna make it work.

WILLOW

He's out of control. I mean, not that he was Joe Restraint in the old days...

XANDER

So what are our options?

WILLOW

Well, I figure either I refuse to do the spell and he kills us, or I do the spell, and he kills us.

XANDER

Give me a third option.

WILLOW

He's so drunk he forgets all about us and we starve to death. That's sort of the best one.

He grabs her shoulders, not harshly.

XANDER

Willow. We're not gonna die. If he's so drunk he'll get sloppy and I'll make my move. As long as my move doesn't involve standing up or using my limbs, we'll be okay.

She folds into his arms, frightened and weary. Takes comfort there. Their embrace, however, begins to take on subtext. Their faces move closer to each other...

WILLOW

We're not supposed to...

XANDER

Exemption for Impending Death Situations.

They kiss. They really give themselves up to it. Gently sink to the bed, revealing Oz and Cordelia at the bottom of the stairs, staring at them.

CORDELIA

Oh, God.

The kissers look over.

XANDER

Oh, God.

Oz and Cordy just stand there staring as Willow and Xander scramble to a seated position.

WILLOW

Oh, God... Oz...

OZ

(emotionless)

We have to get out of here.

Xander jumps off the bed, moves a couple steps toward Cordy and stops.

XANDER
Cordy, I...

CLOSE ON Cordelia, devastated. She turns and runs up the stairs.

XANDER
Cordy...

Just as she's out of view, we hear part of the staircase COLLAPSE. Cordy SCREAMS as she plummets through, then a CRASH, then silence. All three run to the stairs.

Near the top, the stairs have collapsed, leaving the gaping, splintered hole through which Cordy fell.

XANDER
Cordelia!

Willow, Oz and Xander reach the edge of the hole and peer down.

One level down, Cordelia lies on her back in shock amidst a debris pile.

CORDELIA
(dazed)
I fell...

CAMERA MOVES down her body to her abdomen, out of which pokes a big sharp piece of metal from behind. Skewered. Looks bad.

ANGLE: THE CREW ABOVE

All three shell-shocked at the sight.

EXT. MAGIC SHOP - NIGHT

Buffy, Angel and Spike exit and close the door behind them. They start walking down the sidewalk, all carrying magic shop items.

BUFFY
We got the stuff. So where are they?

SPIKE
What's your hurry?

BUFFY
My hurry is my intense desire to get
you out of my life. You tend to make trouble.

SPIKE
Well, I'll be out of your life in a
few short hours. No trouble at all.

LENNY
Hello, Spike.

The three look up to see five vampires waiting for them at the end of the road. The leader LENNY, stands in front, smiling coldly.

Spike and the others stop, exceedingly wary. Look behind them.

Five more vampires stand there.

BUFFY
No trouble at all...

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

Act Four

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE MAGIC SHOP - NIGHT

The stand off.

SPIKE
Lenny... how've you been?

LENNY
Better since you left. You should
have stayed gone.

SPIKE
Is that right?

BUFFY
You know, he was just leaving...
(to Spike)
Don't you start something.

SPIKE
That pissant used to work for me!

BUFFY
My friends are in trouble.
We cannot risk this.

ANGEL
I don't think we have a choice.

LENNY
You other two can walk away from this.

SPIKE
(to Buffy)
I die, your chums die...

BUFFY
(to Lenny)
I guess we're staying.

LENNY

Not for long.

He motions -- and all ten rush our people at once.

(NOTE: the fighting in this act will be indicated only generally.)

ANGLE: BUFFY jumps into the Espresso Pump. Three follow, and she crashes about in there, managing to stake one.

ANGLE: ANGEL almost makes it to the door -- but two attack him, and they trade blows.

ANGLE: SPIKE jumps on top of a car, where they can only rush him one or two at a time. He plays king of the hill, and seems to be winning. One of them attacks him with a jagged wooden fencepost -- and is soon wearing it in his chest. (Two down.)

Buffy throws the two left on her, heads over to Angel and helps him take on his two.

Spike leaps off the car and joins the others. They run into the shop.

INT. MAGIC SHOP - CONTINUOUS

They pile in, slam the door behind them -- and Buffy moves a cabinet in front of it. (NOTE: the door should not be glass.)

BUFFY
The window!

It's got a gate rolled in front of it, but the vampires are pulling at it furiously.

Spike and Angel instantly heave a giant bookcase in front of it.

Spike grabs a chair and smashes it on the floor. Tosses a makeshift stake to each of the others, grabs one himself.

They stand, the three of them in the middle of the store. Camera moves in on them, low, as they wait.

SPIKE
This should be a kick...

BUFFY
I violently dislike you.

BOOM! The backdoor flies open. Angel runs to it, clotheslines the first vamp through and hits the wall, slams it shut after two more get in. Keeps his back to it, despite pounding.

Spike spars with the first. Buffy is caught between the other two, by the sliding ladder in the middle of the store. Ladder-fu ensues.

The back door is getting seriously pounded.

INT. DRUSILLA'S BEDROOM/STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Xander and Willow at the edge of the hole, directly above Cordelia.

XANDER

Cordy? Don't move! Oz went for help!
Oh, God....

WILLOW
Don't move! Don't even talk...

From below, very feeble:

CORDELIA (O.S.)
Xander?

WILLOW
No! That's talking! DON'T talk!

XANDER
I'm going down there.

WILLOW
It's too unstable, Xander!

XANDER
Will, she needs someone with her.

Xander looks to Willow for approval, and against her better judgement, she gives him the nod.

Using whatever he can grab hold of, Xander starts to lower himself down into the guts of the staircase. Everything he touches cracks or at least creaks.

ANGLE: UP AT WILLOW

At the edge of the hole. She cries and squeaks the occasional "careful!" as she watches Xander descend.

INT. MAGIC SHOP - NIGHT

Buffy stakes one of hers, knocks the other unconscious. Spike is having a little more trouble (he's still a teensy bit woozy) but he stakes his as well.

The front door and window are still being pounded at.

ANGLE: ANGEL listens -- his door seems to be deserted now.

BUFFY
We have to get out of here.

ANGEL
Can we get to the roof?

The door behind him SLOWS INWARD, torn off its hinges by the combined strength of the two vamps (one of whom is LENNY) behind it. It falls on Angel, and they vault over it.

BUFFY
Angel!

She meets them head on, knocking one into oblivion and proceeding to her fallen

boyfriend.

Lenny reaches Spike and they go at it. Lenny gets the upper hand, knocking Spike to the ground.

LENNY
Yeah, I heard you'd gone soft.
Sad to see it, man.

Spike's expression hardens. He stands.

SPIKE
Soft?

LENNY
Like baby food.

Spike grins. The OLD grin. One of the knocked out vamps stands behind him -- Spike's caught between him and Lenny.

SPIKE
Well, then. Let's give Baby a taste.

They come at him, and he moves like lightning. He fucks them up.

ANGLE: BUFFY

Is pulling Angel out from under the door.

ANGEL
I'm all right.

BUFFY
You're not at full strength yet.

ANGEL
That window's about to go.

BUFFY
We'll get out the back --

ANGEL
Buffy.

He is looking at the shelves behind her. She turns, sees what he sees.

BUFFY
Oh, my.

ANGLE: ON THE SHELVES

in rows, stacked like cans of beans and priced at \$2.99 a piece, are jars of holy water.

ANGLE: SPIKE

Has Lenny in a headlock (the other vamp is down or dead) and is slamming his

head repeatedly into the wall.

SPIKE
Baby like his supper?
Baby like his supper?

He is brimming with maniacal glee as he lets Lenny's limp body fall to the ground.
Grabs a wood shard.

SPIKE
Why doesn't baby have a nap?

Stakes him.

He stands, breathing hard, facing Buffy and Angel.

BUFFY
Spike... Get down.

He looks at her quizzically -- and the bookcase tumbles in behind him. The remaining vamps stand in the window, triumphant.

Buffy and Angel start hurling mason jars like hand grenades. One after another, they explode on the vamps. Smoke pours from the vamps as they retreat en masse.

Spike watches from the ground, pleased. Gets up when quiet settles.

Buffy and Angel stand together in the back of the shop.

SPIKE
Now that was fun.
(off their looks)
Don't tell me that wasn't fun. GOD!
It's been so long since I had a
decent spot of violence!
(smiles contemplatively)
Really puts things in perspective.

Angel moves -- and clutches his side, doubling over slightly. Buffy grabs him, supports him.

BUFFY
I got you...

SPIKE
Oh yeah. You two. Just friends.
No danger there.

BUFFY
Let's just do the damn spell,
all right?

SPIKE
Oh, sod the spell. Your friends
are in the factory.
(off her surprised look)
I'm glad I came here, you know? I
been all wrongheaded about this.
Weeping, crawling, blaming everybody

else. I want Dru back, I just have to be the man I was. The man she loved. I'm gonna do what I shoulda done in the first place. I'll find her, wherever she is... and I'll tie her up and torture her until she likes me again.

He heads out the back door, passing the non-plussed couple. Stops, and turns back to them.

SPIKE
Love's a funny thing...

He leaves.

INT. TUNNELS BENEATH THE STAIRS - NIGHT

ANGLE ON: XANDER

He kneels cradling Cordy in the guts of the staircase, holding her hand. A lot of blood is now visible around her wound. Xander is crying.

Willow still stands at the top of the hole, also distraught.

XANDER
Just hold on. Please. Hold on...

CORDELIA
Xander...

XANDER
Cordy...

CORDELIA
I can't see you...

CLOSE ON Cordelia as her eyes roll back in her head and her body goes limp. As far as we know, she just died.

XANDER
Cordy...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A wide shot of a FUNERAL in full swing. A PRIEST is saying all the typical "ashes to ashes" stuff (too far away to be seen) to the assembled mourners.

PRIEST (V.O.)
... because God did not make death,
and he does not delight in the death
of the living. For he created all
things that they might exist, and the
generative forces of the world are
wholesome, and there is no
destructive poison in them; and the
dominion of Hades is not on earth.

For righteousness is immortal.

We arm down just long enough that we're convinced it's Cordy's funeral, then the camera finds Buffy and Willow walking in foreground.

BUFFY
So, Cordy's okay.

WILLOW
Yeah. She lost a lot of blood,
but no vital stuff got punctured.

BUFFY
Has she talked to Xander?

WILLOW
(shaking her head)
She couldn't have visitors at first.
He's going today.

BUFFY
And Oz?

Willow looks down. After a bit:

WILLOW
I didn't know there was anything
inside me that could feel this bad.

Buffy puts her arm around her.

WILLOW
For the longest time I couldn't figure
out what I wanted. I wanted everything.
(a tear runs out)
Now I just want Oz to talk to me again.

BUFFY
Give it some time. And get ready to grovel.

WILLOW
I'm ready. I'm all over groveling.

BUFFY
Good. You know, sometimes that can
really work.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Xander appears at the door, grovel-ready, with a humongous bunch of flowers.

Cordelia lies in bed, facing the window.

XANDER
Can I come in?

She turns to see him. He comes in, places flowers near her bed.

XANDER
They wouldn't let me see you till now.

She says nothing.

XANDER
Look, Cordy, I just need you to know that --

CORDELIA
(whispers)
Xander?

XANDER
Yeah?

Xander moves in close to her face.

CORDELIA
(icy)
Stay away from me.

He looks at her, then slowly moves from the bed. She looks back towards the window, pain etched on her face.

EXT. MANSION GARDEN - NIGHT

Buffy finds Angel in the garden. She moves slowly behind him, and he turns. They stand a ways apart.

ANGEL
I wondered when you were coming.

BUFFY
I'm not coming back.

He takes this in. Maybe it's not a total shock, but it still feels like a body blow.

BUFFY
We're not friends. Never were. I
can fool Giles, I can fool my
friends, but I can't fool myself. Or
Spike, for some reason. What I want
from you, I can never have. You
don't need me to take care of you any
more, so I'm gonna go.

ANGEL
I don't accept that.

BUFFY
You have to.

ANGEL
There must be some way we can still
see each other.

BUFFY

There is. Just tell me you don't love me.

He is silent. After a long beat, she leaves. He lets her.

Somber music from some band of young hipsters (or perhaps a stunning Lilith Fair chanteuse) plays on the soundtrack as we see Angel, standing in silent grief.

MUSIC CONTINUES OVER:

A series of images: the kids in misery.

INT. WILLOW'S BEDROOM - DAY

Willow sits on her bed, holding her witch Pez.

INT. BRONZE - DAY

Oz sits, practicing his guitar. The place is empty, chairs on tables. Lonely tableau.

INT. LIBRARY - AFTERNOON (DAY)

Xander shelves books, not really into it.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Cordelia in her bed. Half-eaten tray of crappy hospital food in front of her. She stares into space, detached.

EXT. PALM QUAD - DAY

Buffy sits by herself. The song ends here.

A beat. Then all at once, loud music starts up:

EXT. HIGHWAY/INT. SPIKE'S CAR - DAY

Spike merrily drives down the road, happy to be undead again. He lights a cig and sings along with the song. Scene is timed so that just as Sid/Spike sing the "I did it my way" lyric, we:

BLACK OUT.

THE END