

# Lie To Me

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## Teaser

EXT. PLAYGROUND - EVENING

We see a little merry-go-round turning absently in the (sorry, Gareth) foggy dark. A set of swings, also empty, also pushed slightly by the night wind.

A jungle gym sits nearby, eight year old JAMES hanging sullenly on it. He sits inside it, looking out at the park.

JAMES  
Come on, Mom...

He cranes around but there is no Mom in sight.

JAMES  
She's always late.

As he hangs, we see a figure moving slowly toward him from behind. DRUSILLA. Her ethereal figure moves unsteadily, a faint and senseless smile on her lips.

The boy makes her weak with hunger.

DRUSILLA  
Are you lost?

The boy turns, startled but not particularly scared. He climbs out of the jungle gym, which stands between them as he replies:

JAMES  
No. My Mom's supposed to pick  
me up is all.

DRUSILLA  
Do you want me to walk you home?

JAMES  
No, thank you. I'm supposed to wait.

She reaches the gym and starts coming slowly around, running her fingers along the bars. James begins to get slightly creeped, taking a step back.

JAMES  
'Cause my Mom is coming.

DRUSILLA  
My mummy used to sing me to sleep  
at night. "Run and catch, run and catch,  
the lamp is caught in the blackberry patch".  
She had the sweetest voice, like cherries.  
What will your mummy sing when they

find your body?

Okay, now he's creped. She is on the same side as him now, standing still, smiling still.

JAMES

I'm not... I'm not supposed to  
talk to people.

DRUSILLA

Oh, I'm not a person, so that's just--

A dark figure APPEARS right before James. He jerks back, looking up to see the dark and glowering face of ANGEL

ANGEL

Run home.

James does.

Drusilla makes a whimpering growl. Angel turns to face her-- and her face lights up.

DRUSILLA

My Angel.

ANGEL

Hello, Drusilla.

DRUSILLA

(comes slowly to him)

Do you remember the song mummy  
used to sing me? Pretty. She would  
sing me to sleep, and the fairies and  
sprites would bit at my heels.

ANGEL

I remember.

DRUSILLA

Yes...you do...

ANGEL

Drusilla, leave here. I'm offering you  
that chance. Take Spike and get out.

DRUSILLA

Or you'll hurt me?

He looks down.

DRUSILLA

No. No, you can't. Not anymore.

ANGEL

If you don't leave... it'll go badly.  
For all of us.

DRUSILLA

My dear boy's gone all away,  
hasn't he? To her.

ANGEL  
Who?

DRUSILLA  
The girl.

ANGLE: BUFFY

The girl herself, patrolling on a nearby rooftop. She spots the two of them, looks down, uncertain.

ANGLE: HER POV

Of Angel and another woman. Too close for Buffy's comfort. The woman puts her hand on Angel's chest.

DRUSILLA  
The Slayer. Your heart stinks of her.  
Poor little thing. She has no idea  
what's in store.

She stops -- actually sensing Buffy watching. She glances at the girl, smiling to herself.

ANGEL  
This can't go on, Drusilla. It's gotta end.

DRUSILLA  
Oh, no, my pet...

She leans in for what looks to Buffy like a kiss, whispers in Angel's ear:

DRUSILLA  
This is just the beginning.

She drifts back, away from Angel. He watches her go.

So does Buffy.

BLACK OUT.

END OF TEASER

## **Act One**

INT. HALL - MORNING

GILES is talking to JENNY, as they walk toward the library.

JENNY  
It's a secret.

GILES

What kind of secret?

JENNY

The kind that's secret. You know,  
where I don't tell you what it is.

GILES

But I just think it's customary, if two  
people are going out on an evening,  
for the both of them to know where  
they're going.

JENNY

Oh, come on! Where's your sense  
of adventure?

GILES

But, I -- how will I know what to wear?

JENNY

(re: his tweedy look)  
Do you own anything else?

GILES

Not as such.

JENNY

You're just gonna have to trust me, Rupert.

GILES

All right. I put myself in your hands.

JENNY

Now that sounds like fun.

An intimate moment is interrupted by:

BUFFY

Hey guys.

She approaches them -- glum, exactly, but a tad distracted.

JENNY

I gotta take off. Tomorrow, 7:30. Right?

GILES

Yes.

She takes off. Giles turns to Buffy and they start down the hall.

GILES

Did we hunt last night?

BUFFY

Did a couple of quick sweeps, you  
know, downtown.

GILES

No encounters?

BUFFY  
Nothing vampiry.

GILES  
Well, I've been researching our new friend Spike. The profile is fairly unappetizing -- but I still haven't a bead on why he's here.

BUFFY  
You'll figure it out.

GILES  
Are you all right? You seem a bit glum.

BUFFY  
I'm okay.

GILES  
Well, why don't you take the night off?

BUFFY  
That's be nice.

GILES  
Yes, even I realize a young person like yourself can't spend all her time fighting the forces of darkness. No slaying this evening. Perhaps you can concentrate on your homework instead.

She peers at him

BUFFY  
Do they know about "fun" in England?

GILES  
Yes, but's considered very poor taste to have any. Very well. Do whatever it is you like. You could spend some time with Angel.

BUFFY  
I don't know. He might have other plans.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON: A PIECE OF PAPER

Unfolded to read, in Willow's script: "Do you know who she was?"

A WIDER ANGLE reveals the girls bear the back during class. XANDER is next to CORDELIA, who sits a bit in front, actually participating. Buffy scribbles a reply, as Cordelia holds forth:

CORDELIA  
I just don't see why everyone is always

ragging on Marie Antoinette. I can so relate to her. She worked really hard to look that good. People don't appreciate that effort.

Buffy writes out: "No. Dark hair, old dress. Pretty." She hands the note to WILLOW.

CORDELIA

And I know, the peasants were all depressed.

XANDER

I think you mean "oppressed."

CORDELIA

Whatever. They were cranky. So they're like, "let's lose some heads now." Oh, that's fair. And Marie Antoinette cared about them. She was gonna let them have cake!

TEACHER (V.O.)

Well, that's one way to look at it...

Willow scribbles, hands back. Buffy opens to see:

"Vampire?"

Over which the BELL RINGS, signaling the end of class.

The kids rise and gather their books. Buffy turns to Willow.

INT. HALL - DAY

As they exit:

BUFFY

I don't know. I don't think so -- I mean, they seemed pretty friendly.

XANDER

Who's friendly?

BUFFY

No one.

WILLOW

Angel and a girl.

BUFFY

Will, do we have to be in total share mode?

XANDER

Hey, it's me. If Angel's doing something wrong I need to know. 'Cause it gives me a happy.

BUFFY

I'm glad someone has a happy.

XANDER

Aw, you just need cheering up. And  
I know just the thing.  
(a few wild moves)  
Crazed dance party at the Bronze!

BUFFY

I don't know.

XANDER

(restrained moves)  
Very calm dance party at the Bronze.  
(no moves)  
Moping at the Bronze.

FORD

I'd suggest a box of Oreos dunked in  
apple juice...but maybe she's over  
that phase.

He's standing behind Buffy smiling. A charming and innocuous senior, Billy Fordham, known as FORD, waits for Buffy to turn. Which she does, wonder blossoming on her face.

BUFFY

Ford?

She sees him and throws her arms around him. He gives her a big friendly hug.

BUFFY

Ford!

FORD

Hey, Summers. How you been?

BUFFY

What are you doing here?

FORD

Matriculating.

BUFFY

Huh?

FORD

I'm finishing out my senior year at  
Sunnydale High. Dad got transferred.

BUFFY

That's great!

FORD

I'm glad you think so. Wasn't sure  
you'd remember me.

BUFFY

Remember you? Duh, we were in school

together for seven years. You were my  
giant fifth grade crush. Remember.

XANDER

So, you two know each other?

BUFFY

Oh! I'm sorry. This is Ford. Uh, Billy  
Fordham. This is Xander and Willow.

XANDER

Hi.

FORD

Hey.

WILLOW

Nice to meet you.

BUFFY

Ford and I went to Hemery together, in L.A.

(to Ford)

And you're here? For real?

FORD

Dad got the transfer, boom -- just  
dragged me out of Hemery and put  
me down here.

BUFFY

This is great! I mean, It's hard, sudden  
move, all your friends, delicate time  
very emotional but let's talk about me  
this is great!

WILLOW

So you guys were sweeties in fifth grade?

BUFFY

Not even. Ford wouldn't give me  
the time of day.

FORD

Well, I was a manly sixth grader,  
couldn't be bothered with someone  
that young.

BUFFY

It was terrible. I moped over you for  
months. Sitting in my room listening  
to that Divinyls song, "I touch myself".  
(suddenly sheepish)

Of course, I had no idea what it was about.

WILLOW

It's fun to meet someone who knew  
Buffy from before she was the --  
(off Buffy's glare)



-- the here-being girl.

XANDER  
(less enthused)  
Yeah, it's fun.

BUFFY  
Hey! Are you busy tonight?

FORD  
I'm hoping you'll tell me that I am.

BUFFY  
We're going to the Bronze. It's the  
local club and you gotta come.

FORD  
I'd love to, but if you guys had plans -  
would I be imposing?

XANDER  
Only in the literal sense.

BUFFY  
You're coming. I have spoken.

FORD  
Okay, then. I gotta find the admissions  
office, get my papers in order.

BUFFY  
I'll walk you. See you guys in French.

FORD  
Good meeting you.

They take off, Xander watching them go as Willow works something out in her head.

XANDER  
"This is Ford, my bestest friend of all  
my friends". Jeez. Didn't she know  
any fat guys?

WILLOW  
(gets it)  
Oh! That's what that song's about?

INT. BRONZE - NIGHT

The usual suspects mill about, dance, talk. Cordelia is on the dance floor, rockin'  
out.

Buffy enters, cranes about for her peoples. She spots them on a couch. Ford is with  
them already, talking, making Willow laugh and Xander smile politely. Buffy crosses  
to them.

BUFFY

Hey, you got here.

FORD  
Wasn't that hard to find.

WILLOW  
Buffy, Ford was just telling us about  
the ninth grade beauty contest. And the,  
uh, swimsuit competition?

BUFFY  
Oh, God. Ford! Stop that! The more  
people you tell about it, the more  
people I have to kill.

FORD  
You can't touch me, Summers. I know  
all your darkest secrets.

XANDER  
Care to make a small wager on that?

BUFFY  
I'm gonna grab a soda. Ford, try not to talk.

She crosses to the bar. As she arrives the man in front turns to go, drink in hand.  
It's Angel.

BUFFY  
Oh!

ANGEL  
Hey. I was hoping you'd show.

BUFFY  
You drink? Drinks? I mean, non-blood things.

ANGEL  
Yeah. I eat, too. Not for nutritional  
value -- it just kind of passes the time.

BUFFY  
Oh. Who knew?

ANGEL  
There's a lot about me you don't know.

BUFFY  
I believe that.

ANGLE: WILLOW, XANDER AND FORD

Look over at the two of them.

WILLOW  
That's Angel.

XANDER

He's Buffy's beau. Her special friend.

FORD

He's not in school, right? He looks  
older than her.

XANDER

You're not wrong

ANGLE: BUFFY AND ANGEL

BUFFY

So, what'd you do last night?

ANGEL

Nothing.

BUFFY

Nothing at all? You ceased to exist?

ANGEL

No, I mean I stayed in. Read.

BUFFY

Oh.

Her face hardens at the lie. She turns and joins her friends.

FORD

Didn't want that soda after all?

BUFFY

Not that thirsty.

Angel has come up behind her.

WILLOW

Hey, Angel.

FORD

Hi.

BUFFY

This is Ford. We went to school  
together in L.A.

They shake hands.

ANGEL

Nice to meet you.

FORD

Whoah. Cold hands.

XANDER

You're not wrong.

ANGEL

So, you're visiting Buffy?

FORD

No, I'm actually here to stay. Just moved down.

XANDER

Well, Sunnydale is a fun town to live in. If you're a small patch of moss.

WILLOW

Angel, do you want to sit?

BUFFY

It's so crowded in here. I'm hot.  
(to Ford)

Do you want to go for a walk?

FORD

Uh, sure. That'd be nice.

The rise. Angel steps back for them to pass.

BUFFY

I'll see you all tomorrow.

ANGEL

Good night.

FORD

Take care.

Awkward silence follows this awkward scene.

XANDER

Okay, once more, with tension.

Cordelia joins the group, eyes on the departing figures.

CORDELIA

Who's the tasty treat?

XANDER

Buffy's oldest and dearest.

ANGEL

He just moved here?

XANDER

Yeah. And boy, does he move fast.

Not what Angel wanted to hear.

WILLOW

Well, Angel, you can still hang out with us --

But he's gone.

WILLOW  
(to Xander)  
See? You made him do that thing  
where he's gone.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

As Buffy and Ford walk, not talking just now. After a bit:

FORD  
So, that was your boyfriend?

BUFFY  
No. Well, yeah. Well, maybe. Let's  
lay off the tough questions for a while.

FORD  
Sorry. So, what else do you do for  
fun around here?

As he is saying this, Buffy hears a SCUFFLE around the corner. She grabs Ford.

BUFFY  
Um, Uh, my purse! I left it at the Bronze.  
Would you get it for me? Thanks.

FORD  
Uh, okay.

BUFFY  
Good. Run. Thanks.

Confused, he starts off. Buffy runs around the corner.

ANGLE: FORD

Stops, turns back. What's going on here? He starts moving slowly toward the alley.

The SOUNDS of fighting emerge. Then a woman emerges, running away in terror.  
Ford keeps inching closer - as a trash can emerges on the fly. Just misses him.

He runs the corner to see:

ANGLE: BUFFY

As she stakes a vampire. He turns to dust right in front of Ford's eyes. Buffy turns,  
is startled.

BUFFY  
Oh! You're back.

FORD  
What's going on?

BUFFY  
There was a cat. A cat here and then  
there was, another cat. And they fought,  
the cats, and then they left.

FORD  
Oh. I thought you were just slaying  
a vampire.

BUFFY  
What? Whatting a what?

FORD  
I know, Buffy. You don't have to lie.  
I've been trying to figure out the right  
time to tell you. I know you're the Slayer.

Off Buffy's look:

INT. WILLOW'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

She is on the phone.

WILLOW  
Just like that? He told you?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BUFFY'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS -NIGHT

Buffy is on the cordless, sitting on the counter.

BUFFY  
Just like that. Said he found out right  
before I got booted from Hemery.

WILLOW  
Wow. It's neat. Is it neat?

BUFFY  
It...yeah, I guess it is . it's nice to have  
someone else that I can open up to.  
No more hiding.

EXT. URBAN DISTRICT - NIGHT

(Okay, it's our damn alley.) Ford walks cheerfully along. Comes to a door in what appears to be a pretty rundown building. Over the large metal door is a painted sign: no words, just a picture of a setting sun.

Ford pounds on the door. A little window in the center slides open. A GUY of about 25 -- strong, tattooed and suspicious, peers out.

The little window slides closed -- and the door opens. Ford enters:

INT. HALL - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

A small hall, painted black and leading to another, even heavier metal door.

INT. THE SUNSET CLUB - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

And he's in another world. The Sunset Club is dark, fairly Goth and very lively. It's like a giant underground bunker done up for permanent Halloween. The door opens

onto a balcony that rings the top of the large space. There is a bridge of metal grill work that spans the space up here as well, and steps leading down into the main floor, which divides into various lung spaces, dance areas, and small private rooms.

There's maybe thirty people here, all corsets and velvet and black lipstick.

The MUSIC is loud and pulsing. Lights flicker and swirl across Ford's face as he looks about him.

ANGLE: WELDER GUY.

He's got black hair, black lips, and dark goggles on as he works on the metal door hinge, crouching in a shower of sparks.

Ford nods at him (we cannot tell exactly what the man is doing), then starts down the stairs. As he reaches the bottom he is accosted by DIEGO, a true vampire wannabe. His ruffled shirt and velvet cape only accentuate his nerdliness. If this group has a leader, Diego is it.

DIEGO  
Ford. Ford!

FORD  
Hey.

As always, Ford is fairly dismissive of Diego.

DIEGO  
Well? How did it go?

FORD  
Went good.

DIEGO  
Good? That's it ? Well, when --

FORD  
Soon.

DIEGO  
You know, you could give me a little more information here. I'm trusting you, I'm out on a limb here -- not to mention the lease is almost up on this place and who's gonna cover that, my dad's not sending me another dime --

FORD  
Marvin --

DIEGO  
Diego. Come on, it's Diego now.

FORD  
Diego. Ritalin. Everything's gonna be fine.

A slinky goth girl, CHANTARELLE (formerly Joan), glides up to the boys with a couple of goblets. Ford takes one. He pops open a prescription bottle and washes down a pill, then continues:

FORD (cont'd)  
Just make sure you're ready when I say.  
True believers only.

CHANTARELLE  
I can't wait.

Ford's attention is caught by the movie playing against a nearby wall. It's on a big monitor -- and on another behind Ford. Ford seems mesmerized as he sips from the goblet.

DIEGO  
Well, I still think I should be in on the plan.

FORD  
(eyes on the movie)  
Diego, you gotta trust me. A couple more days and we'll get to do the two things every American teen should have the chance to do. Die young...

He turns to Diego and Chantarelle, smiling.

FORD  
...and stay pretty.

He turns back to the movie. Watches, mouthing every line as it's spoken. We see him and the second vid screen behind him, as both he and Jack Palance intone:

FORD\JACK PALANCE  
So, you play your wits against mine.  
Me, who commanded armies hundreds of years before you were born. Fools!  
There is no way in this life to stop me...

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

## **Act Two**

INT. WILLOW'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Willow comes out of the bathroom, brushing her hair out. She passes the French doors -- and starts, as she sees Angel standing behind them.

WILLOW  
Oh! Angel.

She looks over at her door, slightly open -- no parent noises -- then opens the French doors.

WILLOW  
What are you doing here?

ANGEL  
I wanted to talk to you.



WILLOW  
Well, oh.

She pulls the door all the way open, waits for him to step in.

WILLOW  
Well?

ANGEL  
I can't... unless you invite me.  
I can't come in.

WILLOW  
Oh! Okay. Uh, I invite you. To come in.

He does. Willow goes over to her bed. She spots her bra lying on it. In a panic, she stuffs it under her pillow. Turns to him.

ANGEL  
If this is a bad time...

WILLOW  
No, I just... I'm not supposed to have  
boys in my room.

And she clearly hasn't, by her nervous demeanor.

ANGEL  
Well, I promise to behave myself.

WILLOW  
Okay, good.

ANGEL  
I guess I need help. And you're the  
first person I thought of.

WILLOW  
Help? You mean like on homework?  
No, 'cause you're old and you already  
know stuff.

ANGEL  
I want you to track someone down.  
On the net.

WILLOW  
Oh! Great. I'm so the net girl.

She crosses to her desk, boots up.

ANGEL  
I just want to find everything I can.  
Records, affiliates -- I'm not even  
sure what I'm looking for yet.

WILLOW

What's the name?

ANGEL  
Billy Fordham.

She stops. Then, typing, says:

WILLOW  
Um, Angel, if I say something you don't really wanna hear, do you promise not to bite me?

ANGEL  
Are you gonna tell me that I'm jealous?

WILLOW  
Well, you do sometimes get that way.

ANGEL  
You know, I never used to.

He sits on the bed behind her.

ANGEL  
Things used to be pretty simple. A hundred years just hanging out, feeling guilty. I really honed my brooding skills. Then she comes along... Yeah, I get jealous. But I know people and my gut tells me this is a wrong guy.

WILLOW  
Okay, well, you've got a smart gut I guess. But if there isn't anything weird - hey, that's weird.

He rises, comes behind her.

ANGEL  
What?

WILLOW  
I just checked the school records. He's not in them. Usually they transfer your grades and stuff, but... he's not even registered.

She starts typing fast.

ANGEL  
He said he was in school with you guys, right?

WILLOW  
Okay, there's no Fordham listed in Sunnydale. Curiouser and Curiouser. Let me see if I can --

WILLOW'S MOM (O.S.)

Willow? Are you still up?

WILLOW  
Ack! Go!

He glides to the French doors, Willow up to close them.

WILLOW  
(calls out:)  
I'm just going to bed now, Mom.  
I'm very sleepy.  
(to Angel)  
Come by at sunset tomorrow. I'll  
keep looking.

ANGEL  
Don't tell Buffy what we're doing, all right?

WILLOW  
You want me to lie to her? It's Buffy.  
Besides, I don't lie good. I lie bad.

ANGEL  
Just don't bring it up 'til we know  
what's what.

WILLOW  
Okay. It's probably nothing.

ANGEL  
That'd be nice.

EXT. SCHOOL - FOUNTAIN QUAD - DAY

Buffy and Ford are sitting and talking.

BUFFY  
And then everything was Vampires. I  
slacked utterly in school -- and my social  
life pretty much dried up and blew away.

FORD  
You made quite a hit at the prom.

BUFFY  
Oh, God, the prom. What a disaster.

FORD  
Wasn't dull, though. Watching the gym  
go up in flames... it was like a movie.  
Life isn't nearly enough like a movie,  
don't you think?

BUFFY  
I think that was the worst night of my life.

FORD  
You saved a lot of people's lives. I  
know it - I bet there's others who do too.

BUFFY

It's good to hear. And it's good to be able to talk to someone who knows. Who knew me before, and... well. During.

FORD

You know, one minute you're a kid, living in your safe kid world, and then - truth hits you in the face. Vampires. I'll never forget that night

BELL RINGS. They get up and head inside.

OMITTED

BUFFY

Most everybody else did.

FORD

What's with that? Nobody would say a word.

BUFFY

People ignore truths they don't like.

Cordelia comes up to them, all smiles.

CORDELIA

Buffy, you haven't introduced me to your new friend.

BUFFY

Yeah, isn't that weird?

She blows by her, Ford in tow.

FORD

Who was that?

BUFFY

A truth I like to ignore.

INT. SCHOOL LOUNGE - DAY

Buffy and Ford enter, pass Willow.

BUFFY

Will! What's up?

WILLOW

Nothing.

She's a little jumpy, afraid of being found out.

BUFFY

You wanna hang? We were cafeteria bound.

WILLOW

I'm going to work in the computer lab.

On school work that I have. So I could not hang just now. Hi Ford.

FORD  
Morning.

BUFFY  
Okay, Will. Fess up.

WILLOW  
(scared)  
What?

BUFFY  
Were you drinking coffee again?  
'Cause we've talked about this.

WILLOW  
Ha ha ha ha!  
(to Ford)  
It makes me jumpy.  
(to both)  
I have to go. Away.

She does.

FORD  
Nice girl.

BUFFY  
There aren't two of those in the world.

Giles approaches.

GILES  
Buffy. Ms. Calendar and I are going...  
somewhere ... tonight. She's given me  
her beeper number in case you need me  
for any...  
(glances at Ford)  
...study help. Suddenly.

BUFFY  
He knows, Giles.

GILES  
What?

BUFFY  
Ford. He knows I'm the Slayer.

FORD  
I know.

GILES  
Oh. Very good then.  
(pulls Buffy aside)  
Buffy, you aren't by any chance giving  
away your secret identity just to impress

cute boys, are you?

She smiles.

                  BUFFY  
I didn't tell him. He knew.

                  GILES  
All right. Well, remember, if you need me --

                  BUFFY  
Go. Experience this thing called fun.  
I'll try not to have a crisis.

EXT. FRONT OF SCHOOL - NIGHT

Buffy and Ford have been walking together for a while.

                  BUFFY  
And on your right, once again -- the  
beautiful campus. You've seen pretty  
much everything there is to see in Sunnydale.

                  FORD  
Well, it's really...

                  BUFFY  
Feel free to say 'dull'.

                  FORD  
Okay. Dull works.

Buffy spots something out of the corner of her eye:

ANGLE: TWO VAMPS

are sneaking towards the administration building.

Ford follows Buffy's gaze and sees them.

                  FORD  
Or maybe not so dull... Is that more vampires?

                  BUFFY  
Must be the weather.

She pulls a stake and a cross out of her pocket, hands Ford the cross. He produces a rather hastily carved stake of his own from his pocket.

                  BUFFY  
Stick close to me.

She sneaks toward the building, up the stairs, toward the corner. Looks around. There are no vampires to be seen.

                  FORD  
Maybe they were just passing through.

BUFFY  
I don't think so.

The smaller vampire, JULIA, JUMPS Buffy from the bushes. Buffy easily throws her, but the second much bigger vampire, LEAPS OUT and takes Buffy over the balcony.

ANGLE: JULIA

Lays on the ground catching her breath, when Ford JUMPS on her. He holds the stake to her chest, the cross to her face.

FORD  
You've got one chance to live. Tell  
me what I want to know, and I let you go.

ANGLE: BUFFY

As she takes out the bigger vamp. Having done so, she crests the stairs to find Ford, all alone. He is breathing hard, winded.

BUFFY  
Where's the other one?

FORD  
I killed her.  
(he coughs)  
I killed her and she just turned to dust.  
It was amazing.

Off his gleeful smile we cut to:

EXT. URBAN DISTRICT - NIGHT

Willow, Angel and Xander head for the sunset Club.

WILLOW  
The only thing I could track down  
were some E-mails to a guy called Diego.  
And this address. The sunset Club.  
I still didn't find anything incriminating.

ANGEL  
He leaves no paper trail, no record.  
That's incriminating enough.

XANDER  
I'm gonna have to go with Dead Boy  
on this one.

ANGEL  
Could you not call me that?

Angel knocks on the door. The little window slides open.

ANGEL  
We're friends of Ford's. He said we  
should come by.

A beat, then the window slides shut. The door opens.

INT. THE HALL - CONTINUED - NIGHT

The three file in, head for the big iron door. Door Guy watches them suspiciously.

They enter:

INT. SUNSET CLUB - NIGHT

same crowd, same beat. Xander, Willow and Angel stand at the entrance, taking it in.

WILLOW  
Boy, we blend right in.

XANDER  
In no way do we stick out like a  
sore thumb.

ANGEL  
Let's look around. You guys check  
out downstairs.

XANDER  
Sure thing, Bossy the cow.

He and Willow start down the stairs as Angel makes his way around the balcony.

WILLOW  
Okay, but do they really stick out?

XANDER  
What?

WILLOW  
Sore thumbs. Do they stick out? I mean,  
have you ever seen a thumb and gone  
"wow, that baby is sore".

XANDER  
You have too many thoughts.

ANGLE: ANGEL

makes his way around upstairs, looking about with increasing suspicion.

ANGLE: XANDER AND WILLOW

Cruise about the downstairs.

XANDER  
Okay, are we noticing a theme here?

WILLOW  
Like, as in, "Vampires Yay"?

XANDER



That's the one.

Chanterelle approaches them.

CHANTARELLE

You guys are newbies, I can tell.

WILLOW

Oh, no. we come here all the time.

XANDER

My corset's just at the cleaners.

CHANTARELLE

Don't be ashamed. It's cool that you're open to it. We welcome anyone who's interested in the Lonely Ones.

WILLOW

The Lonely Ones?

ANGEL

Vampires.

He's come up to them, not looking particularly amused.

XANDER

Oh. We usually call them the nasty pointy bitey ones.

CHANTARELLE

So many people have that misconception. But they who walk with the night are not interested in harming anyone. They're separate from humanity, and must carry the burden of immortality. They are creatures above us. Exalted.

ANGEL

You're a fool.

Even his companions are thrown by the harshness of his tone.

CHANTARELLE

You don't have to be so confrontational about it. Other viewpoints than yours may be valid, you know.

Chantarelle wanders off, hurt.

WILLOW

Nice meeting you...

XANDER

(to Angel)

Boy, you're really a people person.

WILLOW

Nobody's gonna talk to us now.

ANGEL

I've seen enough. And I've seen this type before. They're children, making up bedtime stories about friendly vampires to comfort themselves in the dark.

WILLOW

Is that so bad? I mean the dark can get pretty dark, sometimes you need a story.

ANGEL

These people don't know anything about vampires. What they are, how they live, how they dress...

The same moment he says that a club member walks by in THE EXACT SAME OUTFIT that Angel is wearing. Angel looks sheepish for a moment as Xander and Willow eye him sardonically.

XANDER

You know, I love a good diatribe, but I'm still curious why Ford, the bestest friend of the Slayer, is hanging with a bunch of vampire wannabe's.

WILLOW

Something's up with him.  
(to Angel)  
You were right about that.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Giles and Jenny enter with Buffy.

BUFFY

Sorry to beep you guys in the middle of stuff, but this did seem a bit weird.

GILES

No, you did the right thing.

JENNY

(to Giles)  
You hated it that much?

GILES

No! But -- vampires on campus -- there could be implications... very grave...

JENNY

Why didn't you say something?

GILES

No, honestly, I've always been interested in... monster trucks. I swear.

BUFFY

You took him to monster trucks?

JENNY

I thought it would be a change.

GILES

It was a change.

JENNY

We could have just left.

GILES

And miss the nitro burning funny cars?  
Couldn't have that. Best part.

BUFFY

Okay, can we get back on the vampire  
tip? These guys were here with a purpose.

GILES

And we have to figure out what that  
purpose is.

JENNY

Where's your friend?

BUFFY

I sent him home.

GILES

Good. The less he's mixed up in this,  
the safer he'll be.

BUFFY

Well, he did bag a vamp his first time  
out. You gotta give him credit for... that...

Something on the table catches her eye.

JENNY

Something wrong?

BUFFY

Who is this?

She picks up an old DAUGUERRETYPE portrait which has been stuck between the  
pages of a book.

GILES

She's called Drusilla. A sometime  
paramour of Spike's.

BUFFY

Not sometime. Nowtime.

GILES

She was reported killed by an angry  
mob in Prague.

BUFFY

Well, they don't make angry mobs

like they used to cuz this girl's alive.  
I saw her with Angel.

GILES  
With Angel?

JENNY  
Isn't he supposed to be a good guy?

BUFFY  
(quietly, as the implication sinks in)  
Yes. He is.

JENNY  
I think maybe we need to read up  
on this nice lady.

Giles crosses to his office.

GILES  
Some of my newer volumes might be  
helpful. My own research has --

Vampire Julia JUMPS at him as he nears the door. She has an old book in her hands. She grabs him and hurls him into Buffy, knocking her down. She races to the back, leaping first on the table and then to the balcony, disappearing into the stacks. Buffy stares after her as Giles gets up.

JENNY  
You guys okay?

GILES  
A book. It took one of my books.

JENNY  
Well at least someone in this school  
is reading...

BUFFY  
He said he killed it.  
(turns to them)  
That's the vampire Ford said he killed.

GILES  
He lied?

A beat, as it sinks in.

BUFFY  
Why?

INT. THE FACTORY - NIGHT

Drusilla is talking softly to something. We pull back to reveal a birdcage...

DRUSILLA  
You sing the sweetest little song.  
Won't you sing for me? Don't you love

me anymore?

...and an entirely dead bird lying on the bottom.

SPIKE comes up behind her.

SPIKE

Darling, I heard a funny thing just now.  
Lucius told me you went out for a hunt  
the other night.

DRUSILLA

(focussed on the bird)  
My tummy was growly. And you were out.  
(to the bird)  
Come on. I will put if you don't sing...

SPIKE

You, uh, run into anyone? Anyone  
interesting?  
(she doesn't answer)  
Like Angel?

DRUSILLA

Angel.

SPIKE

Yeah. What might you guys have to  
talk about then? Old times? Childhood  
pranks? It's a little off, you two so friendly,  
him being the enemy and all that.

DRUSILLA

(to the bird)  
I'll give you a seed if you sing...

SPIKE

(losing patience)  
The bird's dead, Dru. You left it in the  
cage and you didn't feed it and now it's  
all dead. Just like the last one.

She makes that noise she makes when she's unhappy and may cry. He softens instantly, wrapping his arms around her.

SPIKE

I'm sorry, baby. I'm a bad, rude man, I  
just don't like you going out. You are  
weak. Would you like a new bird?  
One that's not dead?

FORD

This is so cool!

Spike spins, murder on his (NOW VAMPIRE) face. Other vampires gather, menacing.

FORD

I would totally live here.  
(points to the roly ramp)

Do you ever slide down that thing?  
I bet you do.

SPIKE

Do I have anyone on watch here? It's called security, people. Are you all asleep?

He crosses to Ford, a smile working across his lips.

SPIKE

Or did we finally find a restaurant that delivers.

Ford, for all his bravado, is clearly nervous -- and clearly high on that adrenaline.

FORD

I know who you are.

SPIKE

Yeah, I know who I am, too. So what?

FORD

I came looking for you. Spike. You are Spike, right? William the Bloody?

SPIKE

You've got a real death wish. It's almost interesting.

Vampire Julia enters with the book. Spike sees, signals for her to come over. He takes the book, leafs through it.

SPIKE

This is great. This will be very useful.  
(not looking up)  
So, how'd you find me?

Julia looks at Ford in fear. She's dead if he gives it away.

FORD

That doesn't matter. I've got something to offer you.

Spike looks up, lays the book on a table.

FORD

I'm pretty sure this is the part where you take out a watch and say I've got thirty seconds to convince you not to kill me . it's traditional.

SPIKE

Well, I don't much go for tradition.

He grabs Ford and moves to bite -- Ford's eyes widen with fear -- but a hand on Spike's shoulder stops him. It's Dru.

DRUSILLA

Wait, sweetie.

He stops, stares at Ford. Lets go.

SPIKE  
Well?

FORD  
Come one. Say it. It's no fun if you  
don't say it.

SPIKE  
What? Oh.  
(rolls his eyes, then very flatly)  
You've got thirty seconds to convince  
me not to kill you.

FORD  
Yes! This is the best. I wanna be like  
you. A vampire.

SPIKE  
I've known you for two minutes and I  
can't stand you. I don't really feature  
you living forever.  
(to Dru)  
Can I eat him now, love?

FORD  
Well, feature this. I'm offering a trade.  
You make me a vampire. And I give  
you the Slayer.

He has their attention.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT TWO.

## Act Three

INT BUFFY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Buffy is making a mug of cocoa in the kitchen when Angel appears at the door.

ANGEL  
Buffy. May I come in?

BUFFY  
Sure. I thought once you'd been invited  
you could always just walk in.

ANGEL  
I can. I was being polite.

BUFFY  
Oh.

ANGEL

We need to talk.

BUFFY  
Do we?

ANGEL  
It's about your friend Ford. He's not  
what he seems.

BUFFY  
Well, who is these days?

ANGEL  
Willow ran him down on the computer.

BUFFY  
Willow?

She turns and crosses into:

INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Where her homework is laid out. She puts the cocoa down as Angel follows her in.

ANGEL  
We found this address. We checked it  
out with Xander and it turned out to --

BUFFY  
And Xander? Wow, everybody's in.  
It's a great big exciting conspiracy.

ANGEL  
What are you talking about?

BUFFY  
I'm talking about the people I trust.  
Who's Drusilla?

Angel's face falls.

BUFFY  
And don't lie to me. I'm tired of it.

ANGEL  
Some lies are necessary.

BUFFY  
For what?

ANGEL  
Sometimes the truth is worse. You live  
long enough, you find that out.

BUFFY  
I can take it. I can take the truth.

ANGEL



Do you love me?

BUFFY  
What?

ANGEL  
Do you?

BUFFY  
I love you. I don't know if I trust you.

ANGEL  
Maybe you shouldn't do either.

BUFFY  
Maybe I'm the one should decide.

He waits a beat. Then:

ANGEL  
I did a lot of unconscionable things when  
I became a Vampire. Drusilla was the  
worst. She was... an obsession of mine.  
She was pure, and sweet and chaste.

BUFFY  
You made her a vampire.

ANGEL  
First I made her insane. Killed everyone  
she loved, visited every mental torture  
on her I could devise. She eventually  
fled to a convent and the day she took  
her holy orders I turned her into a demon.

For a moment Buffy can't say a thing. Can't even look at him.

BUFFY  
Well, I asked for the truth...

ANGEL  
Ford's part of some society that reveres  
vampires. Practically worships them.  
I don't know what he wants from you.  
But you can't trust him.

Off her stare we cut to:

EXT. SCHOOL - FOUNTAIN QUAD - DAY

Buffy walks along, alone with her thoughts, till she sees Ford coming. She steels herself.

FORD  
Buffy!

BUFFY

Ford.

She tries to smile. His own smile seems suddenly predatory, cold. The CAMERA circles them as they talk.

FORD

I had a great time last night. Well,  
an interesting time.

BUFFY

I'm glad.

FORD

I'm probably presumptuous here but  
do you want to go out again tonight?

BUFFY

I'm not busy.

FORD

I sort of had an idea. It's a secret -  
I kind of want to surprise you.

BUFFY

I like surprises.

FORD

Cool. You know that place you were  
telling me about, the burger joint that  
got condemned? Can you meet me there?

BUFFY

Sure.

FORD

At nine?

BUFFY

At nine.

FORD

It's gonna be fun.

He takes off. Buffy watches him.

INT. SCHOOL LOUNGE - DAY

Cordelia sits with Xander and Willow, pressing them.

CORDELIA

Come on, can't you tell me anything  
about him?

WILLOW

Why are you so interested in Ford?

CORDELIA

In case you haven't noticed there is a

devastating cute guy shortage right now.  
The government is calling for rationing  
so why does Buffy get to hoard them all?  
She has Angel. So come on, what's Ford  
interested in?

XANDER  
Vampires.

CORDELIA  
(deflated)  
oh great. That's Buffy's best subject.  
You sure he doesn't like clothes?

Buffy enters. Her friends accost her.

WILLOW  
Hey Buffy. Did, uh, Angel -

BUFFY  
He told me. Everything.

Her voice is pretty cold. Willow looks done.

WILLOW  
I'm sorry we kept stuff from you.

BUFFY  
(almost means it)  
It's okay.

WILLOW  
When Angel came to my room he was  
just really concerned for you. And we  
didn't want to say anything in case  
we were wrong.

Buffy softens - puts her hand on Willow's arm.

XANDER  
Did you find out what Ford is up to?

BUFFY  
I will.

She takes off. They watch her go. After a beat:

XANDER  
Angel was in your bedroom?

WILLOW  
(nods)  
Ours is a forbidden love.

INT. THE SUNSET CLUB - AFTERNOON

There are only twelve or so people here now -- the True Believers. Ford enters, goes

down to Chantarelle.

FORD  
Chantarelle. Is everything ready?

DIEGO  
(approaching)  
Of course it's ready, I took care of it.  
I always take care of it.

CHANTARELLE  
Is it time? Tonight?

FORD  
Are you nervous?

CHANTARELLE  
Yes. No. I'm ready for the change.  
Do you really think they'll bless us?

FORD  
I know they will. Everything's falling  
into place.

DIEGO  
What about your friends? Are they  
coming? I don't think it's fair -- they're  
not true believers.

FORD  
What are you talking about?

DIEGO  
Your friends. They came last night.  
Two guys and a girl.

CHANTARELLE  
One was mean.

DIEGO  
That's not the point. They weren't even  
dressed right. Plus they didn't know the  
password so officially they really shouldn't  
have been here.

FORD  
Oh, Christ. Why didn't you tell me about this?

DIEGO  
I have to do everything, okay Mister  
flawless plan guy? So maybe it slipped  
my mind.

CHANTARELLE  
(worried)  
It's gonna be all right, isn't it? They're  
not gonna let us down?

FORD

It's gonna be fine.

CHANTARELLE  
I need them to bless me.

FORD  
It's gonna be fine.

BUFFY  
It's really not.

They turn to see her coming down the steps. Door guy is a few steps above her, nursing a broken nose. Ford's face hardens upon seeing her. He glances at Diego.

FORD  
It's kind of drafty in here.

Diego sidles off as Buffy approaches.

BUFFY  
I'm sorry Ford, I just couldn't wait till  
tonight. I'm rash and impulsive -- it's a flaw.

FORD  
We all have flaws.

BUFFY  
So I'm constantly learning. I'm still fuzzy  
on exactly what yours is. I think it has  
to do with being a lying scumbag.

FORD  
Everybody lies.

BUFFY  
But not everybody is a lying scumbag.  
There's a difference.

FORD  
Yeah, I guess there is.

BUFFY  
What do you want, Ford? What's  
this all about?

FORD  
I really don't think you'd understand.

BUFFY  
I don't need to understand. I just need  
to know.

FORD  
I'm gonna be one of them.

BUFFY  
One of them. You want to become

a vampire.

FORD  
I'm going to.

BUFFY  
Vampires are kind of picky about  
who they change.  
(realizes)  
So you were gonna offer them a trade.

FORD  
I don't think I want to talk anymore

She slams him up against the wall, hand to his throat.

BUFFY  
Well, I still feel kind of chatty. You were  
gonna give them me. Tonight.

FORD  
Yes.

BUFFY  
What, lure me into the old building,  
leave me there for them?

FORD  
Something like that.

BUFFY  
You had to know I'd figure it out, Ford.

FORD  
(smiles)  
Actually, I was counting on it.

She steps back, wary. Her mind working.

BUFFY  
What's supposed to happen tonight?

FORD  
This is so cool! This is just like it played  
in my head. The part where you ask me  
what's supposed to happen. It's already  
happening.

She looks around. Dark spaces, weird people looking at her. Sussing the nature of the trap, she steps back. She looks up:

ANGLE: THE DOOR

Diego swings it shut. We hear large locks THUD into place. The handle on his side has been removed. A thick panel welded shut over it.

Buffy races up the stairs. Pulls at the door. Nothing. She turns back to Ford. He's

halfway up, others grouped behind.

FORD

Rigged it up special. Once it's closed,  
it can only be opened from the outside.  
As soon as the sun sets, they'll be coming.

BUFFY

Ford, if these people are still around  
when they get here --

DIEGO

We'll be changed. All of us.

CHANTARELLE

We're going to ascend to a new level  
of consciousness. Become like them,  
like the Lonely Ones.

FORD

This is the end, Buffy.

He smiles at her, amidst his flock.

FORD

No one gets out of here alive.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

## **Act Four**

INT. THE SUNSET CLUB - SECONDS LATER- AFTERNOON

Buffy races down the stairs, looks around for an alternate exit. Ford is on her heels.

BUFFY

There's gotta be a way out of here.

FORD

This is a bomb shelter, Buffy. I knew  
I wasn't gonna be able to overpower you.  
But this is three feet of solid concrete.  
Trust me when I say we're here for  
the long haul.

BUFFY

At least let these people out of here.

DIEGO

No way! No fair! We're a part of this,  
you promised.

FORD

It doesn't matter. There's no key, there's  
no exit... let's all just sit back and relax.

Buffy slaps him in the face.

FORD

You have an interesting way of relaxing.

BUFFY

Do you have any idea what you've done?

FORD

I do what I have to.

BUFFY

What you have to?

CHANTARELLE

Why are you fighting it? It's what we want.

DIEGO

It's our chance for immortality.

CHANTARELLE

This is a beautiful day! Can't you see that?

BUFFY

What I can see is that right after the sun goes down Spike and his friends are gonna be pigging out at the all-you-can-eat moron bar!

DIEGO

That's it. I think we should gag her.

BUFFY

(gives him the look)  
I think you should try.

DIEGO

She's an unbeliever. She taints us.

BUFFY

I'm trying to save you! You're playing in some serious traffic here, do you understand that? You're gonna DIE. The only hope you have of surviving is to get out of this pit right now and my God could you HAVE a dorkier outfit?

FORD

Gotta back her up, D. You look like a big ninny.

A little ALARM goes off. Ford digs into his pocket, pulls out a pager. Smiles.

FORD

6:27. Sunset.



INT. THE FACTORY - 6:27 (NIGHT)

Spike sits at the head of the table, feet up. He holds an antiques pocket watch, the face dangling in front of his. Reads it. Closes it.

SPIKE  
So. Who's hungry?

INT. SAME - SECONDS LATER - NIGHT

Its' a sudden flurry of activity, as Vampires come downstairs and out from the shadows, ready for the hunt. (There are three besides Spike, Dru and Julia). They all head to the door at which Drusilla waits.

SPIKE  
When we get there, everybody spread out.  
Two men on the door. First priority is the  
Slayer, everything else is fair game but  
let's remember to share, people.

He comes abreast of Dru.

SPIKE  
Sure you're up for this?

DRUSILLA  
I want a treat. I need a treat.

SPIKE  
And a special one you'll have. Lucius!

Spike holds up a set of keys, tosses them to a vampire.

SPIKE  
Bring the car 'round.

INT. THE SUNSET CLUB - NIGHT

Buffy is still intent on finding a way out. She ascends to the metal bridge, eyes on the bricked-up windows. Ford follows.

FORD  
Man, you never give up, do you?

BUFFY  
No, I don't.

FORD  
That's a good quality in a person. Too  
many people, they just lay back and  
take it. But us --

BUFFY  
Us? We have something in common now?

FORD  
More than you think.

BUFFY

Let me explain this to you. You're what we call the bad guy.

FORD

I guess I am. Cool.

BUFFY

These people aren't gonna get changed, are they? You, maybe, in exchange for me, but the rest of them -- they're just fodder.

FORD

Technically, yes. But I'm in. I will become immortal.

BUFFY

I got a newsflash, braintrust. That's not how it works. You die. And a demon sets up shop in your old house. It walks and talks and remembers your life but it's not you.

FORD

It's better than nothing.

BUFFY

Your life is nothing?

He laughs a bit, bitterly.

BUFFY

Ford, these people don't deserve to die.

FORD

Neither do I! But apparently nobody took that into consideration, 'cause I'm still dying.

This stops her.

FORD

I look good, don't I? Let me tell you something. I got maybe six months left and by then what they bury won't even look like me. It'll be bald and shriveled and it'll smell bad. Not human. I'm not going out that way.

Off her reaction.

FORD

I'm sorry, Summers, did I screw up your righteous anger riff? Does the nest of tumors liquefying my brain kind of spoil the fun?

BUFFY

I'm sorry. I had no idea... But this is

still very wrong.

FORD

Okay, well, you try vomiting for twenty four hours straight because the pain your head is so intense and then we'll discuss the concept of right and wrong.

(indicating the others)

These people are sheep. They want to be vampires 'cause they're lonely, or miserable, or bored. I don't have a choice.

BUFFY

You have a choice. You don't have a good choice: what's behind door number three is pretty much a dead fish but you have a choice. You're opting for mass murder here and nothing you say to me is gonna make that okay.

FORD

You think I need to justify myself to you?

BUFFY

I think this is part of your little fantasy drama. Isn't this just how you imagined it? You tell me how you've suffered and I feel sorry for you. Well I do feel sorry for you and if those vampires come in here and start feeding I'll kill you myself.

For a moment, Ford betrays an entirely genuine affection. He almost smiles, and quietly says:

FORD

You know what, Summers? I really did miss you.

There is a NOISE behind the iron door. Of people approaching.

BUFFY

Ford, please. Help me stop this.

He just stares at her.

She heads around the balcony and down the stairs. A few have gathered on them, the others clustered behind.

BUFFY

Listen to me. This is not the mothership, okay? This is ugly death come to play. If we can barricade the door maybe we can hold them off and try to find another --

WHAM! Ford slams her in the back of the head with a crowbar. Whatever emotion he was battling has left the building. His face is cold.

Buffy drops to her knees as people scatter. She rises, turns -- Ford hits her again

and she goes over a couch.

ANGLE: CHANTARELLE

Looks at Ford in fear and confusion. She starts up the stairs for the door.

ANGLE: THE DOOR -

Swings open. Spike and his cronies step in. He comes face to face with Chantarelle.

He's not quite what she expected.

He grabs her, snarls, bares his fangs. She goes white with terror.

SPIKE

(to his men)

Take them all. Save the Slayer for me!

His men charge down the steps and wade into the now panicking throng. Spike buries his fangs in Chantarelle's neck.

As Ford comes around the couch for a third hit. She grabs the bar, wrenches it free and slams Ford head first into a pillar. He drops like a sack of unconscious person.

Buffy looks at the scene: Vamps chase or wrestle with various True Believers. Buffy looks up to see:

ANGLE: DRUSILLA

Who has wandered in last, and stands on the balcony a ways away from the busily feeding Spike.

Without hesitation Buffy runs - jumps onto the banister, thence to the balcony with impossible (and wire-gag-free) strength. She lands by Drusilla and grabs her, whips out a stake and palaces it at Dru's heart.

BUFFY

Spike!

He stops. Fear blossoms on his face and he lets go of Chantarelle, who can barely stand.

SPIKE

Everybody STOP!

Everybody does.

BUFFY

Good idea. Now they all walk out or your girlfriend fits in an ashtray.

DRUSILLA

Spike...

SPIKE

It's gonna be all right, baby.  
(To his men)

Let them go.

The True Believers waste no time in going, Diego pushing his way to the front. The last of them stops to help Chantarelle out.

Buffy starts pushing Dru toward the door.

BUFFY  
(to Spike)  
Down the stairs. Do it now.

He doesn't.

BUFFY  
You think I'm joking? You think I'm  
feeling jolly right now?

He does.

Buffy reaches the door. A moment. Then she hurls Drusilla down at Spike. Spike catches Dru as a couple of vampires rush Buffy. She grabs the door and steps out, slamming it shut behind her.

Spike races up to the door with his men, looks at it. Pauses.

SPIKE  
Uh, where's the doorknob?

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Buffy steps out to find Xander, Angel and Willow there. Angel is heading inside as Xander and Willow tend the wounded. Angel stops upon seeing Buffy.

BUFFY  
You guys got here just in time... to be late.

ANGEL  
Why didn't you tell us you were  
coming here?

She just looks at him.

WILLOW  
Are there vampires --

BUFFY  
They're contained. They'll get out eventually,  
though. We should clear out. We can  
come back when they're gone.

XANDER  
Come back for what?

Buffy turns to look inside.

BUFFY  
For the body.

INT. THE SUNSET CLUB - NIGHT

As Ford stands groggily up, looks around him.

FORD  
What happened?

Spike turns, looking bloody-minded.

SPIKE  
We're stuck in the basement.

FORD  
Buffy?

SPIKE  
She's not stuck in the basement.

FORD  
Hey, well, I delivered. I handed her  
to you.

SPIKE  
Yes, I suppose you did.

FORD  
So what about my reward?

Spike stares at him.

INT. THE SUNSET CLUB - AFTERNOON

We can actually see light streaming in through the door -- which is ripped mostly off its hinges. Buffy enters, walks slowly down the stairs.

The body is on the floor. She stands over it.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - SUNSET

The last rays of the sun are glancing off the trees as Buffy stands at Ford's grave, Giles beside her.

BUFFY  
I don't know what I'm supposed to say.

GILES  
You don't need to say anything.

BUFFY  
It'd be simpler if I could just hate him.  
I think he wanted me to. I think it made  
it easier for him. Be the bad guy. The  
villain of the piece. But really, he  
was scared.

GILES  
I suppose he was.

BUFFY

You know it's just, like, nothing's simple.  
I'm always trying to work it out. Who to  
hate, or love ... who to trust... it's like  
the more I know, the more confused I get.

GILES

I believe that's called growing up.

BUFFY

(little voice)

I'd like to stop, then. Okay?

GILES

I know the feeling.

BUFFY

Well, does it ever get easy?

Ford BURSTS from the grave, a snarling VAMPIRE, and lunges at Buffy -- who plants a stake firmly in his chest. She doesn't even look as he explodes into dust.

GILES

You mean life?

BUFFY

Yeah. Does it get easy?

GILES

What do you want me to say.

She thinks about it a moment.

BUFFY

Lie to me.

GILES

Yes. It's terribly simple.

As they start out of the graveyard:

GILES

The good-guys are stalwart and true.  
The bad-guys are easily distinguished  
by their pointy horns or black hats and  
we always defeat them and save the day.  
Nobody ever dies...and everybody lives  
happily ever after.

BLACK OUT.

BUFFY (O.S.)

(with weary affection)

Liar.

END OF SHOW