

# What's My Line, Part 1 (formerly "The New Slayer")

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## Teaser

INT. SCHOOL LOUNGE - DAY

FADE UP ON BANNER- "CAREER FAIR STARTS TOMORROW"

CAMERA pans down.

A GUIDANCE COUNSELOR sits behind a table from which a sign hangs  
-"VOCATIONAL APTITUDE TESTS."

WILLOW grabs a test and a number 2 pencil from the table- moves to BUFFY and  
XANDER, who sit filling out their forms.

XANDER

"Are you a people person or do you  
prefer keeping your own company?"  
What if I'm a people person who  
keeps his own company by default?

BUFFY

So - mark "none of the above."

XANDER

There is no box for "none of the above."  
That would introduce too many variables  
into their mushroom head, number-crunching  
little world.

WILLOW

I'm sensing bitterness.

XANDER

It's just - these people can't tell from  
one multiple choice test what we're  
supposed to do for the rest of our lives.  
It's ridiculous.

WILLOW

I'm kind of curious to find out what  
sort of career I could have.

XANDER

And suck all the spontaneity out of  
being young and stupid? I'd rather  
live in the dark.

WILLOW

We won't be young forever.

XANDER

I'll always be stupid.

(beat)

Okay, let's not all rush to disagree...

BUFFY

You're not stupid.

(looking up)

Do I like shrubs?

XANDER

That's between you and your God.

BUFFY

(to Willow)

What'd you put?

WILLOW

I came down on the side of shrubs.

BUFFY

Go shrubs. Okay.

(puts down pencil)

I shouldn't even be bothering with this.

It's all moot-ville for me. No matter what my aptitude test says - I already know my deal.

XANDER

Yep. High risk, sub-minimum wage...

BUFFY

(holds up pencil)

Pointy wooden things.

WILLOW

So why are you even taking the test?

BUFFY

It's Principal Snyder's "hoop" of the week. He's not happy unless I'm jumping. Believe me, I wouldn't be here otherwise.

WILLOW

You're not even a teensy weensy bit curious about what kind of career you could have had? I mean, if you weren't already the Slayer and all.

BUFFY

(snapping)

Do the words "sealed" and "fate" ring any bells for you, Will? Why go there?

Willow looks stung by Buffy's tone.

XANDER  
(to Buffy)  
You know, with that kind of attitude  
you could have had a bright future  
as an employee of the DMV.

BUFFY  
I'm sorry. It's just - unless hell freezes  
over and every vamp in Sunnydale puts  
in for early retirement - I'd say my future  
is pretty much a non-issue.

CUT TO:

INT. FACTORY - NIGHT

Speaking of vamps... Here's DRUSILLA - wrapped in a black shawl and looking even paler than usual. She stands at one end of the long dining table, laying out TAROT CARDS. She is humming, swaying-

DRUSILLA  
(sings/discordant)  
I HEAR MUSIC AND THERE'S NO  
ONE THERE... ALL NIGHT LONG  
I SEEM TO WALK ON AIR... I  
WONDER WHY, I WONDER WHY...

ANGLE TO INCLUDE SPIKE

At the other end of the table. He PACES ANXIOUSLY HOLDING A LATIN/ENGLISH DICTIONARY, while ANOTHER VAMP (DALTON) sits, carefully going over a LARGE MANUSCRIPT. DALTON has the serious look of a scholar - sort of an anti-Giles.

SPIKE  
(to Dalton)  
Read it again-

DALTON  
I'm not sure... It could be... Deprimere  
ille bubula linter.

Spike looks through the dictionary. Then reads-

SPIKE  
Debase the beef canoe.

A beat. Then he SLAMS Dalton upside the head with the dictionary.

SPIKE  
Why does that strike me as not right?

Drusilla turns to him, still HUMMING, and opens her arms -

DRUSILLA  
Spike? Come dance.

Spike bristles at her voice.

SPIKE

(flashing)  
Give us some peace, would you?  
Can't you see I'm working?

Drusilla looks shocked at his outburst. Spike is instantly remorseful. He moves to her.

SPIKE  
I'm sorry, kitten. It's just - this  
manuscript is supposed to hold  
your cure, But it reads like jibberish-

Drusilla turns away from him - wounded. Spike is desperate to appease her.

SPIKE  
I'm frazzled is all. I never had the Latin.  
Even Dalton here, the big brain, even  
he can't make heads or tails of it -

DRUSILLA  
I - I need to change Miss Edith.

She starts to walk away, but falters. Suddenly weak - she tries to grab the table to keep from falling. Spike RUSHES to her side - saves her from taking a bad tumble.

He moves her gently back to a chair at the table - brushing her shawl aside in the process. We see for the first time that her ARMS ARE MARKED WITH DEEP BRUISES. Spike can't look at them, averts his eyes. He kneels by her, desperate.

SPIKE  
Forgive me. You know I can't stand  
seeing you like this...  
(then/frustrated)  
And we're running out of time. It's that  
bloody slayer. Whenever I turn around  
she's mucking up the works.

A beat. Drusilla softens. Moved by his sincere feeling.

DRUSILLA  
Shhhhhhh. Shhhhhhh. You'll make  
it right. I know.

Thankful for her benediction, Spike takes her hand. Kisses it. Then he stands, full of fire - which he turns on POOR DALTON.

SPIKE  
Well? Come on now. Enlighten me.

DALTON  
(nervous)  
I - It looks like Latin, but it's not.  
I'm not even sure it's a language.  
Not one I can decipher, anyway...

Spike moves to him - furious.

SPIKE  
Then make it a language. Isn't that

what a transcriber does?

DALTON  
Not - not exactly.

Spike GRABS DALTON. Lifts him out of his seat with ONE HAND. Ready to do some serious damage.

SPIKE  
I want the cure -

At the other end of the table, DRUSILLA is STARING at the tarot cards. Glances up at SPIKE ABOUT TO POUND DALTON.

DRUSILLA  
Don't -

SPIKE  
Why not? Some people find pain -

He SLAMS Dalton in the GUT, doubling him over.

SPIKE  
-very inspirational.

Spike gets ready to punch him again. But Drusilla speaks up -

DRUSILLA  
He can't help you.  
(then)  
Not without the key.

This stops Spike cold. He turns to her.

SPIKE  
The key? You mean the book is in  
some kind of code?

Drusilla nods. Spike drops Dalton in a heap - moves to her. She nods to A TAROT CARD she has turned. Spike follows her gaze.

CLOSE ON CARD

It is an etching of a ruined CRYPT, which is overgrown with ivy - prominent above a field of tilted gravestones.

ON DRU AND SPIKE

SPIKE  
Is that where we'll find this key?

Dru nods again. Spike grins.

SPIKE  
I'll send the boys pronto.

DRUSILLA

Now will you dance?

SPIKE  
I'll dance with you, pet. On the  
slayer's grave.

He laughs, lifts her gently into his arms - supporting her frail body as he spins her to the music only she can hear.

BLACK OUT

END TEASER

## Act One

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

Dead leaves scrape and tumble across the ground, riding a stiff wind. A storm threatens. Under this we hear a rhythmic TINK TINK TINK. We drift among the gravestones, landing on Buffy in a close up. She is craning to hear the sound. She turns, camera racking past her to a LARGE MAUSOLEUM - one that matches THE PICTURE ON DRUSILLA'S TAROT CARD. Buffy moves toward it.

MOVING WITH BUFFY

The tinkling sound grows louder as she nears the mausoleum. She finds the solid iron door ajar. Torchlight flickers hellishly through the narrow margin. Buffy looks inside.

WHAT SHE SEES

INT. MAUSOLEUM - NIGHT

A torch is set in the ground, illuminating the work of a dark figure - who FINALLY BREAKS the lock of a vault door embedded in the far wall. The thief opens the vault and GRABS something from it - then he makes for the exit.

EXT. CEMETERY - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Buffy waits for the thief to hit the exit, Then -

BUFFY  
Does "rest in peace" have no sanctity  
to you people?

She TACKLES HIM. The thief hits the ground hard and a red velvet BAG that obviously contains something heavy falls from his hands. We see now that it's DALTON - the vamp transcriber.

BUFFY  
Oh, I forgot - you're not a people.

Buffy pulls a stake, is about to dust Dalton when ANOTHER VAMPIRE Appears behind her. He's formidable - looking. He advances, unseen by Buffy...

Or so we think - until she wheels, knocking him back with a vicious JUMPING KICK.

Buffy grabs Vamp #2, drives him HEAD FIRST into a TREE TRUNK. He crumples to the ground. She stakes him - dusto.

BUFFY  
One down -

The she spins - ready to take on DALTON. But he's history. And so is the red velvet bag he stole from the vault. On Buffy's curiosity.

BUFFY  
One gone...

INT. BUFFY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

ANGEL waits for Buffy. He wanders restlessly, looking at her stuff. He does not notice as BUFFY appears at the open window.

A beat as she watches him, oblivious to her. Then she TOSSES her equipment bag into the room. Angel JUMPS - turns to her - holding one of her stuffed animals. A CUTE PIG.

ANGEL  
Buffy - you scared me.

She climbs inside.

BUFFY  
Now you know what it feels like, stealth-guy.

She smiles, but the edge she had earlier is still evident.

BUFFY  
So. Just dropping by for some quality  
time with Mr. Gordo?

ANGEL  
Excuse me?

BUFFY  
The pig.

Angel looks down. Sees he's still holding the stuffed toy.

ANGEL  
Oh, I, no-

He puts the toy down - feeling dorky.

BUFFY  
What's up?

ANGEL  
Nothing.

BUFFY  
You don't have "nothing" face. You have

"something" face. And you don't have to  
whisper. Mom's in L.A. till Thursday.  
Art buying, or something.

ANGEL

(confesses)

I wanted to make sure you were okay.  
I had a bad feeling.

BUFFY

(curt)

Oh surprise. Angel comes with bad news.

Angel reacts to her snipe. Buffy relents.

BUFFY

Sorry... I've been cranky miss all day.  
It's not you.

ANGEL

What is it, then?

BUFFY

We're having this thing at school-

ANGEL

Career week?

BUFFY

How did you know?

ANGEL

I lurk.

BUFFY

Oh, right. So you know, then. It's this  
whole week of "what's my line?" Only  
I don't get to play.  
(then)  
Sometimes I just want...

She stops herself.

ANGEL

You want - what? It's okay.

BUFFY

The Cliffnotes versions? I want a  
normal life. Like I had before.

ANGEL

Before me.

A long beat. Buffy regards herself in her mirror. Alone. Angel, of course, does not  
reflect. Finally -

BUFFY

It's not that. It's just... This career  
business has me contemplating the



el weirdo that I am. Let's face it -  
instead of a job I have a calling.  
Okay? No chess club or football games  
for me. I spend my free time in grave  
yards and dark alleys...

ANGEL

Is that what you want? Football games?

BUFFY

Maybe. Maybe not. But, you know what? -  
I'm never going to get the chance to find  
out. I'm stuck in this deal.

Angel reacts - he can't hide his hurt. Moves to go.

ANGEL

I don't want you to feel stuck-

Buffy realizes how she sounded. Stops him.

BUFFY

Angel - I don't mean you. You're the  
one freaky thing in my freaky world  
that makes sense to me.

(then)

I just get messed sometimes - wish we  
could be like regular kids.

He nods, relenting.

ANGEL

I'll never be a kid.

BUFFY

Okay then. Just a regular kid and her  
cradle-robbing, creature-of-the-night  
boyfriend.

Angel's eyes travel to the mirror - he notices something.

ANGEL

Was this part of your normal life?

He reaches past her, plucks a photo from the mirror's frame.

INSERT PHOTO

A younger Buffy figure skating. Performing a perfect arabesque.

RETURN

Buffy softens, takes the photo from him.

BUFFY

My Dorothy Hamill phase. My room in  
L.A. was this major shrine - Dorothy  
posters, Dorothy dolls. I even got the  
Dorothy haircut.

(embarrassed)  
Thereby securing a place for myself  
in the Geek Hall of Fame.

ANGEL  
You wanted to be like her.

BUFFY  
I wanted to be her.  
(then)  
My parents used to fight a lot. Skating  
was an escape. I felt safe...

Angel replaces the photograph in the mirror frame.

ANGEL  
When was the last time you put  
on your skates?

Buffy thinks.

BUFFY  
Like, a couple hundred demons ago.

ANGEL  
There's a rink out past Route 17.  
It's closed on Tuesdays.

BUFFY  
Tomorrow's Tuesday.

ANGEL  
I know.

Off the charged look between the, prelap:

WILLOW (V.O.)  
Just the two of you?

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Between-period mayhem. Buffy opens her locker, stows her backpack inside, Willow dogging her.

WILLOW  
Alone?

BUFFY  
Unless some unforeseen evil pops up.  
But I'm in full see-no-evil mode.

Buffy closes her locker, and we follow her and Willow down the hall.

WILLOW  
Angel, ice-skating...

BUFFY  
I know. Two worlds collide.

Xander catches up to them. Severely disturbed.

XANDER  
Wouldn't you two say you know me  
about as well as anyone? Maybe  
even better than I know myself?

WILLOW  
What's this about?

XANDER  
(point blank)  
When you look at me, do you think  
prison guard?

Buffy and Willow look him over appraisingly.

BUFFY  
Crossing guard, maybe. But prison guard?

She shakes her head.

XANDER  
They just put up the assignments for  
the career fair. And according to my  
test results, I can look forward to being  
gainfully employed in the growing  
field of corrections.

BUFFY  
At least you'll be on the right side  
of the bars.

XANDER  
Laugh now, missy. They assigned you  
to the booth for 'law enforcement  
professionals.'

BUFFY  
As in police?

XANDER  
As in polyester, donuts, and brutality.

BUFFY  
Uggh.

WILLOW  
(cheerfully)  
But, donuts...

Buffy doesn't love this news, when something O.C. draws her attention.

BUFFY  
I'll jump off that bridge when I come

to it. First I have to deal with Giles-

GILES is entering the library up ahead, a foot-tall stack of books teetering under his chin.

BUFFY

He's on this Tony Robbins hyper-efficiency kick. He wants me to check in with him now every day after homeroom.

She moves off. Willow turns to Xander:

WILLOW

You didn't check to see which seminar I was assigned to, did you?

XANDER

I did. And you weren't.

WILLOW

I wasn't what?

XANDER

On any of the lists.

Willow is confused.

WILLOW

But I handed in my test. I used a number two pencil.

XANDER

Then I guess you must've passed.

WILLOW

It's not the kind of test you pass or fail.

XANDER

Your name wasn't up there, Will.

Off Willow, who wonders why she's not on the list-

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Giles struggles, trying to set the books down on a library table. They tilt, about to topple- when Buffy catches them.

GILES

Oh, Buffy. Thank you.

She helps ease them down for a safe landing.

GILES

I've been indexing the Watcher Diaries covering the past two centuries. You'd be amazed at how numbingly long-winded some of these watchers were.

BUFFY  
Color me stunned.

Giles opens his notebook.

GILES  
I trust last night's patrol was fruitful.

BUFFY  
Semi. I caught one out of two vamps  
after they stole something from this  
jumbo mausoleum at the cemetery-

GILES  
They were stealing?

BUFFY  
Yep. They had tools, torches, the whole  
nine yards...  
(then)  
What does that mean? The whole nine  
yards... nine yards of what? Now that's  
gonna bug me all day.

When Buffy comes out of her thought bubble, she sees Giles pacing, visibly  
disturbed.

BUFFY  
Giles, you're in pace mode. What gives?

GILES  
The vampire who escaped - did you  
see what he took?

BUFFY  
No - but let me take a wild guess.  
Some old thing?

GILES  
I'm serious, Buffy.

BUFFY  
So am I. I bet it was downright crusty.

Giles is losing patience with her.

GILES  
So you made no effort to find out  
what was taken?

Buffy looks at Giles, surprised by his tone.

BUFFY  
Have a cow, Giles. I thought it was  
just everyday vamp hijinks.

GILES  
Well it wasn't. It could be very serious.  
If you'd made more of an effort to be

thorough in your observations-

BUFFY

(cutting him off/hurt)

If you don't like the way I'm doing my job - why don't you find someone else? Oh right. "There can be only one." Long as I'm alive, there isn't anyone else. Well, there you go! I don't have to be the Slayer. I could be dead!

GILES

That's not terrible funny. You'll notice I don't laugh.

BUFFY

Wouldn't be much of a change, anyway. I mean, either way I'm bored, constricted, I never get to shop and my hair and fingernails continue to grow so really, what's the dif?

GILES

Must we be introspective now? Our only concern at this moment should be to discover what was stolen from that mausoleum last night.

CUT TO:

A LARGE SILVER CRUCIFIX

Atop a velvet pillow. The cross bar is dotted with what appears to be randomly placed HOLES, like swiss cheese.

SPIKE (O.S.)

This is it, then?

WIDEN AND WE ARE:

INT. FACTORY - DRUSILLA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Spike sits at the edge of her bed, holding the pillowed cross out to Drusilla like an offering. Drusilla's quivering hands hover over the crucifix, but don't make contact. As if she's warming them.

DRUSILLA

It hums. I can hear it.

SPIKE

Once you're well again, we'll have a coronation down Main Street. We'll invite everyone... and drink for seven days and seven nights-

DALTON (O.S.)

What about the Slayer?

ANGLE TO INCLUDE DALTON

Standing at a deferential distance. Spike turns, angry at the interruption.

DALTON  
She almost blew the whole thing for us.  
She's trouble.

SPIKE  
(sarcastic)  
You don't say...

Now Spike is pacing again, ramping up with every word.

SPIKE  
Trouble? She's the gnat in my ear.  
The gristle in my teeth. The bloody  
thorn in my bloody side!

He slams the table with his fist - alarming even Dru.

DRUSILLA  
Spike-

SPIKE  
No. Smart guy is right. We have to do  
something. There's no way we'll  
complete your cure with that bitch  
breathing down our necks...  
(then/realizing)  
I need the big guns. They'll take of her.  
Once and for all.

DALTON  
Big guns?

SPIKE  
The Order of Taranta.

Dalton is clearly taken aback by the name.

DALTON  
The bounty hunters? For the Slayer?

Dru takes her DECK OF TAROT CARDS from the bedside. Peels three from the deck -  
gazes at them.

DRUSILLA  
They're coming to my party,  
three of them.

DALTON  
But... The Order of Taranta. I mean,  
don't you think that's overkill?

Spike grins. Looks down at Drusilla's cards.

SPIKE

No. I think it's just enough kill.

Camera follows his look down to the cards - where three images have formed. Ominous, archetypal etchings of a CYCLOPS, an INSECT, and a JAGUAR. Creeping in on the fearsome triumvirate, we:

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

## Act Two

INT. SCHOOL LOUNGE - DAY

A WALL CLOCK

Reads 2:30. We hear the frenetic buzz of activity.

The career fair is up and running. Students cluster around a dozen or more Booths manned by representatives from various professions. Among them, A PHYSICIAN, a U.S. POSTAL WORKER, and a UNIFORMED POLICEWOMAN. CAMERA drifts through the thickening crowd, finds Willow worriedly surveying the action. Xander steps up to her.

XANDER

What are you doing here? Fly! Be free  
little bird - you defy category!

WILLOW

I'm looking for Buffy.

XANDER

She left with Giles an hour ago. Some  
kind of - "field trip" - deal.

WILLOW

If she doesn't get back soon,  
Snyder's really -  
(suddenly perking up)  
-done a fantastic job setting up the  
fair this year, hasn't he, Xander?

SNYDER has marched up to them.

XANDER

(facetious)

Principal Snyder! Great career fair, sir.  
Really. In fact, I'm so inspired by your  
leadership - I'm thinking principal  
school. I want to walk in your shoes.  
Not your actual shoes, of course.  
Because you're a tiny person. Not  
tiny in the small sense, of course...

(then)

Okay. Done now.

Snyder doesn't even grace this with response.



SNYDER  
(to Willow)  
Where is she?

WILLOW  
(innocently)  
Who?

SNYDER  
You know who.

WILLOW  
Oh, you mean Buffy? I just saw her-

SNYDER  
Don't feed me that I-just-saw-her-a-  
minute-ago-she's-around-here-somewhere  
story.

Willow is like a deer caught in the headlights.

WILLOW  
But I did - see her a minute ago.  
And she is - around here somewhere.

XANDER  
For what it's worth-

SNYDER  
It's worth nothing, Harris. Whatever  
sound comes out of your mouth is a  
meaningless waste of breath. An  
airborne toxic event.

XANDER  
I'm glad you feel comfortable enough  
to be so honest with me. And I only  
hope that I'm in a position one day to  
be as honest with you.

Snyder looks at Xander as if examining a rare bug.

SNYDER  
Fascinating.

He moves off -

XANDER  
I'd love to stay and chat, but I have  
an appointment with the warden on  
standard riot procedure.

WILLOW  
Okay. See you-

Xander moves off. Willow gives him a slightly forlorn little wave.

SUIT MAN

Willow Rosenberg?

She turns -

ANGLE TO INCLUDE TWO SECRET SERVICE - TYPE MEN

Flanking Willow - not threateningly, but commandingly. They wear identical dark suits.

SUIT MAN  
Come with us please?

WILLOW  
Excuse me?

SUIT MAN  
Let's walk.

Willow reluctantly allows herself to be led past several booths to a velvet cordon, stepping up into:

THE ELEVATED SECTION OF THE LOUNGE

Two free-standing walls separate this area from the general population - and Willow feels like she's dropped down the rabbit hole. The space has been refurbished into a deco salon. Soft lighting. A gently BOSSA NOVA plays from hidden speakers. On the wall there is a LOGO of a company that looks STRANGELY LIKE the MICROSOFT LOGO.

A white-gloved WAITER approaches with a silver tray of hors d'oeuvres.

SUIT MAN  
Try the canape. It's excellent.

WILLOW  
What is all this?

SUIT MAN  
You've been selected to meet with  
Mr. Macelroy, head recruiter for the  
world's leading software concern.  
The jet was delayed by fog at Sea-Tac,  
but he should be here any minute-  
(then)  
Please. Make yourself comfortable.

He and suit Guy #2 start to leave, but Willow stops them.

WILLOW  
But - I didn't even get my test back.

SUIT MAN  
The test was irrelevant. We've been  
tracking you for some time.

WILLOW  
Is that a good thing?

SUIT MAN  
I would think so. We're extremely  
selective. In fact, only one other  
Sunnydale student met our criteria.

Now Suit Man and his cohort exit through the partition. Willow takes in her surroundings, stunned.

She turns - sees, for the first time, that OZ IS THE OTHER STUDENT SUIT MAN was referring to. He's sitting on a plush couch, looking unfazed - as usual. When he sees Willow, his expression registers the coolest hint of delight.

Willow moves to the couch - sits next to him. An awkward beat. This whole thing is too strange. Finally, OZ lifts the hors d'oeuvres. Offers one to Willow.

OZ  
Canape?

INT. CEMETERY - DAY - MOVING

Giles tries to keep pace with Buffy, who moves at a brisk clip, still hurt from before. She carries a flashlight.

GILES  
Buffy. Please. Slow down.

BUFFY  
Get with the program, Giles.  
We have work to do, remember?

GILES  
You're behaving in a terrible  
immature manner-

BUFFY  
Bingo. You know why? I am immature!  
I'm a teen! I've yet to mature!

GILES  
I was simply offering a little  
constructive criticism-

BUFFY  
You were harsh. You act like I picked  
this gig. But I'm the picked. Too bad  
if I want a normal job.

GILES  
What you have is more than a... gig.  
It's a sacred duty.

Buffy gives him a "been there, heard that" look. Giles scrambles - trying to calm her.

GILES  
Which shouldn't prevent you from  
eventually procuring a more...  
mundane form of employment if

you like. Such as I have.

BUFFY

It's one thing being a Watcher and a librarian. They go together - like chicken and... another chicken. Two chickens. Or something.

Off Giles' look.

BUFFY

You know what I'm saying - you can spend all your time with a bunch of books and no one blinks. But what can I do? Carve stakes for a nursery?

GILES

Point taken. I suppose I've never really thought about-  
(stops; then)  
Tell me. Have you ever considered law enforcement?

Buffy blinks. Though she's spared from having to answer because they've come to the mausoleum.

BUFFY

This is the place.

Buffy pulls open the heavy iron door, enters, Giles following her into:

INT. MAUSOLEUM - DAY

Buffy clicks on her flashlight, guiding the beam through the dusty gloom. She leads Giles to the open vault door.

GILES

May I?

BUFFY

Be my guest.

Giles takes the flashlight. Shines it into the empty vault.

GILES

It's a reliquary, used to house items of religious significance. Most commonly, a finger or some other body part from a saint.

BUFFY

Note to self: Religion - freaky.

Giles turns, paints the wall with the flashlight beam-which now falls across letters carved in the granite above the doorway: du Lac.

GILES

Du Lac...

(with recognition and concern)

Oh dear.

Buffy reacts to his tone.

BUFFY

I hate when you say that.

GILES

Josephus du Lac is buried here.

BUFFY

Was he a saint?

GILES

Hardly. He belonged to a sect of priests who were excommunicated by the Vatican at the turn of the century.

BUFFY

Excommunicated and sent to Sunnydale. Must have been big with the sinning.

GILES

Remember the book that was stolen from the library by a vampire a few weeks back? It was written by du Lac and his cohorts -

(frustrated)

Damn it. In all the excitement, I let it slip my mind -

BUFFY

I'm guessing it wasn't a Taste of the Vatican Cookbook.

GILES

The book is said to contain rituals and spells that reap unspeakable evil. However, it was written in archaic Latin - so nobody but the sect members could read it.

BUFFY

Then everything's cool. The sect is gone. Worm food like old du Lac, right?

GILES

I don't like it, Buffy. First the book is taken from the library. Now vampires steal something from du Lac's tomb...

BUFFY

You think they've figured out how to read the book?

GILES

I don't know. But something's coming, Buffy. And I guarantee, whatever it

is - it's not good.

With which Giles moves off purposefully, Buffy following. Hold on the black interior of the vault -

EXT. BUS STATION - DAY

The sign on the brick wall reads: SUNNYDALE. A BUS rumbles into frame, squeals to a stop in a cloud of exhaust.

CLOSE ON THE STAIRS OF THE BUS

We hear the doors open with a hydraulic hiss. A passenger gets off. And another. Then an ENORMOUS PAIR OF BOOTS fill the frame.

We pan up to see a GIANT. Seven feet tall in boots, and a hard four hundred pounds. A thick, milky cataract covers one eye. His other eye is set deep in the fleshy mask of assorted scars and carbuncles he calls a face. His name is OCTARUS. And as he descends the stairs and moves out of frame-

CUT TO:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

A mild-mannered man in a suit too large for his slight frame strides down the sidewalk, toting a brief case and whistling. His name is MR. PFISTER. He moves past a familiar house - past the sidewalk mail box on which is stenciled the name "SUMMERS." He moves up the walk of the ADJACENT house.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Mr. Pfister climbs the stoop, and rings the doorbell. He mechanically adjusts the knot in his tie. He smiles at the tired-looking HOUSEWIFE who opens the door.

MR. PFISTER  
Mrs. Kalish?

MRS. KALISH  
Yes?

MR. PFISTER  
I'm Norman Pfister, with Quintessence  
Skin Care. I'm not selling anything,  
so I'm not asking you to buy.  
(holds up case)  
Just to accept a few free samples.

MRS. KALISH  
Free?

MR. PFISTER  
Absolutely.

She considers him for a moment, then opens the door for him. He enters past her, and she closes the door.

Hold for a beat. Another beat. Then an ear-splitting SCREAM issues from behind the

closed door. Prelap the thundering sound of four JET ENGINES, as:

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY (STOCK)

A 767 comes in for a landing.

INT. 767 CARGO HOLD - DAY

Dark. Jet engines rev down. We hear METALLICA bleeding up. KA-CHUNK. The hatch opens. Sunlight blasts inside. Along with the heavy metal. A BAGGAGE HANDLER climbs into the hold, boom box cranked up past eleven.

CREEPING POV

Someone - or something - observes the handler from behind the cargo netting. As he begins downloading luggage onto the conveyor belt.

ANGLE : HANDLERS

The baggage handler pauses to air guitar a solo, when he sees a SILHOUETTE dart between crates, then melt into the shadows.

BAGGAGE HANDLER  
What the hell -

He kills the tape, starts toward the shadows.

BAGGAGE HANDLER  
Hey! You're not supposed to be  
in here!

But there's no answer.

BAGGAGE HANDLER  
Come on -

His thought is CUT SHORT by a series of BLOWS which come out of nowhere, rocks him back on his heels. He falls to the floor, moaning slightly so we know he's not dead.

FOOTSTEPS echo. A shadow stretches across the fallen handler. Camera tracks slowly along the lengthening shadow to the open hatch, where the silhouetted figure now stands.

We stop on an ETHNIC YOUNG WOMAN, her feline, feral eyes getting used to the sudden light. She's a predator, a hunter, and her name is KENDRA. And as she jumps out of frame, onto the tarmac -

EXT. SUNNYDALE HIGH - LATE DAY (STOCK)

Pretty much dead. Sports practices and extra-curricular activities are done for the day. Except -

INT. LIBRARY

Buffy, Willow, and Xander sit around the table.

WILLOW  
(to Buffy)

So Giles is sure that the vampire who stole his book is connected to the one you slayed last night? Or is it "slew?"

GILES (O.S.)  
Both are correct.

Giles emerges from the stacks with a yellowed periodical.

GILES  
And yes. I'm sure.

Giles sets the magazine down before them. It's a National Geographic, circa 1921.

GILES  
du Lac was both a theologian and a mathematician. This article describes an invention of his, which he called the du Lac Cross.

XANDER  
Why go to all the trouble of inventing something and then give a weak name like that? I'd have gone with "Cross-o-matic!" or "The Amazing Mr. Cross!"

Xander is getting the stare again. He stops. Then Giles indicates a yellowing photo of the stolen crucifix. Willow peruses the accompanying article.

GILES  
The cross was more than a symbol. It was also used to understand certain mystical texts - to decipher hidden meanings and so forth.

BUFFY  
You're saying these vampires went to all that trouble for your basic decoder ring?

Giles regards her for a blank beat. Then:

GILES  
Actually, I guess I am.

WILLOW  
(re: article)  
According to this, du Lac destroyed every one of the crosses - except the one buried with him.

BUFFY



Why destroy his own work?

GILES

I suppose he feared what might happen  
if the cross fell into the wrong hands.

XANDER

A fear we'll soon get to experience for  
ourselves, up close and personal.

GILES

Unless we preempt their plans.

WILLOW

How?

GILES

By learning what was in the book  
before they do.

Giles regards the group with grim purpose.

GILES

Which means we can expect to be  
here late tonight.

WILLOW

Goody! Research party!

XANDER

Will, you need a life in the worst way.

BUFFY

Speaking of... I have to bail. I promise  
I'll be back bright and early, perky  
and ready to slay.

Giles looks at her, perplexed.

GILES

This is a matter of some urgency, Buffy.

BUFFY

I know. But you have to admit, I lack  
in the book area. You guys are the brains.  
I'd just be around for moral support-

XANDER

That's not true, Buffy. You totally  
contribute. You go for snacks.

Willow and Buffy exchange a quick glance. Willow knows what's up.

WILLOW

She should go. You know, gather  
her strength?

GILES

Perhaps you're right. There may be

fierce battles ahead.

XANDER

But - Ho Ho's are a vital part of  
my cognitive process.

BUFFY

Sorry, Xand. I have something I really  
need to do tonight-

Off Giles and Xander's curious faces.

INT. SKATING RINK - NIGHT

CLOSE ON

A PAIR OF ICE SKATES as they SHAVE THE ICE, stopping on a dime.

WIDEN TO INCLUDE BUFFY

Alone on the ice, which seems to glow from the moonlight filtering in from the high-grimy windows.

She breathes in the cool air - takes off again.

MOVING WITH BUFFY

As she enters a clear frame, picking up speed. Remembering the movement. And the rush. Her blowing hair frames a smile she hasn't allowed herself in the longest time.

ANGLE - POV FROM BLEACHERS

Watching Buffy skate. Spinning into a tight pirouette. She's good. She's very good.

REVERSE ANGLE

The darkness seems to shift - as a face distinguishes itself from the shadows. Watching Buffy. It's Octarus. The HUGE, SCARY GUY. As we -

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

## **Act Three**

INT. SKATING RINK - NIGHT

GLIDING LOW AND FAST

With Buffy's skates across the ice, then tilting up to Buffy. She's transported, her face set in a concentrated smile.

She pivots, skating backward, getting up her nerve and picking up speed - then launching into an airborne twirl.

Losing her balance at the apex, and -

LOW ANGLE

Buffy lands hard, the momentum carrying her a good ten feet before she comes to a stop.

She catches her breath - when she sees a shadow move across the ice in front of her. She looks around hopefully -

BUFFY  
Angel?

Only it's not Angel. It's OCTARUS. And his giant hands are already AROUND HER NECK. He lifts her like a rag doll and carries her OFF THE ICE AND ONTO THE RINK'S RUBBER DECK - pinning her AGAINST THE WALL.

Buffy thrashes - pulls on Octarus' HUGE HANDS - but finds herself unable to break his grip. He tightens his hold on her and we see a horrible and unfamiliar fear on Buffy's face - the fear of death.

ANGEL (O.C.)  
Buffy!

Octarus turns at the interruption, just in time to meet Angel's FIST. Octarus releases his grip on Buffy, and she falls to the ground in a gasping heap.

REVEAL

ANGEL IN FULL VAMP FURY

AS OCTARUS slams a HAM SIZED FIST into his face - sending him sprawling. Angel immediately gets up to defend himself, but finds he is trapped in an alcove.

Angel ROARS, standing his ground bravely as Octarus moves in for the kill -

ANGLE : BUFFY

regains her feet. Seeing Angel in trouble, she vaults over the wooden bench, and:

ANOTHER ANGLE

Buffy lands directly behind Octarus.

BUFFY  
What ever happened to fat and jolly?

As he turns, she takes to the air, executing a textbook SPINNING WHEEL KICK (SLIGHT OVERCRANK), leading with the GLISTENING BLADE of her ice skate. In the blur of contact, we hear a sickening TEAR -

ON ANGEL

Even he grimaces at this one.

We TILT up to OCTARUS, as he clutches his throat. He looks at Buffy, face full of betrayal - then starts toward her. Buffy moves out of the way, her guard raised. But

Octarus moves past her, out onto the ice -

ANGLE : BUFFY

Watches. Angel steps up behind her, vamp face still on.

THEIR POV

Trailing blood, Octarus staggers like a drunken sailor, with pathetic persistence - before collapsing onto his knees and doing a face plant on the ice. Hold for an uncomfortable beat -

CUT TO:

INT. FACTORY - DRUSILLA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON THE CYCLOPS CARD

Drusilla's pale fingers turn it over.

DRUSILLA (O.C.)  
He's passing under our feet right now.

WIDER

Spike is seated on the bed beside Drusilla. He notes the card with concern, then looks to Drusilla.

SPIKE  
No worries. We're close to decoding the manuscript. We just need a little more time.

DRUSILLA  
Time is ours -

Drusilla touches Spike's face, smoothing away the worry.

DRUSILLA  
It brings the slayer closer to them.

She eyes the remaining cards - the INSECT and the JAGUAR.

CUT TO:

INT. SKATING RINK - NIGHT

ANGLE: ON THE ICE

Angel kneels beside the fallen behemoth. He still has his vamp face - and the blow he took OPENED A SERIOUS GASH ABOVE ONE EYE. Which Buffy can't see as she limps painfully up behind him, also scraped and bloody.

BUFFY  
And the hellmouth presents - 'Dead Guys On Ice'. Not exactly the evening we were aiming for...

Angel reacts to the CHUNKY RING on Octarus' finger. He lifts the giant's hand, studies the glyph-like pattern etched on the surface.

ANGEL  
You're in danger. You know what  
the ring means?

BUFFY  
I just killed a Superbowl champ?

ANGEL  
I'm serious. You should go home and  
wait until you hear from me.

Angel drops Octarus' hand and turns to her. Sees that she's injured.

ANGEL  
Are you okay?

BUFFY  
What about you? That cut -

ANGEL  
Forget about me. You're hurt.

Buffy's shaken - but she puts on her brave face.

BUFFY  
Hey. No biggy. I've been slammed by  
bigger sides of beef than that -

ANGEL  
No you haven't.

Buffy falters. He's right.

BUFFY  
No. I haven't.

ANGEL  
This is bad, Buffy. We have to get  
you someplace safe.

Buffy is rightfully alarmed by the suggestion.

BUFFY  
You mean - hide?

ANGEL  
Let's just get you out of here.

He starts to move but Buffy stops him - indicates his bloody cut.

BUFFY  
Wait. Your eye is all... Let me -

She moves toward him - about to use the arm of her sweatshirt to wipe the blood

off. But he pulls away.

BUFFY  
Come on. Don't be a baby. I won't  
hurt you.

ANGEL  
It's not that.  
(re: vamp face)  
I - you shouldn't have to touch me  
when I'm like this.

Buffy is at a loss.

BUFFY  
Like - what?

Angel reacts - is she kidding?

ANGEL  
You know. When I'm...

BUFFY  
Oh.

A long beat as Buffy takes this in, understanding.

She approaches him again. Very deliberately this time. Her hands go to his face. He looks away, but does not pull back. The gentleness of her touch holds him fast.

Buffy turns his face back to hers. Tenderly runs her fingers along his transformed features. Angel is overwhelmed. Nobody has ever touched him like this.

BUFFY  
I didn't even notice.

She draws him close. Gaze steady. Until her lips touch his...

They melt into a heart-stopping kiss.

INT. SKATING RINK - ANOTHER AREA - NIGHT

KENDRA, the LETHAL YOUNG WOMAN from the airport, peers through some bleachers.

HER POV - HAND HELD PAN THROUGH BLEACHERS

THE KISS. Still very much a work in progress.

FADE TO:

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

CLOSE ON

The ring OCTARUS wore.

WIDEN TO INCLUDE GILES

Who studies the ring, comparing it to an etching in a book. Buffy sits near by, AN ICE PACK on one knee, definitely looking shaky and worse for the wear after her encounter with OX GUY. Willow and Xander are also there.

BUFFY

This guy was hard core, Giles. And Angel was power-freaked by the ring.

GILES

I'm afraid he was not overreacting. The ring is worn only by members of the Order Of Taranta. They are a society of demon assassins dating back to King Solomon...

XANDER

And didn't they beat the Elks last year in the Sunnydale Adult Bowling League Championship?

GILES

(ignoring him)

Their credo is to sow discord and kill the unwary.

XANDER

Bowling is a vicious game -

GILES

(sharp)

That's enough, Xander -

Willow, Xander, and Buffy glance at each other, reacting to Giles' tone. Buffy, especially, knows to worry.

GILES

I'm sorry but this is no time for jokes. I need to think.

BUFFY

These assassins. Why would they be after me?

WILLOW

'Cause you're the scourge of the underworld?

BUFFY

Yeah, but I haven't been that scourgy lately.

GILES

I don't know. But I think the best thing to do is to find a secure location. Someplace out of the way where you can go until we decide on the best course of action -

Buffy stands with a little difficulty. Officially freaked.

BUFFY

Okay. You and Angel have both told me to head for the hills. What's the deal?

GILES

I - this is an extraordinary circumstance...

BUFFY

(scared)

When do we have a usual circumstance, Giles? I mean - mummy girls and snake guys and... But you've never told me to hide before. I mean - you're saying I can't handle this? These guys are that bad?

GILES

You might - They're... They're a breed apart, Buffy. Unlike vampires - they have no earthly desire except to collect their bounty. To find their target and eliminate it -

CAMERA pushes in slowly as Buffy listens to Giles' cautionary litany -

GILES

And you are the target. You can kill as many of them as you like. It won't make any difference - because where there is one, there will be another. And another. They won't stop coming until the job is done.

CUT TO:

INT. MRS. KALISH'S HOUSE - DAY

Mr. Pfister whistles to himself as he sits on a chair parked before a second story window. He's looking through a PAIR OF BINOCULARS and has them aimed directly across the way - right into BUFFY'S BEDROOM.

GILES

(OVER)

The worst of it is, they are masters of deceit. Vampires are bound by the Night, but these predators can be anywhere, anytime. They can appear as normal as the next person. Just another face in the crowd. You might not ever know when one of them is near - not until the moment of your death.

Under this, CAMERA arms around and pushes past him, discovering MRS. KALISH on the floor. Or at least what's left of her.

Because now she's little more than a desiccated corpse. A dozen bugs crawl out of her nose and march along the floor, joining the trail which we follow ¼ back to Mr. Pfister. The bugs scamper up his leg and waist, up to his right arm, which IS



FORMED ONLY UP TO THE WRIST. The nub seems to undulate, as--

The teeming mass of bugs (CGI) REFORMS INTO HIS RIGHT HAND-which now delicately picks up a steaming cup of tea. He sips, waiting patiently. Prelap a SHRIEKING BELL -

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

BUFFY MOVES upstream through the Career Fair gauntlet, against the teeming mass of people.

She is walking stiffly - evidence of her battle with Octarus - and is clearly wiggling out. Her eyes dart - see in every passerby a potential threat.

HER POV

The faces - students, teachers - seem innocent. But ARE they? Voices melt into an echoing white noise. She moves past the POLICE WOMAN, A PAIR OF CORDETTES...

Suddenly - a guy in the crowd surges toward her - FAST. Something's not right.

RESUME BUFFY

She GRABS THE GUY BY THE COLLAR. DRIVES HIM INTO THE WALL. IT'S OZ.

BUFFY  
Try it!

OZ  
Try what?

A moment, then Buffy lets him go.

BUFFY  
Sorry.

OZ  
I'm still not clear on what I'm  
supposed to try.

Buffy looks around - people are staring.

BUFFY  
Nothing.

Buffy heads for the door. BOLTS without another word.

OZ  
A tense person.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Giles and Willow sit at the library table, poring over volume upon volume.

WILLOW

I wish there was more we could do.

Giles looks up, his eyes reflecting fatigue and concern.

GILES

We're doing all we can. The only course of action is to decipher the contents of the stolen book -

WILLOW

I've never seen Buffy like that. She just took off.

XANDER

(O.S.)

She didn't go home.

Xander has entered the library.

XANDER

I let the phone ring a few hundred times before I remembered her mom's out of town.

GILES

Maybe Buffy unplugged the phone...

XANDER

It's a statistical impossibility for a sixteen year old girl to unplug a telephone.

Willow nods. That's true.

GILES

Perhaps my words of caution were a bit too alarming -

XANDER

(no duh)  
You think?

WILLOW

It's good that she took you seriously, Giles. I just wish we knew where she was.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUFFY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Buffy moves along the sidewalk, still limping a little. She looks tired and cold - like she has been walking a long time. She stops and looks up at her house. The windows are dark.

A long beat. No place feels safe. Not even here. She moves on.

INT. FOYER - ANGEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Buffy arrives at Angel's door. Knocks.

BUFFY  
Angel?

No answer. She tries the door. It's locked.

INT. ANGEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dark. Then the lock is FORCED and Buffy opens the door, spilling light from the hallway.

BUFFY  
Hey...

She clicks on a standing lamp. Looks around. She approaches the unmade bed pushed up against the wall. Sits.

She flexes her tender knee. Massages it. Her exhaustion and fear finally catching up with her.

She lies down. Curls up - small and alone in his bed. Turns her head against his pillow.

She breathes him in. She shuts her eyes.

INT. SEEDY BAR (THE ALIBI ROOM) - NIGHT

This is the kind of bar where the lights are so low it's hard to see your hand in front of your face. Which is a good thing. Because you wouldn't want to get a good look at either the surroundings or the patrons.

It's after hours. A solitary stooped figure gives the floor a perfunctory once-over with a stiff broom. This is WILLY, a shifty-eyed bottom-dweller. In addition to being the bartender here, he's a small time hustler who moves in the underworld of the vampires - despite the fact that he is not a vamp himself.

A SHADOWED FIGURE appears in the doorway. Willy looks up, annoyed.

WILLY  
We're closed. Can't you read the sign?

The FIGURE moves into the room and we see that it is ANGEL. WILLY'S demeanor changes. He's clearly afraid of Angel. Doesn't want any trouble.

WILLY  
Oh. Hey, Angel. I didn't recognize  
you in the dark there.

Angel just looks at Willy.

WILLY  
What - what can I do for you tonight?

ANGEL  
I need some information.

WILLY

Yeah? Man, that's too bad. Cause I'm staying away from that whole scene.  
I'm living right, Angel.

ANGEL  
Sure you are, Willy. And I'm taking up sunbathing.

WILLY  
Come on, now. Don't be that way. I treat you vamps good. I don't hassle you. You don't hassle me. We all enjoy the patronage of this establishment. Everybody's happy.

Angel moves closer to Willy. Menacing. Willy's anxiety increases.

ANGEL  
Who sent them?

WILLY  
Who sent - who?

Lightning fast - Angel's HAND is AROUND WILLY'S NECK. Willy's mop goes clattering to the floor as his eyes go wide with fear and he gasps desperately for breath.

ANGEL  
The Order of Taranta -

WILLY  
I tell you - I haven't been in the loop -

ANGEL  
Let's try again. The Order of Taranta. They're after the Slayer -

WILLY  
Come on, man...

ANGEL  
Was it Spike?

Angel tightens his grip. LIFTS WILLY slightly off the ground. Willy tries to choke out a negotiation.

WILLY  
Angel, hey, I - I got some fresh pig's blood in. Good stuff. My fence said the white cell count is -

Angel is now moments from squeezing the life out of this guy.

ANGEL  
You know, I'm a little rusty when it comes to killing humans. It could take a while.

Willy is wavering. Clearly - his options are limited.

WILLY

Spike will draw and quarter me, man -

Angel lets up a little. Puts him back on the ground.

ANGEL  
I'll take care of Spike.

Willy caves.

WILLY  
You know he ordered those guys. Spike's  
sick of your girl getting in his way.

ANGEL  
Where can I find him?

This is more than Willy should give up and he knows it.

WILLY  
I tell you that and I'm gonna need  
relocating expenses. It'll cost you.

BAM! Angel SLAMS Willy in the WALL. Still holding him by the neck.

ANGEL  
It will cost who?

Willy can barely speak.

WILLY  
Okay! Okay!..  
(then)  
He and that freaky chick of his are -

Angel is listening so intently - he doesn't notice the MOP HANDLE FLYING TOWARD HIS HEAD.

Angel is BLIND-SIDED across the temple by an UNSEEN ATTACKER.

He hits the GROUND. HARD. Willy also falls to the floor in a heap.

ON THE ATTACKER

Standing over ANGEL with the mop handle. It's KENDRA.

Her whole stance and attitude radiate lethal power. Her voice rings with contempt -

KENDRA  
Where is she?

BLACK OUT

END OF ACT THREE

## Act Four

INT. SEEDY BAR (WILLY'S ALIBI ROOM) - NIGHT

Back to that lethal young thang. Angel looks up at her, spits -

KENDRA  
The girl. Where is she?

ANGEL  
Even if I knew - I wouldn't tell you.

Kendra BREAKS THE MOP HANDLE over her knee.

KENDRA  
Then die.

ANGEL ROLLS out of the strike zone just as she brings the make-shift stake down toward his heart.

She LUNGES with the stake again - but Angel grabs a BAR STOOL and blocks the move.

Angel THRUSTS THE BAR STOOL toward Kendra, knocking her back.

He gets to his feet - but she is ON HIM AGAIN in a flash.

ON WILLY

Who cowers on the floor. Angel and Kendra's fight is taking place between him and the exit - which is the only thing that keeps him from BOLTING. He WINCES as the sound of the BATTLE grows more and more intense.

ON ANGEL AND KENDRA

They seem to be almost evenly matched. The fight carries into the STORAGE AREA in the back room of the bar.

WILLY makes tracks for the exit. Disappears.

INT. SEEDY BAR STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

The storage area is basically A CAGE - much like the one in the library - where the expensive liquor and such is locked.

Angel and Kendra CRASH into a BOX FULL OF LIQUOR BOTTLES, which shatter everywhere. Angel grabs a BROKEN BOTTLE - fends off Kendra with it. Kendra hesitates.

ANGEL  
Who are you?

Kendra backs out of the storage area. Cool but clearly wary.

ANGEL  
I won't hurt you if you tell me what  
I need to know.

Unexpectedly - Kendra smiles. Angel doesn't see the humor in the situation.

ANGEL  
You think this is funny?

Kendra SLAMS AND BOLTS THE STURDY METAL GATE that closes the storage area.

KENDRA  
I think it's funny now.

Angel reacts. Moves to the locked door.

KENDRA  
That girl. The one I saw you with before -

ANGEL  
You stay away from her.

KENDRA  
I'm afraid you are not in a position  
to threaten.

ANGEL  
When I get out of here I'll do more  
than threaten -

KENDRA  
Then I suggest you move quickly.

She glances at a ROW OF HIGH WINDOWS THAT RUN ALONG ONE WALL OF THE  
STORAGE CAGE.

KENDRA  
Eastern exposure. The sun comes in  
a few hours.  
(then)  
More than enough time for me to  
find your girlfriend.

She moves off. Angel can only watch - frustrated.

A beat. Then he strains against the door of the cage, determined to open it.

FADE TO:

INT. GILES' OFFICE - LIBRARY - EARLY MORNING

Giles, bleary-eyed and ruffled from a sleepless night of urgent study, talks on the  
phone while he pages through a book.

GILES  
Xander? ...No, I still haven't heard  
from Buffy. I think you should go to  
her house and check on her.

Giles sees something in the book. Something important.

GILES  
Right away. I don't know, get Cordelia

to drive you.

He hangs up. Rushes into -

INT. LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Giles moves to the table and we see WILLOW, who has fallen asleep at the computer. He moves to her, gently shakes her. Still, she wakes with a start, cries out -

WILLOW  
Don't warn the tadpoles!

Giles is startled by her outburst.

GILES  
My goodness. Are you alright?

WILLOW  
Giles? What are you doing here?

GILES  
You're in the library, Willow. You  
fell asleep.

WILLOW  
Oh... I...

GILES  
Don't warn the tadpoles?

WILLOW  
I - I have frog fear.  
(then)  
I'm sorry, I conked out -

GILES  
Please. You've gone quite beyond the  
call of duty. And, fortunately, I think  
I've finally found something -

WILLOW  
You did?

GILES  
(re: book)  
I had to go back to the Lutheran Index.  
But I found a description of the missing  
du Lac Manuscript. It's a ritual, Willow.  
I haven't managed to decipher the exact  
details - but I believe the purpose  
is to restore a weak and sickly vampire  
to full health.

WILLOW  
A vampire like - Drusilla?

GILES



Exactly.

WILLOW

What does that have to do with the Order of Taranta? The assassins?

GILES

I would imagine Spike called them here to get Buffy out of the way. I'm sure he wants nothing to come between him and his plans to revive his lady love.

WILLOW

So this is good. We know what the deal is.

GILES

I wish I could agree. But all we know is the goal of the ritual. We don't know where it will take place or when. We don't know what it entails -

WILLOW

So this is bad.

GILES

No. No. We just have more work to do.

Giles tries to smile encouragingly.

WILLOW

Then - why are you all pinched?

Off Giles - his worry palpable.

INT. FACTORY - EARLY MORNING

CLOSE ON

The DU LAC manuscript

As it is SLAMMED SHUT.

Widen to reveal a TRIUMPHANT SPIKE, who is standing over DALTON - the vampire scholar. Dalton hands Spike a sheet of paper with the complete transcription on it.

SPIKE

By George - I think he's got it.

Spike sweeps over to Drusilla with paper in hand. Drusilla looking ever more pale and consumptive, sits propped on a velvet couch, her tarot cards laid out on her lap.

SPIKE

The key to your cure, ducks! The missing bloody link! It was -

Drusilla stops him as she takes his hand - leads it to a tarot card.

DRUSILLA

-right in front of us.

CLOSE ON THE CARD

A beautiful image of AN ANGEL. But the angel is FALLING - plummeting through the sky to an all but certain doom.

DRUSILLA (O.C.)  
-the whole time.

EXT. BUFFY'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

All is peaceful here as the neighborhood is just beginning to awaken.

INT. BUFFY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Well mostly peaceful. We can make out Cordelia and Xander on the porch through the curtains. Cordelia's SHRILL voice penetrates the tranquility.

CORDELIA (O.C.)  
I can't even believe you. You drag me  
out of bed for a ride? What am I, mass  
transportation?

Xander finds an unlocked WINDOW, starts to work it open.

XANDER  
That's what a lot of the guys say.  
But it's just locker room talk. I never  
pay it any mind.

The window is open. Xander CLIMBS THROUGH - CORDY on his heels. Cordy is dressed in sweats - her hair pulled back. Like a girl who just got dragged out of bed.

CORDELIA  
Great. So now I'm your taxi and  
your punching bag -

XANDER  
I like to think of you more as my witless  
foil - but have it your way.

Cordy looks at him. Then starts to head BACK OUT OF THE WINDOW. Xander catches her by the arm.

XANDER  
Come on, Cordy. You can't be a member  
of the Scooby Gang if you aren't willing  
to be inconvenienced now and then -

CORDELIA  
Oh, right. Cause I lie awake at night  
hoping you tweekos will be my best  
friends. And that my first husband will  
be a balding, demented homeless man -

XANDER

Buffy could be in trouble -

CORDELIA

And, what, exactly, are you going to do about it if she is? If you hadn't noticed - you're the lameness. She's the superchick or whatever.

XANDER

At least I'm the lameness that cares.  
Which is more than you can say.  
(then)  
I'm going to check upstairs.

He STOMPS OFF, leaving a POUTY Cordelia behind. She starts to look around the living room when she is interrupted by a crisp KNOCK on the front door. She moves to the door, looks through the window in the door.

WHAT SHE SEES

MISTER PFISTER - AKA BUG MAN. Pfister tips his hat - holds up the bag that reads QUINTESSENCE SKIN CARE.

ON CORDELIA

That's all she needed to see. She opens the door.

MR. PFISTER

Good day. I am Norman Pfister with Quintessence Skin Care and Cosmetics. I was wondering if I could interest you in some free samples?

CORDELIA

Free?

EXT. BUFFY'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

Cordelia hesitates. Then, just as before with MRS. KALISH, Cordelia opens the door for Mr. Pfister. In an eerie reprise of the earlier scene - he enters past her, and she closes the door. A long ominous beat...

INT. SEEDY BAR STORAGE ROOM - EARLY MORNING

The first glow of morning light warms the WINDOWS, as ANGEL works desperately to tear the metal door from its hinges. He is actually making remarkable progress - the top part of the door is bent. Given enough time, he might be able to get out. Intent on his work, he does not notice as the first bright SLIVER OF SUNLIGHT appears through the glass behind him. It travels quickly across the floor - falls across his brow. Angel cries out in pain as the HOT RAYS sear his face. Forced to retreat, he leaves his hope of escape - seeking temporary safety in a dark corner of the room.

INT. ANGEL'S APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

In contrast to the sun-washed storage room, Angel's apartment is a cool, dark tomb. A haven from the waking world.

CLOSE ON BUFFY

Curled in Angel's bed - arms tightly wrapped around his pillow. She is, for the moment, safe in his phantom embrace. A sound. Something moves in the apartment. Loud enough to rouse Buffy from her dream. Her eyes flutter - then SNAP OPEN just in time for her to DODGE THE SHORT AXE that SLAMS into the pillow just inches from her neck. Buffy LEAPS from the bed - comes face to face with KENDRA.

BUFFY  
You must be number two -

Kendra replies with a SWING OF THE AXE, which BUFFY LEAPS to avoid.

BUFFY  
Thanks for the wake-up. But I'll stick  
with my clock radio.

Lethal young woman brings the AXE down again, but BUFFY CATCHES her arm mid-flight. To Buffy's distress - she can't wrench the AXE from Kendra. They are locked in a dead-even struggle. Like an arm wrestling match between perfect twins. A split second as they meet eyes - a twinge of recognition. Then Buffy takes advantage of the moment - SWEEPS Kendra's legs out from under her. Kendra hits the ground hard, but USES her LEGS to PIN BUFFY'S LEGS and bring her down too. Now BUFFY and Kendra ROLL on the floor - the AXE still in Kendra's grip. They keep TRADING the UPPER HAND. One moment Buffy is on top - the next it seems Kendra will prevail. They SMASH into Angel's table, his bookshelf, his dresser... Buffy's getting fed up.

BUFFY  
Come on. Don't make me do the  
chick fight thing -

Kendra doesn't know what to make of this comment. Speaks through her effort -

KENDRA  
Chick... fight?

BUFFY  
You know -

BUFFY VIOLENTLY JERKS Kendra by the HAIR - distracting her as she DIGS HER NAILS INTO THE HAND THAT HOLDS THE AXE.

Kendra cries out - drops the AXE. Buffy grabs it and STRADDLES Kendra, pinning her. Buffy draws the axe back - the intent clear. Still, she can't resist -

BUFFY  
Cliched - but effective.

Buffy is about to bring the axe down - but Kendra stops her with -

KENDRA  
Who are you?

BUFFY  
What do you mean who am I? You  
attacked me. Who the hell are you?

Kendra glares at Buffy. Proud and defiant -

KENDRA  
I am Kendra, the vampire slayer.

A long beat.

Buffy takes this in. Come again?

BLACK OUT.

END OF PART ONE