

Ted

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Teaser

EXT. STREET BY BUFFY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

BUFFY walks along the street with XANDER and WILLOW, approaching her house. Will and Xander are in the middle of a discussion. Buffy walks slightly apart, enjoying the night.

XANDER

You don't know what
you're talking about.

WILLOW

Xander, he was
obviously in charge.

XANDER

He was a puppet!
She was using him.

WILLOW

He didn't seem like the
type to let himself be used.

XANDER

Well, that was her genius.
He never even knew he was
playing second fiddle. Buffy.

BUFFY

Huh?

XANDER

Who do you think was the
real power -- the Captain or Tenille?

BUFFY

Um... who are those people?

XANDER

The Captain and Tenille!
(off her blank look)
Boy, somebody was raised in
a culture-free environment.

BUFFY

I'm sorry, I was just --

WILLOW

Thinking?

BUFFY

Not thinking. Just having a lot of happy nonthoughts. I love it when things are quiet around here.

XANDER

Yeah, with Spike and Drusilla out of the way we've really been riding the mellow and am I like jinxing the hell out of us by saying that?

BUFFY

We'll let you off this time.

WILLOW

So we're pretty sure there aren't any more Tarakan assassins coming our way?

BUFFY

Angel's sources say the contract is off.

XANDER

How is Angel? Pretend I care.

BUFFY

He's getting better.

WILLOW

And you're loving playing nursemaid.

BUFFY

Oh yeah.

XANDER

So it's better than playing naughty stewardess?

BUFFY

Xander...

She steps onto the porch, pulls out her keys. As Xander and Willow step up behind her, Willow turns to Xander.

WILLOW

I'm just saying, if Tenille was in charge, she would have had the little captain hat.

Buffy puts the key to the lock -- and the door swings open. She stops, perturbed.

BUFFY

Wait here.

Xander and Willow hang back as she enters.

INT. BUFFY'S FOYER - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Buffy steps in, looks around. The house is dark. She pulls a stake out, heads toward the living room.

ANGLE: XANDER AND WILLOW

Outside, wary.

ANGLE: BUFFY

Heads toward the dining room.

From the kitchen comes her mom's voice:

JOYCE (O.S.)
No!

And a CRASH.

Buffy runs

JOYCE (cont'd; O.S.)
What are you...? Don't.... oh...

INT. BUFFY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dark, moonlit. Buffy bursts in.

BUFFY
Get the hell away from my --

Buffy sees JOYCE, wrapped in a deep romantic kiss with TED BUCHANAN, handsome and athletic, a born salesman. On the counter near them, a wine bottle and one half full wine glass.

BUFFY (cont'd)
--mom?

Joyce and Ted break. Joyce steps away from Ted, looks at Buffy who quickly hides the stake behind her back.

BUFFY (cont'd)
I thought I heard...

JOYCE
I broke a wine glass.
So, you're home early...

Ted smiles, comfortably at ease -- unlike Joyce.

TED
Hi.

BUFFY
Hi.

JOYCE

Oh, uh, this is my daughter, Buffy.
And Buffy, this is... this is Ted.

BLACK OUT.

END OF TEASER

Act One

EXT./INT. BUFFY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A little later. The lights are on. In b.g. Xander and Willow watch Ted cook mini-pizzas in a pan. In f.g., out of their earshot, Joyce dumps the broken wine glass from the dust pan into the trash, Buffy next to her.

BUFFY

So all these late nights at the gallery,
I gather you were cataloguing more than art.

JOYCE

Well... I've been looking for the right
moment to introduce you two. He's
a wonderful man.

Joyce glances back at Ted, obvious affection in her eyes.

BUFFY

How'd you meet?

JOYCE

He sells computer software,
he revamped my entire system
at the gallery. Freed up a lot of my time.

BUFFY

To meet new people.
And smooch them in my kitchen.

JOYCE

You weren't supposed to see that.

ANGLE - TED, XANDER & WILLOW AT STOVE

Xander devours a mini-pizza as Ted pulls more from the oven and puts them in a pan.

WILLOW

I like my new nine-gig hard drive...

TED

But you don't love it, cause without
the DMA upgrades your computer's
really only half a rocket ship.

WILLOW

Yeah. But who can afford the upgrades?

TED

You can. I get the demos for free.
I don't see why I shouldn't give
them to you for the same price.
(hands her his card)
Any friend of Buffy's...

Willow's eyes light up and she makes a high squeaking sound.

TED (cont'd)
What?

XANDER
(mouth full of pizza)
That's the sound she makes when
she's speechless with geeker joy.
Can I just say this is the finest pizza
ever on God's green earth. What's
your secret?

He turns back to the pan, taking it and bringing it over to the island, dumping the pizzas on a plate.

TED
After you bake it you fry it in herbs
and olive oil. And you gotta use a
cast iron skillet. No room for
compromise there.

XANDER
You gotta market these. I mean
people would pay like two, three
hundred dollars apiece.

Ted smiles, dishes up another pizza, carries it to:

BUFFY AND JOYCE

TED
(to Buffy)
Hungry?

BUFFY
No thanks.

He sets the plate down.

TED
Buffy I want to apologize.
That wasn't how I wanted
us to met. I wanted it to be...
perfect. I'm very fond of
your mother, I guess that's
pretty obvious...

Ted picks up a FRAMED PHOTO of Buffy and her Mom on the counter. A loving mother daughter deal, mostly headshot.

TED (cont'd)
...I know you're the most

important thing in her life
and, well, gosh that makes
you pretty important to me, too.

JOYCE

I really want you to be okay
with this, Buffy.

Ted wraps his arm around Joyce:

TED

Beg to differ...
(to Buffy)
...we really want you to be
okay with this.

BUFFY

I'm okay.

JOYCE

You are?

BUFFY

I am.

Buffy smiles.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

A VAMPIRE

Flies back and smashes into a picnic table, breaking it.

BUFFY

Charges. Grabbing a metal trash can lid en route. The stunned vampire puts up his hands as Buffy begins beating him over the head with the lid.

ANGLE: GILES

Watching Buffy's mayhem nearby. Mostly we HEAR (rather than see) the carnage she is inflicting. GILES is concerned about the level of her furor.

GILES

Uh, Buffy... I believe he's...
(that must have hurt)
...ahhh... it's staking time, really.
Don't you think?

BUFFY

Hurls the trash can lid aside, raises a stake high in the air. Stakes the vamp. She straightens up, breathing hard and Giles joins her.

BUFFY

(looking around)

Any others?

GILES

For their sakes I certainly hope not.

BUFFY

What? I kill vampires, that's my job.

GILES

True, although usually you don't beat them to quite such a bloody pulp beforehand. Everything all right?

BUFFY

Everything's fine.

(looking around)

I killed one here Wednesday, why are they hanging at the park?

GILES

They're scattered, you know. Their leaders are gone and with any luck dead. In times of crisis they will always return to the easiest feeding grounds.

BUFFY

(grouchy)

Vampires are creeps.

GILES

(duh)

Yes, that's why one slays them.

BUFFY

People are perfectly happy, getting along, then vampires come in and they run around and they kill people and they take over your whole house and they make these stupid little pizzas and everyone's like "ooh, wow"...

GILES

Uh, Buffy, I believe the subtext here is rapidly becoming text. Are you sure there's nothing you wish to share with me?

BUFFY

Forget about it. I'm fine.

(hopefully)

You think there'll be any more vampires? I can wait...

INT. SCHOOL HALL/LOUNGE - DAY

As the bell rings and the hall fills, Buffy, Willow and Xander exit the classroom and

head to the lounge.

BUFFY

Xander, if you say one more word
about it, things will become dire.

XANDER

Did you eve bother to taste 'em? Noooo.
Well I did and I'm here to tell you, those
mini pizzas have changed my life. Ted
is the master chef.

BUFFY

So? He's a great cook. What
does that tell you about a person?

XANDER

Everything.

WILLOW

You don't like him.

BUFFY

I don't know him.
(with disdain)

I mean so far all I see is someone
who apparently has a good job,
seems nice and polite, my mom
really likes him...

XANDER

(all dramatical)
What kind of monster is he!?

BUFFY

I'm telling you, there's just
something a little too clean
about this clown.

WILLOW

(amused)
He's a clean clown!
(off their looks)
I have my own fun...

XANDER

Buff, you're lacking evidence.
I think we're maybe into
Sigmund Freud territory.

WILLOW

He has a point. Separation anxiety,
the mother figure being taken away,
conflict with the father figure...

BUFFY

He's not my father figure!

XANDER

Having issues much?

BUFFY
I am not!

Xander points, with mock-childish dance.

XANDER
You've got parental issues,
you've got parental issues.

WILLOW
Xander...

XANDER
Freud would have said the exact
same thing. Except he might not
have done the little dance.

BUFFY
I admit it's weird -- seeing my mother
frenching a guy is definitely a ticket to
therapyland. But it's more than that.
I'm pretty good at sensing what's
going on around me...

Unbeknownst to Buffy, Ted is moving up behind her.

BUFFY (cont'd)
...and I know that something's
wrong with this Ted.

XANDER
Ted!

BUFFY
Yeah, Ted. Who did you think I was --

XANDER
Hi, Ted! Ted who's here.

Buffy spins, sees.

TED
Hello, kids.

BUFFY
What are you doing here?

TED
I'm updating the software in the
guidance office -- which reminds me...

He hands Willow some computer disks.

TED (cont'd)
...your upgrades.

WILLOW
Ohh, what a day! Thank you.

TED
Think nothing of it. Buffy,
you like miniature golf?

XANDER
Who doesn't?

TED
Your mother and I were thinking,
maybe this Saturday we could drag
the three of you out to the course?
Spend some time swinging the iron
with the stuffy old people?

BUFFY
Well, I guess...

TED
I'm making a picnic basic...

XANDER
Mini-pizzas?

TED
And cookies.

BUFFY
You know, I wish we could
but Saturday we have that thing.

WILLOW
Oh, that thing.
(to Xander)
That thing.

XANDER
Hey, we can do that thing anytime.
I'm tired of that thing. We're on!

Ted smiles.

INT. COMPUTER LAB - DAY

JENNY is alone, clearing up. Giles enters, hesitantly.

GILES
Hello, Jenny.

JENNY
Rupert. Hi.

GILES
A couple crates of your textbooks
were dropped off at the library. Do
you want me to hold on to them?

JENNY

Yeah, that's fine. I'll send
the kids by to pick them up.

GILES

Right. Good.

After an awkward beat, he starts out.

JENNY

That was a pretty flimsy
excuse for coming to see me.

GILES

(stops)

You should hear the ones I threw out.

He comes back in.

GILES (cont'd)

I wanted to see how were you doing.

JENNY

I'm doing pretty good, actually.
I've stayed out of mortal danger
for three whole weeks. I could
get used to it. Still don't sleep
too well, though.

GILES

Of course. Well, you need time.

JENNY

Or possibly space. Rupert, I know
you're concerned, but having you
constantly poking around making
puppy dog eyes at me and wondering
if I'm okay... you make me feel bad
that I don't feel better. I don't want
that responsibility.

GILES

I'm sorry. I certainly don't mean
to make dog eyes at you. I'm just--

JENNY

Worried, I know.

GILES

I shouldn't have bothered you.

He leaves. Jenny looks after him, obviously unsatisfied with the whole exchange.

INT. ANGEL'S APT. - NIGHT

It's dark and romantic. Buffy changes the bandage on ANGEL'S wounded hand,
wrapping it quickly and neatly.

BUFFY

So Mom's like, "Do you think Ted will like this" and, "That's Ted's favorite show," and "Ted's teaching me computers" and "Ted said the funniest thing," and I'm like, "That's great, Mom". And then she said I was being sarcastic, which I was, but I'm sorry if I don't want to talk about Ted all the time.

ANGEL

So you'll be talking about something else at some point?

BUFFY

I'm sorry. It's just, I have so much to deal with, I don't need some new guy in my life right now.

ANGEL

No, but maybe your mom does.

Buffy looks a little sheepish, says mock-sullenly:

BUFFY

Oh, sure, if you're gonna use wisdom...

ANGEL

(smiles)

Loneliness is about the scariest thing there is.

BUFFY

Okay, fine, so Mom needs a guy. Why does it have to be Ted?

ANGEL

You have somebody else in mind? There's a guy out there that would satisfy you?

BUFFY

Well... Dad... Okay, that's not gonna happen. Reality check. I'll give Ted a chance. I'll play mini golf. I'll smile and curtsy and be the dutiful daughter.

(beat)

Do I have to like him?

ANGEL

Kiss me.

BUFFY

Oh, finally something I wanna do.

So she does.

EXT. MINIATURE GOLF COURSE - DAY

Buffy, Ted, Joyce, Xander and Willow, clubs in hand, stand before:

XANDER

The dreaded par five cuckoo clock.
So many came, so few conquered.

Xander addresses his ball. Joyce turns to Ted.

JOYCE

That picnic was delicious. You
know how rare it is to find a man
who cooks?

TED

I know I've been looking
a long time for one.

Joyce laughs. Ted winks at Buffy. Buffy smiles, trying.

TED (cont'd)

So Buffy, I'm sure the boys are
lined up around the block trying
to get a date with you.

BUFFY

Not really.

WILLOW

Oh they are but she's only interested in...
uh... her studies. Book-cracker Buffy,
it's kind of her nick name.

Willow moves to take her shot.

TED

Glad to hear that. I bet that means
your grades'll be picking up soon.

BUFFY

My grades?

Ted moves to shoot. Buffy moves to Joyce.

BUFFY (cont'd)

How does he know about my grades?

JOYCE

I told him. He wants to know all about you.
He's concerned, that's a good thing.
(sees Ted shoot)
Nice shot, Ted!

TED

Thanks, Joycee.

Joyce prepares to take her swing. Ted holds her arms from behind.

TED (cont'd)
Steady swing, lead to the right.

Buffy watches her mother and Ted hit the ball together.

TED (cont'd)
Perfect.

JOYCE
Thanks to you.

Ted chuckles. Off Buffy, not loving this guy.

ANGLE - ANOTHER HOLE - LATER

This is one of those holes where you hit the ball in a little castle or something and it rolls down onto a turf on a lower level not visible from the tee.

Ted, Joyce, Willow and Xander watch as Buffy swings.

TED
Eye on the ball... watch those elbows...

Her ball goes wild into some bushes.

TED (cont'd)
Bad luck, little lady.

JOYCE
We won't count it.

TED
We won't?

JOYCE
Well, it's just miniature golf.

TED
It is, but the rules are the rules.
What we teach her is what she
takes into the world when we're
not there, whether it's at school
or an unchaperoned party...

Ted looks at Buffy, smiles.

TED (cont'd)
I don't mean to overstep my bounds,
this is between you and your mother.
I just think right is right.

Buffy looks to her mother.

JOYCE
He has a point...

BUFFY
(not what she wanted to hear)
Yah. I'll just go hit from the rough.

Buffy disappears into the bushes.

ANGLE - THE BUSHES - BUFFY LOOKS AROUND

No one can see her. She picks up her ball, walks to the turf, drops it near the hole and kicks it in, calling back over her shoulder:

BUFFY (cont'd)
Hey, how 'bout that,
I got a hole in two.

TED (O.S.)
Beg to differ.

Buffy whirls around. Ted is standing right next to her.

BUFFY
Okay, so fine my score or whatever...

TED
I think you're missing
the point here, little lady...

Ted starts tapping the golf club against his shoe. Creepy like. Although he's still the friendly salesman, we get our first glimpse into his psycho soul:

TED (cont'd)
Right is right. Wrong is wrong.
Why don't people see that?

BUFFY
It's just a game.

TED
Right. It's just a game.
Do your own thing...

He takes a step closer, the golf club hitting his leg harder and faster.

TED (cont'd)
Well I'm not wired that way.
I'm here to tell you it is not
a game and it does count and
I don't stand for that kind of
malarkey in my house.

BUFFY
Then I guess it's a good thing
I'm not in your house.

TED
Do you want me to slap that
smart ass mouth of yours?

Buffy reacts as Joyce, Willow, Xander come into view. And the nice guy smile comes

back to Ted's face.

TED (cont'd)
Who's up for dessert? I made
chocolate chip cookies.

Ted pulls out a big baggie of cookies.

XANDER
Yum, me!

WILLOW
Cookies.

TED
I made too many, so you guys
are gonna have to take some home...

Buffy takes a step back, watching this cobra as the people she cares for most about
gather innocently around him for cookies.

JOYCE
Oh, you have to try one of these,
Buffy, they're really good.

Off Buffy.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

Act Two

EXT. BUFFY'S HOUSE - DAY - ESTABLISHING

INT. BUFFY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Joyce hums a little tune to herself as she sets out juice and sticky buns. Buffy
enters in a bad mood from lack of sleep and Ted terror. Avid fans may note the
absence of the framed photo of Buffy and Joyce.

JOYCE
Good morning sunshine.

BUFFY
Hi.

JOYCE
I've got juice. I've got sticky buns.
Don't they smell good?

Buffy tears off a tiny piece o' bun.

JOYCE (cont'd)
Ted made them.

Buffy puts the piece back down.

JOYCE (cont'd)
What?

BUFFY
I'd just like to eat something
around here that Ted didn't make.

JOYCE
What kind of attitude is that?

BUFFY
Look, Mom, I know you think
he's great and all but --

JOYCE
He's gone out of his way to be nice
to you and you couldn't find two
words to say to him on Saturday.
Now I don't expect you to love him
right away like I do, but I do expect
you to treat him decently.

BUFFY
You... love him?

JOYCE
(beat)
I don't know, that kind of slipped out...
but I guess... it's not exactly like men
beat down the door when you're a...

BUFFY
...single parent.

JOYCE
I would never have anything to do
with anyone who didn't care about
you. But he does, I don't understand
why you can't see that.

BUFFY
He threatened me.

JOYCE
What?

BUFFY
He said he was going to slap my face.

Joyce looks at her daughter, concerned, then she does an odd thing: she smiles.

JOYCE
He never said any such thing. Ted told
me what happened. He caught you
cheating, didn't he.

BUFFY

Yes. I kicked my ball in,
so put me in jail, but he wigged--

JOYCE
He didn't say anything about it
in front of the others, did he.

BUFFY
No, but--

JOYCE
I think that was pretty decent of him.

Joyce begins eating little pieces of the sticky bun. Just a little faster than a normal person would.

JOYCE (cont'd)
Ted says we're just going to have
to give you time to come around.
Speaking of which, he's making
dinner for us tonight, please be
here promptly at six.

Joyce smiles at Buffy -- just a little too similar to Ted's smile.

JOYCE (cont'd)
These are so delicious.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY - ESTABLISHING - STOCK

WILLOW (V.O.)
What do you mean, check him out?

EXT. SCHOOL QUAD - DAY

Buffy is with her buds. They sit and eat cookies as they talk to her.

BUFFY
I mean, investigate him. Find out his
secrets. You can do it, Will. Hack
into his... Life.

XANDER
Can you say, 'over-reaction'?

BUFFY
Can you say, 'sucking chest wound'?

WILLOW
Buffy, it just seems like you want
him to be corrupt or something.

BUFFY
The man lost his sense over mini golf.

XANDER
So he's uptight. Last I heard,
that wasn't a slaying offense.
(off her look)

Don't give me the look. I'm on your side. I'm just saying there are some things you have to accept.

BUFFY
And I'm saying Ted ain't one of 'em.

Cordy walks by.

XANDER
Hey, Cordy. Nice outfit.

CORDELIA
(stopping)
Oh, very funny.

XANDER
Not really...

CORDELIA
What are you saying?

XANDER
"Nice outfit".

CORDELIA
Why don't you just keep your mouth shut?

She takes off. Xander looks after her, not mad so much as weary.

XANDER
Would you guys excuse me for a second?

He goes after her. Willow watches him, brow furrowed.

WILLOW
What's up with them?

ANGLE: XANDER AND CORDELIA

as he catches up to her.

CORDELIA
What's wrong with you?

XANDER
I gave you a compliment.

He's unusually calm and content with her.

CORDELIA
In front of your friends!
They're gonna know!

XANDER
They're gonna know what?

CORDELIA
Please. It's too traumatic
for me even to say it.

XANDER
That we kissed?

CORDELIA
Gnegh!

XANDER
I'm not gonna tell them and they're
not gonna know. Not your friends,
not my friends. You wanna go in
the utility closet and make out?

CORDELIA
(furious)
God! Is that all you
ever thinking about?

Beat.

CORDELIA (cont'd)
Okay.

They go.

ANGLE: BUFFY AND WILLOW

They are talking, do not see Xander and Cordy take off.

BUFFY
Willow, I'm not wrong here. Ted
has a problem with me. He acts
like I'm in the way. And Mom's
totally different since he's been around.

WILLOW
Different like happy?

BUFFY
Like Stepford. Will you help me?

WILLOW
You know I will. What do
you want me to look for?

BUFFY
Let's start small. Where does he work?

INT. LORRIN SOFTWARE - DAY - BUFFY

She enters a room. LORRIN SOFTWARE reads a large sign.

BUFFY'S POV - Rows of desks separated by dividers. MEN and WOMEN sell software
over the phone.

[Avid fans of the show may note the remarkable similarity between this telemarketing office and our own production offices.]

WE PAN A CUBICLE and see NEAL, 30 to 50, death of a salesman.

NEAL
(on phone)
...it's a fantastic product, no p.c.
should be without it... yes, it's
a little pricey but... no, I don't
think you're a feeble-minded
moron... thanks for your time...

He hangs up and dials another number as we PAN to the next cubicle and discover Ted, his neat desk completely bare except for a picture frame, the back of the frame toward us.

TED
(on phone)
No Mrs. Lawndale, it's not an
inexpensive piece of software.
As a matter of fact it's a very
expensive one. Which removes
the risk of crashing your whole
system. Of course if you prefer
something cheap I can recommend...
(smiles)
...trust me, you won't be sorry.

Ted hangs up and gets up.

Buffy backs out of his line of sight as Ted moves to a large SALES TOTE BOARD. He adds a check beneath his name (he has ten times more sales than anyone else.)

TED (cont'd)
(to no one in particular)
Going to lunch.

He walks out. Buffy peers around the corner, watching him go.

NEAL (O.S.)
You're new aren't you?

Buffy is a little startled by Neal, getting a cup of water nearby.

BUFFY
Oh, uh...

NEAL
I'm Neal.

BUFFY
I'm Bu-linda. Just temping for the day.
(re: tote board)
That guy's a salesman. Guess he's
the one to beat around here.

NEAL
Nobody beats the machine. The guy's

a genius. Pure salesman. Knows everything about computers, never loses a client, never yells at the annoying clients... not that I do...

BUFFY

I guess he's been doing this for a while.

NEAL

He was here way before me - and he'll be here long after I'm gone.
If I sound bitter, I am.

BUFFY

Nobody likes an overachiever.
Well, maybe he's got ex-wives
and family to support.

NEAL

All he's got is a girlfriend. I'm amazed he let her clutter up his desk.

Neal nods towards the picture on Ted's desk. Buffy looks -- CAMERA PUSHES in on the picture frame.

NEAL (cont'd)

Thank god he's taking off for the wedding.

BUFFY

(evenly)

The wedding?

NEAL

He's got it set for two months from now. Believe me, I'm counting the days.
(sees:)

Uh oh, the uber-boss, back to the salt mines.

He moves off. Buffy moves to Ted's desk. Looks around, casually pivots the picture so she can see it. It's the picture from the kitchen but framed differently, showing Joyce but not Buffy.

Buffy picks up the frame, opens the back. Pulls out the photo which is folded in half.

INSERT PHOTO - The half that shows Buffy is wrinkled and bent backwards.

Buffy reacts, hurriedly puts the frame back together, gets the hell out of there.

INT. BUFFY'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

TED

...we ask that you bless this home
and help those in it to be more
productive, more considerate and...
(makes eye contact with buffy)
...more honest. Amen.

JOYCE

Amen.

Ted dishes pasta Alfredo onto their plates.

TED

Another great day at work.
How was school, Buffy? Did
ya' learn anything?

BUFFY

Quite a bit.

TED

Good for you.
(re: food)
Well Joycee, what do ya' think?

JOYCE

I think every home should
have someone like you. It's fantastic.
(to Buffy)
Don't you think?

Buffy's just pushing her fork around the plate.

BUFFY

It... looks pretty good.

TED

Well, you know, little lady, it's not
just for looks, it's for building strong bodies.
(smiles)

JOYCE

(eat some)
Honey...

Buffy slowly brings a forkful towards her mouth. But instead of eating:

BUFFY

Are you guys engaged?

JOYCE

What? Goodness, no, what
gave you that idea?

TED

Now Joycee, let me handle this.
Your mother and I are taking things
one step at a time, but if things go
the way I hope someday soon I just
might ask her to tie the knot. How
would you feel about that?

Buffy looks from Ted to her mother, not wanting an answer.

TED (cont'd)

It's okay to have your feelings,

Buffy. And it's okay to express them.

BUFFY
I'd feel like killing myself.

JOYCE
Buffy!

TED
No, no, I told her to be honest.
(to Buffy)
Sweetheart, you should try and
get used to me cause you know
what? I'm not going anywhere.

Beat.

BUFFY
May I be excused?

JOYCE
You can go to your room, young lady,
that's what you can do.

Buffy gets up, heads upstairs.

JOYCE (cont'd)
Ted, I'm so embarrassed.
I don't know what's wrong with her.

TED
You don't get to be salesman of the
year by giving up after a couple of
rejections. She'll come around, and
a little birdy's telling me it's going
to be sooner rather than later.

He puts a comforting hand on Joyce's forearm. She gains a little strength from his unrelenting confidence.

JOYCE
Where did you come from?

TED
Straight from the factory. And we
pass those savings on to you.

She laughs, comforted.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Buffy sits on a swing, looking into the night.

Nothing's going on. She looks behind her, around.

BUFFY
Vampires...
("here kitty")

Here, vampires...

Nothing doing. She gets up and goes.

INT. BUFFY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Buffy slips in the window. Oh yeah, it's dark and creepy in here and that's why it takes a moment for her to spot Ted leaning against her vanity.

BUFFY
What are you doing?

As usual, Ted is his jovial good guy self.

TED
Your mother said go to your room,
Buffy. I think we both know she
didn't mean climb out your window
and go gallivanting about town.

BUFFY
First of all, this is my room.
Second of all--

She stops, seeing her vanity drawers open, stakes and holy water out, along with her journal which is open next to Ted.

BUFFY (cont'd)
--have you been going
through my things?

TED
Yes, I have.

BUFFY
How dare you. That's my
personal property. How dare you!

TED
I don't see how it's any different
than you snooping around my
office. Do you?

Buffy reacts. Ted picks up her journal.

TED (cont'd)
What exactly is a vampire Slayer?

BUFFY
That's none of your business.

TED
Beg to differ, little lady. Everything
you do is nothing but my business
from now on.

BUFFY

You better get out of here. Now.

Ted moves close to her, invading her space.

TED

Or what. You'll "slay" me? I'm real, I'm not some goblin you made up in your diary. The psychiatrists have a word for this kind of thing...

(re: journal)

...delusional. From now on you are going to do what I say when I saw or I show this to your mother and you spend your best dating years behind the walls of a mental institution.

Your mother and I are going to be happy. You're not getting in the way of that. Sleep tight.

After a tense beat he turns to go, journal in hand. She grabs his arm.

BUFFY

That's mine and you're not leaving this room with it.

TED

Take your hand off me.

BUFFY

No.

A stand-off. Until he suddenly slaps her face!

BUFFY (cont'd)

Oh. I was so hoping you'd do that.

And she hauls off and smashes him in the face. About as hard as a slayer can. He slams back into the door, knocking it open into the hall.

And he comes for her, fast and vicious.

He swings, hits her hard -- Arnold Schwarzenegger hard. She's stunned. He grabs her by the hair, drags her towards the door. She knees him, preferably in the groin. Then she hits him hard, once, twice, as her mother appears in the hallway--

JOYCE

Buffy! Stop it!

Buffy spin kicks him to the head and sends him flying out the door.

INT. BUFFY'S HOUSE - STAIRS - NIGHT

Ted caroms off the wall, loses his footing and tumbles head over heels down the stairs.

His head lands at the bottom with a sharp and nasty THUNK.

Buffy stands at the top of the stairs, breathing hard. Joyce tears past her down the

stairs, nearly falling herself and kneels next to Ted.

JOYCE
Ted... Ted!

She puts her hand on his chest, desperate. She puts her ear to his mouth, listening. She grabs for a pulse. There is none.

Joyce looks up at her daughter.

JOYCE (cont'd)
You... you killed him.

Off Buffy,

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

Act Three

INT. BUFFY'S HOUSE - A HALF HOUR LATER - NIGHT

ANGLE: TED

As the black plastic bag is zipped over his face.

EXT. BUFFY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

The area is filled with the usual crime scene professionals.

Buffy sits on the porch, in silent shock. Joyce stands looking into the foyer, away from Buffy, as Ted's body is carried out by two morgue guys. Moving past them is DETECTIVE STEIN. He approaches Joyce.

STEIN
Ma'am, I'm Detective Stein... I'm
sorry but I need to ask you a few
things... Your relationship with
the deceased?

JOYCE
We were... um, seeing each other.

STEIN
Can you tell me what happened?

It's a beat before she answers:

JOYCE
He fell. Down the stairs. He fell.

STEIN
I see. Did he slip, do you
know what made him fall?

BUFFY

I hit him.

She is still sitting, staring. They turn to look at her. It is suddenly very quiet in here.

BUFFY (cont'd)
I hit him.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

The place is a bustle of activity, even this late. Joyce Summers sits on a bench by herself, waiting. Quiet.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Detective Stein sits with Buffy. His tone is intimate and comforting, not interrogational. She speaks quietly, intensely.

BUFFY
He was in my room...
we got into an argument...

STEIN
About what?

BUFFY
He... um, he'd been--

STEIN
Was this the first time you
two had had an argument?

BUFFY
(after a beat)
No. He threatened me.
He said he would slap me...

STEIN
That was tonight?

BUFFY
No... but he had my diary and
I tried to take it back and... and
then he hit me.

STEIN
Where?

She points to her cheek.

STEIN (cont'd)
It doesn't look like he hit
you very hard.

BUFFY
(staring at him)
I don't bruise easily.

STEIN

So you've been hit before?

BUFFY
Yes...

STEIN
But Ted never hit you.

BUFFY
I told you, he--

STEIN
--Before tonight. Never hit
you before tonight.

BUFFY
(more confused than angry)
What do you want? I told you
what happened. I didn't mean to...

STEIN
I believe you. Things got out
of hand. He's a big guy.

As Buffy stares off, thinking...

JOYCE (V.O.)
Are you charging her with something?

INT. POLICE STATION - LATER - NIGHT

He leans on his desk, Joyce standing before him.

STEIN
We're not bringing anything up against
your daughter right now. She says Mr.
Buchanan struck her and if that's the
case... anyway we're gonna examine it
further. Right now I think you should
just take her home and the two of you
try to get some rest.

Off her look--

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Joyce's car drives by.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Joyce and Buffy sit side by side. Silent. Buffy almost tries to say something to her mother, but either thinks better of it or can't think of anything to say.

Joyce never looks at her.

INT. SCHOOL - DAY

Buffy enters the hall, obviously not after a great night's sleep. She passes a

whispering gaggle of girls -- who nudge each other and hush up as she passes.

Further down the hall and she passes two teachers who stare at her unabashedly. She moves into:

INT. LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Where Xander and Willow accost her.

XANDER
Buffy! Are you okay?

WILLOW
How come you're here?

BUFFY
I couldn't stay home... Mom
won't even look at me.

They sit at one of the tables.

WILLOW
What happened? Unless you
don't want to talk about it...

BUFFY
We had a fight. I lost my temper,
really let him have it.

WILLOW
The papers said he fell.

BUFFY
He fell. Hard.

XANDER
Well, what was he?

BUFFY
What?

XANDER
What was he? Demon? Giant bug?
Some kind of dark god with the
secrets of nouvelle cuisine? I mean,
we are talking creature feature here, right?

Buffy doesn't answer.

XANDER (cont'd)
Oh, man...

WILLOW
But, I'm sure it wasn't your fault.
He started it!

BUFFY
Yeah, that defense only works

in six-year-old court, Will.

XANDER

Court? Are you -- are they charging you with something?

BUFFY

I don't know. Not yet. But... He was a guy. He was a weird, sleazy guy but he was a person and I killed him.

WILLOW

Don't say that.

BUFFY

Why not? Everyone else is. And it's the truth.

XANDER

It was an accident.

BUFFY

I'm the Slayer. I had no right to hit him like that.

XANDER

Look, I don't know what happened exactly, but I know you. You would never hurt anyone intentionally. You know, unless--

BUFFY

Unless what?

They're dating my Mom?
(stands)

I'm sorry, guys, I gotta be alone for a while. I'll, um, I'll just...

She can't think of anything. Turns and goes. They watch her, distraught.

INT. HALL OUTSIDE ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL FLUTIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Buffy walks slowly down the hall. At the other end, Giles emerges from the Assistant Principal's office. Sees Buffy and crosses to her, stopping her some 15 feet from the office.

GILES

Buffy. Are you all right?

GILES (cont'd)

Stupid question. I'm sorry. Anything you need, of course, just ask.

Buffy sees the Assistant Principal (a large, stern woman) step out and signal a waiting teacher to come in. (Another teacher also waits).

BUFFY

What's going on?

GILES
You needn't worry about it.

Buffy steps forward to look.

GILES (cont'd)
They were just asking questions --
your record, your behavior...

ANGLE: BUFFY'S POV INTO OFFICE

She sees the teacher shaking hands with Detective Stein, who motions for her to sit down. The Assistant Principal hovers nearby.

GILES (cont'd)
Of course I told them you were--

But she takes off, unable to deal. Giles watches her, unhappily.

INT. LIBRARY - AFTER SCHOOL - DAY

Giles crosses from the book cage and drops a bag of weapons on the table. Willow sits at it, firing up the computer. Cordy stands nearby, Xander pacing intensely.

XANDER
Man, this is killing me! That bastard
was up to something. I know it. If I
could get my hands on him... earlier
this week...

CORDELIA
I thought you liked him.

XANDER
(pointedly)
I sometimes like things that are
not good for me. Besides, no way
no how does Buffy put the big
hurt on an innocent man. Nice
Uncle Ted was dirty.

WILLOW
We gotta prove that somehow.
Xander, you got a pen?

He goes for his back pack, digs.

XANDER
If Buffy has to go to jail because
of that creep, I'm gonna lose it.
He's gotta be in there, Will.
History of domestic violence,
criminal record... ooh, cookies.

He pulls them out -- they are leftovers from the golf day -- as he hands Willow the pen. She starts to copy down a web address.

CORDELIA
I don't get it. Buffy's the Slayer,
shouldn't she have...

XANDER
A license to kill?

He takes out a cookie. Eats.

CORDELIA
Well, not for fun, but... I mean
she's like this superman. Shouldn't
there be different rules for her?

WILLOW
Sure, in a fascist society.

CORDELIA
Right! Why can't we have one of those?

GILES
Whatever the authorities are
planning for her can't be much
worse than what she's doing to
herself. She took a human life.
The guilt... it's pretty hard to
bear and it won't go away soon.

CORDELIA
Wow, yeah... I guess you'd know
since you helped raise that demon
that got that guy killed that time.

GILES
Yes, do let's bring that up
as often as possible.

He retreats to the book cage.

XANDER
(eating another cookie)
So, Giles, you're taking over tonight?

GILES
Buffy's in no shape to patrol.
The least I can do is pick up
the slack. Someone has to.

WILLOW
Giles, you shouldn't go out
there without the Slayer.

GILES
Until Buffy regains her equilibrium,
I'm afraid there is no Slayer.

CORDELIA
If you need help...

GILES
Buffy needs your help more than I.
Continue investigating. Find out
some more about Mr. Buchanan,
if you can.

He shoulders his bag and starts out.

WILLOW
Be careful.

GILES
I will.

He's out the door. Cordy turns to Willow.

CORDELIA
Are you sure it's a good idea
for him to go out?

WILLOW
Ted's got no criminal record
I can find. Damn! The guy's
like, citizen of the year!

XANDER
Don't sweat it. Everything'll be fine.

WILLOW
Don't sweat it?

He smiles, ruffles Willow's hair.

XANDER
Yeah, cute buddy, we'll work
it out. No worries.

CORDELIA
What happened to "This is killing me?"

XANDER
Worrying isn't gonna solve any problems.

The girls look at each other, confused by the radical tude shift. Willow looks at Xander. He puts yet another cookie in his mouth.

She reaches up. Breaks off half.

INT. BUFFY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Joyce is in the kitchen, putting some old pots and kitchenwares into a cardboard box. Buffy enters, tentatively.

BUFFY
Can I help?

JOYCE
It's done. I've been meaning to

clean out this junk for months.

A beat. Neither of them knows how to scale this well.

JOYCE (cont'd)
Do you have... homework?

BUFFY
I didn't mean to hurt him.

JOYCE
I don't want to talk about this.

BUFFY
Mom, you have to know --

JOYCE
I can't. Not yet. Please, Buffy,
just go to your room.

She takes the box and goes down to the cellar. Buffy waits, then turns and goes towards her room.

INT. SCIENCE LAB - NIGHT

Willow is in full chemist mode, beakers abubblin'. Xander hands her a solution. She puts it on a slide and looks at it through a microscope.

WILLOW
Okay...

XANDER
What do we know?

WILLOW
Apparently, the secret
ingredient is not love.

XANDER
What is it, then?

WILLOW
I'm not positive, but I think it's
Dematorin. It's like a tranquilizer,
keeps you all mellow and compliant.
And it shares a few components
with ecstasy.

XANDER
This is evidence. This is real evidence
that Ted was some kind of crook.
Buffy's cleared! Willow, you're
the best human ever. I adore you.
(off her slightly skeptical look)
That's the cookies talking, but you rock.

Cordelia enters, holding a sheet of paper.

CORDELIA

Your search finally hit pay dirt. Got some personal records, marriage certificates, and an address.

XANDER

Let's check it out. Get our Slayer back on her feet before somebody else gets hurt.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Giles waits for a sign of trouble. Someone appears near him and he spins, holds up a cross.

Jenny looks at it, smiles wryly.

JENNY

I get that reaction from men all the time.

GILES

Jenny! What are you doing here?

JENNY

I saw your car back there...
I wanted to apologize.

GILES

I don't think this is a good time to --

JENNY

Please. Let me get this out. I was very harsh the other day. I know how bad you feel about putting me in danger before...

GILES

Imagine how I must feel now...

He is looking behind her. She turns to see:

A vampire. Big fella.

INT. BUFFY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Buffy leans on the edge of her dresser, looking at nothing in particular. Thinks she hears something, calls out softly:

BUFFY

Mom?

But there is no reply. For a moment Buffy sinks back into her depressed reverie, then:

BUFFY (cont'd)

The hell with this.

She grabs her coat, throws it on as she moves to the window. A quick glance at the

hall and she tugs on the window to open it. It won't budge. She looks more closely.

BUFFY (cont'd)
She nailed it shut?

CLOSE ON: BUFFY

in profile, as she stares down at the window.

BUFFY
Well, it's official. This day
can't get any worse.

Ted's face comes into frame right beside her. Grinning.

TED
Beg to differ...

END OF ACT THREE

Act Four

INT. BUFFY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - SECONDS LATER

Buffy backs up, confused and horrified.

BUFFY
You... you died...

TED
That's right, little lady. You
killed me! Do we have
something to say about
that? Are we sorry?

Suspicion creeps into Buffy's gaze.

BUFFY
What are you?

TED
I'm a salesman! That's what
you should have remembered.
No matter how you put him down--

He backhands her so hard she flies halfway across the room -- slams into a wall.

TED (cont'd)
--a good salesman always
bounces back.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

The Vampire leaps on Giles, taking him to the ground. Giles manages to hold off actual biting with his cross, but the guy won't get off him.

Jenny looks around for a weapon --

GILES
My bag!

She spots it on the group, several feet away. She runs to it, digs in it. Comes up with a crossbow.

Giles punches the Vamp, jarring him enough to roll free. He pulls a stake from his coat but the vamp knocks it away.

Jenny stands, trying to take aim...

INT. BUFFY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ted comes at Buffy and she kicks him hard. He staggers back and she comes at him with a series of blows that would cripple a normal man.

Which Ted is not, since he just smiles and grabs her by the throat.

TED
I had to shut down for a little
while to get you off my back.
You should have seen the intern's
face when I got up off the table.
It was a hoot. Fun's over, though.

His fingers tighten.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

The Vampire grabs Giles, going in for the taste treat. Jenny tries to get a bead --

ANGLE: JENNY'S POV

of the vampire's back. She's got a shot.

JENNY
Say good night, big guy...

She fires.

Meanwhilst, the Vamp and Giles spins around in their struggle -- and the arrow hits Giles in the side.

GILES
AAAHHH!

JENNY
Oh god! Oh no!

She scrambles to find another weapon, another arrow --

The Vampire lets go of Giles -- 'cause he's laughing.

With grim determination, Giles grabs the arrow (probably out of frame) and pulls in from his side.

VAMPIRE
TA-ha ha ha ha ha!!!
Nice shot, lady.

Giles buries the arrow in the Vamp's heart. The Vamp's eyes widen and he stops laughing for a moment. His last.

INT. BUFFY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Buffy is passing out from the pressure. Ted has her up against her dresser, is still squeezing.

ANGLE: BUFFY'S HAND

searches and finds a nail file.

She swings and stabs his forearm. He backs off, grabbing his arm. Buffy collapses to the floor gasping and looks up to see:

CLOSE UP: THE CUT

It's not blood that trickles out. It looks suspiciously like motor oil. And from within, there is a spark.

TED
That wasn't playing fair, missy.
You're gonna find--

We hear an electrical short and Ted's head snaps to the right, a giant smile plastered on his face as he says:

TED (cont'd)
Hell of a day! Day like this
makes you feel 18 again!

And his head snaps back -

TED (cont'd)
...that I don't like being disobeyed.

Buffy can hardly speak through the strangling. But she manages to whisper:

BUFFY
How do you like...
being hurt...?

He advances on her, pure murder in his eyes.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Joyce comes up from the cellar with an empty box. She KICKS the door shut with her foot.

INT. BUFFY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

This stops Ted. He turns and punches Buffy, knocking her unconscious.

TED

Don't worry about me and
your mom. We're going to
be very happy.

He leaves the room, shutting the door behind him. We hear it lock.

INT. MACHINE SHOP - NIGHT

The room is dark, empty, quiet. That is, until the brick smashes through the window.

Xander reaches through and opens the door.

WILLOW (O.S.)
Careful!

Cordy and Willow enter as he switches on the light.

The room is dusty, unused -- and kind of a mess. Computer and machine parts litter the place.

XANDER
Let's look around.

CORDELIA
I'll take the back.

XANDER
Check for cookies.
(off her look)
For evidence.

WILLOW
(leafing through documents)
I count four marriage certificates.

XANDER
Any divorce papers?

WILLOW
Not a one.

XANDER
So either our boy was
a mormon, or...

WILLOW
Whoah. 1957. Ted must have
married young. Like preschool young.

Cordy comes back in.

CORDELIA
Nothing interesting. It doesn't
look like anybody worked here,
let alone lived here.

XANDER

Something's missing. This doesn't seem like Ted at all.

CORDELIA
And that rug totally doesn't go with the rest of the décor.

Xander and Willow look at each other.

Xander pulls the corner of the rug up.

ANGLE: UNDER THE RUG

is a trapdoor.

INT. BUFFY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Joyce is in the kitchen, busying herself. She hears something behind her. Turns to say:

JOYCE
Buffy, I'm sorry, I know you--

Ted is standing in the doorway.

Joyce freaks -- takes a stumbling step backwards, eyes wide, unable to speak.

TED
Joyce...

JOYCE
Ted? Is it really... but you were...

TED
I'm okay. I'm okay...

He crosses to her, takes her in his arms. She lets him hold her a sec, then breaks free, looks at him.

JOYCE
I don't understand this.
You were dead.

TED
They said I must have been dead for six minutes. They said any longer and there would have been brain damage.

JOYCE
Why didn't anyone tell us?

TED
Nobody knew! They took me to the morgue and I was unconscious for almost a day! An intern found me. It's a miracle, Joyce. A miracle.

JOYCE
Oh, Ted...

TED
I know...

JOYCE
Oh my god, Buffy... Ted, I swear
she never meant to hurt you, you
have to believe me.

TED
You don't have to worry about Buffy.
You don't have to worry about
anything. Daddy's here.

INT. TED'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

The trapdoor opens, our three coming down concrete steps.

What they find inside is a time capsule -- a perfect kitschy 50's home set up inside a concrete bunker. There are even windows that look out onto concrete wall. It's spotless. It's creepy.

ANGLE: A RECORD PLAYER

As one innocuous 50's Jackie and Roy type album finishes and another drops down on top of it, starts PLAYING.

CORDELIA
Feels just like home, if it's
the 50's and you're a psycho.

The three look around. Xander finds a closet door behind a chest of drawers.

XANDER
Whatdya got in the closet, Ted?

He moves the chest and opens the door.

ANGLE: XANDER FROM INSIDE CLOSET

He goes very still. Steely horror narrows his gaze and he slams the door shut.

He starts out.

XANDER (cont'd)
Let's go.

CORDELIA
We need evidence --

XANDER
We got it.

WILLOW
What's in there?

XANDER
His first four wives.

INT. BUFFY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

TED
You know what brought me back,
Joyce? It was you. I couldn't go
into that light -- I had to come
back for you. I'm gonna make
you so happy...

JOYCE
You should sit down...

TED
I feel fine. Never better.

JOYCE
Ted, I think I should talk to Buffy
first, before she sees you. I know
she'll want to--

TED
(a little strident)
Do we have to worry about Buffy
right now? How about worrying
about Teddy, he's the one that died.

JOYCE
I'm sorry, I'm just... I don't know
what to do.

TED
(softly, taking her hands)
Don't I always tell you what to do?
I'm gonna make this right, and then
you and I--

A sparking SOUND and his head whips to the side again--

TED (cont'd)
--want a little gravy with that? --

And he's back --

TED (cont'd)
--can go away where no one
will bother us again.

Okay, now Joyce is starting to get weirded.

JOYCE
Ted, I think you might want
to rest for a while...

TED
I think you might want to stop
telling me what to do. I don't

take orders from women. I'm
not wired that way.

INT. BUFFY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Buffy begins to stir. Turns, moaning, and coughs.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Jenny is kneeling, holding Giles.

JENNY
Oh, god, I'm so sorry...

GILES
I think I'm all right.

JENNY
You're just in shock--

GILES
No, really. It didn't go in that deep.
The advantages of layers of tweed,
I guess. Better than kevlar.

JENNY
We've still got to get you
to a hospital.

GILES
Yes.

They start to move --

GILES (cont'd)
OW! Ow. Let's move slowly,
shall we?

Still crazed by the whole deal, Jenny actually starts laughing.

GILES (cont'd)
What is it?

JENNY
Some night, huh? You sure know
how to woo a girl back, don't you.

GILES
(cracks up too)
Heh heh--owwwwww.

JENNY
Hospital.

INT. BUFFY'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Joyce is walking into the dining room, Ted behind her. She is pretending nothing's

wrong. She is not the great pretender.

JOYCE
I think I could use a drink.
To celebrate.

TED
We should probably be
hitting the road.

JOYCE
Hitting the road?

TED
You're gonna love the house.
It's furnished just the way you
like it. I spent a lot of --
(spark)
--telling me what to do!
(normal)
--time decorating.

There is the NOISE from upstairs of Buffy putting her shoulder to her locked door.

JOYCE
Well, then, I'd probably better pack.

TED
I already have your clothes.
They're your size, they're
always your size. You left
me once but I keep bringing
you back. Husband and wife
is forever. Forever.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT

As the lock FLIES off the door, a still dazed Buffy pulling the door open and stumbling out.

INT. BUFFY'S DINING ROOM/FOYER/HALL/KITCHEN - NIGHT

Ted heard that. He grabs Joyce.

TED
Let's go.

She tries to break free --

JOYCE
Ted, please, let go!
Get OFF ME!

--and succeeds, which kind of displeases him. He slams her into wall, knocking her unconscious.

TED
Fine, then. I'll have

to carry you.

A CREAK from the foyer makes him stop. He crosses into there -- no one about. He moves quietly down the hall into the kitchen. Turns to go in the dining room.

TED (cont'd)
Come out, Buffy. I don't
stand for this kind of malarkey
in my house.

Buffy steps up behind him with a large cast iron skillet. When she speaks, it is still a hoarse whisper.

BUFFY
Uncle Teddy...

He turns and she homeruns his face. He flies back, lands hard.

BUFFY (cont'd)
This house is mine.

CLOSE ON: TED

As he sits back up, enough of his face ripped away to reveal the robot beneath.

He stands, Buffy taking a moment to register the creepiness of his new face.

TED
Buffy...

He's sparking badly, moving like a zombie, his voice now low and mechanical --

--Buffy brings the skillet back --

TED (cont'd)
How about a nice game or Parcheesi?

--and she takes him out. He falls hard, for the last time.

Off her look,

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FRONT PORCH - DAY

Joyce and Buffy are shelling peas on the porch.

JOYCE
You want to rent a movie tonight?

BUFFY
That'd be fun.

JOYCE
Just nothing with horror in it.
Or romance. Or men.

BUFFY

Sound like we're Themla
and Louising it again.

JOYCE
Good call.
(beat)

I still think he's gonna jump out
at me. Especially after what the
police found in his house, it's
too horrible...

BUFFY
He's not coming back, Mom.

JOYCE
I wish I could be so sure.

BUFFY
Trust me. He's on the scrap heap.
(covering)
...of life.

INT. SCHOOL - DAY

The four kids walk towards the library.

XANDER
So I'm Ted the sickly loser, I'm
dying and my wife dumps me.
I build a better Ted. He brings
her back. She dies in his little
love bunker and so he keeps
bringing her back over and over.
That's creepy on a level I hardly
knew existed.

WILLOW
And the sad thing is, the real
Ted must have been a genius.
There were design features in
that robot that predate--

BUFFY
Willow. Tell me you didn't
keep any parts.

WILLOW
(guilty)
Not any big ones...

BUFFY
Oh, Will, you're supposed
to use your powers for good!

WILLOW
I just wanna learn stuff.

CORDELIA

Like how to build your own serial killer?

XANDER

Well, it's hard to rent one nowadays.

CORDELIA

Can't we just drop the subject?

BUFFY

Absolutely. The whole incident is just something I plan to forget. I want to pick up right where we left off --

As she says it, she opens the door to the library, starts in -- and stops. She closes the door (we don't see what's in there, though the kids do) and turns to go, in high dudgeon.

BUFFY (cont'd)

That's it. I give up. Do I have to sound an air horn every time I enter a room.

She storms off, the others in tow. The camera tracks forward, to see through the little window:

BUFFY (O.S.)

I mean, what is it with grown ups these days?

Giles and Jenny, standing in the middle of the library. Necking.

BLACK OUT.

END OF SHOW