

Bad Eggs

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Teaser

INT. SUNNYDALE MALL - NIGHT

BUFFY and JOYCE walk along. They have a couple of bags. Buffy is in wheedle mode, but it's not working.

BUFFY
Come on, Mom, please?

JOYCE
I'm sorry, honey.

BUFFY
But... don't you understand?
This is so important!

JOYCE
It's an outfit. An outfit that you
may never buy.

BUFFY
But... I looked good in it!

JOYCE
You looked like a streetwalker.

BUFFY
But a thin streetwalker!
(beat)
That's probably not gonna be the
winning argument, is it?

JOYCE
You're just too young to wear that.

BUFFY
I'm gonna be too young to wear that
till I'm too old to wear that.

JOYCE
That's the plan...
(looking at her watch)
Oh. Stores are gonna close and I
still need to order the flyers for
the opening.

Joyce makes a decision. Looks through her purse and finds a receipt.

JOYCE

Okay, I'll go to the printers and then get our food. You go pick up my outfit from the tailors at Everyday Woman. Here's the receipt--

BUFFY
"Everyday Woman?" Why didn't you go straight to "Muumuus R Us"?

Joyce points Buffy in the right direction.

JOYCE
Do now. Make fun of your mother later.

Buffy heads off on her mission. Joyce also moves off.

Buffy walks toward "Everyday woman", a totally "L7" clothing store. She can't help but notice a YOUNG, STUDLY GUY in western-style clothes, who's clearly hitting on a CUTE GIRL. The girl sits on a bench outside the store. He stands by her, one foot on the bench. He talks, she laughs shyly.

Buffy turns to head into the store, then stops.

ANGLE: MIRROR ALONG THE ESCALATOR

shows the reflection of the girl. Alone. She gets up.

Buffy turns, all business, as the (vampire) cowboy heads the girl toward a hallway. Buffy looks around, then slowly heads after them.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE ARCADE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Buffy comes to an arcade, stops. The place is closed, but the security gate has been jimmed open. She listens, then starts forward.

INT. ARCADE

Cowboy (LYLE GORCH) and girl are already up against a video game, kissing playfully. He has his hat off, his face buried in her neck.

LYLE
You know... you got about the prettiest neck I've ever seen.

BUFFY
Wow, you guys really don't ever come up with new lines, do you?

He turns to face Buffy, standing some fifteen feet away. He is in VAMP FACE, growling. The girl, not noticing the change, turns to Buffy also.

GIRL
Do you mind? We were talkin' here.

BUFFY
(to the vamp)
But you promised you'd never cheat on

me again, honey...

GIRL
(uncomfortable)
Uh, I better go...

Lyle turns on her, growls.

LYLE
I ain't done yet.

She starts back in horror, then takes off at a good clip.

Lyle steps up toward Buffy.

LYLE
All right then, sugarlips. I'm all yours.

He lunges for her and she sends him reeling with a series of blows. He falls back, coming back up in vamp face.

LYLE
You're a rough one, ain't ya? I like that.

In a FLASH he comes at her. They trade blows but he gets in close. He gets a hold of her, lifts her HIGH off the ground and SLAMS her into the WALL.

LYLE
(leering)
A pretty little tidbit like you with
so much kick... Have to be the
slayer I've been hearing so much
about- Lyle Gorch. Pleased to meet you.

In answer, Buffy viciously KNEES him in the FACE. He drops her and she SWEEP KICKS his legs out from under him.

BUFFY
Pleasure's mine.

She STRADDLES him, producing a STAKE from her jacket.

She RAISES the STAKE. But Lyle manages to ROLL OUT FROM UNDER HER and get to his feet. They are both breathing hard, and the humor is gone from his gaze.

LYLE
This ain't over, girl.

And he's gone. Buffy, winded, does not give chase.

BUFFY
Oh, sure... they say they'll call...

INT. FOOD COURT - NIGHT

Buffy's mom is now sitting at the table with dinner. Buffy comes to the table, looking a little worse for the wear. She sits.

BUFFY
Oh, bliss. Mall food.

She starts to eat. Joyce just looks at her.

JOYCE
Buffy.

BUFFY
Mom.

JOYCE
Where's my dress.

BUFFY
Your--?
(realizing)
Oh. Oh my God.

JOYCE
Buffy, what were you -- no, let me
guess. You were distracted by a boy.

BUFFY
Technically.

JOYCE
Buffy...

BUFFY
Well, I'll get it --

JOYCE
They're closed. I'll have to fit it
in tomorrow.

Buffy sits, contrite.

BUFFY
Sorry.

JOYCE
A little responsibility, Buffy,
that's all I ask. Honestly, don't
you ever think about anything besides
boys and clothes?

BUFFY
Saving the world from vampires.

Joyce stares at her.

JOYCE
I swear, sometimes I have no idea
what goes on in your head.

Off Buffy's look...

END OF TEASER

Act One

INT. BROOM CLOSET - DAY

BLACK

Out of the darkness we hear the sound of SMOOTCHIES.

XANDER (O.C.)
Ummmmmm.

CORDELIA (O.C.)
Ohhhhhh.

Then two familiar voices-

CORDELIA (O.C.)
Xander?

XANDER (O. C.)
Shhhhh.

CORDELIA
I'm just worried that we're going to
miss class-

A beat. An overhead light comes on.

In the light, XANDER and CORDELIA back away from each other.

XANDER
You know. It's really better for me
if you don't talk.

CORDELIA
Well. It's really better for me with
the lights off.

She reaches for the STRING that turns the light off.

BLACK

Sound of SMOOTCHIES AGAIN. For a beat.

Then another CLICK-

The lights are BACK ON. Now Xander holds the string.

XANDER
Are you saying you can't look at me
when we... whatever we do?

CORDELIA

It's not that I can't. It's more
that I... don't want to.

XANDER

That's great. That's just dandy.
We're repulsed by each other. We
hide from our friends--

CORDELIA

(horrified)

I should hope. Please.

XANDER

All and all. This thing is not what
I'd call a self-esteem booster.

CORDELIA

Tell me about it. I mean, look at
you. Where did you get those shoes?

XANDER

Okay. You know what? I don't need this.

He reaches for the door. Cordelia follows suit.

CORDELIA

Ditto. Like a hole in the head.

Their hands touch. That's all it takes. They're all over each other - wild with...
inexplicable... passion.

As they LOWER OUT OF FRAME, Cordelia grabs the string to the light.

BLACK

PRELAP:

MR. WHITMORE (V.O.)

Sex!!

FADE UP ON:

INT. MR. WHITMORE'S CLASSROOM - DAY

WILLOW, Xander and Cordelia (both looking a bit mussed) are in TEEN HEALTH
CLASS, which is taught by a slight, somewhat nebbishy guy, MR. WHITMORE.

There are posters on the wall about vegetables, teen pregnancy, that sort of stuff.
Mr. Whitmore is pacing while the assembled class looks on.

MR. WHITMORE

The sex drive in the human animal is intense--

Willow squirms uncomfortably as DAVE, an ENORMOUS, DUMB JOCK looks over at
her, smiles.

MR. WHITMORE

How many of us have lost countless

productive hours plagued by unwanted
sexual thoughts and feelings -- ?

Xander's hand shoots up.

MR. WHITMORE
That was a rhetorical question, Mr.
Harris. Not a poll.

XANDER
Oh.

Hand goes down.

MR. WHITMORE
Of course, for teenagers such as
yourselves these feelings are even
more overwhelming. With all sorts of
hormones surging through your bodies,
compelling you to action - it's often
difficult to remember that there are
negative consequences to having sex.
Would anyone care to offer one such
consequence?

Cordelia's hand shoots up.

CORDELIA
That depends. Are you talking about
sex in a car or out of a car?
Because one time - a friend of mine,
not me - kicked the gear shift in a
Miata that was parked at the top of
this hill and--

MR. WHITMORE
(interrupting her)
I was thinking of something a little
more... commonplace, Ms. Chase.

Xander, jealous despite himself, shoots Cordelia a look and puts his hand up--

XANDER
You want to talk negative
consequence? How about the
heartbreak of halitosis? I mean, a
girl may seem spiffy, but if she
ignores her flossing, the bloom is
definitely off the rose--

And now Cordelia's hand is up again.

CORDELIA
Like that compares to kissing a guy
who thinks the Hoover technique is a
big turn on--

MR. WHITMORE

Okay. Anyone--

XANDER

What about having to feign interest in her vapid, little chit-chat just to get some touch? Boot cut jeans, pro or con? Can you say - get a life!?

ON CLASS

Who are all intently watching them. Xander and Cordy suddenly realize they are in the spotlight. Oops.

MR. WHITMORE

Now? Another consequence of sexual activity? Anyone?

Cordelia is about to speak --

MR. WHITMORE

-- else?

WILLOW

How about pregnancy? That would be a major one - right?

MR. WHITMORE

Thank you, Ms. Rosenberg. Among teens unwanted pregnancy would be the number one negative consequence of sexual activity. This is partly because some teens think of a baby as a toy, or as a companion who will give them love. The truth, of course, is that a child is a relentless, needy tyrant. So, as discussed last week, I've devised an exercise that may give you some idea of what an enormous burden having your own tiny charge can be--

Whitmore moves to his desk - uncovers a FULL CRATE OF EGGS he has hidden there.

MR. WHITMORE

Ladies and gentlemen. I present you with your offspring. Your assignment is as follows. You will split into parenting teams. You and your partner will share equally in the daily task of "raising" your egg.

He holds up a small composition notebook.

MR. WHITMORE

Every aspect of your child's care will be recorded in this daily log. If your egg breaks - you have killed your child. Naturally, this will

affect your grade. Now, please,
choose a partner and pick up your
children.

There is general hubbub in the room as people scramble to pair up.

ON XANDER AND CORDELIA

Who glare at each other. Then Cordelia turns and grabs a BUFF BABE.

Xander follows suit, sidling up to a CUTE LITTLE MUFFIN, who has already been assigned an egg.

XANDER
(to Muffin)
I know we just met, but isn't that
Xander Jr. you're holding?

The girl giggles. Cordelia sees this, turns away - annoyed.

ON WILLOW

Who sees DAVE barrelling toward her. She looks desperately around for another partner. But everyone is already attached.

Off Willow's despair--

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Willow and Xander enter. Willow carries a small EGG CARTON with her.

Buffy is there, looking through some books.

WILLOW
Buffy. How come you weren't in class?

BUFFY
Vampire issues. Did Mister Whitmore
notice that I was tardy?

XANDER
I think the word you're searching for
is 'absent'.

WILLOW
(agreeing)
Tardy people show.

BUFFY
Oh. Right.

WILLOW
And, yes, he noticed. So he wanted
me to give you this.

Willow hands BUFFY an EGG. Buffy takes it, puzzled.

BUFFY

As punishments go,
this is fairly abstract.

WILLOW
No, it's your baby.

BUFFY
Okay, I get it even less.

XANDER
You know, it's the whole "sex leads
to responsibility" thing, which I
really don't get. You gotta take
care of the egg, it's a baby, gotta
keep it safe and teach it Christian values.

WILLOW
My egg is Jewish.

XANDER
Then teach it that dreidel song.

BUFFY
God, I can't do this... I can't take
care of stuff! I killed my gigapet.
Literally! I sat on it and it broke.

She puts her egg on the counter.

WILLOW
You'll do fine.

XANDER
The only thing that stresses me is,
when do we tell them they're adopted?

BUFFY
I'll just lay it all off on my
partner. Who'd I get?

WILLOW
Well. There was an uneven number of
kids - and you didn't show, so...

BUFFY
I'm a single mother?

XANDER
No man of her own...

WILLOW
At least you're not paired with
Gordon the pig boy.

BUFFY
What does this say about me? That
I'm doomed to live my mother's life?
How deeply scary is that?

XANDER

How about this - it says nothing. It means nothing. This whole egg experiment is completely pointless--

GILES emerges from the stacks - dusty volume in hand, natch.

GILES

Success at last. Your new playmate is a fellow of some repute, it seems.

He puts the book down -- almost on Buffy's egg. She snatches it to safety at the last second, looks at the book.

CLOSE ON

An old photograph of LYLE, the cowboy vamp, and another guy in western garb. The other fellow is a big, lumbering sort.

GILES (O.C.)

Lyle Gorch. The other one is his brother Tector. They're from Abeline. Made their reputation massacring a Mexican village in 1886.

BUFFY

Friendly little demons...

GILES

No, that was before they became vampires.

(off their looks)

The good news is, they're not among the great thinkers of our time. I doubt they're up to much; They were probably just drawn here by the hellmouth's energy.

XANDER

Enough said. I propose that Buffy slays them. All in favor?

WILLOW

(raises her hand)

Aye.

BUFFY

Great. Now I have to worry about Butch and Sundance while I'm taking care of junior here.

GILES

You might need some help with those two, they are pretty --

(stops, puzzled)

Why do you all have eggs?

WILLOW

(delighted)

Hey. Maybe Angel could help

you find the Gorches.

GILES

Good idea. You really ought to strengthen your numbers when you go up against these two.

XANDER

Oh right. I see a lot of "hunting" getting done in that scenario. Angel and Buffy. Alone. Late at night.

BUFFY

(to Xander)

Please. Like Angel and I are just helpless slaves to passion. Grow up.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

Buffy and ANGEL are leaning against a tree. Kissing madly. It's pretty hot. Finally, Buffy breaks away.

BUFFY

We should--

ANGEL

I know--

They start to kiss again. Then--

BUFFY

Yeah, this really isn't "hunting" in the classical sense. We should get to work.

ANGEL

You're right. Okay.

Angel tries to pull it together, as does Buffy. They move away from the tree, walk a bit.

BUFFY

You see anything?

ANGEL

No.

BUFFY

Okay. Enough hunting.

She jumps him. They fall together again, laughing.

ON GORCH BROTHERS

Who are hidden behind a large tomb. Watching Buffy and Angel neck.

As in the picture, Lyle's older brother, TECTOR, is a large, graceless guy. He's not the sharpest tool in the shed - but what he lacks in brains he makes up for in sheer,

brutish power. Like Lyle, he speaks with a Texas drawl.

TECTOR
That's the Slayer?

LYLE
Yep.

TECTOR
And ain't that Angelus with her?

LYLE
Yep.

TECTOR
Well, then, how come she's not
slaying and how come he's--

LYLE
I don't know, Tector. How come you
always have to ask so many damn questions?

TECTOR
(impressed)
So that's Angelus. The Angelus.
(then)
You gonna take him, or you
want me to, Lyle?

LYLE
I say we leave it. Get her when
she's alone.

TECTOR
Why? You scared?

LYLE
'Course not. I could whip both of
em' right now.

TECTOR
So why don't you?

LYLE
(flaring)
Listen. I got a plan. You leave the
thinking to me, remember? Don't I
always take care of you?

Lyle starts to move off and Tector follows. As they disappear into the darkness--

TECTOR (O.C.)
I know, Lyle. You do the thinking.
That's your department.
(then)
So tell me again why we can't kill am now?

FADE TO:

INT. BUFFY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Buffy, dressed for sleep, enters with her egg in a makeshift "bed" - a little basket that is lined with dish towels. She sets him down on her windowsill - arranges his covers.

BUFFY
Alrighty then egg dude--

She checks her "egg log" - a written diary (in the small composition notebook) of the egg's daily schedule.

BUFFY
Feeding. Check. Burping. Check.
Diapers. Check.
(adjusts the towel around the egg)
Sort of. In theory.
(to egg)
Okay, kid. Sweet dreams.

She gives him a nice pat. Goes to her bed and climbs in. Lights out.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BUFFY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

We move toward the house. Ominously. Something wicked this way comes.

INT. BUFFY'S BEDROOM - LATER - NIGHT

Buffy is now sound asleep. We move across her still form to the WINDOW. Is there movement there, or is it just a shadow?

Then, suddenly, a chip of shell spontaneously BREAKS from Buffy's egg. And a single, hairy TENDRIL emerges from the crack.

The tendril silently snakes across the windowsill, clearly heading for BUFFY.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

Act Two

INT. BUFFY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Back to the tendril. Now it's made it's way over to Buffy's bed. It slides up the covers, over her legs and chest, winding it's way up to her FACE.

When it arrives, the tendril FLATTENS AND WIDENS, covering her face like a black mask. Then it starts to PULSE, gently, persistently.

Moving from the tendril to the egg - we see that the egg itself has started to GLOW, ever so faintly.

CUT TO:

INT. TUNNEL - EARLY MORNING

CLOSE ON: A DEAD RAT

as it is thrown to the floor.

TECTOR

I'm tired of rat. I want something
good to eat.

They are huddled against the wall. Early morning rays shine through a grate at the other end of the tunnel.

LYLE

We'll get you the good stuff. Just
gotta be patient.

TECTOR

Why can't we stay in a nice place?
A motel or something, with an ice machine.

LYLE

Gotta keep a low profile till we've
taken care of this Slayer.

TECTOR

How come Angelus is gettin' all
snuggly with her? Does the man
have no code?

LYLE

Are you gonna pester me with
questions all the damn day?

TECTOR

I just don't like it here. I'm cold,
and I'm bored and there ain't a
decent whore in the whole city limits.

LYLE

Well, this is the thanks I get.
Don't I always look after you?
Didn't I near raise you myself?
Burden that you were, I shoulda left
you on a doorstep when mama blew town.

TECTOR

Oh, don't say that...

LYLE

Now, I'm taking care of this. We'll
hit the Slayer when she's down, when
she ain't looking. Then this town is ours.

TECTOR

Are you afraid of her?

LYLE

Playing it safe, is all. We'll

follow her some more. Find our time.
This ain't over.

TECTOR
(schoolyard taunt)
You're afraid of the Slayer...

LYLE
You want me to sit your ass down in
that sunlight?

TECTOR
Think you can?

LYLE
Come on!

They start rasslin', just like brothers.

TECTOR
Is that all you got? Is that all you got...?

INT. BUFFY'S BEDROOM - LATER - DAY

The sun now bathes the room in light, washing away all signs of ultra creepy weirdness.

The egg looks COMPLETELY NORMAL again, except for the fact that it seems too big for its bowl today.

Buffy's ALARM goes off and she wakes painfully, barely able to raise a weak arm to turn the thing off. She sits on the edge of her bed, feeling horrible.

BUFFY
Oh, God...

She gets up and goes to the egg. Sees that it appears to be larger today, but shrugs it off. Picks it up in its little basket.

INT. BUFFY'S KITCHEN - DAY

Buffy comes into the kitchen, dragging. She's dressed for school and carries her egg in its little basket. Her mother is pouring herself coffee -- Buffy takes the cup and sips it, makes a face.

JOYCE
At least eat something if you're
going to drink that.

BUFFY
Not that hungry.

JOYCE
How goes the parenting?

BUFFY
Fine.

JOYCE
You sure your egg is secure in there?

BUFFY
Did I ask for backseat mommying?

JOYCE
Sorry. Are we a little touchy this morning?

BUFFY
I just feel all funky.

Joyce feels her forehead.

JOYCE
You don't have a temperature.

BUFFY
It's not that - I just didn't sleep well.

JOYCE
What's the matter - did your egg keep
you up all night?

BUFFY
You're killing me.

She picks up a muffin and her egg came as she heads out.

BUFFY
Parenting is a pain.

JOYCE
Wait till it starts dating.

ANGLE: THE COUNTER

Where the egg case was, there in a bit of blue goo.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Giles is re-shelving some books when Buffy, Xander and Willow enter.

GILES
Why are you three about? Don't you
have class?

WILLOW
Teen health got canceled.

XANDER
Mr. Whitmore's out today - couldn't
get an egg-sitter or something.

Both Willow and Buffy are obviously out of it. They sit heavily. Buffy lays her head on the table.

GILES

Well, then could you give me a hand?

BUFFY/WILLOW

No.

Xander, however, goes up the steps to Giles, starts helping.

GILES

How did the hunt go last night, Buffy?

BUFFY

No go.

GILES

You didn't go, or you were unsuccessful?

BUFFY

No Gorches.

XANDER

Apparently, Buffy has decided that the problem with the English language is all those pesky words.

(to Buffy)

You. Angel. Big. Smoochies?

BUFFY

Shut. Up.

GILES

It's true. You and Willow do appear to be awfully sluggish. Are you quite sure you're alright?

WILLOW

Maybe it was something we ate...

XANDER

Or perhaps it's the burden of parenthood. Notice how seriously both of you have taken this egg thing - while I, in turn, chose a more balanced approach--

He produces his egg from a jacket pocket. Starts tossing it in the air and catching it as he talks. Willow is watching his egg - nervous.

WILLOW

Xander. Maybe you shouldn't--

XANDER

See? That's just what I'm talking about. You can't stress over every little thing. A child picks up on that - which is a one-way ticket to neurotic city--

This time he misses the catch. Willow, Buffy and Giles GASP.

CLOSE ON EGG

SLO MO - as it falls to the carpet. But instead of breaking - it BOUNCES. Rolls to a stop.

BACK ON GANG

WILLOW
It didn't break!
(then)
Why didn't it break?

Xander scoops the egg up.

XANDER
That's the other secret to
conscientious egg-care. A pot of
scalding water and about eight minutes.

WILLOW
You BOILED your young?

XANDER
I know it sounds harsh. But
sometimes you have to be harsh to be
kind. You can bet little Xander here
in thick-skinned now--

CLOSE ON SHELF AS GILES IS PUTTING A BOOK AWAY

We see AN EGG hidden among the books. Giles doesn't notice it.

GILES
Technically, that would be called
cheating, yes?

XANDER
No! It's just like taking a shortcut,
you know, if you're running a race.

BUFFY
That would also be cheating.

WILLOW
You should be ashamed.

GILES
I suppose there is a sort of
machiavellian ingenuity to your
transgression...

XANDER
I resent that!... Or, possibly,
thank you...

GILES
Bit of both would suit.

Cordelia enters, walks up to the table.

CORDELIA

Figures, you three are all hanging in the dungeon while something major is going on at Sunnydale High.

XANDER

And what would that be, Cordelia?
Barrette appreciation day?

CORDELIA

Mr. Whitmore didn't show today.

BUFFY

That news is of the past.

CORDELIA

He can't be reached. He's missing.
And presumed dead.

GILES

Presumed by whom?

CORDELIA

Well, me.

GILES

I think we might wait a few hours before we give up on him completely.

CORDELIA

Well I think we should look around.
Don't you, Xander?

She gives him a pointed look, revealing her ulterior motive -- but not to him.

XANDER

It can wait.

BUFFY

You're awfully gung-ho.

CORDELIA

(to Xander)

Well, his body could fall out of a closet somewhere. We should check every closet to see if he's in a closet.

Xander gets it.

XANDER

Of course. There could be a closet... Let's go.

He heads down, the two of them heading out as he instructs the others:

XANDER

You guys look for other clues.

We'll meet back here.

BUFFY
(no intention of stirring)
We'll get right on that.

WILLOW
(watches them leave)
Are they getting weirder? Have you
noticed the weirdness of them?

BUFFY
I don't know. Should we be having
guilt about not looking for Mr. Whitmore?

GILES
I think you can hold off on that.
I'd prefer you save your strength for
hunting the Gorches.

BUFFY
Yeah, I'll be fine by tonight. Maybe
sweep the cemetery.

GILES
Be careful. If you're still feeling
sluggish --

BUFFY
No worries.

WILLOW
And you've got Angel helping you, right?

BUFFY
Yeah, he, uh... does what he can.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Angel and Buffy are leaning against a tomb this time. Major league necking. Finally, they come up for air.

BUFFY
As much as I hate to say this - we
should go kill bad guys.

ANGEL
It's late. You should get home.

BUFFY
What about the Gorches?

ANGEL
I'll hunt.

BUFFY
Really? You'd do that?

ANGEL

It's not like I have an early day tomorrow.

BUFFY

True. And I still have to go home
and fill out my egg diary.

ANGEL

Your - what?

BUFFY

I told you. That faux parenting gig
I'm doing in school.

(then)

Like I'm really planning to have kids
any time soon. Someday, when I'm
done having a life maybe. A kid
would be too much to deal with now.

ANGEL

I wouldn't know.

(then/carefully)

I don't... Well, you know, I can't.

This sinks in.

BUFFY

Oh.

(then/re-grouping)

Well, it's totally okay. I figured
there are all kinds of things
vampires can't do like, you know,
work for the telephone company,
volunteer for the red cross. Have
little vampires...

ANGEL

(skeptical)

So you don't think about the future.

BUFFY

No.

ANGEL

Never.

BUFFY

No.

ANGEL

How can you say that? You're not
like me. You could have a normal life.
(off her look)

You know what I mean. Less not
normal. You really don't care what
happens a year from now? Five years
from now -- ?

BUFFY

I - I can't care.

(with difficulty)
Angel. when I try to look into the
future, all I can see... is you--

Angel shakes his head.

ANGEL
(pained)
Buffy--

BUFFY
And I don't have a choice. Don't you
know that? If I could do the logic
thing, you think I would even be here?
(then)
All I can see is you... All I want is you.

A beat. Finally - Angel nods. Giving into it.

ANGEL
(quietly)
I know the feeling.

He draws her back into his arms. They kiss tenderly, passionately. Tomorrow
entirely forgotten.

INT. HALLWAY AT SCHOOL - NIGHT

The NIGHTWATCHMAN walks down the hall, checking doors. He finds the door to
the BOILER ROOM ajar. Goes in.

INT. BOILER ROOM - NIGHT

He comes in, tries the light. It doesn't work. He goes slowly down the steps, shining
his flash light around.

There is a noise from the back of the room. He heads that way, still slow and
careful. He reaches the corner and finds:

ANGLE: A HOLE

Dug in the wall. A pool of darkness that the guard moves slowly toward, brows
furrowed. He moves closer. Sticks his head in.

Mr. Whitmore steps up behind him and given him a violent SHOVE into the hole. We
hear the guard tumble, screaming, then hit the ground hard.

Whitmore is dirty, sweaty -- and completely expressionless. Picking up a pick axe,
he steps into the hole.

INT. BUFFY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

We see the egg in f.g. on Buffy's night table next to her bed. it moves slightly,
accompanied by a tiny CLICKING sound, then stops. RACK TO F.G. as Buffy climbs
in her window.

Buffy moves towards us, perhaps a little dreamy still from her "hunt" with Angel.

CLOSER - Buffy, hearing the CLICKING sound. She looks around, then she looks down.

The egg is large in frame, moving slightly as Buffy leans in, curious, her face getting closer and closer to the egg.

ANGLE - THE EGG

Still. Then jiggling a little. Then still.

BUFFY - moves even closer

THE EGG (Buffy is not in this shot) - explodes! (Special effects.)

BUFFY - leaps back, horrified.

C.G.I. SHOT -- a horrible and slimy creature bursts out of the shells. And leaps at camera.

BUFFY DUCKS -- the creature just misses her -- Buffy spins in time to see:

ANGLE THE FLOOR -- (Puppeteer shot) The creature skitters across the floor going in front of the bed. From Buffy's POV it could very well have gone underneath it.

BUFFY - Never taking her eyes off the bed, she backs to a shelf, picks up a large book to squash the creature with. Creeps back towards the bed, kneels down. Carefully picks up the dust ruffle.

REVERSE ANGLE - The dust ruffle is pulled back, revealing Buffy's face. She looks past camera carefully, creepily. Nothing.

BUFFY - slowly gets up, looks around. She turns slowly around. No creature... she keeps turning, eying every corner of the room. Still no creature... until it falls on her from above. Hitting her neck, trying to scuttle down the back of her blouse.

Buffy drops the book, grabs the creature with both hands, struggling with it, flings it off her.

ANGLE - FLOOR NEAR VANITY - (Puppeteer shot) - The creature skitters under the vanity.

Buffy hears more skittering.

Buffy's POV - moving from the vanity towards the bookshelves.

Buffy hurls open a vanity drawer, grabs a SHARP LETTER OPENER, stalks towards the shelves. HEARS MORE SKITTERING.

POV - WHIP PAN from the shelves to behind Buffy's bedside table where the cracked egg shells reside. Buffy moves closer and closer to the end table, letter opener ready to stab.

ANGLE - BUFFY - Moving towards camera. Behind her on the wall, slightly out of focus (puppeteer shot) we see the creature moving up the wall.

Buffy looks down at the end table as the creature moves just a little higher on the wall right behind her. The sound so soft only a Slayer might hear it. She cocks her head slightly, still looking towards us and -- without turning -- whips her hand back

and nails the sucker right in the middle of its horrid body. Then she pulls letter opener and creature out of the wall and slams it on the ground, stabbing it again. Blue goo dribbles out of the creature and it lies still.

BUFFY
Yuck.

Buffy, shook, stares down at the creature, then leans over and grabs the chord to her phone, pulling phone off night stand and onto the floor. She dials hurriedly.

BUFFY
Come on, pick up.

INTERCUT WITH

INT. WILLOW'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Willow, awake, answers her phone.

WILLOW
Hello?

BUFFY
Willow. Are you okay?

WILLOW
Why shouldn't I be?

BUFFY
Your egg. Is it doing anything?

WILLOW
Doing what?

BUFFY
Break it. Right now. Smash it with something heavy.

WILLOW
Buffy, what--

BUFFY
My egg just went postal on me. It hatched - some kind of crawly monster thing jumped on me-

WILLOW
Are you okay?

BUFFY
Yeah, but your egg--

WILLOW
It's totally normal. I put it in the fridge.

BUFFY
Okay...

WILLOW
Maybe it was a trap. Something the
Gorch brothers planted for you.

BUFFY
Maybe...
(pulls it together)
Okay. I'm sorry to wake you.
Get back to sleep.

WILLOW
You sure?

BUFFY
Yeah. I'm better. I'm fine.

ON WILLOW

WILLOW
Okay. I'll see you tomorrow.

Willow hangs up and we WIDEN to see her sitting at her desk, looking straight ahead. Strangely emotionless.

Her EGG is right next to her. CONSPICUOUSLY HATCHED.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

Act Three

INT. BUFFY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON CLOCK

It's 2:42 AM.

ON BUFFY

Who is hanging-up from her call with Willow.

JOYCE
(entering)
Buffy, who are you talking to at this...

Buffy hurriedly drapes a shirt over the creature as her mother stops, staring at her.

JOYCE
Why are you dressed? Where exactly
do you think you're going at three
o'clock in the morning?

BUFFY
Nowhere --

JOYCE

Who was that on the phone?

BUFFY

It was Willow... I just called 'cause she wasn't feeling well and I was worried.

JOYCE

You're gonna have to do better than that, young lady.

BUFFY

I... had a bad dream...

JOYCE

No, you're about to have a bad dream. A dream that you're grounded for the rest of your natural life --

Joyce's tirade carries into:

INT. JOYCE'S CAR - DAY

Buffy looks fried. She's in total lecture overload.

JOYCE

...which means no after-school socializing. No Bronze. No nothing, not until I give you the say so. Do you understand?

BUFFY

Yes. But--

JOYCE

Yes or no. That's all I want to hear from you.

Joyce pull's up in front of school.

JOYCE

Now. School ends at 2:30. I want you to go to the library at 2:33 and study until I pick you up there at 5:30. Understood?

BUFFY

Yes.

JOYCE

Good. Have a nice day.

Buffy climbs out of the car. Mom takes off.

EXT. SUNNYDALE HIGH - FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY

All the kids are arriving for the day.

Buffy sees CORDELIA and moves to her. Cordy, going with the "sweet but naughty"

schoolgirl look, carries an ADORABLE TEDDY BEAR BACKPACK.

BUFFY

Nice bear. Listen, is your --

CORDELIA

I'll have you know my father brought this back for me from Gstaad years ago. Then all of a sudden these trendoids everywhere are sporting them. So I've been totally not wearing it. But then I was - "Hey! I started this whole nation-wide craze. What am I ashamed of?"

BUFFY

Okay, soliloquy girl... I just wanted to know about your egg.

CORDELIA

My egg?

BUFFY

You know the egg that Mr. Whitmore gave to you?

CORDELIA

I've got it in my bear. I'm going to ace this experiment. No sweat. You think keeping an egg intact for a week is effortful? Try not breaking a silk-wrapped nail.

BUFFY

And your egg isn't acting... odd or anything?

Cordy looks at her like this is the dumbest thing she's ever heard.

CORDELIA

It's not "acting" anything. It's an egg, Buffy. It doesn't emote.

She scoffs. They continue walking toward school.

ON XANDER

Who sits on one of the benches at the top of the stairs. He pulls a cheesy-looking BREAKFAST BAR from his school bag and unwraps it. It looks dry, unappetizing. He takes a bite.

XANDER

Ummmm. Card-boardy.

He tosses it. Considers something. Then he reaches into his pack - pulls out his egg.

XANDER

(to egg)

Sorry, Junior. A man's gotta eat.

He cracks the egg on the bench. Rolls it.

ON WILLOW

Who joins Buffy and Cordy. Cordy is yakking with one of the Cordettes - not paying Willow and Buffy any mind.

BUFFY

Sorry about calling you so late last night.

WILLOW

That's okay. I was awake.

BUFFY

What were you doing up?

WILLOW

Just couldn't sleep, I guess.

(then)

So, was there any more "hatchling"
activity last night?

BUFFY

No. I think you may be right. My
egg may have been some kind of booby
trap the vamps laid for me. So far,
it seems like everybody else's are normal.

WILLOW

You didn't bring the "thing" that
attacked you, did you?

BUFFY

Yeah. I called Giles and he's in
research mode. Wants to see it.

They move toward the front steps of the school.

WILLOW

Well, take it to the science lab.
I'll get Giles and we can analyze it.

BUFFY

Great. I always say - a day without
an autopsy is like a day without
sunshine...

As they walk off we MOVE CLOSE to Willow's BACK and see an odd lump under her clothes, Two tentacles extend from under her shirt and FUSE into her body at the base of her spinal cord.

ON XANDER

who is about to bite into his hard-boiled egg.

CLOSE ON EGG

It's a HORRIBLE, DEFORMED hard-boiled MONSTER. One bloodshot EYE stares up at him.

BACK ON XANDER

As he takes in this gruesome sight.

ON BUFFY, WILLOW AND CORDELIA

Who all react to XANDER'S (O.C.) SCREAM.

INT. SCIENCE ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON

The "thing" that hatched in Buffy's room and the egg that Xander almost bit into.
Both are laid out in dissection trays.

ON BUFFY, XANDER, & CORDELIA

Who stare down at the things with varying levels of disgust.

XANDER
Can I just say--
(he shudders)
Uhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.

BUFFY
I see your uhhhhhhhhhhhh and raise
You a gnyeh.

CORDELIA
What is it?

XANDER
We don't know what it is, Cordelia.
That's why we're here. Capiche?

CORDELIA
Capiche? Like you're Mr. World Traveler.

Willow enters, joins them.

BUFFY
Where's Giles? I know he'd hate to
miss this.

WILLOW
He said we should get started and
he'd be by as soon as possible.

Xander hands Buffy a small scalpel.

XANDER
So. Okay. Get started Buffy.
Dissect it or something.

BUFFY
Dissect it? Why me?

XANDER

You're the Slayer.

BUFFY

I slayed! My work here is done.

She hands the scalpel back to Xander.

XANDER

Oh no. I almost ate one of these things. I've fulfilled my gross-out quota for the decade.

WILLOW

Guys?

She takes the scalpel. Cuts. Some BLUE GOOP SPURTS. Buffy, Xander and Cordy all react.

XANDER

Do we have any idea what to look for? I mean, how are we supposed to figure out what this thing is?

BUFFY

Turn it over. Maybe we missed its I.D. bracelet.

CLOSE ON CORDELIA'S BACKPACK

Unbeknownst to all, the BEAR undulates slightly. Little cub paws and legs writhing.

CLOSER STILL ON BACKPACK

One of the teddy bear's EYES starts to push out from its socket. It gives and POPS off. As does the other one. Two HAIRY TENDRILS EMERGE from the eyes and WORM DOWN CORDELIA'S BACK.

ON BUFFY, ET AL

XANDER

So now I guess we know what happened to Mr. Whitmore.

CORDELIA

He saw one of these things and ran away?

BUFFY

Try - best case scenario.

WILLOW

It's possible that Mr. Whitmore wasn't harmed. Maybe the offspring simply used him to return to the mother Bezoar.

XANDER

Yeah. Maybe he--
(then/to willow)
What?

BUFFY
What's a Bezo--

But before Buffy can finish asking the question, CORDELIA BLIND SIDES her with a lead pipe.

BUFFY
Hey!

She drops.

XANDER
Cordy! What--

He turns just in time to see an expressionless WILLOW, about to bring a heavy microscope down on his head.

INT. JANITOR'S CLOSET - DAY

Buffy and Xander are dragged in by their friends, who leave and shut the door.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Willow and Cordelia lock the door. The both have the same distant stares. The same "zombie" body-language.

Without a word, they start down the hall, joining other students and teachers who are similarly afflicted.

CLOSE ON ONE OF THE STUDENTS

We see the now familiar tentacles boring into his back at the base of his spine.

EXT./INT. GROUNDSKEEPER'S SHED - DAY

The door opens and Willow enters, grabs an axe. Cordy and others follow, grabbing picks, hoes -- any thing you can dig with.

INT. HALL OUTSIDE BOILER ROOM - DAY

They head for the door.

INT. BOILER ROOM - DAY

They go down the stairs and into the room. They file into the hole and disappear. Whitmore stands by the hole, even dirtier than before, watching them enter.

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

To establish.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Joyce enters the library. It appears to be empty.

JOYCE
Buffy? Hello?

Giles emerges from his office.

GILES
Hello.

JOYCE
Mr. Giles, hello. I was looking for
Buffy. She was supposed to wait for me here.

GILES
She's not been in. I was waiting to
talk to her about history texts.

JOYCE
Well, that is just the last straw.

GILES
I'm sure she didn't mean to --

JOYCE
She never means to, but somehow she
always manages to anyway. Do you
have children, Mr. Giles?
(sudden cringe)
Should I be whispering?

GILES
No, and no I haven't any children.
Although sometimes I feel as though
I do. Working here.

JOYCE
They can be such a -- I don't want to
say burden, but... actually, I kind
of do want to say burden.

GILES
Feel free.

JOYCE
Burden. Thank you.
They're just so irresponsible.

GILES
Sometimes...

She notices a couple of books on the counter.

JOYCE
"Bristow's Demon Index"?
"Hell's Offspring"?

GILES
Hobby of mine. But not having to do
with Buffy in any way.

He takes the book and goes back behind the counter, dropping them in a book cart.
He appears perplexed, coming back to Joyce, the counter between them now.

GILES
Buffy told you she'd be here?
All afternoon?

JOYCE
Well, yes... is something wrong?

GILES
I'm sure it's nothing...

There is a BANG from the hallway -- a door slammed open, probably. Giles' fur is suddenly up.

GILES
What was that?

JOYCE
(turning to the door)
Probably the janitor...

Giles puts a creature on the back of her neck. She screams, falls as it scrambles down under her shirt.

ON GILES

Void of feeling. Watching the thing attack her.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

Act Four

INT. HALL OUTSIDE LIBRARY - EVENING

A couple of zombified students walk past the library. After a few beats the doors open and Giles and Joyce walk into the hall, heading down in the same direction.

INT. JANITOR'S CLOSET - EVENING

Buffy sits up, feeling her head where she was hit. She sees Xander lying beside her, touches his shoulder.

BUFFY
Xander?

He stirs, groaning. Stays on his back, looking up in a slight daze.

BUFFY
Are you okay?

XANDER
Man, the last time Cordy dragged me
in here was a lot nicer...

BUFFY

What?

XANDER
Uh, nothing. Crazy talk. Head trauma.

BUFFY
(feels her head)
Yeah, I'm gonna have a bump...

XANDER
(feeling his)
I'm gonna have a peninsula here.
What the hell is going on? Cordy,
and Willow...

BUFFY
(rising)
Something to do with our hatchlings,
I'm sure of that.

She tries the door. It's locked. Xander sits up, moving slowly.

XANDER
What are they, possessed?

BUFFY
I don't know. They sure wanted us
out of the way.

XANDER
Why not kill us? Why drag us in
here -- oh.

As he says it looks to the side -- and the camera arms down to reveal two eggs sitting on a crate. As they come into view, one of them jiggles, making that clicking sound.

XANDER
(small voice)
Bad now.

Buffy sees 'em too. Grabs a heavy tool chest and slams it down on top of them. BLUE GOO OOZES out from under the chest.

XANDER
(schwarzenegger)
You're scrambled.

He gets up as Buffy moves back to the door.

XANDER
See, we make a great team.
You kill, I pun.

Buffy rears back and KICKS the door open.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Buffy and Xander enter at a decent clip.

BUFFY
Giles?

XANDER
Giles! He must be out somewhere.

BUFFY
He picked a hell of a time to get a life.

XANDER
What do we do?

BUFFY
We can't fight these things unless we
know something about them.

XANDER
Willow said something... a name...
what was it?

BUFFY
A Bozo! Not a bozo.

XANDER
Bezoar.

BUFFY
Yes! Great. Okay, so, we look it up.

XANDER
In what?

BUFFY
A book?

She crosses to the table, Xander following.

BUFFY
Giles said he was gonna try to find something.

Buffy looks at a couple of books open on Giles' desk.

BUFFY
Okay, I'd say he found something.

ANGLE: A BOOK

is open to a picture of an egg creature.

Xander steps up to look and we hear something crunch under his foot.

XANDER
I'd say something found him.

He points to:

ANGLE: THE BROKEN EGG ON THE FLOOR

Buffy looks at it grimly.

INT. BOILER ROOM - NIGHT

Joyce and Giles walk calmly into the boiler room, a couple of students a ways ahead. They proceed into the hole.

INT. UNDERGROUND CAVE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

They come down into a vast (TV-wise), dark tunnel junction. Tunnels go off in different directions, abandoned and partially caved in. The walls are brick and concrete. The floor is a rocky pit, in the process of being dug even deeper by the twenty or so people inside. They use picks, rakes, shovels -- everything they can find. Among the diggers are Willow and Mr. Whitmore.

ANGLE: CORDELIA

is with the security guard and a few others. They are pulling eggs out of a sort of goey web in the corner of the pit, putting them in crates.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Buffy is reading, talking.

BUFFY

A pre-prehistoric parasite... the mother hibernates underground, laying eggs. Offspring attach themselves to a host, taking control of their motor functions through neural clamping.

XANDER

Neural clamping? That sounds skippable.

BUFFY

So our people are taking orders from the mama Bezoar. Which begs the question --

XANDER

What does mommy want?

There is a SCREAM from outside.

JOHNATHAN (O.S.)

Ahhh! Get it off me! Get it off!

The two rush out into the hall, run to the nearby stairs.

JOHNATHAN on the staircase. As Buffy and Xander approach, he gets up, suddenly calm.

BUFFY

Are you all right?

JOHNATHAN

Yes, I'm fine. I slipped.

He moves past them, smiling blandly. Walks down the hall.

BUFFY
I think I hear mommy calling...

Xander nods. They follow, at a discreet distance.

INT. BOILER ROOM - NIGHT

They enter, still making with the calm. Johnathan disappears down the hole. They pause.

XANDER
Do we really wanna go in there?

BUFFY
We really don't.

They follow.

INT. UNDERGROUND CAVE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

They come out to see the digging. They stay in the tunnel entrance, in the shadows. They whisper:

XANDER
What are they digging up?

Buffy looks closely, seen:

ANGLE: HOLE IN THE GROUND

As two Zombies haul off a broken chunk of rock, widening the small hole the diggers have made. Just within the hole we can see a piece of the MOTHER BEZOAR, a slimy expanse of back that moves and breathes below the cave.

BUFFY
Oh, boy...

Xander looks around further, nudges Buffy. Points.

ANGLE: THEIR POV OF CORDELIA

As she takes a crate load of eggs and heads down a dark tunnel.

BUFFY
We can't let them spread those things.

XANDER
I know. I'll handle it. Can you hold the fort? Better yet -- can you kill the fort?

BUFFY
I'll try.

Xander moves off after Cordy, becoming very calm and deliberate in his movements as he skirts past the others. He disappears into the tunnel.

Buffy watches him go, takes another look at the dig.

BUFFY
I'm gonna need a weapon. I'm gonna
need a big weapon.

She heads back towards:

INT. BOILER ROOM - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

She emerges from the tunnel and walks straight into the Gorches. They leer at her. She takes a step back.

LYLE
Told you it wasn't over.

TECTOR
She's so cute and little.
(turns to Lyle)
Can we keep her?

BUFFY
Guys, this is not a great time.

LYLE
It's gonna be.

They both rush her -- which she expects. She parries, sends Tector flying back on his ass. Lyle hurls himself at her and they both go flying into the hole --

INT. UNDERGROUND CAVE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

and into the cave, rolling right into the midst of the zombie throng.

They land a bit apart. Lyle stands, bewildered.

LYLE
What the hell is this?

Buffy stands -- and finds herself face to face with her mother. Willow looks up from her digging --

BUFFY
Mom?

WILLOW
Kill them.

Mom swings a pickaxe at Buffy -- who blocks it, backing off.

Lyle fends off others, also backing up. He and Buffy end up back to back, fending off all and sundry.

LYLE
What's going on?

BUFFY
Long story!

She pushes away a teacher as Lyle knocks someone out. In a moment of brief respite they turn to each other -- and start trading blows.

The more zombies attack and they get back to business.

INT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Cordy walks along, one other zombie trailing a bit behind. He stops, listening. Turns back.

Xander grabs his head and SLAMS it into the brick wall of the tunnel. The guy is out.

Cordy places her eggs on the floor and comes at Xander. He weaves away from a punch --

XANDER
Cordelia, I don't want to hurt you...
some of the time...

He makes for the eggs and she gets in a glancing blow to the head. He doubles over in major pain.

XANDER
Ow! That's my bump!

He uppercuts her into unconsciousness -- remorse following hard on the swing.

XANDER
Sorry...

INT. UNDERGROUND CAVE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Tector emerges from the hole, furious.

TECTOR
Where is that sorry-ass girl?

He stops, looking at the tableau of digging and fighting. Buffy and Lyle have reached high ground, at the entrance of a caved-in tunnel, and the zombies are just eyeing them, focussing on containment.

Before he has time to register all this, someone comes up next to him. It's Giles.

Giles hits him in the back of the head with the flat end of an axe. He goes flying, landing on his belly with his face right over the hole. The Bezoar moving right below his face.

TECTOR
What is that....?

An eye opens right below him.

A tentacle shoots out and wraps around his head. He is pulled into the hole before he has time to scream.

ANGLE: BUFFY AND LYLE

Stop to look -- horror on Lyle's face -- and listen, as somewhere down below, Tector

finally finds the moment to scream.

LYLE
Tector! TECTOR!

The scream finally dies, replaced by chomping sounds. Lyle turns on Buffy.

LYLE
This is all your fault!

BUFFY
How?

But he grabs her and throws her down toward the hole. She lands hard.

Tentacle comes up and wraps around her feet. She looks down at her feet -- then up at her mother, who swings the pickaxe down at her face!

Buffy rolls as the axe is buried in the ground next to her head. She grabs hold of it -- and the tentacle yanks her toward the hole. Buffy strains to hold onto the axe - but it pulls free from the rock and Buffy falls into the hole holding it.

For a moment we hear nothing.

Then we hear a grunt of effort and the very definite SQUISH of an axe going into flesh. Then a SCREAM no human could make.

ANGLE: LYLE

listening to the fight-- the axe going in again and again.

ANGLE: WILLOW AND THE OTHERS

stand and listen as well. A final dying scream and we see:

ANGLE: THE SMALL OF WILLOW'S BACK

As the creature on it dies and slumps to the ground.

Willow blinks, dazed, then sinks to ground in a dead faint. Lyle watches as everyone else does the same. For a sec nothing is moving in here.

ANGLE: THE HOLE

A hand -- another -- and Buffy pulls herself out of the hole. She is covered in blue gunk. And looks about as deadly pissed about that fact as a human can be.

Lyle stares back at her for all of three seconds before he runs away, calling out behind him:

LYLE
Okay, it's over now...

And he's gone.

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

Xander and Giles are helping people out of the building. Giles is still a little groggy.

GILES

Yes, it was a gas leak, just get some
air and you'll all be fine...

(to Xander)

What really happened?

XANDER

Go with Gas leak. I'll fill you in later.

He crosses to Willow and Cordelia.

XANDER

How're you guys doing?

WILLOW

Did I really hit you?

XANDER

Knocked me out.

CORDELIA

Did I hit you?.

XANDER

Yes, everybody hit me.

CORDELIA

Oh, good. I mean, not good that I
hit you, but... I didn't want to
be left out.

Buffy walks by, freshly scrubbed and in gym clothes. Passing Xander, she asks:

BUFFY

Is she all right?

XANDER

Fine. Little confused.
It's going around.

Buffy proceeds to the object of their discussion -- Joyce.

BUFFY

Hey, mom, are you doing okay?

JOYCE

Buffy! I was worried you might have
gotten caught in the building. There
was a gas leak.

BUFFY

I just heard. I was working out.
In the gym.

JOYCE

I went looking for you in the library.

BUFFY

Oh, yeah, well, I was gonna be there but --

JOYCE

I thought I made it pretty clear you weren't to leave the library till I arrived.

BUFFY

True, but the other side of that is --

JOYCE

I'm not really interested in the other side right now. You have got to learn some responsibility, young lady. Once and for all.

BUFFY

I'm grounded?

JOYCE

You're already grounded.

BUFFY

Oh yeah.

JOYCE

Until further notice, you're confined to your room. You will not leave your room at any time except to go to school or the bathroom. Your meals will be brought to you -- and they will not be very good. Am I making myself clear?

BUFFY

You're clear. I'll stay in my room.

JOYCE

Damn right you will.

EXT. BY A TREE - NIGHT

ANGLE: BUFFY AND ANGEL CLOSE UP

Buffy and Angel are in midsmooch, much heat between them. After a suitable time they stop, Angel saying:

ANGEL

You sure you're not gonna get in trouble?

BUFFY

Hey, I earned this. Besides, I'm not breaking any rules.

She kisses him again, and we hear:

JOYCE (O.S.)

Buffy, are you going to bed?

The CAMERA pulls back to reveal that BUFFY IS IN HER ROOM -- and Angel is on the roof outside her window, where they kiss.

BUFFY
In a minute, mom...

They get back to it.

BLACK OUT.

THE END

