

# Passion

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## Teaser

BLACK:

Over which, a VOICE...

ANGEL (V.O.)  
(softly)  
Passion...

FADE UP ON:

INT. THE BRONZE - NIGHT

The place is teeming with the hip, young, non-speaking extra crowd. WE HEAR MUSIC, MUFFLED CONVERSATIONS and AMBIENT NOISE, but no SPECIFIC DIALOG.

On the dance floor, BUFFY shares a "friendly" dance with XANDER as WILLOW and CORDELIA watch from a table.

WE CIRCLE around just outside the perimeter of the crowd, always focusing on the sensuously gyrating Slayer on the floor.

ALL MOTION SLOWS TO A LANGUID CRAWL (SLO-MO) as we recognize ANGEL, a face in the back of the crowd across the room. From the shadows, he watches Buffy with a fierce intensity, his eyes fixed in an unblinking, unsettling stare.

ANGEL (V.O.)  
...it is born...

The rest of the world seems to part as WE BEGIN A SLOW PUSH in on Angel, keeping Buffy in the FOREGROUND.

ANGEL (V.O.)  
...and though uninvited, unwelcome, unwanted...

SOMEONE walks by FOREGROUND, WIPING THE SHOT, REVEALING that Angel has vanished.

ANGEL (V.O.)  
...like a cancer, it takes root.

CUT TO:

EXT. ENTRANCE TO THE BRONZE - (LATER THAT) NIGHT

WE STILL HEAR only AMBIENT NOISE and MUFFLED TALK as Buffy and pals exit the Bronze, moving past a COUPLE necking carnally in a dark niche. The couples'

passion hides their faces.

ANGEL (V.O.)  
It festers. It bleeds. It scabs...

As our gang passes the couple, the FEMALE slides to the ground like a spent rag doll, revealing the MALE to be a "post-suck" Angel in vamp face.

Now, having dropped his human shield, Angel watches Buffy walk away. We see him MORPH to human form.

ANGEL (V.O.)  
...only to rupture, and bleed anew.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BUFFY'S BEDROOM - (ANGLE IN THROUGH WINDOW) - NIGHT

From outside, as Buffy closes the window, locks it, then turns and begins to remove her dress from the Bronze.

ANGEL (V.O.)  
It grows... it thrives...

OVERLAPPING DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BUFFY'S BEDROOM - (SHORT TIME LATER) NIGHT

Buffy, now in night-wear, crosses to her bed, crawls under the blankets.

She reaches to turn off the bedside lamp. She doesn't notice Angel, now silhouetted by moonlight, at her window.

ANGEL (V.O.)  
...until it consumes.

OVERLAPPING DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BUFFY'S BEDROOM - (LATER THAT) NIGHT - WIDE SHOT

As Buffy now sleeps soundly. No sign of Angel.

WE START A SLOW PUSH IN ON HER. A beat, then-

JUMP THE PUSH:

To jarringly CUT THE DISTANCE to the sleeping Buffy IN HALF. Still SLOWLY PUSHING IN. Another beat, then-

JUMP THE PUSH AGAIN:

We're now in close. Buffy's angelic face, eyes closed, lies atop the pillow. WE'RE STILL MOVING IN SLOWLY.

ANGEL (V.O.)  
It lives...

NOW VERY CLOSE, as Buffy shifts only slightly, and a single thin lock of hair

cascades down onto her face.

ANGEL (V.O.)  
...so, it must die...

Suddenly, a HAND SLICES INTO FRAME, reaches for Buffy...

...and gently lifts the errant strand of hair back off her face.

The hand withdraws from her face.

WE GO WITH IT, pulling back to reveal ANGEL, sitting on her bed.

ANGEL  
(softly)  
...in time.

BLACK OUT.

END OF TEASER

## Act One

INT. BUFFY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

A security blanket of sunshine lights the room as Buffy wakes. A smile. The promise of a new day.

Buffy rolls onto her side, coming face to face with an envelope made of parchment paper. The envelope is propped against the side of her pillow at eye level.

She sits up, heart-beating, picks up the envelope.

CLOSE ON: THE PARCHMENT ENVELOPE

She removes a sheet of parchment paper, unfolds it to reveal a CHARCOAL SKETCH - skilled, accurate, lovingly rendered - of Buffy sleeping, her head on her pillow... obviously drawn while she slept the night before.

BUFFY (V.O.)  
He was in my room...

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

GILES, Xander and Cordelia are here. Buffy has obviously just arrived as she crosses to join them.

GILES  
Who?

BUFFY  
Angel. He was in my room last night.

GILES  
(concerned)  
You're sure.

BUFFY

Positive. When I woke up, I found a picture he'd left under my pillow.

XANDER

A visit from the pointed-tooth fairy.

CORDELIA

Wait, I thought vampires couldn't come in unless you invited them in.

GILES

Yes, but if you invite them in once, thereafter, they are always welcome.

XANDER

Ya know, I think there may be a valuable lesson for you gals here about inviting strange men into your bedrooms...

CORDELIA

(realizes)

Oh, my god! I invited him into my car once! That means he could come back into my car whenever he wants!

XANDER

Yep. Now you're doomed to having to give him and his vamp pals a lift whenever they feel like it. And those guys never chip in for gas.

BUFFY

Giles, there has to be some spell to reverse the invitation, right? I mean a barrier - "no shoes, no pulse, no service" kind of thing?

CORDELIA

That also works for cars.

GILES

Well, I could certainly check my-

All eyes turn as two STUDENTS step into the library. They both freeze at the four pairs of eyes fixed on them.

XANDER

Hel-lo... excuse me, but have you ever heard of knocking?

STUDENT

We're supposed to get some books. On Stalin. For a report.

XANDER

Does this look like a Barnes and Noble?

GILES

Xander! This is the school library.

XANDER

(innocently)  
Since when?

GILES  
(to the student)  
Yes, third row, historical biography.

STUDENT  
Okay... uh, thanks.

The Students pass them, walk behind the shelves.

Buffy, Giles, Cordelia and Xander look at one another for a beat, frustrated.  
Silenced.

XANDER  
So... about-ay ee-thay ampire-vay...  
(off looks)  
Allway-hay?

Giles nods, and the gang crosses to the doorway and exits.

After a beat, one of the Students emerges from the stacks.

STUDENT  
Uh, did you say that was...  
(looks around)  
Hello?

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY/EXT. COURTYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Xander, Buffy, Cordelia and Giles walk the empty hallway.

GILES  
So, apparently Angel has decided to step up his harassment of you.

CORDELIA  
By sneaking into her room at night and leaving stuff?  
Why not just slash her throat, or strangle her in her sleep, or cut out her heart...?  
(off looks)  
What? I'm trying to help.

GILES  
It's a classic battle strategy, to throw ones opponent off his game. He's trying to provoke you. To taunt you... goad you into a misstep of some sort.

XANDER  
The "nyah, nyah, nyah, nyah" approach to battle.

GILES  
Yes, Xander, once again you've managed to boil a complex thought down to its simplest possible form.

BUFFY

(concerned)  
Giles, Angel once told me, when he was obsessed  
with Drusilla, one of the first things he did was to  
kill her family...

XANDER  
(to Buffy)  
Your mom...

BUFFY  
(nods)  
I'm going to have to tell her... something.  
The truth.

GILES  
No! You can't do that!

XANDER  
Yeah. The more people who know the secret,  
the more it cheapens it for the rest of us.

BUFFY  
But, I have to do something. Angel has an all  
access pass to my house and I'm not always there  
when my mom is. I can't protect her.

GILES  
I told you, I'll look for a spell...

BUFFY  
What about until you find a spell?

CORDELIA  
Until then, you and your mom are welcome to  
ride around with me in my car. You can protect her there.

GILES  
Buffy, I understand your concern, but it is  
imperative you remain level-headed in this.

BUFFY  
Easy for you. You don't have Angel lurking  
in your bedroom at night.

GILES  
I know how hard this is for you. But as the Slayer,  
you do not have the luxury of being slave to your  
passions. You mustn't let Angel get to you, regardless  
of how provocative his behavior may become.

XANDER  
There you go. You Zen, you win.

BUFFY  
Great, so basically, what you're saying is, "Just  
ignore him and maybe he'll go away."

GILES

Precisely.

XANDER

Hey, how come Buffy doesn't get a snotty "once again you boil it down to its simplest form" thing?  
(then, to Buffy)  
Watcher's pet.

INT. JENNY CALENDAR'S CLASSROOM - SAME TIME

Willow sits in the front row of JENNY'S computer class.

JENNY

Don't forget I need your sample spreadsheets by the end of the week.

The BELL RINGS. The exodus begins.

JENNY

(calls after them)

And I want both a paper print-out and a copy on disk.  
(to an exiting Willow)  
Willow...

WILLOW

(stops, turns)

Yes?

JENNY

I may be a little late coming in tomorrow. Do you think you could take over my class until I show?

WILLOW

(elated)

Really? Me? Teach the class? Sure!

(now, panic)

Oh, wait... but what if they don't recognize my authority? What if they try to convince me that you always let them leave class early? What if there's a fire drill? What if there's a fire?

JENNY

(calming)

Willow... Willow, you'll be fine. I'll try not to be too late, okay.

WILLOW

Okay... good. Earlier is good.

(then, a bit of a smile)

Will I have the power to assign detention?  
Or make 'em run laps?

BUFFY (O.C.)

Willow...

Willow and Jenny turn to see Giles and Buffy standing at the doorway to the hall. Buffy and Jenny's eyes meet. There's still a little tension there.

JENNY

(trying, a greeting)  
Hello, Rupert... Buffy.

BUFFY  
(doesn't respond to Jenny)  
Hey, Will. I thought I might take in a class. I could  
sure use someone who knows where they are.

Willow looks from Jenny to Buffy, then crosses quickly to join Buffy at the door.

WILLOW  
(Sotto to Buffy, re: Jenny)  
Sorry. I have to talk to her. She's a teacher. And  
teachers are to be respected. Even if they're only  
filling in until the real teacher shows up. Otherwise,  
chaos could ensue, and...

Buffy and Willow exit. Giles lingers.

JENNY  
How've you been?

GILES  
Not very well. Since Angel lost his soul, he  
seems to have regained his sense of whimsy.

JENNY  
That sounds bad.

GILES  
He's been in Buffy's bedroom. I'm going to have  
to drum up a spell to keep him out of the house.

JENNY  
Here.  
(hands him a book)  
Might help. I've been... reading up since  
Angel changed. I don't think you have that.

GILES  
Thank you.

JENNY  
How is Buffy doing?

GILES  
How do you think?

JENNY  
Rupert, I know you feel betrayed.

GILES  
Yes, that's one of the unpleasant  
side effects of betrayal.

JENNY  
I was raised by the people Angel hurt the most. My  
duty to them was the first thing I was ever taught. I  
didn't come here to hurt anyone. I lied to you



because I thought it was the right thing to do. I didn't  
know what would happen.

(beat: quietly)

I didn't know I was going to fall in love with you.

He's surprised - moved.

GILES  
Jenny...

JENNY  
Oh god - is it too late to take that back?

GILES  
Do you want to?

JENNY  
I want to be right with you. I don't expect... more.  
But I want to make all this up to you.

GILES  
I understand. But I'm not the one you need to  
make it up to. Thank you for the book.

He goes.

INT. BUFFY'S DINING ROOM - THAT NIGHT

Buffy and JOYCE sit for dinner. Buffy picks at her food, preoccupied. Joyce notices.

JOYCE  
Okay... what's wrong?

BUFFY  
It's nothing.

JOYCE  
Come on, you can tell me anything. I've read  
all the parenting books, so you can't surprise me.

BUFFY  
(considers, then)  
Do you remember that guy, Angel?

JOYCE  
Angel...? The college boy who was tutoring  
you in history?

BUFFY  
Right. Well, he's... and I'm...  
(chickens out)  
We're sort of dating. Were dating. We're going through  
kind of a serious "off again" phase right now.

JOYCE  
Don't tell me. "He's changed. He's not the same  
guy you fell for."

BUFFY

In a nutshell. Anyway, ever since... he changed...  
he's been kind of following me around.  
(a little heavier)  
Having a little trouble letting go.

JOYCE  
Buffy, has he... done anything...?

BUFFY  
No, no. He's just been hanging around... a lot.  
Leaving me notes... I just don't want to see him  
right now. I mean if he shows up, I'll talk to him  
but... just don't invite him in.

INT. WILLOW'S BEDROOM - (LATER THAT) NIGHT

Willow is in a night shirt as she moves around the room, talking on the phone. She shuts her computer screen off.

WILLOW  
(into the phone)  
I agree with Giles, you need to just try and not  
let him get to you. Angel's only doing this to try  
to get you to do something stupid.  
(in disgust)  
I swear, men can be such jerks sometimes...  
(then, adding)  
...dead or alive.

INT. BUFFY'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME - INTERCUT - NIGHT

Buffy sits up in bed, her back against her headboard, as she talks on the phone.

BUFFY  
(into phone)  
I just hope Giles can find a "keep out" spell soon.  
I know I'll sleep easier once I can... sleep easier.

BACK TO: WILLOW'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Willow absentmindedly taps fish food into an aquarium without looking as she putters around.

WILLOW  
(into phone)  
I'm sure he will. He's, like, BookMan. Until  
then, just try to keep happy thoughts and...

Willow crosses toward her bed, sees a large parchment paper envelope on her pillow. She trails off on the phone as she picks up the envelope, opens it.

BUFFY (V.O.)  
(phone-filtered)  
"And"... what? Willow...?

THE CAMERA STARTS DRIFTING, keeping Willow in frame as she pulls something from the envelope: one end of a long, thin gold necklace. So far, so good as the chain unspools.

THE DRIFTING SHOT moves to where WE SOON SEE WILLOW through the glass and water of the AQUARIUM in the FOREGROUND.

And just as Willow pulls out the last of the necklace, WE REALIZE that there are NO FISH IN THE AQUARIUM...

Because the gold chain is like a 14 karat stringer to her HALF DOZEN DEAD TROPICAL FISH AT THE END.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BUFFY'S BEDROOM - SHORT TIME LATER - NIGHT

Willow and Buffy now sit up side by side, backs against the headboard in Buffy's bed. Both are heavily laden with crosses and weapons, amazingly alert and wide-eyed.

WILLOW

Thanks for having me over, Buffy.  
Especially on a school night and ll.

BUFFY

Hey, no problem. Sorry about your fish.

WILLOW

It's okay, we hadn't really had time to bond yet.  
I just got them for Hanukkah. Although, for the first time, I'm glad my parents didn't let me have a puppy.

BUFFY

It's so weird... Every time something like that happens my first instinct is to run to tell Angel.  
I can't believe it's the same person. He's the complete opposite of what he was.

WILLOW

Well... Sort of, except...

BUFFY

Except what?

WILLOW

You're still the only thing he thinks about.

There is a beat of SILENCE. Then...

WILLOW

So...

(pointing to crossbow by Buffy's feet)  
...are you using that?

EXT. YARD OUTSIDE BUFFY'S BEDROOM WINDOW - SAME TIME

As Angel smiles from the shadows, turns and leaves.

INT. THE FACTORY - JUST BEFORE SUNRISE

SPIKE is chairbound, brooding, as DRUSILLA enters from the shadows, her hands

held behind her.

DRUSILLA

Spike... Love... I've brought something for you...

Drusilla produces a cute, tiny PUPPY from behind her back, holds it out as she approaches Spike.

DRUSILLA

Poor thing. She's an orphan. Her owner died...  
without a fight. Do you like her, Spike? I brought  
her especially for you, to cheer you up.  
(kneels in front of Spike)  
I've named her "Sunshine."  
(to Spike, as if to a child)  
...open wide...

Spike turns his head away defiantly.

DRUSILLA

Come on. Love. You need to eat something to  
keep your strength up. Now, open for Mommy...

SPIKE

(roars)

I won't have you feeding me like a child, Dru!

ANGEL (O.C.)

Why not? She already bathes you, carries  
you around and changes you like a child.

Drusilla lights up as she turns to see Angel entering.

DRUSILLA

My Angel! Where have you been? The sun is  
almost up, and it can be so hurtful. We were worried.

SPIKE

No, we weren't.

DRUSILLA

You must forgive Spike. He's just a bit testy  
tonight. Doesn't get out much anymore.

ANGEL

Well, maybe next time I'll bring you with me,  
Spike. Might be handy to have you along if I  
ever need a really good parking space.

SPIKE

(roars)

Have you forgotten that you're a bloody  
guest in my bloody home?!

ANGEL

And as a guest, if there's anything I can do for  
you... any... responsibility I can assume while  
you spin your wheels...  
(purposeful leer toward Dru)

...anything I'm not already doing, that is...

SPIKE  
(roars)  
That's enough!

DRUSILLA  
Awww, you two boys... fighting over me...  
makes a girl feel-

Dru trails off, her words giving way to a frightened, child-like CRY. She closes her eyes, holds out her hands.

SPIKE  
Dru! Pet? What is it?!

DRUSILLA  
(cryptically)  
The air... it worries. Someone... an old enemy  
is seeking help to destroy our happy home.

CUT TO:

INT. "DRAGON'S COVE" MAGIC STORE - EARLY MORNING

A dimly lit, creepy looking storefront. Odd, wrinkled forms suspended in murky liquid in jars, things woven from hair, and totems carved from bone fill the dank, decaying shelves. Black paraffin candles flicker in every crevice.

A shriveled, dark-featured JUJU MAN in a dakhi robe takes a glass jar containing something that looks like an animal fetus from a shelf, looks it over... then slaps a price tag on it with a yellow, plastic price tagging gun. He turns as the DOOR CREAKS OPEN behind and Jenny enters.

JUJU MAN  
(creepy voice)  
Welcome. How may I serve you today? Love  
potion? Perhaps a voodoo doll for that unfaithful...

JENNY  
I need an orb of Thesulah.

JUJU MAN  
(drops the creepy voice)  
Oh, you're in the trade. Follow me.  
(turns, crosses)  
Sorry about the spiel, but around Valentine's  
Day, I get a lot of tourists shopping for love  
potions and mystical revenge on old lovers. Sad  
fact is, Ouija boards and rabbits' feet are what  
pay the rent here.

He ducks through a curtain. Jenny follows him.

It is neat, well-lit, uncluttered, modern... unlike the "show room" outside.

JUJU MAN  
So... how'd you hear about us?

JENNY

My uncle, Enyos, told me about you.

JUJU MAN

Ah, you must be Janna, then. Sorry to hear about your uncle. He was a good customer.

JuJu pulls a box from a shelf. There is a crystal globe inside.

JUJU MAN

Here ya go, one Thesulan orb. Spirit vault used in Rituals for the Undead.  
(shakes his head)  
Nasty folk, the Undead... Love to shoplift.  
Insist on haggling...

Jenny takes the box, handing over her credit card (the transaction continues over the following)

JUJU MAN

Don't get much call for those lately. Sold a couple as "new age" paperweights last year. I do love the "new agers." They paid for my youngest to go to college.  
(remembers)

By the way, you do know that the transliteration annals for the Rituals for the Undead were lost. Without the annals, the surviving text of the Rituals is gibberish.

JENNY

And without a transliteration text, the orbs of Thesula are pretty much useless. I know.

JUJU MAN

I only bring it up because I have a strict policy on no refunds.

JENNY

It's okay. I've been working on a computer program for rendering the Romanian liturgy to English, based on random sampling of the text.

JUJU MAN

(shakes his head)  
Ahhhn, I don't like computers, myself.  
They give me the willies.

JENNY

(smiles)  
Well, thanks.

JUJU MAN

By the way... none of my business, really, but what are you planning to conjure up if you can decipher the text?

JENNY

A present for a friend of mine...

JUJU MAN

Oh, yeah. What are you gonna give him?

She holds the orb up. In her hand, it begins to glow.

JENNY

(at the orb)

His soul.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

## Act Two

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL CAMPUS - MORNING

Buffy and Willow walk toward the school.

Xander joins them.

XANDER

Well, good morning, ladies. And what did you two do last night?

WILLOW

Oh, we had kind of a pajama-party-sleepover-with-weapons thing.

XANDER

Ah, and I don't suppose either of you had the presence of mind to locate a camera to capture the moment?

WILLOW

I have to go. I have a class to teach in about five minutes and I need to get there early to glare disapprovingly at the stragglers.

(then, disappointed)

Oh, darn. She's here...

Buffy turns to look where Willow is looking.

ANGLE ON: JENNY - BUFFY'S POV

As she also walks toward the entrance.

PAN TO: GILES

Giles watches Jenny from a distance. His sense of longing is almost palpable.

WILLOW (O.C.)

Five hours of drawing up lesson plans yesterday down the drain.

Giles sees Buffy seeing him, guiltily crosses inside.

BACK WITH: BUFFY, XANDER AND WILLOW

As Buffy registers Giles' reaction

BUFFY  
I'll see you guys in class.

Buffy angles away to interrupt Jenny on her way inside.

BUFFY  
Hey.

JENNY  
Hi. Is there something - did you want something?

BUFFY  
(trying to start)  
Look, I know you're feeling bad about what happened and I want to say... good. Keep it up.

JENNY  
Don't worry, I will.

She turns to go - Buffy stops her with:

BUFFY  
Wait. I, uh -  
(one more try)  
He misses you.

This is not what Jenny expected. Buffy continues:

BUFFY  
He doesn't say anything to me, but I know he does. I don't want him to be lonely.  
(avoiding her eye)  
I don't want anyone to.

JENNY  
Buffy, if I have a chance to make it up to you-

BUFFY  
We're good here. Let's leave it.

A moment, and she goes.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Buffy finds Giles. Cordelia sees them and crosses.

GILES  
Buffy... so, how was your night?

BUFFY  
Sleepless... but no fatalities.



GILES  
I found a ritual to revoke the invitation  
to vampires.

CORDELIA  
Oh, thank goodness. I actually had to talk my  
grandmother into switching cars with me last night.

Giles gives Cordy an incredulous look, then back to Buffy.

GILES  
The ritual itself is fairly basic, actually: recitation  
of a few simple rhyming couplets, burning of moss  
herbs, hanging of crosses, sprinkling of holy water...

BUFFY  
Great. All stuff I just happen to have lying  
around the house.

Giles and Buffy start away, leaving Cordelia behind.

CORDELIA  
Holy water?! But... my car has leather upholstery!

CUT TO:

EXT. WILLOW'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: WILLOW AND BUFFY

WE'RE LOOKING IN THROUGH A WINDOW IN WILLOW'S BEDROOM, with Willow and  
Buffy inside, facing outside.

WILLOW  
I'm going to have a hard time  
explaining this to my dad.

Willow produces a wooden cross, holds it up TOWARD CAMERA, and starts nailing on  
it with a hammer.

INT. WILLOW'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Buffy looks on as Willow nails the last of four wooden crosses to the frame around  
her French windows. Behind them, Cordelia pokes around Willow's room, bored.

BUFFY  
You really think this'll bother him?

WILLOW  
Ira Rosenberg's only daughter nailing crucifixes  
to her bedroom wall? I have to go to Xander's  
house just to watch "A Charlie Brown  
Christmas" every year.

BUFFY  
I see your point.

WILLOW

(smiles)  
Although, it is worthwhile just to see Xander  
do the Snoopy dance.

CORDELIA  
(re: aquarium)  
Uh, Willow, are you aware that there are no  
fish in your aquarium?

Willow reacts, a hint of sadness wells up.

BUFFY  
You know, Cordelia, we've already done  
your car. You can call it a night if you want.

Like a shot, Cordelia crosses to her coat on Willow's bed.

CORDELIA  
Sure, two's company, three's... not. And you  
know I'd do the same for you if either of you  
had a social life.

Cordelia picks up her coat from Willow's bed, revealing a parchment paper envelope  
on the pillow.

CORDELIA  
Oh, hey... this must be for you.

Willow and Buffy exchange a concerned look. Willow takes the envelope, removes  
the paper inside, glances at it.

She reacts with concern, then holds the page out to Buffy.

WILLOW  
(to Buffy)  
It's for you...

Buffy takes the paper from Willow.

CLOSE ON: THE PAGE

With a charcoal sketch of a sleeping Joyce Summers.

BUFFY (V.O.)  
Mom...

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF BUFFY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

As Joyce turns her car into her driveway, the headlights sweep across Angel, who  
seems to appear in front of the car out of nowhere. Joyce SLAMS ON HER BRAKES.

JOYCE  
Oh, my God...!

Angel crosses to open the door for Joyce.

ANGEL

Mrs. Summers, I have to talk to you.

JOYCE  
(discomfited)  
You're... Angel.

ANGEL  
Did Buffy tell you about us?

Joyce steps tentatively from the car with a grocery bag.

JOYCE  
She told me she wants you to leave her alone.

Angel goes with Joyce as she starts toward the house. He hovers close, making her cross difficult.

ANGEL  
(distraught)  
I can't... I can't do that.

JOYCE  
You're scaring her.

ANGEL  
(pleading)  
You have to help me. Joyce, I need to be with her. You can convince her. You have to convince her.

Joyce fumbles for her keys on the fly. She's starting to wig.

JOYCE  
I'm telling you to leave her alone...

ANGEL  
You have to talk to her for me, Joyce. Tell her I need her. She'll listen to you.

JOYCE  
(increasing discomfort)  
Please, I just want to get inside...

Joyce finally gets her keys out, but drops the grocery bag in the process. She bends down to gather up the contents.

Angel bends down, almost nose to nose with Joyce.

ANGEL  
You don't understand, Joyce. I'll die without Buffy... She'll die without me.

JOYCE  
Are you threatening her?

ANGEL

Please! Why is she doing this to me?

Joyce abandons the spilled bag and calmly moves to her front door now, Angel right with her.

JOYCE  
I'm calling the police, now.

Joyce reaches the front door, jams the key into the lock.

ANGEL  
I haven't been able to sleep since the night we made love. I need her, I know you understand.

Joyce, floored by Angel's statement, finally gets the door open, stumbles inside. She turns back toward Angel, her eyes wide in fear as he is right there.

But, as Angel hits the doorway, he is stopped short. It's as if an invisible shield covers the opening.

A NOISE BEHIND JOYCE. She turns, and Angel looks up as Buffy descends the stairs in the house, holding burning sage. Willow stands at the top of the stairs behind her, reciting from Jenny's book.

WILLOW  
(in Latin)  
"... his verbes, consensus rescissus est."  
(by these words, consent repealed.)

Buffy breezes past Joyce to just inside the open doorway, face to face with Angel, who is unable to move any closer.

BUFFY  
(flatly)  
Sorry, Angel. I've changed the locks.

Buffy slowly, coolly closes the front door in Angel's face, leaving him stranded on the porch.

And revealing Joyce, standing behind the door, fixing Buffy with odd expression.

INT. JENNY CALENDAR'S CLASSROOM - NIGHT

Jenny is at her terminal, intently working at her computer. The orb of Thesulah sits next to her on the desk.

She glances up to see Giles in the doorway, hovering. She turns off her monitor guiltily.

JENNY  
Oh, hi.

GILES  
You're working late.

JENNY  
Special project.  
(beat)

I spoke to Buffy today.

GILES  
Yes?

JENNY  
She said you missed me.

GILES  
She is a meddlesome girl

But the truth of it is on his face.

JENNY  
Rupert, I don't want to say anything if I'm  
wrong, but I may have some news... I have  
to finish up - can I see you later?

GILES  
Yes. You could stop by the house.

JENNY  
Okay.

GILES  
Good.

There's heat here, but no kiss. He goes, both of them in better moods than before.  
She turns back to the monitor, concentrating again.

INT. "DRAGON'S COVE" MAGIC SHOP - NIGHT

The neon "OPEN" sign is turned off as the JuJu man makes preparations to close for  
the night.

THE SILHOUETTE OF A WOMAN in a long gown falls across the glass door. After a  
beat, the woman steps into the shop.

JUJU MAN  
Can't you read the sign?

Drusilla approaches him, holding the PUPPY from before.

JUJU MAN  
(cowed)  
Wh-what do you want?

DRUSILLA  
Miss Sunshine here tells me you had a visit  
today... But she worries. She wants to know  
what you and the mean teacher talked about?

CUT TO:

INT. JENNY CALENDAR'S CLASSROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: JENNY

Her face is lit by the glow of the computer monitor. She scans the screen intently as it scrolls by.

JENNY  
Come on... come on...

Suddenly, something on screen catches her eye. A wave of incredible joy washes over her face.

JENNY  
(exhilarated)  
That's it! This will work.  
(a small laugh)  
This will work.

WIDER ANGLE

Jenny uses the mouse to initiate the print command. A nearby printer begins spitting out pages as Jenny ejects a 3.5 inch disk from the disk drive, takes it out, putting it on the edge of her desk by the wall.

She rises, REVEALING ANGEL, who was obscured by the monitor. She GASPS.

JENNY  
Angel! How did you get in here?!

ANGEL  
I was invited...  
(off her puzzled look)  
The sign in front of the school:  
"Formatia trans sicere educatorum."

JENNY  
"Enter, all ye who seek knowledge."

ANGEL  
What can I say? I'm a knowledge seeker.

Jenny backs away, terrified, as Angel comes nearer.

JENNY  
Angel... I have good news.

ANGEL  
I heard. You went shopping at the local  
boogedy boogedy store.

Angel reaches her desk. He picks up the orb. It glows again briefly in his grasp.

ANGEL  
The orb of Thesulah. If memory serves, this is  
supposed to summon a person's soul from the  
ether, store it until it can be transferred.  
(stares into the orb)  
You know what I hate most about these things...?

Angel hurls the orb against the wall with tremendous force, shattering it into a hundred pieces.

ANGEL  
They're so damned fragile. Must be that  
shoddy Gypsy craftsmanship.

As Jenny backs away, Angel crosses to in front of the monitor. He stares down at it, shakes his head.

ANGEL  
I never cease to be amazed by how much the  
world has changed in just two and a half  
centuries. It's a miracle to me. You put the  
secret to restoring my soul in here...

Angel swipes the computer and monitor to the floor, where they crash, then begin to spark and smoke.

He turns back to the printer, which holds the pages.

ANGEL  
...and it comes out here.

He takes the pages from the printer, scans them and smiles.

ANGEL  
The Ritual of Restoration. Wow, this brings  
back memories.

He starts to tear the pages.

JENNY  
Angel, wait...! That's your-

ANGEL  
My what? My "cure." No thanks. Been there,  
done that. And déjà vu just isn't what it used to be.

Then, he looks down, sees the computer and monitor on the ground. They are smoking, and a small flame licks up now.

ANGEL  
Well, isn't this my lucky day. The computer  
and the pages. Looks like I get to kill two  
birds with one stone.

Angel tosses the pages onto the computer fire, which quickly begins to consume them.

He then turns his attention back to Jenny, who watches in horror, backed into a nearby corner. He is now in vamp face.

ANGEL  
And teacher makes three.

Angel leaps across the room, slamming Jenny against the wall.

Jenny rises, dazed and bleeding from a gash on her forehead.

Jenny looks around, bolts for the door and out into the hallway outside. Angel

smiles after her.

ANGEL  
Oh, good... I need to work up an  
appetite first.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY/LOUNGE - SAME TIME

Jenny flees in panic. She reaches the lounge, runs outside, Angel not far behind.

EXT. COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Jenny runs out in the darkness, Angel close behind. Up ahead - a door. It's locked, but after a few tries, Jenny slams it open with her shoulder. Angel is right behind her - but she slams the door, literally, in his face.

INT. HALLWAY/STAIRS/LANDING - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

She enters the hall. Angel is almost on her when she reaches a cleaning cart, pushes it in his way. He tumbles as she runs up a flight of stairs. She just reaches the landing when Angel comes up the opposite side, charging and grabbing her.

She screams. He clamps his hand over her mouth.

ANGEL  
Sorry, Jenny. This is where you get off.

He snaps her neck. She falls, dead.

ANGEL  
I never get tired of doing that...

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

## Act Three

EXT. BUFFY'S FRONT YARD/FOYER - NIGHT

Giles knocks on Buffy's door. It opens to reveal Willow.

GILES  
Willow? Hi.

WILLOW  
(upbeat)  
Hi. Come on in. Here's the book.

She hands him Jenny's book.

GILES  
(a beat, then)  
Yes, I should do my apartment tonight.  
Did the ritual work out all right?

WILLOW



Oh, yeah. It went fine.  
(then)  
Well, it went fine up until the part where Angel  
showed up and told Buffy's mom that he and  
Buffy had... well, you know, that they had...  
they had... you know...  
(dawns on her)  
Uh, you do know, right?

GILES  
Oh, yes, sorry.

WILLOW  
(relieved)  
Oh, good. Because I just realized, that  
being a librarian and all, maybe you really  
didn't know-

GILES  
No... thank you, I got it.

WILLOW  
You would have been proud of her,  
though. She totally kept her cool.  
(chipper)  
Okay. Well, I'll tell Buffy you stopped by...

Willow starts to close the door.

GILES  
Wait! Do you think I should perhaps...  
intervene on Buffy's behalf with her  
mother? Maybe say something.

WILLOW  
Sure! Like what would you say?

GILES  
Well, like... for instance, I could say... that is...  
(gives up)  
So, you will tell Buffy I dropped by, then?

WILLOW  
You bet. As soon as she comes back down  
from talking with her mom.

INT. BUFFY'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

The two of them sit in an uncomfortable silence.

BUFFY  
That stuff with the herbs and the Latin,  
that's, um... He's just real superstitious.

JOYCE  
Oh.

Some more silence.

BUFFY  
I figure if we're careful not to -

JOYCE  
Was he the first?

Buffy looks at her, busted.

JOYCE  
No. Wait. I don't want to know.  
Or, I don't think I want to -

BUFFY  
Yes. He was the first. I mean, the only.

JOYCE  
He's older than you.

BUFFY  
I know.

JOYCE  
Too old, Buffy. And he's obviously not  
very stable. I really wish... I thought you  
would show more judgment.

BUFFY  
Mom, I - he wasn't like this before.

JOYCE  
Are you in love with him?

BUFFY  
I was...

JOYCE  
Were you careful?

BUFFY  
Mom -

JOYCE  
Don't 'Mom' me, Buffy - you don't get to  
get out of this. You had sex with a boy you  
didn't even see fit to tell me you were dating.

BUFFY  
(by rote)  
I made a mistake.

JOYCE  
Don't just say that to shut me up because  
I think you really did.

BUFFY  
I know that! Mom, my life is so...  
I can't tell you everything.

JOYCE

How about anything? Buffy, you can shut me out of your life, I'm pretty much used to that, but don't expect me to stop caring about you 'cause it's never gonna happen. I love you more than anything in the world.

Buffy says nothing. Joyce waits a moment, somewhat spent.

JOYCE

That would be your cue to roll your eyes and tell me I'm grossing you out.

BUFFY

You're not. I'm glad.

The silence warms between them.

JOYCE

Well, I guess that was the talk.

BUFFY

How did it go?

JOYCE

I don't know, it's my first.

BUFFY

Well, what did you tell Grandma when you...

JOYCE

Nothing!

(thinks)

I don't think she knows...

EXT. WALKWAY LEADING UP TO GILES' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Giles crosses up the walk toward his front door. Note: Opera music plays over this scene.

Giles reaches his front door, where he finds a single red rose angled between the knob and the jamb. The corners of his mouth twitch slightly upward in a bit of a grin.

He lifts the rose to his face, sniffs it. The bit of a grin becomes a full-bore smile of anticipation.

INT. GILES' APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

As the door opens, and Giles pokes his head in.

GILES

(calls out)

Hello? Jenny...?

Giles hear MUSIC - SOMETHING SOFT AND ROMANTIC - coming from an album on his TURNTABLE.

GILES

(calls again)  
It's me...

Then, he sees the wine chilling in the bucket on his desk, next to a pair of crystal stemware wine glasses.

A note on a piece of PARCHMENT PAPER attached to the ice bucket reads simply, "UPSTAIRS."

A flustered smile wrinkles Giles' face as he takes the wine bottle and glasses, crosses toward the steps.

Giles starts tentatively up the stairs leading to his bedroom, through the votive candles that line the stairway on either side, and over the roses strewn over the steps.

As he takes the last few steps to the loft, his bed comes into view. WE SEE that there is a woman in his bed. We recognize the hair as being Jenny's.

ON: GILES

As he smiles, a sort of overwhelmed happiness. A gleam twinkles in his eye. He is about to say something, when...

The happiness fades from his smile. The smile fades from his lips. The gleam fades from his eyes. And all color drains from his face.

What he sees is horrific.

NEW ANGLE: FROM BEHIND GILES, AT ANKLE LEVEL

With the bed in the distance. Giles' feet are on the top step. They don't move.

Neither does Jenny Calendar.

THE WINE GLASSES AND BOTTLE FALL FROM HIS HAND, CRASH to the floor, spreading glass and vino across the loft.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE GILES' APARTMENT - LATER - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: GILES

Looking weary, distraught. The red and blue lights of emergency vehicles wash across his sallow, drawn face.

WIDER ANGLE

Giles looks down as a sheet covered body is wheeled out past him by the PEOPLE FROM THE CORONER'S OFFICE.

Giles is in shock, showing no emotion, mostly because... well, because he's in shock.

POLICEMAN

Mr. Giles, we're going to have to ask you to come with us, just to answer a few questions.

GILES  
Of course... yes... procedure.  
(a flicker of life)  
I need to make a telephone call first...  
if that's alright.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BUFFY'S FRONT YARD - LOOKING IN THROUGH THE FRONT WINDOW INTO  
THE LIVING ROOM/DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

WE'RE TRACKING BACK VERY SLOWLY, as WE WATCH Buffy and Willow through the  
window.

Buffy is reliving the "sex talk" she just ended with her mother.

WILLOW  
(unheard dialog)  
So, was it horrible?

ANGEL (V.O.)  
Passion... it drives some to distraction...

BUFFY  
(unheard dialog)  
It wasn't too horrible...

Then. Buffy reacts to the (UNHEARD) RINGING TELEPHONE.

ANGEL (V.O.)  
...some to despair...

She lifts the receiver with her usual upbeat mood, and turns to lean with her back  
against the wall.

BUFFY  
(unheard dialog, into phone)  
Hello...?

GILES  
(unheard dialog, over the phone)  
Buffy?

BUFFY  
(unheard dialog, into phone)  
Giles! Hey, we finished the sp-

GILES  
(unheard dialog, into phone)  
Jenny... Ms. Calendar... she's been killed...

On the phone, Buffy's face goes slack and she starts to slide down the wall until  
she's sitting on the floor.

BUFFY  
(unheard dialog, into phone)  
What...?

ANGEL (V.O.)

...some to vengeance...

GILES  
(unheard dialog, into phone)  
It was Angel...

Willow notices, crosses quickly to Buffy, kneels down in front of her, as Buffy lets the phone receiver fall to the floor. -

WILLOW  
(unheard dialog)  
Buffy...?

-Willow picks up the phone.-

WILLOW  
(unheard dialog, into phone)  
Giles?

GILES  
(unheard dialog, into phone)  
Willow. Angel's killed Jenny.

-After a moment, the shock of the conversation begins to register on her face.-

Willow CRIES OUT, --

WILLOW  
(unheard dialog, anguished cry)  
What? No... Oh, no...

-the first sound WE CAN ACTUALLY HEAR OUTSIDE, as the faint MUFFLED PAIN leaks out through the window, into the night air.

Joyce enters, sees Willow crying, goes to her, holds her.

JOYCE  
(unheard dialog)  
Willow! My god, Buffy, what's wrong?  
Has something happened?

ANGLE: ANGEL

Watching. Loving it.

ANGEL (V.O.)  
It drives some to murder... and others to madness.

EXT. BUFFY'S FRONT YARD - MOMENTS LATER

Buffy and Willow run from the house as Cordelia's car pulls up to the curb.

Garlic strings and about a dozen crosses dangle from the rearview mirror like bulky Christian air fresheners. Xander is in the passenger seat, Cordelia behind the wheel. They both look shaken.

The girls go to the car as Xander and Cordelia come out and meet them at the curb.

BUFFY  
Well? Where's Giles?

XANDER  
No luck. By the time we got to the station,  
the cops said he'd already left. I guess they  
just wanted to ask him some questions.

CORDELIA  
I still don't get it. Why Ms. Calendar?  
She was so... harmless.

XANDER  
(harsh)  
Because Angel's a blood-sucking coward.  
They pick on the harmless.

CORDELIA  
And we're sure it was Angel?

BUFFY  
(hard)  
It was Angel, alright.

CORDELIA  
Did Giles say... is Ms. Calendar going  
to... you know, be a vampire?

WILLOW  
No.

BUFFY  
Cordelia, will you drive us to Giles' house?

CORDELIA  
Of course.

WILLOW  
But do you think maybe he wants to be alone?

BUFFY  
(as they get in)  
I'm not worried about what he wants. I'm  
worried about what he's going to do.

CUT TO:

INT. GILES' APARTMENT - SAME TIME

NOTE: This scene should, ideally, be filmed in one, continuous Steadi-Cam shot.

WE START ON GILES' BED. The sheets and bedding have been stripped away by the Coroner.

From OFFSCREEN, a SOFT "POP, POP, POP", almost like the sound of dripping water, plays in an endless loop under.

Then, a CLANG of METAL ON METAL rings out, followed by the SOUND OF

SHUFFLING FOOTSTEPS.

WE MOVE OFF THE BED NOW, TRACKING ACROSS THE FLOOR TOWARD THE STAIRWAY.

WE MOVE PAST THE BROKEN GLASS and spilled wine and begin down the stairs. The remains of the roses still litter the stairs, although now they have been trampled flat by the shoes of long-gone E.M.S. and Police personnel.

Most of the votive candles have burned down to nothing, although a few are flickering out their last moments.

Another CLANG OF METAL ON METAL as WE REACH the bottom of the stairs and PAN ACROSS the source of the constant FAINT POPPING SOUND - the needle of the turntable POPS, POPS, POPS as it searches in vain for more music at the end of the still revolving romantic album from before.

WE MOVE OFF THE TURNTABLE NOW, and PAN ACROSS to an open sling bag on Giles' desk. The bag contains a potpourri of weapons, from a crossbow to a mace to an old dueling pistol to wooden stakes.

A GASOLINE CAN is tossed on top of the other weapons, and the bag is lifted by Giles.

WE MOVE UP TO GILES' FACE. His eye are almost impassive, filled with scary cool rage as he hefts the bag to his front door and, with a grim determination, slips out into the night. He's a man on a suicide mission.

WE STAY BEHIND, still inside the apartment, as we TILT DOWN to an entry table just inside the door.

ON THE TABLE: a PARCHMENT PAPER ENVELOPE and the SHEET OF PAPER that was inside it: a CHARCOAL SKETCH of a deceased JENNY, her head lying on Giles' pillow, her eyes open.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

## Act Four

INT. GILES' APARTMENT - (FIVE MINUTES LATER) NIGHT

Just as we last left it. The already slightly ajar door cracks open wider and Xander pokes his head in.

XANDER  
Hello...? Giles...?

Xander ducks under the yellow CRIME SCENE tape to enter the room, followed by Buffy, Willow and Cordelia.

The group fans out, starts poking around.

Xander crosses to the empty wine bucket, sees the single rose on the desk, and the album cover propped up next to the still revolving turntable.

XANDER



(re: album cover)  
Looks like Giles had big plans for the night.

BUFFY  
(flatly)  
Giles didn't set all this up...

Buffy is at the entry table by the front door. She has Angel's sketch of Jenny in her hand.

Buffy puts the picture down, crosses to the stairs and up.

BUFFY  
...Angel did. All this is like the pretty gift wrap he wrapped Ms. Calendar's body in.

XANDER  
Oh, man. Poor Giles.

ANGLE ON: WILLOW

By an open and very stripped-bare trunk.

WILLOW  
Look, all his weapons are gone.

CORDELIA  
But, I thought he kept his weapons at the library.

XANDER  
Those are his everyday weapons. These were his "good" weapons. The ones he only breaks out when company comes to visit.

WILLOW  
So, it is what we were afraid of.  
Giles isn't here.

CORDELIA  
Well, then, where is he?

ANGLE ON: BUFFY

As she comes back down the stairs. She has a distant, unfocused look in her eyes.

BUFFY  
(shaken)  
He'll go to wherever Angel is.

WILLOW  
That means the Factory, right?

CORDELIA  
So, Giles is going to try to kill Angel, then.

XANDER  
(bitter)

Well, it's about time somebody did.

WILLOW  
(shocked)  
Xander!

XANDER  
(with attitude)  
I'm sorry. But let's not forget that I hated Angel long before all of you guys jumped on the bandwagon. So, I think I deserve something for not saying "I told you so" long before now. And, if Giles wants to go after the... fiend who murdered his girlfriend, I say "Faster, Pussycat. Kill. Kill."

BUFFY  
(flatly)  
You're right.

WILLOW  
What?!

XANDER  
Thank you.

BUFFY  
There's only one thing wrong with Giles' little revenge scenario.

XANDER  
And, what's that?

BUFFY  
(ominous)  
It's gonna get him killed.

INT. THE FACTORY - SAME TIME

Spike rolls around, livid, as Angel stands to the side and Drusilla plays with the puppy.

SPIKE  
(bellows at Angel)  
Are you insane?! We're supposed to kill the bitch, not leave gag gifts in her friends' beds.

DRUSILLA  
But, Spike... the bad teacher was going to restore Angel's soul

SPIKE  
And what if she did? If you ask me, I find myself preferring the old Buffy-whipped Angelus. Because this new, improved one is definitely not playing with a full sack.

Drusilla WHIMPERS like a hurt puppy.

SPIKE

Hey, I love a good slaughter as much as the next bloke, but his hijinks will only serve to leave us with one incredibly brassed-off Slayer...

ANGEL

Don't worry, roller boy. We don't have anything to worry about. I've got everything under control.

Almost before the words are out of his mouth, a Molotov cocktail hits the table, igniting it in a ROAR OF FLAME.

All three move away from the table, looking around.

ANGLE: ANGEL

An arrow hits him square in the shoulder. He stumbles back in pain, struggling to take out the arrow and looks up to see

ANGLE: GILES

striding calmly toward him.

As he approaches, Giles pull from his shoulder bag a Louisville Slugger. In the same motion he swings the bat into the flame, catching the end on fire.

Angel is just pulling the arrow out of his shoulder as Giles hits him square in the face with the flaming baseball bat.

Angel falls back. He looks up at Giles, blood on his face, smiling ruefully.

ANGEL

Geez, what ever happened to wooden stakes?

Giles hits him over the shoulder, bringing him to his knees.

GILES

They don't hurt enough.

He hits Angel again and again, the bat making flaming arcs as Angel is driven further to the ground.

ANGLE ON: SPIKE AND DRUSILLA

Drusilla takes a step toward the fight, but Spike puts a hand on her arm to stop her.

SPIKE

Ahn-ahhh... no fair going into the ring unless he tags you first.

ANGLE: GILES AND ANGEL

Giles swings again, but Angle knocks the bat away. Comes up at Giles, punches him hard, then grabs him in a choke hold.

ANGEL

All right, you've had your fun. But you

know what it's time for now?

Buffy comes up behind Angel, staggers him with a kidney punch. He lets go of Giles, gasping for breath, as Giles drops to the ground unconscious.

BUFFY  
My fun.

She hits Angel, kicks him, drives him back.

ANGLE: SPIKE AND DRUSILLA

as they fade into the shadows, escaping.

ANGLE: THE FLAMES

as they spread to the chairs and nearby boxes.

Angel decks Buffy and takes off, scrambling up to the gangway. Buffy runs after, jumps onto a box, thence to another, thence to the gangway where she tackles Angel.

Buffy gains the upperhand as she spar, leaning Angel against the railing, the fire raging below them.

ANGEL  
You know, even when I feed off other  
girls, the name I call out... is yours.

Suddenly Buffy sees

ANGLE: GILES

on the ground, out cold, the fire reaching closer to him.

Angel takes her moment of distraction to knock her down. He takes off.

Buffy is momentarily torn but then she jumps down and drags Giles to safety as he begins to regain consciousness.

They head out the door.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK OUTSIDE THE FACTORY - CONTINUOUS

As Buffy and Giles are met by Willow, Xander and Cordelia.

WILLOW  
Buffy!

CORDELIA  
Are you okay?

Giles turns on Buffy.

GILES  
(not happy)  
Why did you come here?

This was not your figh-

WHAP! Buffy decks Giles with a single, wicked, angry punch to the face. He falls back, gets to his knees.

BUFFY  
You bastard!

GILES  
(weakly)  
You don't understand...

She is fighting back tears as she advances on him. He is still on his knees, practically shaking.

BUFFY  
How could you do that? You're trying to  
get yourself killed? You can't! You can't  
leave me alone... not now... I can't do this  
by myself!

There's a lost girl in that last sentence. Giles stares at her, despair draining the fight out of him.

GILES  
Jenny...

Buffy goes to him, drops to her knees, holds him tightly. He hangs limp in her arms, looking at nothing.

GILES  
Jenny...

The others stand, watch, as she holds him.

ANGEL (V.O.)  
Passion... is the source of hope...

EXT. GILES' APARTMENT - NIGHT

As Giles approaches his front door, hesitates, then pulls down the remnants of the yellow POLICE CRIME SCENE tape.

ANGEL (V.O.)  
...and the cause of despair...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

CLOSE ON: A BUNCH OF FLOWERS

As they are carefully laid on the ground.

ANGEL (V.O.)  
It is the source of life...

TILT UP: TO A TOMBSTONE - "JENNIFER CALENDAR"

ANGEL (V.O.)  
...and the cause of death.

WIDER ANGLE

Giles and Buffy stand next to Jenny's grave.

GILES  
In my years as a Watcher, I've buried...  
too many people. Some I knew... most I  
didn't. Jenny is the first one that I've loved.

BUFFY  
Sometimes, I wonder if any good ever  
comes of it.

GILES  
Comes of what?

BUFFY  
Falling in love. Letting your emotions call  
the shots for you. Because if there is an  
upside, I sure haven't come across it.  
(sighs)  
You're right about that rule of yours.  
You're the Watcher, I'm the Slayer... we  
don't have the luxury of passion. It just  
gets in the way. Life's easier without it.

GILES  
Yes. It's just not... life.

BUFFY  
I'm sorry I couldn't kill him for you...  
for her... when I had the chance.

INT. JENNY CALENDAR'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Willow stands at the front of the classroom, a lesson plan notebook clutched in front of her. She is running the class for a day, but she gets no joy from the assignment.

BUFFY (V.O.)  
...but I think I'm finally ready...

WILLOW  
(muted)  
Principal Snyder has asked me to fill in  
for Ms. Calendar, until the new computer  
teacher arrives... so, I'm just going to stick  
to the lesson plan that she left...

Willow sets the lesson plan notebook on Jenny's desk, inadvertently knocking the 3.5 inch disk with the copy of Thesulah's translated Restoration Ritual over the edge.

WE FOLLOW THE DISK, as it drops, getting wedged in the small space between the

desk and the baseboard...

Just out of sight.

BUFFY (V.O.)  
...because I know now that there's  
nothing that's ever going to change him  
back to the Angel I fell in love with.

AS WE MOVE IN CLOSE ON JENNY'S HIDDEN COMPUTER DISK behind the desk, we-

BLACK OUT.

END OF SHOW