

Becoming, Part One

(March 9, 1998)

Written by: Joss Whedon

Teaser

ANGLE: A COBBLESTONE STREET

Seen from directly above at night, moonlight raking across the cobbles. It may be difficult to tell exactly what we're looking at for a moment. Over this still image, a voice:

WHISTLER (V.O.)

Here's the thing. There's moment
in your life that make you. That set
the course of who you're gonna be.
Sometimes they're little, subtle
moments. Sometimes. . . they're
not. I'll show you what I mean.

At that moment a man on horseback rides below us through frame and the camera arms down to reveal:

GALWAY STREET - NIGHT

Title reads: GALWAY, 1753

The street is near deserted, a couple of BEGGARS and DRUNKS.

A pair of well heeled YOUNG GENTLEMEN are pushed out of a doorway, someone inside growling about deadbeats. One of the gents turns back, laughing. He is Angel.

ANGEL

We'll come back when we've
found a bit more cash money.
Keep the girls warm.
(to his friend)
Come on. We'll sneak in and
take some of my father's silver.
He'll never miss it. Eats with
his hands, the pig.

His friend falls down, drunkenly unconscious.

ANGEL

Or why don't you rest here.

Angel leaves his friend where he lies, moving on down the street with lubricated grace. He spots

ANGLE: A LADY of considerable means, heading alone into a dark alley. He starts

after her.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

He comes in a few paces behind her.

ANGEL

So I'd ask myself, what is a lady
of your station doing alone in an
alley with the reputation that this one has?

She turns slightly, a knowing smile playing across her lips. Those of us who know
her, know her as Darla.

DARLA

Maybe she's lonely.

ANGEL

In that case I would offer
myself as escort. To protect
you from harm, and to while
away the dull hours.

DARLA

You're very gracious.

ANGEL

It's often been said.

DARLA

Are you certain you're
up to the challenge?

ANGEL

Has a challenge been made, then?

He approaches her slowly, still with a smile.

ANGEL

My lady, you will find that with
the exception of an honest day's
work there is no challenge
I am not prepared to face.
(reaches her, peers)
God, but you're a pretty thing.
Where are you from?

DARLA

Around. Everywhere.

ANGEL

Never been anywhere, myself.
Always wanted to see the world, but. . .

DARLA

I could show you.

ANGEL

Could you, then?

DARLA
Things you've never seen.
Never even heard of.

ANGEL
Sounds exciting.

DARLA
It is. And frightening.

ANGEL
I'm not afraid. Show me.
Show me your world.

She moves even closer to him, the sexual energy fair peaking between them as she touches his breast with her little hand.

DARLA
Close your eyes.

He does.

She changes to vampface and bites down, hard.

His eyes fly open. He is locked -- can't even struggle. Arms about her, body jerking with pain.

She lets go and he collapses to his knees. She swoops down onto hers. Takes her finger and draws her fingernail across her chest. Draws blood.

She takes him and holds his head to her breast. Makes him drink. He does, with increasing hunger.

We see the two of them from afar, on their knees, Darla feeding Angel in perfect silence.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT (THE PRESENT)

A speeding VAN wipes the frame with a roar of its motor to take us to the present day.

Angel watches something from afar. His eyes are filled with the serenity of Evil; the garrulous boy of the flashback is long gone. He is watching:

ANGLE: BUFFY

As she battles two, count 'em, two vamps. One she throws as the other comes at her. She spars with the second vamp as the first circles silently around to her back. Buffy is well in control of the situation, very focussed.

BUFFY
Come on. Ooh, nice try.

She easily parries another blow.

BUFFY

Now that was just sloppy.
If you're not even gonna try, then. . .

She hammers him -- pulls out a stake. Just as the first vamp attacks from the rear she slams the stake home in his chest (yes, she doesn't look behind her). The second vamp stops, worried.

BUFFY

I want you to give Angel
a message for me. Tell him
I'm done waiting. I'm taking
the fight to him. You got that?
Do you want me to write it down?

Fury crosses the vampire's face -- he lunges -- and Buffy stakes his sorry ass. He dusts just like the first one.

BUFFY

All right, I'll tell him myself.

She goes over to a spot nearby and helps up a groggy Xander.

XANDER

I'm good, don't worry about me. . .

BUFFY

You know, you don't have to patrol with me.

XANDER

Hey, I had that guy under
control until he resorted to fisticuffs.
(he shakes his head)
What is that: five vampires in three nights?

BUFFY

But no Angel.

XANDER

You really that anxious
to come up against him?

BUFFY

I just want it over with.

XANDER

I hear that.

BUFFY

We better get back. I haven't
even started studying for finals.

XANDER

Oh, yeah, finals. Why
didn't you let me die?

BUFFY

Look on the bright side.
It'll all be over soon.

They walk off together.

ANGLE: ANGEL

Watches as they go.

ANGEL
Yes, my love. It will.

BLACK OUT.

END OF TEASER

Act One

INT. MUSEUM ROOM - DAY

We see a collection of articles for archeology and preservation. A MUSEUM WORKER takes a brush, starts brushing dirt off something we can't see. Another works beside him. Supervising them both is DOUG PERREN, museum curator.

DOUG
(to a worker)
Careful. Concentrate on this area.

Through the door well behind them enters Giles, looking about.

GILES
Hello?

Doug turns, approaches him.

DOUG
Rupert Giles?

GILES
Yes.

DOUG
Doug Perren.
(they shake)
Thank you for coming.

GILES
Not at all. I'm flattered to be asked.

DOUG
Well, I talked to Lou Tabor
at the Washington Institute,
he said we had the best
authority on obscure relics
right here in Sunnydale.

GILES
He may have exaggerated
slightly. Is this the. . .

He indicates the object we've still yet to see.

DOUG

That's our baby. Construction crew dug it up just outside of town, you know they're putting up those high-rises.

They start toward it, slowly, the camera circling them.

DOUG

I know there were Spanish settlers here from way back, we've found plenty of artifacts. But whatever's written on this. . . well, it ain't Spanish.

And the camera finally comes all the way around to reveal the artifact in question.

It looks not unlike a tomb or sarcophagus, a big block of dusty stone carved all over with demonic runes. (It may appear first as more of an obelisk -- it looks solid, not like something's inside.) It stands nearly ten feet tall, and four deep. The two workers are brushing the dust from the cracks between the letters.

Giles comes very close, staring at it.

GILES

No. Not Spanish.

DOUG

Any ideas?

GILES

(still scanning it)

A few. . . none I'd care to share until I can verify. . . Have you dated this?

DOUG

We won't have the results for a couple of days. I'm gonna go out on a limb and say "old".

GILES

Yes, this predates any settlements we've ever read about.

He looks along the side, finds a faint line running up it. He motions to one of the workers to hand him a brush.

GILES

May I?

He brushes away a bit of dust. Find a crack.

GILES

You haven't tried to open it, I assume.

DOUG
Open it?

Giles points to a crack he has found. Doug looks at it.

DOUG
I'll be damned. I figured it was solid.
What do you think's in there?

GILES
I don't know.

DOUG
I guess we won't find out till we open it.

GILES
If I could ask. . . wait. Let me
work on translating this text.
It might give us some indication
as to what we'll find inside.

DOUG
You don't want to be surprised?

GILES
As a rule, no.

DOUG
All right. You're the expert.
I'm pretty damn curious, though.

GILES
Yes. Yes, so am I.

He stares at it.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

We are CLOSE ON a couple of fish sticks (wielded by Xander) in a heated recap of last night's fight. One of them is holding a stake (a toothpick) and one has an opened ketchup pack held to it.

Toothpick Fishstick says:

XANDER (O.S.)
You can't sneak up on me!!
Tell Angel I'm gonna kill him -
no -- wait -- I'm gonna kill **you!** Die! Die!

Toothpick stabs ketchup pack -- and Xander squeezes the ketchup pack to signify blood spurting.

XANDER (O.S.)
ARRGGHH!! Mother!!

Ketchup pack falls dead and we widen to see Xander conclude his drama. At the table are Cordy, Willow, sitting on the lap of Oz, and Buffy.

CORDELIA
Is that it?

XANDER
That's it.

ANGLE: THE FISHSTICKS

as Xander has them take a little bow.

XANDER (O.S.)
Scene.

BUFFY
Yeah, that's just exactly how it happened.

OZ
I thought it was riveting.
I was a little unclear about
some of the themes.

BUFFY
The theme is, Angel's too much
of a coward to take me on face to face.

XANDER
The other theme was "Buy American,"
but it got kind of buried.

WILLOW
(to Buffy)
Are you sure you're ready to fight Angel?

BUFFY
Can everybody stop asking me that?
Yeah I'm ready. Also willing, also able.
It's the one test I might actually pass.

WILLOW
Don't say that. You're gonna pass
everything. I'm gonna get you
through this semester if I have to sweat blood.

XANDER
Do you think you're likely to?
'Cause I'd like to be elsewhere.

WILLOW
It was only metaphor blood.

OZ
I think you'd sweat cute blood.

WILLOW
(to Buffy)
Sixth period, after my computer class,
we'll rock on Chemistry.

BUFFY

I'm ready to rock.
You're the best, Will. Thanks.

CORDELIA
Boy, Willow, you've really gotten
the teaching bug. Taking over that
computer class, tutoring. . .

WILLOW
I love it. I really do.

CORDELIA
I think it's great to do that BEFORE
you go out and fail in the real world.
'Cause then it's not like falling back
on something, it's like falling. . . well, forward.

XANDER
And almost sixty five percent of
that was actual compliment.
(to Cordy)
Is that a personal best?

CORDELIA
Gee, Xander, what are you gonna
teach when you fail in life?
Advanced loser-being?

XANDER
I will teach. . .
(eurotrash)
. . . the language of love.

He reaches for her, but she shrinks back.

CORDELIA
Don't touch me! You have fish hands!

He moves his hands toward her face.

XANDER
Come, let me caress you. . .

She laughs, batting away his hands.

CORDELIA
Stop it!

Principal Snyder appears, looking grim as usual. He clears his throat and everyone stops.

SNYDER
That's enough of that.
(to Willow)
And you. Are we having a chair shortage?

WILLOW

I haven't read anything about -- Oh! I get it.

She jumps off Oz's lap, sits in her own chair.

SNYDER

These public displays of affection
are not acceptable in my school.
This isn't an orgy, people. It's a classroom.

BUFFY

(is he nuts?)
Yeah, where they teach lunch. . .

SNYDER

Do you have something to say?

BUFFY

This is a cafeteria. I'm pretty sure.

SNYDER

Always with the wisecracks.
One day you're gonna go too far.

BUFFY

Or I could go with the classroom theory. . .

SNYDER

Just give me a reason to kick you out, Summers.
Just give me a reason.

He stalks off.

CORDELIA

How about, 'cause you're a tiny
impotent Nazi with a bug up his
butt the size of an emu?

BUFFY

Sums it up.

CORDELIA

Don'tchya think?

XANDER

Now 'lunch' I could actually teach.

OZ

I can see that.
(as teacher)
"Baloney. It's not a toy. Let's put
it on the bread - The rye bread!
Careful!" Lunch teacher.

WILLOW

(to Buffy)

Do you want to come by tonight,
do some cramming?

BUFFY

Maybe. . . I do have to patrol.

WILLOW

Again? Do you really expect
Angel to turn up tonight?

BUFFY

No, I don't expect him to.
And that's when he usually does.

EXT. LONDON CHURCH - DAY (1860) - STOCK

To establish.

A title reads: LONDON, 1860

INT. CONFSSIONAL - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

A poor but pious GIRL walks. If we see past the sanity, we might recognize Drusilla.
She stops, crosses herself, and goes into the confessional.

ANGLE: THE WINDOW

opens between her and the priest. We see her through the latticework screen.

DRUSILLA

Bless me, father, for I have sinned.
It has been two days since my last confession.

ANGLE: THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CONFSSIONAL

Has Angel in it, holding the body of a dead priest. He says nothing.

DRUSILLA

Father?

ANGEL

Uh, uh, two days? That's not very long.
You must sin a great deal to be back so soon.

DRUSILLA

Oh, father. . . I'm so afraid.

She is near tears. Angel finds himself both amused by his impromptu gig and
strangely moved by the girl.

ANGEL

Hush, child. The Lord is very
forgiving. Tell me your sins.

DRUSILLA

I had. . . I've been seeing again, father.
Didn't try to, I swear! But yesterday
the men were going to work in the mine
and I had a terrible fright, my stomach
all tied up and I saw a horrible crash,
men screaming in the dark. . .my mum
said to keep my peace, it didn't mean

nothing but this morning they had a
cave in. Two men died.

A beat as she collects herself.

ANGEL
Go on.

DRUSILLA
(it pours out:)
My mum says I'm cursed.
My seeing things is an affront
to the Lord. That only He's
supposed to see anything before
it happens. But I don't mean to,
Father, I swear. I try to be pure
in His sight and I do my penance,
I don't want to be an evil thing.

ANGEL
Hush, child. The Lord has a plan
for all creatures. Even a devil child like you.

DRUSILLA
(mortified)
A devil. . .

ANGEL
Yes, you're a spawn of Satan, all the
hail Mary's in the world aren't going
to help. The Lord will use you and then
smite you down, he's like that.

She is crying.

DRUSILLA
What can I do?

ANGEL
Fulfill his plan for you, child. Be evil.
Perform evil works. Attack the less
fortunate. You can start small: laugh
at a cripple. You'll feel better. Just give in.

DRUSILLA
No. . . I want to be good. . . I want to be pure. . .

ANGEL
We all do, at first. World doesn't work that way.

DRUSILLA
Father, I beg you. . . help me.

ANGEL
Very well. Uh, ten Our Fathers
and an act of contrition.
Does that sound good?

DRUSILLA

Yes, Father, thank you.

ANGEL
The pleasure was mine.
(she starts to go)
Oh, and my child?

DRUSILLA
Yes?

ANGEL
God is watching you.

INT. GARDEN\MANSION - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Drusilla wanders into the garden from outside, crazy and evil, the way we know her and love her. Looking at the night.

Spike is there to greet her.

SPIKE
Nice walk, pet?

DRUSILLA
I met an old man. I didn't like him.
He got stuck in my teeth.
(looks up)
And then the moon started whispering
to me. All sorts of dreadful things.

SPIKE
It's a naughty moon.

ANGEL
What did it say?

He enters the garden from inside.

SPIKE
Oh, look who's awake.

ANGEL
What did the moon tell you?
Did you have a vision?
Is something coming?

DRUSILLA
Oh yes. . . something terrible.

ANGEL
Where?

DRUSILLA
At the museum. A tomb.
With a surprise inside.

He puts his hand to her head.

ANGEL
You can see all that in your head?

SPIKE
No, you ninny, she read it
in the morning paper.

He holds the paper up. Angel looks at Dru, who smiles apologetically. Angel takes the paper, scans it. He is obviously excited by what he sees.

ANGEL
Oh, my. . .

ANGLE: THE PAPER

has a picture of the artifact on the front page.

Dru comes up behind Angel, looks over his shoulder.

DRUSILLA
Is that what's been whispering to me?

ANGEL
Oh yeah. Don't worry though.
Soon it'll stop.

He looks at both of them, triumphant.

ANGEL
Soon it'll scream.

INT. COMPUTER CLASS - DAY

BUFFY
Waaahhh.

CLOSE ON: BUFFY'S PENCIL

as she taps it on her chem book.

She is staring at the book, and at her own notebook. She is tiny and helpless.

BUFFY
This doesn't make sense!

WILLOW
Well, sure it does, see. . .
(looks at Buffy's work)
Oh, no, that doesn't make any sense.

BUFFY
It's senseless.

WILLOW
It is. But at least you know that!

So you're learning.

BUFFY

Yay me.

(as Willow looks at her work)

Oh well. It doesn't matter. I mean,
in the real world when am I ever
gonna need to use chemistry, math,
history or the English language?

WILLOW

(re: notebook)

Oh, I see your problem.

BUFFY

I'm a moron?

WILLOW

Will you stop that? You're not stupid.
You've just had a lot on your mind.
You can do all of this real easily but
if you're just gonna give up then
don't waste my time.

A beat.

BUFFY

Wow. You really are a good teacher.

WILLOW

(smiling)

Good pep talk?

BUFFY

I got the pep.

WILLOW

Okay. Look at this. It's a covalent
bond -- which means these two atoms
are linked by this one electron. You
know, basic linkage. Hydrogen, Nitrogen, Chlorine. . .

ANGLE: BUFFY'S PENCIL

As she places it on her book -- it rolls off and falls into:

ANGLE: THE SPACE BETWEEN THE DESK AND THE CABINET

where it lands right next to the infamous yellow disk.

BUFFY

Oh. Hold it.

She reaches in and grabs the pencil - her fingers almost brushing the disk -- but
just missing it.

She pulls the pencil out, straightens up.

BUFFY

Okay. I'm learn girl.

WILLOW
Well, you see --

BUFFY
Whoah. Deja vu.

WILLOW
Really?

BUFFY
The thing with the pencil -
I have a perfect memory of
being exactly like --

She bends down again with the pencil -- and this time she sees the disk.

BUFFY
--hey.

She reaches in and grabs the disk. Holds it up.

BUFFY
I think you dropped this.

WILLOW
It's not mine. It might be
something of Ms. Calendar's.

They look at each other. Willow pops it in the computer. They wait to see it come up on the screen.

BUFFY
This feels kind of morbid.

WILLOW
Well, I've gone through most
of her files already.

BUFFY
Does that make this less
morbid or you really morbid?

WILLOW
I had to -- to teach the class.

BUFFY
Relax. I'm making with the funny.
What does that say, "restoration"?

WILLOW
It's one of her spells, I think.
You know, she wasn't a practicing
witch, but she did dabble in --

BUFFY

Willow.

Buffy is reading, her eyes getting steadily wider. Willow concentrates on the screen. Gets it.

WILLOW
Oh boy.

The camera pushes in on Buffy, as Willow continues:

WILLOW
Oh boy.

Buffy says nothing.

WILLOW
Oh boy.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT ONE.

Act Two

EXT. RUMANIAN WOODS - NIGHT (1898)

We heard funereal chanting, some sobbing, as the camera moves (looking straight down) over the body of a beautiful GYPSY GIRL. She has been laid out in a funeral gown. A couple of women in shawls kneel by her, keening with grief.

ANGLE: A GYPSY WOMAN

Sits in a shawl, with a painted mark on her forehead. She speaks in very low Rumanian, waving her hands over an Orb of Thesulah. As she speaks, it begins to glow.

GYPSY WOMAN
(Rumanian)

Nici mort nici al fiintei te invoc, spirit al trécerii
Reda trupului ce separa omul de animal
Cu ajutorul acestui magic glob de cristal
(Not dead, nor not of the living. Spirits of the interregnum,
I call. Restore to the corporal vessel that which separates us
from beast. Use this orb as your guide.)

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE WOODS - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Angel stumbles into frame, trying to get away from something. He drops to his knees, in obvious pain. Gets up and tries to run again.

EXT. RUMANIAN WOODS - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

ANGLE: THE GYPSY WOMAN

As she finishes her incantation, the glow envelops the orb, which disappears.

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE WOODS - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

ANGLE: ANGEL

Drops to the ground again, momentarily unconscious.

CLOSE ON: HIS EYES

As they glow briefly.

He gets to his knees, groggy and bewildered, as an old GYPSY MAN approaches.

GYPSY MAN

It hurts, yes? Good. It will hurt more.

ANGEL

Where am I?

GYPSY MAN

You don't remember. Everything you've done. For a hundred years. In a moment you will. The face of everyone you have killed - our daughter's face -- they will haunt you and you will know what true suffering is.

ANGEL

Killed? I don't. . .

And then it hits him.

ANGEL

Oh. . . no. . . no. . .

We see the two of them from a distance, the old man standing over the kneeling Angel, as Angel begins to scream.

INT. LIBRARY - AFTERNOON

Xander, Cordelia and Giles are facing Buffy and Willow. Buffy holds a few sheets of printout in her hand. Everybody is quiet.

GILES

What are you saying?

BUFFY

The curse. This is it.

She holds up the sheaf of paper. Giles steps forward, takes it, examines it.

WILLOW

It looks like Ms. Calendar was trying to replicate the original curse. To restore Angel's soul again.

GILES

She said it couldn't be done.

BUFFY

Well, she tried anyway. And it looks like it might have worked.

XANDER

So he killed her. Before she could tell anyone about it. What a prince.

CORDELIA

Well, this is good, right? I mean, we can curse him again.

GILES

It's not that simple. This points the way, but the ritual itself requires a rather more advanced knowledge of the black arts than I can claim.

WILLOW

Well, I. . . I've been going through her files and reading up and. . . I've been sort of checking out the black arts. Just for fun -- or, educational fun. I might be able to work this.

GILES

Willow, performing this kind of ritual, channeling such potent magicks through yourself -- it will open a door you may not be able to close.

BUFFY

Will, I don't want you putting yourself in danger.

WILLOW

And I don't want danger. "No" to danger. But I might be the best person to do this.

XANDER

HI! For those of you who have just tuned in, everyone here is a crazy person. This spell might restore Angel's humanity? Well, here's an interesting angle: **Who cares?**

BUFFY

I care.

XANDER

Is that right?

GILES

Xander, let's not lose perspective here --

XANDER

I'm perspective guy! Angel is a killer.

WILLOW
Xander --

BUFFY
It's not that simple.

XANDER
What, come back home, all is forgiven?
I can't believe you people!

CORDELIA
Xander has a point --

XANDER
(turning on Cordy)
You know just once I wish you would
support me and I realize right now
that you were and I'm embarrassed
so I'm gonna get back to the point
which is that Angel needs to die.

GILES
Curing Angel was apparently Jenny's last wish --

XANDER
Yeah, well, Jenny's dead.

Giles moves forward like he might actually strike Xander.

GILES
Don't you speak of her in that insolent --

XANDER
(simultaneously)
Can't you see what I'm saying --

BUFFY
All right, stop it!

They do.

WILLOW
(to Buffy)
What do you want to do?

BUFFY
I don't know. . . What happened
to Angel wasn't his fault. . .

XANDER
What happened to Ms. Calendar is.
You can paint this however you want.
Way I see it you want to forget all about
Ms Calendar's murder so you can have
your boyfriend back.

Buffy doesn't reply. She just turns and leaves the room, too distraught to deal (but not crying). Willow glares at Xander, who returns her gaze firmly.

CORDELIA

Wow. Even I know that was insensitive.

XANDER

(staring Willow down)
Am I wrong?

Willow doesn't answer.

INT. MUSEUM ROOM - NIGHT

Doug Perren is at his desk, working late. He is pooled in the light of his desk lamp. The object sits at the other end of the room, mostly in shadow.

He hears something. Whispers? They drift past him, ethereal, unintelligible.

He stops working, rises. Looks around him.

DOUG

Hello?

(after a beat)

Danny? That you?

He hears the whispers again, and looks over at the artifact. Moves slowly toward it. Peering.

ANGLE: THE ARTIFACT

As we approach it, moving inexorably toward the darkness.

Doug reaches it, holds his hand slowly out. Touches it. The whispers grow louder. He moves his hand away and they subside. Puts it back and they grow.

He steps closer to the artifact -- and Drusilla appears behind him in vampface. Takes a great honking bite out of his neck, hand over his mouth as he thrashes and strains.

Angel, flanked by HENCHVAMPS, strides in, eyes on the artifact.

ANGEL

Let's see. . . I'll have one of these.

(points at it)

To go.

The vamps throw ropes over it, securing it.

ANGEL

Be careful. I don't want this thing cracked.

Your weak imitations of life depend on it.

(to Dru, re: Doug)

Save me some.

INT. BUFFY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Buffy is on the phone with Willow. As she talks, she loads her bag with weapons and crosses from her dresser.

BUFFY

Yeah, I'll do a couple of sweeps,
then I'll stop by.

(listens)

Yeah, Xander was pretty much being a . . .

(mildly shocked)

Willow. Where'd you learn that word?
My god. You kiss your mother with that mouth?

(Listens)

I don't know. I don't know what I want.

She sees something in the drawer, stops.

BUFFY

Okay. I'll see you in a while.

She hangs up, picks up the thing in the drawer. It is

ANGLE: ANGEL'S CLADDAGH RING

Buffy looks at it, silently.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALL - MINUTES LATER (NIGHT)

Buffy is on her way downstairs when Joyce stops her.

JOYCE

Where are you going?

BUFFY

Oh. Uh, to Willow's. To Study.
Got two finals tomorrow.

JOYCE

All right. Make sure you two study.
Don't talk about boys all night.

BUFFY

Oh, we don't like boys. I mean,
while we're studying. We like
boys. Some boys. . .

As she's talking, she shifts and two crosses fall out of her bag. Joyce bends down to get them, looks at them.

BUFFY

You know, it's funny. I've just
been kind of. . . religious. Lately.

JOYCE

Oh. Well, you know your father and
I are both agnostic, we always thought
you should decide for yourself.

BUFFY

Well, I'm learning. . . sort of searching.

JOYCE
Well, that's good.

Joyce hands her the crosses. Not sure what to say.

BUFFY
Okay.

She starts to go.

JOYCE
Get a ride back if you come home late.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Buffy walks along.

She comes to a row of tall hedges. Stops, turning. Did she hear something?

Someone BURSTS out from between the hedges right behind her. She spins, takes an attack stance.

BUFFY
You know, polite people call before
they jump out of the bushes and attack you.

ANGLE: KENDRA

Is the person facing her. She smiles.

KENDRA
Just wanted to test your reflexes.

BUFFY
(not angry)
Would you like to test my face-punching?
'Cause I think you'll find it's improved.

KENDRA
I was on my way to your house.
Saw you walking. Couldn't help myself.

BUFFY
Which begs the question and don't
think I'm not glad to see you but
why are you here? Wait. Let me
guess. Your Watcher has informed
you that a very dark power is about
to rise in Sunnydale.

KENDRA
That's about it.

BUFFY
Great. Did he give you any idea

of what this dark power is?

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

As the artifact hits the floor with a rounding thud, kicking up dust.

Angel regards it with excitement, Spike and Dru flanking him.

SPIKE

It's a big rock. I can't wait to tell my friends.
They don't have a rock this big.

ANGEL

Spike, boy, you never did learn your history.

SPIKE

Let's have a lesson, then.

ANGEL

Acathla, the demon, came forth
to swallow the world. It was killed
by a virtuous knight who pierced
the demon's heart before it could
draw breath to perform the act. Acathla
turned to stone, as demons sometimes
do, and was buried where neither man
nor demon would be wont to look. Unless
of course they're putting up low rent housing. Boys?

Two vampires take crowbars and, standing at either side of the artifact, wedge it open. The front falls to the floor with a great dusty thud.

Inside is the very stone demon of which Angel spoke, his face in a horrible grimace, a stone sword sticking out of his chest.

DRUSILLA

Oooh, he fills my head. . .
I can't hear anything else. . .

Angel approaches Acathla slowly, reverently.

SPIKE

Let me guess. Someone pulls out the sword --

ANGEL

Someone worthy. . .

SPIKE

-- the demon wakes up and wackiness ensues.

DRUSILLA

He will swallow the world.

ANGEL

And every creature living on this
planet will go to Hell. My friends,
we're about to make history. . .
(turning back to them)

. . . end.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

Act Three

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Giles emerges from his office, joining Buffy, Kendra and Willow in the library. Kendra is putting her bag on the table (not: her bag should be long and go over her shoulder like a quiver -- her sword is contained therein.)

GILES

I've just been on the phone with the museum. The artifact in question is missing. And the curator has been murdered. Vampires.

BUFFY

And we're sure this thing was the Tomb of Alfalfa?

GILES

Acathla. And yes, the information Kendra's Watcher has provided seems conclusive.

WILLOW

Okay, can somebody explain the whole 'he will suck the world into Hell' thing? That's the part I'm not loving.

GILES

The demon universe exists in a dimension separate from our own. With one breath Acathla will create a vortex, a kind of whirlpool that will pull everything on Earth into that dimension, where any non-demon life will suffer horrible, eternal torment.

BUFFY

So that would be the literal kind of sucking into Hell. Neat.

KENDRA

(to Buffy)

You think Angelus and the others are responsible for the theft of the tomb?

BUFFY

I'd bet folding money on it.

KENDRA

I can't believe you dated him.
(off her look)

I mean, he's got to be stopped.

WILLOW

We don't know where they are.
They moved after Giles torched their house.

KENDRA

(to Giles)

You did? Good for you.

GILES

It was nothing, really.

BUFFY

Willow. . . I think you should try
to do the curse. Bring Angel back.

KENDRA

I tend to side with your friend Xander
on this one. Angel should be eliminated.

BUFFY

I'll fight him. If I have to, I'll kill him.
But if I lose, or I don't find him in time. . .
Willow might be our only hope.

WILLOW

I don't want to be only hope. I crumble
under pressure. Let's have another hope.

KENDRA

We have.

She pulls a sword from her bag.

KENDRA

Blessed by the knight who first slew the Demon.
If all else fails, this might stop it.
(less confidently)
I think.

GILES

Let's hope all else doesn't fail.
(to Willow)
How close are you to figuring
out the ritual for the curse?

WILLOW

I need a day, maybe. And I need
an Orb of Thesulah, whatever that is.

GILES

Spirit vault for the Rituals
of the Undead. I've got one.
(sheepish)
I've been using it as a paperweight.

WILLOW

(to Buffy)

This means I can't help you
study for tomorrow's finals.

BUFFY

I'll wing it. Of course, if we
go to Hell by then I won't have to take them.
(sudden fear)
Or maybe I'll be taking them forever. . .

GILES

Well, Angel has a ritual of his own
to perform before he can remove the
sword and awake Acatlha. With any
luck, that may take some time as well.

INT. MANSION SIDE ROOM - NIGHT

Spike is alone, pacing, thinking. We hear chanting from behind the door. Then:

DRUSILLA (O.S.)
Spike?

He beelines for the chair, gets in just before she enters the room.

DRUSILLA
Spike, sweetie, the fun's about to begin.

SPIKE
It is? Seems more to me like
the fun's about to end.

DRUSILLA
Don't be all gloomy.

SPIKE
Darling, if this works, everything changes.
Think about it. In this world, we can be
kings. In the next. . .

DRUSILLA
My Spikey's getting cold feet. Don't you
worry about the next world. You'll always
have me. . .

SPIKE
Will I?

She doesn't answer. A SCREAM emerges from the main room -- that of a young man.

DRUSILLA
Oh! The blood ritual! To cleanse
Angel. Let's go and see.

SPIKE
(giving in)
Well, if there's blood. . .

They go out into:

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

In the main chamber, where the statue stands free of its casing at one end.

At the other, Angel waits as two vampires bring the young man before him. Angel looks at him, eyes glowing in reverent reverie.

ANGEL

I will drink. . . the blood will wash in me,
over me and I will be cleansed, I will be
worthy to free Acatla.

(to Spike and Dru)

Bear witness, as I ascend.

(looking at the man)

As I become.

He changes to vampface. Bites.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - NIGHT (1996)

A title reads: MANHATTAN, 1996

It's a dark, grimy district -- not many people out, and none with too much money.

We pick up a HOMELESS MAN moving along in the shadows. He stops at a group of garbage cans, sees:

ANGLE: A RAT

Scurrying among them.

The man makes a dive for the rat, but it gets away and he lands in a clatter among the cans. We see that is it Angel. He looks utterly lost and destitute -- not entirely sane, even.

He sits, defeated as another figure approaches him. WHISTLER is young in appearance, and wearing a bad suit over a loud shirt. He looks like a bottom-ranked mafioso. His manner, like his outfit, is loud and grating.

WHISTLER

God, are you disgusting.

Angel starts, not used to being talked to. He starts to crawl back into the shadows.

WHISTLER

This is really an unforgettable smell.

This is the stench of death you're
giving off here. And the look says
crazy homeless guy, it's not good.

ANGEL

Get away from me.

WHISTLER

What are you gonna do, bite me?

Oh, horrors! A Vampire!

Angel stops, staring at him.

WHISTLER

Oh, but you're not gonna bite me 'cause of your poor tortured **soul**, it's so sad, a vampire with a soul, how poignant. I may physically vomit right here.

ANGEL

Who are you?

WHISTLER

Let's take a walk. Come on.

He starts to help Angel up. Angel is clearly weak. As he gets to his feet a respectable PASSERBY stares at the pair.

WHISTLER

(to the passerby)

What? Yes, he's my lover, you mustn't **judge us!**

The passerby scurries off.

WHISTLER

God, I hate people.

EXT. A NEARBY STREET - MINUTES LATER - NIGHT

The two are walking together. Whistler's doing most of the talking.

WHISTLER

What are you eating, like a rat once a month? You're skin and bones here. Butcher shops are throwing away more blood in a day than you could stand. Good blood. You lived in the world a little bit you'd know that.

ANGEL

I want to know who you are.

Whistler stops, faces him.

WHISTLER

And I want to know who **you** are.

ANGEL

You already do.

WHISTLER

Not yet. I'm looking to find out. 'Cause you could go either way here.

ANGEL

I don't understand you.

WHISTLER
Nobody understands me. It's my curse.

He walks a few feet away, to a SABRETT VENDOR.

WHISTLER
(to the vendor)
Dog me.
(to Angel)
There are three kinds of people that
no one understands. Geniuses,
madmen, and guys that mumble.
My name is Whistler. Anyway,
lately it is. My real name is hard
to pronounce unless you're a dolphin.

He pays, takes a big bite out of his dog.

ANGEL
You're not a vampire.

WHISTLER
A demon, technically. But I'm not
a bad guy -- not all demons are dedicated
to the destruction of all life. Someone has
to maintain balance, you know. Good and
evil can't exist without each other, blah
blah blah. I'm not like a good fairy or anything,
I'm just trying to make it all balance -- do I
come off defensive?

ANGEL
What did you mean, I could go either way?

WHISTLER
I mean you could become an even
more useless rodent than you are
right now, or you could become. . .
someone. A person. Someone to be counted.

ANGEL
I just want to be left alone.

WHISTLER
You've been alone for what, ninety years?
And what an impressive package you are.
The stink guy.

ANGEL
You don't know what I have to
deal with. What I've done.

WHISTLER
You're annoying me! The self pity
thing is not gonna bring in the chicks.
It's a bore.

ANGEL
What do you want from me?

WHISTLER
I want you to see something. It's happening
very soon, we'd need to leave now. You see,
and then you tell me what you want to do.

ANGEL
Where is it?

EXT. LOS ANGELES HIGH SCHOOL - DAY (1996)

Title: LOS ANGELES, 1996

We see Angel in the shadows (or indoors, depending on location) looking out into
the bright sunlit courtyard. We see, as he does:

ANGLE: BUFFY

Walking along with her FRIENDS, talking. She is all of fifteen, completely carefree
and not a little superficial.

BUFFY
So, I'm like, "Dad, you want me
to go to the dance in an outfit I've
already worn? Why do you hate me?"

GIRL
Is Tyler taking you?

BUFFY
Oh my god! Where were you when
I got over Tyler? He's of the past.
Tyler would have to crawl on his
hands and knees to get me to go
to the dance with him. Which he's
actually supposed to do after practice,
so I'm gonna wait.

GIRL
Okay. See you later.

They go, Buffy saying to each one:

BUFFY
Call me. Call me. Call me.

They all go and Buffy sits. She has waited for a moment when a MAN approaches
her in a dark, rumpled suit. He looks vaguely nervous, and deadly serious. His name
is MERRICK.

MERRICK
Buffy Summers?

BUFFY
Yeah? Hi. What?

MERRICK

I need to speak with you.

BUFFY

You're not from Macy's, are you?
'Cause I meant to pay for that lipstick. . .

MERRICK

There isn't much time. You must
come with me. Your destiny awaits.

BUFFY

I don't have a destiny. I'm destiny-free. Really.

MERRICK

Yes, you have. You are the chosen one.
You alone can stop them.

BUFFY

Who?

MERRICK

The vampires.

Buffy stares at him for a good long while, a polite smile playing on her lips, trying to come up with a response. Finally she breaks down into:

BUFFY

Huh?

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT (1996)

Buffy crashes into frame, wide-eyed and terrified, a VAMPIRE right on top of her.

BUFFY

AAAAAAGHHHH!

It snarls and snaps, trying to bite her. She throws it off.

She goes scrambling for a stake on her hands and knees --

BUFFY

Oh god oh god oh god --

She comes up with it as the vampire charges her again -- she instinctively flips it onto its back.

BUFFY

Whoah! Wow.

Collecting herself, she drops down and plunges the stake into its chest, pulling it out again. The vampire screams, but nothing happens.

BUFFY

Ooh, that's not the heart. . .

She tries again, and the vampire's dying rasp tells her she's hit home.

ANGLE: THE VAMPIRE

Explodes into dust.

BUFFY
GAAAGHHH!

She starts back from this unexpected effect, stays panting on the grass. We see a pair of legs come into the frame near her.

MERRICK
You see? You see your power?

She says nothing, still staring at the spot where the vampire was.

ANGLE: ANGEL

Watching from the shadows.

EXT./INT. BUFFY'S BEDROOM IN L.A. (1996) - NIGHT

We see in from the outside. Buffy enters her bedroom, followed by Joyce.

JOYCE
Why didn't you call?

BUFFY
I'm sorry, Mom, I didn't know it was so late.
Tyler and I were talking.

JOYCE
That boy is irresponsible.

BUFFY
It's my fault.

JOYCE
You know we worry, that's all.
Dinner's in ten minutes.

BUFFY
Okay.

Buffy moves into the bathroom, shutting the door behind her.

ANGLE: ANGEL

Watches, obviously feeling for her.

EXT. INT. BUFFY'S BATHROOM IN L.A. (1996) - NIGHT

We see her go to the sink, take off her jacket. Splash her face. She is very shaken. Over her silent actions we hear the voices of her parents:

HANK (O.S.)
Did she say where she was?

JOYCE (O.S.)

She was with Tyler.

HANK (O.S.)
I don't want her seeing him
anymore. Period.

JOYCE (O.S.)
You're over reacting, dear.

HANK (O.S.)
Don't do that! Don't talk to me
like I'm a kid.

JOYCE (O.S.)
I don't -- forget it.

HANK (O.S.)
Just because you can't discipline her,
I have to be the ogre.

JOYCE (O.S.)
I'm not having this conversation
again. All right?

Buffy stays in the bathroom, silent.

INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

Angel jumps down at one end. At the other, Whistler waits. Angel slowly approaches him.

WHISTLER
She's gonna have it tough, that Slayer.
She's just a kid. And the world is full
of big bad things.

ANGEL
I want to help her. I want to. . .
I want to become someone.
I want to help.

WHISTLER
Jeez, look at you. She must be
prettier than the last Slayer.
(Angel looks down)
It's not gonna be easy. The more
you live in the world the more you
see how apart from it you are. And
this is dangerous work. Right now
you couldn't go three rounds
with a fruit fly.

ANGEL
I want to learn from you.

WHISTLER
Okay.

They start off together.

ANGEL
But I don't want to dress like you.

WHISTLER
See? Again you're annoying me.

INT. MANSION - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Angel lifts his face, blood on his mouth, from his victim. He walks slowly to the statue, the others watching him.

He looks at his hand. It too has blood on it.

ANGEL
Everything that I am, everything that
I have done, has led me here.
This night. This act.
(to the statue)
You will be free.

In a lightning-quick motion, he grabs the hilt of the sword.

White light fills the room.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

Act Four

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

The light still fills the room, along with a crackling energy -- that stops in an instant as Angel is thrown back to the floor. He seems to have gotten an enormous electrical shock, and his vampface is gone.

The sword is still in the statue. Angel looks at it, uncomprehending.

SPIKE
(singsong)
Someone wasn't worthy. . .

Angel rises, furious.

ANGEL
The ritual. There must be something
I missed. The incantations, the blood. . .
Dammit! I don't know. . .

DRUSILLA
This is so disappointing. What are we going to do?

He stops. Turns to them.

ANGEL

What we always do in a time of trouble.
Turn to an old friend. We'll have our
Armageddon, I swear.

He grabs an old vase from off a pedestal, rage and impatience seething in him, and hurls it against the wall.

It shatters.

INT. ENGLISH CLASS - MORNING

The morning sunlight brightly rakes the classroom. Buffy is seated, along with Xander and Willow and Cordy, amidst the other students. They are all taking their final exam, scribbling in their bluebooks. The room is silent.

The teacher sits at his desk, reading.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS - DAY

The Camera dolly's behind a figure in the hall. She moves slowly, a shawl wrapped around her head, her clothes dark and shabby.

INT. CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Buffy is frowning at her test when she hears:

VAMPIRE (O.S.)
Tonight. Sundown. In the graveyards.

TEACHER
(rising)
Excuse me. . .

Buffy looks up. The woman is standing in the classroom -- speaks to Buffy --

VAMPIRE
You will come to him.

She pulls off her shawl, revealing her vamp visage, and moves toward Buffy, deliberately stepping into the sunlight. She begins to smoke. Kids start trying to move away. Buffy can't take her eyes off the vampire.

VAMPIRE
You will come to him or
more will die! Tonight!

Flames engulf her as kids scream and get out of there.

VAMPIRE
His hour is at hand!

And she's gone, flamed out. The classroom is nearly empty except for our principals. Buffy still hasn't moved.

INT. LIBRARY - JUST BEFORE SUNSET

The gang's all here (minus Oz, plus Kendra). Willow is deep in a pile of books.

BUFFY

She said more would die. I have to go.

KENDRA

And I should go with you.

BUFFY

I need you here. Just in case.
I'll be all right. As long as
Angel's fighting me he's
not doing this end of the
world ritual and that's good.
And with any luck. . . Willow?
What do you think?

WILLOW

I'm not sure. I just want to cross check --

BUFFY

We don't have time. If this is
gonna work I need it to work now.

WILLOW

I need maybe half an hour
once we're set up.

GILES

Which means you just have to
hold Angel off. Don't let him
close on you. If the curse succeeds,
you'll know.

CORDELIA

Why don't you just wait **here** to
find out if it worked? See if he phones you?

BUFFY

I can't risk him killing more people.

XANDER

What if he shows up with an army?

BUFFY

I'll run away.

KENDRA

A Slayer never runs aw --
(off their looks)
Good plan.

BUFFY

I'd better go.

XANDER

Please be careful.

BUFFY

I will.

Buffy starts for the door. Kendra runs up to her, hands her a stake.

KENDRA

Here. In case the curse does not succeed. . .
This is my lucky stake. I have killed
many vampires with it.
(in a low voice)
I call it Mister Pointy.

BUFFY

You named your stake.

KENDRA

(embarrassed)
Yes.

BUFFY

Remind me to get you a stuffed animal.
(Puts the stake in her jacket)
Thanks.

KENDRA

Watch your back.

Buffy exits.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Buffy makes her way along in the dark. After a time:

ANGEL

Hello, lover.

She turns to face him. He stands some twenty feet away, grinning nonchalantly.

They begin circling each other, slowly.

ANGEL

I wasn't sure you'd come.

BUFFY

After your immolation-o-gram?
Come on, I had to show. But
shouldn't you be destroying the
world right about now? Pulling
the sword out of Al Franken, or
whatever he's called?

ANGEL

There's time enough. I wanted to
say goodbye first. You are the one
thing in this dimension I will miss.

BUFFY

(suppressing emotion)
This is a beautiful moment we're
having here. Can we just fight, please?

ANGEL

(hurt)
I didn't come here to fight!

BUFFY
No?

ANGEL
Gosh, I was hoping we could get
back together! What do you
think, do we have a shot?

She glares at him.

ANGEL
All right, we'll fight.

He lunges at her.

INT. LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Willow sits at the desk, the orb in front of her. Cordelia is waving a burning sage bush, not loving her task. Giles stands on Willow's other side, holding a volume. There are elaborate markings on the table and Willow has a painted mark on her forehead to match the Gypsy Woman's.

Xander stands up on the balcony, watching. Kendra guards the door.

GILES
(Latin)
Quod perditum est, inveniatur.
(What was lost, shall be found.)

WILLOW
Not dead, nor not of the living.
Spirits of the interregnum, I call.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Buffy and Angel spar, Buffy still holding back. Buffy is thrown to the ground.

BUFFY
(quietly)
Come on, Willow.

INT. LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

WILLOW
Let him know the pain of humanity,
gods -- reach your wizened hands to
me, give me the soul of --

ANGLE: XANDER

As two vamps burst in behind him. He turns to fight --

XANDER
Look out!

ANGLE: KENDRA

as she turns, two more burst in behind her.

ANGLE: XANDER

as he whips out a stake, makes for Vamp 1 as Vamp 2 comes down toward the ritual.

Kendra punches Vamp 3, sends him into the wall. Vamp 4 passes her.

As Vamps 2 and 4 converge in the middle, Cordy and Willow make for the stacks. Giles faces the vamps and they handily knock him down and out.

Vamp 1 grabs Xander's wrist, bends it. We hear it snap and Xander's eyes go wide.

Kendra spars with Vamp 3, knocking him out and going for Vamp 4, who stands over Giles.

Vamp 2 leaps onto the table, over the railing and slams into a bookcase, knocking it over on Willow. She falls very hard, instantly unconscious.

Xander falls to his knees, the stake dropping, Cordy tries to get out behind Vamp 1. He turns to get her and Xander rises, throws him into Vamp 2.

XANDER
Go!

Cordy races out as Xander picks up the stake in his good hand.

ANGLE: THE DOOR

Drusilla wafts in, eyes alight.

ANGLE: KENDRA

throws Vamp 4 through the window to Giles' office as Vamp 3 hits her from behind.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

A quick exchange of blows.

ANGEL
Is it me, or is your heart not in this?

He throws her back.

ANGEL
Maybe I'll just go home.
Destroy the world. . . sulk. . .

Buffy pulls out her stake.

BUFFY
I think Mister Pointy is gonna
have something to say about that.

Angel hesitates.

BUFFY
Come on. Let's finish it. You and me.

Angel starts to laugh.

ANGEL
You never learn, do you?
Little miss ego. 'You and me.'
This wasn't about you. This
was never about you.

Her expression drains. She turns and bolts, Angel calling after her.

ANGEL
And you fall for it every single time!

INT. LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Vamp 1 knocks Xander unconscious, looks down at

ANGLE: KENDRA

who is fighting off the other vamps. She's getting tired.

DRUSILLA
Enough.

The vamps back off. Kendra turns to face Dru. Dru drops her shawl, looking dreamily into the heavens.

Kendra lunges and Dru evades, slashes at Kendra with her fingernails. Draws blood.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Buffy races full speed for the school.

INT. LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Kendra and Dru spar, Kendra getting in some good hits, Dru mostly weaving and giggling.

Finally Dru sees an opening and grabs Kendra's throat, pushes her against the wall. Kendra struggles, pulling at the arm.

CLOSE ON: DRUSILLA'S EYES

Boring into Kendra, hypnotizing her.

DRUSILLA
Look at me, Dearie. Be in
my eyes. Be in me.

CLOSE ON: KENDRA'S EYES

as the will goes out of them.

Dru steps back, letting go. Kendra stands still, swaying slightly.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Buffy runs.

INT. LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Dru pauses -- then slashes her fingers across Kendra's throat. Kendra's eyes widen -- she grabs her throat and blood wells out between her fingers.

She drops.

DRUSILLA
(to Kendra)
Night night.
(to the vamps)
Let's get what we came for, dears.

Two of the vamps bend down and lift up Giles -- start dragging him out.

INT. HALL/LOUNGE - LATER (NIGHT)

Buffy bursts into the lounge, running as fast as she can. As the camera follows her she goes into slow motion, all sound bleeding out of the sound track.

WHISTLER (V.O.)
Bottom line is even if you see
'em coming, you're not ready
for the big moments. No one
asks for their life to change,
not really. But it does.

Buffy enters the --

INT. LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Sees the carnage.

She spots Kendra lying on the ground, goes to her, cradles her on her lap -- tries to stop the bleeding as Kendra dies right in front of her.

WHISTLER (V.O.)
So, what, are we helpless? Puppets?
No. The big moments are gonna
come, can't help that. It's what
you do afterwards that counts.
That's when you find out who you are.

ANGLE: BUFFY AND KENDRA

We see them from behind, Buffy still holding Kendra's head in her lap, when a policeman's GUN comes into frame.

COP
Freeze!!

ANGLE: TWO COPS

are pointing their weapons, looking mighty tense.

Buffy whips her head around to see them.

BLACK OUT.

Over the title: TO BE CONTINUED:

WHISTLER (V.O.)
You'll see what I mean.

END OF SHOW

Continue on to Becoming Part 2