

Anne

(July 14, 1998)

Written by: Joss Whedon

Teaser

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

ANGLE: A GRAVESTONE

It reads: ANDREW HOELICH, 1981-1998.

And from the ground before it, a hand digs its way out of the grave.

The hand is, duh, Andrew's, and he pulls himself slowly up from under, vampire face in a grimace of effort.

A pair of legs steps into frame before him. Girl legs. From one of her hands dangles a wicked looking stake. Nearly all the way out, Andrew looks up at the figure facing him, grins.

WILLOW
That's right, big boy . . .

PUSH IN ON: WILLOW

Facing the vamp with a slayeresque 'tude.

WILLOW
Come and get it.

Andrew rises -- and Willow takes a step back, suddenly less Slayery. Andrew is about to move forward when XANDER grabs him from behind, wrapping his arms tight around him and spinning him to the right.

XANDER
I got him! Go!

OZ steps up from the shadows with a stake -- and pulls back to thrust it at the vamp.

XANDER
Any time now . . .

But Andrew suddenly kicks both legs up, slamming Oz in the jaw and sending him flying back, Andrew's legs continuing up until he flips himself over Xander, gets behind him. Xander spins, ready to fight, as Willow rushes forward to help. Andrew throws Xander into Willow and they both go sprawling. Andrew vaults over the tombstone and starts running away.

WILLOW
He's getting away. And, ow!

Suddenly Oz steps between the other two, an intense look of cool concentration on his face.

ANGLE: THE STAKE

As he flips it, grabbing the pointy end and holding it loosely at his finger tips.

ANGLE: ANDREW

Running away, his back presenting a dwindling target.

ANGLE: OZ

As he concentrates, lining up his shot.

In a blur, he suddenly HURLS the stake like a throwing knife. It bounces uselessly off a tomb about eight feet away. Oz shrugs.

OZ

That really never works.
(turns to the others)
Are you guys all right?

WILLOW

I can't believe he got away.

XANDER

First of all, what was with the acrobatics?
How did that happen?

OZ

Wasn't Andy Hoelich on the gymnastics team?

XANDER

That's right, he was!
(calls out after Andrew)
Cheater!

WILLOW

That wasn't in the obituary. I should
have checked the school records.

XANDER

Okay, and the second problem I'm having . . .
(turns to Willow)
"Come and get it big boy"?

WILLOW

(defensively)

Well, well, the **slayer** always says
a pun or a witty play on words and
I think it throws vampires off and
makes them frightened that I'm
wisecracking and okay, I didn't
really have time to work on that
one but **you** try it every time!

OZ

If I can suggest . . . "This time it's

personal . . ."? I mean, there's a reason why it's a classic.

XANDER

I was always amazed by the way Buffy fought, but . . . in a way I think we all took her punning for granted.

WILLOW

Xander. Past Tense Rule.

XANDER

Sorry. I just meant we in the past took it for granted and won't when she . . . when she comes back.

WILLOW

Do you think she knows school's starting tomorrow?

OZ

Tomorrow. Right. The big day.

WILLOW

(to comfort him)

I'm gonna be busy a lot, but only till three and that's when you usually get up, so it's not bad.

OZ

(hiding something)

Yeah . . .

XANDER

I can't wait to see Cordelia. I can't believe I can't wait to see Cordelia.

WILLOW

(excited)

I wonder what our first homework assignment will be!

(off Xander's look)

Hey, you're excited about Cordelia, okay? We've all got issues.

OZ

I guess we should pack it in.

XANDER

Yeah . . .

They head toward the van.

WILLOW

Wouldn't it be great if Buffy just showed up tomorrow? Like nothing happened?

XANDER

She can't just show up. She was kicked out.

WILLOW

Well, yeah, but . . . I just wish . . .
(softly)

I wish we knew where she was.

EXT. BEACH - SUNSET

The waves crash gloriously onto the bright and silent beach. There is no one to be seen for miles around.

Till BUFFY walks into frame. She is walking slowly, in a light sundress, bare feet digging into the sand. It's a warm and calming tableau and Buffy is soaking it up. She stops, looking off in the distance.

CLOSE ON: BUFFY

As she shuts her eyes, letting the sun warm her face, the camera tilts down her body to her midsection -- as two male arms slide around her from behind. We tilt back up to see ANGEL holding her, burying his face in her neck. She reaches up behind her to caress his face.

BUFFY

How did you find me here?

ANGEL

(intimately)

If I was blind, I would see you.

BUFFY

Stay with me.

ANGEL

Forever. That's the whole point.

I'll never leave.

(whispers)

Not even if you kill me.

INT. BUFFY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Where Buffy awakens suddenly, a screech and a siren heard outside. We are close on her, pulling slowly back as she gets wearily out of bed, a big tee shirt her sleeping gear. As she walks slowly forward we continue to lead her, seeing just a dark glimpse of a dingy, small apartment. We arm out through the window as Buffy reaches it, leaning out and looking down at her environs.

It ain't the beach, and it sure as hell isn't Sunnydale.

It's The City. Every city, the grimy black streets dotted with the poor and the pro's. Sort of your worst nightmare of where your kid might run away to.

Buffy leans on the windowsill and stares into the bleak urban night.

BLACK OUT.

END OF TEASER

Act One

INT. DINER - DAY

We see the bustle of midday lunch traffic. Track along booths as a WAITRESS we can't see drops plates off at one table and proceeds to another. A few ROUGHNECKS sit at it, finishing their meal.

THE WAITRESS
Anything else?

ROUGHNECK
That'll do us, peaches.

ANGLE: THE WAITRESS'S NAME TAG

Says "ANNE". We tilt up from it to reveal that Anne is in fact, Buffy. She rips off a bill and puts it on the table, avoiding eye contact with the men (as she does with pretty much everyone).

BUFFY
Pay at the counter.

ROUGHNECK
(leering)
Sure you don't want me to work it off?

Buffy turns away without comment and the man actually slaps her ass.

DOLLY IN ON BUFFY

Her back to the camera, she turns slightly -- slayeresque intent in her eyes. After a moment, it flickers and fades. She moves on.

ANGLE: A NEARBY TABLE

There is a couple at the table, young and without means. Neither of them past twenty, both a bit strung out. But clearly into each other, and very friendly. The boy is RICKIE. The girl is LILY, though a few people might remember her as Chantarelle in another life.

They are giggling, examining their forearms for some reason.

BUFFY
Are you guys ready?

RICKIE
Yeah, I think we're good, um . . .

He cranes to see the name tag.

RICKIE
. . . Anne.

BUFFY
What'll you have?

RICKIE
Well, okay . . .

He dumps a bunch of change onto the table, amounting to a couple of dollars at most.

RICKIE
(counting the change)
What can we get with this?

BUFFY
Well . . .

LILY
Can we get cake?

RICKIE
Don't be stupid! We gotta
eat healthy. Can't have cake.
(to Buffy)
Can we get pie?

LILY
(good idea)
That's better. That's got fruit.

BUFFY
We got peach pie. I can't
guarantee there's a peach in it . . .

LILY
We shouldn't have blown all our money.

RICKIE
It was worth it.
(to Buffy)
Check this out.

He and Lily hold their forearms out and together. They've gotten two halves of a heart, his with "Lily" in it and hers with "Rickie". Put 'em together and they make a whole. The work is a little primitive, which makes it all the more endearing.

BUFFY
It's nice. It's nice and . . . permanent.

RICKIE
Yeah, well, forever.
That's the whole point.

Buffy looks up, startled at the echo of Angel's words. Lily gets her first good look at Buffy.

LILY
Hey . . . do I know you?

BUFFY
(abrupt)
I don't think so.

LILY
Really? Where're you from?

BUFFY
I'll get your pie.

She takes off, Lily watching her with a quizzical expression. After a moment she shrugs.

ANGLE: BUFFY

By the swinging doors to the kitchen. She stops by another waitress.

BUFFY
Can you cover my station for a while?
I'm not feeling great.

The waitress nods. Buffy looks briefly back at the couple, who are smooching. Buffy exits.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

(**WARNING:** if humanly possible, the next five pages -- scenes 5 through 7 -- will be done in **ONE SHOT**, moving from the library to the cafeteria and capturing the vibrant cacophony of the first day of school. You have been warned.)

For once, the library is full of STUDENTS. They mill about, getting books, greeting each other, grabbing text books from boxes on the tables.

Giles walks down the steps with Willow, in mid conversation.

GILES
So, no joy in the cemetery?

WILLOW
No, he got away. We still have
glitches in the system, like vampires
getting away. But I think we're improving.

Giles goes around the counter as Willow stays on the civilian side. Giles checks out her books.

GILES
Well, for god's sake be careful.
I appreciate your efforts to keep
the vampire population down
until Buffy returns but if any
of you should be hurt or killed,
I shall take it somewhat amiss.

WILLOW
You'd be cranky.

GILES
Entirely.

The phone rings in Giles' office.

WILLOW

Well, we try not to get killed.
That's part of our whole mission
statement. Don't get killed.

GILES
Good.
(re: the last book)
You're going to love this.

He goes to answer the phone as Willow picks up her books and turns to go, seeing:

WILLOW
Hi!

CORDELIA
Hey, Willow.

Cordelia comes up to Willow. They do an awkward almost-hug.

WILLOW
How was your summer?

CORDELIA
(putting her bag on the counter
while she takes off her jacket)
I can't believe you brought that up.
Las Palmas was the nightmare resort.
They order you around, they make
you have organized
(making quotemarks)
"fun", and I make sarcastic quotemarks,
plus the fact that there are cockroaches
in Mexico big enough to own property.
It was all about dread.

They start heading out of the library into the --

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

CORDELIA
So, how was your summer?

Willow gets out about half a consonant before:

CORDELIA
Is Xander here?

WILLOW
Well, uh, yeah. Somewhere.

CORDELIA
(obviously excited)
Good. Great. I haven't seen him yet.
Do I look okay? How's my hair?

WILLOW
It's good.

CORDELIA

He didn't meet anybody over the summer, did he? No, this is Sunnydale, who could he meet except for monsters and stuff, then again he's always kind of attracted to monsters . . .
How's my hair?

WILLOW
Still good.
(looks off)
Hi!

CORDELIA
(fear)
Maybe he's forgotten me.
(lust)
Well, I'll make him remember. See ya.

Willow's attention is on the approaching figure. She continues as Oz enters frame.

WILLOW
You came to visit me!
(puzzled)
You came with books.
(brightening)
Are they books for me?

OZ
Actually, they're kind of for me.

WILLOW
I don't get it.

OZ
Well, it's sort of a funny story.
(as they start up the hall)
Remember when I didn't graduate?

WILLOW
Well, I know you had a lot of incompletes, but that's why you had summer school.

OZ
Yeah. Remember when I didn't go?

A bunch of kids run past them, laughing, passing a teacher:

TEACHER
Slow down, people!
Summer's over. Be somber.

Oz and Willow take over the frame again, continuing down the hall.

WILLOW
But you never said anything.
How am I supposed to react to this rather alarming news?

OZ

I was pretty much banking on you
finding it cute.

WILLOW

Well, traditionally, repeating a grade
is not a turn on. And you're practically
a genius! You're Mister Test Scores!
It's all a little weird.

OZ

So the cute thing is out?

They enter the big lobby type area and Xander stops in front of them. He's excited.

XANDER

Have you guys seen Cordelia?

WILLOW

She's here somewhere --

XANDER

I don't want to come on too geeky.
But, okay, I'm psyched. There's
gonna be some heat, if you know
what I mean. You guys might want
to duck and cover. I'm starting to
be geeky. Okay, bye.

He takes off, then reappears.

XANDER

How --

WILLOW

Your hair's fine.

XANDER

Cool.

He takes off -- and then LARRY passes, talking to another JOCK.

LARRY

This is our year, I'm telling you.
Best football season ever.
I'm so in shape, I'm a rock -
it's all about egg whites -
we got Garrity at running
back, Dale at QB, if we can
focus, keep discipline and not
have quite as many mysterious
deaths, Sunnydale is gonna RULE.

We pick up Oz and Willow again, still dealing with their little issue.

WILLOW

I'm trying to get to cute, really,
but I'm still sorta stuck on "strange".

OZ
Okay, well, I'd be willing to bargain
down to "eccentric" with an option on "cool".

WILLOW
Let me sleep on it, you know,
and we'll get back to you.

The camera follows another student to the lounge, where we find Xander and Cordelia finally greeting each other.

XANDER
Hey.

CORDELIA
Hey.

XANDER
Good summer?

CORDELIA
It was all right.

XANDER
Cool.

CORDELIA
Yeah.

XANDER
I'll see you.

CORDELIA
Yeah, whatever.

They split in different directions, both wildly unsatisfied with that exchange. Xander is swept along into a group of STUDENTS heading loudly into the cafeteria as we --

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BUFFY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Dead silence. No movement. Buffy sits on the bed, a half opened can of spaghetti-o's with a can opener in her hand.

The light in here is mostly from the one bulb, and it's pretty bleak.

Buffy never moves.

EXT. STREET BY DINER - DAY

Buffy walks along in her waitress uniform, a coat over it. Heading for work. She silently takes in the urban tableaux around her. A clean cut young man, KEN, is handing a leaflet to a YOUNG RUNAWAY. A crazy OLD WOMAN is huddled in the corner, swaying and mumbling.

As Buffy passes her, the old woman looks at her and says:

OLD WOMAN
I'm no one . . . I'm no one . . .

Buffy keeps walking, enters the diner.

INT. LIBRARY - AFTER SCHOOL (DAY)

Giles is on the phone in his office.

GILES
Yes, thank you.

He hangs up and comes out into the library where Xander and Willow are looking over their new books.

GILES
I have a lead. A friend in Oakland
has a sketchy report of a girl fending
off a group of vampires a week ago.
There's a flight out in an hour.

XANDER
And what makes this different
from the last nine leads?

GILES
Well, I believe there is a meal on this flight.

There is a bit of defeat in his voice.

XANDER
I don't mean to poop the party,
it's just, you get hopes all up
and then it's a big fat raspberry
and I feel bad.

WILLOW
It's still good that you're looking, though.
You shouldn't give up.

XANDER
Oh, yeah. Definitely.

GILES
Well, one must try. In the meantime,
you might want to take a slight
vacation from your slaying.

WILLOW
Hey, we're doing okay.
(bitterly)
Except that last guy totally threw off our stats . . .

GILES
I just don't want you getting into
trouble while I'm away. I should go.

He takes off. The kids watch him go.

WILLOW
You don't think maybe he'll find her?

XANDER
I think he'll find her when she wants to be found.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Buffy walks quietly by herself, a coat over her waitress outfit. Returning from work.

Lily appears behind her, catches up, calling to her.

LILY
Anne? Anne?

Buffy doesn't notice.

LILY
Buffy?

Buffy stops, turns.

LILY
Don't be mad. I won't turn you in or nothing.
I guess you don't recognize me.

BUFFY
Lily?

LILY
I mean from before. I was calling
myself Chantarelle then. I used to . . .
I was in that cult that worshipped vampires.
(rolls her eyes)
So lame, I know . . .

BUFFY
Oh, yeah . . .

LILY
You kind of saved us.
I never thanked you or anything.

BUFFY
Did you tell anyone who I was?

LILY
Oh, no! Not even Ricky. I was
so surprised to see you here,
Waiting tables . . . but I wouldn't
tell. I know how it is when
you gotta get lost.

They fall into step together.

BUFFY
So, you live nearby?

LILY

There's a couple of places, they're
abandoned and a lot of people
stay there. Ricky knows all
those places, he can always
find somewhere to crash.
He's pretty smart. So how
come you came up with Anne?

BUFFY

It's my middle name.

LILY

Lily's from a song. Ricky picked it.
I'm always changing anyway.
Chantarelle was part of my exotic phase.

BUFFY

It's nice. It's a mushroom.

LILY

It is? That's really embarrassing.

BUFFY

It's an exotic mushroom,
if that's any comfort.

LILY

Well, before that I was following
this loser Preacher and calling myself
Sister Sunshine. There's nothing worse
than that.

BUFFY

Nothing springs to mind, it's true . . .
What about at home, what'd they call you?

Lily doesn't answer -- home not a welcome concept, and Buffy realizes it.

BUFFY

Well, I like Lily.

LILY

It's cool for now.
Hey, do you have any money?

Buffy stops, not sure what to say.

LILY

I don't mean that like . . .
Well, I just mean, I know a guy,
he's having like a rave kind
of thing, in this basement, it's
three dollars to get in and you
have to know someone. We
could go, I could show you
if you had . . . 'cause I'm broke.

BUFFY

I don't think so.
I kind of want to be alone.

LILY
(hurt)
Well, I didn't mean to bug you . . .

BUFFY
No, I just mean a lot of
people would be too much.
(digs into pocket)
Here, why don't you go with Rickie,
and I'll see you some time --

LILY
No, that's okay, forget about it.

BUFFY
No, really, I --

An OLD MAN ploughs through them.

BUFFY
Whoah!

LILY
That's not very polite.

The old man turns and looks at the two girls. Horror fills his eyes.

BUFFY
Are you okay?

He just stares, finally emitting a cracked whisper:

OLD MAN
I'm no one . . .

BUFFY
What?

The old man looks at them a moment more, then steps into the street -- right in front of an oncoming pick-up.

Without hesitation, Buffy bolts, running right into the street and pushing the old man out of the way.

The truck slams into her. She flies back and hits the ground just as hard.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

Act Two

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Lily rushes over to Buffy, who is just getting up. The DRIVER of the truck also gets out, comes up to her.

LILY
Are you okay?

TRUCK GUY
Jeez, I didn't see you!

LILY
Maybe you shouldn't move . . .

But Buffy is standing, albeit a bit unsteadily.

TRUCK GUY
Yeah, you should lie down.
Somebody call an ambulance!

BUFFY
It's okay . . .

But more PEOPLE are starting to crowd around. Buffy looks about her, unease rising.

BUFFY
I have to go . . .

And she takes off, running down the street and disappearing around the corner.

TRUCK GUY
You sure you don't want to sue?

EXT. ANOTHER STREET - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Buffy rounds the corner and runs right into Ken. His leaflets fly everywhere.

KEN
Whoah! Where are you running to?

Buffy starts picking up leaflets.

BUFFY
I'm sorry . . .

KEN
Maybe I should ask,
where are you running **from**.

Buffy hesitates, then continues picking up leaflets. Ken squats, helps.

KEN
You're pretty new around here.
You've got the look, though.

BUFFY
The look.

KEN

Like you had to grow up
way too fast. What's your name?

Buffy hands him the flyers.

BUFFY
Anne.

KEN
I'm Ken. Go ahead and keep one of these.

He hands her back a flyer.

ANGLE: THE FLYER

Says FAMILY HOME on it.

KEN
Don't be shy about stopping by.
I guess you're not starving, but
we're not just interested in feeding
the body. You might find something
you're missing.

BUFFY
I'm all right.

KEN
Then why are you here?

She doesn't answer. He looks over at a couple of KIDS hanging out.

KEN
This isn't a good place for a kid
to be. You get old fast here.
The thing that does it, that drains
the life out of them: despair. Kids
come here, they got nothing to go
home to and this is the last stop
for a lot of them. Shouldn't have
to be that way.

As Buffy looks at the kids as well we hear a SONG start on the soundtrack, seeing
various angles of kids on the street:

-- Kids begging

-- a Kid buying drugs

-- Kids hanging out

-- Kids getting into a fight as Buffy walks by, heading for home and the song
continues as we --

CUT TO:

INT. THE BRONZE - NIGHT

And we see the band singing the song we've been listening to. It's a slow, somber ballad, and the mood in the joint matches it.

Xander, Oz and Willow are sitting at a table, watching the stage. Kinda low.

XANDER

Boy, I'm glad we showed up
for "Depressing Night".

WILLOW

I wonder what she's doing right now.

XANDER

Oh, I know what she's doing.
Gabbing to all her friends about
her passionate affair with Pedro
the cabana boy and laughing about
me thinking she might still care about me.
(off Willow's look)
It's possible you were talking about Buffy.

WILLOW

It's possible.
(looking around)
The Bronze just never seems
the same without her.

XANDER

The slaying isn't getting any easier, either.

OZ

I think we're getting a rhythm down.

XANDER

We're losing half the vamps.

OZ

Yeah, but rhythmically.

WILLOW

Oh! That reminds me.
(pulls out a folded up piece of paper)
I asked around about Andrew Hoelich,
our gymnastic vampire, and apparently,
(looking at her notes)
he used to like to hang out in Hammersmith
Park and pick up grills!
(looks closer)
Or, okay, that could be "girls".

XANDER

Let's hope.

OZ

Are we thinking old habits die hard?

XANDER

Worth checking out.

WILLOW
Tomorrow night?

XANDER
Good. And this time we'll be
ready for him. Take him out
before he does a Kerri Strug
on your face.

Xander notices as:

ANGLE: CORDELIA

Walks in with some friends.

WILLOW
We just need to work on our timing, I think.

XANDER
No, I know what we need.

OZ
A vampire slayer?

XANDER
Next best thing. Bait.

INT. DINER - DAY

Buffy is in the middle of her shift as Lily enters, a bit distraught.

LILY
Buf -- uh, Anne? Can I talk to you?

Buffy leads her over to one side.

BUFFY
We got kind of a rush here, is there another time --

LILY
Rickie's gone. I mean, I haven't seen
him for more than a day, he's never
left for that long, I think something's
happened. Maybe something's happened.

BUFFY
Well, did you talk to the police?

LILY
(shaking her head)
Rickie's skipped on his parole, they'd just . . .

BUFFY
Well, you could . . . I don't know,
ask around and --

LILY

Can you help me?

Buffy looks at her a moment.

BUFFY
I can't.

LILY
But, but, that's who you are
and stuff, right? I mean, you
help people . . . and, you know . . .

BUFFY
I can't get into this now, I'm sorry . . .

LILY
You know how to do stuff . . .

BUFFY
I can't; not anymore . . .

LILY
(near tears)
But . . . I don't know what to do . . .

Buffy doesn't answer for a moment. There is no relish in her voice as she offers:

BUFFY
I'm off at four.

INT. BUFFY'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON (DAY)

Joyce sits in the living room, doing bills. The doorbell rings and her head snaps up. She moves quickly to the door, opening it to reveal Giles.

She lets the tide of disappointment settle, greets him.

JOYCE
Mr. Giles. Hello.

GILES
Hello. May I --

JOYCE
Of course. Come on in.

They head back to the living room.

GILES
I've just come from Oakland.
A friend of mine called with a lead.
Stories about someone fighting vampires.

Joyce turns, a moment of painful hope.

GILES
It didn't pan out, I'm afraid.

JOYCE
No Buffy.

GILES
No vampires. Bunch of school kids
in heavy mascara listening to
extremely silly music.

JOYCE
Well, thank you for going.
I can't even . . . I can hardly
leave the house. I'm so afraid
that she'll call, that she'll . . .
need help . . .

GILES
Buffy is the most capable child
I have ever known. She may
Be confused, unhappy, but I
honestly believe she's in no danger.

JOYCE
I just wish I could talk to her.
The last thing we did was fight . . .

GILES
Joyce, you mustn't blame yourself
for Buffy's leaving.

JOYCE
I don't . . .
(looking him in the eye)
I blame you.

This makes her as uncomfortable as it does him, but she doesn't back down.

JOYCE
You've been this huge influence
in her life, guiding her - you've
had this whole relationship behind
my back that I . . . I feel like you've
taken her away from me.

GILES
I . . . I didn't make Buffy who she is.

JOYCE
And who exactly is she?

He does not answer.

INT. BLOODBANK - AFTERNOON (DAY)

A largish, dingy room. There are dentist chairs in a row at the back -- a couple of people are giving blood in them. A counter with phone, filing cabinet, etc. near the door. A worker, JOAN, late thirties, attends to one of the DONORS.

Buffy and Lily enter, looking about.

LILY
We gave blood a lot of times
'cause you get a few bucks
and they have cookies.

BUFFY
You're a fan of the sugar rush, aren't you.

LILY
It's nice.

JOAN
(crossing to them)
Hi. Are you here to donate blood?

BUFFY
Oh, no. I mean, I can't. Needles.
They make me woozy. Which is
weird, 'cause I don't have a problem
with battle axes, but needles . . .
(recovers herself)
We're looking for a friend.

LILY
Rickie T? We come in sometimes . . .

JOAN
Rickie, sure. He's not here . . .

BUFFY
Has he been in, do you know?
In the last day or so?

JOAN
Let me check the sheet.

She goes off a bit to do so.

BUFFY
This'll probably go faster if we split up.

LILY
Can I come with you?

BUFFY
Okay, when did I lose you
on the whole splitting up thing?

LILY
Sorry.

BUFFY
We can both check out some
of your hangouts and meet later.
At my place.

LILY
Okay.

JOAN
(returning)
Sorry, guys. He hasn't been here.

BUFFY
Thanks.

JOAN
I'll tell him you were looking . . .

The girls go, Buffy handing Lily a key.

BUFFY
This is for the downstairs . . .

Joan watches them, the smile draining from her face.

INT. CONDEMNED BUILDING - NIGHT

Buffy enters the building slowly, looking around. It's a grimy, torn up place. Alien to her. No lights -- just moonlight through the broken or boarded up windows.

She makes her way from one room to the next -- stepping over a few SLEEPING PEOPLE, looking to make sure none is Rickie. None is, and she continues through the darkness.

A figure suddenly moves at her -- an OLD WINO, who glares at her. She moves on.

INT. ANOTHER ROOM - A BIT LATER (NIGHT)

She makes her way through a hole in the wall. Moves forward, then stops.

ANGLE: THE OLD MAN

Who walked in front of the pick up. He lies very dead in the corner. An open bottle of drain cleaner beside him.

BUFFY
Oh, god . . .

She moves to his side, grabbing his wrist to take his pulse. None.

She stops, his wrist still in her hands. Stares down at his arm.

ANGLE: HIS ARM

Bears a tattoo. Half a heart, with the name LILY in the middle.

BUFFY
Rickie . . .

BLACKOUT

END OF ACT TWO

Act Three

INT. BUFFY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Lily is sitting on the bed, rises as Buffy enters.

LILY
Did you find Rickie?

Buffy takes off her coat.

LILY
I thought of, he likes to go to this
movie house, you can get in the back --

BUFFY
Lily, I think . . . that he's dead.

Lily takes this in, eyes brimming.

LILY
But . . . he takes care of me . . .

BUFFY
I'm sorry . . .

LILY
We're gonna get a place, his cousin
could get him a job at the car wash . . .

BUFFY
Lily. Something's happening.
The person I found was old,
he looked about eighty --

LILY
Well, that's not Rickie --

BUFFY
I'm sure it was. Lily, something
drained the life out of him. Made
him old. I don't know how, but . . .
there could be something out there.

LILY
Do you mean, like a vampire?

BUFFY
(thinking it through)
They wouldn't accelerate the aging process,
but maybe . . . maybe something in his blood . . .
When was the last time you guys gave
blood together?

LILY
I don't understand . . . maybe it's not Rickie, okay?

BUFFY
Lily. You have to deal with this.

LILY

But he didn't do anything wrong, why would --

BUFFY

That's not the point. These things happen,
you can't close your eyes and hope they'll go away.

LILY

Is it 'cause of you?

BUFFY

What?

LILY

You know about . . . monsters and stuff,
you could have brought this with you . . .

BUFFY

(snapping)

I didn't bring anything with me!
And I didn't ask for you to come
to me with your problems. I just
wanted to be left alone. If you
can't deal with what's happening,
don't lay it off on me --

Lily rises, she really CAN'T deal, she's out the door.

BUFFY

Lily --

But she makes no move to stop her. Stands in the middle of the room, fuming. After
a moment her anger deflates. She looks to the door -- what should she do?

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Lily is crying, moving down the street. A figure approaches from the darkness. It's
Ken.

KEN

Are you okay?

She just shakes her head.

KEN

Hey, it's okay. Maybe I can help.

LILY

You can't.

KEN

I know you all think I'm a big square,
handing out leaflets about hope. But
hope is a real thing, just like despair.
Hope can fill up the part of you that's missing.

LILY

But . . . Rickie . . .

KEN

Rickie? Say, are you Lily?
Right, he was talking about you.

LILY
You've seen Rickie?

KEN
Well, sure. Rickie's with us now.

LILY
She said he was dead . . .

KEN
Well, someone sure handed you a tall tale.
Rickie's no more dead than I am. Why
don't you come to Family Home. And
we'll get you taken care of.

LILY
Okay.

He is all gentle smiles as he leads her away.

INT. BLOODBANK - NIGHT

The door is forced open by Buffy, who enters into darkness. JUMP CUT to her snooping about, looking over the chairs. JUMP CUT to her behind the counter, looking through files by the light of a lighter. She riffles through several, finds:

ANGLE: RICKIE'S FILE

A glance down it finds a great deal of information:

ADDRESS: NONE

FAMILY: NONE

AILMENTS OR PRE-EXISTING MEDICAL CONDITIONS: NONE

And at the bottom, a box marked COMMENTS with one word hand written in it:

CANDIDATE

BUFFY
Candidate for what?

The lights go on and Joan steps out from the back of the office. She eyes Buffy warily. Buffy looks at her.

JOAN
What are you doing?

BUFFY
(looking at the file)
Breaking into your office and looking
through your private files. Candidate for what?

JOAN

I'm calling the police.

Joan moves forward -- Buffy doesn't even look as she pulls the phone jack out of the wall. She looks over several files.

BUFFY

You've got a whole bunch of candidates here.
I wonder if any of these kids are missing like
Rickie. Gosh I'll bet they are.

JOAN

You're gonna get yourself in a lot of trouble.

Buffy puts the files down, faces Joan.

BUFFY

I don't want any trouble. I just want
to be alone and quiet, you know, with
a chair, and a fireplace, and a tea cozy.
I'm not even sure what a tea cozy is,
but I want one. Instead, I get trouble.
Which I am willing to share. What
are you doing to these kids?

JOAN

Nothing! I just . . . give him names.
He likes to know who . . . I give him
the names of the healthy ones.

BUFFY

(steely eyed)

Give them to who?

(beat)

Or, wait -- give them to **whom**?

Or maybe it's who . . .

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. FAMILY HOME MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

A small, bare living room with a couch and a few hard backed chairs in a circle. The front door leads out into the city, but the windows are curtained off.

We are on Ken as he speaks to Lily.

KEN

Well, don't you look nice.

She is wearing a plain shift of a dress, and is a little uncomfortable in it.

LILY

I guess . . .

KEN

Well you don't want to wear your
own outfit for the cleansing.
It'll get soaked.

He leads her toward a door in the back.

LILY
A cleansing is like a baptism, right?

KEN
Not quite the same.

LILY
And will I see Rickie after?

KEN
Of course. He's waiting for you.
He's very excited.

EXT. HAMMERSMITH PARK - NIGHT

The trio is leading Cordelia into the park. She is less than enthused.

CORDELIA
Why do I have to be bait?
I'm always bait! Let Willow be bait.

XANDER
He's already seen Willow.
And could you complain louder,
so that all the vampires leave?

OZ
I think this is a good spot.
Is everybody packing?

Xander and Willow show their weapons.

OZ
Let's do it.

The three all move to separate hiding spots behind trees or bushes. Cordelia spins, at a loss, then follows Xander. She starts arguing again, at a whisper.

CORDELIA
I only offered to help for Buffy's sake.
It had nothing to do with you.

XANDER
Yeah, like I needed **that** cleared up.
Go away. This is my hiding spot.

CORDELIA
Well, where do I hide?

XANDER
You don't hide! You're bait!
Go act baity.

CORDELIA
What's the plan?

XANDER
The vampire attacks you.

CORDELIA
And then what?

XANDER
The vampire kills you.
We watch. We rejoice.

ANGLE: WILLOW

Is rolling her eyes at this clearly audible exchange.

CORDELIA (O.S.)
Everything's a joke to you.

XANDER (O.S.)
No, just our relationship.

CORDELIA (O.S.)
What relationship?

XANDER (O.S.)
Oh, sorry, we want to bury that
piece of the past, don't we . . .

As it continues, Andrew drifts out of the darkness behind Willow. Hungry.

INT. CLEANSING CHAMBER - NIGHT

It's a small room with a couple of steps leading down to a stone floor. It is somewhat dark, religious in feel but not overtly creepy. In the center of the floor is what looks like a really tiny lap pool -- a rectangle of maybe four by eight feet filled with black, murky liquid.

Ken leads Lily to the edge of the pool.

KEN
We come to this station to wash away
the past. Go ahead and kneel. We let
the water run over the sin, and the pain,
and the uncertainty.

LILY
It looks kind of dirty . . .

Ken just smiles. He kneels to her side, waiting.

Lily reaches for the water, to splash it on her face.

INT. FAMILY HOME MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

Buffy is talking her way in, to a FAMILY HOME MEMBER. He is as large and thuggish as the one next to him, or she probably wouldn't be talking at all.

BUFFY
You know, I just looked in the

mirror and thought, hey! What's
with all the sin? I need to change.
I'm dirty, I'm bad . . . with the sex,
and the . . . envy, and that loud music
we kids listen to nowadays . . .

It's possible they're not buying this.

BUFFY
I just suck at undercover.
Where's Ken?

One of them starts to close the door -- and Buffy shoves it wide open, sending him tumbling.

INT. CLEANSING CHAMBER - NIGHT

Lily reaches into the water, her hands gliding in, disappearing up to the elbow.

Buffy throws the door open. Ken moves between her and Lily.

KEN
This is a private moment,
if you could just --

BUFFY
How do you make 'em old, Ken?
You feed on youth, what's the deal?

Ken drops his facade as easily as Buffy dropped hers.

KEN
Do you really want to know?

LILY
What's going on?

BUFFY
Lily?

Lily's hand still trails in the water -- and she is suddenly yanked in -- screaming as she disappears below the surface.

Buffy runs to her, but Ken blocks the way. Buffy tries to throw him, but he is strong, locking her arms in his grip. After a moment of struggle, Buffy just throws all her weight into him and they both fall, wrapped like lovers, into the liquid as well.

INT. DIMENSIONAL PORTAL CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Buffy and Ken come out the other side. That is, they fall out of an identical pool that happens to be on the ceiling of this small stone chamber. They hit the ground hard -- but dry --, roll and separate. Buffy looks around.

BUFFY
Lily?

Lily is on the ground nearby, groggy. She groans and stirs. Buffy looks up.

ANGLE: THE POOL

Sits placidly above her with Escheresque improbability.

KEN
My face . . . Ow, my face . . .

He has his back to us, clutches his head. Fury mounts in his voice as his rises --

KEN
Do you have any idea how hard
it is to **glue that thing on?**

-- and spins, revealing his human face hanging limply in his hands. The demon face beneath is glistening and scarred. Just yucky. Plus the guy is seething with anger, staring at Buffy hatefully.

KEN
Guards!

FIGURES start running toward them from the shadows -- blocking access to the portal. A cursory glance reveals their faces to be about as attractive as Ken's.

Still not completely on top of what's going on, Buffy nonetheless takes action. She scrambles toward Lily, helping her up --

BUFFY
Lily! Come on!

-- and heading her down a corridor.

Ken grabs a nasty looking cudgel off one of the guards, heads after the girls, but more slowly.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Buffy drags Lily along the corridor.

BUFFY
We got to find another exit,
there's gotta be . . .

Yeah, she stops talking, as the corridor ends at a sheer ledge, looking down at:

INT. MAIN CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

It's enormous. And it's Hell. Part factory, part prison camp, with more than a little Spanish Inquisition thrown in. HUMAN PRISONERS work at hauling enormous stones, doing metal work, any and all demeaning and backbreaking labour. Along the tops of the huge concrete pillars, people have been hung up to die for crimes of one kind or another. Molten metal runs along gutters into metal vats. Everything is covered with a layer of grime. Carey and David K blow their entire budgets for the year, and Gareth can be seen in the corner weeping.

The people all wear the same kind of nondescript outfit that Lily has been put into, only dirtier. They are practically zombies, submissive and silent. Guards -- demons all -- patrol around, occasionally stopping to beat a prisoner. Their garb has a flavor of the medieval mixed in with the SS. It's all bad.

Searchlights at either end constantly sweep the place.

Buffy stops, taking it all in. Ken steps up behind her, in control, since she has nowhere to run.

KEN
Welcome to my world.
I hope you like it.

Buffy turns, confusion and horror on her face.

KEN
You're never leaving.

He smashes the cudgel across her face and we --

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

Act Four

EXT. HAMMERSMITH PARK - NIGHT

Xander and Cordy are still going at it.

XANDER
Let me just ask you one thing.
How long did it take you to
forget me? Were you still
taxiing on the runway, or
was it actually in the cab?

CORDELIA
Oh, yeah, like you were Mr. Faithful.
Probably met some hot little inca mummy
girl -- yeah, I heard about her --

Xander motions for her to be quiet. There is a rustling sound from nearby. Twigs snapping, a fall.

WILLOW (O.S.)
HELP!

They bolt for Willow's hiding space -- but Oz zips by them, already up to speed.

ANGLE: WILLOW

Is struggling with Andrew. Oz tackles him, but Andrew is back on his feet in a second, takes off.

He runs into Xander and takes him to the ground.

CORDELIA
Xander!

She leaps on Andrew's back, pulling at him as Xander shoves his stake through

Andrew's heart.

Andrew explodes into dust, which drops Cordy right on top of Xander. Without hesitation, they commence kissing.

INT. CELL - LATER (NIGHT)

Buffy more or less wakens. She sees Lily sitting with her back to the wall, terror on her face.

The Cell is dark, with a stone floor and a latticed iron grill at one wall. The girls share the cell with two others -- a SIXTYSOMETHING MAN who is entirely beyond speech or reason, and a DECAYING CORPSE.

BUFFY
Lily . . . ?

Just the effort of speaking makes Buffy's head hurt even more. She tries to sit up, takes it slow.

LILY
I always knew I would come here . . .
sooner or later . . . I knew I belonged here . . .

BUFFY
Where?

LILY
(looking at Buffy)
Hell.

BUFFY
This . . . isn't Hell . . .

KEN
Isn't it?

He paces just behind the bars, grinning at the girls as he speaks.

KEN
What is Hell, but the total absence of Hope?
The substance, the tactile proof of despair?
You're right, Lily. This is where you've
been heading all your life. You come
from nothing, to become nothing.

BUFFY
Don't listen to him . . .

But Lily is rapt, and Buffy is too weak and bewildered to present much of a counter argument.

KEN
Just like Rickie.

LILY
Rickie . . .

KEN

He forgot you. It took a long time -
he remembered your name years after
he'd forgotten his own. But in the end . . .

LILY

Years? But . . .

KEN

Time here moves more quickly
than in your dimension. A hundred
long years will pass here -- on Earth, just a day.

BUFFY

So you work us till we're too old,
then spit us back out.

KEN

Very good.

(to Lily)

You see, Lily, you'll die of old age
before anyone wonders where you
went. Not that anyone will. That's
why we chose you.

BUFFY

You didn't choose me.

KEN

No, but I know you, "Anne". So afraid,
so pathetically determined to run away
from whatever you used to be. To disappear.
Congratulations. You got your wish.

Buffy glares at him, hating him, hating the truth of his words.

INT. CHAMBER - LATER (NIGHT)

It's a dark room with old, iron metalwork and machines lining the walls.

Buffy is thrown to the ground by a couple of DEMON GUARDS as a third addresses a
cluster of SEVEN PRISONERS, including Lily and Buffy.

Buffy stands, still shaky.

DEMON GUARD

You work, and you live. That is all.
You do not complain, or laugh, or do
anything besides work. Whatever you
thought, whatever you were, does not
matter. You are no one now, you mean nothing.

He approaches the first prisoner, a boy of eighteen.

DEMON GUARD

Who are you?

FIRST PRISONER

(terrified)

Aaron . . .

The guard swings his club with deadly speed and smashes the boy to the ground.

Buffy shakes off the last of her grogginess. Gets that look.

The guard moves to the second prisoner. Lily.

DEMON GUARD
Who are you?

LILY
No one.

The demon guard smiles, moves on.

DEMON GUARD
Who are you?

THIRD PRISONER
No one.

DEMON GUARD
Who are you?

FOURTH PRISONER
No one.

DEMON GUARD
Who are you?

BUFFY
I'm Buffy. The vampire slayer.
And you are . . . ?

The Demon guard swings his club. Buffy steps in, grabs his arm, breaks it at the elbow, grabs the club and continues its arc to hit the demon right in the chin. He flies back, unconscious.

The other two guards rush her. The first she bludgeons without looking at him as the second gets a heel to the face followed by knuckles to the throat.

It's all over in a matter of seconds. Everyone looks at her, stunned.

She turns to the others.

BUFFY
Anyone who's not having
fun here, follow me.

She heads out of the area, club in hand. A moment, and the others follow.

INT. MAIN CHAMBER - MOMENTS LATER (NIGHT)

Buffy and the others arrive at the lower corner, stick to the shadows. They look up to see:

ANGLE: THEIR POV

Across the chamber and all the way up is the ledge they'd been standing on before.
TWO GUARDS stand at it, looking down.

BUFFY

There's no way we can get there
without meeting new people.
Okay, Lily, when those guards
leave, and they will, you take
these guys and get up there.
Fast and quiet. Anybody else
wants to come along, fine, but
you don't stop for anything. Clear?

LILY

You're leaving me? But . . .

BUFFY

Lily. You can handle this.
'Cause I say so.

They hear voices, see the shadows of guards approaching at a run down the
corridor.

BUFFY

Ooh, we've gone public.
Get them out. Go!

Lily starts out, then comes back.

LILY

I'm sorry I said this was your fault before.

BUFFY

This can wait!

LILY

Well -- in case we die --

BUFFY

GO!

Lily takes off with the group. The guards appear and Buffy runs into the main
chamber with them on her heels.

BUFFY

Not yet, not yet . . .

She reaches the middle of the chamber --

BUFFY

Here's good.

Never slowing, she grabs a standing pole and swings around it to plant her feet in
the first guard's face. She drops and takes out the other one just as quickly, arming
herself with a new cudgel and a twisted blade.

ANGLE: GUARDS

Turn as siren sounds. They look about them to see what the trouble is.

CRANE DOWN ON: BUFFY

Looking sweaty and cool as searchlights sweep across her face. She's waiting for the fun.

"The fun" comes in the form of, say, FOUR DEMON GUARDS rushing her. The first gets a hammer in the face, as Buffy spins and hurls her blade in Braveheartian fashion into the chest of the second. The rest of the fun will depend on the dictates of the location, the time at hand, and a certain amount of input from one of the 100 most creative people in Hollywood. (Not Seth, the other one). Anyway, it's mean, it's violent, it's good family viewing.

ANGLE: LILY AND THE GROUP

As they use Buffy's fight to make their move. They are progressing through the shadows when a demon guard comes upon them, taking out one with his cudgel. Lily and the rest keep going.

ANGLE: KEN

A guard beside him, he looks out at the fight, rage filling him.

KEN
Humans don't fight back.
Humans don't fight back!
THAT'S HOW THIS WORKS!!

ANGLE: BUFFY

Proving him wrong.

KEN
(to the guard)
Get down there!

The guard dispatches himself Buffyward. Ken watches her a moment, then stops, thinking. Takes off in another direction.

ANGLE: A COUPLE OF PRISONERS

Drift from their posts as their guards are occupied.

ANGLE: BUFFY

She moves to a new place, a couple of guards following, a couple peeling off as they see prisoners leaving.

Buffy spars. She looks up as

ANGLE: A DEMON

dives at her from above, arms out, roaring with anger.

Buffy takes one step backward and the demon passes right through frame, landing with a resolute THUD.

BUFFY
Demons: not that bright.

INT. SOME HALLWAY - NIGHT

As Lily leads the prisoners up toward the exit. She turns a corner and Ken grabs her, holds a wicked looking knife to her throat.

Without a word, he drags her off.

INT. MAIN CHAMBER - NIGHT

Buffy is getting worn down a bit when she hears:

KEN
One of you fights . . . and you all die!

She and the guards look up to see:

ANGLE: ON THE LEDGE BUFFY FIRST CAME OUT ON

Ken holds the blade to Lily.

Buffy stops. A couple of guards grab her.

Ken shoves Lily roughly aside, focussed on Buffy. He points the knife at her, furious but calm.

KEN
That . . . was not permitted.

BUFFY
Yeah, but it was fun . . .

KEN
You've got guts. I think I'd like to
split you open and play with them.
(to the assembled)
Let everyone know, this is the price of rebell --

Lily meekly shoves him off the ledge.

KEN
--llioOOAA**AHHHHGH SCHRRGH!!**

He falls a long way and splats. Buffy laughs with surprise.

She knocks out the two guards holding her and heads on up. (This may involve a spectacular stunt where she grabs a chain that's going up and swings and dives and all kinds of excitement. Or it may involve stairs.)

She disappears from the chamber.

INT. DIMENSIONAL PORTAL CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

There is a portcullis of sorts cutting off access to the mystical upside-down lap pool of freedom. About six people are gathered in front of it. Buffy and Lily join them.

LILY
They'll be coming.

BUFFY
Hold on . . .

She squats down, back to the gate, and grabs hold of it. Starts straining to lift it. It's hard, but she starts succeeding.

BUFFY
Okay . . . this works the quads,
and also the glutials . . .

As soon as there is room, people start sliding under and heading for the gate.

ANGLE: THE PORTAL

As people hoist each other through. Lily is the last to go through, as Buffy lifts it high enough to let herself under as well.

BUFFY
Man, I'm gonna feel this for --

Ken slams into her, his face a mask of blood-soaked rage. Buffy goes flying as the portcullis slams down impaling Ken's legs.

He ends up on his knees, looking at Buffy who picks up a cudgel and approaches him, a cold smile on her lips.

KEN
You . . . ruined . . . you . . .

BUFFY
Hey Ken. Wanna see my
impression of Gandhi?

Ken looks blearily at her. She swings the club down on his head with horrible force. We hear a wet sound that comes from inside his head.

Lily comes up to her, wide eyes on the corpse of Ken.

LILY
(weakly)
Gandhi?

BUFFY
Well, you know . . .
if he was really pissed off.

INT. CLEANSING CHAMBER - A FEW MOMENTS LATER (NIGHT)

Lily is out, helping Buffy out as well. Most of the others have left or are leaving. Lily looks back at the pool.

LILY
What do we do about --

ANGLE: THE POOL

As it flashes, the liquid disappearing, replaced by solid stone.

Buffy kneels by it, touches it.

BUFFY
It's closed. It's gone.

A moment more, and she stands, still looking down at the stone.

INT. BUFFY'S APARTMENT - MORNING (DAY)

Buffy is showing Lily around the place.

BUFFY
Let me give you the tour.

They turn to the right.

BUFFY
This concludes our tour.

LILY
It's really nice.

BUFFY
The bathroom works a good part
of the time. Don't bother to flip
the mattress 'cause it doesn't get any better.

LILY
I never had a place, you know,
that I wasn't sharing.

BUFFY
Well, it's paid up through
the next three weeks.

She pulls her waitress outfit out of the closet, throws it on the bed.

BUFFY
I talked to Mitch at the diner and
he said you could start on Thursday.
He's kind of, well, repulsive . . . but
he won't give you a hard time. I'll
be checking up on you, see how
you're doing.

Lily sits on the bed, picks up the outfit. Pensive, a little worried.

LILY
I'm not great at taking care of myself.

BUFFY
It gets easier. Takes practice.

Lily's eyes light up a bit.

LILY
Hey . . .

She hold's up Buffy's name tag . . .

LILY
Can I be Anne?

Buffy smiles at her. Lily looks at the dress.

LILY
I don't think I'll fit in this.

BUFFY
You could wear it as a hat . . .

INT. BUFFY'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON (DAY)

Joyce is in the kitchen, putting away some freshly washed pots in a low drawer. The doorbell rings. She pops up, anxious, then catches herself. Shakes her head.

She walks toward the door, wiping her hands with a dishtowel. Something makes her pause, some instinct. She tosses the towel on the table, moves more slowly to the foyer. To the door.

Hand on the knob. Door swinging open. A beat.

She folds her daughter into her arms, and neither of them moves.

BLACK OUT.

THE END