

Homecoming

(September 11, 1998)

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Teaser

INT. BRONZE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON BUFFY - Staring off, a little distracted.

CORDELIA

I think we should get a limo.

XANDER

A limo? A big, expensive limo?

WILLOW

That sounds like fun.

WIDER - Buffy hangs with Oz, Willow, Cordelia, Xander, Scott.

WILLOW

And it is our last Homecoming dance,
maybe we should make a big deal.

XANDER

You want to talk fun? Public bus. You
meet the fun-est people! Back me up here, Oz.

OZ

Well, if it's a dollar issue, we
could all take my van...

CORDELIA

Van? The Homecoming Queen does not
come to the dance in a van. Use your head.

XANDER

Well, technically you haven't been elected yet...
(off the deadly laser that is her look)
...although you certainly and without doubt will.
(to the others)
Who else likes a limo?

WILLOW

A private limo...
(links her arm through Oz's)
...it is pretty...cuddlesome.
(to Buffy)
If we all split the cost...

BUFFY

Maybe, you know, if I go and all...

WILLOW

Why wouldn't you? You bought your tickets already. I mean unless you didn't have a da --
(almost says date)
-- ay or two to think it over. We should all think it over.

CORDELIA

What's going on? Scott hasn't asked her to the Homecoming dance yet?

They all look at Scott.

BUFFY

Thank you, Cordelia. The humiliation's so good for my color.

SCOTT

Oh...
(to Buffy)
No, I just... I sort of assumed you'd think that was corny. But I'm in... you know, I mean if you want to.

BUFFY

I do. If you do.

SCOTT

I do. If you do.

Buffy starts to speak again, Oz jumps in.

OZ

The judges will accept that as a yes.

BUFFY

(to take attention off herself)
So, Cordy, what's your strategy for winning the election? Is it safe to say bribes are involved?

CORDELIA

Bribes are only a part of it. A year ago I would have had this thing sewn. But the public's fickle. There's competition now, not to mention my liabilities.
(glances at Xander)

XANDER

Are you saying that dating me is some kind of hindrance to you bagging Homecoming Queen?

CORDELIA

Oh, sweetie... it's okay, I can overcome it, I'm that good.

XANDER

Well, all right then.

Scott leans in to Buffy.

SCOTT
You want another drink?

BUFFY
You know what? I'm a little tired.
Think I'll call it a night. I'm
excited about the Homecoming dance.

He smiles. She leans in, gives him a pretty nice kiss.

BUFFY
See you tomorrow.

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING - (STOCK)

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

Fire in fireplace; Angel, in pants, shirt open, edgy and restless, paces. He HEARS A SOUND at the French doors.

Moves towards them ready to attack, rips the door open, scaring:

BUFFY
It's me!

Edgy moment, he backs off, she enters, hands him a bag that says "Mel's Butcher Shop" on the side. He turns away, pulls a quart container of blood out of the bag. He holds it to his nose, scents it, then, aware of Buffy, sets it on a table.

BUFFY
How are you feeling?

ANGEL
It hurts... less.

BUFFY
I haven't told Giles or the others you're back...

ANGEL
(remembering)
Giles...

BUFFY
I'm not going to, they wouldn't
understand that you're...

Angel picks up the blood, sets it down again, agitated.

BUFFY
... better. And I'm going to help you
keep getting better but...
everything's different now, Angel.
I'm working harder at school. I'm a
Senior now, thinking about college --

also I have a boyfriend.

Angel suddenly moves to her. She doesn't know what he's going to do. He reaches for her -- very close, she can smell his bare skin -- he fixes the (twisted) collar on her jacket or blouse -- turns away again.

BUFFY

His name is Scott. He's a good, solid guy. He makes me happy. And that's what I need. Someone I can count on.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - ENGLISH BUILDING - DAY

Buffy and Scott stand by the English building.

SCOTT

I don't think we should see each other anymore.

Buffy stares at him, a lost puppy.

BUFFY

You don't? But... when did this happen? Where was I?

SCOTT

I like you, I'm just not sure where we're going...

BUFFY

Okay, it's too soon to know where we're going... but isn't it too soon to not go at all?

SCOTT

Buffy, it's just...before we were going out you seemed so full of life, like a force of nature. Now you seem kind of distracted all the time and --

BUFFY

-- no, I know I do that, because my life is so... but I'm getting better and you're going to be seeing a drastic distraction reduction from here on out...
(nothing from Scott)
"Drastic reduction reduction", try saying that ten times fast.

SCOTT

I'm really sorry.

He goes. Buffy stands there totally stunned. WE PULL BACK from her, making her a tiny figure, alone in the world.

A REALLY LONG LENS SHOT - BINOC MATT - DAY

Of Buffy standing there.

EXT. STREET - OUTSIDE SCHOOL - DAY

PUSH IN ON A VAN with blacked out windows.

INT. VAN - DAY

A huge, high tech pair of binocs fills the frame. Two burly hands lower the binocs, revealing FREDERICK, athletic, Aryan killer. He looks to his right. CAMERA PANS TO REVEAL his twin brother HANS next to him: two focused, methodical, bug-fuck peas in a pod. Frederick wears an earwig. The van's full of high tech surveillance equipment, etc. Hans plugs a wire into the binocs as Frederick raises them to his eyes again. CAMERA FOLLOWS the wire to a cellular modem hook-up. CAMERA PUSHES IN ON MODEM.

INT. OLD MAN'S MANSION - DAY

MATCH CUT TO A SIMILAR MODEM, follow the wire to a high tech computer monitor.

Dark and gloomy in here. Wood, tapestries, wealth. A sullen, craggy figure sits hunched in a wheelchair before a high tech computer monitor. On the monitor we see the binoc-matted shot of Buffy looking lost and alone. The OLD MAN types, the shot of Buffy enlarges.

OLD MAN
Is that her?

Mr. Trick walks into frame.

MR. TRICK
In the nubile flesh, my friend.

PUSHING IN on Buffy's image --

MR. TRICK (O.S)
That's the target.

BLACK OUT

END OF TEASER

Act One

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY - ESTABLISHING (STOCK)

INT. SCHOOL LOUNGE - DAY

CORDELIA smiles into camera. FLASH! FREEZE FRAME, then:

XANDER sits -- big dorky smile. FLASH!

WILLOW smiles shyly -- then looks worried, nothing happening -- and FLASH!

OZ -- no expression. FLASH!

A PHOTOGRAPHER is taking class pictures, kids lined up near a stand with various types and sample sizes of school pics.

Xander and Willow walk across the room as Oz is still being photographed.

WILLOW

You have to help me pick an outfit.
I want to wear something that'll make Oz go "ooh".

XANDER

No problem. I got the tux goin' on.
I'm gonna look hot if it even remotely fits.

They approach Cordy, who is eyeing someone.

XANDER

Whatchya doin'?

CORDELIA

Checking out the I laughingly use the
phrase competition.

She indicates two PRETTY GIRLS, HOLLY and MICHELLE, talking to groups of students nearby.

CORDELIA

Holy Charleston, nice girl, brain-
dead, doesn't have a prayer. And
Michelle Blake, open to all mankind,
especially if they have a letterman's
jacket and a car -- she could give me a run.

Oz joins them.

WILLOW

Where's Buffy? She's going to miss
the yearbook pictures.

XANDER

She and Faith are in the library,
getting sweaty.

CORDELIA

They're training.

XANDER

I stand by my phrase.

OZ

I don't think she was here the day
they announced 'em. Did anybody tell her?

CORDELIA

I'll tell her now. I've gotta go by
the Nurse's office and get an ice pack.

XANDER

Did you hurt yourself?

CORDELIA
No silly...
(pats her face)
...shrinks the pores.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

BUFFY punches right at CAMERA! She and Faith spar, hard. A last solid hit from Buffy and they stop, breathing hard and sweating.

FAITH
Man. Guys should break up with you more often.

BUFFY
Gee. Thanks.

FAITH
I mean it. You got some quality rage going. Really gives you an edge.

BUFFY
Lucky me. Edge girl.

They drink Gatorade and towel off, sitting as they talk, Buffy stretching out a bit.

FAITH
Well, screw him. You move on, you party -- heavily -- you'll be fine. You're still going to that dance, right?

BUFFY
I don't know...

FAITH
You got the tix already... Why don't we go together?

BUFFY
(considering it)
Well, maybe...

FAITH
Come on, we'll find a couple a studs, use 'em and discard 'em like old hankies. That's always fun.

BUFFY
Okay. I'm in. Not the stud-using part -- or, probably not...

INT. SCHOOL HALL - DAY

Cor moves up, looks through the little round windows into the library, sees Buffy and Faith. She's about to enter when TWO GUYS move past behind her.

CORDELIA
Bobby, Mashad, you don't phone, you don't write...

(head off after them)
... I miss you guys, seriously...

EXT. SUNNYDALE CITY HALL - DAY - (STOCK)

American flag flies in front of the quaint tower of power.

INT. OUTSIDE MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Deputy Mayor ALLAN FINCH stands nervously outside the office, waiting. He holds a manila file folder under one arm. A SECRETARY types impassively next to him.

CLOSE ON ALLAN

He jumps slightly as the secretary's buzzer goes off.

SECRETARY (O.S)
The Mayor will see you now.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Finch opens the doors and enters, stopping as the mayor passes before him, wiping his hands (which are all we see of him in frame) on a paper towel. Allan's eyes follow the mayor to his desk.

FINCH
I'm sorry to bother you, sir.

MAYOR (O.S)
I'm not bothered, Allan.

FINCH
(crossing to the desk)
Well, I'm not sure how serious this is, sir. But they were spotted in town three days ago. I've just been informed.

He places a photo on the mayor's desk. The two twins who were spying on Buffy.

FINCH
Frederick and Hans Gruenshtahler.
Wanted in Germany for capital murder,
terrorism, the bombing of flight 1402...

As Allan talks, the mayor takes the picture and we get our first good look at his face. It couldn't be more unassuming. One feels this man has not raised his voice in years, and although he is mild enough in demeanor, one hopes he won't.

He looks carefully at the picture and as Allan continues to talk, he rather pensively SNIFFS it.

FINCH
I should have brought it to your
attention sooner, but I wanted to confirm...

He stops, unnerved by the sniffing.

MAYOR

Would you show me your hands, please?

FINCH
Sir?

MAYOR
Your hands.

He indicates the desk top. Slowly, Allan puts his hand down flat on the desk. He is clearly terrified now. The mayor looks at them, his own hand mere inches from a sharp looking letter opener. After a beat of scrutiny, he looks up at Allan.

MAYOR
I think they could be cleaner.

FINCH
Of course, sir, I mean I washed them, but --

MAYOR
After every meal, and under the
fingernails. Dirt gets trapped
there. And germs. And mayonnaise.

FINCH
Yes, sir.

MAYOR
My dear mother said that cleanliness
was next to godliness and I believed
her. She never caught a cold.
(closing the folder)
I'd like these two to be put under
surveillance. And I'd like to know
if any other colorful characters have
come to town.

FINCH
I'll take care of it.

MAYOR
You have all my faith.

A moment, and the deputy mayor turns and goes, visibly sweating.

INT. WILLOW'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Willow, in a slip, has a slew of clothes laid out on the bed. She picks up a sweater (or blouse, Cynthia), holds it in front of her, leans around a standing screen that separates her from Xander, in tux pants, white shirt, trying to tie a bow tie.

WILLOW
What do you think of this?

XANDER
Nice.

Willow nods, drops it on the bed, picks up something else.

WILLOW

It's my first big dance, you know,
where there's a boy and a band and
not just me alone in my room
pretending there's a boy and a band,
so I want it to be...

XANDER

...special. Which is why I spared no
expense on the tux.

WILLOW

I thought you borrowed it from your
cousin Rigby.

XANDER

Expense to my pride, Will. They're
our only relations with money and
they shun us, as they should.

Willow leans around the screen again.

WILLOW

What do you think of this?

XANDER

Nice.

Willow nods, fixes Xander's bow tie for him. She looks at him.

XANDER

What?

WILLOW

I was just... remember the eighth
grade cotillion? You had that clip-on...

XANDER

I was stylin' with the clip-on.

WILLOW

And now here we are, it's Homecoming.

XANDER

Face it, Will. You and I are gonna be
in neighboring rest homes, and I'm
gonna be stopping by to have you
adjust my... my... I can't think of
anything that's not really gross.

Willow smiles, finishes the tie, goes back to the bed where she will be putting on a
dress (we won't see much of) as:

XANDER

So, uh, you and Oz, how can I put
this... are we on first, second or, ye gods?

WILLOW

That is none of your business,

Alexander Harris.

XANDER
(impressed)
Oh, rounding second.

WILLOW
You don't know that, what about you and Cordelia?

Xander slips on his tux coat.

XANDER
A gentleman never talks about his conquests.

WILLOW
Since when did you become a --

Willow steps around the screen in a stunning dress. Looks at Xander in full tux:
James Bond meets God.

WILLOW
-- gentleman.

He just stares at her for a long moment. She looks down at her own outfit.

WILLOW
I know. "Nice".

XANDER
(sincerely)
I was gonna go with "gorgeous".

WILLOW
Really?
(he nods)
You, too. In a guy way.

XANDER
Oz is very lucky.

WILLOW
So is Cordelia -- in a girl way.

Beat. They don't quite know what to say.

WILLOW
I don't know if I can dance in this.
(thinks)
I don't know if I can dance...

XANDER
Come on, piece of cake. Here.

He takes her in his arms. They dance a little, getting closer, looking at one another.

XANDER
That seems to...

WILLOW
Yeah, it shouldn't be a...
(they get even closer)
...problem.

XANDER
No... no problem...

And now they're very close; and then, gently, they're kissing. Then a little more than gently. Then they both pull back at the same instant.

XANDER
That didn't just happen.

WILLOW
No. I mean it did but it didn't.

XANDER
Because I respect you -- and Oz --
and I would never --

WILLOW
I wouldn't ever, either. It's the
clothes. It's a fluke.

XANDER
It's a clothes fluke, and that's what
it is and there'll be no more fluking.

WILLOW
Not ever.

Beat. They look like they might kiss again, then --

XANDER
We got to get out of these clothes.

WILLOW
Right now!

XANDER
Oh, I didn't mean --

WILLOW
Me, either!

They run for opposite sides of the screen.

EXT. SCHOOL - FOUNTAIN QUAD - DAY

Buffy moves between classes. Sees a kindly looking TEACHER.

BUFFY
Ms. Moran, I'm so glad I ran into
you. I had a little incident last
year of... getting kicked out of
school. I'm back, I've done all my
make-ups but I still need one written
recommendation from a teacher -- I

think the word Principal Snyder used
was "glowing" -- for my file, to show
I belong here.

MS. MORAN
And you are...?

BUFFY
Buffy. Buffy Summers, second row,
third from the front in your class...
(Moran shrugs)
..."Contemporary American Heroes:
From Amelia Earhart to Maya Angelou",
the class that changed my life?

MS. MORAN
Were you absent a lot, uh...?

BUFFY
Buffy.

Off Buffy.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

A FLYER - is thrust at CAMERA. Cordelia's pic, her million dollar smile and the words
"You Get More With Cor" emblazoned across it.

PAN TO CORDELIA - handing out flyers

CORDELIA
Hi. I hope you'll consider me for
Homecoming Queen...

ANGLE - A TABLE

Oz, Willow, Xander and Buffy lunch. Xander and Willow are consumed with silent
guilt. Buffy's a little down.

BUFFY
I can't believe it. My favorite
teacher and she didn't remember me.
I'm like a non-person. Am I turning invisible?
(to Oz)
Can you see me?

OZ
Big as life.

BUFFY
At Hemery I was Prom Queen, Fiesta
Queen, I was on the cheerleading
squad -- the yearbook was, like, a
story of me. Now it's senior year
and I'm going to be one crappy picture
on one eighth of one crappy page.

XANDER

Uh, no, actually, you're not.

BUFFY
What do you mean?

XANDER
Well, you missed the picture taking.

BUFFY
When? Why?

OZ
We did 'em yesterday.

WILLOW
Didn't Cordelia tell you?

Off Buffy.

CORDELIA HANDS OUT FLYER -- BUFFY STEPS IN FRONT OF HER

CORDELIA
Buffy, you look so adorable in that --

BUFFY
I'm not voting for you.

CORDELIA
Then make it snappy.

BUFFY
Why didn't you tell me they were
doing the yearbook pictures?

CORDELIA
Didn't I? Guess I forgot. What's the big?

BUFFY
The big is that it's the yearbook!
It's the book about...the year!

CORDELIA
Yeah, hence the name.

BUFFY
You just could have thought about
someone else for thirty seconds, that's all.

CORDELIA
Hey, I'm under a lot of pressure here.

BUFFY
Oh, yeah, Homecoming campaign. Rough gig.

CORDELIA
What would you know about it? Just
because you were Guacamole Queen when
you were three doesn't mean you

understand how this works.

BUFFY

Yeah, apparently it involves handing out these entirely lame flyers.

CORDELIA

No, it involves being a part of the school and having actual friends. Now if it was about monsters and blood and innards, you'd be a shoo in.

It's safe to say she's gone too far. She sees it, too, but can't back down. She starts past a glaring Buffy, muttering:

CORDELIA

Like to see you try to win the crown.

Buffy watches her start to leave.

BUFFY

Oh, you would?

Cordy turns back.

BUFFY

Then you will.

CORDELIA

What do you mean?

BUFFY

I'll show you how it's done. I'll go for Homecoming Queen and I'll win.

CORDELIA

This is starting to be sad.

BUFFY

Sorry, Cordy, but you have no idea who you're messing with.

CORDELIA

What, the Slayer?

BUFFY

I'm not talking about the Slayer. I'm talking about Buffy. You've awakened the Prom Queen within, Cordy. And that crown is gonna be mine.

They stare at each other.

MR. TRICK (V.O)

Competition.

INT. OLD MAN'S MANSION - NIGHT

MR. TRICK
Competition is a beautiful thing.
Makes us strive. Makes us accomplish.
Occasionally makes us kill.

Mr. Trick lectures the assembled killers. They include Frederick and Hans (with AR-15 semi-automatic rifles, laser sight, grenade); the old man at his computer terminal; FRAWLEY, a leathery big game hunter; KULAK, a demon, yellow skin, yellow eyes, dinosaur spines across his bald head; Texas vampire LYLE GORCH and his bride CANDY, pink barrette in her hair.

MR. TRICK
We all feel the desire to win,
whether we're human...
(indicates the humans)
...vampire...
(indicates the Gorches)
...or...
(Kulak)
...whatever the hell you are, my
brother, got them spiny looking head
things, I never seen that.

KULAK
I am Kulak, of the Miquot clan.

MR. TRICK
Isn't that nice. Point is, you're
all here for one reason.

GORCH
Well, it wasn't for no philosophy class.

MR. TRICK
Mr. Gorch. My account statement
shows your deposit has yet to be made.

Gorch dumps a sack of money -- stacks of bloody hundreds -- on the table.

GORCH
Me and Candy blowing our whole
honeymoon stash on this little game.

MR. TRICK
They're dirty.

GORCH
They're non-consecutive.

Trick considers, then shrugs.

MR. TRICK
In a few days time, the game will
commence. You will all have the
opportunity to bring down not one but
two of the toughest prize bucks this
world has to offer. The first
target, Buffy, you've all seen. The
second, Faith, is a little more elusive, but

both targets will be together and ready for the killing and that's a money-back guarantee. Ladies, Gentlemen, and spiny-headed lookin' creatures... welcome to SlayerFest. Ninety eight.

BLACK OUT

END OF ACT ONE

Act Two

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY - ESTABLISHING (STOCK)

BUFFY (O.S)
A campaign is like a war...

INT. SCHOOL - LIBRARY - DAY

Buffy, with sketches, time tables, a white board and a pointer (listing the other candidates, their strengths and weaknesses), presents battle plans to Willow and Xander (looking guilty) and Oz. She is excited and in her element. Giles watches in b.g.

BUFFY
...it's won or lost in the trenches.
Holly, Michelle...
(hits board with pointer on each name)
...and our real competition,
Cordelia, all have a big head
start -- speaking of Cordelia's head,
if I had a watermelon that big, I'd be rich!

Nothing from Xander, Will and Oz.

BUFFY
-- waits for laugh...right, don't
rag on the competition, makes me look
petty. Anyway, I've done this
before, it's just like any other
popularity contest -- the only
difference being that this time I'm
not actually popular. But I'm not
unpopular, exactly. I mean, a lot of
people came to my welcome home party.

WILLOW
But they were killed by zombies.

BUFFY
Good point. Will, I want you to set
up a database, who's for us, who's on
the fence, crisis areas. Oz, you
take the fringe, musicians, not
inclined to vote, could be an
important swing. Xander --

Cordelia enters. An awkward beat.

BUFFY

Hi Cordelia. I know this is kinda awkward but I don't see why we can't all get along during the campaign. We're all buds, we're all going to the dance together in the limo.

CORDELIA

Great.

(to Willow)

How's the database coming?

You thought Willow looked guilty before?

WILLOW

Uh... it's... just about done.

CORDELIA

Xander?

XANDER

I've got your new flyers...

CORDELIA

Let's get cracking.

Xander, Willow, and Oz move to Cordelia's side of the room.

XANDER

(to Buffy)

She's my girlfriend.

WILLOW

(to Buffy)

It's just... she needs it so much more than you do.

OZ

As Willow goes so goes my nation.

CORDELIA

Thanks for what you said, Buffy. I think we're getting along good, don't you?

She turns and goes. The rest follow like guilty dogs. Buffy picks up her Snapple (or similar glass bottled drink) and sips as Giles moves up.

GILES

Seems an awful lot of fuss for a little title.

BUFFY

Giles, it's no fun if you don't try your best.

GILES

As long as fun is still in the mix...

BUFFY

Sure. It's not like anyone takes it that seriously.

INSERT: BUFFY'S HAND

As it actually crushes the Snapple bottle.

Buffy smiles guilelessly at Giles. (While Miles files piles of tiles.)(I'm very sorry.)

MONTAGE: MUSIC UP

EXT. SCHOOL - FOUNTAIN QUAD - DAY

Buffy chats (M.O.S) with a group of STUDENTS. Laughing, charming, touching a guy on the arm. WE STEADI CAM PAST HER and discover Cordelia doing the same thing down stream.

INT. OLD MAN'S MANSION - DAY

Frawley checks the action on his 30 aught 6. PAN TO Frederick and Hans, doing bare-chested knuckle push-ups on the floor. PAN TO Gorch and Candy, necking.

INT. SCHOOL - LOUNGE - DAY

Homecoming Queen posters on the board, including HOLLY CHARLESTON'S and MICHELLE BLAKE'S. PANNING ACROSS Cordelia's poster we find Buffy pinning up one of her own. Unlike the others, it's hip, Dutch-angled and M.T.V. colored.

INT. OLD MAN'S MANSION - NIGHT

Frederick and Hans fight hand to hand; PAN TO the old man at his computer running map grids of the city; PAN TO Kulak. He takes a deep breath and cocks his arms, wrist to shoulder. He straightens them and two (CGI) blades come out of his forearms, fly into his hands. HE HURLS ONE OF HIS BLADES.

A TARGET NEXT TO GORCH AND CANDY NECKING, SHATTERS!

GORCH

Hey, Swiss Army Knife -
wanna reign it in a little?

CANDY

Sugar, everyone else's got weapons
and plans, shouldn't we be...?

GORCH

Don't worry, I got a plan. You
forget, I'm the only one in this game
actually knows the Slayer, what she'll do.

CANDY

You are just a big, strong, manly
cowboy and I love you.

GORCH

Gimme that sugar.

They neck. Pan to Frawley setting in a mannequin leg in one of his bear traps -- it

snaps the leg in two.

EXT. SCHOOL - FOUNTAIN QUAD - DAY

Buffy drops a bunch of flyers, wearily stoops to pick them up. Scott is passing, bends down to help.

SCOTT
Here.

BUFFY
(awkwardly)
Oh. Thanks.

SCOTT
(looking at flyer)
I heard you were doing this.

BUFFY
It's just something to fill the time,
it's kind of silly, really.

SCOTT
I don't think so. For what it's
worth, you've got my vote.

BUFFY
I really don't want to --
(stops herself)
Thank you.

He nods a little self-consciously, moves off. She drops the sad girl act, whips out a LIST - checks off Scott Hope.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

Holly walks to a kid, gives him a cookie. As his hand is about to take it, Buffy puts a cupcake in it.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

Two other kids eat Buffy's cupcakes, their mouths chocolaty. Cordelia walks up, gives them each a small dessert basket.

INT. SCHOOL - DAY

Holly puts her poster up. CUT: Michelle takes it down, puts up her own poster. CUT: Cordelia takes it down, puts up her poster. CUT: The words "Get More With Cor" on Cor's poster as Buffy tags them: "Get Bored With Cor".

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

Buffy talks and laughs with a "hip" group. CUT: Buffy talks and laughs with a "jock" group. CUT: Buffy talks and laughs too hard with a "nerd" group. The nerds look at each other: this chick is a bigger nerd than they are.

INT. SCHOOL - LOUNGE - DAY

Willow, looking very anxious, walks past a wall of posters. She looks from Cordelia's to Buffy's, miserable, then sees BUFFY HERSELF, heading her way. Trapped.

BUFFY

Hi.

WILLOW

Oh hi. How are you? You good? You look good. And what else is new with you? Did I mention you look --

BUFFY

Will, it's okay, you helping Cordelia. You're my friend, I'm not going to hold it against you.

WILLOW

No, I'm not a friend, I'm a rabid dog who should be shot, but there are forces at work here, dark incompressible forces...

BUFFY

And I'm sure they're more important than all we've been through together or how many times I've saved your life...

WILLOW

(tiny voice)

What do you want?

BUFFY

Fifteen minutes alone on your computer with Cordelia's data base.

WILLOW

(tinier voice)

'Kay.

They move off, Buffy quite chipper.

BUFFY

So I called the limo place and we're all set. It's going to swing by Faith's, then my place...

INT. VAN - DAY

Frederick and Hans have a listening mic pointed at the school.

BUFFY (O.S., FILTERED)

...and then your house, unless you're going to be at Oz', and then...

INT. SCHOOL LOUNGE - DAY

Buffy gives Jonathan a cupcake. He munches as:

BUFFY

You know, Jonathan, I've always felt
a special bond between you and me --

JONATHAN

Cordelia gave me six bucks. That
buys a whole lotta cupcakes.

BUFFY

Okay, how 'bout... you vote for me
and I don't beat the living crap out of you.

Jonathan stops chewing, swallows.

JONATHAN

That works good for me.
(backs away)

BUFFY

(cheery)
Tell your friends!

Buffy looks:

INTO THE UPPER LOUNGE

Where Cordelia laughs loudly with a group of EXTREME NERDS.

CORDELIA

Are you kidding? I've been doing the
Vulcan death grip since I was four!

She does it wrong, then tries to do it like the five nerds are doing it as Buffy
marches up.

BUFFY

You're giving out money now?

CORDELIA

So? Is that any more tacky than your
faux "I'm shy but deep" campaign posters?

BUFFY

Yes.

CORDELIA

This whole trying to be like me
really isn't funny anymore.

BUFFY

I was never trying to be like you and
when was it funny?

CORDELIA

I don't see why your pathetic need to
recapture your glory days gives you
the right to splinter my vote!

BUFFY

How can you think it's okay to talk

to people like that? Do you have parents?

CORDELIA

Yeah. Two of them. Unlike some people.

BUFFY

Your brain isn't even connected to
your mouth. Is it?

CORDELIA

Why don't you do us both a favor and
stay out of my way?

Cordelia brushes -- or rather tries to brush -- Buffy aside. Buffy catches her hand.

BUFFY

Don't ever do that again.

CORDELIA

You're sick, you know that?

Xander (arriving with Willow) grabs Cordelia.

XANDER

Okay, let's not say things we'll regret later --

CORDELIA

Crazy freak!

BUFFY

Vapid whore!

XANDER

-- like that.

Xander pulls Cordy away. Willow looks at Buffy:

WILLOW

This is just --

INT. WILLOW'S BEDROOM - DAY

WILLOW

-- the worst thing that's ever happened.

Xander and Willow alone, wiggled.

XANDER

I know, I know, but when I look at you now...
(puts his hands on her shoulders)
...it's like I'm seeing you for the first time,
I know it's crazy but I can't help it.

WILLOW

I'm talking about Buffy and Cordelia.

XANDER

(drops his hands)

Me too.

WILLOW

What are we gonna do? We have to do something. This is all our fault.

XANDER

How do you get from chick fight to "our fault"?

WILLOW

Because, we felt so guilty about the fluke we went overboard helping Cordelia -- and spun the whole group dynamic out of orbit -- we're a meteor storm heading for earth!

XANDER

Okay, calm down, let's put our heads together and think of something. One of us is pretty darn smart and I'm... just in hell. I thought being a Senior -- at last -- and having a girlfriend -- at last -- would be a good thing. Shouldn't that be a good thing?
(she smiles)
What?

WILLOW

Sometimes when you're falling apart your mouth does the sweetest thing.

XANDER

My mouth?

Willow touches his mouth. He touches her hand. They come together and just hold onto one another. No kissage.

WILLOW

What are we gonna do?

XANDER

We just gotta get the two of them communicating.

WILLOW

I'm talking about us.

EXT. BUFFY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Buffy, in prom dress, heads down the walk to a waiting limo. The uniformed driver (whose face we won't see) holds the door for her. As she gets in:

INT. LIMO - NIGHT

Buffy sits, sees Cordelia, also in prom dress (and corsage.)

BUFFY

What are you doing here? Where's Faith?

Cordelia icily hands Buffy a note. Buffy reads:

BUFFY
"Dear Cordelia and Buffy, we won't be riding to the dance with you. We want you to work out your problems because our friendships are more important than who wins Homecoming Queen. Your friends. P.S., the limo was not cheap, work it out."
(beat)
Well...

She sees two corsage boxes, one empty.

BUFFY
They gave us corsages?

CORDELIA
I took the orchid.

BUFFY
Oh.
(takes out other corsage, pins it to her dress)
Nice of you to check with me on that.

Cordelia gives her a bitchy look.

EXT. BUFFY'S HOUSE - NIGHT - THE DRIVER

Starts the car. We see that it is Frederick. The limo pulls away.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROAD LEADING FROM CITY TO COUNTRY - NIGHT - STOCK

Only if we can find this in STOCK FOOTAGE. A black limo leaves suburbia -- or a black limo on a country road -- or a black limo heading into a woodsy locale.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIMO - NIGHT - POOR MAN'S

CORDELIA
I don't see what the big deal is.

BUFFY
I'm not making a big deal. You wanted the orchid, you took the orchid.

CORDELIA
It goes with my complexion better.

BUFFY
It does have a sallow tint...
(limo stops)
Finally, we're here...

They hear the driver's door open and shut. Then footsteps sound like he's running away. Off Buffy.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Buffy and Cordy get out, look around.

CORDELIA

What is this?

(calls out)

Okay you guys, we've had enough of
your stupid games.

BUFFY

What's massively wrong with this picture?

Cordelia follows Buffy's gaze to A BIG T.V. Sitting there in the woods. They move to it. A big post-it note says "Press Power, then Play". Buffy does. The (battery-operated) T.V. clicks on and we see Mr. Trick on V.H.S.

MR. TRICK

Hello ladies, welcome to SlayerFest
ninety-eight. What is a SlayerFest
you ask? Well, as in most of life,
there's the hunters and the hunted.
Can you guess where you two fall? You
have exactly thirty seconds from the
beginning of this tape --
(checks watch)
-- ooo, seventeen now -- to run for
your lives. Faith, Buffy, have a nice death.

The tape ends. Buffy does a three sixty, scanning the woods for danger. Cordy just stares at the T.V., irritated.

CORDELIA

Hello, how stupid are you people.

She's a Slayer, I am a Homecoming Quee --

Suddenly a bullet shatters the TV, blowing it to bits. Cordelia screams bloody murder. Buffy grabs Cordelia and they run like hell into the woods.

BLACK OUT

END OF ACT TWO

Act Three

INT. BRONZE - NIGHT

Oz' band plays an upbeat love song. Place is decked out for Homecoming, banners, refreshment table, etc. FIND WILLOW AND XANDER standing rather far apart. Faith walks up between them, wearing her own high fashion statement.

FAITH

What are you two so mopey about?

XANDER

We're not mopey. We're grooving. On
Oz' band. He's a wonderful guy, Oz.

WILLOW
(verge of tears)
He wrote this song for me.

Faith gives them a look, sees Scott with a date.

FAITH
That sleazebag...

Giles moves up, alarmed.

GILES
We've got to find Buffy. Something
terrible's happened.
(off their looks)
Just kidding. Thought I'd give you
a scare. Are those finger sandwiches?

He heads for the refreshment table --

XANDER
Giles is developing a sense of humor.

WILLOW
I'm scared, too.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

ON THE GROUND - Two pairs of dress shoes run . NORMAL ANGLE - Buffy grabs
Cordy, pulls her off the path and into the trees.

BUFFY
We gotta get off this path...

They keep moving, Buffy looking for danger.

CORDELIA
I have an idea: we talk to these
people, we explain I'm not a Slayer,
they let me go... LOOK OUT!

Too late. Buffy, looking everywhere but down, has stepped into one of Frawley's
bear traps.

SFX - Probably slo mo - the trap snaps up. Buffy, with Slayer speed, whips her foot
back out of the trap.

The trap snaps shut just below Buffy's foot.

Frawley rises out of the darkness, his gun aimed at her.

Buffy dives as Frawley shoots and misses -- Buffy rolls, whips the trap out of the
ground and flings it.

The trap hits Frawley in the head; he staggers back.

Frawley's booted foot steps in one of this own traps. He howls with incredible pain and falls against a tree.

Buffy grabs his gun, goes to him. Cordy moves up behind Buffy.

BUFFY

That's gotta smart. Now, I can let you out of that trap or I can put a bullet in your head. How many are there in this little game and what are they packing?

Frawley looks at her. He's in incredible pain but he doesn't say anything -- until she works the action on the 30 aught 6 and drops a shell in.

FRAWLEY

There's me, two Germans with AR-15's and grenade launcher, yellow-skin demon with long knives, vampire couple from Texas named Gorch.

BUFFY

That everybody?

FRAWLEY

Everybody who's out here. Germans are wired -- their boss is tracking them on computer. Now get me out of this!

BUFFY

Tell you what. If I live, I'll send the S.P.C.A for you. And if I ever see you again, I'll kill you where you lean.

CORDELIA

Could you do me an eensy favor?
Tell your friends that I'm not --

Buffy slaps a hand over Cordy's mouth, sensing danger. Buffy spins around, bringing the gun up. Kulak is behind them, blades in each hand. He flings one, Buffy shoots.

The blade misses Buffy, sinks in a tree next to her. The bullet KNOCKS KULAK back and down. Cordelia screams. Buffy grabs her and they run.

INT. BRONZE - NIGHT

Scott dances with an extra. Faith moves up.

FAITH

Scott, there you are, Honey. Good news -- doctor says the itching and the swelling and the burning should clear up, but we gotta keep using the ointment.
(to his date, nice)
Hi.

Giles moves to Xander and Willow, much less jovial than before.

GILES

I suspect these finger sandwiches contain actual finger. I think I'll retreat to the library until the coronation, I want to be here when Buffy... however it turns out for her -- and that was a fine thing you two did putting Buffy and Cordelia together.
(he goes)

WILLOW

We did one fine thing.

XANDER

Yeah. They've been gone a while, they must really be getting into it.

INT. DESERTED CABIN - NIGHT

Buffy (gun in hand) kicks the door open. She and Cordy tumble in. Buffy shuts the door, wedges a chair under the handle.

BUFFY

We're safe for the time being,
look for a weapon.

Buffy shuts the first window shut, draws a curtain across it. Cordy hyperventilates.

CORDELIA

Safe? I'm not safe, I'm going to die.

BUFFY

You are if you just stand there.

Buffy moves to the second window: half a shutter, which comes off in her hand. She sighs, draws the curtain across it.

CORDELIA

I'm never going to be crowned Homecoming Queen, I'm never going to graduate high school, I'm never going to know if it was real between me and Xander or some temporary insanity that made me think... I loved him.
(starting to cry)
And now I'll never get to tell him.

BUFFY

Yes you will. We're going to get out of here -- then we're going to the library where Giles and more weapons live -- and we're gonna take the rest of these creeps out in time for you to congratulate me on my sweeping victory as Homecoming Queen.

CORDELIA
I know what you're up to, you think
if you can get me mad enough I won't
be so scared -- and hey, it's
working, where's a damn weapon?!

Cordelia ransacks cupboards and drawers. Buffy moves between front windows,
watches for attack.

BUFFY
Do you really love Xander?

CORDELIA
Well, he just... grows on you, like a Chia Pet.

Cordelia joins Buffy at the window, old wooden-handled spatula in hand.

BUFFY
(re: spatula)
That's it?

CORDELIA
Just this and a telephone.

BUFFY
Telephone? You didn't think a
telephone would be helpful?

CORDELIA
(re: spatula)
This is better for...
(mimes hitting, then:)
...oh.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Frederick and Hans move silently through the trees.

INT. OLD MAN'S MANSION - NIGHT

Trick, munching popcorn, strolls up.

MR. TRICK
Popcorn? Not bad for microwave.

OLD MAN
You're about to see why Daniel Boone
and that idiot demon are creatures of
the past, and why I am the future.

MR. TRICK
I love the future. It's just like the past, only shiny.

OLD MAN
(re: computer)
I'm picking up a signal...radio...?
They've got a phone!

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Buffy, gun in one hand, phone in the other --

BUFFY
(into phone)
If you get this message, Giles, get
help, get out here... hello?
(clicks receiver)

CORDELIA
What happened?

BUFFY
It just went dead.

She drops phone, looks out into the dark night.

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE WOODS - NIGHT

We follow Kulak's blade up to his wounded shoulder. As the blade moves toward the wound, we MOVE UP to his face which contorts in pain as he digs (off screen) into the wound.

THE BLADE - drops a spent bullet on the ground.

KULAK'S HAND scoops up mud for a poultice, plasters it to his shoulder, then he gets to his feet, starts to walk. He passes:

FRAWLEY - still writhing in agony, his leg in the trap.

KULAK
Want me to cut that leg off for you?

FRAWLEY
(clenched teeth)
No thanks.

Kulak, blade in each hand, moves up.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Giles pours a cup of tea, notices THE BLINKING LIGHT on his message machine. Hits PLAY.

MACHINE VOICE (V.O)
You have one message...

BUFFY'S VOICE
Giles, it's me. And Cordelia. We're
in a cabin in Miller's Woods, we got
big trouble...

EXT. WOODS - CABIN - NIGHT

The cabin, nestled in the woods. Frederick and Hans approach with grenade launcher, stand. PUSHING IN on the earwig in Frederick's ear --

INT. OLD MAN'S MANSION - NIGHT - THE OLD MAN

At his computer. Coordinates of the woods on his monitor. And two red dots. The old man wears a head-set.

OLD MAN
(into headset)
I have them both in range.

INSERT - COMPUTER

The grid enlarges, the red dots grow and center, a target scope zeroes in on them --

OLD MAN (O.S)
Northeast Grid A as in apple dash
E as in Edward...

EXT. WOODS - CABIN - NIGHT

Hans taps the coordinates into a key pad on the side of the grenade launcher as Frederick readies a rocket grenade for loading.

OLD MAN (O.S)
...fourteen point eight degrees by...
seventy-two point three...

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Buffy's at the window; Cor clings to her spatula.

CORDELIA
Why is it...every time I go somewhere
with you, it always ends in violence and terror?

BUFFY
Welcome to my life.

CORDELIA
I don't want to be in your life.
I want to be in mine.

BUFFY
Please feel free to walk out that
door and live it at any time.

CORDELIA
All I wanted was to be Homecoming Queen.

BUFFY
Well that's all I wanted too,
Cordelia, I spent a year's
allowance on this dress...

CORDELIA
I don't get why you even care about
Homecoming when you're doing stuff like this.

BUFFY

Because this is all I do. This is what my life is, fighting monsters no one even knows about while everyone else gets to... I thought Homecoming Queen, I could open a yearbook someday and say "I was there. I went to high school and had friends and for one minute, I got to live in the world." And there'd be proof. Proof that I was chosen for something other than this.
(holds up gun)
... besides
(pumps shell in gun)
... I look cute in a tiara.

Cordelia listens.

CORDELIA
Do you hear --

Kulak, screaming bloody murder, dives through the window, blade in each hand. He knocks Buffy down, the gun goes flying.

INT. OLD MAN'S MANSION - NIGHT

Trick flings popcorn into the air, catching it in his mouth.

OLD MAN (INTO HEAD SET)
Prepare to launch...

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Frederick drops the grenade into the launcher.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Buffy and Kulak fight. Cordelia tries hitting him on his spiny head with the spatula. Doesn't do a damn thing, but you gotta admire her pluck.

BUFFY
(between punches)
Cor... the gun!

Cordy grabs the gun, tries to figure out how to work it as Buffy takes a slice to the arm. Cor finally gets a shot off -- blowing a chunk of wood behind Buffy's head away.

BUFFY
Cor... the spatula!

Kulak nearly takes Buffy's head off as she ducks a blade. Buffy roundhouse kicks Kulak in the face.

CORDELIA
Buffy!

Cordelia hurls her the gun. She levels it at Kulak -- he freezes -- she pulls the trigger. Nothing. She works the action. Fires again. It's empty. Kulak smiles, coming

for her.

INT. OLD MAN'S MANSION - NIGHT

OLD MAN
Launch.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Frederick fires the grenade launcher!

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Buffy ducks a blade as the GRENADE blasts through the flimsy wall, lands on the floor between Buffy and Kulak. They both look down, then they both turn towards opposite walls.

POSSIBLE SLO MO - Buffy grabs Cordelia and they crash out the (unshuttered but curtained) window.

Kulak dives for the opposite (shuttered but curtained window) and -- REGULAR SPEED -- bounces off the closed shutters. Kulak looks down at the grenade. Ba' bye.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Blows to smithereens (as Buffy and Cor run towards us.)

ANGLE - BUFFY AND CORDELIA - look up from the ground.

BUFFY
We gotta get to the library.

HER POV: THE TWINS - far away through the smoke, seeing Buffy.

BUFFY
...now.

They scramble to their feet, run.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

PAN - an axe, a sword, and a crossbow as TWO HANDS lock an arrow onto it. PULLING BACK, we see Candy Gorch, playing with the crossbow. Lyle moves the arrow away from his heart.

GORCH
Easy darlin', those things'll go
through ya' quicker 'n Grampa Pete's chili.

CANDY
I want to do Buffy, my weddin'
present fer what happened to you
poor brother. When's she comin'?

Now we see Giles, lying on the floor, a nasty bruise on his forehead.

GORCH
He's her Watcher. She'll show soon as

she takes out some a our competition.

CANDY
Can I eat 'im?

GORCH
Course you can, sugar. I'm hoping to
get a little information out of him first.
(kicks Giles a little)
Wish you hadn't a clocked him so good.

CANDY
Hell, I hit you harder 'n that.

GORCH
But I'm your husband and I like it.

CANDY
(seductively)
Do you?

GORCH
Gotta have that sugar.

And they neck. Off Giles,

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

Act Four

INT. OLD MAN'S MANSION - NIGHT

On COMPUTER: Two red dots moving left through the grids.

OLD MAN (INTO HEAD SET)
They're heading West, back into town.

MR. TRICK
They got away?

OLD MAN
Temporarily...

A SIREN can be heard in the near distance.

MR. TRICK
Give it up for the Slayers, they got character.
(problem)
What do I do if they survive?
(solution)
Re-match next year -- bring on the money...
(re: computer)
... go girls, go!

Suddenly the sirens are very loud and we HEAR the sound of screeching tires

outside. Then a KNOCK at the front door.

MR. TRICK
I'll take care of it.

Mr. Trick leaves the old man, goes to the front door, opens it. Four UNIFORMED COPS.

MR. TRICK
Good evening, gentlemen. What can I do for --

They grab him, hustle him away.

MR. TRICK
Excuse me, someone have a warrant here?

INT. SCHOOL HALL - NIGHT

Cordy (clinging to her spatula) and Buffy move down the hall. Dresses torn, faces dirty, hair a mess, looking like refugees.

BUFFY
Jungle Bob and spike-head are down
and out, we lost the Germans twice,
but they seem to keep finding us --
we take them out and the Gorches, we
can still make Homecoming.

CORDELIA
Those animals, hunting us down like
poor defenseless... well, animals, I guess.

As they enter:

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

BUFFY
Now we just need --

Candy Gorch kicks Buffy, catching her way off guard. Buffy slams into a wall. Candy kicks and punches her a couple of more times -- Buffy's going down -- Cordelia sees Lyle Gorch coming for her.

CORDELIA
Buffy!

Cordy hurls the spatula to Buffy -- as Candy picks up the coat rack -- Buffy stakes Candy who WALLOPS HER in the head with the coat rack sending her down and out -- and then turns to dust.

Candy's pink barrette falls to the floor.

GORCH - About to attack Cordelia, cries out:

GORCH
Candy!

He kneels, fishes her barrette out of the dust in grief-stricken disbelief.

GORCH
First ma' brother Tector, now ma' wife...

CORDELIA -- Looks from unconscious Buffy to unconscious Giles. Not a good sitch. Gorch heads for Buffy.

GORCH
I'll kill ya' fer this, Slayer...

GILES' EYES flutter open. Woozy, he witnesses CORDELIA as she steps in front of Gorch.

GORCH
...you too, you're dead meat, ya' hear?!

CORDELIA
(incredibly cool)
I hear you, you red-neck moron. You got a little dress goes with that hat?

PUSH IN ON GORCH - turning red with fury.

GORCH
I'm gonna --

CORDELIA
I know, rip out my innards, play with my eyeballs, boil my brain and eat it for brunch -- now listen up, needle-brain, Buffy and I have taken out four of your cronies, including your girlfriend --

GORCH
WIFE!

CORDELIA
-- whatever, point is, I haven't even worked up a sweat. See in the end Buffy's good, but she's just the runner-up. I'm the Queen. If I get mad, what do you think I'm gonna do to you?

Gorch looks from Cordy to Buffy and the dust pile on the floor. Cordy has psyched him out.

GORCH
Later!

He runs out. Giles manages to get to his feet. Moves up behind her.

GILES
That was...

She spins around, freaked, nearly hits him in the face.

CORDELIA

Bah!

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Mr. Trick is 'helped' inside by the cops, who shut the door, leaving Trick alone with the mayor.

MAYOR
Hello. It's nice to meet you.

MR. TRICK
(non-plussed)
Yeah, hi, what a pleasure. Where am I?

MAYOR
In my office. I'm Richard Wilkins,
I'm the Mayor of Sunnydale. And
you're Mr. Trick. Please sit down.

Trick does, as the mayor sits behind his desk.

MAYOR
That's an exciting suit.

MR. TRICK
Clothes make the man.

MAYOR
As I understand it you're not a man
exactly. Mr. Trick, I've been mayor
for quite some time. I like things
to run smoothly. You see, this is a
very important year for me.

MR. TRICK
Election year?

MAYOR
(smiling)
Something like that.

MR. TRICK
If this is the part where you tell me
I don't fit in your quiet little
neighborhood you can skip it 'cause
that all got old before I was a
vampire, you know what I'm saying?

MAYOR
Do you have children?

MR. TRICK
None living. I think I got some
descendants in Gainsburg or somewhere.

MAYOR
Children are the heart of a
community. They have to be looked
after. Controlled. The more

rebellious element needs to be dealt with.

MR. TRICK

I see...

MAYOR

The children are our future.
We need them. I need them.

MR. TRICK

Well, if the 'rebellious element'
means who I think it does, that
problem may take care of itself this
very night.

MAYOR

So I've heard. Very enterprising
idea of yours, SlayerFest. That's
the kind of initiative I need on my team.

MR. TRICK

And what if I don't want to be part of the team?

MAYOR

Oh no, that won't be an issue. You
and I are going to get along very well.

He reaches into his desk, offers:

MAYOR

Moist towelette?

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Buffy holds an ice pack to her head. Cordy sits, still looking a little woozy.

GILES

(to Buffy)

You should have seen Cordelia.

BUFFY

(to Cordy)

Teach 'em to mistake you for a slayer.

GILES

I feel somewhat to blame for that, I
did give your friends tacit approval
to pull the switch in the limousine...

BUFFY

It wasn't all bad, Cor and I spent
some quality death time.

CORDELIA

And we got these free corsages.

GILES

I don't recall them saying anything

about corsages...

BUFFY
No?

Buffy takes off her corsage, studies it.

BUFFY
... Jungle Bob said the Germans were
hooked into a computer system...

INSERT - CORSAGE IN BUFFY'S HAND - SHE TURNS IT

Upside down, peels back a petal. We see a small microchip.

BUFFY (O.S)
... and they're hooked into us.

Suddenly they hear an exterior door SLAM O.S

CORDELIA
Oh God! Get rid of that thing.

BUFFY
Give me yours.
(thinks)
I need some wet toilet paper.

CORDELIA
Oh yeah, that'll help.

INT. SCHOOL HALL - NIGHT

Frederick and Hans lower their night vision goggles, raise their AR-15 semi-automatic rifles with laser sights, move out.

NIGHT VISION GOGGLE POV

The empty hall, eerie in the green night vision light, blurry shapes of things.

INT. OLD MAN'S MANSION - NIGHT

The Old Man at his computer, speaks into his headset.

OLD MAN
(excited)
They're fifty feet away!

ON HIS COMPUTER SCREEN - two red dots, next to each other, growing larger as:

INT. SCHOOL HALL - NIGHT

Buffy bursts out of the library, runs across their path. They fire! They miss. Frederick motions to Hans -- Hans nods, heads off after Buffy, Frederick holds his ground in the hall as:

OLD MAN (O.S)
I have them, axis six degrees by

thirty-three...

Frederick turns his gun towards the door the classroom.

INT. SCHOOL HALL - BACK DOOR TO CLASSROOM - NIGHT

Hans rounds the corner, just sees Buffy entering the classroom. He follows.

INT. CLASSROOM - NIGHT

Dark, scary. Hans enters, looks around. Buffy rears up. IN HER HAND we see the two corsages, wrapped in a bunch of wet tissue. She flings them like a ball across the room -- they splat and stick on Hans's back. He spins around as --

INT. OLD MAN'S MANSION - NIGHT

ON HIS COMPUTER SCREEN - red dots, large, right next to each other.

OLD MAN

Both targets, axis seven degrees...

INT. SCHOOL HALL - NIGHT

Frederick aims his gun at the door.

OLD MAN (O.S)

... by thirty-five. Fire! Fire!

INT. SCHOOL HALL - NIGHT

Frederick fires! Blasting right through the wall -- hitting:

INT. CLASSROOM - NIGHT

Hans, who spins and instinctively returns fire.

INT. SCHOOL HALL - NIGHT

Frederick hits the floor, dead.

INT. CLASSROOM - NIGHT

Hans hits the floor, dead.

INT. OLD MAN'S MANSION - NIGHT

He watches, breathless, as the two red dots on his screen go out. The old bastard can't believe his eyes:

OLD MAN

I won!

INT. BRONZE - NIGHT

A lot of excitement in the room, heads turn to watch:

ON STAGE - Devon, envelope in hand, taps the mic, it feeds back terribly.

DEVON

Okay guys, it's the moment we've all
been waiting for...

Willow, Xander, Oz in the crowd, concerned.

WILLOW

They're gonna announce the Queen,
where are they? What's taking them so long?

OZ

(sees something O.S)

I'm gonna go with mud wrestling...

They follow his gaze to: Buffy, Cordelia and Giles arriving. Buffy and Cor still with the torn dresses, the messed up makeup and hair. Faith joins Willow, Xander and Oz as Buffy, Cor and Giles move up.

XANDER

Oh God, what'd you do to each other?

BUFFY

Long story.

CORDELIA

Got hunted.

BUFFY

Apparently not that long.

(cont'd)

I'll tell you though, you don't ever
want to cross Cordy.

XANDER

Heh, heh -- no.

DEVON ON STAGE

DEVON

In this envelope I hold the name of
this year's Homecoming Queen.

Shows audience envelope. They clap and cheer. Some boo and jeer.

PUSH IN ON BUFFY AND COR

Two war-hardened veterans.

CORDELIA

You know, after all we've been through
tonight, this whole who-gets-to-be-
Queen-capade seems pretty...

BUFFY

... damn important.

CORDELIA
Oh yeah.

Devon tears open the envelope.

DEVON
And the winner is... Hey, I believe
this is a first for Sunnydale High...
we have a tie!

Cordelia and Buffy look at each other and share a weary, warm smile.

DEVON
Holly Charleston and Michelle Blake!

Michelle and Holly, fighting tears, shove their way past Buffy and Cor, heading for the stage and glory.

CORONATION MUSIC, confetti and balloons; Devon holds the crown over both their heads. Crowd cheers.

BUFFY AND CORDELIA - trade a look. After a moment, they head out the door together.

MICHELLE
I'm just so honored, I can't believe
it! I mean, that you would have chosen
me -- us -- out of all the girls in
school...it's just so...wonderful!

BLACK OUT.

MICHELLE (O.S)
I have so many people to thank, I
don't know where to begin!

END OF SHOW