

# Revelations

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## Teaser

INT. BRONZE - NIGHT

DINGOES ATE MY BABY finish playing a ballad. Applause. The BAND MEMBERS all take their best rock-star bows. All but OZ. He just unstraps his guitar, drops offstage, passes a gaggle of wide-eyed GROUPIES and joins WILLOW at her table.

Willow, stuck between XANDER and CORDELIA, looks mighty happy to see him.

WILLOW

Oz! Hey. Have a seat. Except, we don't have any seats.

True. The place is packed. No chairs.

CORDELIA

Can I just say, I liked this place before it got popular?

XANDER

You can, you have, and you will in our future, I'm sure.

OZ

No problem, I'll just scrunch.

Oz scoots in, pressing Willow to Xander. (Yikes!!) Willow pulls back; Xander mashes up close against Cordelia.

CORDELIA

Xander - why are you giving me a lap dance?

XANDER

What, I just like you.

WILLOW

(too fast)

And that's very beautiful. I think it's great when two people like two people and want to be close to them instead of anyone else.

XANDER

Hear, hear.

OZ

Yeah, well put. Um, can I snag a sip?

WILLOW  
Sure.

XANDER  
You got it.

Willow and Xander both reach for Willow's soda - and their hands TOUCH. Instant SPAZ-OUT. Willow knocks over the glass. Xander whips his hand back so fast - CRASH! - it knocks over a passing WAITRESS'S tray.

Mock applause from the room.

XANDER  
(to crowd)  
Thank you, we're here through Saturday,  
enjoy the veal.

CORDELIA  
Why are you guys so hyper?

WILLOW  
Hey, speaking of people and things  
they do that are not like usual, anyone  
notice Buffy acting sort of different?

XANDER  
Let's see... killing Zombies, torching  
sewer monsters, freeing the enslaved  
populace of a parallel dimension...  
nope. She's pretty much the same  
old Buffster.

WILLOW  
I just mean, she's off by herself a lot  
more. And she's kind of distracted.

CORDELIA  
Think maybe she's got a new honey?

WILLOW  
A boyfriend? Why wouldn't she tell us?

CORDELIA  
Excuse me. When your last steady  
kills half the class, and then your  
rebound guy sends you a dump-o-gram?  
It makes a girl shy.

XANDER  
But we're the best of Buffy's bestest  
buds. She'd tell us.

BUFFY (O.S.)  
Tell you what?

They all look up to see BUFFY standing there. Looking on expectantly. Small pause.  
Willow fills the gap:

WILLOW  
About your new boyfriend. Who we  
made up. Unless we didn't.

BUFFY

This was a topic of discussion?

OZ

Raised, never discussed.

CORDELIA

So? Are you with somebody or not?

All eyes turn to Buffy. Buffy smiles to herself.

BUFFY

Well, I wouldn't use the word "dating,"  
but I am... going out with somebody.  
Tonight.

WILLOW

(excited)  
Really? Who?

FAITH strides up to the table. Grunts hello to the group.

FAITH

Yo, what's up.  
(to Buffy)  
Time to motorvate.

Buffy puts her arm around Faith.

BUFFY

Really, we're just good friends.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Buffy and Faith are in mid-fight, as they both get TACKLED by TWO big, nasty-leather VAMPIRES.

ANGLE ON: Giles, standing on the sidelines, watching anxiously. We see what he sees: two separate and distinct fighting styles in action.

Buffy uses her attacker's momentum against him, rolls, comes up on top. Faith just shoves her vamp off her. The two slayer/vampire opponents square off.

Buffy lets her vamp make the first move. He lunges. She ducks under him and comes up with a well-practiced combination of roundhouse kicks. Draws her stake...

Faith takes the fight to her guy, barraging him with a series of crude, hard shots to the head. Draws her stake...

Giles watches as the two slayers stake the two vamps at the exact same moment. DOUBLE DUST. Buffy turns to Giles.

BUFFY

Synchronized slaying.

FAITH

New Olympic category.

BUFFY

What do you think?

MRS. POST (O.S.)  
Sloppy.

Huh? Buffy, Faith and Giles turn to see MRS. GWENDOLYN POST emerge from the darkness. Mrs. Post is a prim, tidy, and not unattractive Englishwoman in her mid-thirties. She clicks off her stopwatch and briskly critiques:

MRS. POST  
(to Faith)  
You telegraph punches,  
(to Buffy)  
leave blind sides open and, for a  
school night slaying, you both take  
entirely too much time. Which one  
of you is Faith?

FAITH  
Depends. Who the hell are you?

MRS. POST  
Gwendolyn Post. Mrs. Your new  
watcher.

Off their reactions:

BLACK OUT

END OF TEASER

## Act One

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Emergency meeting in the library. Giles looks on anxiously as Mrs. Post rummages through his prized book collection, less than impressed. Buffy and Faith sit together.

FAITH  
I'm telling you, I don't need a new  
watcher! No offense, lady, I just have  
this problem with authority figures.  
They end up kinda dead.

MRS. POST  
Duly noted, and fortunately, it's not  
up to you.  
(to Giles)  
Mr. Giles - where do you keep the  
rest of your books?

GILES  
I'm sorry, the... rest?

MRS. POST  
Yes, the actual library.  
(beat)

Oh. I see.

GILES

I assure you, Mrs. Post, this is the finest occult reference collection...

MRS. POST

...this side of the Atlantic, I'm sure.

Do you have Hume's Paranormal Encyclopedia?

(Giles doesn't)

The Labyrinth maps of Malta?

(nope)

I suppose you have Sir Robert Kane's Twilight Compendium?

GILES

Yes, I, I do have that.

MRS. POST

(condescendingly disdainful)

Yes, of course you do. I've been sent by the council for a very important reason. Faith needs a watcher. I am to act in that capacity, and report back.

FAITH

Excuse me, Mary Poppins, you're not listening...

GILES

Now, Faith, if the council feels you need closer observations, well of course we'll all cooperate -

MRS. POST

(to Giles)

The council wishes me to report on the entire situation here. Including you.

BUFFY

Ooh, academic probation's not so funny today, is it Giles?

MRS. POST

The fact is, there is talk in the council that you've become a bit too... American.

GILES

Me?

BUFFY

Him?

MRS. POST

Operations here seem somewhat haphazard. Sloppy. Faith. Sit

up straight and pay attention.

Faith, surprised, does exactly as she's told. Giles urgently motions for Buffy to do the same, but she just throws him a look.

MRS. POST

A demon named Lagos is coming here, to the Hellmouth. Mr. Giles, an illustration of Lagos, if you please.

Giles scrambles through his materials, looking...

MRS. POST

Perhaps later. Lagos seeks the Glove of Myhnegon. No record of this glove's full power exists. We do know it is highly dangerous, and cannot fall in the hands of a demon. Lagos must be stopped.

GILES

What do you propose?

MRS. POST

(witheringly)

If it's not too radical a suggestion, I thought we might kill him. I suggest two slayers at full strength for a coordinated hunt. We believe the glove to be buried in a tomb somewhere, so Lagos will be headed for the cemetery.

GILES

Well, there is more than one in Sunnydale.

MRS. POST

I see. How many?

GILES

Twelve. Within city limits.

MRS. POST

Ah. Well, we shall have to take them one at a time. Anything in your books that might pinpoint the exact location of the tomb would be useful but then, we cannot ask for miracles. We'll begin tomorrow at sunset. Faith! With me, please.

She exits, Faith trailing along.

GILES

Well. That was bracing.

BUFFY

She's an interesting lady. Can we

kill her?

GILES

I think the council would tend to frown on that. Well. What do you say to some training?

INT. MANSION - SUNSET (DAY TWO)

Buffy is practicing Tai Chi together with Angel. Angel's showing her how to move. She imitates his motions, mirroring him. Both lightly sweating. Together they flow like water.

He touches her arm, positioning her. He lets his hand slide down her arm, and she slips her fingers between his. He gently pulls her toward him. Whispers.

ANGEL  
Buffy.

BUFFY  
Angel...

Getting closer. Bare arms wrap around wet torsos. Buffy and Angel are now body to body, face to face. Their lips closing in on each other.

Buffy pulls back. Angel lets her. Moment over. Buffy busies herself packing a Slayer-Night bag of weapons, talking to distract herself.

BUFFY  
I gotta go. Big night for us slayer-types. People to see, demons to kill, you know the drill. Better hurry before somebody figures out what we're doing.

Buffy hauls the bag over her shoulder, starts to head out, but Angel stops her in her tracks with:

ANGEL  
What are we doing?

Buffy puts the bag down.

BUFFY  
Training. And almost kissing. I'm sorry. It's just... old habit. Bad habit. Habit to be broken.

ANGEL  
It's hard.

BUFFY  
It's not that hard. Cold turkey. That's the key to quitting.

They look into each other's eyes for a long moment.

BUFFY

Do you think they have a patch for this?

ANGEL  
You have to go.

BUFFY  
I really do.

Buffy picks up her bag, heads for the door.

BUFFY  
I'm gonna vent a little hormonal angst  
by going out there and killing a  
Lagos, whatever that is.

The name catches Angel's attention.

ANGEL  
Lagos?

BUFFY  
Yeah, he's some kind of Demon looking  
for an all-powerful thingimibob and  
I've got to stop him before unholy  
havoc's unleashed and it's another  
Tuesday night in Sunnydale.

She reaches the door. Stops. Can see Angel's thinking. Tries to read his expression, but can't.

ANGEL  
Be careful.

Beat. Buffy approaches Angel, to kiss him goodbye. Stops herself. Not happy. Just leaves.

Angel stands there a moment, then crosses the Mansion, grabs his coat and throws it on as he too heads out the door.

GILES (V.O.)  
This is intolerable.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Giles reviews some books Willow and Xander have outlined for him. Tosses them aside.

GILES  
There's not a word here about Lagos  
or the Glove. We don't have time  
for this near-missing. Find all you  
can about the demon: His strengths,  
weaknesses, place of origin, and  
most importantly, how he plans to  
use that glove.

XANDER  
Hey, you're not the Watcher of me.



GILES

Then go home. But if you choose to stay, work.

Giles turns and leaves them behind the stacks.

WILLOW

Ugh. It's late, I'm tired... what does he want from us, anyway?

XANDER

The number of a qualified surgeon who can remove the British flag up his butt.

WILLOW

My eyes are so blurry, everything looks like a Fred Astaire movie.

Willow rubs her eyes. Xander stops studying. Watches. Can't help it; he gently replaces Willow's fingertips with his own, gently massaging her closed eyes.

WILLOW

Mmm.

Willow lets herself enjoy the sensation, then manages:

WILLOW

Stop.

Xander withdraws his hands. Willow opens her eyes.

XANDER

Right. Stop means no and no means no, so, stop.

They both go back to studying. Beat. Willow lunges forward and kisses Xander full on the lips. Beat. He kisses her back. It gets passionate fast. The heat's still rising when - CLAP! A book falls into frame before them. Willow and Xander leap three feet apart. We see their P.O.V.:

Giles is standing directly before them. They freeze. Long beat. Did he see them? Or not? No way of telling...

GILES

Willow. Xander. You may stop your... studying, I have what I need.

XANDER

(changing subject)  
W-What've you got?

GILES

A likely location of the Glove of Myhnegon. Housed here, in the Von Hauptman family crypt.

XANDER

The big one in the Restfield cemetery.

I know it well.

WILLOW  
That's great, Giles. How'd you find it?

GILES  
(icy)  
I looked.

XANDER  
Where's Buffy at?

GILES  
I'm not sure.

XANDER  
Well I could stake out this crypt, give  
her a heads up if she shows...

GILES  
Yes, by all means go.

Xander shares an embarrassed glance with Willow, slides by Giles without making eye contact, and runs out the library.

WILLOW  
I can keep studying. I think we're right  
on the verge of a real Lagos breakthrough.

GILES  
No, I think we're done.

Giles leaves the stacks, looking at his book. Off Willow's unhappy look:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Buffy and Faith are headed to the next cemetery, in mid conversation.

FAITH  
Ronnie. Deadbeat. Steve. Klepto.  
Kenny. DRUMMER. Eventually I  
had to face up to my destiny as a loser  
magnet. Now it's strictly get some  
and get gone. You can't trust guys.

BUFFY  
You can trust some guys. Really.  
I've read about them.

FAITH  
So. What about you?

BUFFY  
Like, me and boys me? Not much to  
tell, these days.

FAITH  
Yeah, but you've gotta have stories.  
I mean, I had my share of losers, but

you boinked the undead. So? What was it like?

BUFFY

Life with Angel's complicated. Was. It's... a little hard to talk about.

FAITH

Try.

BUFFY

All the Angel issues, they're still kind of with me, so... you know?

Faith's hurt by the slight shrug-off, but hides it.

FAITH

Sure, whatever. You know what? We're 0 for 6 tonight. Let's blow this off.

BUFFY

I am kind of beat... but Shady Hill is pretty close.

FAITH

I'll swing through it, it's on my way anyway.

BUFFY

Alone? I don't want -

FAITH

I got Miss Priss on my back now, I don't need another baby sitter. I'll holler if I'm having any fun.

BUFFY

Okay...

FAITH

Later.

Faith takes off. After a moment, Buffy goes in a different direction.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Faith goes crunching through the graveyard alone, kicking leaves. She stops. Hears the sound of a massive stone scraping against massive stone. Hollow and empty. Then all of a sudden - WHAM!

The lid of a stone tomb comes flying into frame, landing at Faith's feet.

She looks up.

Faith's P.O.V.: The DEMON LAGOS is here. He's a seven foot Wall of a creature. Decked out in ancient battle gear, complete with a BATTLE AXE strapped across his back. He's ripping through a tomb, searching for something like a dog digging for a

bone. Scatters the tomb's contents over his shoulder.

Faith grins.

FAITH  
Son of a bitch... My lucky night.

Faith attacks Lagos with a flying kick that would cripple a human. Lagos barely feels it. He turns, a little confused. Definitely not in trouble. Faith slugs him three times hard with a left-right-hook combination. The punches could knock out a heavyweight. Lagos barely feels them.

Lagos SWATS Faith backhand. She goes flying. Smacks the back of her head hard on a tombstones. That hurt. Faith leaps to her feet, rushes Lagos - and he greets her with a massive fist to the gut, lifting her off her feet. One more blow and Faith goes down.

Faith looks up, unable to catch her breath. But Lagos isn't after her - he's forgotten her already. He finishes ransacking the tomb. Empties it. Bellows in frustration. Lingers off through the graveyard, still looking for the Glove off Myhnegon.

Faith gets to her feet. Painfully stands upright. Spits, watching Lagos get away.

EXT. GRAVEYARD (ANOTHER LOCATION) - NIGHT

Xander crosses the graveyard alone, stealing nervous glances over his shoulder as he goes. It's no fun being out here.

XANDER  
Hey Giles - here's a nifty idea. Why  
don't I alleviate my guilt by going out  
and getting myself really, really killed?

He sees the tomb. Heads for it, when he notices the door is open.

Xander scoots back out of the way, out of sight, hidden behind a tree trunk. Sounds come from inside the tomb. Xander cautiously peers around the corner - and FREEZES.

XANDER SEES ANGEL. Alive. Holy shit.

Angel comes out of the tomb, carrying a filthy bundle. Xander can't breathe. Closes his eyes tight. Angel, unaware he's being watched, heads off to the Mansion.

Xander waits to make sure Angel's out of sight. He takes three deep breaths, pulls himself together, and FOLLOWS.

We track with Xander as, crossing the graveyard, he reaches into his jacket and pulls out a STAKE.

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

Xander sneaks to the window, looks inside. We see what he sees:

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

Xander's P.O.V., through the dirty glass, we can see Buffy and Angel, wrapped in

one another's arms, KISSING with full and tender passion.

BLACK OUT

END OF ACT ONE

## Act Two

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

Big fat CLOSE-UP of Buffy and Angel KISSING. Really enjoying themselves, both knowing they shouldn't. pulling every bit of sensual pleasure they can out of each other. Finally, slowly, they pull apart. Look each other deep in the eyes.

BUFFY  
Oh, God...

ANGEL  
Buffy...

BUFFY  
What am I doing? What are YOU doing?

ANGEL  
I don't know...

BUFFY  
Shame on you! Oh, God. I... I don't  
even know why I came back here.

ANGEL  
It's good you did.

Angel reaches out to Buffy. She flinches. Then realizes he's reaching for her hand. A little confused, she gives it to him. He leads her across the Mansion floor, to the bundle he stole from the tomb.

ANGEL  
I think I have what you're looking for.

BUFFY  
Great. Just, wherever this was  
giftwrapped? Remind me not to shop  
there.

Angel unwraps the bundle, raising up a small cloud of dust. The dust settles, revealing THE GLOVE OF MYHNEGON: a huge, four-fingered, chain-mail and spiked glove.

ANGEL  
The Glove of Myhnegon.

BUFFY  
The world's ugliest fashion  
accessory.

Buffy reaches out to touch the glove. Angel sharply pulls her back away.

ANGEL

Don't. Once it's put on, the glove can never be removed.

BUFFY

So, no touching. Kind of like us.

Angel removes his hand from Buffy's arm.

BUFFY

Sorry. Cheap shot, I know.

(sighs)

But at least the glove's safe. You hold onto it, I'll tell Giles in the morning.

(a yearning beat)

At least **he'll** be happy.

INT. GILES' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Giles' eyes are as wide as a twelve year-old boy reading Playboy. He's looking at volume III of Tobin's Spirit Guide. He places the book for Mrs. Post to see, spreading the pages.

GILES

There! The wood engraving, see?  
The Glove of Myhnegon.

Mrs. Post, keeping her distance, looks down on the picture.

MRS. POST

Yes, engraved by Father Theodore of Wolsham, based I believe on very sketchy and unreliable folk legends. The pictures are fun to look at, Mr. Giles, but one ought to read the nice words as well.

GILES

Ah, yes... Well.

(at a loss)

Some tea, perhaps?

Mrs. Post smiles at his discomfort and nods. Giles goes to the kitchen cupboard.

MRS. POST

I know you must find me tiresome -  
but it's insidious, really. A person  
slips up on the little things...

Giles has returned with tea makings - including a BOX OF TEA BAGS. Mrs. Post takes it from the tray - looks at Giles pointedly.

MRS. POST

And soon everything's gone to hell  
in a handbasket.

She puts the box of tea bags back on the tray. Reaches into her own handbag and unearths a tin of LOOSE TEA. Speaks as she fixes a tea ball.

MRS. POST  
For example, Buffy, your slayer -

GILES  
(offended)  
Is nowhere near either hell or  
a handbasket, thank you.

MRS. POST  
Not yet. But the signs are daunting.  
Finding the Glove of Myhnegon is  
of the utmost urgency. Yet - Buffy's  
attitude toward it is most casual. And  
your ability to influence her seems - negligible.  
(then)  
I can see why the council of watchers  
is concerned.

GILES  
(fuming now)  
Mrs. Post. I assure you - Buffy is both  
dedicated and industrious. And I am  
in complete control of my slayer -

Boom! Xander bursts in the door, breathless. He blurts out:

XANDER  
Giles. We have a big problem.  
It's Buffy.

Awkward Beat. Giles whisks Xander aside, motions for him to lower his voice.  
Xander whispers intensely.

Giles' face grows grimmer by the sentence.

Mrs. Post, not looking over, sips her tea.

MRS. POST  
Would you like some assistance?

GILES  
(smiles through gritted teeth)  
Thank you, that won't be necessary.

OMITTED

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Buffy moves into the library, all smiles. Stops dead when she sees Giles, Xander,  
Willow, Cordelia & Oz - waiting for her, their expressions grave.

BUFFY  
Hey, enough with the tragedy masks.  
Lagos is outta luck - I found the magic  
mitten thingy!

Nothing. They just look at her.

GILES

You'd better have a seat, Buffy.

Now Buffy's getting scared. What's the big? She sits.

BUFFY

What? Is somebody hurt?

XANDER

(cool)

Not yet. But it's only a matter of time.

GILES

We know Angel is alive, Buffy. Xander saw you with him.

Buffy closes her eyes. Busted.

GILES

It appears that you've been hiding him.  
And that you lied to us -

WILLOW

(cutting him off)

Nobody's here to blame you, Buffy.  
We all do things we're not proud of -  
but this is serious. You need help.

BUFFY

It's... It's not what you think.

XANDER

Hope not - because I think you're  
harboring a vicious killer -

WILLOW

(to Xander/hard)

Hey. This isn't about attacking Buffy.  
Remember - "I" statements only?  
"I feel angry." "I feel worried..."

CORDELIA

Fine. Here's one. I feel worried -  
about me! Last time around, Angel  
barely laid a hand on Buffy - he  
was way more interested in  
killing her friends -

BUFFY

But he's better now. Willow cured  
him and - somehow - he came back.

XANDER

Better for how long, Buffy? Have  
you even thought about that?

BUFFY

What is this? Demons Anonymous?  
I mean, I don't need an intervention



here -

GILES

Don't you? To hide this - to take into  
your own hands...

BUFFY

I was going to tell you! But I didn't  
know why he was back or anything.  
I wanted to wait -

XANDER

For what? For Angel to go psycho  
again the next time you give him a  
happy?

BUFFY

I'm not going to - We're not together  
like that!

OZ

But you were kissing him.

Buffy's nailed by this factoid - but she can't deal. There's silence before she says to  
Xander, with forced calm:

BUFFY

You were spying on me? What gives  
you the right?

CORDELIA

What gives you the right to suck face  
with your demon lover again?

BUFFY

It - it was an accident!

XANDER

What? You tripped and fell on his lips?

BUFFY

It was wrong. It can't happen again.  
But I - I'd never put you guys in danger.  
If I thought Angel was going to hurt anyone -

XANDER

You'd stop him. Like you did last time  
with Ms. Calendar.

This hits Buffy hard. She's at a loss.

WILLOW

Buffy - when it comes to Angel -  
you can't see straight. That's why  
we're all going to help you face this.

BUFFY

But - he's good again. I swear. He  
even found the Glove of Myhnegon

for us. It's at the mansion.

Xander stands - he's had enough.

XANDER

Right. Good plan. Leave tons of  
firepower with the scary guy.  
(to Buffy/pointed)  
And leave us to clean up the mess.

Xander moves toward the weapons cabinet. Buffy grabs him hard by the arm. Stops him.

BUFFY

You'd love an excuse to hurt him,  
wouldn't you?

Xander yanks his arm away. Backs off from her, appalled.

XANDER

I don't need an "excuse." I think  
"lots of dead people" actually constitutes  
a **reason**.

BUFFY

Right, this is all nobility, you're not  
jealous or anything -

CORDELIA

Hello? Miss not-over-yourself-yet?

BUFFY

Don't start with me -

WILLOW

Giles, no one's doing the "I" statements!

GILES

(standing)

That's enough! Everybody. Buffy's  
heard our concerns. And her actions,  
while ill-advised, were understandable...  
and the question of Angel... It can't  
be solved while tempers run this hot.

A beat. Everybody stares at their shoes.

GILES

Our priority right now is retrieving the  
Glove of Myhnegon from the mansion  
and finding a way to destroy it. Now -  
all of you - back to your classes.

They all file out. Giles heads into his office, Buffy following.

INT. GILES' OFFICE - DAY

BUFFY

Thanks for the bail. I know this is a

lot to absorb, but Angel did find the glove. That's good, right? Angel did a good...

Giles turns, his face a hardened mask.

GILES  
Be quiet.

The words are a cold slap in the face.

GILES  
I won't remind you that the fate of the world often rests with the Slayer. What would be the point? Nor shall I remind you that you have jeopardized the lives of everyone you know by housing a known murderer. But sadly I must remind you that Angel tortured me. For hours. For pleasure. You should have told me he was alive. You didn't. You have no respect for me, or the job I perform.

Lecture over.

BUFFY  
Giles...

Giles waits. Buffy has nothing to say. She walks out, gutted.

INT. FAITH'S MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Faith sits in front of the TV, carving stakes. There's a knock at the door. Faith BOLTS from her chair - assumes a battle stance, fresh stake at the ready.

FAITH  
It's open.

Mrs. Post enters. Sees Faith - doesn't bat an eye.

MRS. POST  
A word of advice? Vampires rarely knock. Especially in daylight.

She moves inside - takes the place in.

MRS. POST  
So... this is your home.

FAITH  
Yeah. The decorator just left. Cost me a pretty penny - but a motif like this don't come cheap.

MRS. POST  
Faith. Do you know who the Spartans were?

FAITH

Wild stab. Buncha guys from Spart?

MRS. POST

They were the fiercest warriors known to ancient Greece. And they lived in quarters very much like these. You know why?

Faith doesn't answer. But she's listening.

MRS. POST

Because a true fighter needs nothing else.

Mrs. Post picks up one of Faith's home-made stakes, examines it with tacit approval.

MRS. POST

I'm going to be very hard on you, Faith. I will not brook insolence, or laziness. I won't allow blunders like last night's attack. You will probably hate me a great deal of the time.

FAITH

Ya think?

MRS. POST

But I will make you a better slayer, and that will keep you alive. You have to trust that I'm right. God only knows what Mr. Giles has been filling your head with.

FAITH

Giles is okay.

MRS. POST

His methods are unfathomable to me. I find him entirely confounding...  
(catches herself in reverie)  
But that's not important. Let him have his games and secret meetings -

FAITH

What meeting?

MRS. POST

I don't know. Something between Buffy and her friends.

FAITH

I guess that doesn't include me.

MRS. POST

And why does he let her socialize so much, it hardly seems... No matter. Do you feel like doing

some training?

FAITH

Training, as in punching and kicking  
and stabbing?

MRS. POST

That's the idea.

FAITH

I'm your girl.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

The nicest sound in the world - the end of school BELL. Students pour out of classes, liberated for the day. Willow walks to her locker, flips the combination, opens. She stuffs a seemingly never-ended supply of books (both school books and rare occult texts) into her bookbag.

Buffy approaches, tentative.

BUFFY

Hey.

WILLOW

Hey!

BUFFY

So, on a scale of one to a million, how  
much are you hating me right now?

WILLOW

Zero. Negative digits. Not even peeved.

BUFFY

Okay. Mother Theresa? Could you  
stop possessing the body of Willow  
now. I need to talk to Willow.

WILLOW

It's me. I just think, you were scared,  
you kept a secret. That's okay. Secrets  
aren't bad. They're normal. Better  
than normal. Secrets are good! Must  
be a reason we keep them, right?

BUFFY

(a little confused)

I guess...

WILLOW

So, you going to the Bronze tonight?  
Or are you slipping away for a  
not-so-secret rendezvous with Angel?

BUFFY

None of the above. I want to kill this  
Lagos guy. Peace offering to Giles.

WILLOW

Well, Angel has the glove now, right?

BUFFY

Yeah. But Lagos doesn't know that.  
Sooner or later he's bound to turn up  
at that crypt looking for it.

WILLOW

And instead he finds Buffy in a bad mood.

BUFFY

We are the great strategists of our day.

INT. BRONZE - NIGHT

Crack! A rack of pool balls scatter. Xander's shooting.

FAITH

You look pissed.

Xander looks up to see Faith, holding a pool cue.

XANDER

Rough day.

FAITH

Tell me about it.

XANDER

Rather just shoot.

FAITH

Don't think I don't know what you and  
your pals were talking about behind my  
back today.

XANDER

Yeah? And what was that?

FAITH

More about this glove deal than  
you're saying.

XANDER

The Glove of Myhnegon? Right.  
How'd you like a hit of some real news:  
(beat)  
Angel's still alive.

Faith FREEZES. Her eyes turn to deadly slits. She grips her pool cue white-knuckle tight. Listens. Xander punctuates his sentences with crisp shots.

FAITH

The vampire.

XANDER

Back in town. Saw him myself. Toting

the famous and popular glove.

FAITH

Angel. Guy like that, with that kind of glove... could kill a whole mess of people.

XANDER

Said the same thing to Buffy myself.  
Weird how she didn't seem to care.

FAITH

Buffy knew he was alive. I can't believe her.

XANDER

She says he's clean.

FAITH

And I say we can't afford to find out.  
I say I deal with this problem right now.  
I say I slay.

Xander cracks off one last shot.

XANDER

Can I come?

INT. GILES' OFFICE - NIGHT

Giles arranges his books before him, nervously readying his little occult presentation. Mrs. Post enters. Her late night look is not as severe. Glasses off and hair down - she's softer. But her manner is hardly coy. She's still in charge.

MRS. POST

You wanted to see me,  
Mr. Giles?

GILES

Yes. I'm sorry about asking you here  
at this hour.

MRS. POST

Please. A good watcher is awake and  
alert at all hours.

GILES

(sensing tiredness)  
Would you like some tea?

MRS. POST

(dropping the stiff act)  
God, yes, please. I'm completely  
fagged out.

As he starts to prepare some tea -

MRS. POST

I spent the afternoon training with  
Faith. She doesn't lack for energy.

GILES  
She's your first slayer, I take it?

MRS. POST  
If you're questioning my qualifications -

GILES  
(softly)  
I'm not. I have complete respect  
for your methods, in my own,  
American way.

She smiles a bit, taking the dig.

GILES  
I also have the glove.  
(off her look)  
It's not on me, but I believe it's safe  
for now. There's a mansion on  
Crawford Street, a... friend of  
Buffy's is keeping it there.

Mrs. Post takes this in, stunned. This is big.

MRS. POST  
We have to get to it. Immediately.  
Hide it before someone else finds it.

GILES  
Or better still. Destroy it.

With this, Giles turns an illustrated Latin text toward Post so she can read it.

MRS. POST  
Destroy it?

Pleased, Giles continues - responds to her surprise.

GILES  
I know. I didn't realize it could  
be done either. It requires transforming  
fire into Living Flame and burning  
the glove... It's complex, but I believe  
I have all the necessary materials. We  
can drive over there now and be done  
with it.

MRS. POST  
(overwhelmed)  
I must say, Mr. Giles - good show.

Giles takes this in - a small but real victory. He starts collecting his things when:  
WHAM! Mrs. Post brings a heavy statue CRASHING DOWN on his head.

Giles takes the blow and somehow remains standing - a look of terrible confusion on  
his face.

GILES' POV



As Mrs. Post rears back, lifting the statue again -

MRS. POST  
Good show indeed.

And the statue comes CRASHING DOWN towards him.

BLACK OUT

END OF ACT TWO

## Act Three

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Buffy and Willow hang out on the tomb steps, waiting for Lagos. Buffy paces. Willow, sitting, looks around nervously.

WILLOW  
Um, not to downplay my own slaying abilities, which in some circles are considered formidable, but... shouldn't Faith be here?

BUFFY  
(shrugs)  
Tried calling, no one home. But if you're feeling any Demon-o-phobia, please. Splitting's totally an option. You're not the one in trouble with Giles.

WILLOW  
(not true)  
That's true.

BUFFY  
How long you think he can stay mad, anyway?

WILLOW  
The emotional Marathon Man?

Willow shrugs, "who knows." Buffy nods.

BUFFY  
Guess I can't really blame him. But you know - it's weird. Now that my secret is out with Angel, I feel... better.

WILLOW  
Well sure you do. You've just had this big burden lifted. Keeping secrets is a lot of work.  
(beat)  
One could hypothetically imagine.

BUFFY

You have no idea.

WILLOW

None whatsoever! But, can I ask you something? When you were with Angel, and nobody knew about it, did that make things feel, you know... sexier, somehow?

BUFFY

Like, the forbidden fruit's sweeter kind of deal? Not really. Too much pressure. After awhile, it even makes the fun parts... not so fun.

WILLOW

Huh.

BUFFY

What makes you think all the secret stuff is sexy, anyway?

WILLOW

No reason. Just wondering. Gotta keep asking the big ol' questions when you're blessed with this girl's thirst for knowledge and okay I admit it there's something I have to tell you.

BUFFY

What?

Buffy watches Willow struggle with herself.

WILLOW

Okay. This'll make me feel better, right?  
(big breath)

I've always thought of myself as a good person. Floss, do my homework, never cheat. But lately, and please don't judge me, but... I just want you to be the first to know that, that... there's a demon behind you.

Not what Buffy expected. She spins just in time to see big, pissed-off LAGOS - RUSHING HER, arms spread like an NFL linebacker, appetite for destruction.

Buffy nimbly leap-frogs over Lagos's rush. Turns to Willow.

BUFFY

We'll pick up in a minute.

Buffy stands between Lagos and the tomb entrance, ready to rock. Lagos lumbers forward. Buffy tries taking him on, Faith-style. Slugs him hard. Again. Again. He just keeps coming. Swings. Buffy barely ducks under his punch in time - it SHATTERS a stone crucifix.

BUFFY

Okay. A plan "B" would be nice.

Lagos throws a roundhouse right. He's strong but slow. Buffy ducks under his huge swinging fist, takes advantage of her speed, gets around behind Lagos and rips the ancient battle axe off his back.

BUFFY  
Now we're talking.

Lagos throws another punch. Buffy ducks under it and comes up swinging... with the axe. No one's more surprised than Lagos when Buffy CUTS HIS HEAD OFF.

ANGLE ON: Lagos's head and body fall to the ground, not especially near each other.

Beat. Willow joins Buffy.

BUFFY  
So what were you going to tell me?

WILLOW  
Oh. I, um, opened my S.A.T. test booklet five minutes early. Doesn't seem that important now, does it?

Buffy smiles.

BUFFY  
My lips are sealed. Come on.

She slings the axe over her shoulder.

BUFFY  
Let's go bring Giles some happiness.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Boom! The library doors slam open. Xander and Faith stride in, stepping in synch.

XANDER  
Good old Sunnydale Library. Comes fully equipped with reference books, file cards...

He pushes open the cage doors. Camera tracks in with him, revealing the ARMORY.

XANDER  
...and weapons.

FAITH  
Beauty.

XANDER  
I call crossbow.

FAITH  
You got it.

Xander, a little excited despite himself, pulls the crossbow off the wall, checks its sightlines. Faith takes a couple of stakes and a mean looking scimitar.

XANDER  
All right. Ready to go?

FAITH  
That I am.

They head out together when we hear a MOAN come from within the library. Xander stops.

XANDER  
Wait.

FAITH  
What?

We hear the moan again, louder. Xander runs around the counter, looks down to see:

XANDER  
Oh my God. Giles!

ANGLE ON: Giles, on the floor, badly wounded. Xander pulls a phone by its cord to him while cradling Giles' head.

XANDER  
Giles - can you hear me? What happened?

FAITH  
Gee, let me guess.

XANDER  
(dialing 911)  
Hold it - stop - think a minute.

FAITH  
Yeah, I'm thinking. Thinking Buffy's  
ex-meat did this.

XANDER  
This isn't Angel's style.

FAITH  
The guy's a demon! How much more  
proof do you need?

XANDER  
Bite marks would be nice...  
(into phone)  
I have a medical emergency.  
Sunnydale High.

FAITH  
Screw this waiting crap.

XANDER  
Faith - we don't help, Giles could die!

FAITH  
Yeah - and he's gonna have a whole

lot of company, unless I do something permanent.

Faith storms out of the library.

XANDER  
Wait!

FAITH  
For what? You to grow a pair? You handle the baby-sit. I'm going to kill Angel.

Boom - she's out the doors, loaded with weapons. Xander wants to stop her, but has to stay with Giles.

XANDER  
Damn it!

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

Angel, alone in the Mansion, stands before a BLACK IRON CHALICE the height of a floorlamp. It is placed in the center of the room (midway between the double doors and the fireplace). A small fire burns within the bowl. His back to the fireplace, Angel performs the process Giles described: turning ordinary fire to Living Flame. Holding up a handful of gritty, purple-ish powder over the fire, he sprinkles it over the flames.

ANGEL  
(in Latin)  
Exorere, Flamma Vitae. Prodi  
ex loco tuo elementorum, in  
hunc mundum vivorum.

ANGEL  
(English Translation)  
Arise, Flame of Life. Come  
forth from your place of the  
elements, into this world of  
the living.

The third time he chants this - WHOOSH! - The fire becomes LIVING FLAME. Colored fire rises, bathing the walls in eerie light.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Buffy and Willow enter the library, Buffy saying:

BUFFY  
Giles HAS to be psyched that we  
showed up stuffy old Mrs. Post -

Buffy freezes.

BUFFY  
Oh, God.

We see what she sees: Giles, lying barely conscious on a stretcher, surrounded by a team of paramedics. One checks his pulse, another bandages his head while the

team leader barks orders into her walkie-talkie.

PARAMEDIC  
Sunnydale Medical we've got a  
Caucasian male, mid-forties,  
blunt object head trauma. Prep  
E.R., we're bringing him in.  
(to group)  
Lifting.

The paramedics lift the stretcher's metal support stand. It locks into place. They wheel him out. Buffy's in the way.

BUFFY  
What happened?

PARAMEDIC  
No time for this.

GILES  
Wait!

Giles stops the stretcher's momentum by grabbing Buffy's arm with his last remaining strength. Fighting to stay conscious, he tells her:

GILES  
The Glove... of Myhnegon.  
Must destroy...

PARAMEDIC  
(to Buffy)  
You want him to live? Get out  
of the way.

GILES  
(to Buffy)  
Use... Living Flame.

PARAMEDIC  
Move!

Buffy does. The paramedics wheel Giles out the library doors. Gone. Buffy whirls on Xander.

BUFFY  
What happened?

XANDER  
Your boyfriend's not as "cured"  
as you thought.

BUFFY  
What makes you think Angel did this?

XANDER  
We saw what you saw.

BUFFY  
So you just assume...

XANDER  
I didn't. Faith did.

This sinks in with Buffy and Willow.

BUFFY  
What did you tell her?

XANDER  
Only what everyone knows. She's a  
big girl. Came to her own conclusions.

Buffy sees the crossbow in Xander's hands. Gets it.

BUFFY  
How much of a head start's she got?

XANDER  
Ten minutes.

BUFFY  
Why's she doing this?

XANDER  
Because she's a Vampire Slayer.

Buffy glares at Xander in disbelief. Xander stares right back, not flinching, not giving an inch.

BUFFY  
She's not killing Angel.  
(to Willow)  
Check Giles' research, find a way to  
destroy the glove. I'm going to stop Faith.

Buffy turns and does not run, but strides purposefully out.

Xander turns to Willow.

WILLOW  
Shut up and help me.

She rips open a book and shoves it into his arms.

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

The Living Flame roars in its chalice bowl, fat flames high, fully ready.

Angel turns back toward the (unlit) fireplace when Mrs. Post steps out of the shadows.

ANGEL  
What do you want?

MRS. POST  
Gwen Post. Mr. Giles sent me.

ANGEL

What for?

MRS. POST

To help you destroy the glove. Is that the Living Flame?

ANGEL

Yes.

He doesn't trust her, and she senses it.

MRS. POST

Look, I'm sorry to be abrupt but Lagos is on his way here now. If you're doing the ritual incorrectly it will only make the glove more powerful.

ANGEL

All right. I dug up some Cadlinroot, get ready to throw it in.

She crosses to the flame, where there is some roots, some dirt and great big spade, how convenient.

MRS. POST

Good. Where's the glove?

ANGEL

In the trunk.

He turns toward it. The trunk is by the fireplace.

As he turns, Mrs. Post takes the shovel. With no expression or hesitation she CRACKS Angel across the back of the head. Angel goes down.

MRS. POST

That's what I love about this town. Everyone is so helpful.

BLACK OUT

END OF ACT THREE

## **Act Four**

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

Mrs. Post crosses to the trunk. It's padlocked.

MRS. POST

Oh, bugger.

She grabs the spade and smashes the lock once, twice.

The lock splinters off. Mrs. Post is about to drop the spade when behind her, Angel



rises into frame, full VAMP FACE on.

ANGEL  
That hurt.

She turns, some eight feet from him.

MRS. POST  
It was supposed to kill you. If you'd  
been human, it would have. But...

She cracks the shovel over her knee. Insta-stake.

MRS. POST  
I believe this is your poison.

He comes at her - she tries to stab him but he knocks the stake from her grasp, throws her toward the fire. She lands next to it and tries to get up and run toward the double doors but he's on her, grabs her - she punches him and he returns in vicious kind, knocking her nearly out.

He's about to hit her again when the doors fly open and **Faith hurtles out**, tackling him as Mrs. Post crumples unconscious against the wall.

Faith comes up, sees Mrs. Post. Genuine concern washes over her face.

FAITH  
Mrs. Post...?

Mrs. Post groans, indicating life and then Angel rises. Faith faces him, furious.

FAITH  
I can't believe how much I'm gonna  
kill you.

ANGEL  
You're not getting that glove.

FAITH  
Wanna bet?

What we have here is a failure to communicate. Then we have violence.

Faith attacks Angel, who's still groggy from Mrs. Post's shovel-shot. He's weak by vampire standards, but still a vampire - he throws a strong right. Faith blocks it; lands a better one. She kicks his ass across the room, toward the couch. Follows him there and really pummels him. One last crack and he's on the table, too weak to move.

She raises her stake high for the kill. Brings it whistling down - when a HAND shoots out, grabs her wrist - stops her.

FAITH  
What...?

Faith looks up to see - the hand belongs to BUFFY.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

We catch Willow and Xander in the middle of a frantic, late night occult chemistry experiment. Xander reads Latin (badly and phonetically) from one of Giles' books as Willow "guesstimates" the correct amounts of herbs, roots and powders to create Living Flame.

XANDER  
(in Latin)  
"...deinde addends dimidium  
laterem unguarum bisulcarum  
contusarum..."

XANDER  
(English translation)  
"...adding then half the ingot  
of ground, cloven hooves..."  
(stops)  
And that's all she wrote.  
Think we got it?

Willow inspects the resulting mixture.

WILLOW  
It's either the catalyst for Living  
Flame, or just some really smelly  
sand. We have to test it.

XANDER  
Let me double-check...

Xander turns page. Stops. Goes silent.

WILLOW  
What.

XANDER  
I know what the glove does.

Xander shows Willow what he's found. (We don't see it, but they sure do).

WILLOW  
There's no time to test this.

They pack up their stuff and scramble out fast.

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

Buffy stands between Angel and Faith. Angel, crippled from Faith's attack, lies bent over and helpless. Buffy gets in defensive position. Faith's wild-eyed. Adrenaline's pumping through.

FAITH  
Never stop a slayer when the blood is up.

BUFFY  
Can't let you do it, Faith.

FAITH

You're confused, Twinkie. Let me  
clear you up:  
(pointing)  
Vampire. Slayer. Dead vampire.

BUFFY  
Faith, there's a lot you don't understand.

MRS. POST  
Faith...

They look over. Mrs. Post is still too weak to get up, but she calls to Faith. Buffy looks confusedly at Mrs. Post and Angel - what's going on?

MRS. POST  
She doesn't... know... She's blinded  
by love...

BUFFY  
Faith, no...

But Buffy is sounding a little unsure herself.

MRS. POST  
Faith... trust me...

A look passes between Faith and Mrs. Post. Buffy steps up to Faith -

BUFFY  
We can figure this out -

CRACK! Before Buffy can finish, Faith whirls and punches Buffy with a left hook that nearly takes her head off. Buffy snaps back and the two slayers square off.

And they start.

Slayer vs. slayer. No weapons, categorically no holds barred. It's fast, brutal and balletic.

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

The two girls explode through the glass doors, sending shards everywhere. They are on their feet in a moment and the fight continues, neither girl making much headway.

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

Willow and Xander run into the Mansion (from the double doors), breathless. They see Mrs. Post, rush to help her.

MRS. POST  
The glove...

XANDER  
We'll get it.

MRS. POST  
(to Xander)

Help Faith...

A crash turns his attention to the garden. He rushes out to see, Willow helping Mrs. Post up.

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

The slayer fight's in full force. Xander rushes out.

XANDER

What are you - stop! Guys, listen!

He steps in the middle - and Faith backhands him into a wall. Buffy decks her hard for that one.

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

Willow opens the trunk, Mrs. Post digging in and producing the glove.

MRS. POST

Finally!

She swings the glove and homeruns Willow into the corner (not far from the sofa).

Mrs. Post, standing before the Mansion fireplace, looks up to the sky and PUTS ON THE GLOVE OF MYHNEGON.

The Glove of Myhnegon, activated by living contact, COMES TO LIFE. Click click click click click! The ancient spikes around the cuff all DIG INTO the flesh of Mrs. Post's forearm, ringing around the arm, attaching itself permanently.

MRS. POST

(in Gaelic)

Tar chugam a chumhacht Myhnegon!

MRS. POST

(English translation)

Come to me, power of Myhnegon!

EXT. MANSION GARDEN / INT. MANSION (INTERCUT) - NIGHT

Faith and Buffy are suddenly stopped by THUNDER that sounds all around them. They stop, look into the house and see Mrs. Post holding the glove in front of her gleefully. Faith takes a step to the door, betrayal etched on her face.

FAITH

What's going on?

MRS. POST

Faith, a word of advice. You're an idiot.

She lifts her hand up like a gun.

MRS. POST

(in Gaelic)

Tar frim!

MRS. POST

(English translation)  
Come through me!

BOOM! The Mansion skylight SHATTERS as a burst of LIGHTNING comes crashing through, sending a shower of glass shards exploding downward.

The lightning STREAKS straight towards Mrs. Post's glove. An ENERGY BEAM SHOOTS FORWARD from Mrs. Post's hand, streaking across the Mansion, straight toward Faith. Buffy slams into her, the two diving for safety as the energy beam hits the tree behind them, which explodes into flame. (i.e. there is a fire ball and then a lot of burning branches - no parts coming off).

Willow stands and Mrs. Post turns to her.

MRS. POST  
(in Gaelic)  
Tar frim!

MRS. POST  
(English translation)  
Come through me!

Lightning, energy - and this time Angel makes the save, rising and pushing Willow out of the way. The beam explodes a piece of wall - and singes Angel, catching an arm and part of his back with flame as he hits the ground.

Willow grabs a tapestry off the Mansion wall and WRAPS it around Angel's prone body - dousing the flame.

ANGLE: Buffy and Faith

BUFFY  
Can you draw her fire?

FAITH  
That I can.

She's all cold fury now.

BUFFY  
Then do it.

Buffy looks around for a good sized shard of glass.

Faith dashes into the living room. Mrs. Post spins -

MRS. POST  
(in Gaelic)  
Tar frim!

MRS. POST  
(English translation)  
Come through me!

-- and fires. Faith flips up the coffee table before her, blocking the flame. Crouches behind it.

MRS. POST

There's nothing you can do to me now. I have the Glove, and with the glove comes the power!

BUFFY  
I'm getting that.

She has a very large, triangular shard of glass in her hand. With dazzling alacrity, she hurls it.

MRS. POST  
(in Gaelic)  
Tar frim!

MRS. POST  
(English translation)  
Come through me!

The shard spins through the air.

The shard spins through Mrs. Post's shoulder.

The shard smashes against the far wall.

The gloved arm, severed, drops harmlessly to the floor.

Mrs. Post screams - and the lightning STRIKES HER. She SCREAMS as her body is engulfed in swirling, wrap-around blue streaks of unnatural electricity. Her screams build as the frenzy of electricity grows, multiplies, out of control, until...

Mrs. Post BURSTS INTO FLAME. Total immolation. Nothing left but smoke - she is gone.

The deafening sounds within the Mansion are replaced with silence.

ANGLE ON: The glove, now dis-attached from living flesh - Click click click click! - slowly separates itself, spike by spike, from Mrs. Post's severed arm.

WIDER ANGLE ON: the group. Coming together, all tired, hurt, confused, wary... all silent.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SCHOOL LOUNGE - DAY

Cordy and Xander are with Oz and Willow.

CORDELIA  
So there's no more glove thingy?

XANDER  
A little Living Flame, a little mesquite...  
gone for good.

OZ  
Sounds like we missed a lot of fun.

XANDER

Then we're telling it wrong.

WILLOW

What do you think Buffy and Angel  
are gonna do?

XANDER

Boy do I don't know.

WILLOW

He saved me from a horrible flamey  
death. That sort of makes me like  
him again.

XANDER

Well, as long as he and Buffy don't  
get pelvic, we'll be okay. I guess.

Buffy approaches.

BUFFY

What are you guys talking about?

OZ

Oddly enough, your boyfriend. Again.

BUFFY

He's not my boyfriend. Really and  
truly. He's... I don't know.

She turns to Xander.

BUFFY

Are we okay?

XANDER

Yeah. Seeing you kissing him, after  
everything that happened... leaned  
me toward the postal. But I trust you.

CORDELIA

I don't. Just for the record.

Giles approaches now as well.

BUFFY

Let me guess. Gwendolyn Post,  
not a watcher.

GILES

She was kicked out by the council  
two years ago for misuses of dark  
power. They swear there was a  
memo...

BUFFY

I'd better go. Little more damage  
control.

She takes off, the others watching her.

WILLOW

The whole Angel thing is so weird.

GILES

Yes, well, we'll have to let that one unfold, won't we?

CORDELIA

Okay but when there's a big massacre who gets the I-told-you-so?

XANDER

You get the I-told-you-so.

CORDELIA

Just so we're clear...

INT. FAITH'S MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Faith's watching daytime TV by herself, sitting on a ratty sofa, feet propped up on some stolen plastic milk cartons. She's flicking channels. Calls out:

FAITH

Come in.

Buffy tentatively comes in. Faith's eyes never leave the TV.

BUFFY

Place looks nice.

FAITH

Yeah, real Spartan.

Pause.

BUFFY

How are you doing?

FAITH

Five by five.

BUFFY

I'm interpreting that as good...

Faith offers nothing. Buffy approaches the sofa hesitantly.

BUFFY

Mrs. Post, or whoever she was, she fooled us all. Even Giles.

FAITH

Yeah, well, you can't trust people. I shoulda learned that by now.

BUFFY

This may sound funny coming from



someone who just spent a lot of time  
kicking your face, but you can trust **me**.

FAITH  
Is that right?

BUFFY  
I know I've kept secrets, but I didn't  
have a choice. I'm on your side.

FAITH  
**I'm** on my side. And that's enough.

BUFFY  
Not always.

FAITH  
So, is that it?

BUFFY  
I guess...

FAITH  
I'll see you, then.

BUFFY  
Yeah.

She starts slowly for the door, unsatisfied. Faith looks equally unhappy, stops her  
with:

FAITH  
Buffy?

BUFFY  
(stops)  
Yes?

But Faith can't do it. A beat.

FAITH  
Nothing.

Another moment, then Buffy leaves.

EXT. MOTEL - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Buffy closes the door behind her, thinking. A moment more and she exits frame.

INT. FAITH'S MOTEL ROOM - DAY

ANGLE: FAITH

Still sitting on her bed. Alone.

BLACK OUT

END OF SHOW

