

# Earshot

(February 11, 1999)

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## Teaser

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

BUFFY RUNS, flat out, chased by a horrible, non-human shape. Then she STUMBLES and falls. Stepping into frame next to her: two not-human feet and the tip of a tail. Trouble. But she smiles and ROLLS suddenly and SWEEPS the demon's feet and draws a knife, towering over the demon, still on the ground.

BUFFY

You demons just can't resist a  
run-and-stumble, can you?

For the first time she gets a good look at its face: scabby, oozy and mouthless. She shudders and moves closer with the knife when... it's KICKED out of her hand and caught by the demon on the ground! She whirls and faces the kicker: a SECOND DEMON, identical to the first. She and it circle each other... she's positioning it between herself and the first demon, who now has the knife. Just when the second demon is between her and the first, the first demon THROWS the knife... right at the back of its partner's head. Incredibly, without looking, the second demon DUCKS... the knife sails over his head, right at Buffy. She grabs it out of the air in one quick move and faces the second demon.

BUFFY

Say "Uncle". Oops. No mouth.

She lunges forward and STABS it. She has to wrench the knife free, and as she pulls her left hand away, a SMEAR OF THICK LIQUID glistens on Buffy's skin. She doesn't notice it, and the liquid starts to GLOW. Buffy straightens her clothes, brushes off dirt, unaware, as the glowing liquid SOAKS INTO her skin, leaves no trace.

BLACK OUT.

END OF TEASER

## Act One

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Buffy and Willow enter the library, where Oz, Xander and Giles are discussing the Ascension.

WILLOW

Scabby Demon got away?

BUFFY

Scabby Demon number two got away.  
Scabby Demon one, big check in the

"Slay" column.

WILLOW

I don't like this "no mouth" thing.  
It's disquieting.  
(realizing)  
Unless they have them somewhere  
else...

GILES

Good morning, girls. We've just been  
researching the Mayor's upcoming  
Ascension.

OZ

It's pretty riveting stuff.

BUFFY

What do we know?

XANDER

What **don't** we know?! Tell her, Giles.

GILES

Well, based on the supposed date,  
Graduation Day, and the Mayor  
being impervious to harm, I've  
cross referenced...

XANDER

He's a cross referencing **fool**.

GILES

...and I have eliminated several  
possibilities. It is not the ritual flaying  
of the demon Azorath, nor the... the-  
(off their looks)  
I don't know what's going to happen.

OZ

That was kind of an anticlimax.

BUFFY

So we don't know anything? The  
whole thing with Angel and Faith  
was for nothing?

GILES

No, no. If nothing else, Angel's  
charade succeeded in bringing  
Faith's treachery into the open. And  
this information about the Ascension  
will prove useful; I just have to put it  
together.

WESLEY hurries in.

WESLEY

Terribly sorry. I was detained. Official

Council business. Giles, you were talking?

Buffy scratches her hand... where the demon goo got on it.

GILES

I was just filling Buffy in on my progress regarding researching the Ascension.

WESLEY

Oh? And what took up the rest of the minute?

GILES

(very humble)

Touche. My work is, after all, unofficial, and my sources are limited. I'm sure, however, with the resources of the Council behind you, that you have something to add. We're all ears.

Giles sits down with the others, and makes a show of staring at Wesley with intent interest.

WESLEY

Well, I... I am pleased to state with certainty that the demon Azorath will not be involved in-

Everyone is getting up, collecting their books.

WESLEY

I'm sure we'll find out more soon.

Buffy, Xander, Willow, Oz exit.

GILES

(scornful; to Wesley)  
The demon Azorath.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS (DAY)

The hall is full of posters and banners: "Go Razorbacks!" and "Future 1999 Division Champs!". Oz kisses Willow and splits off, the other three hit their lockers.

WILLOW

Have you talked to Angel lately?

BUFFY

Not really. Seeing him bad again, even pretend bad... and with Faith...

WILLOW

He only smooched her for the greater good.

BUFFY

I don't know... to the naked eye,

it looks like fun. Or maybe it wasn't,  
maybe he was never tempted... I just  
wish I could be sure.

WILLOW

As always, I advise you to ask.

BUFFY

Like he'd tell me.

Absently, she scratches the back of her hand.

Two tall, athletic boys walk through the hall: basketball players. One of them is PERCY, Willow's tutoring project. The other is HOGAN MARTIN. He's clearly a star, not just athletic, but charismatic and good-looking.

STUDENT

Hogan! Great game, man!

HOGAN

Thanks!

PERCY

(to the student)

Just wait till tonight.

XANDER

Hogan Martin. Thinks he's so hot.  
Like we should all be awed by him  
'cause he can put a ball in a net.

HOGAN

Hey, Xander.

XANDER

He said my name! He knows my  
name!

They stop by the Buffy group.

PERCY

Willow, hey.

WILLOW

Hi.

PERCY

I can't make the study session after  
school today. Can we do it fifth  
period?

WILLOW

Okay. Did you do the reading?

PERCY

Most of it...

WILLOW

Percy...

PERCY  
I'll finish it at lunch.

WILLOW  
That's my little trooper.

HOGAN  
I don't know what you're doing to him;  
I actually heard him complete a sentence.  
Had a clause and everything.

The two sportsmen start to leave. Percy addresses Willow as they go.

PERCY  
You're gonna watch the game, right?

WILLOW  
Wouldn't miss it.

XANDER  
See ya, Hogan.

BUFFY  
You're going to the game? I didn't think  
you watched basketball.

WILLOW  
I didn't either. But I've really been  
getting into it, and now we're in the  
championship and it's so exciting!  
It's too bad you're patrolling 'cause  
we're all going, Xander and Oz.  
Everybody.

BUFFY  
Right. Everybody who isn't currently  
Buffy.

She is still scratching her hand. She stops, looking at it. Puzzles.

INT. GILES' OFFICE - DAY

Buffy is studying her irritated hand while Giles looks through his books.

GILES  
You touched one of the demons.

BUFFY  
A "good touch," not a "bad touch."  
Anyway, it's been itching like crazy.  
No big. Just another problem for the  
good people at Lubriderm, right?

GILES  
These are the demons in question?

He shows her a drawing of the two from the Teaser.

BUFFY  
In the disgusting flesh.

GILES  
Hmm.

BUFFY  
What?

GILES  
Oh, it says that they can infect a host --

BUFFY  
Infect? Infect?... Infect?

GILES  
Infect a host with "an aspect of the  
demon." That's all it says. I say,  
that's rather terse, isn't it?

BUFFY  
I'm going to get an aspect of them?  
Like, a part of them?

GILES  
Of course, there are many other  
explanations for your hand. A new  
fabric softener can cause irritation.  
But just in case, I'd advise you not  
to try to track the one that got away.  
Let's minimize your exposure.

Buffy is staring at the picture. These demons have no appealing aspects.

BUFFY  
A part of the demon. I hope it's not  
the outside part.

EXT. FOUNTAIN COURT - DAY

Pep rally. CORDELIA is one of the cheerleaders. They're doing little routines and chants in honor of each of the players on the team. Buffy, Willow, Xander and Oz look on from the crowd.

CHEERLEADERS  
H-O-G-A-N. IT'S HOGAN!  
GO HOGAN!

The cheerleaders wave their pompoms around the star player. He waves. The crowd YELLS and APPLAUDS. Buffy absently runs a hand over her hair.

BUFFY  
Is it just me or is this really lame?

OZ  
I don't know. Usually I enjoy lameness,

and this is leaving me cold.

Willow is idly flipping through the school newspaper, "The Sunnydale High Sentinel."  
The headline: "GRADES ARE MEANINGLESS".

WILLOW

Well, according to Freddy's latest editorial the pep rally is a place for "pseudo-prostitutes to provoke men into a sexual frenzy, which, when thwarted, results in pointless athletic competition".

They all watch the cheerleaders bounce.

CHEERLEADERS  
GET THE BALL AND STUFF IT!  
STUFF IT!

XANDER

The downside being...

WILLOW

The school paper is edging towards depressing lately. Have you guys noticed that?

OZ

I don't know; I always go straight to the obits.

Buffy runs her hand over her hair again. Willow gently nudges her over to the edge of the crowd where they can talk.

WILLOW

Buffy? What are you doing?

BUFFY

Nothing.  
(then, an admission)  
Checking for horns.

WILLOW

Oh, Buffy. You know, I don't even think Giles is right about you becoming like a demon. He's totally burnt, dealing with Faith and this Ascension thing. Between you and me, he's not doing his best work.

BUFFY

But what if he's right? I'm suddenly gonna grow a demon part and I don't even know which one. It could be scales, or claws, or --  
(off Willow's look)  
--what?

WILLOW

Was it a boy demon?

Buffy's face is a study.

BACK BY THE CHEERLEADERS

Xander and Oz watch the cheerleaders.

CHEERLEADERS  
T-O-M. IT'S TOM! GO TOM!

XANDER  
They're really very good.

OZ  
Well, their spelling's improved...

XANDER  
You know, Oz, I look at all this beauty. All these... healthy young women and I wonder why I even wasted my time with Cordelia. Look at her, she's no better looking than the rest of them.

OZ  
None of them are really my--

XANDER  
Oh my god. He's looking at her.

Oz turns and sees Wesley standing at the edge of the crowd, watching the rally.

XANDER  
He's got his filthy adult Pierce Brosnan-y eyeballs all over my Cordy.

OZ  
You're a complex man, aren't you?

BACK BY WILLOW and Buffy

Buffy is pouring out her heart to Willow... a close moment between good friends.

BUFFY  
I'm just... I'm really scared, Will. There's something in me and I can't stop it, I can't find it, and what if it changes me, not just the way I look, but... I could be something that's not me anymore.

WILLOW  
Yay! Whoo-hoo!  
(then)  
Sorry. They spelled Percy. I had to show support. He's needy. But I heard you. Really. And I understand. I would



be frightened too. But--

The rally is breaking up. The opportunity for private talk is over. Xander and Oz join the girls.

BUFFY  
Let's keep it between us for now,  
okay?

WILLOW  
Okay.

XANDER  
Man, I'm pumped for the game tonight.

WILLOW  
It's gonna be fun.  
(off Buffy)  
If you like that sort of thing.

BUFFY  
That's okay. Patrolling is fun too.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Buffy patrols alone, carrying her Slayer bag. No fun. She sighs and rubs at her hand. She takes a mirror out of her bag, looks at her face.

BUFFY  
Well, I've still got a mouth.

ANGLE: THE MIRROR

Positioned so Buffy could see someone standing behind her. There's nothing there. She turns and finds herself facing ANGEL. She jumps.

ANGEL  
Sorry.

BUFFY  
It's okay. I didn't see you so I  
should've known you were there.  
What are you doing here?

ANGEL  
It's a dangerous time. You know,  
with Faith...

BUFFY  
Yeah. Faith... She, well... Faith.  
What can you say about her?

She waits, but Angel says nothing about her:

ANGEL  
I just want to make sure you're okay.  
That you're safe.

Buffy looks searchingly at Angel.

BUFFY

And the fact that you're right here.  
Does that mean Faith's around? Are  
you keeping me safe by tracking me  
or by tracking her?

ANGEL

I'm tracking you.  
(beat)  
Something's bothering you.

BUFFY

Oh, lots of things.

Will Angel bring up Faith now? No. Buffy sighs.

BUFFY

The most recent is this demon. Two,  
actually. Ooky-looking with extra ook.  
Well, I kind of... got one of them on me,  
and now I might get a big case of the  
bumpies or a tail or something...

ANGEL

"An aspect of the demon."

BUFFY

You now the drill...

ANGEL

By rumor. But that doesn't mean  
anything. Sometimes demons  
exaggerate their power.

BUFFY

Demon-hype. Or maybe not. But, hey,  
I spend all my time here in the dark  
anyway. Not like I'd be at a game or  
out with friends or something where  
people'd see me and my new monster-part.

Buffy stands up and walks. Angel follows, takes her by the arm. She stops.

ANGEL

Believe me, I won't let anything hurt  
you if I can help it. And no matter what  
happens, I'll be with you. I'll love you  
even if you're covered with slime.

BUFFY

I liked everything up until that.

INT. LOUNGE - MORNING (DAY)

Willow, Xander, and Oz are on their feet, rehashing last night's game.

WILLOW

Could you believe it? Right at the  
buzzer! Three points for the win!

OZ  
It was intense.

XANDER  
Yeah, for a minute there I thought  
you were gonna make an expression.

OZ  
I felt one coming on, I won't lie...

WILLOW  
I've never seen anyone jump like  
Hogan Martin. They should call him  
"The Jumper."

XANDER  
Or a name that isn't an article of  
women's clothing.

WILLOW  
Shush.

They all quiet down as Buffy enters.

BUFFY  
Ooh. Quietness. We either lost the  
game or we won and you don't want  
me to feel bad.

Cordelia enters and talks with some friends of hers nearby.

WILLOW  
Yeah, well, it wasn't really a good  
game.

XANDER  
Yeah. Tall hoop, but then, tall guys,  
so what's the point.

OZ  
Pretty dull.

Cordy must have been listening, because she's all over this.

CORDELIA  
Are you guys crazy? It was an incredible  
game! I've never cheered so hard in my  
life. I've still got knee-marks on my back.  
(off their looks)  
From the pyramid.

And she gives up. She moves across the room to her friends.

WILLOW  
(to Buffy)  
Yeah, well. I still bet patrolling was

way better. Because, wow, important.

BUFFY  
I thought I saw a four-legged demon.  
But it was a dog.

OZ  
(interested)  
A weredog?

BUFFY  
Regular.

XANDER  
Tough luck.

BUFFY  
Yeah.

Xander is looking over at Cordy.

XANDER (V.O.)  
I wonder if she and Wesley have  
kissed.

BUFFY  
It really bugs you, huh?

XANDER  
What?

BUFFY  
Cordelia and Wesley. Smootching.

XANDER  
Man. You read my mind.

We push in on Buffy as it dawns on her that, in fact, she did.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

## **Act Two**

INT. HALLWAY - MORNING (DAY)

Buffy walks slowly toward the library. Teachers and other students pass her. She turns a corner and almost runs into MR. BEACH, a teacher.

MR. BEACH  
(pleasantly)  
Whoa there. You watch where you're  
going now.

BUFFY

Sorry, Mr. Beach. I will.

As he leaves...

MR. BEACH (V.O.)  
Students. If we could just get rid of  
all the students...

Buffy stops and stares at his retreating figure. Starts walking again, looking more carefully about her.

A NERDY BOY walks by.

NERD (V.O.)  
And when I'm a software jillionaire and  
you're all working at Arby's, who's the  
loser then?

He's gone. A HARASSED LOOKING GIRL goes by.

HARASSED GIRL (V.O.)  
Maybe I'll take French, I said. How  
hard can it be? French babies learn it.  
Idiot.

As that statement is just fading, over the top of it, another starts:

BAGGY-PANTS GUY (V.O.)  
I swear, some day my pants are gonna  
fall right off.

She looks over, sees a group of BAGGY-TROUSERED GUYS lounging by a locker. One of them hitches up his pants uncomfortably. Buffy stifles a laugh.

CUTE GUY (V.O.)  
God, Buffy's so beautiful.

She is passing a CUTE GUY, sees him glancing at her. Pleased, she stops and comes back a step, pretending to dig in her purse.

CUTE GUY (V.O.)  
She has the sweetest face I ever saw.  
And that body... Man I'd love to --

ANGLE ON: BUFFY

Reacting to what is clearly the filthiest ending the above sentence could possibly have. She hurries away, past ANOTHER GUY. He looks at her and she reacts to his, even filthier, thought. She hurries, arms crossed protectively over her body, and enters:

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Buffy follows Giles around as he selects and pulls books.

BUFFY  
Is this the thing? The aspect-thing?  
Because, I've got to say, it's better than

a tail. I mean, it's hard enough getting jeans that fit right anyway...

GILES

Buffy. Slow down. I'm not even convinced that you're experiencing genuine mind-reading. Most likely, you're projecting...

BUFFY

When I came in, a minute ago, you thought, "Look at those shoes. If the fashion magazines told her to, she'd wear cats strapped to her feet."

Giles stares at her, stunned.

GILES

I... that...

BUFFY

And by the way, cat-shoes? I mean, what is that?

GILES (V.O.)

Of course. 'Aspect of the demon'. The demons are telepathic. That's why they don't need mouths. I should have known.

Just before his voice-over is done, Giles starts speaking:

GILES

Of course. The demons are telepathic.

BUFFY

I know. You just told me. That's why they don't need mouths. And you should have known.

GILES

I... this is astounding.

BUFFY

It was happening in the hall. Principal Snyder has "Walk Like an Egyptian" stuck in his head. And the boys in this school are seriously disturbed. It was strange, but, Giles, it's like this whole secret world is open to me. Think what I can do.

GILES

It would be useful. You can anticipate an opponent's moves, turn their plans against them...

BUFFY

Oh, way better than that.

CLOSE ON BUFFY:

BUFFY  
Jealousy!

PULL BACK TO REVEAL WE ARE IN:

The history teacher, MS. MURRAY, faces the class. Buffy, Willow and Xander are in the class, along with NANCY and FREDDY and others.

MS. MURRAY  
(surprised)  
Buffy. Right. Very good.

Willow and Xander look at Buffy with surprise. So does NANCY, a competitive girl.

NANCY (V.O.)  
I knew that.

Nancy frowns at Buffy. Buffy looks at her innocently.

MS. MURRAY  
Jealousy, clearly, is the tool that Iago used to undo Othello. But what's his motivation? What reason does Iago give for destroying his superior officer?

Under the end of Ms. Murray's speech, we hear:

MS. MURRAY (V.O.)  
"Cassio has my place...Twixt my sheets he's done my office..."

BUFFY  
(working it out)  
Well, he was passed over for promotion, Cassio was picked instead... and people were saying Othello slept with his wife.

Everyone looks at her.

WILLOW (V.O.)  
(surprised)  
Buffy did the reading.  
(more surprised)  
Buffy understood the reading.

XANDER (V.O.)  
When did she study? Was I supposed to study? Ms. Murray's kind of hot.

NANCY (V.O.)  
I was going to say Cassio. I hate her.

Buffy looks sweetly at Nancy.

MS. MURRAY

Any other reason?

Nancy jumps in fast, before Buffy can talk:

NANCY  
Race!

MS. MURRAY  
Uh... good, Nancy. Can't overlook that.

Nancy smirks.

FREDDY (V.O.)  
Look at them, scrambling for the  
teacher's praise like pigeons  
for old bread crusts.

Buffy looks around... sees FREDDY, dressed in black, slumped in his desk with a dark and brooding look.

BUFFY  
(whispered to Willow)  
Who's that guy?

WILLOW  
Freddy Munson. He writes those  
editorials for the school paper.  
He's sardonic.

FREDDY (V.O.)  
Bread crusts. That's deep. I should  
write that down.

MS. MURRAY  
Iago makes a lot of references to  
Othello's color, but he never specifically  
cites race as a motive. Is there something  
else at work here?

Buffy listens intently as she speaks, translating the teacher's thoughts into her words...

BUFFY  
Well, he sort of admits himself that  
his motives are... spurious, he just  
does things because he enjoys them...  
sort of... Well it's almost like he's not a  
person, like he's a force of nature -  
the dark half of Othello himself,  
Othello's fear and rage sort of...  
embodied...

Everyone stares at Buffy.

MS. MURRAY/WILLOW/XANDER/NANCY  
(raggedly overlapping)  
Whoa.

MS. MURRAY



Buffy. Really. Very astute. I said something quite like that in my dissertation.

BUFFY

I know. I mean, I agree. With that.

MS. MURRAY

Yes, and doesn't that also explain Othello's readiness to believe Iago? Within seconds he turns on Desdemona, belies that she's unfaithful. And we're all like that; we all have little internal Iagos telling us our husbands or our girlfriends or whatever don't really love us. We can never see what's in their hearts. We doubt. We worry.

Buffy's smiles fades, as she's reminded of another part of her life.

MS. MURRAY

Most of us don't go to as extreme measures as Othello, thank goodness...

INT. MANSION - DAY

Angel, sleepy-eyed and tousled, opens the door. Buffy is there. He flinches at the indirect sunlight and steps back.

BUFFY

Hi. Sorry about the daytime. I just ducked out of school and that's when they have it.

Buffy enters and sits on the sofa -- even in the middle of the day, the place is dark.

BUFFY

You look good. I mean, I saw you last night, but sometimes things change real quick. I mean, really quickly. Listen to me, I'm talking like Faith.

Buffy concentrates, trying to hear Angel's thoughts.

BUFFY

Not that she was so bad to have around. Before the evil. I think she was hurting a lot. Some people, protective-type people, might be drawn to that, I guess.

She listens... nothing.

BUFFY

The thing about Faith...

Angel looks Buffy right in the eyes, and...

ANGEL

You can't get into my mind.

BUFFY

How did you--? And why not?

ANGEL

It's like the mirror. The thoughts  
are there, but they create no  
reflection in you.

(then)

You got your "aspect of the demon."

BUFFY

Yeah. Giles doesn't know how  
long it's going to last, but it's okay.  
A little headachy, but...

ANGEL

You don't have to play games with  
me, Buffy. Ever.

BUFFY

Well, you're not exactly Joe Here's  
What I'm Thinking.

ANGEL

So ask me.

BUFFY

Oh. But that would make sense.

ANGEL

What do you want to know about?  
Faith? How I felt kissing her? Pretending  
to have no soul? Watching you suffer?

BUFFY

Well, since you want to talk about  
those things...

ANGEL

I hated hurting you. It cut me deeper  
than I've ever been cut. More than  
I can stand.

Buffy is moved. She rests her head on his shoulder, just for a moment... not quite a hug, but a tiny step forward.

BUFFY

Thank you. Um... and the Faith part  
of the question? I mean, I guess I'd  
understand... she's got this whole "bad  
girl" thing going on...

ANGEL

Kissing her meant nothing. I don't want  
a bad girl. I've done that before. I've  
lived a long time, Buffy, and I'm past  
that. I've been with dozens of girls like

her. More.

BUFFY  
Oh, this honesty stuff is fun.

ANGEL  
There's no comparison. In 243 years  
I've loved exactly one person.

BUFFY  
Oh.  
(beat)  
It's me, right?

He smiles.

ANGEL  
Next time, just ask.

BUFFY  
Okay.

ANGEL  
And Buffy, be careful with this gift.  
A lot of things that seem good and  
strong and powerful... they can be  
painful.

BUFFY  
Like, say, immortality?

ANGEL  
Exactly. I'm dying to get rid of that.

BUFFY  
Funny.

ANGEL  
(intensely)  
I'm a funny guy.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

The whole group: Buffy, Willow, Xander, Oz, Cordy, Giles and Wesley. Trying to absorb new info.

XANDER  
She can read our mind? Our every  
impulse and fantasy?

BUFFY  
Every one.

XANDER (V.O.)  
Oh god.

CORDELIA (V.O.)

I don't see what this has to do with me.

CORDELIA

I don't see what this has to do with me.

WILLOW

Well, I think it's good. Right? I mean, you enjoy your other Slayer powers.

BUFFY

Yeah! It'll be fun. Did you see Nancy Doyle's face in English class?

WILLOW (V.O.)

She's hardly even human any more. How can I be her friend now? She doesn't need me.

BUFFY

No, I need you! I do.

CORDELIA

Okay, who are you talking to? Because you are just so creepy right now.

Giles speaks, Buffy listening to thoughts during his monologue -- she pays no attention to him (and neither do we).

GILES

Well, there must be some precedent for this sort of occurrence. I'll start researching it. Wesley, you'll give me a hand?

WESLEY

Of course.

OZ (V.O.)

I am my thoughts. If they exist in her, Buffy contains everything that is me and she becomes me. I cease to exist.

OZ

Huh.

XANDER (V.O.)

What am I going to do? I think about sex all the time. Sex. Help. Four times five is thirty. Five times six is thirty-two... Naked girls. Naked women. Naked Buffy. Oh, stop me.

BUFFY

Xander, is that all you think about?

XANDER

Actually...? Bye.

Almost running, Xander exists.

WESLEY

Xander has just illustrated something.  
Chances are, you're all going to find  
yourself thinking whatever you least want  
Buffy to hear. It's a matter, of course,  
of mental discipline...

Under his speech we hear:

WESLEY (V.O.)

Look at Cordelia. No! Don't look at  
Cordelia! She's a student! Oh, I am  
bad. A bad, bad man.

Buffy looks at Wesley. He knows he's caught.

WESLEY

Excuse me.

Wesley exists to the office. Giles watches Buffy interact with her friends.

WILLOW

What's it like, Buffy?

BUFFY

Oh, Will, it's... weird. And please,  
don't think I don't need you, because  
I really want to share this. It's... like  
all these doors opening into all these  
little worlds and I can just walk in.

As Buffy talks, she starts to hear, underneath:

WILLOW (V.O.)

She knows so much. She knows what  
Oz is thinking. I never know that. Before  
long she'll know him better than I do...

BUFFY

Willow... don't think that.

WILLOW

I can't help it!

OZ (V.O.)

No one else exists either. Buffy is  
all of us. We think, therefore she is.

WILLOW

I'm sorry, Buffy. I just can't...

She gets up to go. Oz rises also, focussed on Willow.

OZ

If you don't need me, I'm gonna  
follow the redhead.

BUFFY  
Okay.

They exit. And Buffy's alone with Giles and Cordy.

BUFFY  
Well, I guess I won't write that book  
"Win Friends Through Telepathy."

CORDELIA (V.O.)  
Whatever. I wonder when I can go.

CORDELIA  
Whatever. Can I go?

Wesley sticks his head out from Giles' office.

WESLEY  
Can you hear me thinking in here? I  
could go out in the hall.

BUFFY  
(to Wesley)  
You know what? You stay. I'll go.  
I'm getting a headache.

Buffy exits alone.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Buffy walks from the library toward the cafeteria. Among others heading to the cafeteria: Mrs. Beach, Freddy, Nancy. The hallway is full of people doing completely ordinary things. Some look happy. Most look blank. Buffy overlapping thoughts. It's impossible to pair the thoughts with their owners... it's as if the thoughts are in the air.

VOICES (V.O.)  
She is so hot. I swear I will scream  
from boredom. No one's ever going  
to love me. What if I never get breasts?  
I can't believe the test is today. Get rid  
of the students, it's that easy. What if  
I'm the last virgin in the world?

Buffy's face reflects the building confusion and pain. She rubs her forehead, and actually stumbles as she walks.

INT. GILES' OFFICE - DAY

Giles and Wesley, surrounded by open volumes. Giles finds something.

GILES  
Here. It's happened before. A man in  
Ecuador, quite recently.

WESLEY  
Can we contact him?

GILES

I would say not. He can't communicate  
with anyone.

WESLEY  
Dead?

GILES  
No. He's in complete isolation. The  
power. He can't shut it off.

Buffy stands a little unsteadily in line as the LUNCH LADY plops unappetizing food  
onto students' plates. In the b.g. are Nancy, Freddy, Mr. Beach, Hogan and Larry,  
among others.

VOICES (V.O.)  
(overlapping)  
I hate my body. He is so cute I can't  
even look at him. Am I normal? When  
am I ever going to need to know  
algebra?

Buffy stands there. Eventually Jonathan addresses her:

JONATHON  
Are you through with the potatoes?

Startled, Buffy looks at him.

JONATHON (V.O.)  
She doesn't even know I'm here.

She moves away.

VOICES (V.O.)  
They're all just like rats in a maze.  
Look at everyone, they think this matters.  
If I stand in just the right place I can sort  
of see into the armhole of her top.

Buffy moves automatically down the line to get her dessert.

VOICES (V.O.)  
He has the cutest butt. If I'm not  
valedictorian I'm going to die.  
I want her, I can't have her, I hate her.

Buffy, dazed, walks toward a table. It's impossible to pick out any one thought  
anymore... it's cacophony. Buffy sways. Then the cacophony fades. All the noise of  
the room fades away, and one voice sounds alone. It's whispery, harsh and  
distorted. It could be male or female, and it's definitely crazy.

KILLER (V.O.)  
This time tomorrow, I kill you all.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

# Act Three

INT. CAFETERIA - CONTINUOUS (DAY)

Buffy stands in the middle of the room, holding her tray, looking around. People move and talk, but we can't hear them. Silence. Buffy sways and drops her tray. It lands silently. Food spatters. Then the normal sounds of the cafeteria fade back up, now including the normal applause and hooting that follows a dropped tray. Buffy reaches out, grabs the nearest arm, swings a student around, face-to-face.

STUDENT  
Hey!

STUDENT (V.O.)  
She's gone nuts.

Buffy lets them go, grabs someone else.

ANOTHER STUDENT (V.O.)  
Wow, she DOES have a violent streak.

Buffy spins, grabs Jonathon.

JONATHON (V.O.)  
(dreamy)  
She touched me.

And then it's a building chorus again:

VOICES (V.O.)  
(overlapping)  
I hate being here. I bet she's done  
it lots of times. He's such a show-off.  
Everyone's staring at my hair. I hate him.  
Didn't she wear that skirt yesterday?

The sound gets LOUDER. It BUILDS BACK UP to unintelligible noise. Buffy pushes Jonathan away, but keeps turning in place, searching with her eyes.

BUFFY'S POV OF ROOM (360 degrees)

Faces, most staring back at her, swim in the front of her.

ANGLE ON: BUFFY

A Steadicam shot circling her as she spins and the noise continues to get LOUDER.

Her eyes close and she DROPS TO THE FLOOR. She's out cold.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. SKY - BUFFY'S POV

A ring of concerned faces: Giles, Willow, Oz, Xander. Cordelia's there too, but less



concerned.

WILLOW/OZ/GILES/XANDER/CORDY (V.O)  
(overlapping)  
I think she's walking up./She's okay./  
Thank goodness./Her eyes are  
opening./I'm cold.

EXT. PINE GROVE - DAY

Buffy sits up with Giles' help.

GILES  
Are you all right?

CORDELIA  
I told them not to move you. They  
probably severed your spinal cord.

BUFFY  
I'm okay.

GILES  
Buffy--

BUFFY  
Really, I am. Listen. There's a killer  
in the cafeteria.

XANDER  
I've been saying for years that the lunch  
lady's going to do us all in with that mulligan  
stew. I mean, what the hell is a mulligan?

BUFFY  
Someone was thinking it. "This time  
tomorrow, I kill you all." I have to  
find them.

GILES  
You didn't recognize the voice?

BUFFY  
No.

WILLOW  
Boy or girl?

BUFFY  
I don't know. It was so full of...  
anger and pain, it was hardly human.

She gets up and starts walking toward the school. As she gets closer to the building,  
the CACOPHONY starts building in her head. She stumbles. Giles catches her, steers  
her farther away. The noise fades.

GILES  
You can't.

BUFFY  
I have to find them.

OZ  
Are you sure they meant it?

XANDER  
Yeah. I mean, who hasn't just idly  
thought about taking out the whole  
place with a semi-automatic?  
(off their looks)  
I said idly.

BUFFY  
I know the difference. He, she,  
whoever, they meant it. They're  
going to do it.

WILLOW/OZ/GILES/XANDER/CORDY (V.O.)  
(overlapping)  
How horrible./Who could it be?/She  
looks so tired./I bet it was Hogan./  
I'm not getting any warmer.

BUFFY  
Shut up!

Her friends recoil. Buffy holds her head.

BUFFY  
I'm sorry. I just mean... stop thinking  
so loud... or so much...

GILES  
You have to go home, Buffy. I'll  
take you home.

BUFFY  
Yeah, okay. But, you guys, you have  
to do this. Go back in there, make a list,  
everyone in the cafeteria. We've got to  
find the killer before lunch tomorrow!

WILLOW  
We'll do it, Buffy. A list of all the  
students.

BUFFY  
Nancy was there. She's scary. Teachers  
too. Mr. Beach thought something  
about getting rid of us...

GILES  
(to Buffy)  
Come on.

Willow leads the others back to the school as Buffy and Giles walk slowly toward his car parked at the edge of the triangle. She leans on his arm slightly.

BUFFY

I can't shut it out, Giles. I mean, it's like this... invasion of my head - strangers walking around in there. Look at this, I can't even be around people. Not that they're clamoring to be near me now anyway. Even you.

GILES

I'm sorry, Buffy. It's hard for all of us. But Wesley and I are looking for a way to help.

BUFFY

I'm going to be okay, aren't I? You know, even if you can't get rid of it?

GILES

You'll be fine. I promise.

GILES (V.O.)

If it doesn't go away, she'll go insane.

Buffy stops and stares at him.

INT. LIBRARY - LATER (DAY)

Willow, Xander, Oz and Cordelia.

WILLOW

We have a list of the people in the cafeteria. I'll do some computer work, match it against the FBI mass-murderer profiles. We can rule some people out.

XANDER

I'm still having trouble with the idea that one of us is just gonna gun everybody down for no reason.

CORDELIA

(sarcastically)

Yeah, 'cause that never happens in American high schools.

OZ

It's bordering on trendy at this point.

WILLOW

Besides which: Sunnydale high. Center of Evil and all that. So let's get to work. We have till lunch time tomorrow. We hope.

INT. BUFFY'S ROOM - AFTERNOON (DAY)

Joyce is tucking Buffy into bed. Buffy is pale and shaky.

JOYCE

There. You look better already.

BUFFY  
Thanks Mom--

Joyce exits into the hall.

JOYCE (O.S.)  
I'm just getting you another pillow.

Joyce is back with the pillow.

BUFFY  
I don't really need --

Joyce is out again.

JOYCE (O.S.)  
Just getting another blanket!

BUFFY  
Mom!

Joyce is back with the blanket.

JOYCE  
How about some soup? Chicken and stars?

BUFFY  
Mom. Stop it. Come sit with me.

JOYCE  
Well... I've got... laundry...

BUFFY  
Why are you...

Buffy gasps.

BUFFY  
You had sex with Giles. You had  
sex with Giles!

Joyce is heading for the door.

JOYCE  
It was the candy! We were teenagers!

BUFFY  
On the hood of a police car?!

JOYCE  
I'll be downstairs! Feel better!

Joyce exits.

BUFFY  
(called after)

Twice?!

INT. LIBRARY - LATER (DAY)

Willow has her computer set up on the table. With Xander, Oz and Cordy looking on, she takes a list out of the printer.

WILLOW

Okay. I've taken our list and narrowed it to a dozen strong suspects.

She hands out papers to Xander, Oz and Cordy.

WILLOW

These are your personalized assignments.

XANDER

Oh, I was hoping there'd be assignments.

CORDELIA

I think I should work with Wesley.

XANDER

You have no shame.

CORDELIA

Oh, like shame is something to be proud of.

WILLOW

Be quiet! Sorry, but this is important. Talk to everyone on your list. Use the sample questions. Today, people!

They head out...

WILLOW

(called after)

Oh! Write neatly and label your worksheets!

INT. LIBRARY - LATER (DAY)

Jonathan, utterly confused, sits in the darkened room at the table facing a desk lamp.

Willow stands up and turns the lamp head toward him. He pulls back and squints into the light. The scene becomes a reprise of the interrogation in "Go Fish".

WILLOW

Fantasies are fun, aren't they Jonathan?

JONATHAN

I guess.

WILLOW

We all have fantasies where we're powerful and respected. Where people pay attention to us.

JONATHAN  
Maybe.

WILLOW  
But sometimes the fantasy isn't enough, is it, Jonathan? Sometimes you have to make it so people don't ignore you. Make them pay attention. You know what I'm talking about, don't you?

JONATHAN  
You want me to pay attention?

EXT. BASKETBALL COURT - DAY

Oz is talking with Hogan, the basketball star, who practices jump shots with a ball. Oz holds his "worksheet".

HOGAN  
This is for the yearbook?

OZ  
(nodding)  
"Personality profiles".

HOGAN  
Can you ask it again?

OZ  
Do you ever feel that you've created a false persona for yourself of the guy who does everything right, and how much of a strain does that put on you to maintain it?

HOGAN  
Huh. Wow. I guess... moderate strain? Is that a good answer? I want to get this right.

OZ  
Uh-huh.

Oz checks something off on his list.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Mr. Beach is erasing the blackboard in an empty room. Cordelia enters.

CORDELIA  
Hi, Mr. Beach. I was just wondering if you were planning on killing a bunch of people tomorrow? Oh, it's for the yearbook.

EXT. PINE GROVE STAIRS - DAY

Xander addresses three cute girls.

XANDER

Okay, so 'turn offs' include smoking,  
insensitive men and Birkenstocks.  
Now, your idea of the perfect romantic  
evening...

INT. SCHOOL NEWSPAPER OFFICE - DAY

Oz enters. No one there. Oz looks at the framed front pages on the walls. Headlines include: "TEACHERS FAIL COMPETENCY EXAM," "SCHOOL DEATH TOLL SETS RECORD," "DEPRESSION LINKED TO SCHOOL," "APATHY ON THE RISE, NO ONE CARES," and "DROP-OUTS FIND HAPPINESS". Oz exits.

ANGLE ON: FREDDY

Hiding under the desk.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Giles and Wesley, surrounded by books and magick supplies, including a vial of liquid. They look ruffled and tired.

WESLEY

Well, it seems to be coming along  
all right.

GILES

Yes, Buffy's being driving mad, we  
have no proof this will work and it  
still requires the heart of the second  
demon, which we have no idea how  
to get without the slayer.

WESLEY

Negative thinking doesn't solve problems.

GILES

Berk.

INT. BUFFY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Buffy stands at the window, looking out.

VIEW FROM BUFFY'S WINDOW

PAN across some typical Sunnydale houses. Over the first house:

WIFE (V.O.)

Look at him smiling, like he thinks I  
don't know about her...

This overlaps with:

HUSBAND (V.O.)

She doesn't know a thing. I can't believe I'm getting away with this.

This overlaps with thoughts from the next house:

MAN (V.O.)

I should've just quit. No job's worth that crap.

And over the third house:

WOMAN (V.O.)

One more drink. That'll do it. Just one more and I can sleep...

Buffy shudders. She closes the window, the curtain, but now:

MAN (V.O.)

(overlapping)

Twenty years with that company.

WIFE (V.O.)

Does he think I can't smell her perfume?

WOMAN (V.O.)

It's just a little drink.

MAN (V.O.)

He shouldn't even be the boss.

WOMAN (V.O.)

The bottle's almost empty anyway...

Buffy curls up on the bed, pulls the pillow over her head.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

The surviving mouthless demon is flung backwards into frame -- airborne for far longer than a human assault could ever accomplish. Angel, in vamp face, bounds in after him, pressing his advantage. The demon fights back with a series of hard punches that snap Angel's head back. But, on the last punch, Angel side-steps, and grabs the demon's arm, and throws the demon to the ground. Angel flings himself onto the demon, pinning it... But the demon flips Angel off him. Angel is still finding his feet when the demon is on him... catching him brutally in the head with big sweeping kicks. Angel staggers back, shaking his head to clear it. But the demon is gone. Angel looks up at the still-dark sky, worried.

INT. BUFFY'S ROOM - MORNING (DAY)

The room is dark. Buffy is on the bed, twisting and mumbling. Joyce is in a chair, wrapped in a blanket -- she has clearly been sitting up all night. She gets up and wearily crosses to the window and parts the curtains. She squints out at the early morning light.

INT. SCHOOL LOUNGE - MORNING (DAY)

Willow holds her list and talks to Nancy.



NANCY

Do I often imagine classmates are spying on me or otherwise acting suspiciously?

WILLOW

Right.

NANCY

Not 'til just now.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Freddy walks down the hall, turns a corner and sees: Oz, knocking at the door of the school newspaper office.

OZ

Freddy? You there?

Freddy ducks back, out of sight. Oz gives up, and walks past where Freddy is hiding. Freddy runs off the other way.

INT. SCHOOL LOUNGE - DAY

Xander and Larry are there.

LARRY

What? Talk louder, dude.

XANDER

(discreetly)

I'm just saying it's got to be frustrating. Having this secret? You gotta be kind of filling up with resentment, unexpressed rage waiting to burst out. Today at lunch.

LARRY

(loudly)

What secret? Being gay?

XANDER

Shhh!

LARRY

Man, I'm out. I'm so out I got my grandma fixing me up with guys.

XANDER

Oh. That's... nice?

LARRY

But it sounds like you're having a rough time with it.

XANDER

Again, may I suggest shhh?

LARRY

Look, just do it.

Freddy hurries by, making his escape from Oz. Larry spots him.

LARRY

(to Xander)

Look there. That weird Freddy  
Munson guy who does the school  
paper?

XANDER

He's gay?

LARRY

No, dude, but I bet he'd put in, like,  
a coming-out announcement for you.  
Something tasteful.

INT. BUFFY'S ROOM - MORNING (DAY)

Buffy is still curled on the bed, hands clamped over her ears, every muscle tense and tortured. Joyce and Giles look in on her from the doorway. Buffy MOANS.

JOYCE

I can't stand this. I keep wondering if  
I'm hurting her, with my thoughts.

GILES

You're not. Not anymore. She can't  
pick one thought out of the... din.

He's interrupted by the DOORBELL, followed by urgent KNOCKING.

INT. FOYER - DAY

Joyce runs down the stairs, Giles following. Wesley is there (he's been downstairs), opens the front door and steps aside, allows a shrouded figure in. Smoke curls off the blanket.

The figure beneath shrugs off the coverings... it's Angel. He holds the vial. Now the liquid inside GLOWS.

ANGEL

I got it.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Willow, Xander, Oz and Cordy compare results. The table is covered with their scattered lists, and a copy of the school paper. Headline: TEAM WINS SENSELESS CONTEST.

WILLOW

He's the only one we couldn't find?

OZ

Yeah. Freddy Munson.

CORDELIA

The newspaper guy? But we can't  
figure out it's him without the worksheet,

right?

Xander has picked up the copy of the paper.

XANDER

Uh... we do have this, people. Today's editorial titled, "BIG GAME DRAWS MINDLESS, BRAINDEAD MOB."

CORDELIA

Does he mention the cheerleaders? Because we were on.

INT. BUFFY'S ROOM - DAY

Angel is alone with Buffy. He tries to lift her into a sitting position on the bed. She fights him, weakly.

BUFFY

No. No!

ANGEL

I'm going to help you.

Buffy opens her eyes.

BUFFY

Who?

She doesn't know him. That hurts. He holds the glowing vial of liquid to Buffy's mouth, forces some into her. Then he settles her in the bed and kisses her lightly on the lips. But as he stands up, she gasps and CONVULSES. He grabs her, holds her, trying to control her flailing limbs.

ANGEL

Giles!

EXT. FOUNTAIN COURT - DAY

Students hang a new banner: "1999 CHAMPS!" Larry crosses through. Nancy sits on a bench, reading.

CUT TO:

A BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE FOUNTAIN COURT

As our gang passes through at a fast walk. PULL BACK TO REVEAL we are:

INT. TOWER - DAY

Jonathan looks down at them. He kneels by a case on the floor. Opens it. Inside, separated into parts, is a rifle.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

## Act Four

INT. BUFFY'S ROOM

Angel kneels beside the motionless Buffy, holding her hand. Joyce and Giles stand nearby. Buffy opens her eyes.

JOYCE  
Thank God.

ANGEL  
Buffy?

She looks at him. Absolutely blank. Until...

BUFFY  
Angel?

JOYCE  
Are you all right? Do you hear thoughts?

BUFFY  
(tries)  
No...  
(looks to Giles)  
Did you find the killer?

INT. SCHOOL NEWSPAPER OFFICE - DAY

Freddy sits at his desk, writing. The door opens. Willow, Xander, Oz and Cordy enter. Freddy starts to stand up, then drops back into his chair -- caught.

FREDDY  
Okay, Oz. You got me. What are your  
friends going to do? Hold me down?

WILLOW  
You better believe it, Buster. You can't  
threaten a big murder without getting us  
pretty darn ticked.

FREDDY  
Murder? What murder? You're not  
here about the review?

OZ  
The review?

Freddy hands a paper to Oz.

FREDDY  
Last Thursday.

OZ  
(reading)  
"Dingoes Ate My Baby' play their  
instruments as if they had plump Polish

sausages taped to their fingers..."

FREDDY  
Sorry, man.

OZ  
No. It's fair.

FREDDY  
I get a lot of hate mail. I sorta figured  
you were bringing yours personally.

He indicates a box.

Cordy perches on the edge of the desk and starts idly opening and reading the mail from the in-box.

XANDER  
Hey, if you happen to find a tasteful  
announcement about me from Larry --

WILLOW  
Xander. We have to figure this out.

CORDELIA  
Oh, we have no shot. The killer could  
be anyone. We lose.

BUFFY (O.S.)  
We still have a few minutes.

Buffy is standing in the doorway. There is general excitement:

WILLOW  
Buffy!

XANDER  
You're okay! Can you hear thoughts?

BUFFY  
No.

XANDER  
And just when I wasn't thinking  
about sex.

BUFFY  
Okay. Here's the new plan. We try to  
get Snyder to evacuate the school and  
just hope our bad guy isn't waiting outside  
with--

CORDELIA  
(reading)  
"By this time tomorrow, you'll all know  
what I've done."

Slowly, everyone turns and stares at Cordy.

CLOSE ON: CORDELIA

CORDELIA

"...I'm sure you understand that I had to do it, and that although death is never easy, it is the only way."

She tosses the letter aside.

CORDELIA

God, doesn't anyone write in to praise the cheerleaders? We are so unsung.

Willow scrambles for the discarded letter. Looks at the signature.

WILLOW

Jonathan. Ooh. I had him in my grasps, the slippery weasel.

BUFFY

Split up. Find him.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Oz looks in, flinging the door open on the run. The room's empty. He moves on.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Willow runs in, looks around, heads up into the stacks.

WILLOW

Jonathan? Are you in here?

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

As Xander runs into the cafeteria, a few other early customers start drifting in.

XANDER  
(urgently)  
Jonathan?

He looks past the counter into the kitchen.

XANDER  
Ooh. Jell-O.

INT. LOUNGE - DAY

Cordy sees someone from the back. Is it Jonathan? She spins him around, her hand cocked back to punch. It isn't. She pushes the terrified boy away and grabs another one...

EXT. FOUNTAIN COURT - DAY

Buffy pushes her way through the between-class crowd. She looks around frantically. She looks up and sees the glint of sunlight off metal, a gun muzzle in the

tower! She runs up the exterior staircase. Nancy, in the courtyard, watches Buffy run. Buffy reaches the second level. She JUMPS up, grabs the eaves and, using super-human Slayer strength and dexterity, she FLIPS herself over onto the roof.

NANCY  
I could have done that.

INT. TOWER - DAY

Jonathan is putting the rifle together. The muzzle protrudes over the edge of the tower.

EXT. ROOF - DAY

Buffy runs on the roof. She reaches the edge of the tower and JUMPS...

INT. TOWER - DAY

...CRASHING through into the tower. Buffy LANDS, ROLLS right into the line of fire of the rifle.

JONATHAN  
Get away from me!

She comes up slow, eyes on him.

BUFFY  
Okay, Jonathan, you wanna point that somewhere else?

JONATHAN  
You better not try and stop me.

BUFFY  
No. No stopping. I'm just here for the view. Hey look, city hall.

JONATHAN  
Go away.

BUFFY  
Never gonna happen.

JONATHAN  
You think I won't use this?

BUFFY  
I don't know, Jonathan, I'm just --

JONATHAN  
Stop doing that!

BUFFY  
Doing what?

JONATHAN  
Stop saying my name like we're friends.  
We're not friends. You all think I'm an

idiot. A short idiot.

BUFFY  
I don't.

His hands tighten on the gun. He's getting angry.

BUFFY  
I don't think about you much at all.  
Most people here don't. Bugs you,  
doesn't it? You've got all this pain,  
all these feelings and nobody's  
paying attention.

JONATHAN  
You think I just want attention?

BUFFY  
No, I think you're in the bell tower  
with a high powered rifle because you  
want to blend in. Believe it or not, Jonathan,  
I understand. About the pain.

JONATHAN  
Oh, right. 'Cause the burden of being  
beautiful and athletic, that's acripler.

BUFFY  
I'm sorry, I was wrong. You are an idiot.

This stops him.

BUFFY  
My life happens very occasionally to  
suck beyond the telling of it. More than  
I can stand sometimes. And not just me.  
Every single person down there is  
ignoring your pain because they're way  
too busy with their own. The beautiful  
ones, the popular ones, the guys that  
pick on you... everyone.

She comes around to look down at the courtyard. He looks as well, his grip on the  
gun loosening.

BUFFY  
If you could hear what they're feeling -  
the confusion, the loneliness... It looks  
quiet down there. It's not. It's deafening.

They stand side by side for a moment, looking down.

BUFFY  
You know I could have taken the  
gun by now.

JONATHAN  
I know.



BUFFY  
(holds out her hand)  
Rather do it this way.

Slowly, he hands her the gun. Her hand is shaking a little as she takes it and unloads it.

JONATHAN  
I just wanted it to stop.

BUFFY  
Well, mass murder is not actually  
doctor recommended for this kind  
of pain. And by the way, prison? A  
lot like high school, only instead  
of noogies --

JONATHAN  
What are you talking about?

BUFFY  
Actions having consequences, stuff  
like that --

JONATHAN  
I wouldn't ever hurt anybody. I came up  
here to kill **myself**.

Off her look:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Xander sneaks in, heads right for the Jell-O. He's just scooping out a big wobbly spoonful when he glances to one side and sees the Lunch Lady, pouring powder from an enormous container marked "RAT POISON" into the mulligan stew. They stand there for a second and stare at each other. Boy with Jell-O. Woman with rat poison. Both caught. Finally it occurs to both of them that the thing she was caught doing was worse than what he was caught doing. She lunges for Xander and he bolts back into the cafeteria.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

By now the place is filling with people. Some of them have already loaded their trays with stew.

XANDER  
Rat poison! Rat poison!

Everyone stares at him. At one table, diners are already dipping their utensils into the stew. Xander OVERTURNS the table. Stew flies!

XANDER  
Drop your spoons! Step away from  
the spoons!

The Lunch Lady SCREAMS out of the kitchen, holding a huge CLEAVER and lunging for Xander. He yelps and runs, his feet slipping in the spilled stew. He falls. The Lunch Lady is closing in on him when Buffy steps right in front of her.

BUFFY  
Okay, let's calm down.

LUNCH LADY  
Vermin you're all vermin... you come  
in and you eat and you eat! Filth!

BUFFY  
I don't see this being settled with logic.

The Lunch Lady lunges at her with the cleaver. Buffy knocks it aside with her bare hand, hitting the flat of the blade. The woman strikes again and Buffy kicks-and-punches, knocking the Lunch Lady backwards into tables and chairs and unconsciousness.

EXT. SCHOOL - MORNING (DAY)

Students stream toward the school. Among them, Willow and Buffy, carrying books.

WILLOW  
So you're feeling better about Angel.

BUFFY  
Yeah. I mean, we talked, and he  
ripped the heart out of a demon  
and fed it to me, and later we talked  
some more.

WILLOW  
See, that's how it should work.

Giles falls into step with them.

GILES  
Good morning.

WILLOW  
Hi, Giles. Oh, I should get to the  
yearbook office. I'm going to give  
them the murderer questionnaires.  
They really are good reading.

They ad lib good-byes as Willow heads off, and Buffy and Giles walk on together.

GILES  
How are you?

BUFFY  
Lovin' the quiet. Nobody in here but me.

GILES  
And Jonathan? How is he doing?

BUFFY  
Pretty crappy. His parents are freaking,  
he's suspended, and toting a piece to  
school not exactly earning him a place  
with the 'in' crowd. But I think he's dealing.

GILES

It's good of you to check up on him.

BUFFY

It's nice to be able to help someone in a non-slaying capacity. But he's starting to get that look, like he's gonna ask me to the prom.

GILES

Well, you know, it would probably help his self esteem if --

BUFFY

What am I, Saint Buffy? He's like three feet tall.

GILES

Good to see you've emerged from your psychic adventure more or less intact. Feel up to some training?

BUFFY

Sure. We can work out after school. You know, if you're not too busy HAVING SEX WITH MY MOTHER!

BLACK OUT.

END OF SHOW