

The Freshman

July 22, 1999 (White)

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Teaser

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT - (NIGHT ONE)

Amidst the creepy headstones we find Buffy and Willow. Willow sits leaning against a stone, pouring over a UC Sunnydale course book, trying to choose courses for Buffy. Buffy stands, paces a bit, restless and a little unsettled by the thought of college.

Propped up on the headstone are a couple of crossbows. Stakes and crosses also lie about. Just behind Willow is a fresh grave.

BUFFY
Anything?

She looks out in the night as she says this. From her attitude, she could be talking slaying.

WILLOW
Ah! Introduction to the Modern Novel.
"A survey study of twentieth century
novelists...", open to freshmen...
You might like that...

BUFFY
Introduction to the Modern Novel.
I'm guess I'd probably have to **read**
the modern novel.

WILLOW
Maybe more than one.

BUFFY
I like books, I just don't wanna take
on too much. Do they have an
Introduction to the Modern Blurb?

WILLOW
Ooh! Short story.

BUFFY
That's good.

WILLOW
Oh, no, it conflicts. With Psych.

BUFFY
Maybe I shouldn't take Psych.

WILLOW
Oh, you gotta! It's fun, and you can

use it for your science requirement.
Anyway Professor Walsh is supposed
to be great, she's like world renowned.

BUFFY

How do you get renowned? Do you
have to be nowned first?

WILLOW

(still reading)

Yes, first there is the painful nowning
process - wait. "Images of Pop Culture".
This is good. They watch movies, shows,
even commercials.

BUFFY

For credit?

She scurries down next to Willow, looks with her.

WILLOW

Isn't college cool?

BUFFY

How did I miss that one?

WILLOW

Well, you did sort of leave your
course selection to the last minute.

BUFFY

Sorry, Miss "I chose my major in
playgroup."

WILLOW

(nose in the air)

That's an exaggeration. I just think,
you know, it's fun to be prepared.
You don't wanna be caught unawares.

ANGLE: FROM JUST ABOVE THE GRAVE

As the girls talk, their backs more or less to us, a HAND shoots out of the grave in foreground.

A vampire starts clawing his way out of the grave. Neither girl sees.

BUFFY

I've been busy, you know? It's been
a slay-heavy summer. I haven't had a
lot of time to think about life at UC
Sunnydale.

WILLOW

It's exciting, though, huh?

BUFFY

Yeah. Gonna be an adjustment...

WILLOW
Sure. It's like five miles away.
Uncharted territory.

BUFFY
Giles says I have to be secret identity
gal again. If too many people know
I'm the slayer, I'm a target blah blah
blah...

WILLOW
That makes sense.

BUFFY
Gonna be tough. With a roommate...

WILLOW
Yeah...

As they continue to talk, the vampire pulls himself out of the grave and stands behind them. He approaches, grinning hideously.

He sees the crossbows and whatnot. Stops, considering whether it's worth the fight. Still neither girl notices.

BUFFY
I'm psyched for college, definitely.
I'm just wondering how it's gonna
work with my extracurricular activities.
I gotta make sure it doesn't take the
edge off my slaying. Gotta stay sharp.

The vampire has, by this time, wandered off. Buffy looks back at the grave...

BUFFY (cont'd)
Is that guy ever gonna wake up?

BLACK OUT.

END OF TEASER

Act One

EXT. CAMPUS - DAY - (DAY TWO)

CLOSE ON: Buffy. Looking about, her orientation package clutched to her breast. Just a bit overwhelmed.

WIDER ANGLE: As well she might be. THE CAMPUS is a milling cacophony of students, shouting, greeting each other, running around, protesting this, leafleting about that, being college students. In the midst of it all, Buffy looks just about as small as she feels.

The voice of a STUDENT VOLUNTEER rings out to one side - Buffy turns to hear, or mostly hear:

VOLUNTEER STUDENT
Freshmen! We're doing this by folder

color! If you're not holding a yellow folder, you're in the wrong group!
You belong up by Wiesman hall.

Buffy, having caught most of this over the general noise, looks for her folder. There is a green thing that might be it, but no yellow. She looks about her for some guidance, but there's none, and she finally trudges in the general direction of where the student volunteer pointed.

To the other side, she sees a protest in progress, twenty or so kids and a guy and a girl - both alt-rock hippy types, both pretty pissed off about something. Behind them, an amateurishly painted banner that reads: IT HAS TO **STOP!** The girl shouts into a megaphone:

ANGRY GIRL
WHAT DO WE WANT?

Twenty kids respond with twenty different answers, all rendered unintelligible in the din.

ANGRY GIRL (cont'd)
When do we want it?

TWENTY KIDS
NOW!!!

Buffy tries to get through the back of the crowd, is suddenly handed a leaflet as she clears. The earnest fellow - dark, wearing a turban - foists it upon her with:

EARNEST FELLOW
Rally tomorrow night. We have to let the administration know how we feel.

BUFFY
Okay. Right.

She gets a few more paces and a conservative young woman hands her another leaflet.

CONSERVATIVE YOUNG WOMAN
Have you accepted Jesus Christ as your personal savior?

BUFFY
Well you know I meant to, and then I was busy all day...

She is trying to keep going, but this is getting to be too much. Her third leaflet comes from an exceptionally nonserious guy.

NONSERIOUS GUY
Party Thursday at Alpha Delt. Gotta be there - free jello shots for freshmen women. That's our guarantee.

BUFFY
Right. Do you know where Wiesman Hall is?

ANGLE: WILLOW comes bounding down to meet Buffy. Her hand is also full of leaflets and folders, but unlike Buffy, she's in heaven.

WILLOW
Buffy!

BUFFY
Hey, Will! Boy am I glad to see you.

They fall into step together.

WILLOW
Isn't it cool?! There's so much stuff
going on!

BUFFY
Yeah!... Almost, one might say, **too** much...

WILLOW
I got all my courses, except I had to
switch Modern Poetry for Ethnomusicology,
but that's cool, West African drumming,
I think it's gonna change everything for
me. Have you met your roommate yet?
(Buffy shakes her head)
Me neither. Hope she's cool.

BUFFY
(re: leaflets)
I see you got ticketed too.

WILLOW
Oh yeah! It's great. I've heard about
five different issues and I'm angry
about each and every one of them.
(looking at Buffy's)
What'd you get?

BUFFY
(holding up the last one)
Jello shots.

WILLOW
I didn't get jello shots...
(looks through hers)
I'll trade you a Take Back the Night...

Buffy hands over all of them, which Willow happily takes.

BUFFY
Are we headed anywhere near
Wiesman? I need to get my I.D. Card.

WILLOW
Oh, I got mine first thing. The lines
are really long now. You should have
gone early.

BUFFY

Well, I hope that I learn from this, and that I grow.

WILLOW

I'm being annoying, aren't I?

BUFFY

No, it's nice that you're all excited.

WILLOW

It's just... In high school, knowledge was pretty much frowned upon. You really had to work to learn anything.

But here, I mean, the energy, the collective intelligence -- it's like this force, this penetrating force, I can feel my mind just opening up, you know, letting the place just thrust into it and... spurt knowledge... into... that sentence ended up in a different place than it started out in.

BUFFY

I get it, though, I do. I'm all for spurdy knowledge, really, I just... it's a little overwhelming, you know? Don't you feel that?

WILLOW

(trying to be nice)

Well, I mean... Boyfriend!

She refers to OZ, who wanders down to greet them.

OZ

Hey, guys.

WILLOW

It's my on-campus boyfriend!

Kissage from Will and Oz, not entirely of the G-rating.

BUFFY

Gee, I forgot to pick mine up. That line's probably really long now too.

Kissage over now.

WILLOW

How are you doing?

OZ

Good. This is pretty much a madhouse, a madhouse.

BUFFY

(jumps on it)

Oh, isn't it overwhelming? I was saying that - aren't you just completely disoriented?

PASSING STUDENT
Oz!

OZ
Hey, Paul!

PASSING STUDENT
Finally matriculating with us, very cool.
Tell me you guys are playing this week.

OZ
Thursday night. Alpha Delt.

WILLOW
(re: leaflet)
Ooh! I have that one.

PASSING STUDENT
(to Oz)
I'm bringing the wrecking crew. Jello
SHOTS! Do you know where they're
distributing the work study applications?

OZ
Back of Richmond hall, next to the auditorium.

PASSING STUDENT
Thanks. See you, bro.

OZ
Yeah.

He turns to Buffy, tries to find common ground.

OZ (cont'd)
The band's played here a lot. But it's
still all new. I don't know what the Hell's going on.
(to a student)
Hey, Doug.

INT. LIBRARY FOYER/STAIRS/LIBRARY - A BIT LATER (DAY)

The girls enter, looking for:

WILLOW
Library...
(picks an entrance)
Library! Come on.

They walk across the foyer and up the stairs.

BUFFY
It's too bad Giles couldn't be librarian
here. Be convenient.

WILLOW
Well, he says he's enjoying being a
Gentleman of Leisure.

BUFFY
Gentleman of Leisure. Isn't that just
British for "unemployed?"

WILLOW
Uh huh. He's a slacker now.

BUFFY
Speaking of slack, have you heard
anything from Xander?

WILLOW
Not for a while. He's still doing his cross
country see-America thing. He said he
wasn't coming back until he'd driven
to all fifty states.

BUFFY
Did you explain about Hawaii?

WILLOW
Well, he seemed so determined...

BUFFY
I hope he gets back soon. It'd be fun
to get the gang together, you know,
hanging out in the... library...

They've entered. The library is not exactly like their old high school haunt. It's somewhat more unbelievably gigantoid. Willow is clearly as excited by it as Buffy is unnerved.

BUFFY (cont'd)
Wow.

WILLOW
Isn't it amazing?

BUFFY
It's... cozy...

WILLOW
You know, I never wanted to hurt
Giles' feelings, but occult books aside,
our old library didn't have the greatest
selection. But this...

BUFFY
It's, yeah... it'll be great if we ever
need a place for... the Nuremberg rallies...

WILLOW
It's like a REAL library!

Someone shushes them.

WILLOW (cont'd)
See!?

She takes off with manic glee, leaving Buffy to look about her with somewhat less.

INT. STUDENT STORE - DAY

Buffy makes her way through the shelves of books, a bunch stacked in her arms. There is chaos here as well - it's thick with students.

Willow joins her with a basket.

WILLOW
Here.

BUFFY
Thanks.

Buffy gratefully dumps her books on top of Willow's.

BUFFY (cont'd)
I can't wait till Mom gets the bill
for these books. I hope it's a **funny** aneurism...

WILLOW
Introduction to Psychology. Up there.

She has found their psych textbooks. They are up high, too high for Willow to reach with her burden.

BUFFY
Here.

She stretches...

BUFFY (cont'd)
This store discriminates against short
people.

WILLOW
I think there's a protest next week.

BUFFY
Got it!

She grabs the bottom most one - it sticks out - and pulls, causing the whole pile on top to tumble off the shelf and on to the head of a kneeling student.

BUFFY (cont'd)
Oh! Oh god, sorry!

RILEY
I'm okay. It's okay.

He stands, shaking his head. RILEY FINN is a junior, tall and good looking, with an open, honest face. He smiles wryly at the diminutive pair.

RILEY (cont'd)
Well. That was bracing.

BUFFY

I'm so, I just... the books were too high,
and then everything was bad.

She scrambles to pick them up. He kneels.

RILEY
Let me give you a hand.

He sticks a few books on a lower shelf.

RILEY (cont'd)
Let's put a few down here.
(re: books, as he hands
over two)
So, are you girls taking Intro Psych,
or do you just want me dead?

BUFFY
Uh-huh. I mean the first one.

RILEY
Well, you'll have a lot of fun. Professor
Walsh, she's quite a character.

WILLOW
You've taken it?

RILEY
I'm a T.A. I'll be helping the professor
out. I'm sorry, I've forgotten my manners
in all the concussion. I'm Riley.

WILLOW
Willow. And this is my friend Buffy.

RILEY
It's nice to meet you both.

BUFFY
I'm nice to meet.

Before Buffy can work out what went wrong with that sentence, Willow continues.

WILLOW
Do you know if we're gonna cover
operant conditioning in the first semester?
I heard that was kind of Professor Walsh's
specialty.

RILEY
Absolutely. You know her treatise on
Dietrick's work?

WILLOW
I know **of** it...

RILEY
It's not on the syllabus but it's a fascinating
read, if you're into that sort of thing.

They have it here.

WILLOW
Ooh! Where?

RILEY
I'll show you.

The three of them start off together.

RILEY (cont'd)
I don't meet a lot of freshmen that
know that much about psychology.

WILLOW
Well, it's fascinating.

BUFFY
Yeah, 'cause... you know, everyone's
got a brain...

Riley smiles politely at this lamest of comments. Buffy trails behind the other two, awed by her own ineptitude.

BUFFY (cont'd)
(to herself)
Or, almost everyone...

INT. BUFFY'S DORM ROOM/HALL OUTSIDE - DUSK

Buffy makes her way through yet more students to get to her room. She enters to find her new roomie, KATHY, setting up her side of the room.

BUFFY
Hello?

KATHY
Oh! Are you Buffy?

BUFFY
Yeah.

KATHY
Kathy.

BUFFY
Yeah, it's nice to meet you.

KATHY
Yeah.

BUFFY
So. It's a pretty nice room.

KATHY
I was surprised, 'cause you hear horror
stories about freshman housing. You

took the right side.

BUFFY

Uh, yeah, but if you wanted to be on the right...

KATHY

No no, I just wanted to make sure that was what you wanted. Are you excited for classes tomorrow?

BUFFY

Painfully.

KATHY

I bet there's a lot of parties to go to this week, too. Not that I'm a crazy partier - and I'm not always this hyper, either. I'm just excited.

BUFFY

I know. Me too.

As she continues to talk Kathy puts up a Backstreet Boys poster.

KATHY

I'm really glad they put me with someone cool. I can tell you're cool. I just know this whole year is gonna be superfun!

INT. BUFFY'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT - (NIGHT TWO)

Lights are out. It's two thirty in the morning. Buffy lies wide awake.

Kathy sleeps soundly, making smacking noises with her lips, plus the occasional snore and mutter. Superfun.

EXT. CAMPUS - DAY - (DAY THREE)

To establish. Students head for classes.

INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

It's a large classroom. Like huge, and packed with students. Buffy takes a seat near the back as Professor RIEGERT talks. He is a charismatic, eccentric figure with a fairly booming voice.

PROF RIEGERT

The point of this course is not to critique popular American culture, it is not to pick at it or look down upon it. And it is not to watch videos for credit.

The students laugh. Buffy turns to the students next to her and whispers:

BUFFY

Did he say if this course is full yet?

PROF RIEGERT

The point is to examine its structures,
its schemata and recurrent themes and
there are two people talking at once.
I know that one of them is me.

Buffy stops, looks around her.

PROF RIEGERT

The other is a blond girl. You.
Blond girl. Stand up.

Buffy does, meekly.

PROF RIEGERT (cont'd)

I'm very excited to hear what you
have to say that's worth interrupting
my lecture for.

BUFFY

Well, I...

PROF RIEGERT

Getting off to kind of a slow start.

Some titters.

BUFFY

I just didn't know if the class was still
open, if we could still sign up...

PROF RIEGERT

(holds up attendance sheet)
If your name isn't on this sheet then
you are wasting everyone's time. Are
you on the sheet?

BUFFY

No, but -- I was told that --

PROF RIEGERT

Do you understand? You are sucking
energy from everyone in this room.
You are taking their time, their energy.
They came here to learn. Get out.

BUFFY

I didn't mean... to suck...

PROF RIEGERT

Leave! Thank you.

Buffy leaves, too ashamed and hurt to speak.

INT. HALL/LECTURE HALL - DAY

Buffy glumly makes her way down the hall to her next class. She pauses, not sure

where she is, as Riley comes up from nearby.

RILEY
If you're looking for psych, it's through here.

BUFFY
Oh. Thanks.

They walk a bit.

BUFFY (cont'd)
How's your head?

RILEY
Sorry?

BUFFY
Yesterday... in the store... You
don't remember.

RILEY
Oh, no, sure I remember you. You're
Willow's friend.

BUFFY
(crestfallen)
Yeah.

RILEY
My head's fine. It just stung for a bit
and I lost most of my basic motor
functions. No biggy.

They have entered the class.

RILEY (cont'd)
We're here. I'm sorry, I'm trying to -

BUFFY
Buffy.

RILEY
Right. Have fun.

BUFFY
Um, I'm just wondering - Professor
Walsh isn't planning to yell at me
and kick me out of her class, is she?

RILEY
It's not on her lesson plan...

BUFFY
Great.

She turns to see Willow waving for Buffy to sit with her and Oz. As Buffy takes her seat, Professor MAGGIE WALSH sweeps into the room. She is a down to earth, likable woman in her fifties. As smart as she is strong willed. She peers at her

students a moment as they quiet down.

WILLOW
(to Buffy)
How was Pop Culture?

BUFFY
I decided not to take it. It seemed dull.

PROF WALSH
Okay. This is Psych 105, Introduction to Psychology. I'm Professor Walsh. Those of you who fall into my good graces will come to know me as Maggie. Those of you who don't will come to know me by the nickname my T.A.'s use and think I don't know about, the Evil Bitch-Monster of Death.

Some laughs. Buffy is too twitchy to laugh herself. She realizes she's in for some tough sledding here.

PROF WALSH (cont'd)
Make no mistake: I run a hard class. I assign a lot of work, I talk fast and I expect you to keep up. If you're looking to coast through this, I recommend Geology 101. It's where the football players are.

EXT. PATH IN WOODS ON CAMPUS - NIGHT - (NIGHT THREE)

Buffy walks. She stops, looks around her. The end of a perfect day: she's lost.

Frustrated, she continues. Looking about her for a signpost or anything, she suddenly bumps (MUSICAL STING) into the innocuous figure of EDDIE.

She jumps back, startled, as does he.

BUFFY
Oh!

EDDIE
Oh. Wow. Sorry.

BUFFY
No, I'm sorry. Wasn't looking.

EDDIE
Did you, uh, lose your way?

BUFFY
No, no, I'm just heading to Fischer Hall, it's right... uh, I know it's... on the Earth planet, I'm sure of that...
(fessing up)
Recently voted Most Pathetic, uh huh.

EDDIE

(shows her map)
Well, **I'm** lost, and I have a **map**, so...

BUFFY
Ooh! I come in second.

She comes next to him and looks at the map.

BUFFY (cont'd)
I'm Buffy, by the way.

EDDIE
Eddie. Edward. I mean - Edward.
But I aspire to be Eddie.

BUFFY
Okay, here's Fischer Hall...

EDDIE
Yeah, and this is Dunwirth, that's my
dorm, but it's us I can't find.

BUFFY
Are we the blue part?

EDDIE
No. Yes.

BUFFY
Yes. Okay, I came from here, so, we
go... that way.

She points.

BUFFY (cont'd)
To the bike path.

EDDIE
You sound very certain. I'm in.

They start walking.

EDDIE (cont'd)
Are you taking Psych 105 with
Professor Walsh?

BUFFY
Yeah. I mean, I'm gonna try. She's not
afraid of the long words, is she?

EDDIE
She's pretty intense. A lot of the courses
are really tough.

BUFFY
I'm a little upset. I had it on good
authority this was a party school.

EDDIE
I think it gets easier.

BUFFY
Yeah, I still feel like carrying around
a security blanket.

EDDIE
Of Human Bondage. Have you ever
read it?

BUFFY
(never heard of it)
No, I'm not big on... porn... I mean
I've cut way back.

EDDIE
No, there's no actual bondage. It's
just a novel. I've read it like ten times,
I always take it everywhere. Security
blanket.

BUFFY
Oh. I don't really have one - unless
you count Mr. Pointy.

EDDIE
Mr. Pointy?

BUFFY
Hey, bike path!

They have come to the bike path. They stop and Buffy hands Eddie the map.

BUFFY (cont'd)
Thanks. It's nice to know I'm not the
only entirely confused person on campus.

EDDIE
I suspect there's a lot of us.

BUFFY
I'll look for you in Psych.

EDDIE
Yeah, maybe we can help each other
figure out what the hell they're talking
about.

BUFFY
Cool.

EDDIE
Maybe even make it through the year.

They part ways, both somewhat reassured by the encounter. Camera follows Eddie as he walks away, then turns back to look at the departing figure of Buffy. Possible crush formation.

He turns around and bumps into someone else.

She's about the age of a senior, and has been for more than thirty years. Face very white, lips very red, attitude very dangerous. Punked out, schoolgirl style, and flanked by three big vamps. Her name is SUNDAY, and she leers at little Eddie with predatory glee.

SUNDAY
I'm sorry...

As Eddie steps back, terrified...

SUNDAY (cont'd)
Did you lose your way?

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

Act Two

INT. EDDIE'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

It's a single, empty and dark. Suddenly the four vampires who were with Sunday SWEEP in, two with boxes. The four of them instantly start packing up the place. Two fill boxes, one throws stuff on the bed, one pulls down the posters. We

TIME CUT to a minute later as they are finishing. The guy who threw the stuff on the bed pulls the blanket up around it and ties it into a bundle. Hoists it as they go.

Poster guy has been scribbling something. He is the last to go, dropping it on the now bare bed as they file out. A note, on a single piece of loose-leaf.

INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY - (DAY FOUR)

The class is filing out. Maggie and Riley confer at her desk as Buffy cranes to find Eddie.

OZ
Looking for someone?

BUFFY
Yeah...

WILLOW
You've made a friend? Good for you.

BUFFY
Thanks, Mom...

Buffy is distracted as she says it. Where is Eddie?

INT. EDDIE'S DORM ROOM/HALL OUTSIDE - DAY

Buffy is entering Eddie's room as his R.A. talks to her.

R.A.
Yeah, Eddie just took off. Packed his

stuff, left a note. It happens sometimes.
Some people just can't handle it.
There's always a few kids lose it early
in the first semester and bail. The weak
ones, I guess.

He wanders off. Buffy looks about at the empty room, feeling pretty weak herself.
She sits on the bed.

Something catches her eye. She leans over to the bedside table, reaches into the
drawer.

She pulls out Eddie's copy of Of Human Bondage. Turns it over in her hand,
suspicion growing on her face.

INT. ABANDONED FRAT - DAY

ANGLE: EDDIE

Lies dead in the corner. A vampire passes him, taking us across the room.

The place is somewhat trashed, artsy murals and graffiti on the peeling walls. Piles
of stuff taken from years of Freshmen rooms. That rock and roll music the kids are
listening to nowadays blasts from a box.

At one end of the great hall sits Sunday, going through Eddie's CD's.

SUNDAY

Boring, boring, slightly less boring,
boring, astonishingly boring... we gotta
kill some cool people. Will someone
remind me?

She is answered by DAV, another girl vamp and basic Sunday wannabe, who is
trying on one of Eddie's sweaters.

DAV

You're the one who said pick on the
weak ones. Thin the herd and all that.
Does this sweater make me look fat?

SUNDAY

No, the fact that you're fat makes
you look fat. The sweater makes you
look purple.

DAV

You're such a loser.

SUNDAY

(mock pain)
Hey. Words can hurt like a fist.

ROOKIE

Check it out.

ROOKIE is male, and basically a stoner in vampface. (They are all in vampface
except Sunday.) (And just for the record, there's another vamp: Tom. He won't

speak.)

Rookie holds a rolled up poster.

SUNDAY
Well?

ROOKIE
I guess.

SUNDAY
Do we have a Klimt?

He unrolls the poster -- it is indeed the Klimt painting of a kiss.

SUNDAY (cont'd)
Yes!

ROOKIE
A big score for Klimt!

He crosses to a wall that is plastered with posters -- Klimt kisses on one side, Monet water lilies on the other. In between is a small dry erase message board with totals tallied up.

ROOKIE (cont'd)
Monet still well in the lead, but look
out for team Klimt coming from behind.

He sticks up the poster with a staple gun, marks the addition on the board.

SUNDAY
Freshmen, Man, they're so predictable.

ROOKIE
And you can never eat just one.

DAV
Yeah, I'm hungry.

SUNDAY
What a shock. We eat when I saw we eat.

DAV
We could hit the tunnels...

SUNDAY
We eat --

She goes Vampface --

SUNDAY (cont'd)
--WHEN I SAY WE EAT!

Shakes it off.

DAV

God, lighten up.

ROOKIE

I think it's funny when you scream.
It's like, whoah...

SUNDAY

I need better lackeys. I swear. I
shouldn't even bring you guys on
the hunt.

DAV

Great. Why don't you let dead Eddie
get your dinner?

SUNDAY

That's pretty much the plan.

And as she says it, the camera races back to dead Eddie, as his eyes suddenly snap open.

INT. GILES' APARTMENT - DAY

The door is slightly ajar, so Buffy swings it open, calling:

BUFFY
Giles?

There is no answer. Music plays, a Van Morrison album that perhaps has drowned her out. She enters, looking up towards the bed area, and so does not notice OLIVIA in the kitchen until she actually speaks.

OLIVIA

Rupert, is this blue cheese, or it is
just cheese that's gone blue?

Buffy turns as Olivia emerges from the kitchen, wedge in hand.

She is fairly striking, black, somewhat younger than Giles but old enough to see Buffy as nothing more than a child. She wears an oxford shirt that may well be Giles', and as far as we can see, nothing else.

The two women regard each other, surprise on both sides.

OLIVIA (cont'd)
You're not Giles.

BUFFY
You're not Giles either -- unless he
had a much more interesting week
than I did.

Olivia smiles at that.

BUFFY (cont'd)
The door was open, I just -- Giles
does still live here, right?

OLIVIA
He does.

Giles emerges from the back room, wearing a dressing gown over his clothes -- elegant, but decidedly casual.

OLIVIA (cont'd)
He appears. Rupert, you have a guest.

GILES
Buffy! Hello.

BUFFY
Is this a bad time?

GILES
No, uh, forgive me. This is Olivia.
Old friend, stopping over for a few
days.

OLIVIA
Couldn't pass through Sunny Cal
without looking up old Ripper.

BUFFY
Uh huh...

GILES
(to Olivia)
Buffy is a... was a student of mine.
And how is University?

BUFFY
Kind of like high school. In the sense
of that I sort of need help.

GILES
Ah. Help. Yes.

BUFFY
But this looks like a bad time.

OLIVIA
No, you guys talk. I'll go slip into
something a little less comfortable.

She exists into the back.

GILES
So, trouble with your, uh, studies?

BUFFY
It's a bad time.

GILES
You keep saying that.

BUFFY
Well, it looks pretty bad! I think someone

has just a little too much free time on their hands.

GILES

I'm not supposed to have a private life?

BUFFY

No, because you're very very old and it's gross.

GILES

Well, before I succumb to the ravages of age, why don't you tell me what brings you here.

BUFFY

There's a student missing.

GILES

Yes?

BUFFY

Eddie. He's supposed to have left school, but I don't think he did. I met him outside last night -- I went back there and right near where I saw him there was a struggle.

GILES

You suspect vampire activity?

BUFFY

That was my first thought. Actually, that was my only thought.

GILES

And?

BUFFY

What do you mean, "and"? And we need to stop them! Eddie's R.A. said kids disappear a lot. There could be a group of vampires working the campus. We need research, and charts and stuff.

GILES

I'm still not sure where I come in. You haven't described anything you can't do yourself.

BUFFY

Okay, remember before you became Hugh Hefner, when you were a watcher?

GILES

Officially, you no longer have a watcher. Buffy, you know I will always be here when you need me. Your safety is more important to me than anything. But

you are going to have to look after yourself. You're out of school now and I can't always be there to guide you.

BUFFY
Oh. Okay. I'm sorry to bug you.

GILES
Buffy --

BUFFY
No. You're right. I can deal. I was just... yeah. I'm on it. Thanks.

GILES
I'm here if you need me.

She exits. Giles looks after her, concerned, as Olivia enters the room more fully dressed.

OLIVIA
She's gone?

GILES
Yes.

OLIVIA
So. Did you help her out?

GILES
I'm not sure.

EXT. CAMPUS - NIGHT (NIGHT FOUR)

Buffy is dressed for hunting, but there are quite a few people out. She wanders a bit, brow furrowed.

BUFFY
How am I supposed to hunt in this mob? Don't you people have homes?

She stops, sees:

ANGLE: EDDIE

Off in the distance. He seems to spot her --

BUFFY (cont'd)
Eddie?

--and then takes off. Buffy gives chase.

EXT. ANOTHER, MORE SECLUDED PART OF CAMPUS - MOMENTS LATER

Buffy turns a corner, easily catching up with Eddie.

BUFFY

Eddie, wait up! God, I was worried something had happened to you and yes of course did because you're a vampire.

This last because she has spun him around and been confronted by a grinning vampface.

BUFFY (cont'd)
I'm sorry.

EDDIE
I'm not.

He lunges for her. She easily throws him, whipping out a stake.

BUFFY
You will be.

He rises slowly, a new appraisal of the girl in his eyes. He charges her again -- she dusts him easily. Buffy looks down at his ashes, alone.

Except for the five vamps who step out of the shadows, surrounding her. Sunday is directly behind, and it is she who guesses first.

SUNDAY
The Slayer?

Buffy spins.

SUNDAY (cont'd)
Wow, I heard you might be coming here. This is -- well, I mean, what a challenge. A slayer.

She just can't keep the boredom out of her voice.

BUFFY
And you are...

SUNDAY
I'm Sunday. I'll be killing you in a minute or so.

BUFFY
You know, that threat gets more frightening every time I hear it.

ROOKIE
Are we gonna fight, or is there just gonna be a monster sarcasm rally?

DAV
I'm in for a piece.

BUFFY
Everyone gets to play...

She's putting on an act -- she's actually unnerved by the odds here. And Sunday can

smell it.

SUNDAY
Guys. This is totally mine.

ROOKIE
Okay, but you gotta share the eatins',
'cause I'm thinking slayer blood's gotta
be, whoah, like thai stick.

BUFFY
I thought people in college were
supposed to get smarter.

SUNDAY
I think you had a lot of misconceptions
about college. Like that anyone would
be caught dead wearing **that**.

Buffy looks down at her outfit, genuinely concerned -- and looks back up to Sunday's fist smashing her face.

Buffy flies back, hits the ground. She scrambles back up but Sunday is on her, easily dominating with rain of well placed blows.

SUNDAY (cont'd)
Don't take this the wrong way, but --

A SLAMMING fist to the face --

SUNDAY (cont'd)
You fight like a girl.

Buffy comes back, gets a couple of good shots in -- then Sunday grabs her arm and pulls it out, slams her hand on it. We hear something splinter and Buffy SCREAMS. Another blow and she drops to her knees, holding her useless left arm.

SUNDAY (cont'd)
Did you think you were gonna show
up on my campus and just swing with
the In Crowd?

Kick to the face. Buffy rolls away, comes up breathing hard. Bloodied and broken.

SUNDAY (cont'd)
Come on. What do you got?

Sunday is all glee, waiting for Buffy's move.

Buffy turns and runs away.

The other vampires start to give chase, but quit pretty quickly.

ANGLE: ON CAMPUS

Clear of the vampires, Buffy continues running for her life. Terrified, defeated.

ANGLE: SUNDAY

Watches with utter contempt the place where Buffy fled.

SUNDAY (cont'd)
Freshmen.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

Act Three

INT. BUFFY'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Kathy lies sleeping, occasionally snorting and making teethgrindy noises.

Buffy s sitting on her bed, tending her wounds. Her left arm is clearly in a lot of pain -- she flexes it and winces, settling it gently in her lap. She looks out the window, saying nothing.

EXT. CAMPUS - DAY - (DAY FIVE)

Buffy walks slowly. She sees Willow and Oz across the quad. A moment's hesitation. She puts her hand to her bruised cheek.

She takes off, making sure they don't see her.

INT. ABANDONED FRAT - DAY

LAUGHTER fills the hall, as the vampires sit around discussing the fight with Buffy.

ROOKIE

No, the best part was when you ragged on her clothes. She was all like, "nooo, not the ensemble..."

SUNDAY

Those jeans? With the little patches? She has no one to blame but herself.

DAV

I heard they're coming back.

SUNDAY

Not if I kill every single person who wears them.

DAV

Still think you should have let us have a piece. Could have finished her off.

SUNDAY

Oh, she's not lasting the night! She's a done deal.
(inspiration)

In face.... guys, you're gonna hit the

tunnels.

INT. BUFFY'S KITCHEN - DAY

Buffy enters through the back.

BUFFY
Mom?

There is no reply. Buffy moves through the kitchen, looking at everything, taking comfort from home.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALL/BUFFY'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Buffy crests the stairs (despite the lack of a pit) just as Joyce emerges from the bedroom (despite the lack of a bedroom).

JOYCE
Buffy! Honey, how are you?

She gives a big ol' comforting momhug.

BUFFY
I'm okay...

JOYCE
How's college? Have you been
fighting?

BUFFY
They started it.

JOYCE
As long as you're being careful... I
didn't think you'd show here for a
while.

BUFFY
Well, I didn't have classes today, and
everything is so hectic, I just thought
it'd be nice to come home and crash for
a few...

She is at this point looking at her room.

ANGLE: HER ROOM

Is entirely filled with crates, objects d'art, and no small amount of packing straw.

JOYCE
Uh, well, yeah... I really didn't think
you'd be back for a couple of weeks...
I didn't move anything of yours, it's
still your room.

BUFFY
You've filled it with packing crates.

JOYCE
But I didn't move anything...

BUFFY
If it's still my room, shouldn't I be
able to fit in it?

JOYCE
It's just for a couple of weeks while
we do inventory at the gallery. I really
didn't think you'd be coming back so
soon...

BUFFY
Neither did I.

INT. BUFFY'S KITCHEN - DAY

Buffy is leaving, stops to get an apple from the fruit bowl and does not eat it.

The phone rings. Buffy moves to it and picks it up.

BUFFY
Hello?

Silence.

BUFFY (cont'd)
Hello?

The person on the other end hangs up. Buffy hangs up herself, and after a moment she exits, depositing the apple back in the bowl.

INT. BUFFY'S DORM ROOM/HALL - AFTERNOON (DAY)

Buffy makes her way down the hall and opens the door to her dorm room. She enters to see her side of the room completely cleared out -- in exactly the same manner Eddie's was.

Kathy is nowhere to be seen. Buffy takes a note off her bed, sits as she reads it. From her face, it's clear it's more or less the same as Eddie's.

ANGLE: THE NOTE

In a fair approximation of Buffy's handwriting, it reads:

"This is all just too much for me. I have decided to take off. Sorry I didn't have time to say goodbye but I need to be by myself. Good luck this year. Buffy."

A little death sentence from Sunday.

INT. BRONZE - NIGHT - (NIGHT FIVE)

A sad, slow, Splendid song is being performed on stage as Buffy walks in.

She makes her way through the crowd, passively seeking a familiar face, or at least a familiar vibe. She takes a seat not far from the stage, looks at the crowd.

Suddenly she spots:

ANGLE: ANGEL

In the crowd, turning about almost seeing her.

She starts to rise, emotion blooming on her face, when she realizes it's just:

ANGLE: SOME GUY THAT LOOKS LIKE ANGEL

Buffy settles back, disappointed. Doesn't even notice the guy next to her till he starts talking.

XANDER

The whole world in front of her, and she comes back to this dive.

She turns,

BUFFY

Xander!

And pulls him into a big ol' bear hug.

XANDER

Hey, Buff.

BUFFY

When did you get back?

XANDER

Couple of days ago.

BUFFY

You freak of nature! Why didn't you call?

XANDER

I knew you guys were starting the whole college adventure, I didn't want to, you know, help you move.

She hits him playfully.

BUFFY

I missed you. How was your trip? Is America nice? I hear it's nice.

XANDER

There was some purple mountains majesty, I'm gonna have to say.

BUFFY

What'd you do? What'd you see?

XANDER

Well...

BUFFY

Come on, tell!

XANDER
Grand Canyon.

BUFFY
(admiringly)
You saw the Grand Canyon...

XANDER
Well, I saw the movie "Grand Canyon".
On cable. Really lame.

BUFFY
(a little confused)
Oh.

XANDER
Basically I got as far as Oxnard and
the engine fell out of my car. And that
was literally, so I ended up washing
dishes at the fabulous "Ladies Night"
club for about a month and a half while
I tried to pay for the repairs. Nobody
really bothered me or spoke to me there
until one night one of the male strippers
called in sick and no power on this
Earth will make me tell you the rest of
that story. Suffice to say I traded in my
car for one that wasn't made entirely of
rust and came trundling back home to the
arms of my loving parents and everything's
exactly as it was except I sleep in the
basement and I have to pay rent. How's
college?

BUFFY
Male strippers?

XANDER
No power on this Earth.

BUFFY
Okay. College is great.

XANDER
Uh huh. Once more with even less
feeling.

She sits again, and he comes around and sits next to her.

BUFFY
No, really. Willow's in heaven -- Oz
got this great off-campus house with
the band...

XANDER
And you're sitting alone at the Bronze
looking like you were just diagnosed

with cancer of the puppy.

BUFFY

It's just... it's this vampire. She took me down, and I'm not sure how to stop her.

XANDER

Then where's the gang? Avengers assemble, let's get it going.

BUFFY

I don't want to bug them... just starting school, they don't need this...

XANDER

Okay, Buff. What's the what here.

BUFFY

I don't know, I just... what if I can't cut it.

XANDER

Can't cut what? Slaying?

BUFFY

Slaying... everything.

XANDER

Buffy, this is all about fear. It's understandable, but you can't let it control you. Fear leads to anger. Anger leads to hate. Hate leads to anger... no wait... Fear leads to hate, hate leads to the dark side... hold on... Hate... no First you get the women, then you get the money, then you get... okay forget that.

BUFFY

Well, thanks for the dada-ist pep talk. I feel much more abstract.

XANDER

The point is, you're Buffy!

BUFFY

Yeah, sure, in high school I was Buffy...

XANDER

And what, in college you're Betty Louise?

BUFFY

Yes, I'm Betty Louise Plotnik of Blue Falls Missouri. Or I might as well be.

XANDER

Buffy, I've been through some fairly

dark times in my life. Faced some scary things, among them the kitchen of the fabulous "Ladies Night" club. Let me tell you something. When it's dark and I'm all alone, and I'm scared or freaking out or whatever, I always think, "What would Buffy do?"
(beat)
You're my hero.

Buffy soaks this in, looks at him.

XANDER (cont'd)
Okay, sometimes when it's dark and I'm alone I think, "What is Buffy **wearing?**"

BUFFY
Can that be one of those things you never ever tell me about?

XANDER
It's a deal.

He stands, all momentum.

XANDER (cont'd)
Let's put this bitch in the ground, what do you say?

BUFFY
I think I say thank you.

XANDER
And nothing says "thank you" like dollars in the waistband. Okay. What do we do first?

INT. ADMINISTRATION OFFICE - NIGHT

A portion of the door has been punched out and it is ajar. By the light of a single lamp and a computer screen, Buffy and Xander work. Her at the computer, him at files and newspapers.

BUFFY
Kids disappearing every year. Not too many. Just enough so everyone believes they up and left.

XANDER
I can't believe the vampires took your stuff. Murder I expect, but petty larceny just seems so... petty.

BUFFY
Well, they have to be keeping it somewhere. On campus or real near by.

XANDER

(sees something)
How far back do the disappearances
go?

BUFFY
Seems like they weren't too common
till like '82.

XANDER
Magic number. Check it out.

Buffy comes to his side, reads:

BUFFY
Psi-Theta loses its charter, building to
be closed for renovation.

XANDER
1982. And look here.

He pulls a later paper:

XANDER (cont'd)
The former psi-Theta fraternity house
lies dormant while zoning issues drag
on before the city council... I think we
have a winner.

BUFFY
Looks pretty cherry...

XANDER
You up for a little reconnaissance?

BUFFY
You mean where we all a paint and
sculpt and stuff like that?

XANDER
No, that was the renaissance.

BUFFY
It's been a long week. Let's go
look at the house.

Off they go.

EXT. CAMPUS - NIGHT

Buffy and Xander make their way to the outskirts of campus, come to an old
boarded up building.

EXT. ROOF OF ABANDONED FRAT - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

Buffy and Xander crest the roof. Buffy climbs onto the skylight.

BUFFY

Score.

INT. ABANDONED FRAT - NIGHT

FROM BUFFY'S POV. The vampires go over her stuff.

EXT. ROOF OF ABANDONED FRAT - NIGHT

BUFFY

Oh. OH! That's my skirt. You'll never
fit in that with those hips!

Xander joins her.

BUFFY (cont'd)

We have to kill them.

XANDER

We need weapons.

BUFFY

I don't see my trunk down there. It
was under my bed. If they missed it -
Mr. Gordo! Get your filthy -- ooh!
Okay. Go to my room. If my weapons
trunk isn't there, try Willow's. I'll
keep an eye on these -- my diary...
that's so unfair...

XANDER

I'll hurry.

He takes off. Buffy continues to watch as

ANGLE: BUFFY'S POV

Sunday pulls a blouse out of a box and starts laughing, showing it to everyone.

BUFFY

Laugh all you want. This time, we
play it my way, and the rules are
just a little bit --

The skylight collapses.

INT. ABANDONED FRAT - NIGHT

The vamps scatter as Buffy falls right in front of them in a shower of glass and wood. She lands badly on her left arm, pain shooting through her as she looks up helplessly at the five monsters.

BUFFY

Ooh.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

Act Four

INT. ABANDONED FRAT - NIGHT

Buffy rolls over, tries to get up. Her left arm touches the ground and she winces, nearly screaming in agony.

Sunday approaches, flanked by vamps.

SUNDAY
Who the hell...

She sees it's Buffy.

SUNDAY (cont'd)
Say, don't I know you from beating
the crap out of you?

Buffy scrambles away, backed up against the wall.

BUFFY
Just thought I'd drop in... get it?
Drop in?? Boy. Tough room.

She smiles pathetically, looks about for a weapon, anything.

SUNDAY
I have to say, you've really got me
now. This is a diabolical plan. Throw
yourself at my feet with a broken arm
and no weapons of any kind, how
am I ever gonna get out of this one?

BUFFY
You've got a nice setup here.
(ominous)
But you made one mistake.

SUNDAY
(coming in close)
Really? What was that?

BUFFY
(dropping the act)
Well, I'm not actually positive yet,
but statistically speaking, people
usually make at least --

Sunday PUNCHES her in the face.

INT. BUFFY'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Kathy is talking with Oz and Willow, as they all puzzle Buffy's empty space.

KATHY
It seemed kind of weird.

OZ
(looking over the note)
Weird's a pretty good word for it.

WILLOW
Buffy would never just take off. It's just not in her nature except for that one time she disappeared for several months and changed her name but there were circumstances then. There's no circumstances.

KATHY
Does Buffy have a history of emotional problems? 'Cause on my request form I was pretty specific about a **stable** non-smoker.

OZ
I don't think this is her writing.

WILLOW
I bet there were circumstances. We've probably been so wrapped up in our own petty lives that we totally missed the circumstances. We're bad friends.

OZ
Let's think this through.

WILLOW
How can you be so calm?

OZ
Long, arduous hours of practice. Now either Buffy took off, or she's been robbed, or --

XANDER
It's a prank!

WILLOW
Xander!

He comes in, hugs Willow.

XANDER
How are my guys!?

He moves from Will to Kathy, hugs her hard, suddenly realizing:

XANDER (cont'd)
I don't know you, do I?

KATHY
No.

XANDER

And this is very intrusive, isn't it.

KATHY
Little bit.

He pulls away.

XANDER
Xander.

KATHY
Kathy.

He turns to Oz.

XANDER
Do we hug?

OZ
I think we're too manly.

WILLOW
What's a prank?

XANDER
Prank? Oh! The room! Some friends of Buffy's played a funny joke, they took her stuff and now she wants us to help get it back from her friends who sleep all day and have no tans.

WILLOW
Oh, those friends.

OZ
They're funny guys.

Xander looks under the bed. Nothing there.

XANDER
So they took the chest. Well, let's go then and go to our friend. It was nice meeting you, Kathy.

KATHY
You too. Stop by sometime.

They file out.

INT. HALL OUTSIDE BUFFY'S DORM ROOM - CONTINUOUS (NIGHT)

The three pick up speed.

XANDER
Let's go to Will's, get supplies.

WILLOW

Is Buffy in danger?

XANDER
She's in a holding pattern. We've got
some time.

INT. ABANDONED FRAT - NIGHT

Buffy is slammed to the ground. She sees in front of her:

ANGLE: BUFFY'S WEAPONS TRUNK. Under some of her other stuff. She crawls
towards it.

Sunday steps between her and it and picks up something else: Buffy's Class
Protector umbrella.

SUNDAY
Oh, this is my favorite item. What
better way to say, I am the very most
of geek."

BUFFY
You don't want to touch that.

Sunday drops it -- and steps on the handle, breaking it as she grabs Buffy by her
left arm. Buffy gasps in pain as Sunday jerks her to her feet.

SUNDAY
This arm's not looking so good. It
might have to come off.

Buffy is getting fed up.

BUFFY
You wanna know the truth?

Sunday waits.

BUFFY (cont'd)
I only need one.

And before Sunday can react Buffy decks her, spin kicks -- starts a furious assault
on the vampire. One solid kick sends Sunday to the ground. She comes back up in
vampface and Buffy hits her again.

Dav attacks Buffy from the rear but Buffy is ready for her, flips her into the corner.

ROOKIE
This is starting to suck...

Sunday comes back up but Buffy is a one armed machine, sends her back. Buffy
grabs a tennis racket and BREAKS it over the face of Dav, who flees. Buffy now has
a stake. Tom, Jerry and Rookie edge towards exits as well.

ANGLE: the entrance.

As the three vamps come toward it, it bursts open. Xander, Willow and Oz rush in
and engage Jerry and Rookie. Willow puts a crossbow bolt into Rookie's heart as

Xander and Oz take out Jerry. Tom makes it out the door at top speed.

ANGLE: BUFFY

Approaches a shaken Sunday.

BUFFY

When you look back at this, in the
three seconds it takes to turn to dust,
I think you'll find the mistake was
touching my stuff.

Sunday attacks, Buffy parries, Sunday grabs her stake hand -- then viciously
squeezes her other arm. Buffy blanches. The stake stops.

SUNDAY

What about breaking your arm?

She squeezes harder.

SUNDAY (cont'd)

How does that feel?

BUFFY

Let me answer that question with a
headbutt.

And she does, sending Sunday staggering back.

BUFFY (cont'd)

And for the record, the arm is hurt.

She PUNCHES Sunday with her LEFT ARM, sending Sunday literally across the room.

BUFFY (cont'd)

It's not broken.

Sunday lands in a pile of old freshman possessions. She slowly scrambles out.

Buffy turns to her friends as they come from the door. Back to Sunday, she picks up
her racket stake.

OZ

Hey, Buff. You need a hand?

BUFFY

No thanks...

Sunday rises behind her, several yards away.

Buffy spins the stake in her hand. Backhand HURLS it across the room without even
looking at her target.

It hits Sunday in the chest, driving her back into the wall, into dust.

BUFFY (cont'd)

...I'm good.

A moment, as the group settles into victory.

INT. CAMPUS OUTSIDE ABANDONED FRAT - NIGHT

The group exit the frat, all laden down with Buffy's stuff.

XANDER

So, all that other stuff in there, that's just gonna sit there, right? I mean, nobody owns it in the strictest sense...

OZ

Seems wrong somehow.

XANDER

Dibs on the rowing machine.

GILES

Buffy!

He runs up to her, out of breath, laden with weapons.

WILLOW

Hi Giles.

XANDER

What's with the arsenal?

GILES

Buffy, I've been up all night. I know I'm supposed to teach you self-reliance, but I'm not leaving you out there to fight alone. The hell with what's right! I'm ready to back you up. Let's find that evil and fight it together.

Beat.

BUFFY

Great. Thanks. We'll get right on that.

They walk on, Giles joining them.

GILES

The evil is this way?

BUFFY

My room is.

WILLOW

Giles, can you get this box on top?

He helps Will with her burden.

XANDER

(to Buffy)

College not that scary after all, huh?

BUFFY
It's turning out to be a lot like high
school. Which I can handle. You
know, at least I know what to expect.

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF CAMPUS - NIGHT

Tom, The silent vampire, makes his way through the shadows, afraid for his life. He stops. Hears something. Turns.

A TASER shoots out at him, wires attaching to his body and sending massive jolts of electricity through his body. He collapses to the ground, unable to do anything but look. He sees:

ANGLE: THREE FIGURES

Emerging from the darkness. They are dressed much like commandoes -- camouflage pants, sweaters -- with ski masks and infrared goggles covering their entire faces. The two not carrying the taser carry shiny hightech rifles. They all move silently, gracefully, approaching the fallen vampire.

His paralyzed face. His terrified eyes.

BLACK OUT.

END OF SHOW