

Pangs

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Teaser

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

A young, sweet-faced student-type, JAMIE, takes a short-cut through the woods. He looks behind him, sees nothing, and he keeps going. He looks back again, nothing again, and this time when he turns back to keep going, he's face to face with BUFFY, her arm up, stake in hand.

BUFFY
Looking for me?

Jamie jumps and yelps.

JAMIE
Holy-- What do you want? I've
got money--

Buffy BACKHANDS him with her stake hand. His head is thrown back...

JAMIE
Hey!

Buffy flinches... what if she was wrong? But when his head whips back to face her, he's in VAMPFACE. (We don't see the morph.)

BUFFY
Look who's home.

Jamie's innocent demeanor is gone. He SNARLS at her.

JAMIE
Slayer.

She plunges the stake at him, but he parries it. She KICKS, sweeping his legs from under him. He goes down, but surprises her by popping back up again fast and throwing a punch which she ducks and returns with brutal speed.

JAMIE
Why don't you just go back where
you came from? Things were great
before you came. We ruled this
campus. You've ruined everything.



She punches him again, he absorbs the blow. He punches at her. She ducks it, grabs his shoulder, spins him...

BUFFY
And they say one person can't make
a difference.

She stakes him from the back and he DUSTS. Job done, but Buffy seems unsatisfied. She looks around, as if sensing something else, turning curiously in place.

ANGLE: LONGER SHOT OF BUFFY

As she turns, uncertain.

ANGLE: DEEP IN THE SHADOWS

Something lurks. It moves, and moonlight falls across a face. It's ANGEL, watching Buffy.

BUFFY

Can't identify what she's feeling. She walks off slowly, unresolved.

BLACK OUT.

END OF TEASER

Act One

EXT. CAMPUS - DAY

Buffy, WILLOW and ANYA stand among a small crowd of college students.

DEAN GUERRERO (O.S.)
Of all the duties of a dean, one
of the most pleasant is to see a
colleague realize a dream...

ANGLE ON: THE CEREMONY

The Dean is speaking from a dais set up in a cleared building site. Other campus officials flank him. A banner across the front of the dais says "U.C. SUNNYDALE CULTURAL PARTNERSHIP CENTER". Off to one side, XANDER, dressed in work clothes and a hard-hat and leaning on a shovel, stands with other construction-type guys, listening idly to the speaker.

DEAN GUERRERO
Ladies, gentlemen, students, I
present to you, Professor Gerhardt
of the Anthropology department.



Some polite applause as the Dean steps aside next to his WIFE and the CURATOR, Professor Gerhardt, takes her place.

CURATOR

When I first realized we were outgrowing the current Cultural Center, I was concerned. Then I realized it was like seeing one's child grow up, and move on to better things. In this case, a spacious new facility to be built on this site...

ANYA

Look at him. Have you ever seen anything so masculine?

BUFFY

You mean Dean Guerrero, or his wife?

WILLOW

I think she means...

She indicates Xander.

BUFFY

Oh. Right. Very manly. Not at all Village People.

ANYA

So much sexier than the outfit from his last job.

WILLOW

I miss the free hot dogs on sticks.

ANYA

I'm imagining having sex with him right now.

As Buffy and Willow look at Anya, the speech continues:

CURATOR

. . . it's appropriate that the ground-breaking for the U.C. Sunnydale Cultural Partnership Center is taking place so soon before Thanksgiving. Because that's what the Melting Pot is about, contributions from all cultures making our culture stronger.

Buffy applauds along with the crowd, but...

WILLOW

What a load of horse hooey!

BUFFY

We have a counter point?



WILLOW

Thanksgiving isn't about blending cultures, it's about one culture wiping out another. Then they make animated specials about the parts with the maize and the big big belt buckles. They don't show you the next scene where all the bison die and Squanto takes a musket ball in the stomach.

BUFFY

Okay, for some of that you were channeling your mom, right?

WILLOW

Well, sort of. That's why she doesn't do Thanksgiving, or Columbus Day. You know, destruction of the indigenous peoples. Which sounds, I know, a little overwrought, but really she's right.

BUFFY

Yeah, I guess so. I never thought about it that way. With Mom at Aunt Pauline's this year, I'm not getting a Thanksgiving. Maybe it's just as well.

ANYA

Well I think that's a shame. I love a ritual sacrifice.

BUFFY

It's not really a one of those.

ANYA

To commemorate a past event you kill and eat an animal. It's a ritual sacrifice. With pie.

ANGLE: CURATOR

As she steps out from behind the dais, and takes up a small shiny shovel.

CURATOR

And thus... a symbolic beginning!

She turns over the ritual spadeful of dirt.

ANYA

What's she doing? Xander said he was going to dig! I want to see Xander dig!

WILLOW

This part's just ceremonial.

ANYA

Well it bites. She's not rippling at all.



The ritual done, the crowd begins to disperse. Xander and TWO OTHER CONSTRUCTION GUYS step forward and start to dig in earnest.

BUFFY
There he is.
ANYA
Ooh. Look at him.
WILLOW
Very... diggy.
ANYA
Soon he'll be sweating. I'm
imagining having sex with him
again.
BUFFY
Imaginary Xander is quite the
machine.

XANDER

Plunges his shovel into the dirt and looks up at his little audience... he smiles and waves... then his smile drops, and he goes with it...

BOOM... a six-foot chunk of earth collapses in on itself. Xander falls and finds himself thrown into...

INT. OLD MISSION CHAMBER - DAY

A dark buried chamber. Adobe walls, a large crucifix on one of them... it's an old Spanish mission. Xander, dirty and shaken, picks himself up and looks around.

XANDER
Ow.
(then, calling up)
I'm okay! I'm... okay...

He stares at his surroundings.

The CAMERA PUSHES INTO the darkness at the edges of the chamber, as if something lies just beyond our senses.

EXT. CAMPUS BY BUFFY'S DORM - NIGHT

The CAMERA PULLS OUT on our woodsy campus setting. Angel walks through, alone in the dark. He stops and looks up at something... Buffy's lighted dorm room window.

INT. DORM HALLWAY/BUFFY AND WILLOW'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Willow is talking, but Buffy is distracted. She keeps glancing at the window.



WILLOW

While they were pulling Xander out, I heard some of the Anthro profs talking about it -- man, were they excited. It's the old Sunnydale Mission, which everyone thought was lost.

BUFFY

Uh-huh.

Buffy's looking at the window.

WILLOW

Is there something out there?

BUFFY

No. Sorry. A lost Mission? I mean, a hairbrush, I can understand, and by the way I will find that and give it back, but how do you lose a Mission?

WILLOW

Huge earthquake in 1812. Everyone assumed the Mission was leveled but instead they just build over it. It's like what happened in the thirties with that church the Master was in. Doesn't it make you wonder what else is there, right under our feet?

BUFFY

Mostly? I've found sewers full of demons.

WILLOW

Oh, right.

They're interrupted by WHOOPING and CLATTERING from the hallway. Willow opens the door in time to see a clump of students run by, exuberant, many of them with stuffed carry-on bags.

WILLOW

Whoa. It's crazy out there.

BUFFY

Post-midterm frenzy.

Willow closes the door.

WILLOW

And the holiday -- everyone's going home. Looks like lots of lucky Moms are gonna be getting nice brimming bags of dirty laundry.

BUFFY

It's not fair. They all get a family holiday just 'cause they can be with their families.



WILLOW

It's a turvy-topsy world.

BUFFY

You know what I should do? I should have my own Thanksgiving.

Invite all you guys, cook the whole meal just like Mom always does. It'll be great!

WILLOW

Buffy, earlier you agreed with me about Thanksgiving. It's a sham!

It's all about death!

BUFFY

It's a sham, but it's a sham with yams. A yam sham.

WILLOW

You're not going to jokey-rhyme your way out of this one.

BUFFY

I know. It's just, I want it.

It's like Professor Walsh was saying about sense memory. I smell a roasting turkey and I'm eight again. I liked having that to look forward to.

Buffy goes to the window and looks out into the darkness.

BUFFY

Everything's all different now.

Willow can't help but respond to Buffy's tone.

WILLOW

(softening)

Well, I suppose there could be slight yams. I mean, we definitely could use a little comfort food.

BUFFY

I bet Giles doesn't have any plans... And Xander usually flees most of his family gatherings...

WILLOW

(excited)

We could not invite Anya!

BUFFY

I don't know... She and Xander seem pretty tight lately.

WILLOW

Grumble grumble.

BUFFY

Anyway, Pilgrims aside, isn't that the point of Thanksgiving? I mean, you know: Everyone's got a place to go?



EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

SPIKE trudges through the woods, wrapped in a tattered blanket, shivering and wretched. He hears something behind him and he stumbles into a panicked run out of frame. After a beat, three uniformed COMMANDOS pass through. Their faces are smeared with camouflaging greasepaint, but they are unmasked and they are RILEY, FORREST and GRAHAM.

GRAHAM

Man, I'm beat.

RILEY

We'll do one more sweep and cash
it in.

FORREST

I gotta pack tonight.

(to Riley)

Did you get a flight?

RILEY

Wednesday night. Professor Walsh
wants me here for the debriefing.

GRAHAM

Pretty short Thanksgiving.

RILEY

Hey, with the hostile on the loose
we're lucky to be going home at all.

FORREST

He's neutered! The implant's
working great; he can't hurt a
single living thing.

RILEY

As long as he knows about the
Initiative he's a threat. We do
this the professor's way.

FORREST

(coughing the words into his fist)

Mama's boy.

RILEY

That's a nasty cough. You might
need to spend the weekend in
Quarantine.

FORREST

Uh, no, I'm done coughing.

RILEY

Just don't want anyone getting sick.

INT. XANDER'S BASEMENT - MORNING

Xander sits on the edge of his bed, trying weakly to pull on a pair of socks. Anya enters.

ANYA

Xander! What are you doing?
You're supposed to be digging. I



went to watch you digging and you
weren't there doing it.

XANDER

I'm going now. Just, kind of,
tough getting going today.

Anya takes a good look at him... he's pale and sweaty and shaky. She
touches his face.

ANYA

Your head is moist.

(getting it)

You're sick!

XANDER

Is the floor all swirly?

She looks carefully at the floor.

ANYA

It's not.

XANDER

Then, yeah. I might have
something.

ANYA

You can't go to work.

She starts pulling his socks off, tipping him back onto the bed.

XANDER

Anya!

ANYA

You're pasty and wet and
disgusting. They can dig without
you.

XANDER

I don't really feel that bad.

With him flat on his back on the bed, she pulls at his shirt.

ANYA

I inflicted a lot of putrefying
diseases on men when I was an
avenging demon, and you look like
you're getting all of them.

XANDER

(muffled)

Okay, I'll stay. But you should
go. You could catch it.

She pulls the shirt off him like a magician completing a trick and starts
unbuckling his belt.

ANYA

Then we'll die together! It's



romantic. Help me get your
trousers off.
XANDER
You're a strange girlfriend.

She freezes and looks at him.

ANYA
I'm a girlfriend?
XANDER
Um... there's a chance I'm
delirious.
ANYA
Ah, yes.

She goes back to undressing him.

ANYA
Well, whatever it is that's making
you sick, so far I like it.

INT. OLD MISSION CHAMBER - DAY

The room Xander fell into, now covered by wood planks. It's dark down here until an eerie glowing (CGI) vaporous miasma forms. It swirls, threatening to take some form, then seeps up through the gaps between the planks, leaving the chamber dark again.

INT. OLD CULTURAL CENTER - DAY

The Curator, alone in a dim back room filled with native Californian artifacts. She's trimming a display card with a pair of scissors as she talks on her cell phone.

CURATOR
(into phone)
. . . it's a very exciting
opportunity. Can't wait to go
down there myself. It just...
well it means we have to start
looking for a new location... it's
really up to the dean. I just
hope it doesn't cost us another
year... Yeah... Okay, I'll talk to
you soon.

She hangs up and goes back to work. She sets her scissors down on one of the cases, replaces the display card. She doesn't notice when the glowing (CGI) vapor swirls into the room. The vapor touches an item on display -- it's labeled "CHUMASH STONE KNIFE" -- a brutal instrument for close combat. A HAND FORMS around it. It belongs to HUS, a Chumash warrior.



The Curator turns, sees him, eyes going wide. The knife stabs the Curator through the neck.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

Act Two

INT. OLD CULTURAL CENTER - NIGHT

Buffy and Willow make their way into the crime scene, now abandoned by the police. The lights are out and Willow carries a flashlight. Buffy starts searching the room, seeing the clean scissors, the floor still stained with blood.

BUFFY

Never get used to this. One day she's at the Friendship Ceremony, the next day she's on the news.

WILLOW

The coroner's office said she was missing an ear. So, I'm thinking maybe we're looking for a witch. There are some great spells that work much better with an ear in the mix.

BUFFY

That's one fun little hobby you've got there.

Buffy moves on to looking in the display cases.

WILLOW

Or... or maybe an ear-harvesting demon. Like, it's building some kind of other demon completely out of ears...

Buffy pictures that, makes a face.

WILLOW

Ooh. Thought. We're assuming that someone else cut off the ear. What if it was self inflicted, like Van Gogh?

BUFFY

So... she viciously stabbed herself to death, dumped the knife, then she cut off her own ear.

WILLOW

(don't be ridiculous)
No. She cut off her ear, then she killed herself, then she dumped



the... I'm really off my game,
aren't I?
BUFFY
It's okay. Hey, look.
Something's missing from this case.

Buffy has noted the missing item from the display.

BUFFY
(reading)
Early eighteen-hundreds. Chumash
knife. There's a picture.

Buffy picks up a drawing of the missing knife and looks at it.

WILLOW
What's it look like?
BUFFY (V.O.)
Pretty darn scary...

INT. GILES' APARTMENT - DAY

Giles watches as Buffy unloads groceries in his kitchen.

BUFFY
...I mean, it was more like a riot
than a Ralph's. I thought I was
going to have to put some Slayer
moves on this one lady who was
completely hoarding the pumpkin
pie filling.

GILES
And, at some point you're going to
tell me about the murder.

BUFFY
Oh. Well, the knife was some kind
of Indian artifact. Chumash.
That's all we've got.

GILES
The Chumash Indians? They were
the original inhabitants of this
whole area. Interesting. Of
course, maybe the murder weapon
was simply a convenient choice--

Buffy is rummaging around in Giles' cupboards now.

BUFFY
Guy had a big ol' scissors right
there. The knife was picked out
for a reason. Don't you even own
a turkey pan?

GILES
Tell me again why we're not doing
this at your house.



BUFFY

Giles, if you want to get by in American society you have to learn our traditions. You're the patriarch. You have to host the festivities or it's all meaningless.

GILES

And this is in no way an elaborate scheme to stick me with the clean up.

BUFFY

How 'bout that ceremonial knife, huh? Pretty juicy piece of clueage, don't you think?

GILES

Yes, all right.

(gives up)

I'll look into the Chumash connection. See if there's some ritual significance to the ear removal.

BUFFY

Thanks. I got a few more things to pick up. I'll check in. And keep your hands off the food.

She heads out.

GILES

(called after)

I will try to restrain myself from eating uncooked potatoes and cranberries.

The door shuts. Giles remains facing it as he says:

GILES

So what do you think?

We see who he's talking to as Angel steps out of the darkened hallway next to the kitchen.

ANGEL

She sounds good. Kind of intense about this Thanksgiving thing...

GILES

I think she's a little lonely. But I meant about the murder.

Angel takes a beat, forces a professional demeanor.

ANGEL

Whatever killed the woman in the museum, that's probably the danger.



GILES

This "danger"... Your friend has an ominous vision about Buffy, it's terribly vague. There are other things happening on this campus--

ANGEL

Maybe I'm wrong... but, I have to try something. I can't just keep watching.

GILES

Angel, I'm... I'm glad you're looking out for her. But I feel I have to remind you, she's not helpless and it's not your job to keep her safe.

ANGEL

It's not yours anymore either. Are you going to walk away?

Giles looks at Angel, recognizing that they will both always feel responsible for Buffy.

GILES

All right. But I think we should tell her. I don't like keeping this secret.

ANGEL

If she knew I was here, I-- It would distract her. It could get her hurt. I don't want to, to get in the way.

Giles thinks about it, then...

GILES

I'm assuming there's a connection to the Old Mission. Something is angry that it was disturbed.

ANGEL

Or maybe it was trapped there and now it's released...

GILES

Something with a fondness for ancient weapons.

ANGEL

Do you know Father Gabriel? He knows the history of this place pretty well -- family dates back to mission times. He might fill in some blanks.

GILES

I'll see about contacting him.

Angel heads for the door.



GILES
Where are you going?

ANGEL
To watch her.

GILES
It's not fair. You know that's
what she'd say. You can see her
and she can't see you.

ANGEL
Believe me, I'm not getting the
good half of the deal. To be
outside, looking in at what I
can't... I'd forgotten how bad it
feels.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Spike peers through a dusty window into a dilapidated building. Inside, in a pool of golden lamp-light, a small nest of vampires is settling down with a dazed human victim. An older vampire is about to bite. Then he pauses and holds the whimpering victim out to a younger vampire. A heart-warming domestic scene. Spike watches, his breath frosting the window, a picture of misery and longing.

EXT. SUNNYDALE STREET - NIGHT

Buffy and Willow walk near the Espresso Pump.

WILLOW
But you have whipped cream. I saw
it in Giles' fridge.

BUFFY
That was the whipped cream in the
canister. You know...
(imitates aerosol whipped cream sound)
It's only right if you whip it
yourself.

WILLOW
Yay. And then we can churn our
own butter and make sweaters out
of sheep!

Buffy looks at her, recognizes the teasing.

BUFFY
I swear, this'll be the last
thing. Anyway, I have an
appointment to go see this priest
Giles called me about. He thinks
he might have some information--

RILEY (O.S.)
Buffy? Hey! Buffy!

They look up to see Riley trotting across the street.



BUFFY
Hi. I didn't see you at all.
Where'd you come from?
RILEY
Oh, just across the street, and...
and a couple blocks down. Hey,
Willow.
WILLOW
Hi. You know, I think I'll just
let you two... Hey, look, they're
selling coffee in the... coffee
shop. Yum.

Willow, eager to give Buffy and Riley some time alone, ducks into the Espresso Pump...

INT. ESPRESSO PUMP - CONTINUOUS

Willow ducks around the corner into the shop, and SLAMS into someone standing and looking out at the street.

ANGEL (O.S.)
Ow.

Willow steps back, sees who she hit.

WILLOW
Ang--

He presses his hand over her mouth.

WILLOW
(muffled by his hand)
Evil. You're all evil again.

He lets her go.

ANGEL
I'm not evil. I'm here to help Buffy.
WILLOW
What's going on?
ANGEL
My friend had a vision. Buffy's
in danger.

Alarmed, Willow glances back at Buffy, who is happily chatting with Riley -
- no obvious danger there.

WILLOW
So tell her. Help her.
ANGEL
If she sees me it'll be worse.
WILLOW
See, I don't get that. All this
"leaving for her own good"



garbage. Because that's what it is. You can't just give up on something because there's obstacles. What kind of--

ANGEL

Willow?

WILLOW

Sorry. My stuff.

ANGEL

You know how I feel about her. If there was any way...

WILLOW

Sorry. Yeah. I know.

ANGEL

It's just, everything's different now.

WILLOW

So I've heard. Hey, is Cordelia really working for you? That's gotta be... a special experience.

Of all the people you could've hired--

ANGEL

Will. I'm here to protect Buffy.

I don't have a whole lotta time for personal stuff.

WILLOW

Right. How can I help?

ANGEL

Well, if you can just tell me...

(totally jealous)

Who's that guy?

EXT. SUNNYDALE STREET - CONTINUOUS

Buffy and Riley continue to talk.

BUFFY

...it'll be just like it was when I was a kid. Only without me building a fort out of my mashed potatoes.

RILEY

Sounds like fun.

BUFFY

Hey, you know what? If you're around, you know, and you don't have anywhere to go... Well, you should come. I'm a great cook. In theory. I mean, I've eaten a lot.

RILEY

That sounds so great. But I'm out of here tonight, caught a last-minute flight back to Iowa.

BUFFY

(disappointed)



Iowa. That's one of the ones in
the middle.

Riley laughs.

RILEY

My folks are there. We always do
Thanksgiving at my grandparents
farm. Little place just outside
Huxley. Corn and pigs.

BUFFY

That sounds wonderful.

RILEY

It is. After dinner, we all go
for a walk down by the river with
the dogs. And there's... trees,
and I know what you're thinking,
it's like I grew up in a Grant
Wood painting.

BUFFY

Exactly. If I knew who that was.

RILEY

Just a guy who painted stuff that
looked like what I grew up in.

BUFFY

Ah. Well, have fun at the
homestead.

RILEY

Always do. What's the line --
"Home's the place that, when you
have to go there --"

BUFFY

-- they have to take you in."
That's what they say.

INT. HARMONY'S LAIR - NIGHT

Spike leans weakly against the wall. Harmony blocks Spike from coming
farther into the room.

HARMONY

Get out.

SPIKE

But, baby... This is where I
belong.

HARMONY

Out! I mean it. I've done a lot
of reading, and, and I'm in
control of my own power now. So
we're through.

Spike grabs her, holds her close. He roughly pulls at her shirt, baring her
shoulder. He kisses it.



SPIKE
You don't mean that.
HARMONY
Yes I do. I do.
(completely turned on)
I mean it a lot...

He sweeps her up and carries her to the bed. He drops her onto it and then plops down next to her.

SPIKE
See? I knew you'd end up
welcoming me with open...
(he caresses her legs)
...arms.
HARMONY
No! I'm powerful and I'm
beautiful and I don't need you to
make me complete and you're mean!

She pushes him away roughly, and pulls a stake from under the pillow. He recoils and falls off the bed.

SPIKE
You had that in our bed?! Do you
know how dangerous that is?
HARMONY
Let's find out.

Still on the floor, Spike scrambles toward the door. Harmony advances on him.

SPIKE
You wouldn't do it.
HARMONY
You did it to me, remember?

She lunges at him... he stumbles aside, clearly weakened. She grabs him by the collar, heads him for the door.

SPIKE
All right! I'll go, just...

She stops.

HARMONY
What.
SPIKE
Can I have someone to eat?

She tosses him out, stands strong and proud.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT



Buffy walks through an empty church. Carved images, stained-glass images of angels look down at her as she walks.

BUFFY
Hello? Father Gabriel?

She sees an open side door. She exits into...

EXT. CHURCH COURTYARD - NIGHT

Buffy enters this dark courtyard, full of arches and vines.

BUFFY
Father? Are you out here?

She rounds a corner to see the priest, dead, hanged, dangling from an archway. Hus stands beside the body. He reaches up, knife glinting...

BUFFY
God...

He severs the ear from the man with a brutal stroke of his knife. He tucks the ear into a pouch tied at his waist. Buffy delivers a spinning kick that throws him away from the body. He brings up the knife.

HUS
(quiet menace)
You can't stop me.
BUFFY
You're very wrong about that.

She throws a punch, but he blocks it with his free hand. Throws her and they tumble, come up facing each other again.

HUS
I am vengeance. I am my people's
cry. They call for
(pointing to himself)
Hus, for the avenging spirit, to
carve out justice.
BUFFY
(calm but truly pissed)
They tell you start an ear
collection?

Furious, he lunges. They spar, end up on the ground.

Buffy gets the upper hand, taking Hus' knife as they grip each other, Hus just holding the knife away. He looks at it with concealed fear.

HUS
You slaughtered my people. Now
you kill their spirit. This is a
great day for you.



Buffy hesitates, weakens, and Hus breaks free, wrenching his knife from her and rolling away. He comes up, stands before her silhouetted --

-- and turns into a FLOCK OF BIRDS, which fly off into the sky. Buffy looks up after them, startled. She stands alone and empty-handed.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

Act Three

INT. GILES' KITCHEN - DAY

Buffy is putting the turkey into the oven while Giles peels potatoes. She's clearly a bit enervated by the day's labors: constantly checking cookbooks, busying herself. Giles is calmer.

GILES

We're clearly dealing with a spirit of some kind. It's very common for Indian spirits to change to animal form.

BUFFY

Well it's plenty uncommon for me to freeze up during a fight. I had the guy, I was ready for the takedown and I stopped! And "Native American".

GILES

Sorry?

BUFFY

We don't say Indian.

She puts four yams in the oven as well.

GILES

Yes! Right. Always behind on the terms. Still trying not to refer to you lot as 'bloody colonials'.

BUFFY

The thing is, I like my evil like my men: evil. You know, straight up, black hat, tie you to the railroad tracks, soon my electro ray will destroy metropolis BAD. Not all mixed up with guilt and the destruction of an indigenous culture.

GILES

This spirit warrior -- Hus, you called him? -- has killed innocent people.



BUFFY
(re: potatoes)
We need to boil those and then put
them through a ricer.
GILES
I don't think I have a ricer.
BUFFY
You don't have a ricer? What do
you mean? How could somebody not
have a ricer?
GILES
(helpfully)
Do you have one at home?
BUFFY
I don't know. What's a ricer?
GILES
We'll mash them with forks, much
like the pilgrims must have. Did
you hear the part about the
innocent people?
BUFFY
Yes. And I want to stop this guy.
I just wish there was a non slayee
way to do it.

Pounding on the door. Buffy crosses into:

INT. GILES' APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS - DAY

And opens the door. She sees Willow laden down with books (more historical than supernatural - even a couple of textbooks). On top of the books are two packages of frozen peas. On top of the peas is a determined scowl. (The scowl is on Willow's face. That's clear, right?)

WILLOW
Hey.
BUFFY
Hey! Peas?
WILLOW
(indicating with her head)
Peas.

Buffy takes them as Willow dumps books onto Giles' desk.

BUFFY
These are frozen.
GILES
(re: books)
What's all that?
WILLOW
Atrocities! I got the full poop
on the Chumash Indians and our
fabulous buried Mission.
BUFFY
You said you were gonna get fresh
ones.



WILLOW
Atrocities?

BUFFY
Peas. You know, in the little
pods... you were gonna shell them.

WILLOW
I didn't have time. I was busy
reading about the Chumash war.

GILES
The Chumash were peaceful.

WILLOW
Oh, they were peaceful, all right.
They were fluffy indigenous
kittens! 'Til we came along.

BUFFY
They're gonna be mushy.

WILLOW
They won't be mushy.

GILES
I like mushy peas.

BUFFY
Yeah, well, you're why there had
to be pilgrims in the first place.
(to Will)

What happened to the Chumash?
WILLOW

How about imprisonment? Forced
labor? Herded like animals into
a mission full of bad European
diseases?

BUFFY
Boy, the Cultural Partnership
center really didn't stress any of
that stuff.

WILLOW
Not even a diorama. And it gets
better. The few Chumash who tried
to rebel were hanged, AND, when a
group was accused of stealing
cattle, they were killed, men
women and children, and for proof
to bring back to their accusers...

GILES
They cut off their ears.

BUFFY
So Hus wasn't kidding with that
"rightful vengeance" routine.
He's recreating all the wrongs
that were done his people.

GILES
And he's not likely to stop.

EXT. GILES' APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM WINDOW - DAY



We see into the apartment through the living room window. The three of them continue their discussion.

GILES

So it's up to us to stop him.

BUFFY

Yeah but after dinner, right?

WILLOW

You sure we shouldn't be helping him?

Cut back to see a COYOTE watching them balefully. After a little bit it slinks away.

INT. GILES' APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS - DAY

The discussion is getting a bit more heated. Buffy looks a little forlorn as it gains momentum.

GILES

No, I think perhaps we WON'T be helping the angry spirit with his rape and pillage and murder.

WILLOW

Well, okay, no, but we should be helping him redress his wrongs. Bringing the atrocities to light!

GILES

Well, if the history books are filled with them, I'd say they already are --

WILLOW

Giving his land back!

BUFFY

(meekly helpful)

Well, maybe we could do that --

GILES

It's not exactly ours to give.

ANGLE: BUFFY

Looks unhappy as the conversation spirals:

WILLOW (O.S.)

I don't think you want to help.
I think you just want to slay the demon and then go la la la.

BUFFY

You know --

GILES (O.S.)

And I think your sympathy for his plight has blinded you to certain rather urgent facts. We have to stop this thing.

WILLOW (O.S.)

Okay, unfeeling guy.



GILES (O.S.)
Willow, that's not --
BUFFY
I have to baste.

She retreats into the kitchen.

INT. GILES' KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Buffy kneels down, opens the oven door. It is clear she just needs a respite from the tension. She stares at the turkey, baster in oven-mitted hand. After a moment she closes the oven door again, having basted nothing.

BUFFY
That's good.

INT. GILES' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Giles pulls Willow aside, speaking so Buffy won't hear.

GILES
Willow, I have reason to believe
Buffy herself may be in particular
danger from this menace.

WILLOW
Oh. You mean
(mouths it:)
Angel.
(speaks)
I saw him too.

GILES
Not terribly stealthy of him.

WILLOW
I think he's lost his edge.

GILES
But Buffy doesn't know --

WILLOW
No no! Not a peep.

GILES
Well, good, but this is why we
need to keep a level head about
this menace.

WILLOW
And I happen to think mine is the
level head and yours is the one
that things would roll off of.

Giles is about to reply when there is a knock at the door. Buffy pops up from squatting, looks at the others as Giles crosses and opens the door to reveal Xander and Anya. Xander looks weak and sweaty.

XANDER
Happy Thanksgiving...



The threesome face Xander, all looking concerned.

WILLOW
Xander!
GILES
You look like death.
WILLOW
Are you okay?
BUFFY
You didn't bring rolls?

INT. OLD CULTURAL CENTER - DAY

A STEADICAM shot, low, Coyote-eye view. The angle changes, rising to the height of a man. Hus steps into shot from behind the camera... as if just transformed from his previous coyote-form. He walks to the cases and picks up a Chumash bow... then another weapon... collecting them all until his arms are full.

INT. GILES' APARTMENT - SEVERAL MINUTES LATER - DAY

Xander is on the couch with a blanket. Willow pores through books, many of which are open on the coffee table. Buffy sits facing Xander, stirring pumpkin pie mix with a whisk. Anya sits beside him, tending his brow. Giles hovers.

XANDER
The doctor couldn't figure out
what was up with me. Said I had
a lot of symptoms that didn't
connect.
BUFFY
I think they connect.
XANDER
What, to this Chumash spirit
vengeance guy?
BUFFY
(to Willow)
Didn't you say the Chumash got all
diseased, holed up in the mission?
WILLOW
Yeah.
(re: book)
This has a better account of
everything. Lists the various...
XANDER
Various? As in...
WILLOW
Well, the important thing is not
to panic.
XANDER
Well, you just recited the
mystical panic-causing incantation



so little hope there. Tell me
about the various.
WILLOW
Well, they did suffer from
malaria, some smallpox.
ANYA
I was gonna say smallpox --
WILLOW
Plus, you know, a little
(hiding the word)
Syphilis, basically standard sort of --
XANDER
Syphilis?
WILLOW
But this is probably mystical, and
it'll all go away as soon as --
BUFFY
As soon as what? We still don't
know what we're gonna do.
WILLOW
Maybe I can find something.

She flips through books. Anya takes the first book Willow was looking through.

GILES
Well let's give him some land, I'm
sure that will clear everything
right up.
BUFFY
Giles, the sarcasm accomplishes
nothing.
GILES
Well, it was sort of an end in
itself.
XANDER
Can we come rocketing back to the
part about me and my new syphilis?
ANYA
Oh, that'll make you blind and
insane, but it won't kill you.
The smallpox will.
XANDER
Sweetie... not helping.
WILLOW
There might be a wiccan spell that
could cure it, something regular
medicine doesn't know about. I
think there was a potion...
(pulls a book closer)
Sage, salt, onion...
BUFFY
That's for the stuffing.
XANDER
Oh God.

ANYA
(off her book)
You're going to get vesicles.
Then pustules. They have pictures.
XANDER
I hate this guy.
WILLOW
He's just doing what was done to him.
XANDER
I didn't give him syphilis!
GILES
But you freed his spirit, and
after a century of unrest he saw
you as one of his oppressors.
XANDER
So he rises up and infects the
first guy he sees? That's not fair.
WILLOW
Like you've never woken up cranky.
GILES
(thinking)
But why the others? Why them
particularly?
XANDER
So let's take this guy out!
Buffy: It is for to be slaying
sometime soon, yeah?
BUFFY
Well, that's sort of the question
before the court.
XANDER
Question?
WILLOW
There's two sides to it.
XANDER
To slaying him? Well, the
representative from syphilis votes "yea".
WILLOW
It's not that simple.
XANDER
He's a vengeance demon! You don't
talk to vengeance demons, you kill them!
ANYA
(quietly)
I didn't know you felt that way.
XANDER
What? I didn't mean -- you're an
EX-vengeance demon, it's totally
different...
ANYA
(very hurt)
Sure. It's okay.
XANDER
Anya...
WILLOW
Anyway, he's a spirit, not a demon.



GILES
Yes, we've never faced this exact
sort of spirit. We really don't
know what will kill it.

WILLOW
Again with the killing!

GILES
Yes, Willow, we all appreciate
your perspective --

Now two conversations are going at once --

ANYA
Some vengeance is
justified, you know...

WILLOW
I don't think anyone
"appreciates" the truth
of this situation...

XANDER
You know I didn't mean you...

GILES
I think we do...

Buffy stands.

BUFFY
This is no good.

Everyone stops.

BUFFY
(a little sheepish)
It needs more condensed milk.

She crosses to the

INT. GILES' KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Giles keeping with her.

GILES
Buffy, Xander is in real danger.
Are you sure the solution is pie?

BUFFY
Over bickering and confusion?
I'll take pie.

GILES
We will find a solution --

BUFFY
And we will have a nice dinner.
Okay? Both. End of story. I'm
having a Thanksgiving. It's going
to be perfect.

GILES
Hus won't stop. Vengeance is
never sated, Buffy. Hatred is a
cycle. All he will do is kill.



She takes this in -- and a KNOCK on the door startles them both a bit. They look at each other quizzically, then head for the door.

INT. GILES' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Buffy reaches the door and opens it.

There is no one there. Buffy turns back to the others - and Spike lurches from the side, grabs her and spins her to him. He has his blanket covering his head. He looks like shit.

SPIKE
Help me...

Buffy slams a palm to his chest, sends him flying back on his ass. He scrambles out of the direct sunlight, his blanket beginning to smoke.

SPIKE
What part of "help me" did you not understand?
BUFFY
The part where I help you.
SPIKE
Come on! I'm parboiling out here!

Buffy sticks her hand out behind her without even looking. Giles, who has joined her at the door, slaps a stake into it like an assisting surgeon.

BUFFY
You want me to make it quicker?
SPIKE
Invite me in!
GILES
Fairly unlikely.

Frustrated, Spike runs at the doorway. Buffy simply steps back and Spike is repelled mystically. But the doorway offers some shade, so he stays there.

SPIKE
Dammit! Look, I'm safe, I can't bite anyone! Willow! Tell them what I did.
WILLOW
You said you were gonna kill me and then kill Buffy.
SPIKE
Yes, bad, but let's skip that part and get to the part where I couldn't bite you!
WILLOW
It's true. He had trouble performing.



SPIKE

Yeah, well it looks like they've
done me for good.

GILES

What are you saying?

SPIKE

I'm saying Spike had a little trip
to the vet and now he doesn't
chase the other puppies anymore.
I can't bite anything. I can't
even hit people.

BUFFY

So you haven't murdered anybody
lately. Let's be best pals!

SPIKE

I got information. About those
soldier boys you were fighting.
I got the inside scoop.

Giles and Buffy share a look.

SPIKE

Come on... what have you got to be
afraid of?

INT. OLD MISSION CHAMBER - DAY

Hus is ready for war. His face and body are painted with red, black and
white pigment. He wears an imposing headdress. He paces in a circle in
the darkened chamber and chants:

HUS

First People, who dwell in
Mishupashup, hear me and descend,
walk with me upon *Itiashup* again...

As he walks, he pauses and places a weapon on the earthen floor: a bow
and arrow... a spear... a war club... a knife... Glowing (CGI) mist starts
tracing his path now, trailing off his body. It falls on the weapons.

HUS

. . . Hear me also, *Nunashush*,
spirits from below, creatures of
the night, dwellers in *Cayinashup*,
take human form, and join the
battle... *apoilis, untakas*
isana -- bring me my revenge!

Each weapon is now at the center of its own glowing mist swirl. On the
word "Revenge" the weapons all lift at once. CHUMASH WARRIORS form
around the weapons. They wear simpler versions of Hus' costume, and
their faces and bodies are painted. A ghost army ready for battle.

BLACK OUT.



END OF ACT THREE

Act Four and Appendix

INT. GILES' APARTMENT - SEVERAL MINUTES LATER

Spike is being tied to a chair. Buffy finishes the last knot as he complains:

SPIKE

Bloody hell, woman! You're
cutting off my circulation.

BUFFY

You don't have any circulation.

SPIKE

Well it pinches.

BUFFY

Get used to it. I got more
important things to worry about.

SPIKE

I came to you in friendship!
Well, all right, seething hatred
but I've got useful information
and I feel I'm being mistreated.

BUFFY

So tell me everything you know.

SPIKE

I'm too hungry to remember
everything.

BUFFY

Then sit.

Anya is scooping baked sweet potato out of the shells and putting it in a pot.

ANYA

How much butter goes in with these?

BUFFY

Uh, half a stick. And a quarter
cup of brandy.

(to Giles)

You have brandy, right?

Giles is in think mode, doesn't hear her right away.

GILES

What? Oh. Yes. In the cupboard.

SPIKE

I wouldn't say no to a brandy...

BUFFY

(to Giles)

What's wrong?

GILES

It's the victims. Apart from
Xander, Hus has targeted authority
figures -- Father Gabriel, the



curator of the Cultural Center...
who fits this pattern?
SPIKE
Just a small brandy...
BUFFY
(thinking)
The Dean. Dean Guerrero, he's the
king of us -- and he was at the
ceremony...
GILES
Likely candidate. We'll need to
warn him.

Buffy crosses to Willow at her books.

BUFFY
Will, isn't there anything in
there about how to stop a Native
American spirit guy? Some nice,
non judgemental way to, you know,
kill him?
WILLOW
I'm not helping you kill him! I'm
not on board.

She gathers up her books, holds them to her.

BUFFY
Will, what choice do we have?

Will stands.

WILLOW
This isn't a Western, Buffy!
We're not at Fort... Giles, with
the cavalry coming to save us!
It's one lonely and oppressed
warrior guy who's just trying to --
BUFFY
-- kill a lot of people?
WILLOW
I didn't say he was right...
BUFFY
Will, you know how bad I feel.
This is eating me up --
(to Anya, who holds up the bottle of brandy)
-- a quarter cup, and let it
simmer --
(to Willow, as Anya goes back)
-- but even though it's hard, we
have to end this. Yes, he's been
wronged, and I personally would be
ready to apologize...
SPIKE
Oh, someone put a stake in me!



XANDER
You got a lot of volunteers in
here...
SPIKE
I just can't take this mamby-pamby
boo-hooing over the bloody Indians!
WILLOW
The preferred term is --
SPIKE
You won! All right? You came in
and you killed them and you took
their land. That's what
conquering nations do! That's
what Caesar did, he's not going
around saying "I came, I
conquered, I felt really bad about
it"! The history of the world is
not people making friends. You
had better weapons, you massacred
them, end of story!
BUFFY
Well, I think the Spaniards
actually did a lot of... not that
I don't like Spaniards...
SPIKE
Listen to you! How are you gonna
fight anybody with that attitude?
WILLOW
We don't want to fight anybody.
BUFFY
I just want to have Thanksgiving.
SPIKE
Yeah, good luck.
WILLOW
If we could talk to him --
SPIKE
You exterminated his race. What
could you possibly say that would
make him feel better? It's kill
or be killed here. Take your
bloody pick.

There is a beat, as this sinks in.

XANDER
Maybe it's the syphilis talking,
but some of that made sense.
GILES
(peevishly, almost to himself)
I made several of those points
earlier, but that's fine, no one
listens...
BUFFY
All right. Whatever happens,
someone should go warn the Dean.



WILLOW
(upset, confused)
I'll go. I need the air.
BUFFY
Not alone.
ANYA
I'll go.
XANDER
Me too.
BUFFY
You sure you're up to it?
SPIKE
Oh leave that one. He looks like
he's ready to drop any minute, and
I think I can eat someone if
they're already dead.
XANDER
(heading out)
I'm up to it.
GILES
We'll keep looking for a...
solution.
BUFFY
His house is up past the gym. And
guys... hurry. Dinner's in an hour.

EXT. SUNNYDALE - SUNSET

The sun sets, as it does at sunset.

INT. GILES' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Buffy is setting the table with probably more energy than she needs. Giles does research.

SPIKE
Hey, when do I get fed?
BUFFY
Later.
(to Giles)
I hope the others are okay...
SPIKE
Do you know what happens to a
vampire that doesn't get to feed?
GILES
Actually, I've always wondered.
BUFFY
Giles, plates.

He grabs them from the counter and helps.

SPIKE
Living skeletons, mate. Like
famine pictures from those dusty
countries, only not half as funny.



BUFFY
You can have gravy. Gravy has
blood in it, right?
SPIKE
You know what else has blood in
it? Blood!

Buffy places a little corncob man as she talks.

BUFFY
You want me to gag you? 'Cause
I'm not listening to you whine all
the way through dinner. We're
gonna have a nice, quiet,
civilized...

There is a WHINE of arrows overhead. Two of them embed in the wall
beside the stairs, two more go deep into the sofa. One of them (fired by
Hus) hits Spike.

SPIKE
Hey! Watch the heart!

EXT. CAMPUS, OUTSIDE DEAN'S RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Willow, Xander and Anya walk away from the Dean's Residence. Anya
holds a paper plate with a piece of plastic-wrapped pumpkin pie on it.
They stop near a bike rack.

XANDER
Well, that was a waste of time.
WILLOW
I think he thought we were crazy.
XANDER
Maybe Anya shouldn't have opened
the conversation with "Everybody
got both ears?"
ANYA
I liked his wife. She gave me pie.
XANDER
So what do we do now?
WILLOW
We could stay, and stand watch,
but I don't know--

Angel steps out of the dark next to them.

ANGEL
Willow--

Xander and Willow jump.

XANDER
Angel!



Anya is not flustered.

ANYA
(re: Angel)
This is Angel. He's large and
glowery, isn't he?

Xander steps between Anya and Angel.

ANGEL
I'm not evil again! Why does
everyone think that?
WILLOW
Angel's here to protect Buffy.
ANGEL
I haven't been evil for a long time.
WILLOW
She's not supposed to know he's
here. Angel, you have something new?
ANGEL
Yeah. All the Chumash weapons are
missing from the cultural center.
Something's up. Where's Buffy?
WILLOW
(to Angel)
Still at Giles'. She just sent us
out to check on Dean Guerrero.
ANYA
He's fine. Lots of ears.
ANGEL
Why the Dean?
WILLOW
We think he's going after someone
in charge. A leader.
ANGEL
He's a warrior. To a warrior the
leader means the strongest fighter.
XANDER
Buffy.
ANGEL
He's formed a raiding party.
WILLOW
We've got to get back there!
ANGEL
I'll call her. You get back fast.
XANDER
How can we --

Angel strides to the bike rack. He pulls a lock, snaps it.

EXT. GILES' APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM WINDOW - NIGHT

The same shot we had earlier with the coyote, looking into the apartment.
Only now we're looking over the shoulder of a warrior, bow raised. As



Buffy and Giles move behind the sofa we get glimpses of the tops of their heads... they look incredibly vulnerable.

INT. GILES' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Buffy and Giles are still pinned down behind the sofa. The phone rings. Giles reaches up and grabs it.

GILES
Hello... Yes... Yes we're well
aware of that, we're under siege
now. Thank you.

He hangs up.

BUFFY
Who was that?
GILES
A... Someone. We need a plan.

ANGLE: SPIKE

Has three arrows in him.

SPIKE
Yes, let's talk about it some
more...
BUFFY
Where's your weapons chest?

Giles points. Buffy glances out. The chest is there, along the living room wall just past the archway next to the kitchen. Buffy makes a tentative lean toward it, extending one arm out...

ARROWS sail again (from the living room windows). Spike HOPS himself, and his chair, just barely out of the way of one.

Buffy makes another try. She snags the chest and is pulling it back behind the sofa when an arrow hits her. It lodges in her forearm, going deep.

GILES
Buffy!

She dives back to cover.

BUFFY
Where'd that one even come from?

Giles points out the small window behind them by the door. She pulls the arrow from her arm and Giles ties something around her wound.

SPIKE
Hey, remember that "never



apologize" thing? Forget it.
Apologize.
BUFFY
Shut up, Spike.
SPIKE
Fine. I'll do it.
(called, to Hus)
Hey! Sorry! Sorry about that, Chief!
BUFFY
(to Giles)
How many?
GILES
There's the leader, upstairs, and
another one with him. Two at the
living room windows and another at
the window by the door.
BUFFY
Five total. Too many.
GILES
We need help.
SPIKE
Aargh! Bloody hell!

Spike's been hit in the leg by another arrow.

EXT. CAMPUS - NIGHT

Shot from a moving vantage point alongside -- Xander, Anya and Willow on bikes, riding as fast as they can.

INT. GILES' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Buffy has pulled the weapons chest the rest of the way behind the sofa now.

Giles has piled up sofa cushions and pulled dining room chairs into position as best he can to shield them from weapons coming from the door side of the room. Buffy pulls two crossbows (loaded) from the chest. She and Giles stand up. She faces toward the door, he faces into the living room. She fires at Hus. The bolt barely misses him. Giles fires through one of the living room windows.

EXT. GILES' COURTYARD - NIGHT

Xander, Willow and Anya arrive, running into the courtyard. They see Hus and the other warrior up on the balcony, and the third warrior at the downstairs window.

Xander moves instantly across the courtyard toward the warrior at the lower window. Along the way he picks up a heavy flowerpot. He brings it down, with a CRASH, on the warrior's head -- the warrior falls aside.



Willow and Anya each grab garden tools, rushing to join Xander -- the warrior on the balcony (the one who's not Hus) dives off the balcony at them, knife in hand. They fight back, flailing at his head.

INT. GILES' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Hus, still at the window over the stairs, utters a war-cry and jumps into the room, CRASHING THROUGH the unopened upper half of the window. He ends up at the base of the stairs. Buffy grabs something from the weapons chest and jumps to meet him. They engage. Now we see she has an ornate curved metal knife versus his stone one. Knives flash and clash.

Giles grabs a knife as well and is about to come to her aid when the two warriors on the living room side of the apartment jump in through their windows. Giles grabs a heavy object off a table and clobbers one of them over the head. He falls aside.

The remaining warrior charges Giles, they end up fighting near the archway by the kitchen.

Hus' knife slashes Buffy's arm, making a cut. She strikes back. He is uncut.

BUFFY
Giles! These guys! They don't die!

Giles is on the ground, trying to keep his opponent's hands from his throat.

GILES
Bit busy over here...

EXT./INT. GILES' APARTMENT - NIGHT

In the courtyard, Xander is trying to help Willow and Anya. He has picked up a long-handled something of his own and is joining the fight...

XANDER
Get away from them!

...when he realizes there's nothing at the end of his handle. He stares at it. A beat later, he is plucked out of the fight entirely, from behind.

XANDER
Hey!

It's the warrior whom he hit with the flowerpot, dirt still marking his face. He picks up Xander and THROWS him at Giles' front door.

The hinges break and Xander lands on the living room floor. The warrior launches in after him and they struggle on the ground.



In the courtyard, Angel arrives. He sees Willow and Anya, still fighting: garden implements vs. knife. Willow has gotten over her reluctance and is hitting the warrior hard in the head with her hoe.

WILLOW
(with each blow)
Why. Won't. You. Die?

Angel grabs the warrior and twists his neck. The warrior drops like Jenny Calendar, his knife clattering to the courtyard floor beside him. Willow and Anya look at Angel gratefully.

ANYA
(to Willow, intrigued)
What's he like when he is evil?

IN THE APARTMENT

the dazed warrior whom Giles hit with the object, gets up. He steps around the back of the sofa, closing in behind Buffy (who is still fighting Hus), knife drawn and raised...

ANGEL'S POV

Angel stands in the courtyard, just outside the door. Through the window next to the door he sees the warrior creeping up behind Buffy. Angel grabs the knife that the broken-necked warrior dropped and, almost too fast to see, he WHIPS it through the open door.

THE KNIFE

Sings through the air... and hits the warrior, impaling him and throwing him over the back of the sofa. Buffy never even sees him.

IN THE COURTYARD

The warrior who got his neck snapped by Angel suddenly grabs him from behind.

Angel struggles with him and yells to Willow and Anya:

ANGEL
Help the others!

Willow and Anya enter through the door, arriving at the Xander-vs.-warrior tussle. Together they try to pull the warrior off Xander, hold him.

BUFFY AND HUS

Continue their knife fight. In an exchange of kicks and blows, BOTH KNIVES are knocked out of their hands. They fall. Buffy and Hus pick them up. She slashes at him. She CUTS HIS ARM, leaving it BLOODIED.



Confused she looks at her knife -- sees that it's his stone one -- they traded knives.

BUFFY
Your knife. It can kill you.

He yells... an angry scream that deepens, and roughens and turns into an URSINE GROWL as, incredibly, he MORPHS into a GIANT REAL LIVE BEAR!

THE BEAR

TOWERS ON ITS HIND LEGS and ROARS, seeming to fill the apartment. It is facing away from the kitchen, and therefore, pretty much toward...

SPIKE

Who, now with three arrows protruding from his body, panics.

SPIKE
You made a bear!
BUFFY
I didn't mean to!
SPIKE
Undo it! Undo it!

Buffy fights the bear! It slashes at her with its massive claws. Spike, trying to hop himself out of the way, TIPS OVER BACKWARDS onto the floor.

SPIKE
Oof.

The bear roars and knocks Buffy across the room.

XANDER

Is helping Anya and Willow restrain their captive warrior. But, seeing Buffy's sitch, he waves and shouts from his place near the kitchen counter, trying to draw the bear's attention away from Buffy.

XANDER
Hey! Gentle Ben! Over here!

Not getting a reaction, Xander grabs a bag of raw, unpeeled potatoes. He starts lobbing them at the bear.

XANDER
(to the bear)
That's for giving me syphilis!

Buffy moves in close, within range of the huge paws, and plunges the knife into the beast's heart. It roars and collapses to the floor. It turns



briefly into the Indian man, and then into the mist, which dissipates... gone forever.

The four other warriors (one still held by Anya and Willow, one that is fighting with Giles, one that is fighting with Angel and the one that was knocked onto the sofa by Angel) all wisp away too, although we only see (CGI) Angel's.

Buffy, Willow, Anya, Xander and Giles move together, still looking at where Hus' body briefly lay. There is a beat of regret from our characters who have souls.

EXT. GILES' COURTYARD - NIGHT

Angel stands alone now... the warriors have disappeared. He looks in the window, sees

BUFFY

Through the window, as she looks around at her friends... she's all right.

ANGEL

hesitates for a second -- drawn to her. But he turns and walks away.

BUFFY

Glances toward the window -- was something there? No.

SPIKE
(from the floor)
What happened? Did we win?

INT. GILES' APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Buffy, Willow, Xander, Giles, Anya, and even Spike, all sit around what remains of the dining room table. The turkey, half-carved, is on the table, as well as the other food. Everyone eats and looks tired, and tends their wounds. A few arrows protrude from the table-top.

WILLOW
I feel lousy.
GILES
I thought the turkey came out
rather splendidly.

General assent.

WILLOW
It was yummy, I just... did you
see me? Two seconds of conflict
with an indigenous person and I
turn into General Custer.



GILES
Violence does that. Instinct
takes over.

SPIKE
Yeah, that's the fun!

XANDER
Nobody asked you.

SPIKE
Oh, lay off. You've all had a
fine meal, but me... an entire
siege, you'd think one of you
would bleed a little...

GILES
Well, good work, Buffy. On both
fronts.

BUFFY
(a little sad)
Thanks.

GILES
Come on, you should be very
pleased.

BUFFY
It wasn't exactly a perfect
Thanksgiving.

XANDER
I don't know. It kinda seemed
right to me. A bunch of
anticipation, a big fight and now
we're all sleepy.

GILES
And we did all survive.

BUFFY
Well. I guess that much is true.
My first Thanksgiving on my own
and we all got through it.

XANDER
And you know what?
(romantically, to Anya)
I think my syphilis is clearing
right up.

ANYA
That's nice...

BUFFY
And they say romance is dead. Or
maybe they just wish it.

WILLOW
And maybe we started a new
tradition this year.
(thinks about it)
Maybe not. But anyway, we all
worked together, that was like old times.

XANDER
Yeah. Especially with Angel here
and everything.



The others react, forks half-way to mouths, guilty looks on faces.

BUFFY
Angel?

BLACK OUT.

END OF SHOW

I Will Remember You coming soon!

Read an [alternate scene](#) about Spike asking the Scooby Gang for help

APPENDIX

This is the full text of the Curator's speech that we hear parts of in Act One. The parts in the script are highlighted.

CURATOR

When I first realized we were outgrowing the current Cultural Center, I was concerned. Then I realized it was like seeing one's child grow up, and move on to better things. In this case, a spacious new facility to be built on this site... Give your dream room to grow and it will fill the largest palace. And of course, it isn't just space that makes a collection of this kind valuable, it's accessibility. I want this to be a place that students visit on their own, because they want to. Because what they've seen here has connected them with other peoples and other times and given them a basis for understanding something in their own lives. This collection isn't about dusty relics from some past, irrelevant lives. It's about a direct line to the past, a lifeline, if you will. That's why... **it's appropriate that the groundbreaking for the U.C. Sunnydale Cultural Partnership Center is taking place so soon before Thanksgiving. Because that's what the Melting Pot is about, contributions from all cultures making our culture stronger.** Some of you will see artifacts that may have been handled by your own ancestors. All of you will recognize in our displays a common thread of humanity, whether it is



in the tools that speak of our relationship with the land, or in the clothing and art that speak of our need to improve and to express. But of course, history is not just about the past. I like to think that our breaking ground here today is also part of history. It is the start of something that doesn't just look backwards, but also forward into your lives and lives of future generations. **And thus... a symbolic beginning!**
END OF APPENDIX

